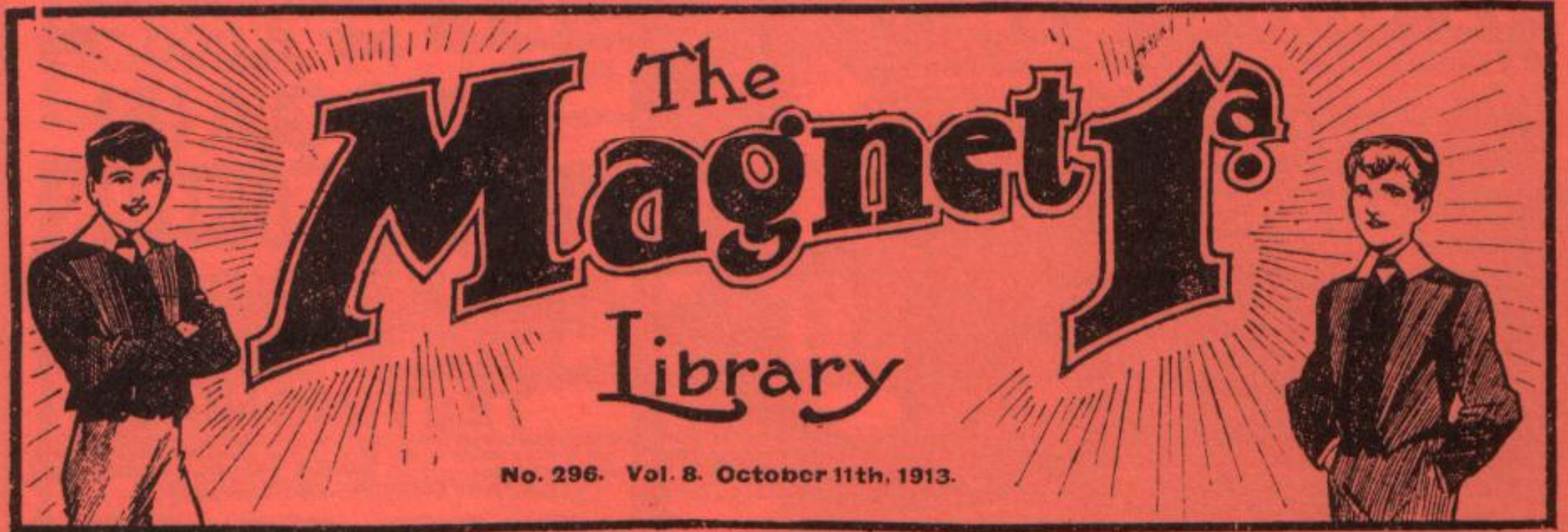


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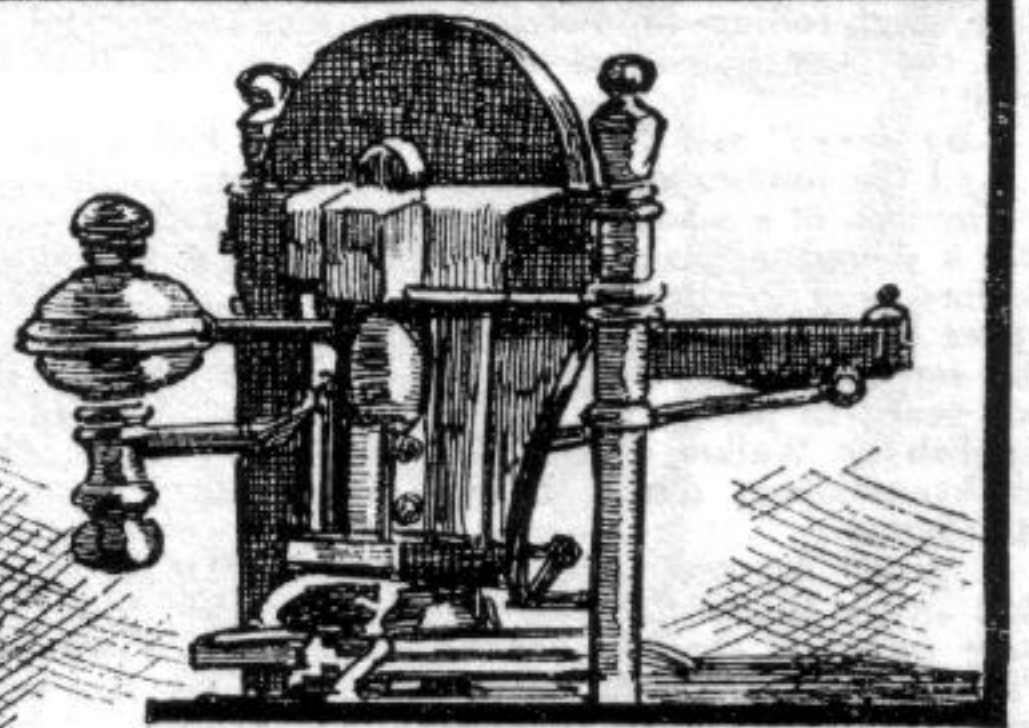
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THE GREYFRIARS HERALD!

A Splendid, New, Long, Complete School Tale dealing with the
Amusing Adventures of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars.
By FRANK RICHARDS.



"Oh, you jay! You've dished a whole page! I'll scalp you. I'll——" Fisher caught up a can of printer's ink. The next moment Billy Bunter's fat red face resembled that of a nigger minstrel.

that his mighty brain was engaged upon some knotty problem.

Fisher T. Fish shot out that remark in the short, snappy way that was characteristic of him. Fisher T. Fish was, as he expressed it in his native language, a hustler from the word go. There wasn't much need for hustle at Greyfriars certainly; but a born hustler had to hustle. Fisher T. Fish always walked in a great hurry, talked at a rapid rate, and hurled forth his remarks like bullets.

Harry Wharton & Co. were standing in a group by the window, talking football. They were not hustlers, and they did not appear to hear the remark of the Yankee junior. They were discussing a most important matter—the composition of the Remove eleven that was to visit St. Jim's shortly for the football match there. They had no ears for Fisher T. Fish.

"I guess it's high time!" repeated Fisher T. Fish, raising his voice a little.

"We shall have to pile in with the best team we can raise," Harry Wharton went on. "It will be a tough game—harder than the match with Redclyffe, I think."

"But we've got to pull it off," said Bob Cherry emphatically. "We've started the footer season rottenly. We've got to pull up!"

"I guess I made a remark to you fellows," said Fisher T. Fish indignantly. "Look here, you can drop jawing football for a bit. 'Nuff chinwag on the subject. I've got an idea—a regular corker!"

"Go and boil it!" said Bob Cherry politely.

"It's a regular high-roller," said Fisher T. Fish. "Has it ever occurred to you jays that Greyfriars was behind the times?"

"I don't know," said Frank Nugent thoughtfully. "I've

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Fish's Latest!

"I GUESS it's high time!"
Thus Fisher T. Fish.

The American junior in the Greyfriars Remove was sitting on the corner of the table in the common-room. His long, thin legs were crossed, and one bony knee was clasped by two long, thin hands. Upon his face, which was also long and thin, was a very thoughtful expression, showing

scen the Head behind the 'Times' occasionally, when he was reading his paper—"

"Oh, don't be funny!" said Fish. "I guess I'm serious. This school is behind the times, and there's one thing specially we want. Know what it is?"

"We want to pull off the footer match with St. Jim's—"

"Blow the footer match with St. Jim's!" roared Fisher T. Fish, exasperated. "I tell you I've got an idea. I visited St. Jim's a short time ago—"

"Did you notice what form they were in—the junior eleven, I mean—at footer?" asked Harry Wharton, showing some interest in the Yankee junior's remarks at last.

"Blow their footer! They were playing cricket when I was there, and I guess I helped them—showed them how it was done—"

"Did your side win?"

"Ahem! No; it lost. One chap couldn't win a match on his own," said Fisher T. Fish. "But I noticed one thing while I was there—they have a school paper."

"Blow their school paper!" said Bob Cherry. "It's their school football we're worried about. You see, we've got to pull off the match!"

"And we haven't got a school paper!" resumed Fisher T. Fish. "I guess you jays ought to feel considerable small at lagging along behind the times. I guess it's high time Greyfriars had a school paper—a junior paper, I mean, not a thing like the senior rag. That's no good; nobody reads it, and nobody wants to. What we want is a regular up-to-date, high-rolling-top-notch school magazine; and I guess I'm the very individual who's going to fill that long-felt want!"

"By Jove!" said Nugent. "It's not a bad idea!"

And the juniors looked interested at last.

The idea of a school paper had been mooted before. There was a school magazine at Greyfriars; but it was run by the seniors, and devoted entirely to affairs in which only the upper Forms were interested. Juniors did not want to read the reports of the Sixth Form Debating Society, they did not yearn to peruse the 'Odes of Horace,' done into stilted English by Walker of the Sixth, and they were not nearly so keen about senior footer matches as about junior matches.

A paper devoted to the interests of the lower Forms—that struck the Co. at once as a really good idea, and they were surprised that it should proceed from Fisher T. Fish. Fisher T. Fish certainly had plenty of ideas, but they were generally what the juniors described as "rot," "bosh," or "piffle."

Fisher T. Fish looked at the Co. with great satisfaction. He was pleased to see the impression he had succeeded in making.

"I guess the Remove paper is going to make things hum," he said. "I've been thinking it out. Of course, I could run it all on my lonesome; but I'm willing to take you fellows into it as a Select Press Committee. You see, money will be wanted."

"Oh!" said the Famous Five together; and there was a perceptible diminution of enthusiasm.

"Can't run a paper without money," said Fisher T. Fish. "But the money will come back. We shall sell the paper at two cents."

"At which?"

"Two cents—what you call a penny in your queer old coinage," explained Fish. "If we get a good circulation, the money will simply roll in. I've got some big ideas, I can tell you. If it's a success—and I guess it will be a success if I manage it—then it will only be a beginning. I shall gradually form a syndicate of school papers, published in every public school in England—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see where the cackle comes in!" said Fish crossly. "That's how we do things over there. We have big ideas, I can tell you. I've got a scheme in my head for forming a School Newspaper Trust—"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But we'll begin with a paper here—on a small scale," said Fisher T. Fish. "Money will be wanted; but you can depend on getting the very best value for your money, as I shall be business manager. You can depend on getting a really bright, snappy paper—as I shall be editor. You can rely on a regular income from the advertisements, as I shall be advertisement manager. In fact, I shall be—"

"The whole thing!" suggested Bob Cherry.

"Exactly," agreed Fisher T. Fish. "You can't do better than leave it all in my hands. I hear there was a junior paper started here once before, and it petered out. I guess my paper won't peter out. I'm going to make it a howling success. I guess we can't do better than hold a meeting on the subject at this very minute—"

"Time we went down to footer practice," said Johnny Bull, with a glance at his watch. "We haven't much time before tea."

"Blow footer practice!" said Fisher T. Fish. "Now, we'll call a meeting of all the fellows in the Remove who have some tin to spare; the others can be left out—" He broke off abruptly. "I say, where are you fellows going?"

"Footer practice," said Wharton, looking back from the door.

"But what about the school paper?"

"Oh, that can wait!"

"I guess it can't wait!" howled Fisher T. Fish. "Great Christopher Columbus! Fat lot of good it is wasting good ideas on you jays! I tell you—Yah!"

Fisher T. Fish's remarks ended in a snort of disgust, as the Famous Five walked out of the common-room, leaving him to waste his eloquence on the desert air. He slid off the table, and ran to the door after them.

"I guess I shall leave you jays off the committee!" he shouted.

"Thanks!"

And the juniors disappeared.

Fisher T. Fish snorted again.

"I guess they'll get left!" he growled. "Blessed if it's any good trying to wake up this sleepy old show. I guess I'll get some of the jays with money to finance the paper, and leave them out!"

Fisher T. Fish reflected, and started for Lord Mauleverer's study. Lord Mauleverer, the dandy of the Remove, was simply rolling in money. Fish found him in his study, extended on his sofa, slacking as usual, and too lazy to read the book he held in his hand. Lord Mauleverer glanced at him languidly.

"I guess I've got a proposition to make to you, Mauleverer," said Fish.

"Yaas."

"I'm going to start a school paper."

"Yaas."

"I want it to be financed by some Johnny who's got the rocks, you know."

"Yaas."

"I suppose you wouldn't object to putting money into the concern—what?"

"Yaas."

"Ten quid would do it. It wouldn't hurt you to sink ten quid in the business, with a sure and safe return," said Fish persuasively. "Now, would it?"

"Yaas."

"Look here, are you going to join me in producing that paper, or are you not?" roared Fish, growing exasperated.

"Yaas—I mean, no!" yawned his lordship.

"Why not?" demanded Fish.

"Too much like work."

"Oh, I guess I'm going to do all the work! All you've got to do is to find the money," Fish explained. "That's not a bad idea, hey?"

"Yaas."

"You—you slacking jay!" said Fisher T. Fish. "Are you too lazy to say anything but yaas, yaas, yaas?"

"Yaas."

The enterprising American glared and departed from the study, closing the door with a slam that was heard the whole length of the Remove passage. Lord Mauleverer smiled and yawned. Fisher T. Fish stamped away down the passage in a state of exasperation. It was really too bad to be simply bursting with good ideas, and to be baffled on all sides with such a plentiful lack of enthusiasm. But the Yankee schoolboy's face cleared all at once as a new thought came into his mind.

"My hat! I guess I'll make 'em sorry they left. I'll try Coker!"

And Fisher T. Fish turned his steps in the direction of the Fifth-Form passage.

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Potter's voice came through the keyhole, accompanied by a rustling of paper as he read out his poem. "My hat!" said F. T. Fish when he had finished. "We should have to charge you ten shillings a column for that, Potter!" (See Chapter 8.)

THE SECOND CHAPTER. Not Encouraging!

COKER of the Fifth was at tea in his study. His study-mates—Potter and Greene—were with him. The table was spread with goodly viands, as they say in the novels, and Coker & Co. were enjoying themselves. Horace Coker was standing the feed, who generally did. Potter had remarked privately to Greene that it was only fair that Coker should stand the feeds, as they had to stand Coker, and Greene fully concurred.

Coker was airing his opinion on the utter, crass stupidity of Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars, in leaving him—Coker—out of the First Eleven. Potter and Greene listened to him patiently and kindly—they were used to it—and the feed was good, if Coker's conversation was not entertaining. Coker's observations were interrupted by a tap at the study door, and Fish of the Remove came in.

Coker looked at him far from amiably. Coker was down on all juniors, as a matter of principle. Also he regarded it as a personal injury that the Fifth Form were not allowed to fag the Remove. And Coker was fresh from an interview with Wingate, in which he had pressed urgently his claims to be included in the first eleven.

Wingate had replied that when he made up an eleven to play marbles, or hop-sotch, or kiss-in-the-ring, he wouldn't forget Coker. But so long as the matter in hand was football, he had to leave Coker out—while freely admitting that

in the great game of footer Coker was worth his weight in comic papers!

Fisher T. Fish did not even notice the frown on the majestic brow of Horace Coker. He was too busy with his own ideas.

"I guess I've got something to say to you, Coker," he said cheerily, "Having tea—eh? I don't mind if I join you."

"I do!" said Coker.

"Ahem! Well, I didn't come here to feed; haven't much time for it, either. What you want is this old country is our system of lightning lunches. You waste a lot of time over meals. In the time you spend eating, an American can make and lose a fortune."

"Would you mind closing that door?" asked Potter.

"Certainly!" said Fish, closing the door.

"I meant with yourself on the other side of it," Potter explained.

"I guess I've come here to plant a proposition on you," said Fish. "Have you chaps noticed that Greyfriars is in bad want of something?"

"I know the First Eleven is in want of a good winger," said Coker, "if that's what you mean. I've offered Wingate—"

"My hat! Footer again!" groaned Fish. "I'm getting it in both ears everywhere. I'm not talking about footer. I guess you chaps know that there's a school magazine published, with silly reports of a silly debating society, and silly footer matches—"

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MONDAY—

"GAME TO THE LAST!"

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Greene began to glare. Greene was a great man in the senior debating society, and he had had the best of it in a debate with Walker of the Sixth on the important question whether national degeneracy was due to the influence of the Press, or whether the influence of the Press was due to national degeneracy. That debate had been reported at full length in the senior magazine, and had been read with avidity by Greene and Walker—and nobody else.

But Fish was blind to Greene's glares. He had no time to think of Greene.

"A paper like that makes you tired," Fisher T. Fish resumed. "Now, I've got the idea of starting a new paper, wholly devoted to the interests of the Fifth Form."

"Oh!" said Coker.

"You've got the rocks, Coker—"

"The what?"

"Rocks—the dust, you know."

"Dust?" said Coker, puzzled.

"Yep. The greenbacks, you know."

"Greenbacks?"

"Money!" howled Fish. "Don't you understand English? You've got the money, and you can finance the paper. See?"

"Oh!" said Coker again.

"The paper will be run wholly for the Fifth, by the Fifth," said Fish. "I shall be manager, editor, and—and, in fact, everything! You fellows can help me—go on messages, and that kind of thing."

"Oh!" said Coker for the third time.

"I guess it's a ripping idea," said Fisher T. Fish eagerly. "It will give the senior paper the kybosh. What do you think?"

"A Fifth-Form paper!" said Coker. "I don't know that it's a bad idea. I've often thought I could write."

"Ahem!"

"Well, we could have verbatim reports of the debating society," remarked Greene.

"Ahem!"

"I shouldn't mind contributing some poetry, if we had a paper started," remarked Potter. "My ode on 'The Death of a Bullfinch'— They wouldn't put it in the 'Friardale Gazette,' for some reason, but—"

"Ahem!"

"It was a good poem, too, and I'd contribute it without payment," said Potter, showing some signs of enthusiasm. "I've recited it to you fellows once—"

"You have," said Coker. "Don't do it again."

"You know how it begins," said Potter, unheeding. "Thou liest in the snow alone, A fragile thing of skin and bone—"

"Yes, yes; we know," said Greene hurriedly.

"Yet once thou flewest gay and free, By wood and field, and land and sea!" went on Potter. "Oh, say, poor bullfinch, how it happed that—"

"Shut it!" said Coker. "We've had it all once, old man, and we're fed up with it."

"Look here—"

"I guess there wouldn't—"

"I could do a ripping serial story," said Coker thoughtfully. "Something on the lines of Stevenson or Scott, but better! I think—"

"I guess there wouldn't be room for any stodgy old serials in my paper," said Fisher T. Fish. "Everything would have to be bright and snappy—"

"What!"

"I guess I couldn't put in any poetry, either. Poetry is a drug in the market, and if a fellow found poetry in a paper he'd paid two cents for he would reckon he was swindled."

"Why, you silly ass—" said Potter.

"And we couldn't have any debating society reports," went on Fish. "Fellows are more than fed up on that in the Sixth-Form magazine. Nobody cares to read such piffle excepting the debaters—generally talkative asses, who don't count!"

Potter and Greene and Coker looked at the airy American junior in a peculiarly fixed manner. Fisher T. Fish did not seem to notice that a storm was brewing. He rattled on with easy cheerfulness.

"You can safely leave the whole of the arrangements to me. I shall be chief editor, business manager, advertisement manager, and, in fact, shall run the whole caboodle from the word go. You fellows will find the money to finance it, and you can hang round the editorial office, in case I want you."

"In case you want us!" said Coker faintly.

"Yep!"

"M-m-m-my hat!"

"I guess that's about the size of it. I guess I shall be

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head cook and bottle-washer," said Fisher T. Fish, "when I run a paper, sir. What I say, goes. I guess I shouldn't allow any interfering jays to come cavorting round my editorial office. Nope. You find the money, and I do the rest. Simple as A B C."

The three Fifth-Formers exchanged glances, and rose to their feet.

"Going to hand over the money now for the start?" asked Fish, mistaking that movement on the part of Coker & Co. "Look here, the thing could be started with a regular buzz for ten quid—"

"Merely ten quid?" said Potter. "Make it twenty."

"Well, I guess twenty would be nearer the mark, since you say so. I've got my eye on a second-hand printing-press at old Lazarus's in Courtfield, and I guess I could teach you chaps to set up type, I guess I—I— Hold on—that is, leggo! What are you doing?" roared Fisher T. Fish.

The three Fifth-Formers had seized the enterprising junior in a muscular grip.

They did not trouble to reply to his question—indeed, the question was entirely superfluous, for what they were doing was quite evident.

They were bumping Fisher T. Fish on the floor of the study.

Bump, bump, bump!

"Oh, gee-whiz! Jumping Jehosophat! You silly jays!" yelled Fish. "I guess you're off your balmy rockers! Ow, ow, ow!"

"We don't allow cheeky kids to come into a Fifth-Form study and swank," said Horace Coker. "Give him another!"

Bump!

"Yarooop! Yaup! Yow!"

"I guess you've got into the wrong shop—just a few," grinned Potter, as he jammed a tart down the back of Fisher T. Fish's neck.

"Groogh!"

"Kinder woke up the wrong passenger, some," chuckled Greene, pouring what remained in the teapot over the head of the wriggling junior.

"Gerrroooh!"

"This is where you vamoose the ranch, absquatulate, and git!" chuckled Coker, throwing open the study door. "Now, then, you fellows, all together—and see how far down the passage you can chuck him—when I say 'Go!'"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you silly jays!" shrieked Fisher T. Fish. "I say, chuck it! Yow!" He roared as the Fifth-Formers rushed him out of the study, and swung him to and fro in the passage while Horace Coker counted. "I—I say, don't you chuck me, you jays! I guess I shall get my mad up, and come back and wipe out this hyer study. Yarooop! Look here, I'll put your rotten serial in, Coker, and—and your poetry, Potter—"

"One! Two! Three!" said Coker. "Go!"

And Fisher T. Fish went.

He slid and sprawled along the cold, unsympathetic linoleum, roaring—and the Fifth-Formers, roaring too, with laughter, went back into their study.

Fisher T. Fish sat up dazedly.

"Oh, holy smoke and great snakes!" he groaned. "I kinder guess good ideas are wasted on this hyer school. Oh, crumbs! I guess I shall leave the Fifth alone. I don't want those jays in the concern, anyhow. Groogh! I've got a beastly ache in every beastly bone in my beastly carcass—ow!"

And Fisher T. Fish limped away, bemoaning his injuries, and the discouraging fact that there seemed to be simply no opening at Greyfriars for really good ideas, propounded by really enterprising Yankee hustlers.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Wharton Takes the Chair!

"NOTICE!"

That word, in very large letters, on the board in the hall, attracted the attention of Harry Wharton & Co., when they came in from football practice. They recognised, under that imposing word, the straggling handwriting of Fisher T. Fish, and they grinned, and paused to look at the announcement. In the interest of footer practice, they had forgotten both Fish and his new scheme, but the notice on the board recalled both to their minds. Fisher T. Fish was evidently out for business. His discouraging reception in the Fifth had compelled him to return to his own Form for support, and this notice on the board was the result.

"NOTICE!"

"An influential committee meets in the Rag at seven o'clock precisely, to discuss the production of the new

junior paper, the 'Greyfriars Hustler.' Chair will be taken by the undersigned.—FISHER TARLETON FISH."

