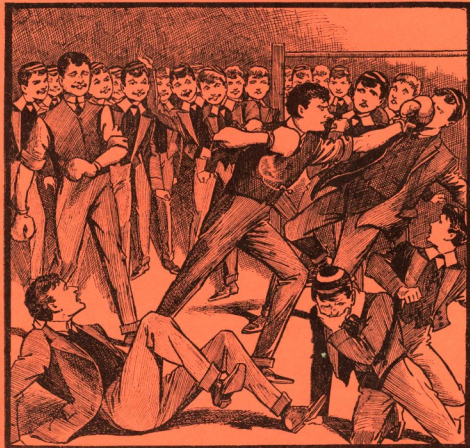


THE PATRIOTIC SCHOOLMASTER!

A Magnificent Long Complete Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars. By Frank Richards.



No. 359. Vol. 9. December 29th, 1934.



COKER OF THE FIFTH RUNS AMOK!

(An Amusing Incident in the Grand Greyfriars Tale in this Issue.)

OUT ON NEW YEAR'S DAY—

THE BOY WITHOUT A NAME!

— PRICE 3d. —

A Magnificent Long,
Complete Tale of
Highlife School, in-
troducing the Chums
of Greyfriars,

By **FRANK RICHARDS**,
is the
Latest Addition to

'The Boys' Friend'
3d. Library.

OWING TO THE PRESENT
CRISIS IT HAS ONLY BEEN
POSSIBLE TO PRINT A
LIMITED NUMBER OF THIS
ISSUE.

—PLEASE
ORDER
AT ONCE!

6/6 each



The "LORD ROBERTS" TARGET PISTOL.

Beautifully plated and finished. May be carried in the pocket. Trains the eye and cultivates the judgment. Range 100 yards. Targets 9d. per 100. Noiseless (Ball Cartridges, 9d. per 100. Shot, 1/6 per 100. Send for list. **BROWN GUN WORKS, 6, Whittall Street, BIRMINGHAM.**

IF YOU WANT Good Cheap Photographic Material or Camerads, send for list to Sampson and Catalogue FREE—Works: **JULY ROAD, LIVERPOOL.**



VENTRILOQUIST'S Double Throat; fits roof of mouth; astonishes and mystifies; sing like a canary, whistle like a puppy, and imitate birds and beasts. Ventriloquism Treatise free. Sixpence each, four for 1s.—**BENSON (Drs.) 6, 239, Pentonville Road, London, N.**

89 CONJURING TRICKS 27 Jokes Tricks, 80 Puzzles, 50 Games, 18 Low-Lessons, 400 Jokes, 15 Magic-Tricks, 25 Money-making Secrets (worth 420 and 1,000 successful productions) Instructions. Pp. 70. F.O. the Job.—**HUGHES, FULHAM, HARBOUR, F.H.M. Grand Central Novelty War Packets, 14.**

ELECTRIC SNUFF. Shows off, it sets everybody an eating, than a smoked fish. Bargain offer: One full 1/2 box and two other accompanying music jokes for 6d. F.O. If you don't laugh at this, you're a doctor.—**HUGHES, Fulham, Harbours, Birmingham.**

WHY NOT HAVE

an Electric Light Box ready for Christmas and only the use of 11 during your holidays. It may be fixed by you in your own home and will burn about 200 hours at a cost of 8d. F.O. We 89 bring cuffs for the Electric Light to your door, together with a book of simple instructions that any lad can easily follow. To all readers showed below. Kinas we are giving away a booklet that will show you how to make at home a battery that will last ten years. Colonial Orders I accept. Sent by British P.O.—**The Southern Electric Supply Co., 21, King Alfred a Place, S. Eas.**



3 *SPLENDID LONG,*
COMPLETE TALES of

SEXTON BLAKE

(DETECTIVE),

TOM MERRY & CO.

AND

JACK, SAM & PETE

EVERY FRIDAY

IN

The Penny Popular.

A Complete School-
Story Book, attractive
to all readers. . .

The
Magnet[®]
Library

The Editor will be
obliged if you will
hand this book, when
finished with, to a
friend.

THE PATRIOTIC SCHOOLMASTER!

A Magnificent, New, Long, Complete School Tale of Harry
Wharton & Co., at Greyfriars.

By **FRANK RICHARDS.**



Mr. Lascelles' eyes were fixed upon Skinner—taking in every detail—the junior in his pyjamas—the bottle of ink-reddened liquid glue in one hand. Mr. Lascelles' brow grew very grim. His voice was very quiet when he spoke—but to Skinner's terrified ears it sounded like the rumble of thunder. "You, Skinner! What are you doing here?" (See Chapter 4.)

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Glue for Three!

"**HUSH!**"
"Mum's the word!"
Harry Wharton, the captain of the Remove Form at Greyfriars, smiled as he heard those hurried whispers. He had just opened the door of Vernon-Smith's

study in the Remove passage, and he came quite suddenly upon the three juniors who were sitting round the study table, deep in confabulation.

Vernon-Smith was not present, but his study-mate Skinner was there, with Snoop and Bunter of the Remove. All three of them looked startled as Harry Wharton stepped in. Skinner leaned his elbows upon the table in a not very successful attempt to conceal a large bottle that lay there.

"Hallo!" said Wharton.
 "Hallo!" stammered Skinner.
 "What's the hush for?" asked Harry, with a laugh.
 "And why is mum the word?"
 "I—I thought it was Smithy."
 "Don't let him see the glue, Skinny," whispered Billy Bunter, in a whisper that was heard all over the study, and might have been heard in the passage as well.

Skinner gave the fat junior a ferocious glare.
 "Shurrup, you fat duffer!"
 "Oh, really, Skinner—?"
 "It's all right," said Wharton. "I can see the glue. What on earth are you doing with a bottle of liquid glue?"
 "Oh, rats!" said Skinner crossly. "I suppose I can have a bottle of liquid glue in my study if I like, can't I?"
 "No law against it," said Snoop. "Mind your own business, Wharton!"

"Yes, you mind your own bizney, Wharton!" chimed in Billy Bunter. "Tain't your business if we jape old Lascelles—"
 "Shut up!" yelled Skinner.
 Bunter blinked at Skinner through his big spectacles.
 "It's all serene, Skinner. I'm not going to tell him anything. You can trust me to keep a secret. I—"
 "Oh, ring off!" growled Skinner. "Look here, Wharton, what do you want in my study?"

"I came in to speak to Smithy," said Wharton.
 "Well, he isn't here, so you can buzz off."
 "Yes, you're interrupting us, Wharton," said Bunter; "and there's no time to waste. It'll be bedtime soon, and we've got to get to Lascelles' room before then, and—"
 "Will you choose it, Bunter, you silly ass?"
 Harry Wharton frowned.

"What has Lascelles been doing?" he demanded. "And what are you going to do with a bottle of liquid glue in his room?"
 "Find out!" snapped Skinner.

"He's a beast!" said Billy Bunter. "All masters are beasts of course; but mathematics masters are the beastliest of all masters! He's had the cheek to report me to my Form-master for slacking, as he calls it—as if I want to learn his silly rot. And he's given Snoop an hour's extra maths—" Bunter broke off suddenly. "Yow-ow! What are you stamping on my foot for, Skinner, you beast? Or!"

Skinner glared at the Owl of the Remove as if he would eat him. Harry Wharton's expression was growing very grim. Mr. Lascelles, the mathematics master at Greyfriars, was very popular, excepting with a few slackers like Bunter and Skinner and Snoop. And it occurred to Wharton that he had dropped into No. 9 Study at a fortunate moment.

"So it's a jape on Lascelles, is it?" he said. "And what's the programme?"

"Find out!"
 "Just what I'm going to do," said Harry Wharton cheerfully. "You're going to let Lascelles alone. He's a good chap, and he treats us decently, and if you play any tricks in his room, you'll get it where the chicken got the chopper. Savvy?"

"Oh, really, Wharton, he's made me come to his study for an hour's extra toot!" said Billy Bunter. "I'll give him extra toot, the beast! He'll sit up when he puts his feet in the liquid glue. He, he, he!"

"I see. 'Liquid glue in his bed, what?' said Harry Wharton. "Well, you can keep that kind of thing for Coker of the Fifth, or Loder, or Walker; but Mr. Lascelles isn't having any."

"What's it got to do with you?" howled Skinner angrily. "I suppose we can jape a rotten mathematics master if we like!"

Wharton shook his head.
 "That's just where you make a mistake," he replied. "You can jape anybody who asks for it, like Coker or Loder, but you won't jape Lascelles; he's a decent sort. Besides, it's bad form to jape a master; we bar that in the Remove. So I request you to drop the idea."

"Go and eat coke!"
 "And, to make assurance doubly sure, I'll annex that bottle of glue."

"You jolly well won't!"
 "Buzz off, and mind your own business!" growled Snoop. "What are you sticking up for, Lascelles for—a rotten mathematical beast, who was a beastly boxer before he got a job here, too? We all know that."
 "I'm a bit of a boxer, too," said Wharton, with a smile. "And I'll show you how I box if you don't hand over that bottle, Skinner."
 "Rats!"

Wharton strode towards the table. Skinner jumped up, and put the bottle behind him, and glared defiance.

"Back me up, you fellows!" he exclaimed. "We're three to one. Chuck him out of the study!"

"Yes, pile in, you fellows!" shouted Billy Bunter, getting behind Skinner. "Go for him! Give the beast beans!"

"Right-ho! I'll take all the beans you can give me," said Harry Wharton. "Come on—three at a time if you like! Where will you have it, Skinny?"

"Look here, will you clear off?"
 "Not without that bottle."

Skinner threw the bottle upon the armchair, and put up his hands. Skinner was not a fighting man, as a rule, but he felt that three of them ought to be able to deal even with the captain of the Remove, but he discovered that that was a mistake. Harry Wharton closed with him, swept him off his feet, and deposited him in a sitting posture on the carpet, gasping. Billy Bunter promptly dodged behind the armchair.

"Now then, Bunter—"
 "I—I'm only looking on," gasped Bunter. "I—I'm simply seeing fair play, you know?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "You—you fellows go for him!" shouted Bunter. "I—I'll see fair play. I'll hold your jackets if you like. Pile in!"

"Now then, Snoop—"
 Sidney James Snoop snatched up the glue bottle by the neck, and flung it in the air.

"Keep off, or I'll bust it over your head!" he shouted.

"Oh, rot?"
 Wharton came on with a rush, and Snoop brought down the bottle viciously, but a knock on his elbow caused it to fly from his hand, and it crashed on the table, and fell to the floor in a dozen pieces. There was a gush of liquid glue over the study carpet.

Then Sidney James was swept off the floor in Wharton's powerful arms, and deposited in the flowing glue.

Snoop!

"Ow!" gasped Snoop. "Groo! You beast!"
 Skinner had jumped up, and he was coming on again; but he was no match for the stalwart captain of the Remove. Wharton whirled him over, and sat him down beside Snoop, and the glue squelched round him.

"Now, Bunter—"
 "Varoooh! Keep off! I—I tell you I'm only seeing fair play!" yelled Bunter. "Besides, it was only a joke. I—I didn't really mean to jape old Lascelles, you know. I wouldn't do such a thing, Wharton—especially if you don't approve of it, as you're an old pal, Harry, old chap!"

Harry Wharton laughed, and walked out of the study. He certainly couldn't take the glue away with him now; but it was equally certain that it couldn't be used for a jape on the mathematics master. So he was satisfied. But Skinner and Snoop were not satisfied. They had an uncomfortable feeling of dampness in their trousers, where the glue had soaked into the cloth, and sticky streams of it ran from their garments as they picked themselves up.

"Ow! The beast!" groaned Snoop.

"Oh, the rotter!" gasped Skinner. "All that glue wasted. And look at the state the carpet's in!"

"Look at my trousers!" howled Snoop.

"I—I say, you fellows, you do look funny!" checked Bunter. "You're gluey all over! He, he, he, he!"

"You fat idiot! What did you give it away to Wharton for?" roared Skinner. "If you'd held your silly tongue, he wouldn't have known."

"Oh, really, Skinner— He, he, he!"
 "What are you 'he, he, being' at, you fat beast?"

"The glue's running down your trousers—he, he, he!—ow! Leggo!"

"Give him some of it!" howled Snoop.

"What-ho?" said Skinner. "If it's so jolly funny, he can have some of the fun."

"Varoooh! Leggo! D-d-don't! Oh crumbs!"

Bunter fairly rolled in the glue. He collected it up with all parts of his fat person. He wrenched himself away from Skinner, and rolled out of the study, carrying most of the glue with him. He left a gluey trail as he fled. And then Skinner and Snoop, feeling a little comforted, went to change their "bags."

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Master and Boxer!

HARRY WHARTON came downstairs and joined the Co., who were waiting for him in the hall.

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

"You've been a jolly long time. Haven't you found Smithy?"

"No; he wasn't in his study," said Harry. "I stopped to speak to Skinner and Snoop and Bunter."

"I thought I heard a row," said Squiff, the Australian

ORDER TO-DAY! A Magnificent 3d. Book Story.

"THE BOY WITHOUT A NAME!"

By Frank Richards.

OUT NEW YEAR'S DAY.

junior. "What the dickens have you been rowing with those outsiders for?"

Wharton explained.

"Serve 'em right," said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "They're always ragging about old Larry, and he's one of the best. Anybody who's up against Larry is up against the Famous Five, and gets it in the neck! Come on, or we shall be too late for the fun."

The chums of the Remove hurried out of the School House, and made their way to the gym. There was already a crowd in the gymnasium.

It was an interesting sight for the chums of the Remove, who were all keenly interested in the manly art of self-defence. Mr. Lascelles, the mathematics master, was having the gloves on with Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars.

George Wingate was a big, powerful fellow, and a fine boxer. But Mr. Lawrence Lascelles—whom the juniors affectionately called Larry, not in his presence, of course—was a past-master in the art. Mr. Lascelles had not been long at Greyfriars, but he was very popular there. He was a young man, of splendid build, and lithe of limb. His resemblance to a once well-known hero of the ring, Larry Lynx, had been much remarked upon by fellows who had seen the photograph of Larry Lynx. But among the juniors, only Harry Wharton & Co. knew for certain that Mr. Lascelles had, as a matter of fact, earned his bread in the boxing ring under the name of Larry Lynx, before he secured the post of mathematics master at Greyfriars School.

Skinner suspected it strongly—in fact, he had what he considered proof of the matter—and as he had an intense dislike for the mathematics master, he had schemed once upon a time to "show him up," as he called it; but Mr. Lascelles had dealt with him shrewdly and sharply.

"Larry Lynx" had disappeared from the ring entirely, in spite of the efforts of his old trainer and other early friends to woo him back to it; and Harry Wharton & Co. knew that Mr. Lascelles had made the Head of Greyfriars a promise that his former life was over for good once he had secured the post he desired.

It had happened naturally enough. After leaving the University, Mr. Lascelles had found his mathematical knowledge a drug in the market—posts were not easily to be obtained—and at the same time he had found that there was a good opening for his talents in the boxing line. So until he could obtain a post, he had earned his bread as a boxer.

Although that fact was not generally known, all Greyfriars knew him as a splendid boxer, and the Sixth-Formers were glad to get him to give them a round or two sometimes with the gloves. Wingate was the only fellow, however, who could make any show against him.

Harry Wharton & Co. cheerfully viewed their way through the swarm of fellows who get a good view. There was a crowded ring round Wingate and Mr. Lascelles, who had already started.