"At it again!" grinned Bob Cherry. "I wonder whether Fishy will ever come to the end of his fishy schemes. But it isn't such a rotten idea this time—better than his dodge of moneylending or pawnbroking, anyway."

"Might as well go!" said Harry Wharton. "It's not a bad idea, in itself; but, of course, we shall have to manage the paper."

And his chums chimed in at once with unanimous agreement "Of course," excepting Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, who observed in his weird English that the of-coursefulness was terrific.

Quite a crowd of fellows gathered to read the notice. Members of the Remove were interested in it. Bolsover major remarked that it was a good idea, and that he wouldn't mind being editor. Bulstrode said he had often thought of the same thing, and he wouldn't mind being editor.

Micky Desmond agreed that it was a ripping idea, and stated that he had no objection to being editor. Bunter approved of the scheme, and said that he wouldn't object to being editor. Skinner approved heartily, and said that he wouldn't mind being editor. Stott, and Snoop, and Russell, and Morgan, and quite a crowd of other fellows, passed approving remarks, and said that they wouldn't mind being editor.

In fact, there was quite a noble spirit of self-sacrifice abroad, nearly every fellow who read the notice being apparently willing to give up his leisure hours to the trying duties of editorship.

Fellows in the Fourth and the Shell, too, seemed struck by the idea. Hobson, of the Shell, confided to his friends that he had long thought of it, and that if the kids wanted him to edit the paper, he wouldn't say no. Temple of the Fourth told Fry and Dabney of that Form that it would be only decent to go along to the meeting, and show the fags how to manage the thing, and if they wanted him—Temple—to be editor, he would consider it.

At seven o'clock Fisher T. Fish appeared in the Rag.

Fisher T. Fish had sometimes called meetings, and found himself the only fellow in the Rag when the hour of the meeting arrived.

But on this occasion he was not disappointed.

Nearly all the Remove were there, with a goodly sprinkling of the Fourth and the Shell, and some of the fags of the Third.

Fisher T. Fish glanced over the crowd in the room with satisfaction. It was very gratifying to see nearly fifty fellows turning up to catch the pearls of wisdom that dropped from his lips.

Fisher T. Fish took his place at the head of the table in the Rag, and rapped upon it with a ruler.

"Gentlemen! The meeting is now open!"

No one glanced at Fish. The meeting appeared to have opened itself without the assistance of the chairman, and most of the juniors were talking at once. Fisher T. Fish rapped again on the table energetically.

"Gentlemen! This meeting has met——"

"Go hon!" said Bob Cherry. "Have you got anything to say, Fishy?"

"Got anything to say?" roared Fisher T. Fish. "Why, this is my meeting. I guess I've called this meeting, to discuss the first number of the 'Greyfriars Hustler'——"

"Gentlemen," said Hobson, of the Shell, mounting upon a chair, "this meeting being now open, I have the honour to address the honourable meeting."

"Hear, hear!" said all the Shell fellows present.

"Shut up!" roared all the rest.

Temple mounted on the table.

"Gentlemen of the Lower School——"

"Hear, hear!"

"Chuck it!"

Fisher T. Fish waved his ruler and rapped on the table frantically.

"I guess this is my meeting," he bawled. "You jays can chuck it."

"It has been suggested," went on Hobson, "that a school paper be started for the Lower Forms. The first bare suggestion came from a kid in the Remove——"

"Well, carry me home to die," gasped Fish.

"But I am willing to take it up, and to edit the paper, and so forth," said Hobson. "I put it to the meeting that I—— Yaroo!"

A Removite kicked Hobson's chair away from under him before he could proceed, and Hobson's flow of eloquence was interrupted as he came to the floor with a bump.

Hobson jumped up, seeing red, and charged at Skinner, who had upset him. The Remove fellows rushed to Skinner's aid at once, and the Shell fellows backed up their leader, and the general proceedings resolved themselves into a wild and whirling struggle.

"Chuck them out!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Outside, you Shell bounders!"

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EVERY
MONDAY,

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

"Fire 'em!" shouted Fisher T. Fish. "I guess this is my meeting. Fire the jays out!"

The Shell fellows bumped into the passage, and the door was slammed on them. Then Fisher T. Fish rapped on the table; but before he could get to business, Temple of the Fourth made his voice heard again.

"Gentlemen, I suggest myself as chairman of this meeting——"

"Hear, hear!"

"Rats!"

"I guess——"

"And I move that a committee, wholly composed of the members of the Fourth Form, be forthwith selected——"

Temple got no further. Fisher T. Fish tilted up the end of the table, and Temple shot off it with a wild yell. He threw out his arms wildly and caught Fry and Dabney round their necks, and bore them to the floor with him. Temple's fall was broken—and by the fiendish yells that arose, it might have been supposed that Fry and Dabney were broken, too.

"Fire those Fourth-Form bounders out!" yelled Fisher T. Fish.

There was another fistic interlude, and the Remove fellows being in a great majority, Temple, Dabney & Co. were successfully "fired" out.

The meeting was now considerably reduced in numbers, and there was a slight possibility of order. Fisher T. Fish rapped on the table again.

"Gentlemen, this meeting is now open."

"The first step is to elect a chairman," said Vernon-Smith.

"I guess I'm chairman!"

"Guess again! I propose Harry Wharton, captain of the Form, as chairman," said Vernon-Smith, and there was a shout of approval at once.

"See here, you jays!" yelled Fish. "I guess I'm going to be chairman of my own blamed meeting—just a few!"

"Room for the chairman, Fishy!"

"I guess——"

"Are you going to shift?"

"Nope! I——"

Two or three pairs of hands helped Fisher T. Fish away from the head of the table, and Harry Wharton stepped cheerfully into his place. The Yankee junior eyed these proceedings with almost speechless wrath.

"Look here, you silly jays!" he roared. "I guess I'm chairman! I guess I'm going to run this meeting—some. I guess——"

"Shut up!" bawled Johnny Bull. "This isn't a guessing competition."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence for the chair!" roared Bob Cherry.

"I'm in the chair, I guess!" shrieked Fisher T. Fish.

"You'll be under the table soon if you don't shut up!" said Bolsover major. "Blessed if I ever saw a silly ass jawing so many words to the minute. Ring off!"

"But I guess—I say—I——"

"Gentlemen," said Harry Wharton calmly, "the meeting is now open."

"Hear, hear!"

"I guess——"

"Order!"

"But I calculate——"

"Interrupters of this meeting will be chucked out on their necks," said Harry Wharton severely. "If you've got any suggestions to make, Fish, you can make them in the proper place and time. You must not interrupt your chairman."

"But I—I—I——" spluttered Fisher T. Fish.

"Silence!"

"Order!"

And Fisher T. Fish, who seemed upon the verge of a fit of apoplexy, or of bursting like a bombshell, subsided into speechless indignation.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Editor Fish!

HARRY WHARTON rapped on the table with Fisher T. Fish's ruler.

"Gentlemen, it has been suggested that a junior paper be started in this school. They have a junior paper at St. Jim's, and I don't see why we shouldn't have one. We can't read the Sixth-Form rag—it's too stodgy, and it's mostly piffle!"

"Hear, hear!"

"We want a newspaper to report our own doings, and to chronicle the history of the Remove—the most important Form in the school——"

"Hear, hear!"

NEXT
MONDAY—

"GAME TO THE LAST!"

A Splendid Complete Tale of Harry
Wharton & Co. Order Early!

"The suggestion was made by Fish, here present. Honour to whom honour is due. But I think the meeting will agree with me that Fish isn't any good as a manager or editor. He can't manage things."

"No fear!"

Fisher T. Fish gave a yell.

"Why, you jays! You slab-sided mugwumps! I guess I'm the only business man in the school. I guess I could give points to the Head on managing Greyfriars. I guess—"

"Order!"

"Look here, you jays—"

"I hope you won't force us to eject you from the meeting, Fish," said the chairman sternly.

"Eject me! Why, it's—it's my meeting! Well, I swow—I—I—" Fish relapsed into speechless rage.

"Gentlemen, I put the motion to the meeting—that the Remove subscribe funds to start a junior paper!" said the chairman.

Some members of the meeting were observed to stroll towards the door at this point. There was a further reduction of numbers. Apparently the suggestion of subscribing a fund had a damping effect on their enthusiasm.

"Hands up for the motion!" said the chairman.

Hands went up on all sides among the score of fellows who remained round the table. There were no dissentients.

"Passed unanimously that a school paper be started," said Wharton. "Now, the first step to decide is the title of the paper."

"The title's decided already!" yelled Fish. "My paper's going to be called the 'Greyfriars Hustler.'"

Wharton shook his head.

"Impossible! That's rotten. We don't hustle here—we take our time. When you start a paper in New York, you can call it the 'Hustler,' or the 'Lightning Luncher,' or any old thing you like. But our paper—"

"My paper—"

"Our paper wants a better title than that. Gentlemen, I am willing to hear suggestions!" said Harry Wharton.

"You are willing!" howled Fish. "I guess it's me—all the time! I reckon I never heard of such cheek! It takes the cake."

"Order!"

"What about 'The Football News'?" suggested Bob Cherry.

"That wouldn't do for the summer, fathead!"

"'Football and Cricket News'!" said Nugent.

"It's going to be about other things besides sport. We shall have tales, essays, articles, even poetry—"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"'The Greyfriars Miscellany'!" suggested Ogilvy.

"Too ponderous!"

"'The Greyfriars Cuts'!" said Russell.

"Too frivolous."

"'The Remove Weekly'!" suggested Bolsover major.

"Well, that sounds like anything but a paper. People who can't pay rent remove weekly—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, rats! I can see you've got something up your sleeves!" growled Bolsover. "Chuck it out, and get it over!"

"If all suggestions have been made, I don't mind putting mine in," said Wharton modestly. "How does the 'Greyfriars Herald' strike you?"

"Oh, rotten!" said Bolsover major.

"Jolly good!" said Mark Linley. "'Greyfriars Herald' will do."

"I guess that paper's going to be called the 'Hustler.'"

"Hands up for the 'Herald.'"

A majority of hands went up, and Wharton announced that the "ayes" had it.

"The title of the paper being settled—"

"I guess—"

"The next point to settle is the editorship," said Harry Wharton. "Now, the editorship is an onerous post—"

"A—a—a what?"

"An onerous post!" said Wharton firmly.

"Well, that's a good word," said Johnny Bull admiringly.

"I'll back it both ways!" remarked Vernon-Smith, the Bouncer, and there was a chuckle from the meeting.

"We want a really industrious, business-like chap to take the post—not a jawing gasbag!" added Wharton, with a glance at the furious Fish.

"Hear, hear!"

"I guess I'm going to edit my own paper!" gasped Fish, quite dismayed at seeing matters passing out of his hands in this way. "Fair play's a jewel!"

"But you can't do it!"

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"THE GEM" LIBRARY,
Every Wednesday.

"I guess I'm the business man of this school. I guess that the paper in my hands will simply hum!"

"My hat! Don't you ever wash your hands, then?" demanded Bolsover.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You jay! I mean it will rip—it will go ahead—it will soar! I guess I'm going to be editor of my own paper!"

"You can't edit, Fishy—you can't do anything but gas," said Johnny Bull. "You muck up everything you have a hand in."

"Why, I—I—"

"I say, you fellows!" Billy Bunter wedged himself forward, not an easy thing to do, considering his width. "I say, you fellows, there isn't much doubt about who ought to be editor of the paper. What we want is a fellow of extensive knowledge, a keen sport, an all-round athlete—"

"Hear, hear!"

"So hands up for me!" said Bunter, blinking round at the meeting through his big spectacles.

There was a gasp of surprise, and then a yell of laughter.

"You! My hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"All-round athlete!" gurgled Bob Cherry, surveying the fat junior. "Well, you're all round, no doubt about that!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Order!"

"Look here, I guess I want fair play!" roared Fisher T. Fish. "Who proposed the paper in the first place—eh? It's my idea. I'm going to edit this paper, and I make you a fair offer. If I don't make the first number a success, I'll resign the place to the next man. That's straight goods."

"Well, that's reasonable enough," admitted Harry Wharton. "I'm not specially keen on it myself. I was thinking of Nugent. But taking everything into consideration, I think we might trust Fishy to muck up the first number—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess I shall make it hum," said Fisher T. Fish. "Now, if you've done jawing, I guess I'll address a few words to the meeting. Gentlemen, they have a school paper at St. Jim's, and they get it printed by a local printer—and I reckon it's up to us to go one better. We're going to print the paper ourselves."

"What!"

"I guess it can be done—under my supervision. Old Lazarus in Courtfield has a secondhand hand-press for sale, and a lot of type and things—formes, and so on. We can buy the lot cheap, and print the paper ourselves."

"Great Scott!"

"But we don't know anything about printing!" exclaimed Nugent.

"I guess I can teach you."

"What do you know about it?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"I guess I know enough. Things come naturally to some brains," said Fisher T. Fish loftily. "We'll get that printing-press, and start a printing-office in the box-room. Later on, we may take printing orders in—handbills, and so on, and make money hand over fist!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"First of all, we've got to make a subscription for the paper's expenses."

"Hold on," said Nugent. "Where do we come in? What do we get for our tin?"

"You get your school paper, don't you? Outsiders will be charged two cents a copy, but shareholders in the printing company will get free copies."

"I'm not contributing anything unless I'm a sub-editor," said Bolsover major.

"Same here!"

"Faith, and that's my idea entirely."

"I guess I'll make all subscribers honorary sub-editors. I guess I shall handle the blue pencil, that's all."

"You won't handle it on my contributions, unless you want a thick ear!" roared Bolsover major.

"I guess—"

"All my stuff goes in untouched, or I don't subscribe."

"Then I guess you can keep your subscription in your trousers-pocket," said Fisher T. Fish. "This paper is going to be run on business lines. Everything sharp and snappy and up-to-date. No old piffle. No, sir!"

"Then I'm off," said Bolsover.

"And so am I," said Skinner.

"Same here!"

The meeting was diminishing in numbers to an alarming extent. Fisher T. Fish had succeeded in establishing his claim to the editorship, and he was already experiencing the difficulties of an editor. To put in all contributions uncensored was evidently impossible; but nobody felt inclined



"Gentlemen," said the chairman, "the meeting is now over!" "I guess it isn't!" roared Fisher T. Fish. "I've got lots of things to say yet. I—" "No objection to your saying them," said Johnny Bull. "I'm going to do my prep.; but you can stay here and say all you want to say!" And the meeting broke up, the juniors going to their studies to do their preparation, leaving Fisher T. Fish to "pile in." (See Chapter 4.)

to share the expense of the paper, unless his own lucubrations were to appear intact in it.

"I guess we're well rid of those jays," said Fisher T. Fish, as the deserters left the Rag. "My hat, there's only nine fellows left! Never mind, nine's enough. I guess they will all roll up fast enough with contributions, if not with subscriptions. We shall want ten pounds to start with."

"Great Scott!"

"That will be a quid each for you chaps, and two quid for Lord Mauleverer, as he's rolling in money."

"Yass, that's all right, begad!"

Bob Cherry felt in his pockets, and after careful search produced twopence.

"That's my little bit," he remarked. "I'm afraid I shall have to ask the editor to wait for the other nineteen-and-tenths."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I've got four bob," said Johnny Bull.

"Quid each wanted, or the whole concern goes up," said Fisher T. Fish firmly. "But I'll tell you what. I guess I can get the things from old Lazarus on tick—pay for 'em a bit every week, you know."

"I don't quite like that idea," said Harry Wharton hesitatingly.

"I guess I'm managing this paper," said Fisher T. Fish. "You leave it to me, and you'll see that you won't come out of the little end of the horn. I guess I'm not going to

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have any interference in my management, either. What I say goes."

"Gentlemen," said the chairman, "it having been agreed to allow F. T. Fish to muck up the first number of the paper, we're bound to stand by it. But I propose that all subscribers of money towards the expenses become members of a supervising committee, with powers to kick the editor out in case of necessity."

"Hear, hear!"

"I guess I'm not having that!" roared Fisher T. Fish.

"This is going to be a one-man show, I reckon! I—"

"Hands up for the supervising committee," said Wharton. Every hand excepting Fisher T. Fish's went up.

"Passed unanimously, gentlemen," said the chairman; "the meeting is now over."

"I guess it isn't!" roared Fish. "I've got a lot of things to say yet. I—"

"No objection to your saying them," said Johnny Bull.

"I'm going to do my prep.; but you can stay here and say all you want to say."

"Yes; go it, Fishy."

"Pile in!"

And the meeting broke up, the juniors going to their studies to do their preparation, leaving Fisher T. Fish to "pile in" if he felt that way inclined. But he did not feel inclined to pile in without an audience, and he snorted and followed the grinning meeting out of the Rag.



THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Fitting Up!

EDITOR FISH did not allow the grass to grow under his feet.

The next day he was busily at work.

As he told the juniors breathlessly, there was no time to waste. He had to get things going, and he had to get them going quick. The other fellows did not quite see where the hurry came in. But, apparently, Fish did—perhaps because he was a born hustler. His movements became more quick and jerky than ever, his sentences shorter and snappier. He would take out a notebook on his knee at meal-times, and make notes in it, with a wrinkled brow. He bolted his food in the best manner of the American lightning lunch—although, as he could not quit the table until Mr. Quelch gave the signal, he really did not save much time that way. He tried making notes during class, sandwiching a sketch of a leading article between two lessons; but Mr. Quelch descended upon him, and Fish found that he had a hundred lines of Virgil to add to his other multifarious occupations.

He rushed down to Courtfield at scorching speed on his bicycle after dinner, and rushed back at an equal rate. He pottered about in the upper box-room, surveying the future quarters of the editorial office of the "Greyfriars Herald." He rushed through the studies marking out the furniture he would want for the editorial office. He sketched out leading-articles, short stories, serial stories, advertisements. The amount of work he got through in one day was marvellous, in addition to his Form work, which could not be missed. After lessons were over, he came pelting out of the Form-room breathlessly.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, catching him by the arm. "Where are you running to, Fishy?"

"Don't stop me—no time to lose!"

"What's the hurry?"

"I guess I've got to get this thing right through. We're going to have the first number out by Saturday, or burst a boiler. Printing-machine arrives to-day. Struck a good bargain with old Lazarus. Got to get the office furnished, printing-machine installed—teach you jays how to set up type—and in odd moments write all the stuff that's going into the paper. Enough for one galoot to do, I reckon."

"You're going to write all the stuff that's going to appear in the paper?" demanded Harry Wharton.

Fish nodded.

"Yep. I've thought it out. Can't put in any of your stuff. Stodgy stuff wouldn't be any good. Must be bright and snappy!"

"Well, of all the cheek——"

"Why, I've started a short story already," said Nugent.

"And I'm doing an article on playing back," said Johnny Bull.

"And I had commencefully started upon an esteemed article dealing with the beauties of the ludicrous and admirable English language," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Sorry! Can't go in!"

"Look here, Fishy——"

"Who's editor of this paper?" demanded Fish.

"Who's supervising committee?" bawled Johnny Bull. "Gentlemen, I suggest and hereby move that the supervising committee has power to put in or leave out any contributions whatsoever."

"Passed unanimously!" said Tom Brown.

"Hear, hear!"

"I guess that cuts no ice with me," said Fisher T. Fish. "I've spent two cents on a blue pencil already, and I guess I'm using that blue pencil—some."

"On your own stuff," said Johnny Bull. "Blue pencil that as much as you like. But if you blue pencil any of my stuff, there will be thick ears served out—savvy?"

"Can't stop to argue now—time's short. I want some of you fellows to help me. Buck up, and come on."

"What are you going to do now?"

"I've made a list of the furniture required for the editorial office. It will have to be carried there. Buck up!"

"We're going down to the footer."

"Footer by blowed!" roared Fish. "Don't footer me! I tell you I want your help to move the furniture."

"I move an amendment," said Nugent, "that all furniture removing be done by the editor in person, without the aid of the supervising committee."

"Hear, hear!"

"Passed unanimously."

And the supervising committee walked off to play football, leaving the editor to deal unaided with the problem of the furniture removing.

Fisher T. Fish grunted discontentedly.

"Talk about Nero fiddling while Athens was burning,"

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he exclaimed indignantly, addressing his remark to Mark Linley, who had just come out of the Form-room.

Mark grinned.

"Wasn't it Rome?" he inquired.

"I don't care whether it was Athens or Rome or Jericho! I know I want somebody to do furniture removing. You'll do; come on!"

"I'm going down to the footer."

"Oh, gee-whiz! Chuck that rot, and come and help!"

"Got to keep in form for the St. Jim's match," explained Mark Linley.

"Bust the St. Jim's match! Look here, Linley— My hat, he's gone! I say, Bunter, come and lend me a hand!"

Billy Bunter stopped, and blinked at Fisher T. Fish through his big glasses.

"What is it, a feed?" he asked.

"No, ass. It's getting the editorial office ready. The printing press arrives soon, and the office isn't ready," snorted Fisher T. Fish.

"You want me to do a leading article?" asked Bunter, his eyes glistening behind his glasses. "Good! I've always thought I could write——"

"Better think again," growled Fish. "I don't want any of your piffle. I want you to carry chairs and desks and things."

"Oh, rats!" said Billy Bunter. And he rolled away.

"I guess I shall have to do it on my lonesome," said Fish despairingly. "My word! What's the good of trying to make 'em hustle in this sleepy hollow? 'Nuff to make a real live Amurrican lie down and die. Waal, here goes."

And Fish started for the Remove passage. He entered Vernon-Smith's study first, and found it empty. Vernon-Smith, who was a millionaire's son, "did himself" remarkably well, and he had very expensive furniture in his study. Among other things was a small roll-top desk of mahogany, and Fish had decided that no editorial office would be complete without a roll-top desk, so it was really very fortunate that the Bounder possessed one. Fish jerked it out of its place towards the door.

"I guess I can't carry this alone," he panted. "I——"

"Hallo!" exclaimed the Bounder, entering the study.

"What are you lugging my desk about for, you ass?"

"I guess I want it."

"What!"

"Didn't you see a chalk mark on it?"

"I didn't notice it," said the Bounder, in wonder.

"I've been through the studies chalking all the things I require for the editorial office," explained Fish. "Roll-top desk essential. I shall want the key."

"The—the key?"

"Yep. Is there anything in the desk now?"

"Anything in it? Of course there is."

"Good! Unlock it, and turn the things out, will you?" asked Fish briskly.

"Turn the things out!" gasped the Bounder.

"Yep!"

"Are you dotty?"

"Nope. I guess that desk's wanted in the editorial office. Funds won't run to a new desk yet. Later, when I've developed the business, I shall purchase a whole set of roll-top desks, one for every branch. I hope shortly to have branches of the school newspaper business in every public school in England, beginning with Eton and Harrow and Winchester. But at present funds are limited. Furniture must be provided by the supporters of the paper. Clear this desk out, will you, and lend me a hand getting it to the box-room."

The Bounder stared blankly at him. When he recovered his breath he replied:

"No, I won't clear the desk out. I'll clear you out! I won't lend you a hand getting it to the box-room. I'll lend you a foot getting out of my study."

"Hyer, I say! Yah! Chuck it! Wharrer you getting at? Yaroooh!"

Vernon-Smith closed his study door. Fisher T. Fish was sitting outside it on the passage floor, looking a little dishevelled and very much disgusted.

"Well, carry me home to die!" murmured Fisher T. Fish, as he picked himself up and dusted his clothes. "This is the kind of encouragement a chap gets when he tries to wake things up. Oh, gee-whiz! I won't have that rotten roll-top desk in the editorial office now, not at any price!"

And Fish limped away. to the next study he had burglarious designs upon. It happened to be No. 2 Study, which was shared by Tom Brown and Hazeldene and Bulstrode. Bulstrode was there, regarding, with some surprise, a chalk mark upon his armchair. He looked round as Fisher T. Fish came in.

"Do you know what silly ass has been chalking my chair?" asked Bulstrode. "I've got the chalk on my sleeve."

"I guess I did that!"

Bulstrode picked up a cushion off the chair.
 "A little jape—ch?" he asked.
 "Nope. I want that chair."
 "You—you want my armchair," stuttered Bulstrode.
 "Correct!"
 "Dotty?" asked the astounded junior.
 "Nope. I want it for the editorial office; that's why I've chalked it. It's on my list, you see. Help me carry it to the box-room, will you?"
 "M-m-my armchair!" roared Bulstrode.
 "Yep."

Bulstrode made no further observations. He took deadly aim with the cushion, and it whizzed through the air. Fish gave a wild yell as it caught him on the chest, and swept him out of the study.

"If you want some more," called out Bulstrode, "you can come in and ask for my armchair again."

Fisher T. Fish did not ask for the armchair again. He did not want any more.

It occurred to the business man of the Remove that it would be "cuter" to remove furniture of which the owners were not on the spot. Harry Wharton & Co. being busy on the footer-field, he started on No. 1 Study. As he denuded the study of its furniture and its very carpet a number of fellows gathered round to watch him, with many chuckles. But they did not help. They had a shrewd suspicion that Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent would have something to say about it later on, and that what they would say would be most emphatic.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER. In the Editorial Office!

"I GUESS it's come!"
 The chums of the Remove had finished footer practice, and were refreshing themselves with ginger-pop at the school shop, when Fisher T. Fish strolled in and made that remark. Nugent had just filled his glass, and Fish calmly took it and emptied it. Nugent watched him with a basilisk glare.

"Do you know that's my ginger-beer?" he demanded.
 "Yep. I guess a hard-working editor is entitled to a little refreshment. But, I say, the carrier's just come, you fellows, and he's brought the printing-press."

"Oh, good!"
 The juniors were interested at once. The idea of handling a printing-press, and setting up type, and printing a paper all by themselves naturally appealed to them very much. It was only a hand-press, and the type would have to be distributed and set up again for each page in succession. But, as Fish remarked, later on it might run to the latest things in linotypes, when he had formed the School Newspaper Syndicate, with branches in every public school in the United Kingdom.

Quite a crowd gathered to look at the packing-case that had arrived from Courtfield. Gosling, the porter, was regarding it with an unfavourable eye. Gosling had the task of carrying it into the house, and Gosling did not like work. The manner of Fisher T. Fish had all the importance of a great editor and the manager of a publishing business.

"Take care of that case, Gosling," he said. "If you drop it there will be damage done. Mind how you handle it."

"Wot I says is this 'ere," said Gosling. "That there case is 'eavy."

"It contains the printing plant of the 'Greyfriars Herald,'" explained Fish.

Gosling stared at him.
 "There ain't no such plant that I've ever 'eard on," he said, "and I've done gardenin' fur a good many years."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Howsumdever, if it contains plants, I suppose you want it took to the shed?" said Gosling, preparing to shoulder the case.

"Take it into the house," said Fish. "It's a printing plant, not a garden plant, you jay!"

"There ain't no such thing!" said Gosling. "Don't you play your little jokes on me, Master Fish."

"It's to go into the upper box-room," said Fish. "Follow me!"

Gosling grumbled, and followed him with the case.

He negotiated the stairs successfully, and dumped down the packing-case in the top box-room, which Fisher T. Fish was transforming into a printing and publishing office.

The box-room was looking very business-like.

The empty boxes and trunks and other lumber had been stacked up at one end, out of the way, and in the clear space left a study carpet had been laid. The carpet was somewhat dingy and worn, and there were inkspots galore decorating it, and signs of jam and coal-dust. But it made the box-room look much more comfortable. There was also a table and four chairs, and a fender and fire-irons. There was a clock on the mantelpiece, and chintz curtains at the window. Altogether, the energy of the Yankee junior had made a very great change in the appearance of the box-room.

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NEXT
MONDAY—

"CAME TO THE LAST!"

A Splendid Complete Tale of Harry
Wharton & Co. Order Early!

On the door a card was fastened with drawing-pins, bearing the legend:

"THE GREYFRIARS HERALD!"
 Printing and Publishing Office.
 No Admission Except upon Business!

The juniors crowded in, however, after Gosling and the packing-case. Gosling stood grunting over the case when he had deposited it on the carpet.

"Which it's 'eavy," he said.
 "Must expect a printing plant to weigh something," said Fish.

"'Ot work gettin' it up them stairs," said Gosling.

"You'll find it easier going down," said Fish kindly.

"That's all, Gosling."
 Gosling snorted.

"Some young gents asks a man if he's thirsty, arter carryin' a 'eavy box up three pair o' stairs," said Gosling addressing space.

"Do they?" said Fish calmly. "Well, I guess I'm not curious on the subject. Still, I don't mind asking the question. Thirsty, what?"

"Yes, sir," said Gosling.
 "Well, there's a fountain in the Close. You'll pass it going back to your lodge. The water is guaranteed pure—same as supplied to the school. So-long!"

Gosling gave the American junior an expressive glance, and stumped out of the box-room. Fisher T. Fish cut the cords of the packing-case, and knocked off the lid with a hammer.

"You've made an improvement here, I must say, Fishy," said Harry Wharton, looking round the editorial office.

"Yep!"

"You must have cleared out your study to get these things here."

"Eh, what's that?" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "No. 14 is my study, too—and if Fish has been clearing it out, there will be trouble."

"Nope!"
 "Somebody else lend you the things?" asked Harry.

"Correct!"
 "Must be a giddy old Samaritan," said Frank Nugent.

"I say, that looks remarkably like our study table."

"Ours?" exclaimed Wharton.
 "Yes—and look at that fender. That's ours!"

"Our fender! My hat! And our clock, too!" shouted Wharton.

"And the giddy carpet—"

"And the curtains—"

"You villain, Fish—"

"You blessed burglar—"

"I reckon the editorial office had to be furnished somehow, hadn't it?" demanded Fish. "Be reasonable."

"Why didn't you bring your own things, then?"

"Well, I guess they're wanted in my study."

"And don't you think our things are wanted in our study?" bawled Wharton.

"Lend me a hand with this press, will you?" said Fish.

"I'll lend you a thick ear, if you lay hands on my property again!" exclaimed Wharton indignantly. "Help me get that table back again, Franky. We shall want it for tea."

"You let that table alone!" exclaimed Fish. "That's the editorial desk."

"Lend us a hand with the chairs, Micky."

"Let those chairs alone. Desmond!" roared Fish.

"They're the editorial chairs."

"And the carpet—"

"That's the editorial carpet, you jays. Hands off!"

"And the curtains—the editorial curtains," grinned Nugent. "Lend us a hand, you fellows."

Fisher T. Fish simply raved as the editorial office was stripped of the plundered property. Harry Wharton & Co. marched off with their things, and the editorial office was suddenly transformed into a box-room again. Fisher T. Fish caught hold of the table while it was being carried out, and tried to argue the point. Wharton and Nugent exchanged a glance, and ran the table into the American junior, and Fisher T. Fish roared and sprawled on the floor.

He sat up snorting, while the juniors roared with laughter.

"Look here, how is an editorial office going to be run without any furniture in it?" he demanded angrily.

"Is that a conundrum?" asked Bolsover major.
 "I guess I shall have to levy upon the members of the company for money to purchase office fittings."

"And I guess it will be a long time before the cash is raised," chuckled Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish grunted, and proceeded with the unpacking of the printing-press. Harry Wharton & Co. had returned by the time it was unpacked. Fish, with a very dissatisfied expression, turned the packing-case upside down to use as a bench, and planted the printing-machine on it. It was a hand-press, with formes large enough to print in octavo. The machine had seen service, and was considerably knocked about, but it was in working order.

There was a case of type, also considerably knocked about, and the supply of type seemed extensive. There was also a can of printer's ink, and several rollers, and other appurtenances of the amateur printer.

"I guess this will be O.K.," said Fisher T. Fish. "I shall have to teach you jays how to set up and dis., I suppose."

"What on earth is dis.?" asked Bob Cherry. "Is that an American word?"

"Nope. Short for distribute. It means sort out of type after printing," Fish explained. "I shall want two or three of you as comps."

"Comps!" ejaculated the juniors.

"Compositors," Fish explained.

"Oh!"

"The type is a bit mixed now," said Fish. "Chaps who want to act as comps. can wire in now, and dis. the type."

"It's up to us, I suppose," said Harry Wharton.

And they wired in.

The type had been bought cheap—and certainly it would not have been a bargain at a high price. It was considerably mixed—bourgeois and long primer jostling with pearl and diamond and other sizes. Fisher T. Fish pointed out the different parts of the case, and explained that small letters belonged to the lower case, and capital letters to the upper case. Harry Wharton & Co. worked away cheerfully. Fisher T. Fish did not work—he gave directions, but as nobody listened to his directions, that did not matter.

The juniors were considerably inky and dirty by the time the type was "dissed," and then Fish announced that the machine had to be cleaned and oiled.

"Where do you come in?" asked Bob Cherry. "We've done the type."

"And now I guess you're going to do the machine. I'm going to look on and show you how to do things."

"We're late for tea now."

"Never mind tea. Snatch a lightning tea—and hustle."

"Wasn't born a hustler," yawned Bob Cherry. "I'm going to tea."

"Look here—"

"Same here," said Johnny Bull.

"The samefulness is terrific."

"I guess the hands in this printing and publishing office are not going to knock off just when they want to!" roared Fisher T. Fish.

"Then you've guessed wrong again," grinned Harry Wharton. "You can clean the machine while we have tea. That's a fair division of labour."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the hands knocked off work, and the editor and manager was left to grumble and clean the machine.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Business Terms!

It was a half-holiday the next day—and immediately after dinner Editor Fish announced that the Printing Company were going to have a busy afternoon. He had it all mapped out. While he dashed off smart, short, snappy articles with a fountain-pen, the comps. would set them up, under his direction. He could attend to several matters at once, could Fisher T. Fish, and could hustle any number of things through at the same time. But the printing company, though keen enough on the printing business, did not play up as their manager and editor expected.

Harry Wharton gently explained that football claimed them for the afternoon, there being a Form match on with the Upper Fourth—which the Remove team did not intend to miss, even for the sake of the Greyfriars Herald.

Fisher T. Fish could hardly express his disgust. The English language was inadequate; but fortunately he knew the American language.

"Well, I swow!" said Fish scornfully. "Hyer you are, started on a big enterprise, and you slide out at the word go, to play a silly game. Gee-whiz! I guess you don't freeze on to the meaning of the word 'business' in this sleepy old country. This hyer newspaper enterprise is a regular corker! It's a clutch—it's a dead cinch, I tell you! It's a gilt-edged stunt! You hear me?"

"Blessed if I know what a stunt is," said Bob Cherry. "But we're due on the footer ground, so—"

"It's the biggest stunt going, if we work it right," said Fish. "The first number will be a howl! The second number will be a yell, I tell you! Before a month is over I shall have the thing fairly humming. The School Newspaper Syndicate, Limited—branches at Eton and Harrow—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, cut the cackle. We do big things over there. Nawful thing to be planted hyer, in a country of Rip Van Winkles," groaned Fisher T. Fish. "Why, there are some of us in New York who've made fortunes before twenty, and lost 'em again before twenty-one—some."

"Well, you pile in and make a fortune, and lose it, and we'll pile in and play a footer match, and win it," said Wharton.

"I guess I want my comps. to set up."

"To-morrow—"

"Bust to-morrow! Of all the slackers—of all the mug-wumps—"

"Good-bye."

"Oh, that lets me out!" said Fish in disgust. "I guess I'll pile in on the editorial work, while you're playing marbles—did you say it was marbles?"

"Oh, rats!"

And Harry Wharton & Co. went down to the footer. Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars, watched them go, with a glum face. The Bounder was "gated" for all half-holidays for the rest of the term, for his many sins, and football-matches were barred for him. Fisher T. Fish dug him in the ribs with a bony forefinger, in the objectionable way he had.

"I guess you must be getting fed up with detention," he remarked.

"Yes," growled the Bounder.

"Cut it, and come up to the editorial office, and I'll teach you how to set up type."

"Rats!"

And the Bounder went into the form-room to grind at Latin verbs.

Fisher T. Fish made his way to the editorial box-room alone.

The office had been denuded of its borrowed fittings. But the indefatigable Fish had been at work again. He had borrowed a chair here, a box there, a fender somewhere else. He had made a bench of boxes and planks, and had taken his own desk to the office. It was looking quite businesslike now. Fish's own armchair from No. 14 Study made a good editorial chair, and Fish sat in it and wrote. Fish was quite convinced that he was the only fellow at Greyfriars who could write anything suitable to be put in the school paper; so he had plenty to do.

With a fountain-pen and a sheaf of impot. paper, he set to work, and he wrote rapidly. He was very busy when Coker of the Fifth looked in.

Coker had a little bundle under his arm, and an unusually agreeable smile on his face. Fish did not look up. His pen was racing over the paper.

"Ahem!" said Coker.

Scratch, scratch! went the editor's busy pen.

"Looked in to see you at work," said Coker.

"Guess there's no harm in that," said Fish, without glancing up. "Too busy to talk. But you can look all you want."

"So the paper's starting, is it?" said Coker.

"Yep."

"Who's editor?"

"F. T. Fish."

"I suppose you'll be wanting contributions—eh?"

"Nope."

"Not going to publish blank paper, I suppose?" asked Coker sarcastically.

"Nix."

"Then you're looking for contributions—some really good stuff?" said Coker. "I've thought it over. I think it's up to me to give the thing a leg-up. No good publishing a school paper with junior stuff in it. I'm going to help you."

Scratch, scratch!

"So I've piled in, and done a short story," said Coker. "Though I say it myself, it's a pretty good one. The title is—"

ANSWERS

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 296.

"THE GEM" LIBRARY,
Every Wednesday.

Our Companion Papers.

"THE PENNY POPULAR"
Every Friday.



"I want that chair!" said Fisher T. Fish coolly. "You—you want my armchair," stuttered Bulstrode. "Are you dotty?" "Nope! I want it for the editorial office—that's why I chalked it. Help me carry it to the box-room, will you?" Bulstrode made no further observations. He took deadly aim with the cushion, and Fish gave a wild yell as it caught him under the chin and swept him out of the study. (See Chapter 6.)

"Sorry!"

"What?"

"Did you see the notice on the door?"

"Eh?"

"'No Admittance Except on Business,'" said Fish, his pen racing away while he talked. "I guess I don't make exceptions to that rule."

"But I'm here on business."

Fish laid down his pen, and took out his watch.

"Now you're talking," he said. "I can give you five minutes. This paper accepts advertisements at simply killing rates. As the first advertiser, I'm willing to give you special terms. One column, five shillings."

Coker smiled.

"I don't want to advertise in the paper," he explained. "I've got a short story I'm willing to let you publish without—ahem!—payment."

"I guess we're not willing to publish it without payment. We can put it in at advertisement rates."

"What!" howled Coker.

"Let's look at the stuff."

Coker unrolled his valuable manuscript, and handed it over. Fisher T. Fish glanced at it with a business-like eye.

"I guess that would work out at four columns," he said.

"That would cost you five dollars—what you call a pound."

"Look here," said Coker, "that's a jolly good short story. It describes a chap who—"

"Five dollars, payable in advance. If you want a display

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title, with your name on it, we can do that for one dollar extra."

"You ass!" roared Coker. "Look here, do you want contributions for your silly paper, or don't you?"

"Only at advertisement rates, I guess."

"You—you—you—"

Fisher T. Fish glanced at his watch.

"I guess there's only one more minute," he said. "Sorry, but I'm obliged to cut interviews short. Time is money. Do you want me to insert that story at advertisement rates—yep or nope?"

"No!" roared Coker.

"Then take it away."

Horace Coker picked up his manuscript again, and gave the enterprising editor a glare of concentrated ferocity. That glare, however, only took effect on the back of Fisher T. Fish's head. He was already writing again at express speed.

"You ought to be jolly glad to get a contribution from the Fifth," said Coker, calming himself with an effort.

"Good-afternoon!"

"Do you want this story?"

"Nope."

Coker jammed his manuscript into his pocket. Fisher T. Fish scribbled away, with his back to him, apparently unconscious of his presence. Coker made a quick stride towards him, grasped the back of his chair, and jerked him over. There was a wild roar from Fisher T. Fish as he sprawled on the floor of his editorial office. Coker swept his newly-

written sheets from the desk, and threw them over him, and tilted over the desk so that it rolled across Fisher T. Fish's legs, and then stamped out of the box-room.

Fisher T. Fish sat up and gasped.

"Well, I swow!"

And it was quite a little time before the hardly-used editor had the editorial office in order again, and was grinding away once more at top speed with the fountain-pen. And before he re-started he took the precaution of locking the editorial door.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER. A Busy Editor!

TAP!

Fisher T. Fish grinned.

The handle of the door had been tried, and as it did not open, the applicant for admission had knocked. Fish did not reply to the knock. He had finished his leading article and a number of snappy paragraphs. He was engaged now upon a serial story—"The Herald" Special Feuilleton," as it was called. Fish prided himself upon being able to switch off instantly from one subject to another. It was that great gift that helped to make a business man.

Tap, tap! Knock! Bump! Crash!

Fish wrote on.

"I say, in there!" came a voice through the keyhole—the voice of Potter of the Fifth. "I say, is the editor in?"

"Yep."

"I've brought you a contribution."

No reply.

"I've knocked my poem into shape," said Potter. "I don't mind letting you have it for the magazine. I don't want to be paid for it—only, I shall have to have my name on it."

"Five shillings a column!"

"What! Of course, if you want to pay for it—" began Potter through the keyhole.

Fisher T. Fish chuckled.

"You pay for it," he explained.

"Wha-a-a-at!"

"We insert poetry at advertisement rates. With a display title, giving your name a good show, we charge five shillings extra."

"You silly ass! Open the door!"

"Nope."

"I'll read out the poem to you, if you like," said Potter.

"Thanks! I guess I know enough about the dead bullfinch."

"This isn't the dead bullfinch one. This is a poem on the subject of public schools, and it begins—"

"I guess I know it begins—I hope it ends, too; and the sooner the quicker. Would you mind buzzing off? I'm busy."

"I'll read you the opening, if you like—"

"I guess I don't like."

Potter did not appear to hear that reply. His voice came through the keyhole, accompanied by a rustling of paper as he read out his poem:

"The Iron Duke declared that Waterloo
Was won upon the playing-fields of Eton.
And still to-day the ducal words hold true—
The public school is first, and can't be beaten—"

"My hat!" said Fisher T. Fish. "We should have to charge you ten shillings a column for that, Potter!"

"Why, you silly ass!" roared Potter. "Don't you know poetry when you hear it?"

"Yep; but I'm not hearing it now."

"Will you open this door, Fishy?" asked Potter, in a honeyed voice.

Fish chuckled. He knew what Potter wanted the door opened for, and he did not desire to repeat his experiences with Coker.

"I guess not," he remarked.

"You young sweep! I'll see you later!" howled Potter, through the keyhole, and he marched off furiously.

Fisher T. Fish's pen scratched away again.

Ten minutes later there was another tap at the door, and a voice penetrated through the keyhole—this time the voice of Hoskins of the Shell. Hoskins of the Shell was a youth with musical tastes, whose constant piano-practice had stirred many of the fellows to homicidal tendencies.

"You in there, Fishy?" called out Hoskins.

"Yep."

"Open the door, will you?"

"Nope."

"I can't very well talk through the keyhole," said Hoskins.

"That's all right—don't talk at all. I'm busy."

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"THE GEM" LIBRARY,
Every Wednesday.

Our Companion Papers.

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Every Friday.

"I've done you an article on the subject of music—with a special analysis of the Immortal Nine!" said Hoskins.

"Nine what—do you mean the Muses?"

"The symphonies, you ass!"

"It may seem funny to you, Hoskins, old man, but we charge the same rate for inserting humorous articles as for poetry or short stories—a dollar a page—"

"It's not humorous!" roared Hoskins. "It's an article specially dealing with the Nine Symphonies, with my personal opinion on them, with more especial reference to Beethoven in his later period—"

"A dollar a column."

"I am willing to let you have this article for nothing—"

"Good-afternoon!"

"It will give the magazine a tone to have a really good article on music, by an accomplished musician. Don't you think so?"

Scratch! Scratch! Scratch!

"Look here, Fishy—"

Scratch! Scratch!

"Open this door!" roared Hoskins. "I'll give you the licking of your life, you cheeky young sweep!"

Scratch! Scratch!

Hoskins bestowed a ferocious kick on the door, and departed, taking away with him his luminous lucubrations of Beethoven in his Later Period. Fisher T. Fish smiled, and went on with the feuilleton. He finished a sufficient instalment, and started on a short story without a pause. Literary work raced under Fisher T. Fish's agile pen as fast as lines from Virgil.

There were several more knocks at the editorial door that afternoon. Quite a large number of fellows seemed ready to let Editor Fish have really valuable articles, essays, poems, and stories long and short, for nothing. But not one of them jumped at the offer of paying four or five shillings a column to see their literary efforts in print. They said uncomplimentary things through the keyhole, and departed one after another. Tubb of the Third was the most obstinate. Tubb of the Third had written a story—Tubb had confided to Paget and Bolsover minor, of his Form, that he had always felt that he could write—and now he had done it.

Tubb was willing to let Fish have that story for nothing—and the offer of inserting it at advertising rates seemed to infuriate him. He stayed on at the keyhole after the interview was really finished, saying things in sulphurous tones about Fisher T. Fish, the school newspaper, the Remove, the United States—and everything he said was rude and uncomplimentary. Fisher T. Fish rose from the editorial chair at last, and took a squirt from his pocket, and filled it with ink, and approached the door.

"You still there, Tubb?" he asked.

"Yes, I am, you silly chump! How much do you know about editing a paper, you blithering jabberwock?" came Tubb's voice through the keyhole. "If you'll open this door, I'll wipe up the floor with you! Yah!"

Fish grinned, and put the end of the squirt to the keyhole.

"I'd make rings round you any day, if you are in the Remove!" snorted Tubb of the Third. "Advertisement rates! I'll advertisement rates you, you Yankee bounder! I'll—Grooogh—yow-w-w-w-w-w! Yawwwwwpph!"

The ink streamed through the keyhole, and Tubb's mouth, open wide with indignation, received it.

Tubb staggered back from the keyhole, gasping and coughing and spluttering.

"Grooogh! Gerroogh! Yow-ow-owp!"

"I guess this is where I smile, some!" remarked Fisher T. Fish. "Do you want any more, Tubb? There's some left."

"Grooogh!" spluttered Tubb furiously. "Ow! Grooh! I—I—"

"Jevver get left?" chuckled Fisher T. Fish.