"Hallo, here you are!" said Tom Brown, the New Zealander, as Harry Wharton & Co. arrived. "Where's Smiddy? I should have thought he wouldn't miss this."

"He hasn't come in yet, I suppose," said Wharton. "I looked in his study for him."

"He went out for the afternoon," remarked Frank Nugent. "He's gone to meet his pater somewhere. He'll miss calling-over."

"I'd rather miss calling-over than miss this," grinned Bob Cherry. "Go it, Larry!"

"Shurrup, you ass!"

"Oh, Larry can't see me in the crowd!" said Bob. "Pile in, Larry, old scout!"

There was a lull from the crowd, as Mr. Lascelles looked round, apparently in search of the cheerful youth who made friends with his name.

"Time!" called out Courtney of the Sixth.

The two boxers stepped up for the second round.

All eyes were upon them. Mr. Lascelles looked the picture of health and fitness, and there was a glow in his handsome, clear-cut face, a gleam in his eyes, which showed how he delighted to find himself in the ring again, though it was only a ring in a school gymnasium.

His brief career as "Larry Lynx" had been dictated by dire necessity, and he had abandoned it as soon as he was able to obtain a post more worthy of his powers; but he had not given it up wholly without regret. Possibly sometimes, in his quiet life at Greyfriars, he missed the keen excitement and the glamour of the Ring.

Suddenly it came when he had the gloves on that he seemed to "come out," as it were, and looked as if he were enjoying existence to the very full.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 359.

NEXT MONDAY—**"SKINNER'S SCHEME!"**

EVERY MONDAY, **The "Magnet" LIBRARY.** ONE PENNY.

Wingate of the Sixth was putting up a good fight. Not that he had any expectation of getting the better of the mathematics master; but he wanted to stand up to him for half a dozen rounds if he could. Mr. Lascelles had started with the intention of letting him down lightly.

But as the rounds went on, the mathematics master warmed to the work; and he seemed to forget that he was merely going through a few friendly rounds in a school gym.

In the third round Wingate attacked hotly; and Mr. Lascelles gave ground. There was a cheer for Wingate. Then the mathematics master came on, countering effectively, and "piling in" for all he was worth. His gloves moved like lightning, and Wingate's defence seemed to be nowhere. Suddenly, after a feint with his right, the master's left came out in a swinging upper-cut, and Wingate, knocked fairly off his feet, bumped on the floor of the gym.

There was a gasp from the onlookers. The flush died out of Mr. Lascelles' face instantly, and he ran forward and dropped on his knees beside Wingate, with deep anxiety in his face.

"Wingate! My dear fellow! I have hit too hard! I am sorry!"

Wingate panted.

"It's all right, sir! Never mind! I'm not soft!"

But he looked dazed, as Mr. Lascelles helped him to a sitting position. He had an ache in every tooth.

Mr. Lascelles looked deeply distressed.

"I am sorry. I forgot where I was," he confessed. "You put up a splendid fight, Wingate, and I—I let myself go. It was thoughtless—"

"Not at all, sir," said Wingate cheerily. "But, my hat, you'd have made a fortune in the prize-ring, sir. I should think!"

Mr. Lascelles coloured a little.

"Will you go on, Wingate?" he asked, as Courtney helped the captain of Greyfriars to his feet.

Wingate gave a winded laugh.

"N-no, sir, thanks. You're a little too good for me. I don't think I could stand up to you for another round after that."

"I am sorry—ashamed—"

"Oh, rot, sir! Boxing is boxing," said Wingate. "I don't mind a hard knock."

He peeled off the gloves.

Mr. Lascelles took his coat from Coker of the Fifth, who was holding it. But Coker of the Fifth had something to

say. Horace Coker rather prided himself on his powers as a boxer. Coker prided himself upon a good many things, as a matter of fact, the grounds of his pride being known only to himself, as a rule.

"I say, sir, will you have the mittens on with me for a few rounds?" asked Coker. "Of course, I couldn't lick you!"

"Go on!" said Bob Cherry, and the crowd grinned.

"But I fancy I could stand up to you for a few rounds, sir, you know, if you'll give me a trial," said Coker modestly.

"Certainly," said Mr. Lascelles, with a smile.

"Roll up, ladies and gents!" sang out Squiff. "This way for the Boxing Kangaroo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You cheeky fag!" roared Coker.

"Ahem! I am waiting," said Mr. Lascelles.

"Time?" grinned Courtney.

Coker stepped up briskly. Coker had been confiding to Potter and Greene, his chums in the Fifth, that he wanted a chance of showing "Old Maths" what he called the "Coker left"—a particularly dangerous drive with the left, upon which Horace Coker specially prided himself. He had tried it on the punching-ball in the study with great effect; and when Potter and Greene had expressed doubts as to whether it would be any good against anything but a punch-ball, he had tried it upon Potter and Greene with still greater effect. He was very anxious to try it upon the boxing mathematics master.

The Greyfriars fellows looked on in great delight. They knew that Coker would never get anywhere near Mr. Lascelles with either right or left. The only fellow present who didn't know that was Coker.

Coker sailed in with great energy, and the "left" came out duly, in order; but, to Coker's great surprise, it was knocked away, and he received a tap on the nose. He blinked, and came on again. Again his famous left beat the

A Grand, Long, Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co. By FRANK RICHARDS.

empty air, and again he was greatly tapped on the nose, amid hails of laughter from the spectators.

It was a three-minute round, and in the course of the three minutes, Coker of the Fifth received seven distinct taps on the nose, and his boxing-gloves came nowhere near Mr. Lascelles' handsome, smiling face. Indeed, Squiff remarked that Coker seemed to be using them as flails.

To finish the round, Coker made a terrific rush, determined that he would get one whack in at least. He came on like a bull, with both fists hitting out, and the mathematics master side-stepped quickly, and Coker, unable to stop himself, rushed on, and cannoned into the unfortunate persons who formed the ring on that side.

There was a roar as Coker's fists smote the hapless onlookers with great execution. Potter and Greene went down as if they had been shot, and Temple of the Fourth rolled over them, and the rest scurried back with loud yells.

"Stop him!"

"Hold him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My hat!" gasped Coker. "What—what—Oh!"

A dozen indignant fellows rushed upon Coker, collared him, and sent him hurtling back into the ring, where he dropped with a heavy bump. Mr. Lascelles, laughing, peered off the gloves, and donned his coat and walked away. Coker sat up gasping.

"Oh, my hat! Oh, lor'!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the crowd dispersed, chuckling, and Coker was left to pick himself up—a sadder and wiser Fifth-Former.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Bounder's Discovery!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! Here's Smythy!"
The Famous Five came into No. 1 Study after their return from the gym, and found the Bounder of Greyfriars seated in the armchair there. Frank Nugent drew a bag of chestnuts from the study cupboard, and proceeded to adorn the bars of the grate with them. It was close upon bed-time now, but the chestnuts had to be disposed of first.

"Have some chestnuts, Smythy!"

"Thanks," said the Bounder. "I'm only just back! I looked in to see you fellows, and waited for you."

"You've missed a good thing," said Harry Wharton.

"Lascelles has been having the gloves on with Wingate."

"Not to mention Coker," remarked Johnny Bull.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Bounder looked up quickly.

"Lascelles?" he asked. "Boxing again?"

"The boxfulness was terrific, my esteemed Smythy," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "The august Lascelles is a top-most roller with the gloves on."

Harry Wharton looked quickly at Vernon-Smith. There was a most peculiar expression upon the Bounder's strongly-marked face.

"What's the matter with you, Smythy?" said Wharton abruptly. "Why shouldn't Lascelles have the gloves on with Wingate? He often does with the Sixth."

"It's queer!" said Vernon-Smith slowly.

"I don't see anything queer about it."

"He has been very keen on boxing lately," said the Bounder coolly. "Nearly every day of late he has been boxing with one or another of the Sixth, and fellows have heard him going hard at the punch-ball in his study. Looks as if he's getting himself into training, don't it?"

"Why should he?"

"I don't want to ask you fellows to tell me any secrets," said Vernon-Smith. "But Skinner says—"

"Blow Skinner—"

"Blow him as much as you like," agreed Smythy; "but he says that Lawrence Lascelles, and Larry Lynx who used to be an ornament of the ring, are one and the same person, and that you fellows know it."

"Bow-wow!" said Bob Cherry.

"Nothing against him if it was so," said Nugent.

The Bounder nodded.

"I should think all the more of him, for one," he remarked. "I like a sportsman. But it wouldn't do him any good to have it known here. As a matter of fact—"

He paused.

"Well?" rapped out Johnny Bull.

"I've been over to Luford," said the Bounder.

"That's a jolly long way from here—half-way to St. Jim's."

"Yes; my pater was there on business and I went to see him. We had a stroll round the town."

"Well?" said the juniors in perplexity. They could see that something was coming, but for the life of them they could not guess what it was.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY—No. 359.

"THE BOY WITHOUT
A NAME!" A Magnificent 3^d. Book Story.

"Well, there are some posters up round the town," said the Bounder lazily. "Advertisements of a boxing show that's to come off next week, at the Luford Stadium. And the two principals are the Bermondsey Slogger and—"

"And whom?"

"Larry Lynx!"

"Impossible!"

"It can't be!"

"The impossibility is terrific."

The Bounder shrugged his shoulders.

"It's a fact," he said. "As soon as I saw it, I remembered the talk about Lascelles, and the fact that Larry Lynx disappeared from the ring a week or so after Lascelles came here as mathematics master. I remembered a lot of things! Larry Lynx has come to life again, it seems."

"But—but it's impossible!" exclaimed Wharton aghast.

"He promised—ahem!"

"Don't let any cats out of the bag," said the Bounder with a yawn. "I'm mentioning this to you fellows because you're interested in Lascelles. I'm not going to jaw it over the school. I've got nothing against Lascelles—I like him, and I should think it would mean the sack for him if the Head knew. Of course, it may be a different man." The Bounder smiled sarcastically. "But I'm keeping it dark, so far as I'm concerned."

"Least said soonest mended, anyway," said Nugent.

"Exactly. But there's Bunter?"

"Bunter! What about Bunter?"

The Bounder laughed.

"Bunter's going to Luford on Saturday afternoon. You remember he had a whizzo of teaching his blessed ventriloquism to a St. Jim's chap, who came to meet him half-way, I forget the chap's name—"

"D'Arcy of the Fourth at St. Jim's," said Nugent.

"Yes, that's it. Well, Bunter tried to squeeze me to-day for the railway fare to Luford, as D'Arcy had forgotten to send it, he said. If Bunter goes to Luford on Saturday, he'll nose out the whole thing. That's why I've mentioned it to you chaps at all. Thanks! I'll have some chestnuts."

Harry Wharton & Co. looked at each other in dismay. The Bounder's information was certainly startling.

Little more was said till the chestnuts were finished, and Vernon-Smith left the study.

"My hat!" Bob Cherry ejaculated, as soon as the Bounder was alone. "It can be true, you chaps!"

"I don't understand it," said Wharton, wrinkling his brow.

"Of course, we know that Mr. Lascelles was Larry Lynx before he came here. We know that he explained it to the Head and promised him that he had given it up for good, as a matter of course, after taking up a position here."

"And we know he kept his word," said Johnny Bull.

"Larry Lynx disappeared from the ring after that. It's been mentioned in the papers. Besides, his old trainer, old Sawyer—you remember how he tried to get Larry to take it on again—actually kidnapped him, and we chipped in and got him out of it—"

"We know he kept his word right enough," said Harry.

"He wouldn't break it now. But it's queer what the Bounder says. It's jolly decent of him to tell us. He knows we like Lascelles, and in fact we've taken him under our wing, in a way."

"His giddy protectors and defenders," grinned Bob Cherry.

"Our giddy watchword is, 'Hands off our Larry!'"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It can't be true!" exclaimed Wharton. "It must be some other boxer who has assumed the name to get a good audience. After all, as it was only an assumed name, I suppose anybody could take it on if he liked."

"Why, of course," said Nugent, with a breath of relief.

"That explains it. I'm jolly certain that Larry wouldn't break a promise."

"That's it!" said Bob. "Some other bounder has taken on the name, as Larry isn't using it any longer. It's plain enough."

Harry Wharton nodded thoughtfully. He felt that it must be so; it was impossible to believe that Mr. Lascelles would break his solemn engagement with the Head. Yet Wharton felt very uneasy. Only that evening he had seen how thoroughly Mr. Lascelles enjoyed the ring—how his whole nature expanded, as it were, when he found himself with the gloves on again. Was it possible that the temptation of his old life had proved too strong for him? Then there was the undoubted fact that of late Mr. Lascelles had been taking up boxing and punch-ball exercise with very much more energy than usual—quite, as the Bounder had remarked, as if he were going into training.

The Bounder's belief was plain enough. He was convinced that Mr. Lascelles intended to appear at Luford Stadium as Larry Lynx, and he was willing to help to keep it dark for the mathematics master's sake.

"Anyway, Bunter ought to be kept away from there," said Nugent, after a long pause. "Bunter was in with Skinner in tracking out old Larry Baxford, and as soon as he sees the posters at Luxford, or hears about it, he'll think he's on the track again. And it will make a lot of unpleasant talk—even if there's nothing in it."

There was a tap at the door, and Billy Bunter blinked in. He looked from one face to another as the juniors were suddenly silent.

"I say, you fellows, I hope I'm not interrupting—"
"You are!" growled Johnny Bull.
"Ahem! The fact is, you chaps, I've got an important appointment for Saturday, and, owing to a disappointments about a postal-order, I've got to borrow my fare to Luxford. I suppose you fellows could lend me—"
"Scat!"

"You see, this isn't an ordinary occasion," said Bunter. "You fellows know what a splendid ventriloquist I am—"
"Bow-wow!"

"And when a chap can do a thing well, I regard it as his duty to pass it on to a chap who can't," said Bunter nobly. "As a scout, it's my duty to do a good turn now and then. Well, I'm doing a good turn to my pal D'Arcy of St. Jim's. He entertained me rippingly during the vac—begged me with tears in his eyes to visit him, and made an awful fuss of me, and I can't refuse to give him some instruction in ventriloquism—"
"Br-r-r-r-r-r!"

"I thought that was all over," said Wharton. "I know you tried to swindle D'Arcy over it, and you were stopped!"

"Oh, really, Wharton! There was a slight misunderstanding as to my remuneration, that was all. We're the best of pals, Gussy and I. I'll show you the last letter I had from him, brimming over with kind regards—"
"Well, where is it?"

"Ahem! I've left it in my study. But, as I was saying, I can't disappoint him, and he's coming to Luxford to meet me on Saturday afternoon. I can't keep him hanging up at the station, can I?"

"Write to him that you can't come."
"I decline to do anything of the sort. I think you fellows might be willing to be civil to a chap who plays Greyfriars in their footer cloven. Just you raise the tin, and take my postal-order when it comes—"
"Oh, roll off!"

"Rats!"
"Get out!"
"The ruffleness is terrific!"

At another time the chums of the Remove might possibly have raised a fund for Bunter, for they liked D'Arcy of St. Jim's, and certainly they didn't want him to wait in vain for a Greyfriars fellow to keep an appointment with him.

But, after the information they had received from the Bounder, they were not likely to help Bunter to get to the town of Luxford. All their efforts were directed to keeping him away from the place, as a matter of fact.

Bunter blinked at them angrily. He could see that there was no chance of making a "raise" in No. 1 Study.

"Well, if you're going to be mean boasts—"
"Buzz off, porpoise!" growled Bob Cherry.

"Cherry!" It was a sharp, metallic voice from the passage. "How dare you use such vulgar expressions!"

"Queelch!" gasped Bob, recognising the voice of his Form-master. "I—I—I—"

"Go to bed instantly, Cherry!"
"Ye-e-es, sir."

"He, he, he!" chuckled Bunter.

Bob Cherry, with a sudden suspicion in his mind, jumped to the door, and looked out into the passage. There was no sign of Mr. Queelch there. He turned upon the Greyfriars ventriloquist.

"You fat bounder!" he roared. "I'll teach you to ventriloquise on me! I'll—"

Billy Bunter dodged out of the doorway and fled. Bob Cherry let out a heavy boot in pursuit, and there was a sound of a violent impact, and Bunter rolled on the linoleum.

"Ow! Ow! Beast! Oh, crickey!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry slammed the door. And Billy Bunter did not ventriloquise any more just then, neither did he attempt to "squeeze" No. 1 Study for the railway fare to Luxford.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Caught in the Act!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. were much exercised in their minds on the subject of the information the Bounder had imparted to them as they made their way to the Remove dormitory.

Mr. Lascelles had made himself so popular among the juniors that the Co. could not help being concerned about him.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 259.

NEXT MONDAY—
"SKINNER'S SCHEME!"

Upon one subject they had made up their minds—whether the Larry Lynx of the Luxford Stadium was Mr. Lascelles, or another boxer adopting the same name, the less said about it the better, and Billy Bunter had to be kept away from Luxford in consequence. And the Famous Five intended, therefore, to make it their business to see that he did not raise the necessary cash to get to Luxford on Saturday. If once he saw the public announcements which the Bounder had seen, it would be spread all over the school, and that was what the chums wanted to prevent.

Whether the boxer was Mr. Lascelles or not, a flood of talk on the subject would be extremely unpleasant to the mathematics master. And he was under the wing of the Famous Five, so to speak. They had saved him from kidnapping on one never-to-be-forgotten occasion, and ever since then they had taken quite a fatherly interest in him—quite without his knowledge, as a matter of fact.

Mr. Lascelles would probably not have felt flattered if he had known that the chums of the Lower Fourth regarded him with protecting and fatherly eyes.

Skinner scowled at the captain of the Remove as the Co. came into the dormitory.

Skinner had not forgotten the glue. But he made no remark, and had apparently given up his scheme of "japing" the mathematics master.

Loder of the Sixth saw lights out for the Remove, and, after the usual buzz of talk, the juniors dropped off to sleep.

But there was one of them who did not sleep. Harold Skinner was remaining very wide awake. Skinner was on the war-path. The extra "mathe" Mr. Lascelles gave him as a reward for slacking made Skinner extremely "raty," and Harry Wharton's chipping in had only made him more determined to carry out his scheme—in a somewhat different manner.

Skinner remained quietly in bed until half-past eleven had sounded from the clock-tower. By that time the whole house was quiet.

One or two of the masters might have been still up; but Skinner knew that Mr. Lascelles, at least, was always early to bed. Early to bed and early to rise was one of his maxims, and to it he owed in great part his splendid fitness.

Skinner stepped softly from his bed, and groped his way to Snoop and shook him by the shoulder. Snoop started and awoke.

"Ready!" whispered Skinner. Sidney James Snoop rubbed his eyes.

"What's the game?" he mumbled. "Lemme alone, Skinner! Wharver you wakin me up for, you as?"

"Fathead! Get up!" whispered Skinner.

"What for?"
"To save Lascelles, of course!"

"I—I say—"

"I've got it all out and dried," Skinner whispered. "He's in bed now, and fast asleep by this time. We couldn't glue his bed for him, owing to that rotter Wharton chipping in; but we can glue him while he's asleep—see? What a giddy surprise for him when he wakes up and finds glue all over him—"

"You—you as?" murmured Snoop. "Why, he'll raise Cain if you play a trick on him like that! You fathead!"
"He won't know. If he goes for anybody, it will be Wharton."

"Wharton? Why?"

"Because I'm going to drop Wharton's handkerchief in his room before we bunk."

"My hat!"

"And pay him out for chipping in!" growled Skinner. "Why couldn't he mind his own biznez? I've got a new bottle of glue, and I've put some red ink in it. We can shove it over Lascelles' chivvy, and bunk, and leave the hanky on the floor—see? He'll jump up and get a light. He won't see us, but he's bound to see the hanky, with Wharton's initials in the corner!"

Snoop chuckled softly.

"Good egg! Call Bunter!"

"Leave that fat idiot out of it!" said Skinner. "He would raise a hullabaloo if we woke him up. We two can do it!"

"Right-ho! Wait till I dress—"

"No need to dress. We've got to bolt into bed again at once."

"I—I say, it's jolly cold!" murmured Snoop.

"Put a muffler round your neck—that's enough. We shan't be three minutes; 'tain't far to the rotter's room!"

"Groooh!" shivered Snoop. "All right!"

He slipped out of bed, and the two young rascals crept to the door. The rest of the Remove were fast asleep, and

the dormitory was in deep darkness. Outside, the winter mist from the sea was thick over the old Close.

Skinner closed the door softly, and they stole down the passage.

All was dark about them, not a gleam of light from any quarter. But as they drew near the stairs they could see that a half-light burned in the lower hall. Everybody, apparently, was not in bed yet.

At Mr. Lascelles' bed-room door they paused and listened. There was no light under the door, and there was silence in the room.

"All serene!" whispered Skinner.

He turned the handle of the door cautiously, without a sound. He pushed it open, and listened. Dark as the room was, he could dimly make out the form of the bed in the corner. There was no sound; they were unheard.

Skinner removed the cork from the big bottle in his hand, and cropt towards the bed.

Snoop remained slithering near the door. He was nervous, but really there did not seem to be any danger, for in the dark the startled mathematics master would certainly not be able to recognise them, and they would be gone before they could be collared, and the handkerchief left behind would turn suspicion in another direction. Even if Wharton were not punished for the jape, there would be nothing to connect Skinner and Snoop with it.

Not a sound from the bed—a dark mass in the corner, which Skinner could barely see. He paused, to listen for a sound of breathing to guide him, but there was no sound. Skinner started a little, anxiously. Surely the man was there! It was an hour past his usual bedtime, and he ought to have been in bed and fast asleep.

There was a sudden gasp from Snoop near the door.

In the passage footfalls sounded.

Someone was approaching.

Skinner started back from the bed, gritting his teeth. He realised it now—the bed was empty! Mr. Lascelles, for some unknown reason, had stayed up late.

Skinner groped to the door, and blundered into a chair in his hurry, and there was a bump as it rolled over. Snoop had bolted into the passage, and was running for the dormitory. Skinner, terrified now, reached the door. Too late! Dindly in the darkness a big figure in an overcoat loomed up before him, and Skinner sprang back just in time to avoid a collision.

He stood in the darkness of the room, his heart thumping. Was it Mr. Lascelles? If so, his discovery was certain.

Snoop was gone—in bed again by this time; but Skinner

A sudden blaze of light pervaded the room. The newcomer had turned on the electric light.

Skinner blinked dazedly. Before him stood the stalwart form of the mathematics-master, in his heavy overcoat and muffler, wet with rain. Evidently he had just come in.

There was a moment of grim silence.

Mr. Lascelles' eyes were fixed upon Skinner, taking in every detail—the junior in his pyjamas, the bottle of ink-rendered liquid-glue in one hand, the handkerchief in the other. Mr. Lascelles' brow grew very grim. His voice was very quiet when he spoke; but to Skinner's terrified ears it sounded like the rumble of thunder.

"You, Skinner! What are you doing here?"

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Not Nice for Skinner!

SKINNER gasped.

He could not speak.

There was not much use in replying. The bottle in his hand showed only too plainly what he was there for. He gazed at the mathematics master with distended eyes. What on earth had the man been out for at that hour of the night? What rotten luck! The game was up now, with a vengeance!

"Skinner!"

"Ye-es, sir?" stammered Skinner.

"Why are you out of your dormitory?"

"I—I—"

"Why have you come to my room at this hour?"

"I—I—"

"What were you going to do with that bottle?"

Skinner stammered. He was not particular as to a falsehood or two to get out of a scrape. But falsehoods were of no use now. He was caught in the very act.

"Put that bottle on the table!" said Mr. Lascelles.

Skinner obeyed.

"It is not difficult to see what you intended," said Mr. Lascelles sternly. "You believed that I had gone to bed, Skinner, and you came here to play a miserable and disrespectful trick!"

"I—I—"

"You may go back to your dormitory. I shall report this to your Form-master in the morning, and leave the matter in his hands."

Mr. Lascelles stopped aside, and made a gesture towards the door. Skinner set his teeth hard. He knew what he had to expect from Mr. Quetch in the morning when the raid was reported to the Remove-master. His palms tingled in apprehension already. But it was evident enough, from Mr. Lascelles' overcoat and muffler, and the signs of rain, that he had only just come in. What had he been doing out of the house so short a time before midnight? Skinner remembered all his old suspicions of the mathematics master. He remembered the visit of Mr. Sawyer to the school—the rough-and-tough old gentleman who had been Larry Lynx's trainer.

"One minute, sir," said Skinner, recovering his nerve a little, for the thought was in his mind that the mathematics master was as much in his power as he was in Mr. Lascelles'.

"What?"

"I—I hope you won't mention this to Mr. Quetch, sir," said Skinner.

Mr. Lascelles stared at him.

"Would you prefer me to report it to Dr. Locke?" he demanded. "Your punishment would be more severe, I think."

"I hope you won't report it at all, sir," said Skinner, his eyes on the mathematics master's face.

"I shall certainly do so! You may go!"

"It isn't a usual thing, sir, for a Greyfriars master to be out of doors at this time of night, sir," said Skinner.

"What!"

"Perhaps you wouldn't care for me to speak about it?" went on Skinner, astonished at his own audacity, but determined to play the chance for what it was worth. He was booked for a licking, anyway, and a little chuck to Mr. Lascelles could not make matters much worse.

Mr. Lascelles looked at him fixedly.

"Leave this room at once, Skinner! I shall report you to your Form-master in the morning. Another word, and I shall thrash you myself before you go!"

"I think, sir— Oh!"

Mr. Lascelles kept his word. He strode towards Skinner, collared him, and gave him a couple of powerful smacks, against which the pyjamas were not much protection. Then he bundled the junior out of the room into the passage and closed the door after him, without speaking a word.

Skinner gasped in the passage. He was hurt.

"Ow—ow—ow! The awful beast! Yow-ow!"

The and humorist of the Remove disconsolately made his way back to the dormitory.

A whispering voice came from Snoop's bed as he entered.

"Did he catch you, Skinny?"

"Ow! Yes, you beastly funk!" growled Skinner. "What did you bolt for and leave me to go through it alone, you toad?"

"Well, it wasn't any good my being licked too," said Snoop. "You'd have bolted if you could, you know that."

Skinner grunted. He did know that.

"Who was it?" asked Snoop.

"Lascelles."

"My hat! He wasn't in bed, then?" ejaculated Snoop. "No, he wasn't! Oh! The beast's got a paw like iron!" growled Skinner. "And I'm going to be licked in the morning! But I'll make him sit up, all the same! What was he doing out of the school at this time of the night, that's what I want to know? I'll jolly well find out!"

"It's queer," said Snoop.

"I should say it was. He's up to something," Skinner muttered savagely. "You know he was Larry Lynx once, before he came to Greyfriars—a common boxer."

"I know you say so," said Snoop.

"I've had proof of it. Haven't I seen him in the Chilford Ring?" snarled Skinner. "I shouldn't wonder if he's up to his old game again, or what does he want to be out till midnight for? He always goes to bed at ten or half-past. My belief is that he's keeping up the prize-fighting secretly. Of course, he gets lots more money for that than his screw here as maths-master."

"Phew!" said Snoop. "He'd jolly well get the push if the Head knew!"

"And the Head will know if I can get some proof of it!" growled Skinner.

ANSWERS

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 359.

ORDER TO-DAY! A Magnificent 3d. Book Story.

"THE BOY WITHOUT A NAME!"
By Frank Richards.

OUT NOW YEAR'S DAY.



Four figures in overcoats could be seen, crossing the field by the wet footpath to the barn. The juniors glanced at them carelessly. They were evidently making for the barn. But as they came nearer, Wharton gave a start, and fixed his eyes upon them more intently. "By Jove!" he said, under his breath. "It's Larry!"
(See Chapter 10.)

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" came a sleepy voice from Bob Cherry's bed. "Is that you burbling, Skinner?"

"Be-r-r-r!"

"What's that you're saying about Larry?"

"So you were listening?" sneered Skinner.

"You rotter, how could I help hearing you when you woke me up jawing?" demanded Bob, sitting up in bed. "Have you been playing a trick on Larry after all?"

"Find out!"

"Right! I will!" said Bob, jumping out of bed and picking up his pillow and coming towards Skinner. "Now then

—biff! biff! biff!

"Yaroooh!" roared Skinner. "You thumping ass! Stoppit!"

"I'm finding out," explained Bob. "Have you been playing —biff! biff! biff!—a trick on old Larry?"—biff! biff! Bash!

—ch!"

"Yow-ow-ow! Yes! No! Stoppit!" Skinner rolled out THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 359.

"SKINNER'S SCHEME!"

of bed to escape the swipes of the pillow. "You silly ass! Do you want to wake the house?"

"Oh, I don't mind," said Bob, pursuing Skinner round the bed and swiping away with the pillow. "You haven't answered my question yet?"—biff! biff!—"and I'm finding out, you know!" Biff! biff! Swipe!

"Yes!" roared Skinner. "No! He caught me—yow-ow! —and stopped me! Yaroooh! Leave off, you howling maniac!"

"Oh, good!" said Bob. "Why couldn't you tell me that at first? I'll give you another one or two"—biff! biff!—"for waking me up! And one or two more—" Whack! whack! That's for thinking of japing old Larry at all!"

"You—you— Yaroooh!"

"What in thunder—" exclaimed Vernon-Smith.

"What's the row?"

"The roughness is terrific!"

Half the Remove were awake now. Bob Cherry returned

to his bed, and Skinner, almost foaming with rage, turned in again.

"It's all serene!" said Bob cheerfully. "Only a little talk with Skinner. Good-night, Skinner, old man! Always at your service."

"Ow, you rotter!" groaned Skinner.
Bob Cherry chuckled and settled down to sleep again. But it was some time before Skinner slept. That pillow had hurt him. And he spent his wakeful moments in thinking of the curious discovery he had made, and how he could turn it to the disadvantage of the mathematics master.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Cash Required!

THE next morning Skinner was called into Mr. Quelch's study. The mathematics master had evidently made his report. Mr. Quelch did not ask Skinner any questions; he proceeded by actions, not words.

When Skinner came out of the study he was feeling as if life were not worth living. But he had little sympathy for the Remove. With very few exceptions, the Remove liked Mr. Lascelles, and very generally disapproved of Skinner's attempt to jape him.

"Serve you jolly well right!" was Harry Wharton's remark. "Why can't you let Larry alone? He's one of the best, and you ought to know it!"

"I'll jolly well make him sit up for this, all the same!" groaned Skinner.

"I should think you were fed up with japing him by this time," grinned Bolsover major. "He may catch you out again, you know."

"It'll be something more than a jape next time," said Skinner darkly.

"What will it be, you rotter?" demanded Bob Cherry, with a glare at Skinner. He remembered what Skinner and Snoop had been discussing in the dormitory the night before.

Skinner rubbed his smarting hands and scowled.
"What was he doing out of the house at nearly midnight?" he demanded.