Tubb stamped away furiously, and the editor grinned and returned to the editorial desk. Tubb was the last caller who bothered him through the keyhole. Fish was left at leisure to complete his literary works. The short story finished, he wrote a poem to fill the last column—a short and snappy poem, of course. Then he rose from the editorial chair with a sigh of relief.

"I guess that about fills the bill!" he murmured. "That lets me out! 'Nuff there to fill the whole paper—with the advertisements. I guess I shall have to rope in some ads. to made the thing pay—with a good circulation, ads. in the 'Greyfriars Herald' will be a good speculation. I guess Mrs. Mible ought to shove in at least one column, at five shillings—about her tarts and things—and why shouldn't the Head have one?" Fish reflected. "The Head runs this school—the school paper will circulate in many homes—might bring him fresh custom, if the good points of Greyfriars were explained in a really snappy, effective advertisement. It would pay him—if he has hoss-sense enough to see it—but

has he? They're so sleepy over here." Fisher T. Fish shook his brainy head sorrowfully. "Well, a galoot can only try, I suppose. I guess I shall canvass for orders for advertisements—and give the Head a chance."

And, having come to that businesslike conclusion, Fisher T. Fish locked up the editorial office, and went down to tea.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Literary!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. were very cheerful over tea that afternoon.

They had beaten the Upper Fourth in the footer match; and they were having an unusually plentiful tea, Johnny Bull having received a handsome remittance from a favourite aunt.

Over tea they discussed the school newspaper.

They had time to devote to it now, and they meant to make it a success. Plentiful as the tea was, they did not linger over it. They were quite keen to get to literary work. They had mapped out what they were going to do.

When Fisher T. Fish, having snatched a lightning tea at the tuckshop, looked into No. 1 Study, he found seven juniors there, all busy.

Harry Wharton and Nugent and Bob Cherry were working at the table—Johnny Bull and Tom Brown had blotting-pads and papers on their knees, and were writing with pencils, Hurree Jamset Ram Singh was sitting with a fixed gaze, evidently composing something in his head, and Mark Linley was resting a pocket-book on the mantelpiece as he wrote.

Fisher T. Fish gave them an inquiring gaze.

"Got lines?" he asked.

"No!"

"Then what are you writing?"

"Serial story," said Harry.

"Short complete football story," said Nugent.

"Article on playing back," said Bull.

"Description of Maori village," said Tom Brown.

"Lancashire dialect story," said Mark Linley.

"I compose a beautiful poem in English versefulness," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Fish whistled.

"And what are you all doing it for?" he asked.

"For the magazine, of course."

"What magazine?"

"Our magazine, fathead!"

"I guess I wasn't aware you had one," said Fisher T. Fish airily. "But if you mean my magazine, it's no good. The stuff for the first number of the 'Greyfriars Herald' is all written already."

The committee stared at him.

"I've written it," Fish explained.

"The whole lot?" asked Bob Cherry sarcastically.

"From cover to cover, and A to Z," said Fish. "I guess you're off the mark. You're not wanted to provide contributions. You're comps., I guess."

"Well, of all the cheek!"

"I want you to set up type," explained Fish. "That's what I want. And I don't want anything more than that from my assistants."

"People get things they don't want sometimes," suggested Bob Cherry. "Thick ears, for example."

"I guess I'm editor of this paper. I've written the lot, and now I want you to amble along and set it up—under my direction."

To which the committee replied with one voice:

"Rats!"

"Now, look here," said Fish. "I don't want any back-talk from my comps. I guess that what I say, goes, in this hyer company. Got that?"

"Can you give me a rhymeful word for blessingness?" asked Huree Jamset Ram Singh, coming out of a brown study.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Chessfulness," suggested Nugent.

"The thankfulness is terrific, my worthy chum! It is first-rateful!" And Inky went on with his mental composition, having found that valuable rhyme.

"You jays ready to work?" demanded Fish.

"We're working."

"Don't I keep on telling you that I don't want any contributions?" roared Fish. "How many more times do you want me to tell you?"

"None!" said Wharton, politely. "Shut the door after you, won't you?"

"I guess I'm ready for you to come and set up the type."

"Can't set it up till the stuff's written."

"I guess I've written it all."

"Guess again!" said Johnny Bull.

"If you jays don't obey your editor's orders you'll be fired out of the company," said Fish wrathfully. "I've done all the literary work. Got that?"

"Gentlemen," said Johnny Bull, looking round. "I sug-

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 296.

EVERY
MONDAY,

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

gest an amendment. All contributions by Fish are to be blue-pencilled, and not inserted in the paper."

"Passed unanimously!"

"Well, we might have given Fishy one column," said Harry Wharton, considerately. "Yes, upon the whole, Fishy is entitled to one column, as the first bare suggestion of the paper came from him—though, of course, he borrowed it from the St. Jim's fellows."

"One column!" shouted Fish. "The whole paper will contain twenty-four columns, and I've written the stuff to fill the lot. Do you think I'm going to allow my literary works to be wasted?"

"We can use them for cleaning the machine," said Nugent.

"Oh, you jay! You slab-sided mugwump! You make me tired. Look here. I want you to come to the office and compose the paper at once. Got that?"

Frank Nugent picked up a cushion, and sent it towards Fisher T. Fish with unerring aim. The enterprising editor sat down in the doorway.

"Got that?" asked Nugent.

"Ow!"

"Perhapsfully you could suggest a rhyme for kickfully, my esteemed Fish?" said the Nabob of Bhanipur, thoughtfully.

Fisher T. Fish staggered up.

"I guess I'm going to set up the paper on my lonesome, then," he exclaimed, wrathfully.

"Waste of time," said Bull. "We've dissed the type once—don't give us the job to do over again. We shall have to if you set up your rubbish."

Fisher T. Fish departed from the study and slammed the door. The Co. chuckled and went on with their literary work. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh apparently finished his mental wrestling, for he took up a pencil and began to write. His dusky face glowed with satisfaction as he transferred his poem in English to the paper.

"My worthy chums, I thinkfully opine that this poem is somewhat good," he exclaimed. "I will readfully declaim him."

"Ahem!"

"It is a poetic composition on the subject of Greyfriars School," explained the nabob. "It is fortunate that I studied the honourable and esteemed English language under the bestful masters in India before I came to this beloved and ludicrous country. It has enabled me to writefully put down a first-chop poem in your noble language, in the manner of Poet Gray. I have perusefully read Poet Gray's linefulness on a 'Distant View of Eton,' and I have written a similarful poem concerning Greyfriars. I shall call it 'Linefulness on a Nearful View of Greyfriars.'"

"Oh, good. I rather think," said Wharton, "that my serial will give the paper a leg-up. What do you think of 'The Cabin-Boy of the Red Herring'?"

"He sped down the field like a flash of light," said Nugent, thoughtfully. "The backs were somewhere—I mean nowhere, and Jack—"

"What are you babbling about?"

"I'm doing a short football story, 'Jack the Back'," explained Nugent. "He sped down the field like a flash of light, the backs were nowhere, till Back the Jack—I mean, Jack the Back—rushed forward—"

"My esteemed poem—"

"The goal seemed a cert," went on Nugent, "but Jack was forward—"

"You said he was back," said Johnny Bull, looking up.

"He was forward—"

"Chap can't be back and forward in the same match," said Bull. "It isn't sense."

"Jack was forward in the fray," roared Nugent.

"Oh, he was back in the match, and forward in the fray!" said Johnny Bull. "Was he half in anything?"

"Ass! Jack the Back was forward, and he was not half—"

"He couldn't be half if he was back," said Bull, "especially if he was forward as well."

"He was not half—" yelled Nugent.

"No need to say that," said Wharton. "I agree with Bull there. The mere fact that he was back shows that he wasn't half."

"He was not half-hearted in his rush!" roared Nugent, "why don't you let a fellow finish? Jack the Back was forward in the fray, and he was not half-hearted in his rush. His goal—"

"My hat!" said Johnny Bull. "He must have been a regular Admirable Crichton of football. Did he take goals as well?"

"His goal was the ball—"

"First time I've ever heard of a football being used as a goal," said Bull. "Is that a humorous story?"

"Fathead! A chap's goal is the thing he goes for, isn't

it?" demanded Nugent. "Jack the Back went for the ball, and so that ball was his goal for the time being."

"Well, I wouldn't back the Jack who did all those things in one match," said Johnny Bull. "I believe in a fellow keeping his place in the team."

"His goal was the ball," said Nugent, getting excited. "He took a run—"

"Is that a football story?"

"Yes, ass!"

"Not cricket?"

"No, fathead!"

"Then what did he take a run for?"

"He took a run at the ball, you silly josser. Jack was bold—"

"Bowled—at footer?" exclaimed Bull, in surprise. "My hat! You'll be saying next that he gave them a miss in baulk, and mated in two moves. You're getting it mixed."

Nugent snorted, and went on scribbling. The adventures of Jack the Back were evidently wasted on an unappreciative audience. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh had waited mildly till Jack the Back was finished with, but he now took up the tale.

"Linefulness on a Nearful View of Greyfriars College:

"I sing the praise of schoolful days
Of happy boyful blessfulness,
On sunny day the games we play,
On evenings dark the chessfulness!
Our ludicrous and noble Head
Is worthy our respectfulness,
We learn to work and not to shirk,
And likewise much reflectfulness."

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh looked round for applause as he finished the first stanza of his poem in the difficult English language, which he had mastered so thoroughly under the best native masters in India. To his surprise he found his companions in a state of hysterics.

"This is not a humourful poem, my worthy chums," he said reproachfully. "I do not perceivably observe why the laughfulness should be so terrific."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Or it may hap, in friendly scrap,
We biff each other lickfully,
We never yield when on the field,
We shoot for goal so kickfully—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "I think you take the biscuit cakefully, which the bakers bake so bakefully. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Perhaps there are some slightful expressions that are not exactfully in the manner of the English idiots," said Hurree Singh, anxiously. "It is so difficult to get accustomed to the native idiots in this country, as I have found."

"The—the what?"

"He means idiom," gurgled Johnny Bull. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"However, I shall endeavourfully try to compose my poem idiotically," said Inky, perhaps meaning idiomatically. But the juniors assured him at once that he had succeeded in composing his poem idiotically, and Hurree Singh purred with satisfaction.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Set Up—And Upset!

FISHER T. FISH was hard at work in the editorial office, while the Co. were turning out first-rate literary work in the study. The Yankee junior was setting up type. It came rather hard upon an editor to have to work as his own compositor, but there seemed to be no help for it. Fish had called on several fellows for assistance, but while nearly everybody was willing to set up his own literary efforts in type, nobody seemed keen to set up Fish's efforts, even with the advantage of doing it under the personal direction of Fisher Tarleton Fish.

Fish was determined that the first number should be out that week, and that it should be O.K. from cover to cover. To secure the literary excellence of the paper, he had written the whole of the contents himself, and to get it out to time it appeared that he had to set it up and print it himself. He laboured away at the task, and the type grew in the formes, as he finished page after page. By strictly limiting the size of the magazine, he hoped to have enough type to set up the whole of the paper before starting the printing, and he was prepared to eke out the type with different sizes and with italics.

Billy Bunter looked in while the Yankee junior was hard at work by the light of the single gas-jet in the box-room. Billy Bunter, like many other fellows in the Remove, had long been under the delusion that he could write. The number of people who believe that they could write if they had time to spare from more difficult occupations is amazing. It is really surprising that the world is not wholly populated by authors, considering the number of persons who could write if they had time. Billy Bunter had found the time, apparently, for he had a whole sheaf of paper under his arm when he came into the editorial box-room.

Fish, who was getting tired, and considerably inky, glanced round at him.

"Have you come to help?" he demanded.

The Owl of the Remove nodded.

"That's just what I've come for," he assented.

"Good! You can hand me the type from the case. Look here, capitals from the upper-case, and small letters in the lower-case—"

GOOD TURNS—No. 13.



A girl reader of THE "MAGNET" LIBRARY doing a good turn to her aged grandfather by reading aloud to him.



"That looks remarkably like our study table," said Nugent. "Ours?" exclaimed Wharton. "Yes—and look at the fender. That's ours!" "And the curtains——" "And the giddy carpet——" "I guess the editorial office had to be furnished somehow, hadn't it!" demanded Fish. (See Chapter 6.)

"Ahem! I don't think I could set up type," said Bunter, who had no fancy for work in any shape or form. "My idea was to help you in a literary way."

Fisher T. Fish pointed a bony forefinger towards the door.

"See that door?" he asked.

Bunter blinked round in surprise at the door.

"Yes," he said. "What about it?"

"Step t'other side of it!"

"Eh?"

"No admission except on business!"

"Look here, Fishy; I suppose you want something really good in the magazine, don't you? I've done a ripping complete story that will practically fill the paper, from start to finish. It's called the 'Mystery of the Motor-car,' and is a detective story, something on the Sherlock Holmes lines, only a bit better put together."

"Travel!"

"I'll read out the first chapter if you like——"

"Vamoose!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 296.

"Does that mean yes?"

"Nope!"

"Chapter One—The Stain of Blood!" said Bunter.

"Absquatulate, will you?" roared Fisher T. Fish.

"It was a dark, black night," went on Bunter calmly. "There was no one about. Suddenly the ears of the passers-by were startled by a thrilling scream. In the clear moonlight, the darkness was illumined by the red light of a motor-car; as it swept silently by with throbbing engine——"

"Are you going to light out?"

"Upon the seat of the motor-car lay a silent form, groaning in agony. There was no sign of a wound, but from the gaping gash in the throat, flowed——"

Fisher T. Fish turned from the case, and picked up a ruler. Billy Bunter backed away towards the door.

"Look here, Fishy, as a member of the Greyfriars Herald Committee, I shall insist upon having a show in the paper. Otherwise," said Bunter, with dignity, "I shall withdraw my support from the whole concern."

"You'd better withdraw your fat carcass from the editorial

office!" growled Fish. "The stuff for this paper is all written and done."

"I shall insist——"

"Are you going to vamoose the ranch?" roared Fish. "How am I to set up type with a silly galoot gassing in my ear? You get!"

"Rats!" growled Bunter. "Look here——"

But Fish's patience was exhausted. He rushed at the fat junior, clasped him round his plump person, and waltzed him towards the door. Billy Bunter struggled, and gave a yell of wrath as his valuable manuscript went to the floor, and was trodden under-foot.

"You're treading on my story!" he roared.

"I'll tread on you, next!" gasped Fish.

Bunter went down with a bump. He bumped against the bench, and it rocked, and there was a sound of type scattering on the floor. Fish yelled.

"Oh, you jay! You've dissed a whole page! I'll scalp you. I'll——" Fish caught up a can of printers' ink. The next moment Billy Bunter's fat red face resembled that of a nigger minstrel.

"Gr-o-o-ogh—gr-o-oh!" spluttered Bunter. "Ow! Beast! Yow! Gr-o-o-oh!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Now get out!"

Bunter staggered up, and rushed towards Fish; but the editor had the can of printers' ink ready, and Bunter changed his mind. He dabbed furiously at the sticky mass clinging to his face, and stamped out of the box-room, snorting and gurgling.

Fish chuckled. He had a page to set up again, but he was consoled by the state in which Bunter departed from the editorial office. The Owl of the Remove would be busy for the rest of the evening in cleaning off the printers' ink.

It was quite late when Fisher T. Fish finished his work as a comp. He looked at his watch as he came downstairs.

"Gee-whiz! No time for prep. to-night!" he ejaculated.

"Well, something had to go—business first." Harry Wharton & Co. met him in the passage. They had finished their preparation, and were going to see how the editor was getting on.

"You're too late!" grunted Fish. "I guess I've finished the whole bizney!"

"Set up the type?" asked Wharton.

"Yep; every page. All ready for printing to-morrow."

"Done your prep.?"

"No time. Just time to get this ink off my paws before bed!" And Fisher T. Fish dived into a bath-room.

The chums of the Remove exchanged a grin, and ascended to the editorial office. The formes were all arranged in order, set up to the last letter.

"Jolly industrious of Fishy," grinned Bob Cherry. "I suppose we've got to dis. all this type before we go to bed, to have it ready for to-morrow."

"Yes, rather!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the Co. set to work. As there were half a dozen of them, it took much less time to distribute the type into the cases than it had taken Fish to set it up in the formes. The valuable literary efforts of Fisher T. Fish were "dissed," and the schoolboy printers sighed a sigh of relief when it was done.

"Now we'll wipe down the bench, and leave everything clean and tidy for to-morrow," said Bob.

He caught up the original manuscripts of Fisher T. Fish's articles, stories, serials, poems, and paragraphs. They lay in a pile on the bench, where Fish had left them after setting up the type from them. There was quite a pile of them, and they came in very useful for wiping down the bench, which certainly needed cleaning. The bench having been rubbed down with the crumpled manuscripts, the latter were deposited in the waste-paper basket—and then, the Co., feeling that they had done enough for one evening, left the editorial office in a cheerful and satisfied mood.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Comps!

MR. QUELCH, the master of the Remove, had remarks to make the next morning about Fisher T. Fish having missed his preparation. It was useless to plead other engagements to Mr. Quelch. The vials of the Form-master's wrath were poured upon Fisher T. Fish, but he bore it patiently. It was merely one of the small troubles incidental to his editorial career.

Fifty lines occupied him after morning lessons till nearly dinner-time, and he had no time to give to the production of the "Herald." But at dinner he told the Co. that he was ready. Immediately after that meal was finished, they were to proceed to the editorial box-room, and get on with

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 296.

"THE GEM" LIBRARY,
Every Wednesday.

Our Companion Papers.

"THE PENNY POPULAR,"
Every Friday.

the printing. The type was all ready in the formes, and it merely remained to strike off the copies by the aid of the hand-press—quite simple under Fish's direction. Then there would be the folding and the pinning—but that, too, Fish would be able to show them how to do. In fact, there is nothing in the whole printing and publishing business that Fish would not be able to show them.

The chums of the Remove grinned cheerfully. Something of a surprise awaited the enterprising editor when he paid his next visit to the editorial office. The juniors wanted very much to see what his face would look like, when he found that all the type he had set up had been "dissed."

"Come on!" said Fisher T. Fish, when the fellows came out of the dining-room.

"Right-ho!"

And the editor and the comps marched off to the office of the "Greyfriars Herald." The Yankee junior started as he glanced at the case.

"Hallo! You jays been buying new type?" he asked.

"No," said Wharton.

"But I used it all up last night in setting up the 'Herald,' said Fish, puzzled. "I had to eke out the last page with italics and a mixture of long primer. Where did all this type come from? The case is nearly full."

"That's the type we've dissed," explained Bob Cherry.

Fisher T. Fish jumped.

"Dissed!" he roared.

"Yes; last night, you know. We thought we ought to get it done before we went to bed."

Fish's face was a study.

"You've dissed the type!" he gasped as if unable to believe his ears. "But it was all set up—the whole magazine, from start to finish."

"Yes; and we've dissed it all," said Johnny Bull. "It was a lot of trouble, but we felt we ought to do it."

"The oughtfulness was terrific!" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"And now we're ready to set up the type for the magazine," said Tom Brown briskly. "I've got my manuscript with me—'Description of a Maori Village——'"

Fisher T. Fish burst into a roar of wrath.

"You silly jays!"

"Eh?"

"You slabsided mugs!"

"What's the matter?"

"I'd set up the paper ready for printing. Now it will all have to be done over again! Where's my manuscript? I left it here!"

"Do you mean that pile of papers with rubbish scribbled on them?" asked Bob Cherry innocently. "I used that lot for wiping down the bench. You had spilt some printers' ink——"

"Gee-whiz! You—you—you——" Words failed Fisher T. Fish.

"But we've got plenty to fill the magazine," said Wharton. "In fact, we shall have to cut some of it down. Now let's wire in!"

"I guess——"

"No time for guessing now. We've got to get some work done before next lesson."

"But I guess I've got to write the stuff over again!" yelled Fish.

"No need of that; we've written enough!"

"Plenty!" said Nugent. "I shall want four pages at least for 'Jack the Back.'"

"And my esteemed poem——"

"And my description of a Maori Village——"

"And my article on playing back——"

"And my serial——"

"Shurrup!" roared Fisher T. Fish, stopping his ears. "I guess I've told you that your stuff isn't appearing in this hyer paper, not unless you pay a dollar a page for it—advertisement rates. I'm editor of this paper, I reckon."

"And we're the supervising committee," said Harry Wharton, severely. "Gentlemen, I move that if Fish makes any more trouble, he be forthwith ejected, on his neck, from the editorial box-room."

"Hear, hear!"

"I guess——"

"Dry up!"

Fisher T. Fish glared at the supervising committee. They were evidently in earnest, and the enterprising editor felt that he was "left."

"Well, I guess you can put some of your stuff in," he said reluctantly. "Of course, it will make the thing a failure."

"We'll risk that," said Johnny Bull. "Better than making the failure a dead cert. by letting you write the stuff."

"I guess my literary work is top notch. But pile in——"

whatever goes in, we've got to get the paper out on Saturday."

And the amateur composers piled in.

Setting up type was an agreeable amusement, and they proceeded with it at a great rate, under the directing eye of Fisher T. Fish. Fish had a great many directions to give, and much advice to offer, and many orders to issue. But the juniors did not mind. They did not listen.

"I say, what are you up to?" roared Fish, of a sudden, as he scanned the type Tom Brown was setting up.

The New Zealand junior paused.

"What's the matter now?" he demanded.

"Can't you spell?" demanded Fish.

"Spell! Yes."

"Spell, then. Don't put in extra letters into words. It wastes the type, and it spoils the spelling," snorted Fish.

"But I haven't!" exclaimed Tom Brown. "What's wrong?"

Fisher T. Fish dropped a lean forefinger on the type, where the word "traveller" occurred, and grunted.

"You've spelt traveller with two L's," he growled.

"And how on earth should it be spelt?" demanded the Colonial.

"One L, of course."

"Rats!"

"Look here, Brown, if you know how to spell better than I do—"

"I fancy I do, if you put only one L in traveller," sniffed Tom Brown. "That L is going to stay there, fathead."

"I tell you there is only one L in traveller!" shouted Fish.

"We always spell it with one L over there."

"I dare say you do; but we're going to print this magazine in English, not in American."

"I guess—"

"Shut up, Fishy!" said Harry Wharton. "In England we put two L's in traveller. That's the English way—the right way. Shut up!"

"You're as big a jay as he is!" howled Fish, scanning Wharton's type. "Here you are shoving a U in 'honour.'"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We spell it H-O-N-O-R over there, in the Yew-nited States," snorted Fish. "And I guess that's the right way."

"There are some silly chumps in England who spell it that way, too," assented Wharton. "But plain English is good enough for us, without any new-fangled nonsense. When a chap has nothing better to do than to play monkey tricks with his native language, it's time he was bundled into a home for idiots."

"I tell you there ain't a U in honour," declared Fish. "What's the letter wanted for, anyway? 'Tain't pronounced."

"Well, the H isn't pronounced, either," said Harry. "But I suppose you don't suggest spelling it O-N-O-R, do you?"

"Nope. But—"

"My dear chap, we'll believe you are an authority on sky-scrapers, elevated railroads, hustle, and tinned mysteries, but you don't know anything about English spelling. Shur-rup!"

And Fish, with great discontent, had to leave those superfluous letters in.

But he consoled himself by writing his leading article in the most approved phonetic style, and setting it up by himself in order to make sure that the original and striking orthography was not interfered with.

The juniors were still hard at work when the bell rang for classes. They had not noticed how the time was passing, in their keen interest in setting up their own literary work in type.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Classes!" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

"Oh, crumbs!"

"We're jolly inky—"

"The inkfulness is terrific."

The Removites were certainly somewhat printers' inky. The type was none too clean, and their fingers were stained, and some of the stains had been transferred to their faces. They made a hurried rush downstairs, and rubbed and scrubbed under steaming water in the bath-room, and presented themselves in class ten minutes late, for which they received fifty lines each from an unsympathetic Form-master, who did not understand the difficulties of an editorial career.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Fish Gets an Order!

"I GUESS we're going to make this pay!"

Fisher T. Fish made this remark when the Remove came out of the Form-room when lessons for the day were over. Fish had been thinking out his advertisement scheme.

"I guess five bob a column is dirt cheap," he went on. "Mrs. Mimble ought to be willing to take a couple of columns. I guess I'll see."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 295.

EVERY
MONDAY,

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

And Fisher T. Fish directed his steps towards the school shop, on business bent. The Co. followed him there, to see what would happen. They had very strong doubts about Mrs. Mimble's willingness to lay down hard cash for an advertisement in the school paper. But Fish prided himself upon his persuasive eloquence.

Mrs. Mimble came out of her little parlour as the crowd of juniors entered. But the agreeable smile of welcome on her face faded a little when she discovered that she was wanted to give, instead of to take orders.

"No, I guess I don't want ginger-pop this journey, thanks," said Fish. "I want to talk business to you, Mrs. Mimble."

"I'm afraid I cannot let you have things on credit, Master Fish."

And the juniors grinned.

"I don't mean that," said Fish. "Mrs. Mimble, we're starting a new school paper, that is going to be a regular corker."

"Indeed!"

"Yep! I'm advertisement manager." Fisher T. Fish pronounced the word advertisement in the American manner, with the accent on the third syllable, but Mrs. Mimble apparently understood, for she nodded. "Now, I guess I'm out for advertisements. Now, you'd like to double your trade, I suppose?"

"Ye-es!"

"Advertising's the way to do it. Advertisement does everything in these days. Man who advertises can sell rubbish at a better price than the other man gets for good stuff. That's the way of it."

"Sweet are the uses of advertisement," murmured Nugent.

"I guess I can give you a displayed advertisement in the 'Herald' at five bob a column. Something like this—up-to-date." Fisher T. Fish took a paper bag from the counter, and a stump of pencil from his pocket, and sketched out the advertisement: "LOOK! ARE YOU FOND OF GOOD TARTS?"

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Mimble.

"WE'VE GOT THE TARTS—YOU'VE GOT THE TUMMIES!" proceeded Fish. "OUR TARTS FOR YOUR TUMMIES! TWO CENTS. EACH—AND EVERY TART A TOPPER!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess that's the kind of ad. to bring in the custom," said Fish. "That's the way we do it over there."

"Do you really?" murmured Mrs. Mimble. "But—"

"YOU ROLL UP! OUR JAM TARTS ROLL DOWN!" pursued Fish. "Striking—what? An advertisement on those lines means a rush of custom. You've got to advertise these days. It doesn't matter what kind of stuff you sell—you've got to sell it, or shut down. Get on or get out—and the way to get on is to advertise. Once you get a rush of custom, you start selling a cheaper article at the same price. Profits rise. Old customers die off, perhaps; but new ones keep on coming so long as you advertise. Got that?"

"Bless my soul!"

"Advertise in our paper, and watch the results!" said Fish. "You've got the goods. We reach the public. We bring our public to buy your goods—see?"

"Oh!"

"Five bob a column," said Fisher T. Fish. "Can I shove that advertisement in for you, madam? Whole page, two dollars."

"But—"

"Better let me put it in. Now, is it a trade?"

"Master Fish—"

"Do I book the order? Better clinch, before our advertisement space is entirely taken up, and you are crowded out," urged Fish.

"I think—"

"You think you'll put it in? Good! Two dollars, please."

"I—"

"The terms of this company are cash on the nail."

"But—but I am not going to advertise," gasped Mrs. Mimble; "and I do not want to sell bad things instead of good things."

"My dear lady, that's business. Constant advertisement—constant rush of custom—quality goes lower and lower, and saves expenditure—see?"

"I think you are a bad boy, Master Fish," said Mrs. Mimble severely. "And I have no time to waste talking nonsense!"

And Mrs. Mimble went back into her little parlour, leaving Fisher T. Fish in a state of great surprise.

"Well, I swow!" he ejaculated.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess I don't see where the cackle comes in. Women don't understand business," said Fish, with a sad shake of

the head. "But it's the same all over this sleepy old island. I've noticed it. Instead of advertising hugely, and saving on working expenses by reducing the quality, your blessed manufacturers go on drowsily, turning out exactly the same kind of article every time. Why, in New York you never buy twice at the same place. You go into a store for a pair of socks. Before you need another pair of socks, sirs, that business will have been reorganised, and they'll be selling socks made of refuse of some sort—same price—look the same—wear out in a day and a half. Huge profits for the manufacturer—customer gets left—"

"Is that business?" asked Wharton.

"Yep, that's business. Start with a good article—advertise extensively—and then plant any old thing on the public. That's the way we do business, sirs. But you are awfully behind the times in this little island. I shouldn't wonder if the Head is just as silly as Mrs. Mimble in this matter."

"The Head!" exclaimed the juniors, in a breath.

"Yep!"

"You're not going to ask the Head for advertisements?" yelled Bob Cherry.

"You bet!"

"Oh, crumbs! Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm going to see if I can't get him to advertise in the paper. Why not? The 'Herald' will circulate in the homes of the fellows. They've all got younger brothers and cousins and chaps ready to go to school—might bring in a rush of customers—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess I've no time to waste listening to your cackle. I'm off; and you watch out, and see if I don't book an order for a couple of columns at a dollar a time!"

"Oh, my hat!"

Fisher T. Fish sniffed, and walked out of the tuck-shop. He had failed with Mrs. Mimble, but he intended to train every variety of eloquence to induce the Head to advertise in the "Greyfriars Herald." Straight to Dr. Locke's study the enterprising American proceeded, and tapped at the door and entered.

"Can I have a few words with you, sir, on a matter of business?" asked Fish.

"Certainly," said the Head, in surprise. "What is the matter?"

"Nothing, sir. We're starting a new school newspaper—"

"Indeed!"

"I'm the editor, sir," said Fish modestly. "I'm also master printer, and general manager, and advertisement manager, and—and nearly everything else. It required a fellow with some go in him, I guess—and I'm the antelope. I've come here to make you an offer, sir."

The Head looked perplexed.

"Do you mean a presentation copy of the paper?" he asked.

"You may send—"

"I guess I mean business, sir. We're putting in extensive advertisements. It's struck me, sir, that it would be a good thing to put in a really striking advertisement of Greyfriars as a school!"

"What!"

"The paper will have a large and growing circulation. It will be taken home by all the fellows; and we intend to have a Parents' Column—stuff written specially to interest grown-up people. Parents will read the paper—and the advertisements. They naturally have a large and almost inexhaustible supply of younger sons and nephews, and so on, who have to be sent to school sooner or later. Now, sir, these are the days of competition. With the other public schools on the look-out for custom, Greyfriars is in danger of getting left—if you don't advertise!"

The Head sat silent, looking at Fish. The expression upon his face would have alarmed anybody but Fisher Tarleton Fish; but the enterprising American rattled on with growing eloquence.

"Greyfriars isn't the biggest public school by any means, sir. But by good advertising it might be made the biggest—just a few. The other schools advertise—why not Greyfriars? Some of 'em put notices in the papers—term begins so-and-so—that's the high-class kind of advertisement—very classy; but it doesn't bring in the customers. Others have paragraphs put in the papers in the form of news—yarns about all the vacancies in the school being booked up years in advance, and stuff like that—all piffle, but very clever as an advertisement."

"Oh!" said the Head.

"But what will really fetch the public in is a ripping, up-to-date, top-hole advertisement in the latest American style. Look at this, sir!"

Fish sketched with rapid fingers:

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 296.

"THE GEM" LIBRARY,
Every Wednesday.

"THAT BOY OF YOURS!"

"We want that boy!"

"WE'VE GOT THE SCHOOL! YOU'VE GOT THE BOY!"

"SEND HIM ALONG!"

"You put the Boy in the Train! We do the Rest!"

"There, sir!" said Fish, as he displayed that brilliant sketch to the astounded Head. "I guess that will catch the eye—what? A few ads. like that, and there'll be such a rush of custom that you'll have to build a fresh wing to the school!"

"Bless my soul!"

"Customers rolling in, sir—all through advertisement. And then you start saving money on the working expenses. Once get it right into the public's mind by advertising that Greyfriars is the top-hole in schools, and then you can do as you like. You have expensive masters now—you pay 'em high salaries. But once assured of a rush of custom, you can cut down the salaries—fire 'em out, and take in cheaper men—cheaper all the time. You may lose a few customers, but they won't be noticed in the crowd; fresh ones will roll in all the time—"

Dr. Locke rose to his feet and seized his cane.

Fisher T. Fish jumped back.

"Hold out your hand, Fish!" thundered the Head.

"Wha-a-at!" ejaculated the dismayed Fish.

"Hold out your hand!"

"What for, sir? I—I guess—"

"I am going to cane you."

"Oh, gee-whiz! I—"

Whack! Whack!

"And now go away, and try to be more sensible," said the Head, laying down his cane.

And Fisher T. Fish left the study in a state of bewildered astonishment. The Co. met him in the passage, and burst into a roar at the sight of the enterprising advertisement manager with his hands tucked under his arms, and an expression of amazement and anguish on his face.

"Ha, ha, ha! Did you get an order?" roared Bob Cherry.

"Yow!"

"Is the Head advertising?"

"Grooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Didn't you get an order, then?" asked Wharton sympathetically.

"Ow!" groaned Fish. "Ow! Yep, I guess I got an order—the order of the boot! Ow! Blessed if I understand the Head. We were getting on swimmingly, and I was reckoning I'd stick him for two columns at least, when he suddenly broke out. Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess the advertisement columns won't be overcrowded much," said Fish dismally. "It's no good talkin' business in this island. They don't understand it. Ow!"

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Proofs!

"I GUESS we're taking off the proofs this evening."

The editor of the "Greyfriars Herald" had recovered from his painful experiences in the Head's study, when Dr. Locke had failed so lamentably to understand how sweet are the uses of advertisement.

In his shirt-sleeves, with a dab of printers' ink on his nose, and more than one dab on his long, thin fingers, Fisher T. Fish presided over the printing-press.

The comps. had finished their work, and it was time for the machine hands to pile in—the same hands, as it happened, the working staff being limited.

Fisher T. Fish carefully placed the forme in position, and carefully adjusted the proof page, and carefully pressed.

The juniors stood round, eager to see the first proof.

Fisher T. Fish took the sheet off the machine, and held it up for inspection. It was a proof of the page containing the leading article, written by Fisher T. Fish in that latest invention of American genius—phonetic spelling.

The amateur printers gazed at it in amazement.

"Is it Esperanto?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Esperanto? Nope!"

"Dutch?"

"I guess it's English."

"Then you've jolly well guessed wrong!" said Harry Wharton. "It might be a mixture of Esperanto and Norwegian and Russian by the look of it, but it certainly isn't English. American, perhaps?"

"It's the latest," explained Fish. "It's spelt phonetically. Our President Roosevelt was in favour of phonetic spelling. I guess it's coming—only a matter of time."

"It ought to be a matter of time for phonetic spellers—time with hard labour!" growled Johnny Bull.

The leading article certainly did look a little curious.

Our Companion Papers.

"THE PENNY POPULAR,"
Every Friday.

Fisher T. Fisher had written it in the "high-falutin" style dear to the hearts of American journalists, so that the composition was hardly English in the first place; and in phonetic spelling its aspect was strange and weird.

"Friends and Skoofellows:

"The time has kum for this skool to hav a paper of its oan. The staf of the 'Grayfriars Herald' are endeavvering to suppli this long-felt want.

"The 'Grayfriars Herald' has kum to stay. The paper will represent every shaid of opinyon, and will be eekwally devoted to sports, storiz, snappi artikles, and interesting paragrafs. The leeding artikle will alwaiz be ritten bi the editor in purson, and may be depended on for kleerness, kwality, and stile. 'The Grayfriars Herald' will berst upon the fermament of the skool like a dazling konstellationh.

"Our ame will be to pleeze all klasses of reeders. Every purson wil find in our kollums sumthing he wants. In the ferst number we offer to our subskribers a top-hoal seerial storee, bi Hary Wharton; a komplette footbal yarn, by F. Newjent; a reliable artikle on footer, by Jon Bool; a poem, by an Indyun Prints; a deskripshun of a Maori villuj, bi wun hoo has been thair; a Lancashire storee in dyalekt, bi a Lancashire boi; and varyus uther items too numerous to menshun.

"We expekt 'The Grayfriars Herald' to dazle—we expekt it to sore into the relms of publik faver. We are reddy for a huje rush of kustom. We kno we are prodewcing a ferst-klass artikle, and we offer the ferst number to our reeders with every konfidence. We konfidently rekommend our perewsers to tern to F. Newjent's storee, 'Jak the Bak,' and say whether they had ever red enything more troo to life. With every konfidence we rekommend the perewsal of Harry Wharton's seerial, 'The Kabin-boi of the Red Hering.'

There was much more of it, but the juniors did not read it all. That was enough phonetic spelling for them.

"We can't let that rot go in," said Johnny Bull. "Of course, what it says about my article is quite true; but—"

"And the mention of my story is all right," remarked Nugent. "But—"

"And it's all serene about my serial," said Wharton, with a nod. "But I object to my hero being spelt 'Kabin-boi.'"

"I guess that article's goin' to stand," said Fisher T. Fish.

"Now, my dear chap—"

"Don't be an ass!"

"Phonetic spelling is only suitable for the inside of a lunatic asylum, not the outside," urged Wharton.

"I guess it's going in like that. Why, before many years we shall have phonetic spelling universal in the Yewnited States!"

"Blow the Yewnited States!"

"I guess—"

"I put it to the supervising committee," said Harry Wharton, looking round for support. "The fellows will think we're dotty if they read such stuff."

"They'll know Fishy is," growled Johnny Bull.

"Spell it in English, Fishy."

"Rats!"

"I move that the leading article be revised and put into Christian spelling," said Harry Wharton.

"Hear, hear!"

"Passed unanimously."

"You let my article alone!" roared Fish indignantly. "That's the best thing in the whole paper."

"Are you going to revise the spelling, or shall we dis. the type?" asked Nugent.

"I guess—"

"One of us can do a leading article instead," said Harry Wharton. "We can leave that out."

Fisher T. Fish almost exploded.

"I guess I've taken a lot of trouble with that article!" he shouted. "Why, it takes longer to write in phonetic spelling than in the old kind."

"Then why not use the old kind?"

"Well, this saves time—ahem!—not exactly that, but it's more up-to-date. The policy of this paper is hustle."

"Rats!"

The comps began to dis. the type, and Fisher T. Fish snorted. He was in a minority of one, and he had to give in. But there was a gleam in the eyes of the Yankee junior. A new thought had come into his head. But what it was he did not confide to the staff. He growled while the type was distributed, and Nugent kindly offered to set the article up again in English.

Fish grunted an assent, and it was done; and then the proofs were pulled off.

There were a good many printer's errors, naturally, the comps. being new to their work, and the proofs were carried off to the various studies for correction.

Correcting the proofs occupied most of the juniors' spare time that evening.

Fisher T. Fish frowned as the staff went away with the proofs.

"I guess I'm not going to have my paper interfered with,"

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EVERY
MONDAY,

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

he murmured. "I kinder reckon there will be some changes when the edition is pulled off—some!"

And the enterprising editor's brow cleared, and he chuckled.

It was evident that some scheme was working in the busy brain of Fisher Tarleton Fish; but of that the staff, busily occupied in correcting the proofs, were ignorant.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Coker on the Warpath!

HORACE COKER was "wrathy." Although Coker & Co. had received Fish of the Remove the reverse of politely when he visited their study to suggest their co-operation in the production of a school paper, Coker & Co. did not like being left out.

Coker and Potter and Greene had all offered to contribute to the new paper—indeed, they were willing to fill the whole number, and save the juniors the trouble of writing anything at all.

Their offer, which, as Coker said, was kindness itself, had been declined—without thanks.

Naturally, Coker was wrathy.

"The cheeky kids ought to be jolly well pleased and honoured by having Fifth-Form contributions in their silly paper!" he declared to Potter and Greene.

"They ought to be," agreed Potter.

"But they ain't!" Greene remarked.

"If there's a paper started in the school at all, it ought to be run by the seniors, not by cheeky fags!" went on Coker.

"Oh, the Remove are cheeky enough for anything!" said Potter. "Fish actually told me that my poem would have to be paid for at advertisement rates. After that, of course, I have declined to notice the thing at all."

"I am ignoring them," remarked Greene.

"That's all very well," said Coker. "But they go on just the same whether we ignore them or not. I hear that they're going to have a comic poem about the Fifth in the paper."

"My hat!"

"I saw young Ogilvy scribbling it," said Coker. "I cuffed him, and took it away. Look at this!"

Horace Coker held up a fragment of impot. paper, upon which verse was scribbled. Coker of the Fifth read it with deep indignation. It was very personal. The youthful poet had evidently taken "Excelsior" for his model:

"If ever you should want to smile,
For ninety minutes all the while,
You want to watch the Fifth-Form style
At footer!"

"His smiles no fellow could control,
If he should watch old Coker roll
The leather through his own team's goal
At footer!"

"There was going to be some more of it," said Coker, "but I nipped it in the bud. But the young sweep will write this out again, and shove it in the paper—" Coker paused, and bestowed a ferocious glare upon Potter and Greene. "What are you cackling at?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Where does the cackle come in?" roared Coker.

"Ahem!" said Potter apologetically. "It—it's rather funny, you know."

"Funny, is it?" snorted Coker.

"Well, about your kicking a goal against your own side, you know. You did once, and I thought the crowd would have died of laughing! Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly ass!"

"Still, it's cheek," said Greene, wiping his eyes. "Coker's in the Fifth now, and we're not going to have the Fifth slated."

Coker crumpled the paper in his hand, and then suddenly grinned as he caught sight of some scribbling on the other side of it.

"Hallo, there's some more verses here!" he exclaimed. "Ha, ha! This is funny!"

"Oh, no! This is about your poetry."

"Cheeky young rotter! Why—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" chortled Coker. "This is much funnier than the other part. I'll read it out."

"Oh, you needn't trouble!"

But Coker did trouble. He read it out, with chuckles, and Greene chuckled, too, as he listened. Potter did not laugh. Potter was strong on poetry, and he had a secret conviction that he would be Poet Laureate when he grew up. Potter's poems, odes, and lyrics were well known in the school, and all Potter's friends and acquaintances had been bored to tears by them.

"Though Coker is a comic card,
A funnier is the Fifth-Form bard,
Who grinds out poems by the yard—
All piffle!"

NEXT
MONDAY—

"GAME TO THE LAST!"

A Splendid Complete Tale of Harry
Wharton & Co. Order Early!

"What they may mean 'tis hard to tell,
And though you smile at Coker—well,
Old Potter simply makes you yell,
At poems."

"The silly young ass!" said Potter. "I don't see anything funny in that. You fellows know what my poetry is like. My 'Ode to a Dying Bullfinch—'"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Coker and Greene.
"Look here, you cackling asses, if we're going to stand the cheek of these young rotters, the Fifth Form may as well go out of business at once!" said Potter excitedly. "I don't see anything funny in it myself."

"You wouldn't!" chuckled Greene. "But it's funny, all the same. I must say that the cheeky young villain has hit off you and Coker to the life."

"Oh, has he?" said Coker. "There's some more here—about Greene."

"Oh, chuck that rubbish away!" said Greene. "I don't want to listen to any more."

But Greene had to listen. Coker read it out, and this time it was Potter who chuckled in chorus with Coker:

"You smile at Coker's football feats,
You yell at Potter's tuneful bleats;
But when the Fifth-Form Chin Club meets—
Debating,

"When Greene gets up and takes the floor,
And fellows edge towards the door,
He makes you smile and yell and roar—
Debating!"

"Look here," roared Greene, "I don't call that funny! Fellows don't edge towards the door when I get up to speak. I'm the best debater in the debating club, and you jolly well know it! And I'll give that young rotter socks for calling the Fifth-Form Debating Society a Chin Club!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Well, he's got you and Potter down fine," said Coker. "But we can't allow this sort of thing to go on."

"No fear!" snorted Greene.
Greene was feeling very sore. He was considerably proud of his prowess as a member of the debating society; and Ogilvy's little joke hit all the harder because, when Greene rose to speak, it was quite a common thing for other members of the society to remember, all of a sudden, pressing engagements in other places.

"We ought to make an example of 'em!" said Potter.
"I hear they're going to print the rotten thing this evening," said Coker. "My idea is that we should help them."

His chums stared.
"Help them!" growled Greene. "I'll help them to a set of thick ears, if you like!"

"Help them to produce a good paper," said Coker firmly.
"We'll take half a dozen of the Fifth along with us, and offer them some really good contributions in the place of their rubbish. If they don't accept—"

"They won't!"
"Well, if they don't, we shall have to come down with a heavy hand."

"Good egg!"
And Coker & Co. prepared to go on the war-path. The schoolboy printers were in the editorial box-room, hard at work, and thinking of anything but a Fifth-Form raid. Bland and Fitzgerald, and several other Fifth-Formers joined Coker & Co., and the raiders made their way to the office of "The Greyfriars Herald."

Coker kicked the door open, and they entered.
Harry Wharton & Co. were hard at work.

Fisher T. Fish was not present. The enterprising editor, for reasons of his own, had offered to do all the printing himself, but the Co. preferred to take it in hand. They were turning out copies galore. Bob Cherry inked the type with a roller, and Wharton handled the press; Nugent laid on the sheets as required, and Johnny Bull took them off, printed. Hurrec Singh and Tom Brown were arranging the newly-printed sheets in piles, ready to be pinned.

Somewhat inky, and very busy and warm, the schoolboy printers looked round as the little crowd of Fifth-Formers came in, and there was a pause in the printing operations.

"No admission except on business," said Wharton.
"That's what we've come for," said Coker. "We consider it our duty as seniors to give you kids a leg-up in getting the paper out."

"Thanks! You can help with the roller—"
"In the way of contributions, I mean."
"Not required."

"My idea is this," pursued Coker calmly. "You are provided with some really good stuff written by seniors—us,
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"THE MAGNET" LIBRARY,
Every Monday.

for example—and you kids do all the printing and that. That will produce a really good paper."

"Good-bye!"
"You don't like the idea—eh?"
"No. Shut the door after you, will you? Ready with that roller, Bob?"

"Right-ho!"
Coker & Co. exchanged glances.

"I hear you've got some funny business about the Fifth in that paper," continued Coker.

"You'll see when it comes out."
"Copies one penny each, cash in advance," said Johnny Bull.