"That's his business, not yours."
"Well, I can jolly well guess!" said Skinner. "You fellows know as well as I do that he was Larry Lynx, the boxer, before he came here—"

"Oh! Bow-wow!"
"Well, wait till I get a chance to show him up!" said Skinner viciously. "I'll get him the sack from Greyfriars, I promise you that! What would the Head say if he knew that one of the masters was going in for boxing in the prize-ring?"

"Rot!" said Peter Todd.
"I'll show you whether it's rot or not later!" snarled Skinner.

"I say, you fellows, it looks jolly suspicious," said Billy Bunter. "I've got my suspicions about Lascelles, you know. The way he crams mathematics down a chap's throat shows that he's a boast!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Besides, he's given me extra too," said Bunter, in an aggrieved tone. "A man who'd do that would do anything. And if he's acting in an underhand way he ought to be shown up. I despise underhand people."

"Then you must expend an awful lot of despond on yourself, you fat bouncer!" said Bob Cherry.

"Oh, rats! Cherry—"

The Famous Five walked off, leaving Skinner bemoaning his smarts. They had further food for thought now. The fact that Larry had been out till nearly midnight was certainly odd, taken in conjunction with the news the Bouncer had brought from Luxford. It looked more and more as if Larry Lynx had again taken up his old game, and yet it was incredible that Mr. Lascelles should have broken the pledge which the juniors knew that he had given to the Head.

That afternoon the Bouncer joined the chums of the Remove in the common-room. He had a newspaper in his hand.

"There's something here that may interest you chaps," he remarked. "It lets in a little light, I think, on what's going on at Luxford."

"Something about Larry?" asked Nugent.

"It doesn't mention his name. But look!"

The juniors read the paragraph indicated by the Bouncer. It ran:

"Next week takes place the boxing contest at the Luxford Stadium, given in aid of the fund for the Belgian refugees. Two well-known boxers will appear; and the whole of the takings, minus bare expenses, will be handed over to the fund. A very considerable sum is expected to be raised."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 359.

"Oh!" said Bob.
"That accounts!" said Nugent slowly. "If Larry is taking part—ahem—"

He looked at the Bouncer. Vernon-Smith grinned and walked away. He did not want to force any confidences.

"If Larry's taking part," said Wharton, "it's with a jolly good intention—to raise money to help the Belgian chaps. It's jolly decent of him!"

"Only—" said Bob.
"We know he promised the Head—and, of course, a Greyfriars master couldn't be allowed to appear in such a thing," said Wharton, with a worried look. "Well, all I can say is that we don't know all the circles, and it's not for us to set up in judgment on Mr. Lascelles. If we knew all about it, it might be a bit clearer. But we don't. Still, I must say it does look as if Larry is the chap who's going to box at the Stadium. And that's all the more reason for keeping it mum. If he's allowed his compassion for those poor Belgian chaps to—to make him disregard a promise—why, it's for him to settle it with his own conscience. And, as I've said, we don't know all the facts, anyway. What we've got to do is to mind our own business, and see that others do the same, if we can manage it."

"Hear, hear!"
"Skinner would give his little finger to get hold of the yarn; and he'll get hold of it if Bunter goes to Luxford," said Johnny Ball.

"That settles it! Bunter's not going."
"We've got to stop him!"

"Yes!" said Wharton decidedly.

It did not look, however, as if it would be easy to stop William George Bunter. He had acquainted all the Remove with his intention of going to Luxford on Saturday afternoon to meet Arthur Augustus D'Arcy of St. Jim's.

In the Remove the fellows were extremely fed up with Bunter's ventriloquism, and his efforts in that line generally led to thumping and bumping. But some fellows, as William George said, with a great deal of dignity, placed a proper value on his marvellous talents. D'Arcy of St. Jim's was one of them—and he wasn't the fellow to refuse instruction to a chap who was anxious to learn.

As a matter of fact, the juniors knew that D'Arcy of St. Jim's was rolling in money, and that the Owl of the Remove used that precious instruction in the art of ventriloquism simply as a means of screwing loans out of him. They had supposed that D'Arcy was fed up, as no nothing had been heard of the matter for some time. But apparently it was renewed. Certainly Billy Bunter had written lately to D'Arcy at St. Jim's; several fellows had seen him post the letter. And equally certain he had had a reply; it had been observed in the letter-rack. Bunter did not show the letter to anybody; but the envelope was frequently on view, as a sort of testimony to the fact that Bunter was on corresponding terms with the son of a lord.

But as D'Arcy of St. Jim's was anxious to meet Bunter for further instruction in ventriloquism, he had evidently not "shelled out" the fare to Luxford, as he had done on a previous occasion. For Bunter was in his usual state of impecuniosity, and he was making desperate endeavours to borrow the amount on all sides.

But it was in vain that he promised to settle out of his very next postal-order. The Remove fellows knew that postal-order!

The Famous Five grimly refused to contribute a halfpenny. Bunter gave them up in despair; and on Friday he tackled Vernon-Smith equally in vain. He pointed out that Smiddy, who was the son of a millionaire, had plenty of money. And Vernon-Smith admitted the fact cheerfully, adding that he also had sense enough to keep it himself.

Bolsover major and Balstrode and Tom Brown and Squiff and Hand-side were all drawn blank, so to speak.

On Friday evening Bunter rolled into Lord Maulverer's study, with quite a piteous expression on his fat face. The dandy of the Remove was yawning over his preparation, and he yawned still more portentously at the sight of William George Bunter.

"I say, Mauly, old man, you got back those banknotes you lost the other day?" said Bunter.

"Yaas," said Lord Maulverer.

"Then you must be in funds—what?"

"Yaas."

"I suppose you wouldn't mind lending me the fare to Luxford, Mauly?"

"Yaas."

"Oh, really, Mauly, don't be a mean beast, you know. It won't hurt you to hand me ten bob."

"Yaas."

"I could do with five," urged Bunter. "You don't want

me to fail to keep an appointment with a ripping chap like D'Arcy, do you?"

"Yass,"

"Look here, you burbling parrot," roared Bunter, losing patience, "can't you burble anything but 'Yass-yass-yass'?"

"Yass,"

"Mauly, old chap, you're not going to be mean——"

"Yass,"

"You—you rotter!" howled Bunter. "Why can't you lend me five bob?"

"Chap asked me not to lend you any money," explained Lord Maulveurer—"chap I like. I'm going to oblige him. See? Now, scat!"

Bunter was purple with indignation.

"Chap asked you not to lend me any money!" he gurgled. "The—the rotter! Who was it, Mauly?"

"Rats!"

"Why doesn't he want you to lend me any money?" demanded Bunter.

"Don't know."

"You—you thumping ass! Do you mean to say that you're going to do as the beast asks you without knowing the reason?"

"Yass,"

"Then you're as big a beast as he is, whoever he is!" howled Bunter. "Do you hear that, you slacking, yawning, drawing, lackadaisical idiot?"

"Yass."

"I think you're a rotten, mean beast! That's my opinion of you. And a silly idiot, and a burbling cuckoo! You ought to be in a home for idiots!"

"Yass."

"You—you ought to be a lunatic asylum! You ought to be boiled in oil, you silly, yawning, fatheaded burler!"

"Yass."

Billy Bunter gave it up. There was no penetrating the calm equanimity of the slacker of the Remove. Bunter departed from the study in great wrath, and closed the door behind him with a terrific slam. Lord Maulveurer yawned.

"Begud! That fellow makes me tired!" he murmured. "And I've got to do my beastly prep! Oh, gad!"

And Lord Maulveurer yawned fearfully, and turned to his preparation once more.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER. The Self-sacrificers!

BILLY BUNTER came into No. 7 Study, which he shared with Peter Todd and Tom Dutton and Alonzo. They were all there, beginning their preparation. But Billy Bunter was not thinking of preparation. He was thinking more of the important business of raising cash. Whether he wanted to go to Luxford on the morrow or not, at all events he wanted to raise the railway-fare—which would probably travel no further than the school shop of Greyfriars.

"Wherefore that frowning brow, fatty?" asked Peter Todd politely.

Bunter grunted.

"Look here, Todd; you know I've got an appointment with D'Arcy of St. Jim's to-morrow, don't you?"

Peter asked his head.

"No, I don't!"

"Why, I've told you five or six times."

"Yes; but you tell me all sorts of things," said Peter cheerfully. "My belief is that D'Arcy of St. Jim's is fed up with your spoofing and pranking, and doesn't want to have anything to do with you. I don't believe you've got an appointment, and I believe you want to raise money for a feed. Well, you eat too much already. Shut up, and do your prep."

Billy Bunter blinked furiously at the chief of Study No. 6. Peter Todd knew him like a book.

"My dear Bunter," said the mild Alonzo, "you should break yourself of this habit of borrowing. My Uncle Benjamin says, neither a borrower nor a lender be!"

"Well, I ain't a lender," said Bunter. "I say, Lonzy, you might stand a chap five bob to keep an important appointment——"

"With pleasure, my dear Bunter; but——"

"Yes; but you tell me all sorts of things," howled Bunter.

"I am willing to accept your assurance, my dear Bunter, that this appointment is indeed an accomplished arrangement," said Alonzo, in his solemn way. "I should be very pleased to lend you five shillings, but——"

"Blow your 'but's! Hand it over!" said Bunter.

"That is, unfortunately, impossible, as I have at present no financial resources, my dear Bunter."

"You silly ass!" howled Bunter. "Have you taken five minutes to tell me you're stony? I say, Dutton, old man, you had a remittance this morning."

Tom Dutton, the deaf junior, looked up in surprise.

"Not at all, my dear Bunter," he said. "I should be in luck if that were the case. I am not in mourning."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 359.

"Oh, you ass! You had some cash by this morning's post!" yelled Bunter.

The deaf Removee frowned.

"I can hear you if you speak distinctly," he replied. "And I'll jolly well dot you one in the eye if you say I'm deaf as a post!"

"You you lend me five bob?" shrieked Bunter.

Dutton glanced towards the grate.

"Rubbish!" he said.

"Eh?"

"There is nothing on the hob."

"Hob! Oh, crumbs! Lend me five shillings!" bellowed the Owl of the Remove. "Here, I say, what are you at?"

"I'll teach you to call me a deaf villain!" howled Dutton.

"Take that—and that—and that! And now get out of the study till you can keep a civil tongue in your head."

"Oh! Ow! Yow! Oh!"

Tom Dutton slammed the door after Bunter, and returned to his prep with a very ruffled look. Peter Todd grinned cheerfully, but the kind-hearted Alonzo undertook to explain.

"You are labouring under a misapprehension, my dear Dutton," he said. "Bunter did not call you a deaf villain. He asked you for a loan."

"Well, I have let him alone, haven't I?" said Dutton.

"He requested the favour of a loan!"

"Oh, stuff!" said Dutton crossly. "I haven't hurt him, and I can't hear him groan."

Then even the good Alonzo gave it up.

Meanwhile, Billy Bunter had run down Skinner. Skinner of the Remove was not a fellow of leading proclivities, but Bunter had a faint hope.

"I say, Skinner, old man, Wharton has treated you rottenly——" he began.

Skinner grunted.

"And—what do you think?—Mauly says somebody's asked him not to lend me any money to go to Luxford to-morrow," said Bunter. "Of course, it was Wharton. That ass Mauly does whatever Wharton advises him. Don't you think it's rotten?"

"Don't care tuppence!" said Skinner unsympathetically.

"Oh, really, Skinner! Wharton wants to spoil my friendship with my pal D'Arcy," said Bunter, in an aggrieved tone. "I say, it would be one up against Wharton if I went after all, wouldn't it, as he wants to keep me away?"

"Go, then," said Skinner.

"So I will, if you lend me five bob——"

"Dreaming!" asked Skinner pleasantly.

And Bunter gave Skinner up, and rolled away in search of a more amenable victim. He came upon Fisher T. Fish in the passage, and buttonholed him.

"Fishy, old man——"

"Nope!" said Fishy promptly.

"No what, you ass?"

"Nothing to lend."

"Ahem! I say, Fishy, your pater's a millionaire——"

"I guess my popper rolls in durocks—just a few!" said Fisher T. Fish, speaking in his native language. "I reckon he could lay over most of the galoots in this little island, when it comes to the real goods."

"Exactly," said Bunter. "Now, do you mean to say that you haven't got five bob about you, Fishy?"

"Nope!" said Fishy cheerily. "I guess I only mean to say that ain't standing to you, Bunter. So-long."

"You Yankee beast!" roared Bunter, as the American junior walked off.

But Fisher T. Fish only chuckled. He did not mind hard names; and he did not mean to part with any "durocks," as he called his money.

Wharton and Nugent were doing their preparation in No. 1 Study, when a fat face and a pair of large spectacles glimmered in at the door. Nugent reached for a ruler.

"I say, you fellows——"

"Not a halfpenny!" said Wharton.

"Look here, you've been putting Mauly up to not lending me a few bob," said Bunter, in a tone more of sorrow than of anger. "Do you call that playing the game?"

"Certainly. You never pay Mauly!" said Harry.

"Look here, why shouldn't I go to Luxford if I like?" howled Bunter. "What does it matter to you rotters, anyway?"

"You can go, my son, if you can raise the fare," said Wharton cheerfully. "This study isn't standing it."

"You've got some game on," said Bunter suspiciously.

"I don't see why you shouldn't want me to meet my old pal Cussy."

"You've spoofed him enough, I should say."

"Well, I'm going!" said Bunter angrily. "I'll jolly well go without a ticket, and ask him to pay for me at the other end. So there!"

Bunter turned to the door, and Wharton and Nugent exchanged a dismayed glance. They had not thought of that.

"Hold on!" said Harry.

Billy Bunter turned back.

"You're going to lend me the tin?" he asked hopefully.

"Ahem! No. Look here! How—how would you like to—to come out with us to-morrow afternoon?" asked Wharton, with an effort.

Bunter blinked at him very suspiciously.

"What's on?" he asked.

"Oh, we'll—we'll go for a nice walk," said Harry lamely. "The ground's no good for foeter, and—and we'd enjoy a walk with you, Bunter."

"I should get jolly hungry walking," said Bunter.

"Well, there'll be a feed, if you like."

"A good one?"

"Yes, you fat owl—as much as you can eat!"

Billy Bunter brightened up.

"Now you're talking!" he exclaimed. "Of course, I prefer my old pals to a fellow from St. Jim's. I'll put Gussy off till another day."

"Good! Write to him, and tell him you can't come to Luxford to-morrow," said Harry.

"I love that to me. I say, it's going to be a really good feed—honour bright!"

"Yes, Owl."

"We could have a little walk and a feed, and I could go to Luxford by the second afternoon train, though," said Bunter, eyeing Wharton narrowly.

"No fear! We're going out for the whole afternoon!" said Wharton promptly.

"I should have to have a snack before we started, then."

"All right. It's settled."

"Look here, why don't you want me to go to Luxford?" asked Bunter inquisitively.

"We yearn for your society ourselves," said Frank Nugent solemnly. "Why should it be wasted on a St. Jim's chap, when we're simply pining for it, Bunter?"

"Well, that's all right," said Bunter. "I'll come out with you, Franky, old chap."

"You fat rotter—ahem!—I mean, all right?"

"You can rely on me, Harry, old son," said Bunter, assuming a familiarity which he knew had a most exasperating effect on the chums of the Remove. "Of course, it's rather rotten putting off Gussy like this. You should see his letter—simply begs me to come. But for the sake of old pals like you—"

"Exactly. Good-bye!"

"I suppose you couldn't lend me a bob?"

"No, I couldn't! Bob along!"