"I fancy it will be some time before that number comes out," grinned Coker. "I say, is it printer's ink in these cans?"

"Yes. Mind how you touch it. It takes a jolly long time to come off the fingers."

"And off the face, too, I suppose?" asked Coker.

"Yes, rather! But I suppose you're not going to put any of it on your face?" said Harry, in surprise.

"Not on my face," agreed Coker. "Yours!"
"Look here—"

"Collar 'em!"
"Line up!" shouted Wharton, realising that it was a raid.

"Rescue, Remove! Kick the bounders out!"
The next moment there was a terrific battle in progress in the editorial box-room.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER. Printer's Pie!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. put up a gallant fight. But they were outnumbered, and the size and weight of the Fifth Formers told.

The Removites, fiercely resisting, were borne to the floor, and each of the members of the Remove Printing Company was soon sprawling on his back, with a Fifth Former sitting on his chest.

In the struggle there had been considerable damage done in the editorial office. Two or three formes had been upset, and the type was scattered on the floor, the hand-press was on its side, and several cans of printer's ink were flowing freely.

Coker chuckled.
"I fancy that number won't be out to-morrow, after all," he grinned.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Look here, you clear out!" shouted Wharton indignantly. "You've got no business here. This is a Remove paper, and we don't want any Fifth-Formers in it!"

"I believe there's something they call dissing type in this business," said Coker. "I don't know exactly how it's done, but I'll try."

"Let those formes alone!" roared Wharton.
"Oh, they're formes, are they? Then I turn a forme upside-down, and the type falls out. I suppose that makes printer's pie, doesn't it?"

"Oh, you—you villain!"
Coker had a heavy hand. The type, so successfully set up for the pages of the "Herald," was very quickly reduced to "pie."

The schoolboy printers wriggled and writhed with fury in the grasp of their captors. But they could not get loose. Coker had it all his own way.

"We'll squash you for this!" roared Bob Cherry.

"We'll scalp you!"
"You rotters!"
"You hooligans!"
"Yah!"

Coker took up a can of printer's ink.

"You say this stuff doesn't come off very easily?" he observed. "Well, I'm going to give you a chance to try."

"Grooogh!"
"Don't open your mouth—you may get some in it!"

"Guggggggg!"
"There, I told you so!" said Coker chidingly. "You can't say I didn't warn you!"

"Gurgle-gurgle-guggg!"
"Your turn next, Cherry—if you don't mind—"

"You—you beast! Grooogh!"

Coker ladled out printer's ink over the faces of the helpless juniors. He seemed to be enjoying the work; but the schoolboy printers did not enjoy it. They roared and spluttered and struggled.

Coker rubbed the ink well in with a bunch of the printed pages, and the Remove printers looked remarkably like a gang of natives freshly imported from the deepest interior of Darkest Africa.

"Inky little beasts!" said Coker. "Now, perhaps, you



The monkey advanced gravely into the Form-room. Mr. Linton staggered back, the cane dropping from his hand. "G—g—goodness gracious!" he gasped, and from the juniors came a wild yell. "Ha, ha, ha!" "Mike! Mike!" ejaculated Tom Merry. "Get out!" (An amusing incident taken from the grand, long, complete tale of the chums of St. Jim's, entitled "TOM MERRY MINOR!" by Martin Clifford, which is contained in "THE GEM" LIBRARY. Out on Wednesday. Price One Penny.)

won't be so funny about the Fifth Form in your paper—what?"

"Grooogh!"

"Yaroooogh!"

"Funny to watch me playing footer, ain't it?" grinned Coker. "Funnier to watch me inking your chivvies with printer's ink—what?"

"Grooogh!"

"Funny to see me taking the floor in the debating society," chuckled Greene. "But a bit funnier to see me sitting on your chest, Wharton, old man!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

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NEXT
MONDAY—

"GAME TO THE LAST!"

"My poetry makes you yell!" chortled Potter. "But you are yelling all right without my poetry now, ain't you?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Mind how you handle those inky little sweeps!" said Coker, with a sniff. "They're not clean enough to touch. Let's get out—this place is too smelly and inky for me!"

And the chortling Fifth-Formers got out.

Harry Wharton & Co. sat up on the floor of the editorial office, dusty, and dishevelled and black with printer's ink, and gasped in dismay.

"Well, this is a go!" murmured Bob.

"The go-fulness is terrific!" groaned the Nabob of

A Splendid Complete Tale of Harry
Wharton & Co. Order Early!

Bhanipur. "I have a streamful tide of esteemed ink running down the back of my unfortunate and ludicrous neck."

"Groo-hooh!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"Oh, we'll make the Fifth sit up for this somehow!" groaned Wharton. "The awful beasts! All because we wouldn't spoil the paper by putting their rot into it!"

"They don't like Ogilvy's poem—ow!"

The box-room door opened again, and Fisher T. Fish looked in. The editor of the "Greyfriars Herald" stared at his staff in blank astonishment.

"Gee-whiz!" he exclaimed. "What have you chaps been doing? Look here, you can't be allowed to waste the company's ink in that way, and if you want to play at nigger minstrels, the editorial office ain't the place—"

"Coker's raided us!" growled Wharton.

"Why didn't you keep the door locked?"

"How were we to know, ass?"

Fisher T. Fish chuckled.

"I guess you've got left this time," he remarked. "Gee-whiz! The type's been pied. That paper won't be printed to-night!"

"Grooh! Blow the paper! Grooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at?" roared the exasperated juniors. "Shut up!"

But Fisher T. Fish did not shut up. He roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The staff of the "Greyfriars Herald" were in no humour to stand the hilarity of Fisher T. Fish. It jarred upon their nerves at that painful moment. They grasped the Yankee junior, and bumped him on the floor, and jammed printers' ink upon his lean countenance. Then Fish left off laughing. The matter no longer struck him as humorous.

"Ow! Let up! Chuck it!" he roared. "You're wasting that ink! Grooh! Yah!"

"There!" panted Wharton. "Now you can sit there and chortle as long as you like. I'm going for a wash."

And the unfortunate printers streamed away in search of a bath-room and steaming water. Fisher T. Fish followed them; he was as inky as the rest now, owing to his ill-timed merriment.

In the bath-room, with steaming water and lathering soap, the hardly-used staff of the "Greyfriars Herald" laboured long in removing the printer's ink.

But even after an hour of rubbing and scrubbing, there were traces of it left—and they let that remain. They were tired out.

"I guess we shall have to print that paper to-morrow afternoon," Fisher T. Fish remarked, as he towelled his glowing face.

"Can't be done!" growled Wharton.

"Why not? It's a half-holiday, Saturday."

"We're playing the Shell at footer."

"Might do it in the evening," said Nugent.

"I tell you what!" said Fisher T. Fish. "We've arranged to have that paper out to-morrow—and out it comes. This company never backs down. While you're fooling around playing footer to-morrow afternoon I'll re-set all the type and pull off the copies and bring the paper out on my lonesome!"

"Rot! It would mean too much work for one."

"I guess I could do it."

"We'll set the type up again to-night," said Harry thoughtfully, "or as much of it as we can. Then you might do the printing to-morrow."

"I guess that will be O.K."

And after their preparation was done that evening, the schoolboy printers set to work reducing to order the dismaying amount of "pie" Coker's raid had left on their hands. They worked hard, and by bedtime the type was reset. On the morrow it only remained to take the proofs once more, and correct them, and print the copies. And that Fisher T. Fish declared that he was ready to do single-handed.

There was a peculiar gleam in the Yankee junior's eye as he said it—but Harry Wharton & Co. did not notice that.

When they went up to the dormitory, they were feeling considerably fatigued by their unusually long labours—but very satisfied to know that the paper would be out on the morrow after all.

Fisher T. Fish was feeling very satisfied, too. Perhaps he was not displeased by Horace Coker's raids and its results. He chuckled as he turned in, but when someone asked what he was cackling about, Fisher T. Fish only snored instead of answering the question.

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"THE GEM" LIBRARY,
Every Wednesday.

Our Companion Papers.

"THE PENNY POPULAR,"
Every Friday.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Fish Makes Improvements!

HARRY WHARTON & Co. left the Yankee editor alone in the editorial office when they went down to the football-field the following afternoon.

They had found time to pull off the proofs once more and correct them, and then the footer claimed them.

They left Fisher T. Fish to set the type right from the corrected proofs, and to pull off the copies that were to be printed, and to pin them together.

This Fish declared should be done in the best possible style while they were playing football with the Shell.

The Removites, it must be confessed, forgot all about the "Greyfriars Herald" and its hard-working editor when they found themselves on the footer-field.

They had a tough match with Hobson & Co. of the Shell, and they were given no time to think of anything else.

While they were playing, Fisher T. Fish was working away, with the door locked, in the editorial box-room. There was no danger of interruption from the Fifth, as the seniors were playing football; but Fish was cautious. Perhaps he did not want to risk being interrupted by Removites, either.

The Yankee junior chuckled from time to time as he worked, as if something very amusing was in his mind all the time.

He printed off the copies at a good speed, single-handed, and at last the pile was finished.

Then he put them together, and pinned them, and cut the leaves.

Then he set to work distributing the type once more. He "dissed" it hastily, his object apparently being to make it impossible to reprint the sheets, rather than to get the types back in their places.

That done, he lighted a fire in the box-room grate with the well-thumbed and inky manuscripts that represented the original works of the "Herald" contributors.

"There! I guess that's about done!" said Fisher T. Fish, with great satisfaction. "If the jays don't like the way I've worked it, they can lump it. I guess it's too late to take off any more copies now—just a few! I kinder reckon there will be some phonetic spelling in this hyer magazine—more than they bargain for."

And Fisher T. Fish chuckled again, and bore downstairs the pile of printed papers. He placed them on the table in the Rag, and stood prepared to sell out to all comers. To inquiring youths who wanted a sight of the new paper, Fish explained politely that the price was one penny, cash down—or, in real money, two cents.

And as the fellows were really keen to see the school paper, most of them handed out the required penny a time.

But when the purchasers opened their papers and looked at them there was a general howl of amazement.

"What's this?"

"Great Scott!"

"Ye gods!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a trampling of feet as the Co. came in. The Remove had beaten the Shell, and they had come off the footer-field in great spirits. They had changed hurriedly, and rushed to the Rag, where the paper was on sale. Fisher T. Fish grinned at them from behind the pile of freshly-printed papers.

"Now on sale!" he remarked. "Members of the firm are entitled to one copy each free of charge. All others must be paid for!"

"Well, they look neat enough," said Harry Wharton. "And you've printed the lot?"

"Yep!"

"Left the type for a further edition if required?"

"Nope!"

"Why, you ass—"

"I guess I've dissed the type and destroyed the original manuscripts," said Fisher T. Fish. "If there's a further edition called for, it can be set up from this."

"Shouldn't wonder if you've made some bumbles in this!" growled Johnny Bull, as he took his copy.

"I guess I've corrected some bumbles—especially in the matter of spelling," said Fisher T. Fish calmly. "I guess this is the very latest thing; it would be considered new even in New York. This paper takes the biscuit—some!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's this?" exclaimed Bob Cherry; and he read from the cover of his copy, "'The Grayfriars Herald! The Skool Paper! Latest Style in Everything! Fonetic Spelling! Up-to-Date Artikles! Dazzling Paragrafs!'"

"That's the phonetic way of spelling phonetic, with an F," Fish explained.

"But, you ass—"

"You haven't—"

"Oh, my hat!"

The dismayed contributors opened their copies. Each looked at his own work—and from each there was a roar of wrath.

Nugent's eyes seemed to start out of his head as he gazed at his short story. For this is how it looked in the latest phonetic style.

"JAK THE BAK!"

A Komplete Footbal Storee bi F. Newjent.

It woz a kleeer winter's day. The Fernfield teem was facing the Muddleton Yewnited on the footbball feeld. Jak Tompson, the young footbawler, kaim out of the pavilion—"

Meanwhile, Harry Wharton had found his serial, and he found it as follows:

"THE KABIN-BOI OF THE RED HERING!"

Seerial Storee by Hary Wharton.
The Ferst Chapter.

The handsom skooner Red Hering was bekalmed upon the tropik see. Under an orning on the dek the kaptain reposed upon a kane chare. His sord lay akross his neeze. The ize of the Rover were terned in the direkshun of the deep blew see."

And Mark Linley read:

"WILYEM'S PROMMIS!"

A Storee of Lankashire Lyfe by a Lankashire Boi.

Wilyum Kartrite had hiz home in a kwiet korner of the kounty of Lankashire. Wilyum livd at hoam with his pairents. He wurkd in a koton factory, and erly every morning he terned up at the big gaitis with the krowd of uther hands. His wajiz were five shillings a weak, pade every Saturday."

And Tom Brown read:

"In the hart of a depe valee in Sowth Iland lay the Maori viluj. Grate treze shadoed the homes of the Maori warriors."

And Bob Cherry read:

"THE ADVENCHERS OF DIK THE DETECTIVE!"

In awl Skotland Yard ther was no detektive so famas as yung Dik Darel. When there woz an espeshally diffikult kase to takle, his superiorz alwuz sent for Dik. Our reeders may remember the excitement kaused by the famus kase of the Kountess's Perls. Sutch is the subject of our storee. It was uppon a kleeer moonlite night that yung Dik Darel was krossing Lundun Brij—"

And Ogilvy read:

"If ever yew shud wont to smile,
For ninetee minnits awl the wile,
You wont to wotch the Fifth-Fawm stile,
At footer!"

"His smiles no felo kood kontrol,
If he shood wotch old Koker role,
The lether threw his oan teem's gole,
At footer!"

There was more of it! The unhappy contributors understood at last why Fisher T. Fish had been so extremely obliging, and had done all the printing himself—and dissed the type so that the original spelling could not be restored for a new edition. He had determined that the "Greyfriars Herald" should be the very latest thing, up-to-date in every respect—especially orthography.

Fisher T. Fish surveyed the gasping juniors with a bland smile.

He felt that he had done well—that in doing thus his duties as an editor, he had deserved well of the staff.

Old-fashioned and prejudiced persons might have a fancy for the old and played-out form of spelling; but when they had it fairly under their eyes, they had to admit that the phonetic style was really the thing—so Fisher T. Fish considered.

"Well," he said "how do you like it?"

The crowd of juniors in the Rag were yelling with laughter—all but the contributors. They were not laughing. They were furious. They advanced upon Fisher T. Fish, and even the optimistic editor could not think they were pleased, from their expressions.

"I guess it's an improvement," said Fish. "After all, I'm editing this paper, you know. What I say, goes—just a few!"

"You—you hooligan!"

"You Goth!"

"You Vandal!"

"You Hunn!"

"You utter idiot!"

"Collar him!"

"Bump him!"

"Slaughter him!"

"Scalp him!"

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NEXT
MONDAY—

"GAME TO THE LAST!"

A Splendid Complete Tale of Harry
Wharton & Co. Order Early!

EVERY MONDAY, The "Magnet" LIBRARY. ONE PENNY.

Fisher T. Fish dodged back in alarm.

"Hyer, I say, you slide off!" he exclaimed. "I guess I've improved that paper. I guess I'm editor, and I guess that what I say, goes. I guess—yaroooh!"

Fisher T. Fish had no more time for guessing. The infuriated contributors were upon him with a wild rush, and Fisher T. Fish disappeared underneath them. The enraged staff punched one another in their eagerness to get in a drive at their unfortunate editor.

"Squash him!"

"Jump on him!"

"Slaughter him!"

"Scalp him slaughterfully!"

"Yaroooh!" came a muffled voice from beneath the heap of juniors. "I say, you slide off! Gerrooh! I'm being squashed! Ow! Leggo my ear! Leggo my nose! Leggo my chin! Gerroff my neck! Groo-hooh! Yah! Oh! Help! Murder! Help!"

The juniors left him at last; but not till they were tired. By that time, Fisher T. Fish was more tired than they were. He sat up on the floor and blinked round him dazedly.

His jacket was split up the back, his collar was torn out, his necktie was a rag, he was smothered with dust, his hair was ruffled, his nose was streaming red. And as he blinked at the crowd of juniors in the Rag, nothing but a yell of laughter greeted him, instead of the sympathy he felt himself entitled to.

"Ow! I guess—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You jays!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess I'm done with you!" bellowed Fisher T. Fish. "You ain't up to the times! You don't understand modern American methods! You're a set of stick-in-the-mud, slab-sided, sleepy-headed mugwumps! And I guess I won't have a hand in editing your silly old paper any more—never!"

And Fisher T. Fish "guessed" right that time—he didn't!

THE END.

YARNS TO TELL.

LIGHTNING BUSINESS.

Flitton & Co. was a firm of businesslike men, and only the very smartest individuals could find situations there. You worked, or you went.

Down the first-floor stairs of the above-mentioned firm an unfortunate customer happened to fall.

"Help!" he cried, in tones of agony, as he lay prone on the floor. "Help! I've broken my leg!"

A shopwalker flew to the scene of the accident.

"Broken your leg, sir?" he inquired sympathetically. "Third counter on the left! Cork legs! Miss Popkins, forward!"

ROUGH ON JONES.

Jones, newly married, was walking proudly along the road when he met his friend Brown.

"Well, old chap, how are you?" asked the latter, extending the right hand of friendship. "How do you like married life?"

"Oh, we're getting along A 1!" replied Jones. "But, I say, old man, I got such a fright on my wedding-day!"

"Yes," said Brown, "I was awfully sorry for you."

"What! Have you heard about it?"

Jones's bride, need it be said, was no beauty.

MUSTN'T MISS THE CHANCE.

The laziest man in the village was actually running, and running hard.

On, on he ran, until—crash!—he landed plump into the portly vicar.

"What—what is the matter?" gasped the reverend gentleman, in astonishment, as his assailant picked himself and his hat out of the mud.

"Can't stop, sir!" came the hurried reply. "I've just 'eard o' some work."

"And have you got the job?" asked the vicar interestedly.

"Don't know, sir; just goin' to see."

"What is it?" asked the clergyman, in amazement, for this particular "black sheep" had never been known to work before.

"Washing, for my wife!" he gasped.

And, like a streak of lightning, he was off again.

Our Grand New Serial Story!



By SIDNEY DREW, Prince of Adventure Story-tellers.

READ THIS FIRST.

Ferrers Lord, the famous multi-millionaire, is surrounded in his magnificent London residence by his friends Ching-Lung, Barry O'Rooney, Gan-Waga the Eskimo, and Prout & Co.—the stalwarts of the millionaire's famous submarine, the Lord of the Deep. After a period of inaction there is a rumour afloat that Ferrers Lord is about to start upon one of his great expeditions again. Meantime, the millionaire himself is devoting all his attention to a curiously carved narwhal's tusk which he has picked up in an East-End curio-dealer's shop. The tusk proved to be hollow, and to contain some gold coins and a small wad of parchment, which bears a strange message from the sea. This tells of a mysterious floating island inhabited by strange monsters, which Ferrers Lord determines to go in search of. Thurston immediately christens the phantom island "Mysteria" in advance. All hands board the Lord of the Deep, and the adventurers at last catch sight of "Mysteria." The mysterious island—bare and ghostly-looking—appears to be floating in the sky. It is a mirage, but, as Ferrers Lord points out, there can never be a mirage without a substance. The millionaire determines to start in pursuit of the floating island at once, but a terrific volcanic eruption occurs, in the course of which a blazing fireball falls on the Lord of the Deep, passing through her from deck to keel. The millionaire runs the submarine aground in the bay of the nearest island, and sends Ching Lung and Thurston with a party of men in the launch to cut some logs. On landing the party are confronted by a curious figure in a red tam-o'-shanter, who warns them that the island belongs to Germany. They ignore the warning, and Redcap—by name Julius Faber—returns with a party of ragged-looking ruffians, and forces them to leave the island by swimming, under cover of the fog. Ching-Lung, remaining behind, is captured and imprisoned in a cave. One of his captors, a man named Bullock, less brutal than the rest, refreshes him with some water. While his captors are in a drunken sleep, Ching-Lung manages to get free, and securely ties them up. In the meantime, Ferrers Lord and some of the crew go in search of him. They are on their way back to the submarine when Ching Lung is seen to be running along the sands, hotly pursued by his former captors. He is taken aboard the boat, the members of which immediately open fire at the ruffians on the beach. After several minutes the latter fly. Julius Faber announces his intention of mining the creek so that the submarine cannot get out without being blown to pieces. Hal Honour is still at work on the damaged plates of the vessel, and Ferrers Lord and his friends go down to watch the engineer at work. While they are down at the bottom of the sea a terrific explosion takes place, a boatload of Faber's ruffians having fouled one of their own mines, and been blown to pieces. Meantime, Gan-Waga the Eskimo is finding trouble in the swimming-bath at the hands of Prout, Maddock and Barry.

(Now go on with the story.)

The "Three Graces" Prepare for a Long Snooze, but Awake to Find It Raining Hard.

The unexpected entrance of Hal Honour, the chief engineer, saved Gan-Waga further trouble. Maddock and Barry tried to look good and innocent. Taking no notice of them, Honour unlocked a chest, and searched it for some special tool. Gan was not the sort of person to lose such a favourable chance as this. He scrambled out of the bath, shook himself, placed his thumb against his apology for a nose, and tripped mincingly away.

What Gan-Waga did not know on certain subjects would not have filled a thimble half full.

He found a piece of refuge on top of one of the water-tanks, and turned in there for the night. It would have suited him better to have raised the manhole and have got bodily in. Gan, however, resisted the temptation. He had done that once and got caught.

Thousands of gallons of water were run off and wasted on that occasion, for, however much the crew admired and liked Gan-Waga, they naturally objected to having to drink his bed. And Gan had not forgotten how vigorously Prout had used a rope's-end, either. The steersman possessed a heavy arm.

Herr Schwartz, the valiant chef, had begun to think that the submarine was bewitched. He spent most of his time in a very hot region, and, when the work of the long day was over—a cook has to work long hours—he liked to regale himself with a few pipes of strong tobacco and a few glasses of Hollands gin. Herr Schwartz still sat in his chair beside the galley stove, trying to decide whether he had been dreaming or not.

In a dim sort of fashion, he fancied he remembered waking

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"THE GEM" LIBRARY,
Every Wednesday.

Our Companion Papers.

"THE PENNY POPULAR,"
Every Friday.

up and making for the galley. He also fancied he remembered being seized and dragged somewhere, and having heard yells and scuffling. The fact remained that he was still by his own fireside, and remarkably sleepy. After all, it was not worth puzzling his brains about. It was a comfortable chair, and he was very weary. So Herr Schwartz let his head sink lower, and murmuring, "Dot dere vos sosidges vor preakvasd, is ud?" he sank into blissful slumber.

If Prout, Barry O'Rooney, and Benjamin Maddock could have seen him there nestling at his ease, and snoring out notes like those of the bassoon of a German band, they would have fallen upon him tooth and nail, out of sheer envy, and cut him into sausage-meat. For Prout, Barry, and Maddock there was no rest. Throughout the silent, ghostly watches of the night they had to stitch, stitch, stitch, snip, snip, snip, and paste away with nasty rubber solution that smelt like bad drains and stuck like fly-paper.

Their work was done at last, and they went to bed, but they did not say "Good-night" nicely, or kiss each other, or offer to tuck each other in.