"Ahem! Perhaps I oughtn't to put Gussy off," said Bunter in a meditating sort of way. "Considering how he begs me to come—"

Wharton made a grimace, and extracted a shilling from his pocket, and handed it to the Owl of the Remove without a word.

"All serene, Harry, my boy," said Bunter affectionately. "Rely on me for to-morrow. I'll stick to you."

And he rolled away, in a hurry to get to the school shop before it closed. Wharton and Nugent looked at one another.

"That's nice for to-morrow!" groaned Nugent. "We've got to roll that fat bouncer about all the afternoon and feed him!"

"It's for old Larry's sake," said Harry.

Nugent chuckled.

"I wonder what Mr. Lascelles would say if he knew?" he remarked.

"My hat, I wonder!"

And the chums of the Remove went on with their preparation.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

On the Track—And Off!

THE Owl of the Remove wore a fat smile the next morning in the Form-room. He was in a very satisfied frame of mind.

For some mysterious reason, why he could not fathom—Harry Wharton & Co. did not wish him to go to Luxford; and they were willing to walk him out and feed him all the afternoon to keep him from going. And Billy Bunter meant to have a good time that afternoon. If he didn't have a good time, he meant to catch a train to Luxford after all, by hook or by crook, and discover what it was that he was to be kept away for.

His inquisitiveness was aroused; and inquisitiveness was almost a disease with Bunter. He confided it to Skinner and Snoop, and asked their opinion. Skinner's opinion was that Wharton wanted to keep him from sponging on D'Arcy

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 358.

ORDER TO-DAY! A MAGNIFICENT 3d. BOOK STORY.

of St. Jim's, a suggestion which Bunter replied to with an angry snort. Snoop suggested that the Co. meant to jape him while they were out for that little walk; but Bunter replied that his "pals" were "a diabolical sort of bouncers like Snoop—a remark that led to trouble with Sidney James. Bunter's curiosity on the subject had to remain unsatisfied, which was a great worry to his mind; but he was determined that his healthy appetite, at all events, should not remain unsatisfied. He intended to have the time of his life that afternoon.

After lessons he linked arms with Harry Wharton as they came out of the Form-room. The captain of the Remove glared down at the fat junior.

"Leggo!" he growled.

"I say, Harry, old chap—"

Wharton made a grimace, and resigned himself to his fate. They went out into the Close with linked arms. Lord Mauleverer came along, and looked at them with some surprise. He had not known that Wharton and Bunter were so chummy.

"Beard! You care to come out in a car this afternoon, Wharton?" asked his lordship. "I'm going for a little run."

"Jolly glad to, only I've got an engagement," said Harry.

"That's all right," said Bunter at once. "We'll both go in the car, Harry. The other fellows can go for a walk by themselves. I say, Mauly—"

But Lord Mauleverer appeared to be deaf. He nodded to Wharton, and walked away, leaving the Owl of the Remove glowering after him.

Owing to recent heavy rain, footer had been abandoned for the afternoon; and the Famous Five intended to have a tramp across country. The addition of the Owl of the Remove to the party was not grateful or comforting. Bunter was too lazy to walk much, and he was never fit, and he was generally complaining. But the Co. loyally backed up their leader in taking Bunter under his wing. At any cost of trouble to themselves he had to be kept away from Luxford.

"I suppose you've let D'Arcy know you're not coming, tubby?" growled Johnny Bull, after dinner, when the juniors were preparing to start.

"Oh, that's all right, Johnny, old pal! He won't expect me."

"If you call me 'Johnny, old pal,' I'll thump you!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Johnny—"

Johnny Bull made a stride towards the fat junior, greatly incensed, but Bob Cherry yanked him back in time.

"Choose it, Johnny; all old pals this afternoon."

"Quite right, Bob, old chap!" said Bunter.

Bob Cherry breathed hard through his nose. But he allowed the "Bob old chap" to pass. Bunter was a privileged person that afternoon.

"Ready!" growled Bull.

"I say, you fellows, we're going to have a snack before we start, ain't we?" asked Bunter.

"You've only just had your dinner, you fat rotter!"

"I could do with a few tarts. However, you can please yourselves," said Bunter, with dignity. "I can telegraph to St. Jim's, and my pal Gussy will—"

"Oh, come on!" snapped Wharton.

And the juniors adjourned to the tuckshop, where Billy Bunter soon proved that his dinner, hearty as it had been, had not destroyed his appetite, by any means.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, there goes Larry!" remarked Bob Cherry, as the stalwart figure of Mr. Lascelles, in cap and coat, crossed the Close towards the gates.

"Jolly queer about his being out late the other night, wasn't it?" said Bunter, blinking up from his tarts.

"Bow-wow! Ain't you finished yet?"

"I think I'll have some more tarts, as you're so pressing, Bob, old man." And Bunter had some more.

The Famous Five waited for him, looking out of the doorway of the tuckshop. Across the Close came Skinner and Snoop, heading for the gates. There was something peculiarly stealthy in their manner, and in the way their eyes were fixed upon the retreating figure of Mr. Lascelles, and a sudden suspicion came into Wharton's mind.

"There's stinking Larry!" muttered Bob Cherry. The same thought had occurred to him.

"The rotters!" muttered Wharton wrathfully. "I believe they are! I'll soon see. Inky, you bring that fat brute along after us."

"Certainly, my esteemed chum."

"Here, I say, you fellows—"

But the Co. did not heed Bunter. They hurried from the tuckshop, and followed Skinner and Snoop down to the gates. The two young rascals had paused in the road, looking up and down; and Skinner pointed out the figure of Mr. Lascelles, heading in the direction of Friarale. Both of them started in pursuit at once. It was evident enough now that they were following the mathematics master, with the in-

"THE BOY WITHOUT

A MAGNIFICENT 3d. BOOK STORY.

A NAME!"

By Frank Richards.

OUT NEW YEAR'S DAY.

tion of discovering where he was going, and for what. The four chums hurried after them.

Mr. Lascelles turned from the lane, taking a footpath across the wet fields that led in the direction of Redclyffe. Skinner and Snoop paused at the corner.

"He'll spot us in the field, Skippy!" muttered Snoop. "We'll get round by the lane, and pick him up again on the other side of the field," said Skinner. "Look! He's locking back! I tell you we're jolly well on the track. We'll find out something this afternoon. We—"

"No, you jolly well won't, you spying cad!" Skinner swung round, startled. He had been too busy watching Mr. Lascelles to think of observing whether he was watched himself.

He smiled a sickly smile at the four juniors. "Hallo, going for a walk, Wharton?" "Yes. What are you doing?" "Just—just taking a little stroll," said Skinner feebly. "Come on, Snoopy."

"You'll take a little stroll back to Greyfriars," said Wharton grimly, "otherwise, you'll take a little roll into the ditch, and you'll take your choice."

Skinner gave the captain of the Remove a savage look. Mr. Lascelles' stalwart form was disappearing across the field, and there was not much time to lose, if the track was not to be lost.

"Look here, I'm going where I like!" bawled Skinner. "You're not going to follow Larry!" said Bob Cherry coolly. "Spying ain't allowed in the Remove, my pippin." "If he's up to no harm, it doesn't matter if he's followed, I suppose," said Skinner, with a sneer. "No bribery of yours; you're not going."

"Well, I am going, and you can go and eat coke!" said Skinner defiantly, and he started to run for the lane. Bob Cherry's foot shot out, and Skinner stumbled over it, and then there was a terrific splash.

The end of the Remove disappeared almost entirely in the ditch, which was full to the brim from recent rain.

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Now, Snoop!" shouted Nugent.

But Snoop was already running for Greyfriars as hard as he could go. Skinner rose up in the ditch, a shocking sight. "Help me out, you rotters!" he yelled.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Bob Cherry gave Skinner a hand, and dragged him out of the ditch. He was smothered with mud from head to foot—reeking and dripping with it. And the expression on his face was almost homicidal.

"You—you—you beasts!" he spluttered. "I'll tell Mr. Quelch of this! You'll have to p-p-pay for my kik-kik-klothes!" Groch!"

"You can tell him at the same time that you were spying on Lascelles!" said Wharton contemptuously.

Skinner shook a muddied fist at his grinning chums. It occurred to him that it would hardly do to mention the matter to the Form-master. He spluttered with rage and mud, and tramped away towards the school, leaving a squeaking trail as he walked. With all his curiosity, and his keen desire to discover something to Mr. Lascelles' discredit, he did not feel inclined to do any more tracking in that state. The mathematics-master went on his way without any further shadowing from Skinner.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

A Pleasant Walk!

"I SAY, you fellows, I'm jolly well not going to hurry!" William George Bunter made that statement in aggrieved tones. The chums of the Remove were proceeding on what they called a snail's pace. But Bunter objected. "The snack at the tuckshop, after a hearty dinner, had left him in a state that was far from suitable for a long tramp across country."

"Oh, come on, you fat slacker!" growled Bob Cherry. "I'll tell you what," said Bunter, puffing and blowing; "it's silly rot, you know, this tramping in beastly December weather! Suppose we get into Redclyffe, and go to the picture palace?"

"Blow the picture palace!" said Wharton. "We've come out for exercise!"

"It's going to rain."

"Blow the rain!"

"I—I say, you fellows, I'm tired!"

"You haven't come two miles yet!" howled Johnny Bull.

"Shut up, and get a move on!"

"Besides, I'm getting hungry!"

"Hungry!"

"Yes; famished!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"You fellows undertook to give me a good time this afternoon, if I threw over my old pal D'Arcy for your sakes," said Bunter, in an injured tone. "I might have been having a topping feed at Luxford! Look here, let's stop at the next village, and have tea at the inn!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 350.

EVERY MONDAY, The "Magnet" LIBRARY, ONE PENNY.

"Tain't tea-time, owl!" "Well, I'm ready for tea, and you fellows can—can look on, you know!"

"When we want to look on at the animals being fed we'll go to the Zoo!" growled Bob Cherry. "Besides, we can see you perform at Greyfriars!"

"What are you stopping for, Bunter!" demanded Wharton.

"On second thoughts, I decline to pass the afternoon with you!" said Bunter, with dignity. "I can drop into Redclyffe Station, and catch the train for Luxford—"

"Oh, come on, and we'll have tea!" groaned Bob Cherry.

"That's a good idea, Bob, old man!" said Bunter, bucking up at once.

And in the village they halted at the inn, and Bunter proceeded to have tea.

Tea was a solid and substantial meal with William George Bunter, and he took plenty of time about it. Harry Wharton & Co. spent the time chiefly in glaring at him. But Billy Bunter did not mind their glaring, so long as they paid for the tea.

That afternoon was a considerable strain upon the unfortunate Co. Billy Bunter was very trying indeed. But they remembered that they were sacrificing their half-holiday for "Larry," and bore it as patiently as they could.

It was a good hour before Bunter condescended to get on the move again. And when he did move, his movements resembled those of a particularly fat and lazy tortoise.

"We'll keep on towards Lanham Hill, and then turn off and come home by the cliffs," Harry Wharton remarked.

"That will be about a nine-mile tramp."

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"What's the matter now?"

"Better take it easy to Redclyffe, and go home by train," suggested Bunter. "We can have a feed in Redclyffe to pass the time."

"A—a—feed! How many more feeds do you want?"

"I don't believe in making work of an afternoon's walk!" growled Bunter. "Still, if you fellows don't want to do the sensible thing, you can go on by yourselves, and I'll go—"

"Back to Greyfriars?"

"Oh, no," said Bunter calmly, "to Luxford! There's lots of trains to Luxford from Redclyffe—more than from Courtfield or Friarside, you know."

"I know I shall suffocate him before the day's out!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"What did you say, Bob, old chap?"

"Ahem! Looks like rain!" said Bob.

Billy Bunter's little scheme was quite plain. He did not mean to go far from Redclyffe, where, as he had remarked, there were plenty of trains for Luxford. The Co. felt strongly inclined to bump him into a ditch and leave him there. But they nobly restrained themselves.

"Hallo! Here's the Cyclists' Rest!" exclaimed Bunter, about ten minutes later.

"Well, that's nothing new!" granted Bob Cherry. "Come on!"

"I'm thirsty!"

There was another stop. Having satisfied his thirst, Bunter discovered that he was peckish, and proceeded to satisfy his hunger. He supplied the wants, real or imaginary, of his voracious inner man, quite oblivious of the slaughterous looks of his companions. An afternoon's walk with Bunter was not the most enjoyable of all possible experiences.

Another start was made, Bunter's progress being slower than ever. He suggested that a trap might be hired in Redclyffe, and that driving was ever so much better than walking on a muddy day. His suggestion passed unheeded, the juniors tramping on in grim silence. Bunter looked at his watch.

"I say, you fellows, it's nearly three o'clock."

"And we've done about four miles all the giddy afternoon!" snorted Johnny Bull.

"Well, I don't see what you want to do rotten miles for!" said Bunter. "However, if you are tired of my company—"

"Oh, not at all!" said Nugent, with heavy sarcasm.

"I remember there's a train for Luxford at three-fifteen."

"Oh, shut up!"

"And if you can't be civil, I'll catch it!" said Bunter.

"You'll catch it soon, I know that!" murmured Johnny Bull, making a powerful drive in the air at an imaginary face.

"Very well, I'll be off!" said Bunter. "I've had a rotten afternoon; and there's still time to send a wire to St. Jim's—"

"Rot!" said Wharton. "It's too late for that, anyway!"

"That's my business!" said Bunter loftily. "Anyway, I'll jolly well find out what you want to keep me away from Luxford for!"

"You're not going to Luxford!" roared Johnny Bull. "I don't mind staying with you, if you assure me that you really want me to," said Bunter cheerfully. "What do you say, Harry, my boy?"

"Oh, stay!" said Wharton, between his teeth. "What do you say, Franky?"

"I'll—I'll—I—I mean, oh, do stay, old chap!" gasped Nugent.

"Very well," said Bunter magnanimously, "as you're so pressing, I'll stay with you! We'll rest a bit at that place down the road, and have something to eat."

"Eat! Oh, my only aunt!"

"Then we'll roll him home like a barrel!" said Bob Cherry. "Not much good going any further. May as well get back."

They rested, and Bunter had something to eat. He did not limit himself, under the comfortable circumstances of the bill being settled by the Famous Five. But even Billy Bunter had to leave off at last. His fat face had a very shiny look, and he seemed to breathe with considerable difficulty as he started again.

Harry Wharton led the way across the wide common outside Redclyffe, where buildings were few, and there was no place of refreshment where Bunter could call another halt.

The sky was deeply clouded now, and a few drops of rain were beginning to fall. Bunter blinked up at the clouds.

"I say, you fellows, it's going to rain!"

"Well, let it rain!"

"I'm jolly well not going to get wet through!" roared Bunter indignantly. "I believe you'd be glad if I caught a cold!"

"Colds ain't fatal!" growled Johnny Bull. "No good your catching a cold."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm going to get some shelter from the rain, anyway!" said Bunter. "You fellows can go on if you like. Then when the shower's over, I'll get back to Redclyffe and catch the train for—"

"Shut up!"

The rain was beginning to fall heavily, and as the juniors had neither overcoats nor umbrellas with them, they began to think of shelter as well as Bunter. The voice of the fat junior was raised in ceaseless complaint.

"I say, it is getting a bit thick!" said Bob Cherry at last, gazing round over the wide wet expanse of the moorland.

"Anybody know of a shelter?"

"There's the barn across the fields," said Wharton. "It's half a mile further on, I think; I've sheltered there before."

"Better make for that."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Shut up, and log it!" said Bob.

Bunter did not like "logging" it; but there was nothing else to be done, and as the rain was falling more and more thickly, he "logged" it with unaccustomed vigour. The juniors came in sight of the barn, standing lonely and desolate in the midst of the wet fields.

"Here we are!" exclaimed Nugent.

"Buck up!"

And the juniors hurried off towards the barn.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter in Danger!

"ICE state we're in!" growled Billy Bunter.

The Owl of the Remove shook the raindrops off as the juniors entered the deserted barn. Outside, the rain was falling faster.

Harry Wharton & Co. stood looking out of the doorway over the drenched fields, while Billy Bunter grumbled and growled.

"Nice afternoon to choose for a walk!" went on Bunter, in injured tones. "We might have been in the bunshop in Redclyffe now, if you'd taken my advice! I think one of you might have brought a coat for me. Groo! I'm damp! I feel sure I shall catch a cold, and it will be all your fault! Yow?"

The Co. did not take the trouble to reply. Billy Bunter was safely housed in the barn.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 359.

now, and he could not go to Luxford without walking through a heavy downpour of rain. There was no more need to worry about Bunter.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There's somebody else coming for shelter!" said Bob Cherry, after the juniors had been in the barn about half an hour, during which time Billy Bunter had kept up a steady stream of grumbling.

Four figures in overcoats could be seen crossing the field by the wet footpath to the barn. The juniors glanced at them carelessly.

They were evidently making for the barn. But as they came nearer Wharton gave a start, and fixed his eyes upon them more intently.

"By Jove!" he said, under his breath. "It's Larry!"

"Larry?" repeated Bob.

"Yes; look!"

There was no doubt about it. One of the figures crossing the field was the mathematics master of Greyfriars. And a minute later Wharton recognised one of the others—that of Mr. Sawyer, the fat gentleman who had once visited Greyfriars to see Mr. Lascelles—the old "pug" who had been Larry Lynx's trainer.

The other two men were short, stumpy, strongly-built fellows, with bulldog faces, about which there seemed to be something familiar to the juniors.

Harry Wharton drew his companions further back into the barn.

"Shush!" he murmured. "Not a word for Bunter to hear! You know those chaps?"

The juniors nodded. Mr. Lascelles was in company with his old trainer, and with the two "pugs" the juniors had seen with Mr. Sawyer long ago, with whom Larry Lynx used to train.

There was no doubt now that "Larry" had taken up once more with his old associates. Quite by chance the ehums of the Remove had stumbled upon clear and convincing proof of it.

It was a troublesome situation. Mr. Lascelles had not seen them yet; but in a few minutes the boxers would have arrived in the barn, and then—

Wharton glanced uneasily towards Bunter. Bunter had gone as far as possible from the door to keep out of the draught, and was thumping his fat chest to keep himself warm. He had not seen the boxers yet.

"My hat!" whispered Bob. "What's to be done? It's plain enough now—Lascelles is the man who is going to fight at Luxford!"

"Looks like it," said Nugent.

"It's certain now," said Wharton, in a low voice. "But, as I said before, it isn't our business, and nothing's to be said about it!"

"That's all very well for us—but Bunter!"

Wharton compressed his lips.

"There's the rub!"

It was decidedly unlucky. They had succeeded in keeping Billy Bunter away from Luxford, where he would probably have made the discovery of Larry's new departure, and they had inadvertently brought him to a place where he was quite certain to make the discovery.

But their well-meant intervention had made matters worse instead of better.

"Larry mustn't find us here," whispered Wharton. "He mustn't know that we know. And Bunter's not to know, anyway!"

Bob Cherry made a grimace.

"They'll be here in a few minutes—they're coming here. And we can't get out without being seen, old chap!"

"There's the loft."

"But—but—"

"We can lie low there till they're gone, and Larry won't know we've seen him at all," whispered Wharton.

"But Bunter—he won't go up into the loft without knowing the reason—"

"Hang him! He'll have to!"

"I say, you fellows, what are you whispering about?" demanded Bunter, coming towards them, and blinking at them suspiciously.

He glanced out of the doorway, and caught sight of the four overcoated figures; but fortunately the Owl of the Remove was too short-sighted to recognise them.

"Get up into the loft!" said Harry.

"The loft!" repeated Bunter. "I'm not going to climb up that beastly ladder! What do you want to get into the loft for? I'm going to stay here!"

OUT ON NEW YEAR'S DAY!

"THE BOY WITHOUT A NAME!"

A Magnificent 3d. Book Story

By FRANK RICHARDS.

Order a copy of No. 288, THE "BOYS' FRIEND" 3d. LIBRARY, from your News-agent To-day.

Owing to the Great War, only a limited number can be printed. You are bound to be disappointed unless you order your copy.

EDITOR.



"You're a brick, sir!" gasped Bob Cherry. "I wish somebody would kick me. I was an ass—we were all asses. Forry!" Mr. Lascelles smiled, and went to his study. Then Coker of the Fifth roared: "Three cheers for the Greyfriars boxer!" And they were given with a will! (See Chapter 15.)

"Well, it's warmer there—there's hay, you know—"
"Oh, rot!"

Bob Cherry put his finger to his lips.

"You see those four fellows coming here, Bunter?"

"Of course I do!" said Bunter peevishly. "What—"

"Well, don't you know the German military overcoat?"

said Bob, in a thrilling whisper.

Bunter jumped.

"Germans!" he stammered.

"It's come at last," said Bob, his voice more thrilling than ever. "They've landed!"

"Oh, rot!" said Bunter uneasily.

"I'll tell you what, you fellows," said Bob. "We'll hide up in the loft, and leave Bunter down here. The Germans may not kill him. Of course, they killed lots of people in Belgium, and they have a way of shooting on sight, but perhaps they'll let Bunter alone. Anyway, I'm going up. Don't make a sound. That fellow with a revolver in his hand looks an awfully ferocious chap!"

The juniors very nearly gave Bob's little game away by bursting into a laugh; but they restrained themselves in time, and contrived to look awfully serious. Johnny Bull made a panic-stricken rush for the upright ladder leading into the loft, and swarmed up it, and Inky rushed after him.

"I—I say, you fellows, help me up!" gasped Bunter. "Help me up, you beasts! I—I can't climb that beastly ladder! You rotters, don't run away and leave me to be shot! You beasts, lend me a hand! Ow!"

"You can stay down here; they may be satisfied with shooting out—"

"Help me, you rotters!"

Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry "bunked" Bunter up the ladder, and the fat junior scrambled into the loft. He dived into a heap of hay, trying frantically to conceal his fat figure—not very successfully.

The others followed him, and Wharton closed the trapdoor over the opening.

A couple of minutes later there were steps in the barn below, and a murmur of voices.

Billy Bunter lay gasping in the hay.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Hush!"

"Can you hear what they're saying, Wharton?"

Wharton put his ear to an orifice in the plank floor of the loft. Then he rose again with a look of great alarm. Bunter watched his face in terror.

"Fifty thousand Uhlans landed in the bay!" whispered Wharton. "Scouts being sent out on all sides, with instructions to shoot everybody they meet!"

"Oh, dear!"

"That's the German system," said Bob Cherry, in a shaky voice. "They shoot a lot of people, you know, to strike terror into the rest. If they find out we're here—"

"Oh, don't suggest such a thing!" gasped Nugent. "It means puff, bang, and we're done for!"

"We might be able to run for it," murmured Johnny Bull. "Of course, Bunter can't run—he's too fat; but it's better for one to be shot than all of us!"

"I—I say, you fellows, don't be cads!" groaned Bunter. "Stick to me! Don't run away and leave an old pal! It ought to be prohibited to have schools on the sea coast!"

They might have known those beastly Germans would land some day! Ow!"

"Hush! Wharton, what are they doing now?"

"Hush! If they hear you—"

"I—I say, suppose you fellows cover me up with hay?" whispered Bunter. "Then—then they won't see me if they come up here!"

"Well, you'll have to keep quiet!"

"I—I won't breathe a word! What—what are they doing, Bob?" groaned Bunter, as Bob Cherry looked down through the crack in the planks.

"Loading their revolvers," said Bob solemnly.

"Oh, crumbs!"

"I say, you chaps," said Wharton, in a low voice, "as we brought Bunter out this afternoon, it's up to us to protect him first. We must save Bunter. Let's cover him up with hay, and take our chance ourselves."

"I—that's right," whispered Bunter. "It's only fair. You brought me here—you put me in danger! Oh, dear! Once I get out of this, I'll ask my people to send me to the North of Scotland! Ow!"

"Quick, you ass!"

The Famous Five proceeded to cover Bunter up with hay. They were particularly careful to cover up his head, in case he should recognise the voices that were speaking below.

Bunter remained in blissful unconsciousness of the fact that his fat legs remained clearly visible through the hay. However, he was quite safe from the Germans, which was really all he wanted. He lay quivering and palpitating under the hay, and the Famous Five chuckled silently.

Certainly nobody but an egregious funk like Billy Bunter would have been so easily scared; but Bob Cherry's suddenly-devised scheme had worked like a charm. So long as the fat junior believed that the men in the barn below were German Uhlans, he was not likely to make a sound to betray his presence there.

"Safe as houses!" murmured Bob, suppressing his mirth. "I wonder how long they're going to stay. The rain's clearing off already."

Through the gap in the planks the juniors had a clear view of the barn below. But the four men in the barn did not look upwards. They had no suspicion that anyone but themselves was in the building.

The juniors' first idea had been that Mr. Lascelles and his companions had come into the barn to seek shelter from the rain. But they soon made the awkward discovery that they were there for quite another purpose. They had taken off their overcoats, and Mr. Sawyer had opened a bag. From the bag he took two pairs of boxing-gloves.

"Now then, Toodles," said Mr. Sawyer.

"Right-ho," said Toodles. "I'm ready for yer, Larry!"

Mr. Lascelles smiled, and donned a pair of boxing-gloves. And the Famous Five, in growing dismay, watched the two boxers set to.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Boxers!

LARRY LYNX was quite his old self now.

He had taken off his coat and waistcoat, and tied his braces about his waist, and he looked every inch a fighting man.

The chums of the Remove watched the scene in dismay. The rain was clearing off, but the boxers were evidently not there for shelter. The old barn was a rendezvous. They understood now how it was that Skinner and Snood had discovered Mr. Lascelles to be absent from his room at a late hour. The mathematics master was in training for a boxing-match.

There could be no doubt about it. The doubts the juniors had felt, or tried to feel, on the subject, had to be banished now. The energy with which the mathematics master had of late taken up boxing in the gym, and push-ball exercise, pointed to the same conclusion. If he was indeed training for the fight at Luxford Stadium, however, he required more serious practice than that. Hence the meetings with his old trainer and the two pups.

The juniors could not doubt now that Mr. Lascelles met his old associates regularly for the same purpose; doubtless this lonely barn was their regular rendezvous.

Probably it was here that he had met them on the night that Skinner had discovered his absence; probably he met them here on a great many occasions when his absence had not been discovered. As he was occupied in the school every day, his training had to be done in the evenings—excepting on a half-holiday, when he naturally came to the meeting-place in the daytime.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 359.

ORDER TO-DAY! "THE BOY WITHOUT A NAME" A Magnificent 3d. Book Story. By Frank Richards. OUT NEW YEAR'S DAY.

And the Famous Five, quite unintentionally, had surprised his secret.

They could not blame themselves for having made the discovery. They would have given a good deal not to have made it. What were they to think of Mr. Lascelles now, knowing, as they did, the solemn pledge he had given to the Head that his boxing days were over?

They were feeling dismayed and exceedingly uncomfortable. Wharton had said that it was no business of theirs to judge the mathematics master, and that was true. They did not know all the circumstances. But they could not help seeing the evidence of their eyes, and they could not help realising that, if the matter became known at the school, it would mean a painful shock for the Head, and undoubtedly the mathematics master would be asked to resign his position in the school.

It was a shock for them, too, but they were loyal. Not a word should pass their lips as to what they had discovered. That was tacitly agreed. Mr. Lascelles himself should not know that they knew he had disregarded his engagement. And at any cost, Bunter should be kept from knowing it.

They remained as quiet as mice in the loft, while the boxing practice went on below. It was worth watching. Larry Lynx was in all his old form, and he knocked Mr. Toodles right and left. The other punching-man took Mr. Toodles' place, to give him a rest. Mr. Sawyer looked on with great delight in his weather-beaten face, and he rubbed his broken nose with great satisfaction. It was easy to see how he enjoyed seeing his old pupil at his old work again.

"My hey!" said Mr. Sawyer, and his strident voice came clearly up to the loft. "You're ori, right, Larry, you are! Toppen". The Bermondsey Slogger won't 'ave 'arf a earthly, you take my word."

Mr. Lascelles smiled genially.

"Sound in wind and limb—right as a trivet," went on Mr. Sawyer. "Which I was afraid that schoolmastering and sich would 'ave spiled your form, Larry. But you've pecked up wonderful. You ain't been in training more'n a week, and 'ere you are, Larry Lynx 'imself again!"

"I think I shall have a chance," said Mr. Lascelles, in his deep, pleasant voice.

"You bet your sweet life!" said Mr. Sawyer enthusiastically. "Not but what the Slogger is a good man, and he's in great form. But you'll whop him—you'll whop him to the wide Larry."

"Which I think so, too," said Toodles.

"And there ain't nothing to be pecked up for the fight," said Mr. Sawyer regretfully. "All for them blessed Belgians."

"It's a good cause, Sawyer."

"I ain't denying it," said Sawyer. "But think of the purses as you could annex, Larry, if you was to go it regular, same as old times. 'Ere you are, Toodles, put on them gloves agin."

"I say, you fellows——" came a whisper from the heap of hay.

The juniors looked anxiously at Billy Bunter. His spectacles were glimmering out of the hay.

"Shush!"

"Ain't they gone yet?"

"Not yet."

"Tain't raining," said Bunter. "It's stopped long ago."

"Well, they're still there."

"What are they doing now?" mumbled Bunter. "I can hear them tramping about."

"Fighting!" said Bob Cherry solemnly. "Two of them are fighting! Shows how frightfully savage they are! Keep quiet."

"Fighting! Oh, the beasts! If they'll fight with one another, what will they do with us if they find us!" groaned Bunter.

"Sudden death!" said Johnny Bull.

"Ow!"

Bunter disappeared into the hay again.

The juniors resumed their watch. They were intensely anxious for the boxing practice to be over, and for the boxers to go. At any moment Bunter might discover that he had been taken in, and might learn the real facts. But there was no sign so far of the boxers going. They had stopped for a rest, and were chatting in the barn, and their talk ran on previous encounters in which Larry Lynx had figured. Then the boxing was resumed, under the careful, watching eye of the old trainer, who waxed more and more enthusiastic over the form his pupil was in.

"I say, you fellows——"

"Hist! Hush!"

"B-b-but ain't they gone yet?" groaned Bunter.

"Can't you hear them, fathead?"

"I—I say, I'll come and have a look at them," muttered Bunter.

"If they hear you moving, they'll know there's somebody up here," said Bob Cherry in a whisper. "Better be careful."

"Oh, lor'!"

Bunter squirmed into the hay again. Harry Wharton & Co. waited in keen anxiety. To their great relief, the boxing was over at last, and the pugilists resumed their coats, and Mr. Sawyer packed up his paraphernalia in the bag. Mr. Lascelles and his companions prepared to go.

"Monday heaving next," said Mr. Sawyer.

"I say, you fellows, I know that voice," came a growl from Billy Bunter. "That ain't German! They're not speaking in German at all!"

"Shush!"