Prout only remarked that if anybody dared to raise the shadow of a snore in that fo'c's'le, by hokey, there would be a coroner's inquest in the morning, and a first-class funeral at eleven o'clock prompt.

Barry and Maddock declared that they'd be delighted to attend, and both promised to send wreaths.

It is a remarkable fact that people who have the least to do grumble the most about having to do it. Prout, O'Rooney, and the bo's'un are a case in point. Joe, the carpenter, who had toiled like a galley slave under water, rose without a murmur, as fresh as a new coat of paint.

"Tumble up!" he roared. "Tumble up, you lazy lubbers! Shift out of it. Are you all dead? Tumble up!"

The hammocks were emptied in a trice. "Ere, who gave that horder, souse me?" growled Maddock, whose eyes were blinking like an owl's.

"I did," said Joe.

"Ut did," said Barry. "Be jabbers, look at ut!"

"That did, by hokey!" grinned Prout. "Did it? I thought it was a wall-eyed hoptopus barkin' good-night!"

The three, who had only enjoyed a couple of hours' rest, promptly scrambled into their warm hammocks again, with blissful yawns. They took no orders from Joe.

"Oi say, chips and sawdust," murmured O'Rooney, "have yez pasted up that lake in the soide yet?"

"No, you lazy muffin, we hain't," said Joe. "But we're slavin' the 'ands off us to do it."

"Why don't you slave some of the feet off you, by hokey?" asked Prout. "You can spare plenty, and you'd look a sight 'andsomer, not to mention the savin' in socks and boot-leather."

"Whisht! Lit me spake," said Barry O'Rooney. "Does the wather sthills come in at that soide, Joseph?"

"Of coorse it do, you silly cuttlefish!" snapped the carpenter.

"Thin why in the name of Terry Hennessey's wooden leg don't yez knock a hole in the other blissid soide and lit ut run out agen?" grinned the Irishman. "Och, ut's not a brain yez have amongst yez at all, at all!"

Prout and Maddock uttered slumberous sniggers, and the disgusted carpenter went off to get his breakfast in the galley.

"Don't call me till tay's ridy, and Oi'll have a kipper wid ut," said Barry, with a luxurious snore. "Ah, this is pace—swate pace—at last. See wheere my luv lays dhramin' of shrimps for tay! Disturb him not, but lit him rist, or ilse—or ilse there'll be big lumps of throuble floyin' about. Good-night, darlints!"

As none of them were in any particular request, they were allowed to slumber on. Even the aroma of bacon-and-eggs floating seductively from the galley failed to awaken them. The divers went out once more, led by that amazing man-machine, Harold Honour.

Ferrers Lord inspected the canvas boat that was now completed. It lay on the lift by means of which the ill-fated launch had been raised and lowered. She had a neat and buoyant appearance, and, with caution, she would be a useful fair-weather craft. The carpenter's mate was giving her a coat of slate-blue paint—a colour most difficult to detect in the dusk or gloom.

"A case of tread lightly, Lord," said Thurston, "or fall through. You ought to christen her the Cat on Hot Bricks."

"She will do everything we need," said the millionaire. "I sailed eight hundred miles once in a smaller canvas boat than this, and the weather was atrocious, I assure you. Muffle the oars, and grease the rowlocks well," he went on, addressing the man. "You have tested her, of course?"

"She doesn't leak a drop, sir."

Thurston and Ferrers Lord passed into saloon together. It was deep water now, and the shutters had been drawn back. They could see the green tinge caused by the light above. It was bright enough for the divers to work without lamps.

"And when do you intend to make the raid?" Thurston asked.

"When the tide is flowing, or almost full. That will be about two hours before dawn. It is always darkest then, and people sleep soundest." He smoked thoughtfully, watching a diver crawling clumsily up the ladder. "My first intention was to wait until the Lord of the Deep was repaired, but, if we delay, the vessel may shift her quarters, or clear away for good. Presuming that our little expedition turns out successfully, some of you idlers might cruise about in our capture, and enjoy the fresh air. You are utterly useless where you are."

"As one of the utterly useless ones, I heartily agree with you," laughed Thurston. "Good luck to our piratical trip, say I. I love and admire your submarine, Lord, but, not being an oyster, I object to spending my life at the bottom of the sea. Thanks muchly for the suggestion of a little trip. You may put me down as the first tripper."

There was a deep, grunting sound, and Gan-Waga waddled in with a large and terribly strong cigar in his mouth.

"Haves yd' seens my Chingy, Ruperts?" he inquired. "Seens him anywhere, hunk?"

"I haven't—at least, not since breakfast. You might imagine I wore your Chingy on my watch-chain."

"Yo' nots haves watchem chains longs if yo' dids," chuckled the Eskimo. "Tinks my Chingy deads. I hollerses 'Lobsters and champagnes' all over de ships, and he not comes. If my Chingy not comes fo' butterfuls lobster and champagne, he deads, hunk?"

"You'll soon be dead, too, if you smoke that brutal cigar," said Rupert. "You're poisoning the place. Get out."

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NEXT
MONDAY—

"GAME TO THE LAST!"

EVERY
MONDAY.

The "Magnet"
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ONE
PENNY.

Gan snapped his fingers disdainfully and departed. His mellow voice came back, gradually growing more distant.

"Hallo, Chingy! Butterfuls lobsters and panchame fo' my Chingy! Where yo' gotted, Chingy? Lobsters—butterfuls lobsters, and panchame! Yoo-da-da-iety! Good 'nough lobsters! Ching-ing-a-iety!"

The Eskimo suddenly grinned, and broke into a trot.

"Here I am—iety! Ganny can't find me! Hallo, Eskimo-oo-oo-oses!" cooed Ching-Lung.

Gan-Waga was pretty sure that the prince was in the billiard-room. He looked under the table and behind the book-case, but found no trace of his Highness of Kwai-hal.

"Come outs of dat mice-holes, Chingy," gurgled the Eskimo. "I can see yo' feetses."

"That's a wicked fiblet, 'cos you can't!" chanted the voice. "I'm up the chimney picking radishes!"

As the submarine possessed no chimneys that he was aware of, this statement appealed to Gan-Waga as being a remarkable flight of imagination.

"Now, yo' tellses wickets fiblets, Chingy," he remarked. "Dere nots no chimneys. Ho, ho, hoo! I knowses."

He crept towards the ottoman on tiptoe.

"Yo'm deres, Chingy. I gotted yo'!" he yelled, swiftly raising the lid.

Ching-Lung shot from behind that piece of furniture, banged down the lid on Gan's shoulders, and took a seat.

"My dear Eskimoses," he said, ignoring the blubber-biter's kicks and muffled howls, "a moment's clear thought will convince you that in both your recent statements you are labouring under a grave—grave, I repeat—er—misapprehension. ("Yow-wow!" Bang, bang! "Lemme outs, Chingy!") In the first place, I am not in there. You, my misguided Eskimoses, are in there. To make a fat story thin, you have not gotted me. I, my miserable, mistaken, mildewed friend—I have gotted you. There will be no collection. Come forth!"

Gan-Waga was rather ruffled and red when he emerged. After a solemn promise from Ching-Lung not to repeat the outrage, Gan went back to recover his cigar. Ching-Lung smiled at him gently.

"Gan," he said, "shall we went and look at the three sleeping graces?"

The Eskimo did not know what his Highness meant, but he followed unquestioningly to the fo'c's'le.

"Hist!" whispered Ching-Lung, clasping his hand in ecstasy. "The strains—the strains that melt my heart!"

If those strains had melted pig-iron, much less hearts, it would not have been surprising. Ching-Lung's "Three Graces"—O'Rooney, Maddock, and Prout—were holding a kind of matinee snoring concert. Prout's nose appeared to be sawing wood, Maddock's to be filing tin with a blunt file, while Barry O'Rooney seemed to be opening soda-water bottles in a violent hurry, and with a succession of terrific pops.

"Dey oughts to take out a licence fo' doing dats, Chingy," tittered Gan-Waga. "Shall we looks at de graces, hunk?"

By standing on Joe's sea-chest they obtained a splendid view of the entrancing scene.

"Pace!" gabbled Barry, in his dreams. "Av yez do that agen, Tommy, Oi'll put all your fourteen ribs in hospital. Oi never sthroike a man wid me naked fist whin there's a crowbar about. Pace, Oi till yez!"

"He knowses somethings, hunk, Chingy?" whispered Gan-Waga. "Not many flies on Barry, hunk? Ho, ho, hoo!"

"Very few, even when he's asleep," agreed Ching-Lung. "I'd do the same myself, only some of the heads you find in this boat would break the best crow-bar going—they're so thick. Shall we depart?"

"Can't we tickles dems, Chingy? Dey bad 'nough, awfuls lazy-bones!"

Ching-Lung scratched his head.

"Tickling is O K, Esquimoses," he answered. "But how to do it? Tell me how? Give your grandpa your brilliant suggestion, and if it's any good he'll be there by the first train."

Ideas are like policemen—they are seldom at hand when wanted. It was Gan-Waga's turn to scratch his head.

"Tickles 'ems up wid sniphons, Chingy."

This idea was too feeble and ancient to please Ching-Lung. "Try again, Blubberbiter," he said. "I'm sick of squirt-ing out of siphons, thank you kindly."

The Three Graces snored on in unison. Barry dreamed again, and murmured about "Shifting somewan's roight ear round to the back of his ugly nick, bedad!"

Barry seemed always to dream about fighting, as became a descendant of the warlike house of O'Rooney of Ballybunion. "Good luck to them intoirely, and may they niver pay rint!"

"By Jove!" said Ching-Lung, glancing swiftly at the ceiling. "I've altered my mind. Get three siphons, quick, honey!"

Gan-Waga stole noiselessly away, his fat features wreathed in expectant smiles.

Ching-Lung, listening intently for any sound that might indicate that one of the sleepers was awakening, opened the carpenter's chest. What he wanted was not there. He ran out and met Gan, who was returning with the siphons.

"Whoa, hoss—whoa!" he laughed. "Stop where you are a minute or less. I've got a weighty matter on hand. Stay, pretty creature—stay! You're a certain runner for the smiling stakes, Ganus. Oh, what a brain I've got!"

"Ho, ho, hoo!" grunted the Eskimo. "I starts smoleing nows butterful, Chingy."

Ching-Lung discovered what he needed in the galley, where the chef had a set of weights and scales. His Highness of Kwai-hal appropriated three of the weights and journeyed to the swimming-path for a light step-ladder.

Gan's face beamed like a rising harvest moon when Ching-Lung returned. The beautiful nasal symphony assured them that the Graces still slumbered.

"What you goings to doodle-do, hunk, Chingy?" asked the son of the North eagerly.

"You hold your breff with both hands and you'll see, if you don't shut your eyes," said Ching-Lung. "It's an old wheeze on new lines—clothes-lines, so to speak. This is the jerk-and-squirt trick, invented by me, and patented everywhere. S-sh!"

The "Three Graces" in Trouble Again—Preparing an Expedition.

The Eskimo mounted the chest to watch, and give instant warning, and Ching-Lung placed the step-ladder close to the steersman's hammock. There were plenty of hooks in the ceiling. Clambering up, Ching-Lung wrapped the metal top of the siphon firmly to one of the hooks, with the nozzle pointing downwards. He had already tied a length of string to the tap. He left it dangling loose, and passed on to Maddock.

Without any hitch—except, of course, in the twine he was using—Ching-Lung fixed up the second siphon.

Gan watched the proceedings with round, expectant eyes and a joyous grin. Again Ching-Lung moved on. Barry's ruby lips moved, and the prince bent down to listen. He nearly choked and fell off the ladder as Barry lisped:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little sthar
Whoy are yez so broight?
Do yez burrn pethroleum?
Or is ut ilicthric loight?"

Even in dreamland Barry could compose verse. With quick, deft hands, Ching-Lung fixed the last siphon in position, and lifted the ladder out of the way. The most delicate part of the operation was to come.

Gan imagined that Ching-Lung and himself were to work the strings. But that was too old a trick to please the person of the prince's originality of mind. More than that, to do so would be dangerous.

Ching-Lung had a better idea. He intended the siphons to discharge their contents automatically.

He rolled up three blankets, and placed them carefully at the bottom of the hammocks. On each of the blankets he placed a weight, in such a position that even a slight movement on the part of the sleeper would roll it over the edge of the hammock. Then he made the dangling strings fast to the weights, and the booby-trap was ready.

And still the wearied warriors snored on, filling the fragrant air with drowsy music.

Ching-Lung switched off all the lights but one, and when they crossed the threshold Gan-Waga hugged him to his bosom.

"Oh, Chingy, yo' de butterfuls brainy boys!" he gurgled. "Ho, ho, ho, hoo! Yo' makes me laughs! Oh, gloryful-fulnesses! Do start the ticklings, Chingy! Ho, ho, hooo-o-o-oo! I bustings my coat-waist-buttons off! Ho-ooo! Dey laughs, too, Chingy, hunk? Dis gooder dan cangles. Ho-oooo-ooo-oh!"

"Don't smile so loudly, silly!" remarked his Highness.

"Can't helps him, Chingy—gots to. How you wakes Graces up, hunk!"

"I was just thinking. Hallo! What's that fairy footfall? Somebody's got corns."

It was Joe; and Joe was coming back for more tools. He had only removed the nozzle of his helmet, and was dragging his ponderous boots heavily over the plates, and leaving a stream of salt water behind him. A pipe had been placed in his mouth by a friendly comrade, and as he advanced, belching out smoke, Joe bore a strong resemblance to a most uncanny spook.

Ching-Lung and Gan-Waga greeted him gleefully.

"Come up to have a rest, I hope, Joe?" said the prince.

"You need one, old chap, I'm sure."

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Every Wednesday.

"I wish I 'ad, sir," sighed the carpenter. "But no sich luck. That don't come my way a lot. Some other lazy lubbers get it all. I ain't grumblin', though. I ain't afraid of work, and never was."

"Like a glass of fizz, Joe?"

The carpenter looked hard and suspiciously at Ching-Lung to make sure that he meant it.

"Would I?" he grinned. "Would I touch a drop if you went down on your bended marrer-bones to ax me. What ho!"

Joe took the pipe from his mouth as Ching-Lung opened a small bottle of wine. Joe had to drink out of the bottle, for the glass was too big to pass through the nozzle. But Joe did not object to that. He would have drunk champagne out of a tomato-tin.

"Whoop!" he said, smacking his lips. "That's gorgeous! Thanks werry much, sir!"

"You deserve it," said Ching-Lung. "Do you know, Joseph, that those louts are still in bed?"

"What?" yelled Joe. "In bed now?"

"In beds, and snorings," said Gan. "Ho, ho, hoo! Tells him, Chingy."

"You see, dear Joseph," said Ching-Lung, "Gan and I have tender hearts—light his pipe for him, Blubberbiter. We don't like to hear that people are thirsty. You were thirsty and we gave you fizz. When those three pets arouse themselves from slumber, they'll be thirsty. We've fixed up a little drinking-fountain for them. But it doesn't squirt fizz. Oh, no, no, no! We couldn't run to the expense, for papa has stopped our Saturday's farden for being naughty boys, and shying a dead cat at the lodger. It squirts wet water, Joey, and if you'll only make a noise when you go in there you'll see a sight to make you chortle."

"Ho, ho, hoo-oooo! Yo' laughs yo'selfs to deaths when de shipons tickler dems," spluttered the Eskimo. "Ho-oo-oo-ow!" The great Joseph chuckled behind a cloud of smoke.

"Give me a harm heach till I get there," he said.

They guided his gentle footsteps to the f'o'c's'le. The music still poured forth, the Three Graces still slept on, dreaming, dreaming, dreaming! Joe raised one enormous boot, and was about to bring it down with a thunderous crash, when Ching-Lung stopped him.

"Go easy," he whispered. "Gan hasn't got a good view now!"

Bang! came the lead-soled boot against the plates. Loud as it was, the noise failed to arouse Barry and Maddock, but it awoke Prout, the steersman. Prout bobbed up with a start, and the sudden movement jerked the weight from the blanket.

By a simple law of mechanics, the pull of the weight overcame the resistance of the tap, and a jet of water rushed, hissing from the nozzle of the siphon, and played on Prout's features and bald head in a most business-like way.

Prout roared "Fire! Murder! Up! Thieves!" but had he been accurate he would have mentioned water. He lay down again promptly, and that focussed the stream on his chest. His frenzied screams brought both O'Rooney and the bo'sun back from dreamland at once. They, too, sat up briskly, and both weights going overboard at the same time, set the other waterworks in vigorous motion.

Howls, yells, shrieks, and screams mingled with the merry hissing of the siphons, and filled the fore-castle with a deafening clamour. At first the Three Graces imagined that the Lord of the Deep had sprung another leak, and a very large one. After such an awakening their heads were not extremely clear, as was only to be expected. Nobly and well did those siphons do their work, and they meant to do it to the bitter end. Gan-Waga, Joe and Ching-Lung laughed until they were on the verge of tears. Luckily they drew the line on the verge, for there was quite sufficient water in the fore-castle without adding any tears to it to swell its volume.

Three haggard and drenched figures, clad in pyjamas, that clung tightly to their sinewy limbs, rolled out of their hammocks. With moist, but glaring eyes, they gazed upwards. The siphons had not given in yet by any means, although they were running out of ammunition.

"It's Ching-Lung, by hokey!" roared Prout madly.

"And the Heskimo, souse me!" bellowed Maddock, who seemed sufficiently soaked already, without wanting any more.

"Ut's both of 'em, the murtherous haythins!" thundered Barry. "Oh, whoy—whoy did Oi come to say?"

Just then the three siphons gave out with three gurgling gasps of sympathy, and Joseph, the only, stumped inside. He evinced his blank astonishment in a manner that would have done credit to a first-class actor, but this brilliant effort was altogether wasted, for the facial contortions of a gentleman inside a diving-suit are difficult to see.

"What the nimble helephant 'ave you three feet-'suds been a-doin' hof?" he gasped.

"Ut's wan of Ching-Lung's murthering thricks, bad luck to him!" bawled the Irishman. "Luk at them!"

He pointed to the siphons, and then the three saturated seamen began to dance on the wet floor, yelling threats, dark, deep, and bloodthirsty. Joe burst into a roar of laughter. At that sound the dance came to a sudden end. With a dawning suspicion in their eyes, Prout, Maddock, and O'Rooney glared at the helmeted figure.

"By hokey," hissed Prout, licking his lips like a cat watching a sparrow, "I believe he was in it!"

"Av Oi thought he was," said Barry, "bedad Oi'd bate him to roice-pudden this blessed minute that ever was."

"I'd scalp him, souse me," growled Benjamin Maddock.

While they were still glaring at him, Joseph secured the tools he needed, and put them in his bag. Then he went into another fit of laughter, that made the three victims gnash their teeth.

"Well, I was in it, you lazy, sleepy, lie-a-beds," said Joe. "I knowed all about it, and sarve you right. You desarved all you got, and more. What are you goin' to do now, hay?"

Like one man, they rushed at him, but they did not rush very far. From behind him Joe whipped an enormous weighted diver's axe and brandished it.

"Come hon," he grinned; "don't be bashful. Come and 'ave your golden curls combed wi' this. It'll give you a lively parting down the middle as won't come out in the wash. My word! Ain't they shy, bless 'em? Ta, ta!"

Joe departed, bellowing with merriment. Very slowly, Barry wiped his face, and sorrowfully shook his head.

"Whin Oi was a happy child at beautiful Bally Bunion," he sighed, "me Uncle Dennis always towld me that airy rising was a brilliant vartue. Ochone! Oi didn't belave him thin, though he used to rub ut in wid a thick shtick, but Oi belave him now. Uncle Dennis he knowed phwat was phwat, bedad, he did. Oi'll turn over a new lafe and niver overslape miself agen. Oh, uncle, uncle, whoy didn't Oi take your wise advice, and whoy, oh, whoy didn't Oi take rat-pizen and snuff ut dacintly afore Oi come to say?"

Strange to say, even the hated name of Uncle Dennis failed for once to goad Prout and Maddock to fury. They were too tired.

A suppressed excitement pervaded the vessel a few hours before dawn. Practically everything was in readiness for the attempt to seize Julius Faber's vessel. The only man who evinced no interest in the affair was Harold Honour. Prout, Maddock, and Barry, who, for reasons known to the reader, had been in a vile temper most of the day, cheered up wonderfully, feeling sure that they would be among the selected.

At twenty minutes past three by Barry's watch, an instrument seldom in the habit of telling the exact truth, Ching-Lung climbed the iron ladder and entered the conning-tower.

"Who's goin', sir?" asked Barry, Benjamin and Prout, in a breath.

"I am, children," said Ching-Lung. "I am also requested by the chief to select the others."

"Bedad, thin, take me for wan, your Highness," said Barry, "and by the bores of Bridget O'Milligan's spotted cow Oi'll never forgit the koinddness till my doieing day. Sure, yez'll take ould Barry, won't yiz, now?"

"And me, sir, by hokey?" said Prout.

"Not to mention me, souse me!" pleaded Maddock.

Ching-Lung made them supremely happy by promising to take them all, and for the time they forgot about his perfidy and the soda-water siphon, and swore he was the finest gentleman who had ever walked the earth with a yellow face in front, and a pigtail behind.

"Ut may be blowin' great guns up there for all we know about ut, bhoys," said Barry gloomily. "Somethin' ginerally goes wrong in this blissid wurruld when yez make up your moind to have a jolly good toime."

"Oh, shut up your croakin'," snapped Prout, dreading that Barry might be a true prophet.

The barometers of the Lord of the Deep showed no variation of atmospheric pressure when the vessel was submerged.


Four men were chosen, making a force of seven with Ching-Lung, Rupert Thurston, and the millionaire. Ferrers Lord was confident that this number would be ample. There would be little or no discipline on board such a vessel—probably no watch, for there was nothing to fear. Revolvers and short, powerful clubs were served out. Rifles would have been sheer, useless weight.

(Another powerful instalment of this grand serial next Monday.)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 296.

NEXT
MONDAY—

"GAME TO THE LAST!"



Greyfriars
LYRICS.

BY
The "MAGNET"
Library's Own
Rhymster.

No. 11.—LORD MAULEVERER.

The slacker loves to lie asleep—
Upon his couch you'll find him,
With cosy cushions soft and deep
Before him and behind him.

His lordship rests in sweet repose
And unaffected languor,
Regardless if it rains or snows,
Or brings a storm of anger.

The lazy loungeer revels in
A study finely furnished,
With carpets worth a world of "tin,"
And fireirons brightly burnished.
For Mauly is a millionaire,
Who hates things coarse and hideous;
And even Smithy has to stare
At methods so fastidious.

Such wealth is startling for a boy
Experience not yet ripe in;
And many a man would jump for joy
To own his lordship's tiepin.
'Tis well that Mauly doth possess
Staunch chums who will protect him,
Or scoundrels would by now, I guess,
Have coolly robbed and wrecked him.

A would-be burglar must be cute,
And agile as a squirrel,
Else get "the order of the boot,"
Like Cherry's cousin, Tyrrell.
For Wharton's chums are all alive
To any thievish omen;
And those who form the Famous Five
Are tried and trusty foemen.

So sleepy is the schoolboy earl
That often, in his leisure,
A roll of banknotes he'll unfurl,
And let them drift at pleasure.
But when remittances are missed
It angers Robert Cherry;
This hero frowns, and with his fist
On Mauly he makes merry.