"They're not speaking German, I tell you! You—you utter beasts! You've been spoofing me!" gasped Bunter. He wriggled out of the hay, his fat face red with rage. He realised at last that his fat leg had been pulled, and he rolled towards the Famous Five in a fury. He blinked through the crack in the planks, and surveyed an empty barn. The boxers had stepped outside.

"Where are they, you beasts? Who were they?"

"Oh, go and eat cake!" growled Bob Cherry.

Bunter made a rush towards the little window in the left, and blinked out. The juniors rushed after him and dragged him back; but too late! The Owl of the Remove had seen the four men just below the window, and recognised them!

"You—you rotters!" gasped Bunter, as the Famous Five dragged him away from the window. "It's—it's Lascelles and that broken-nosed boxer, Sawyer, and—and—groo—"

"Shut up!"

"I won't—grooo!"

Bunter had to shut up, as Bob Cherry clapped a hand over his mouth. He gurgled into silence.

Wharton looked from the window. The four pugilists were walking rapidly away, quite unconscious of the fact that they had been seen. They were very quickly out of hearing of the barn.

Then Billy Bunter was released. He gasped for breath, and set his spectacles straight on his fat little nose, and blinked furiously at them.

"You—you beasts! The Germans ain't landed at all—they weren't Uhlans. Oh, you rotters!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beasts!" howled Bunter. "You've been keeping me penned up here a couple of hours, so that I shouldn't see these fellows with those boxers. I know the whole game now. He's been prize-fighting again, and you wanted to keep me in the dark, you rotters!"

"Look here Bunter—"

"You beasts! You wait till I get back to Greyfriars; I'll jolly well show you whether it's going to be kept dark!" howled Bunter. "I'll teach you to stuff me into a heap of hay for nothing! That chap is a beastly prize-fighter, and he'd get the sack if it was known! And I'll show him up—you see!"

The chums of the Remove looked at one another in helpless dismay. All their trouble had been in vain. Bunter had been "bottled up" till the last moment—and now he knew it all! And he was so furious that it was evident he would lose no time in spreading the story in the school.

The fat junior dragged open the trapdoor, and scrambled down the ladder. The rain had long ceased. Billy Bunter tramped furiously out of the barn, and the Famous Five followed him in dismay, and at a loss how to proceed. Somehow or other Billy Bunter's tongue had to be stopped—but how?

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Soft Sawder!

"WHAT'S going to be done!" groaned Bob Cherry, as the Famous Five tramped across the wet fields after Bunter.

"Goodness knows!"

"He will jaw!" said Johnny Bull.

"The jawfulness will be—"

"Terrific!" groaned Bob Cherry. "All the fat's in the fire now! Better have let the fat feast go to Luxford. He mightn't have seen the posters. Now we've made matters worse."

"Well, it couldn't be foreseen," said Harry. "We couldn't know that that blessed barn was their rendezvous. Skinner would have found it out if we hadn't stopped him. And then we marched that fat brute right on the scene! Oh, it's rotten!"

"Suppose we thrash him," said Johnny Bull thoughtfully. "We might give him an awful hiding, you know, as a warning, and promise him another if he says a word."

"That wouldn't keep his silly tongue quiet."

"Try soft sawder!" suggested Nugent. "We've got to THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 359.

keep this dark for Larry's sake if we can. Whatever he's up to, we don't want to see him sacked."

Harry Wharton nodded. Licking Bunter would have afforded some satisfaction, but it would not have kept the secret. "Soft sawder" might be effective; though it went very much against the grain to apply that means of persuasion to a fellow like Bunter. But it was for "Larry's" sake, and they decided to try it.

"Tired, Bunter, old man!" asked Bob Cherry, joining the fat junior.

Bunter granted.

"Of course I'm tired, you idiot, and hungry, too! Still, I've got some news for the fellows when I get back."

"If you're tired, old chap," said Johnny Bull, with deep affection, "we'll hire a trap at Friardale."

"So you ought, after bringing me out on a silly tramp like this," said Bunter.

"Well, we'll do it," said Wharton; "and if you're peckish, old—old chap, we'll stop at Uncle Clogg's for a bit of a feed."

Bunter's fat face brightened up.

"Right-ho, Harry, old son!" he said, with his objectionable familiarity. "I don't mind if I do. Come on; I think I can walk a bit faster."

They walked a bit faster, and arrived at length at Uncle Clogg's little shop in Friardale. The supplies Bunter had taken in during the afternoon had not diminished his appetite apparently. He wired into cakes and tarts at a great speed, and grew quite friendly over the feed.

"Of course, I know you fellows were spoofing me all the time," he remarked, with his mouth full. "I took you in you know. I knew jolly well that the Germans hadn't landed. I'll bet you thought I was scared."

"We did," admitted Bob.

"He, he, he!" chuckled Bunter.

"He he, he!" said Bob.

"I'll have some more tarts, and another cake, and some ginger-pop. I say, you fellows, you'd better see about getting that trap."

"All right, Bunter."

"I'll take some of these tarts back with me," said Bunter. "Keep account of the bill; I'll settle it later."

"Oh, that's all right!"

"I insist upon your keeping a note of the amount," said Bunter, with dignity. "After the way you've treated me, I decline to feed at your expense. I shall settle this out of my next postal-order. I'm rather short of money now, owing to the big contributions I've made to the Prince of Wales's Fund."

"The—the what?" gasped Bob Cherry. "Why, you lying worm— I—I—I mean, that was awfully generous of you, Bunter."

"I'm a generous chap," said Bunter. "As I am going to settle for these things later, I'll take a couple of those big cakes with me, as well as a lag of tarts. May as well have some toffee, too. And some cream puffs. And bulleeyes."

"Oh, go it!" gasped Wharton. "Don't mind us."

"Thanks! I won't," assented Bunter. "Some of the doughnuts, too—a couple of pounds. And a jar of jam. And a tin of biscuits. And a pineapple. Wrap 'em up in a parcel, Mr. Clegg. Are you settling for this, Wharton—till my remittance comes?"

"Oh, ye-es!"

Wharton settled the little bill, which relieved him of all his spare cash. The application of "soft sawder" to William George Bunter seemed likely to prove an expensive operation. The trap came round, and Bunter took his place in it with his bundle, and they drove off to Greyfriars.

"I—I say, Bunter, old man," murmured Wharton. "We want to keep it dark about what was going on at the barn, you know. We depend on you, as—as a pal."

"I'm afraid I shall have to mention it, Wharton, from a sense of duty. You see, Lascelles is deceiving the Head. I hate deception. And he's a mathematical beast, too. I'm sick of his extra toot. I never could stand anything underhand."

"Why, you fat rotter—"

"Eh?"

"I—I mean, better keep it dark—to oblige your pals," urged Wharton.

"Well, if you put it like that," said Bunter, relenting. "I might think of it. Of course, I shall expect you to treat me decently—as a pal."

"The palfulness will be terrific, my esteemed fat Bunter."

"Well, you can rely on me as a pal," said Bunter, magnanimously. "I know you fellows don't feel as I do about these things. I was always particular not to get mixed up in anything underhand."

"What?" yelled Bob Cherry.

"Shut up, Bob!"

"Look here, Cherry—"

"Sorry!" murmured Bob. "We all know how noble you are, Bunter. We all know what a— a splendid chap you are. Oh, crumbs!"

"I'll settle for this trap," said Bunter, when they dismounted at the school gates; "you can leave that to me."

"Right-ho!" said Harry. "It's three-and-six."

"I mean, when my postal-order comes, of course," said Bunter peevishly.

Wharton paid for the trap, and they went in. Billy Bunter cheerfully marched into No. 1 Study with the chums of the Remove.

"Fire's out," he howled. "Get a fire going, for goodness' sake; I'm cold! And I hope there's going to be a decent tea."

The fire was soon going, and there was a decent tea. Billy Bunter did full justice to it, and waxed friendlier than ever. His fat face beamed like a full moon over the well-spread board.

"I say you fellows! I don't mind if I have tea in this study every day," he remarked. "Todd keeps me awfully short in No. 7. He's a mean beast, you know. I was really much better treated when I used to be in this study. I'll come back."

That generous offer was received in frozen silence. "Soft sawder" was all very well. But there are some things that would be very difficult to stand even for Larry's sake.

Bunter blinked at Wharton and Nugent.

"Well!" he said. "What do you say?"

Wharton gave his study-mate a hopeless glance.

"We—we— we'll try it," stammered Nugent.

"If you don't want me say so," said Bunter; "I'm not the chap to shove myself where I'm not wanted. After tea, as I'm staying here, I'll get on with my article for the 'Herald.' I offered you a poem for the school rag the other day, Wharton, and you refused it."

"I'll take it now," gasped the unhappy editor of the "Greyfriars Herald."

"Good! The paper is really in want of bucking up with something good," said Bunter. "I've written a poem about the war, which is really topping. It begins:

"Boys in khaki who are facing the foe,

Stick to your guns, though thousands of chaps are laid low!"

"My hat!"

"The rest is quite as good as that," said Bunter.

"Then it must be a regular corker!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"I shall expect it to appear on the front page," said Bunter softly. "In fact, I'm willing to take over the editorship of the 'Herald' entirely. It's high time that it was in capable hands; dog's your think so?"

"You— you— you— ahem! Yes."

Bunter fumbled in his pocket and produced a crumpled sheet of notepaper.

"I'll read the whole of it out to you," he said. "Or you can read it out, Wharton, while I get on with the toast."

Wharton took the paper, and glanced at it. Then he jumped, and, in a furious voice, read out:

"Dear Bunter,—I am sorry that I shall not be able to meet you in Lufford, as I have quite given up the idea of learning ventriloquism. I regret also that I am unable to forward a loan of two pounds.—Yours sincerely,

"ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY."

"I—I say, that's the wrong paper!" gasped Bunter. "That's my letter from my pal D'Arcy! Gimme my letter!"

"You fat rotter!" roared Wharton, quite forgetting the policy of "soft sawder." "You spoofing end, you weren't going to Lufford at all!"

"I—I—I— Oh, really, Wharton—"

"The— the spoofing beast!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "He was spoofing us all the time! He never meant to go to Lufford, and—and we—"

"The rotter! He only wanted to raise money for a feed, of course!" groaned Nugent. "We ought to have known that."

"I—I say, you fellows, you—you know—"

The Famous Five glared at Bunter. They had taken charge of the Owl of the Remove that afternoon, to keep him away from Lufford, and he had no appointment there at all—had never intended to go. The "railway fare" he had sought to raise was, of course, for expenditure in the tuckshop. It was one more of Billy Bunter's various and ingenious devices for raising the wind. And in keeping him away from Lufford—where he would not have gone in any case—the juniors had placed him in possession of Mr. Lascelles' secret, at the barn where the boxers had met.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 259.

It was too much!

Harry Wharton & Co. felt inclined to kick themselves; but they felt still more inclined to kick Bunter. And they did!

Wharton jammed the letter down the back of Bunter's neck, and vanished him out of his chair.

"Oh! Handed off, you beast!" roared Bunter. "Keep your beastly hoofs away, Bob Cherry, you rotter! I—I say— Yow! I—I say— Yaroo! Grooh! Oh, lo! Oh, erkey!"

Five boots jammed upon the fat person of the Owl of the Remove, and he flew out of the study like a stone from a catapult. He landed in the passage with a wild roar, but he did not rest there. Bob Cherry dribbled him down the passage as if he had been an over-blown football, and Bunter rolled down the stairs, and fled howling.

Bob returned to No. 1 Study, panting.

"I—I say," murmured Nugent, "what about the soft sawder?"

"Oh, my hat!" said Bob, in dismay. "I forgot that!"

The chums had all forgotten it for the moment. And it was a little too late to renew the operation now. They finished their tea in glum silence.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Skinner Wants to Know!

SKINNER looked into No. 1 Study when the Famous Five were finishing their tea. Skinner's face was quite excited. It needed only a glance for the juniors to see that Billy Bunter had already been relating the adventures of the afternoon.

"I've just seen Bunter—" began Skinner.

"Go and see him again!" suggested Bob Cherry, not at all politely.

"He's told me a thumping queer yarn," said Skinner, unheeding Bob's suggestion, and watching their faces curiously. "I say, it is true that you've seen Lascelles this afternoon and that trainer chap Sawyer, boxing in a barn?"

"Find out!"

"Well, it can't be kept dark now that Bunter knows," argued Skinner. "You may as well tell me all about it. Bunter says you took him for a tramp on purpose to keep him from going to Lufford—"

"Bow-wow!"

"What did you want to keep him away from Lufford for?"

"Find out!"

"And he says that you know as well as he does that Lascelles is in with those prize-fighting bounders—"

"Scat!"

"He says he's had a rotten time, and you half-starved him, after promising to look after him, and told him yarns about the Germans landing," said Skinner. "You were trying to keep him from discovering Lascelles boxing in the barn—"

"B-r-r-r-r!"

"Well, if you deny it—" said Skinner.

"Rats!"

"Look here, we all know Bunter, but it looks to me as if there's something in this!" exclaimed Skinner. "He can't have made it all up. I think—"

"Go and think something else, and give us a rest!" snapped Wharton.

And he pushed the inquiring Skinner out of the study, and closed the door after him.

"All over Greyfriars by this time," said Nugent, with a hopeless gesture.

"Still, even Skinner only half-believes Bunter," said Wharton. "Lucky Bunter is well known as a champion. Anyway, so long as we don't say anything, the fellows won't take it all in. We can't deny it, of course; but we can keep our mouths shut."

"The shuftiness will be terrific, my esteemed chum!"

It was all the chums of the Remove could do, to keep silent and hope for the best. When they descended to the common-room a little later, a good many fellows asked them questions.

"Ask Bunter!" was their reply.

"We've asked Bunter; or, rather, he's jawed us!" said Bolsover major. "We want to know whether it's true or not about Lascelles."

"Ask Lascelles!"

"Oh, rats! Why can't you tell us?"

"Bunter is purveyor of cock-and-bull stories," said Bob Cherry; "we're not going to poach on his preserves! We leave the whole binny to Bunter. He can tell you what he likes, and we won't contradict a word. Can't say fairer than that."

And with that the inquiring youths had to be satisfied. They questioned Bunter again, and Bunter was more than willing to furnish particulars. He proceeded to embellish

his story in his usual way, and soon succeeded in convincing most of the fellows—quite unintentionally, of course—that it was a "whopper" from beginning to end.

But Skinner and Snoop did not regard it as a whopper. They had very strong doubts about Bunter's veracity; but they wanted to believe this particular yarn, and that made all the difference. Harold Skinner was thinking it over deeply. When he went up to do his prep, he found the Bounder in the study, and proceeded to question him.

"You were at Luxford the other day, Smithy, when you went to see your pater?" he began.

"Yes," drawled the Bounder.

"Was there anything special on?"

"Yes, my pater was there!"

"What do you mean that?" growled Skinner. "Look here!

What do you think about Lascelles?"

"I don't think about him at all!"

"You've heard Bunter's yarn? Well, I've said all along that Lascelles was really Larry Lynx, the boxer, and I never believed that he had chucked it. He's keeping it up secretly, and the Head would give him the push if he knew. Now, if he's in training for a fight—and it appears that he is—the fight will come off somewhere," said Skinner shrewdly. "When he boxed before, it was at Chilford, but that's not very far from here, and he was spotted there. He would choose a place further off if he was going in for it again, wouldn't he?"

"Shouldn't wonder."

"Well, then, mightn't that be the reason why those fellows wanted to keep Bunter from going to Luxford?" said Skinner.