The fat and greedy Bunter thinks
To cadge the sixpence nimble,
And buy unbounded buns and drinks
From Clegg and Mrs. Mimble.
"I've been your chum through fair and foul,
And bounders I have banished.
A tanner, please!" Then comes a howl,
For Mauly's cheque has vanished!

Yet everybody likes the lord,
Apart from thoughts of money,
Because throughout the school are poured
His ways so frank and sunny.
If he would smartly move about,
And stop such generous giving,
He could be called, without a doubt,
The finest fellow living!

The Subject of next Monday's Lyric will be
PERCY BOLSOVER.

A Splendid Complete Tale of Harry
Wharton & Co. Order Early!



My Readers' Page

WHOM TO WRITE TO:
EDITOR.
"THE MAGNET" LIBRARY.
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 FARRINGTON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

OUR TWO COMPANION PAPERS
"THE GEM" LIBRARY.
 EVERY WEDNESDAY
"THE PENNY POPULAR"
 EVERY FRIDAY.

The Editor
 is always
 pleased to
 hear from
 his Chums,
 at home or
 abroad.

FOR NEXT MONDAY:

"GAME TO THE LAST!"
 By **FRANK RICHARDS.**

In our next grand, long, complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co., the Greyfriars junior football team journeys over to St. Jim's to meet their old rivals—Tom Merry & Co., of that school. The high hopes of the Greyfriars juniors are dashed at the last moment by the action of Mr. Quelch, their Form-master, in forbidding Vernon-Smith—now one of the crack players in the team—to accompany the footballers to St. Jim's. Vernon-Smith, however, is

"GAME TO THE LAST!"

and gets over the difficulty in his own way, but at grievous cost to himself.

OUR COMPANION PAPER'S BIRTHDAY.

No. 52 of "The Penny Popular," which is now on sale, is the

FIRST BIRTHDAY NUMBER

of our grand companion paper, and many are the congratulatory letters I have received from my loyal reader-friends upon this auspicious occasion. I wish to thank the writers of all those nice letters here and now. I should much like to print a selection of the letters on this page, but lack of space precludes anything of the sort. I will, therefore, have to be contented with giving an extract from one of them—an extract which pretty well sums up the gist of them all.

"When I first saw No. 1 of 'The Penny Pop.," writes A. R. (of Leeds), in the course of his congratulatory letter, "I said to myself at once, 'This is a winner, and no mistake!' And so it has proved, thanks to you, Mr. Editor. No paper with such a contents list could fail to go well—the best of everything in the story line for a penny, as it were. I hope I shall still be reading 'The Penny Popular' on its twenty-first birthday!"

That sort of letter is one of the chief compensations of an editor's life, as it makes him feel that his days—and nights—of work and worry have not been in vain. My Leeds chum was quite right, too, in dubbing "The Penny Popular" a winner. Started in response to the urgent request of thousands of readers of "The Gem" and "The Magnet" Libraries, it has forged steadily ahead from the very first number, until now, on its first birthday, it is firmly established in popular favour as one of the "Invincible Trio" of companion papers. In conclusion, I will echo A. R.'s wish. I, too, hope that he will be reading "The Penny Popular" on its twenty-first birthday!

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

B. Burton (Winnipeg).—I am afraid what you ask is impossible.

"Query" (Liverpool).—There is no means of repairing your chain cheaply. What you want is a new one. Swimming costumes and wings may be obtained from Messrs. Gamage, High Holborn, W.C.

"Undecided."—Of course, you should accept the situation offered you; the costume you will be expected to wear is quite an ordinary one for business life, and you need have no fear of looking too conspicuous in it.

H. M. Dinsey, of 12, Lealand Road, South Tottenham, would like to hear from a reader in or near his district who is interested in model railway construction.

FROM TWO WOULD-BE MINSTRELS.

In the following letter, two of my regular readers solicit my aid in finding them places in a nigger minstrel troupe:

Westbourne Park, London.

"Dear Editor,—Please excuse us for wasting your time, but we want to ask just one favour. We have been regular readers of both 'Gem' and 'Magnet' for over three years, and we have been very interested in your article on nigger minstrel troupes, and we have tried without success to get introduced into a troupe. So we wish to ask you if you could kindly introduce us to a manager of some troupe through your paper. We are both sixteen, and have had a little experience.

"I hope we are not asking too much, or troubling you in any way; and if we possibly can return a favour, you can rely on our doing it.—Yours sincerely,

"WILL AND TOM."

I am very pleased to be of assistance to my two Westbourne Park readers if I can, so I hope that any of my reader-friends who are able to offer them the desired positions in a minstrel troupe will communicate with Master Tom. His full name and address is: "Tom Chapman, c/o R. G. Wilson, Esq., 211, Kensal Road, Westbourne Park, London."

HINTS ON EXERCISING DOGS.

As every dog-owner should be aware, the keeping of a dog carries with it certain duties and responsibilities, which it is only fair to our faithful canine friends to carry out as well and thoroughly as possible. One of the most important points in the keeping of a dog is exercising. No dog can be kept in proper and healthy condition without proper exercise. It is the height of cruelty to deprive such a naturally active animal of the exercise it instinctively demands; and it is not surprising that insufficiently exercised dogs kept in the house frequently develop the habit of going off by themselves for exercise—a habit which many owners much object to. To prevent this, some unfortunate dogs are kept permanently chained up—a cruel practice which no true dog-lover would countenance for a moment. Exercise is most beneficial to the dog when it is systematic—a regular allowance every day. It does not do suddenly to give a dog suffering from want of exercise a long spell of hard work, such as an extended run after a bicycle. Long, fast runs after a bicycle are not good for dogs under any circumstances, as a matter of fact, but the cycle is sometimes useful to give a dog a short run at a gentle pace.

A dog should not be exercised just after a heavy meal. The early morning is perhaps the best time of all to exercise him, if it can be managed. What dog has ever been known to refuse an early morning scamper? Another favourite time for exercise is in the evening, but before, not after, the dog has had his evening meal. All dogs should, of course, be allowed a few minutes' run out last thing at night.

In regard to the best form of exercise, different kinds of dogs require different treatment. Terriers and any of the wiry, hardy types will take to almost any sort of exercise, and take plenty of it. For long-limbed collies, greyhounds, and sporting dogs, there is nothing so good as a run behind a horse. Big and more heavily-built dogs are best suited by ordinary walking exercise. Two or three hours' exercise a day is not too much for a full-grown dog, but care should be taken not to give puppies too much at a time, or the result will be harmful.

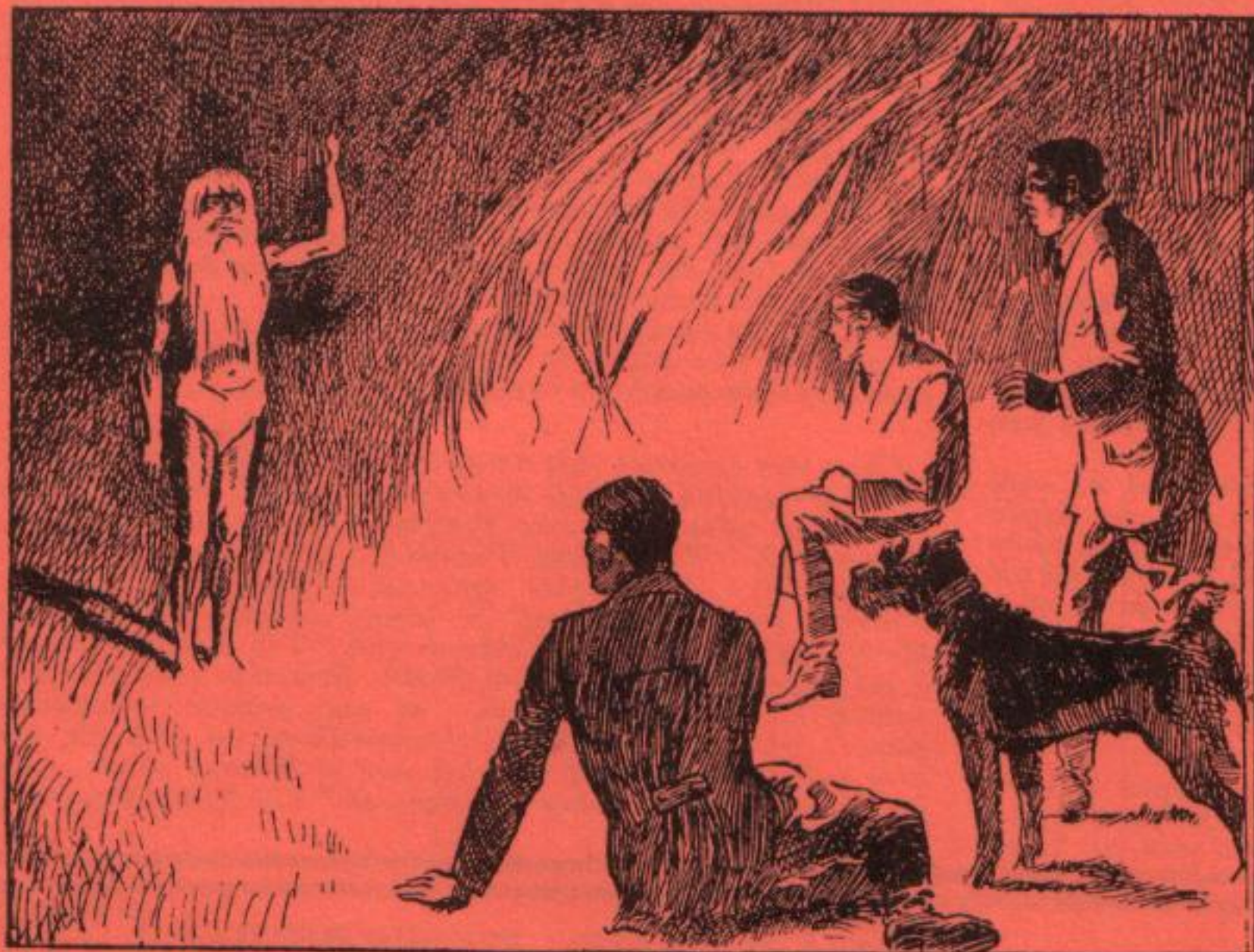
By paying careful attention to such points as these which have been enumerated, the dog-owner will find that he can keep his four-footed friend and companion in the best of health and condition.

ONE OF THE THREE COMPLETE STORIES IN THE GRAND BIRTHDAY NUMBER OF THE "PENNY POPULAR."

A Forest Outcast!

A Splendid Long, Complete Story, Dealing with the Thrilling Adventures of the Three Famous Comrades—
JACK, SAM, & PETE.

By S. CLARKE HOOK.



"Golly!" exclaimed Pete, catching sight of the strange form. "Tink he must be Rip Van Winkle!" (See this page.)

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

The Silent Man—A Shot in the Dark—Pete Makes an Extraordinary Capture—How he Questioned his Prisoner.

JACK, Sam, and Pete were encamped on the southern shore of the inlet which forms the mouth of the Gaboon River. Although some distance from the ocean, they could hear the roar of the surf as the rolling waves burst on Africa's western shore.

Majestic mangroves lined the river bank, while towering above them rose gigantic tropical trees, and the air was sweet with the perfume of myriads of wild flowers.

As the night deepened the roaring of the beasts of prey commenced, and from time to time a rustling in the bushes would cause Rory to start up, uttering a low growl, but the fierce brutes kept beyond the radius of light thrown by the camp-fire.

"Seems to me your cooking takes a mighty long time, Sammy," observed Pete.

"You've got to wait till it's done."

"Dat's what I hab been doing for de last half hour. Eider de time goes mighty quick or dat meat goes mighty slow. I don't want Jack to get too hungry."

"No! And you don't want Pete to get too hungry," retorted Sam. "Neither do I, for the matter of that, because there's no telling where you will stop."

"Rader tink dere's no telling when I'll start wid your cooking. You'd neber do for a twopenny cookshop, Sammy. Tink Jack is decomposing poetry."

"No, I'm not, Pete," said Jack, unslinging his rifle. "But I can hear some wild beast approaching."

"Must be Sammy," declared Pete.

"See yonder," exclaimed Jack, pointing towards the bushes on which the light from the camp fire flickered.

"Golly! Tink he must be Rip van Winkle!" exclaimed Pete, as he caught sight of a strange-looking form.

He was a tall, emaciated-looking creature, with abnormally long limbs, and an enormously long white beard and a mass of long, shaggy hair, which, like his beard, was white. His face was very much lined, and so bronzed that it was difficult to tell whether he was a white or black man.

"Come along, old hoss!" cried Pete, ordering Rory to lie down. "We ain't going to hurt you."

The strange-looking man stood gazing from one to the other in silence; but when Rory walked up to him to investigate he bent his tall form and stroked the dog's head.

"Tink he's all right," said Pete. "Rory would hab bitten him if he hadn't been. Come long and hab some food, old hoss. Golly, dat man seems mighty deaf! Speet I'll be able to make him hear somehow."

Pete approached the stranger and uttered a terrific howl in his ear, but he only shook his head.

"Tell you what it is, boys. If dat man can't hear dat little lot, it's de best I can do. 'Speet he wants roaring lions to talk at him. Say, old hoss! are you deaf and dumb?"

"How the thunder do you expect him to answer you if he's deaf and dumb?"

"Golly! Neber tought about dat. He looks mighty hungry. 'Speet we'd better gib him something to eat. Here! You come along, Rip. Sit down dere, and mind you behave yourself, else I shall gib you a clump on de napper. Now, den, Sammy, gib de old boy some grub. Yah, yah, yah! De man is trying to play de piano now."

"I think he is trying to make signs to you," said Jack.

"Wonder if I could teach him a bit. Let's hab some food, den we'll try."

"I don't see how you are going to do it," said Jack.

"Dat's easy nuff. You wait till I fill up dis vacuum a bit. If he can't talk he can eat. Dat's right, old hoss. Don't you stand on ceremony. Just sit on de grass and eat. Golly! He's like a young lady wid ice creams, don't want much pressing. We must put on some more meat, Sammy. Dis man has got a most disgusting appetite."

"He isn't eating so much as you."

"Why, don't you see I hab to eat it so as he mayn't over-feed himself. Monkeybread don't go at all badly wid dese deer steaks."

"I notice it goes mighty fast with you," retorted Sam. "But that may be because it's well suited to you."

"Thistles am more your mark, Sammy. Be steady dere, Jack. Seems to me you are eating too much."

"Ah! But I have finished," laughed Jack. "So, seemingly, has Rip. You are the last, Pete. Even Rory is surprised at you."

As usual, Pete was the last to finish; then he began teaching "Rip," and the way he did it made his comrades laugh, although they were sorry for the unfortunate man.

"Now see here, old hoss," exclaimed Pete, lighting his pipe, and quite oblivious of the fact that Rip could not hear a single word he uttered. "You'm got to learn by signs. When you close your fist so, it means you want a pipe of bacca. Suppose you shove your thumb up so, dat means you want meat. Suppose you shove it down so, it means— What had dat better mean, Sammy?"

"Padding!"

"All right, only I don't see where we are going to get it from. First finger up. What had dat better mean, Sammy?"

"Rats!"

"Bery well! Den when I point it down it had better mean 'nice,' dough I don't see what he wants dem for. We'm getting on. Dat man will talk like a parrot just directly. Second finger held up. What shall we call dat, Sammy?"

"Geraniums!"

"Dunno! Suppose it must. Held down must be 'roses.' Steady here. What was de thumb held up?"

"Pudding."

"I ain't certain 'bout dat. Rader tink it was meat."

"Look here, Pete," exclaimed Jack, "I see a drawback to your system of tuition."

"Tink I need a doctor, den? I don't feel quite so well 'bout dat part now you come to mention it. My appetite seems falling off, and de pulse is rader weak," added Pete, shoving his thumb about three inches from where it would be possible to feel the pulse.

"I'm not referring to your health," laughed Jack; "but

(Continued on page iv.)

to the way you are teaching a deaf mute to speak. In the first place, he hasn't got enough fingers to make all the signs necessary to carry on a conversation, especially if you start with such words as 'geranium.' Then again, after you had taught him, say, five hundred signs, you would probably forget whether holding up his thumb meant that he wanted a piece of meat, a geranium, or a rat. But the principal objection to your system is that he cannot hear a word you are saying."

"Golly! I wasn't just remembering dat!" exclaimed Pete. "I tell you what it is, boys. I ain't teaching dat man any more. If he wants a geranium he's got to go and pick it, 'cos I ain't having nuffin to do wid it. By de time he had made me understand he wanted a geranium dere would be time to plant de seed and let it grow into a full-blowed blossoming flower. Now den, Rip, you'd better go to sleep."

"He can't hear you, Pete."

"Dat's so! Forgot again. Well, if I hab named him anyting like correctly he's most bound to get 'nuff sleep, and as dis child neber can, he'll doze a bit."

"Hark at him dozing," exclaimed Sam, ten minutes later. "I wonder what sort of snore he kicks up when he really sleeps. I don't know what we are going to do with poor old Rip. We can't leave him alone in the forest, and he would be fearfully in our way if we carted him about."

"Perhaps he will go in the morning."

"I doubt it! I reckon he has come to stay. However, we will consider what is to be done to-morrow."

By arrangement, Jack took first watch, and as they had journeyed a very great distance that day through the dense forest, Sam did not find it a hard matter to get to sleep, notwithstanding Pete's snoring. Indeed, Jack found it far more difficult to keep awake, for the heat was very oppressive and he was thoroughly tired out.

At last he got so drowsy that he was compelled to walk about in order to keep awake. For quite an hour he strode to and fro listening to the howling of the beasts of prey, while more than once a rustling in the bushes caused him to hold his repeating rifle in readiness. He had heard the roaring of a lion comparatively close to their little encampment, and knew the fierce brute might be crouching in the surrounding bushes, ready to spring on one of his sleeping comrades; therefore it behoved him to keep the closest watch, as their lives might depend on his vigilance.

The fire was burning low now, and Jack stepped forward to replenish it with some of the logs Pete had cut for the purpose, when suddenly he heard something whiz past his head.

It was a heavy battle-axe, and had he not been in the act of stooping to pick up a log the weapon would probably have crashed into his brain. As it was, it missed Pete's head by an imperceptible distance, and the blade was buried in the ground, while the handle caught him a sounding crack over the back of the head.

"Who frew dat pea?" inquired Pete, sitting up.

"Be cautious, Pete," said Jack, trying in vain to catch a glimpse of their unseen foe. "Enemies are at hand. That weapon was intended for my brains."

"It must hab found you hadn't got any, so dat's how I caught it. Just you wake up, Sammy, while I hab a look around."

Without waiting for a reply, Pete darted into the bushes, then he came in sight of a couple of savages with upraised spears. Taking a tremendous leap over an intervening clump of bushes he turned a somersault, and landed with a leg on either shoulder of the savages, who were standing close together. Both of them had hurled their spears, but Pete's somersault quite upset their calculations. The shock hurled them both to the ground, while one savage's head came in contact with the trunk of a tree with such force that he was partially stunned.

"Here! You go on top ob de oder one like so, old hoss! Den I lift you up in my arms, sorter so. Yah, yah, yah! Might tink a bear had got you, only I don't suppose you know what a bear is like, 'cos Jack says dey don't grow dem in Africa. But you come along wid me."

Both of the savages were armed, but as Pete placed his grip round their two bodies he pinioned their arms to their sides, thus they were powerless to draw their weapons.

(You can continue this amusing story, in which Jack, Sam, and Pete, guided by their strange new friend, meet with some wonderful adventures, by reading the splendid Birthday Number of "The Penny Popular," which is now on sale everywhere. Two other splendid complete stories—viz., "Votes For Schoolboys," a grand school tale of Tom Merry & Co., by Martin Clifford, and "The Haunted Man," a magnificent tale of Sexton Blake, Detective—are also contained in this great number of our popular companion paper; while the "Poptlets" Competition, on page 32, will give you the chance of winning one of 25 cash prizes. Ask for No. 52—the Birthday Number—of "The Penny Popular" to-day.)



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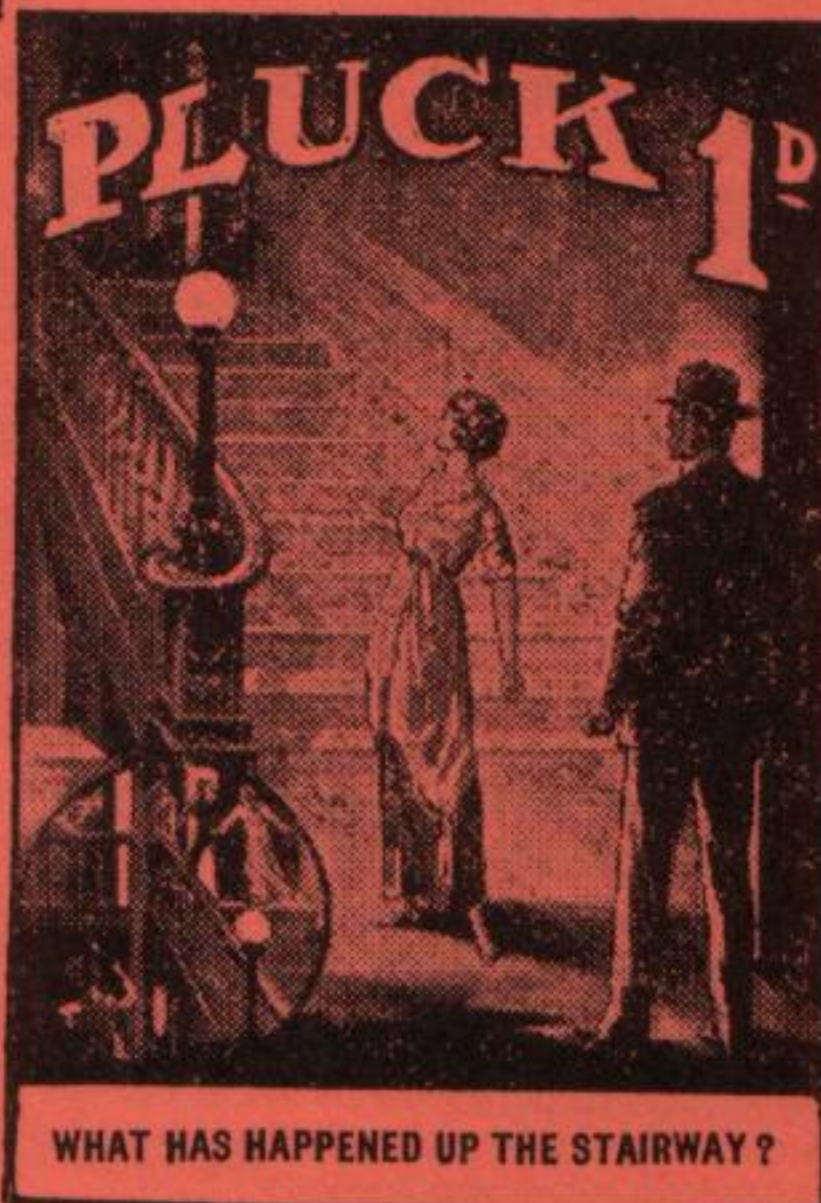
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