The Bounder yawned.

"If Bunter had gone to Luxford, he wouldn't have been in the barn near Redclyffe," he suggested. "Lascelles couldn't have been at Luxford, if Bunter saw him in the barn, as he says."

"I know that. But he's in training now; they were only boxing for practice in the barn. He had his trainer there—that broken-nosed chap who came here once. It means that he's preparing for a fight in public, of course, and it's as likely to take place at Luxford as anywhere else. They have a Stadium there, where sporting events take place. I've been there once myself. Now," said Skinner sagely, "if there's a going to be a boxing event at Luxford, it would be advertised."

"Pass me my Latin grammar."

"And if Bunter had gone to Luxford, he might have spotted the announcements—see?" exclaimed Skinner triumphantly.

"Go on! Gimme my grammar!"

"Hang your grammar! Look here, Smithy, when you were at Luxford did you see anything about a boxing contest coming off—any posters or anything?"

"Skinner, old man, you talk too much!" said the Bounder.

"I want to do my prep. Do shut up, like a good chap!"

"But, don't you see," exclaimed Skinner eagerly, "if we could bowl out the rotter, we could tell the Head, and get him the push! It would mean no more mathematics till a new man came, perhaps—anyway, it would be a regular downer for Lascelles!"

"I don't want to down Lascelles; I get on with him all right. So would you, if you weren't such a beastly slacker!" said the Bounder coolly.

"You mean that you won't help me in this?" growled Skinner.

"Exactly! Now shut up and let a chap work!"

And Vernon-Smith declined to say another word on the subject. Skinner sullenly set himself to his preparation. When it was finished, he quitted the study and looked for Sidney James Snoop.

"Got anything out of Smithy?" asked Snoop eagerly.

"The rotter is keeping mum!" growled Skinner. "He's backing up our rotters; he doesn't want to down Lascelles. My belief is that Lascelles is training for a fight, and that it's going to come off at Luxford. That's the way I work it out; it's the only way to account for all we've found out."

"Looks like it," agreed Snoop. "You could find out by going to Luxford."

"Thumping long way to go; and then there's the fare!" grunted Skinner. "I know a trick worth two of that. If there's a contest coming off at Luxford, it's bound to be advertised in the Luxford local paper, and we can get a copy of that easily enough by sending a couple of stamps. Got a couple of stamps?"

"Ahem! No."

"Well, I have, then!" growled Skinner, who would have preferred to use Snoop's stamps. "I'll write for the paper at once, and we'll get it on Monday or Tuesday morning. And then we shall know for certain. Not a word, of course!"

"Of course," said Snoop, with a chuckle. "But—suppose you find out for certain—what then?"

"Then we'll go and see the contest," said Skinner, rubbing his hands. "We'll see the bounder in the prize-ring. It's THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 359.

worth the money for the show, anyway. And if it's really Lascelles, we'll tell the Head."

Snoop started.

"Tell the Head?" he exclaimed breathlessly.

"Why not?" said Skinner coolly. "It's our duty to open our kind headmaster's eyes if he's being deceived by an unscrupulous master, ain't it?"

"H'm—perhaps," said Snoop dubiously. "He wouldn't approve of our spying—ahem!—I mean, watching Lascelles, though—"

"No need to tell him that," said Skinner. "We drop into Luxford Stadium quite by chance to see the show. We are surprised and shocked, and—and grieved to recognise our mathematics master there, disgracing the school by acting like a common prize-fighter. We feel it our duty—our painful duty—to acquaint Dr. Locke with the matter."

Snoop looked at his astute chum admiringly.

"My hat, sounds just like Eric!" he remarked. "I suppose some rotten prig might really act like that—excuse me—I mean, of course, it's our duty to show up a master who'd bring disgrace on the school—a painful duty; but it has to be done."

"And it's going to be done," said Skinner. "I'll make the beast sorry for giving me extra maths, and getting me a thumping licking from Quelchly. And it will be one in the eye for No. 1 Study, too, as they're so jolly fond of Lascelles. Of course, he'll have to leave the school. He couldn't possibly stay after a show-up like that. Perhaps he'll be sorry, then, that he laid his paws on me!"

And Skinner proceeded to send his stamps for the local paper from Luxford; and he spent the next couple of days waiting anxiously for its arrival.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Proof Positive!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. had kept their own counsel; and as Billy Bunter's yarn was generally discredited in the Remove, little had been said, after all, on the subject of Mr. Lascelles and the boxers in the barn. The Famous Five had expected Skinner to take the matter up and keep it in prominence. But Skinner appeared to be willing to let it drop. He was content to bide his time, as a matter of fact, and to play a waiting game.

On Tuesday a paper arrived for Skinner, and after morning lessons, Skinner and Snoop hurried away into the solitude of the Cloisters to examine it undisturbed.

It was the local Luxford paper; and Skinner was not long in finding a prominent paragraph dealing with the forthcoming entertainment at the Stadium. The paper gave it half a column—in fact, expatiating upon the generosity of two well-known boxers in getting up a meeting for the benefit of the Belgian refugees. The contest was to take place in the Stadium on Wednesday afternoon, and a huge audience was expected, and all the profits of the undertaking were to go to swell the fund for the refugees. The two boxers were mentioned by name—the Bermudez Slogger, and the young boxer, Larry Lynx, "whose retirement from the ring had caused profound regret in circles devoted to the Fancy." Larry Lynx had consented to appear in the Ring once more solely in aid of the Refugees' Fund.

"That settles it," remarked Skinner, with great satisfaction.

"I—I say," said Snoop slowly, "it's jolly decent of him to risk his berth here, Skinnery, to raise funds for those poor beasts."

Skinner grunted.

"Oh, rats! He's not only going to risk losing his berth here—he's going to lose it," he said. "Don't be an ass, Snoopsey. Why, we shall never have another chance like this. Besides, I don't believe it. He's keeping it up regularly enough, and I dare say he'll make something out of this fight, for all they say in the papers."

"H'm! Very likely."

"It will be worth seeing, too," said Skinner. "It's a good show, and worth the money. We'll be there—what?"

"Jolly expensive fare," said Snoop.

"Oh, rot! It's worth it. I'm not going alone. I want you as a witness," said Skinner. "That's settled, then."

"But suppose it ain't Lascelles after all?"

"It's Lascelles right enough. Don't you see how deep he is? It's fixed for Wednesday afternoon, a half-holiday, when he can be away from the school without anybody suspecting anything," grinned Skinner. "If he goes out tomorrow afternoon, that settles it. And I'll soon settle that. Come along with me."

They left the Cloisters, and Skinner proceeded to look for Mr. Lascelles. He found the mathematics master in the Close, and saluted him very respectfully.

"Well, what is it, Skinner?" asked Mr. Lascelles kindly.

"If you please, sir, I was wondering whether you could give me a little time to-morrow afternoon," said Skinner meekly. "You told me, sir, you would always help me if I asked you. As it's a half-holiday to-morrow, I thought you might give me an hour, perhaps."

Mr. Lascelles nodded approvingly.

"I am very glad to see you taking an interest in your work at last, Skinner," he said. "Unfortunately, I shall not be able to help you to-morrow afternoon, as I have an engagement. Come to me to-morrow evening in my study."

"Yes, sir," said Skinner, hardly able to conceal his satisfaction. He walked away with Snoop, and chuckled when they were at a safe distance.

"My hat, that settles it!" said Snoop. "What a deep beast you are, Skinny, old man. You ought to be a Cabinet Minister, or a professional criminal, or something of the sort."

"Oh, don't be funny!" said Skinner. "It's settled now, and all we've got to do is to be at the Stadium to-morrow afternoon, and see him there, and then—" Skinner rubbed his hands. "Keep it dark, though. It would be just like Wharton to try to keep us from going, as he did once before."

"Mum's the word!" agreed Snoop.

And the two young rascals kept their secret carefully.

On Wednesday, the weather being more promising, Harry Wharton & Co. were playing football. As their suspicions had not been aroused, they were not likely to devote much attention to Skinner and Snoop that afternoon.

Soon after dinner on Wednesday, Mr. Lascelles was observed to go out. Skinner and Snoop watched him go, and chuckled. Bob Cherry had an eye upon Skinner and Snoop just then. But they made no attempt to follow the mathematics master. Mr. Lascelles disappeared.

"Well, what's the cackle about?" asked Bob Cherry, eyeing the two cads of the Remove very unpleasantly.

"Oh, nothing!" said Skinner airily. "I was just looking at your face, that's all. It always makes me laugh a bit. No offence."

Bob Cherry snorted and walked away.

"No need to go after our dear Larry," murmured Skinner. "He's catching the first afternoon train to Lufford. We don't want to go in the same train. There's another in half an hour, by changing at Redcliffe, and that will suit our book."

"Oh, good!"

And half an hour later Skinner and Snoop sauntered out of the school gates, and made their way to the railway-station.

Harry Wharton & Co. had gone down to the footer field. They were playing the Shell that afternoon, and the match was a hard one against an older team, and all their thoughts were given to the game. Vernon-Smith was in the Remove team.

At half-time, the score was goal to goal, and as the two teams rested for a breather, Russell of the Remove called out to the Bounder.

"Here's something for you, Smyth."

He held out a newspaper.

"For me?" said Vernon-Smith, puzzled.

"Yes, Skinner gave it to me before he went out, and asked me to give it to you at half-time. You were playing when he started."

"All right—thanks!"

Vernon-Smith took the paper, and looked through it in perplexity. But his perplexity cleared when he saw that it was the Lufford paper, and observed the displayed announcement of the glove contest at the Stadium.

"My only hat!" he ejaculated.

"Anything wrong?" asked Wharton.

"Not for us," said the Bounder grimly. "But I fancy a friend of yours is going to find himself in trouble shortly."

"A friend of ours?" asked Bob Cherry. "Who's that?"

"Lascelles."

The Bounder pointed out the paragraph.

"Skinner left this to be given to me after he'd gone. You can guess easily enough where he's gone to."

Harry Wharton compressed his lips.

"To Lufford," he said in a low voice.

"Yes, to bowl your friend Larry out," said Vernon-Smith. "I thought he'd dropped the matter. It seems he's only been lying low."

"Let's get after him," muttered Bob Cherry, clenching his hands. "The spying rotter! We'll nank him back by his ears!"

"Can't leave the footer!" growled Johnny Bull.

"It wouldn't be any good if you did," said the Bounder quietly. "They're nearly at Lufford by this time. This is THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 339.

ORDER TO-DAY! "THE BOY WITHOUT A NAME!" A Magnificent 3d. Book Story.

Skinny's little joke to let you know when it's too late to stop him. You stopped him once before, you know."

Harry Wharton clenched his hands hard. It was too late to stop the spy of the Remove, that was certain. Indeed, long before they could have reached Lufford, the boxing contest would be taking place, and Skinner would be among the audience watching it. The Famous Five gathered round the paper in dismay. All their efforts to save the mathematics master from discovery had been in vain. Indeed, they had a somewhat painful consciousness that their efforts to save him had led with all the more certainty to the discovery Skinner was making.

"Oh, the cad—the rotten cad!" muttered Wharton. "What's to be done now? Skinner saw him in the ring once before, but he didn't know then all he knows now, and he wasn't certain. This time—"

"This time it's all up," said Bob Cherry dismally. "Still, I don't see what Skinner can do. If he tried to hold it over Larry's head, he would be brought up pretty sharp."

"Suppose he gave him away to Dr. Locke?"

"That's where Skinner wouldn't be such a cad—"

"I believe that is what he has been planning."

"The rotter—"

"Time!" called out Peter Todd. "What are you chaps confabbing about, instead of lining up? This ain't a mothers' meeting."

The Co. returned to the footer line. There was nothing to be done, and the match had to be finished. But their thoughts were more with "Larry" now than with the game, and their play suffered in consequence. But for the first-class play of the Bounder, the match would have gone badly for the Remove. Harry Wharton & Co. pulled themselves together, and played up, and the game finished two to two.

And while the game was coming to an end, Skinner and Snoop were seated in the Lufford Stadium, looking on at a scene that was, as Skinner had said, worth the money—in addition to the prospect of a spiteful revenge upon the mathematics master.

The Stadium was crowded; the contest between the Bounder and Slogger and Larry Lynx had drawn a huge audience. There was no doubt that a very handsome sum would be raised for the Belgian refugees. But Skinner and Snoop were not thinking of that. They were thinking of the stalwart, handsome boxer in the ring, who was standing up to the powerful Slogger, and putting up a fight that won the vast audience to wild enthusiasm.

Larry Lynx was at his best.

Round after round was fought out, with varying fortune, but the handsome young boxer steadily gained upon his bulkier antagonist.

In the scanty garb of the Ring, Larry Lynx looked very different from the quiet and sedate mathematics master of Greyfriars.

But the two juniors had no doubts.

Skinner had brought a pair of glasses with him, and he and Snoop in turn scanned the young boxer with the aid of the glasses.

"What do you think, Snoopy?" chuckled Skinner.

Snoop grinned.

"Not much doubt about it," he remarked.

"I spotted him before," said Skinner between his teeth, "and he bluffed me. He won't bluff me this time. I'm to go to his study this evening for extra work!" He chuckled. "This evening, I fancy, there will be the order of the boot for our respected mathematics master—Mr. Larry-Lynx-Lascelles! Ha, ha, ha!"

And the cads of the Remove watched the contest with keen enjoyment.

Fifteen rounds had been fought, when the Slogger came to the finish, and loud shouts greeted the victory of Larry Lynx. When the young boxer came out of the ring, Mr. Sawyer almost hugged him. And Skinner and Snoop made their way out of the great building with the crowd, and walked away cheerfully to the railway-station, and took their way home to Greyfriars—and vengeance.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

A Painful Duty—With Painful Results!

"HERE the cads are!"

It was past locking-up time when Skinner and Snoop reached Greyfriars. Gooling, the porter, told them grimly that they were to report themselves to Mr. Quaker. But the lines they would receive for being late did not trouble them much. They came cheerily into the Close, and ran into the Famous Five in the gloom.

"Hallo!" said Skinner affably. "How kind of you to meet us here! Did Smyth show you the paper? Ha, ha, ha!"

"He, he, ho!" echoed Snoop.

ORDER TO-DAY! "THE BOY WITHOUT A NAME!" By Frank Richards. **OUT NEW YEAR'S D.Y.**

"We've seen Mr. Lascelles, who calls himself Larry Lynx when he's fighting in the prize-ring," said Skinner insolently. "We saw his broken-nosed pal, too—the one who was with him at the barn the other day, when you fellows saw them at practice."

"And now what are you going to do?"

"I don't see that it's any business of yours!" yawned Skinner. "But if you're interested to know, we're going to do our duty—ain't we, Snoopy?"

"He, he, he!" chuckled Snoop. "We are—rather!"

"And that?" said Wharton.

"That's to inform our respected headmaster that Mr. Lascelles has been deceiving him!" said Skinner loftily. "It's our duty—a painful duty—but we're going to do it."

"Very well. If you do it, then, we'll give you a thumping ragging," said Wharton savagely; "and we'll begin now. Collar them!"

Skinner and Snoop dodged and ran. They booted for the doorway of the School House, with the Famous Five in hot pursuit.

"Collar them!" panted Wharton. "We'll get them into the Rag, and lick them till they promise to keep mum!"

Skinner and Snoop struggled desperately. They knew what they had to expect if they were taken into the Rag. Once in that apartment, they would be at the mercy of the indignant juniors, and they had not much mercy to expect.

But their struggles were unavailing. They were dragged along, struggling and yelling for help.

"Boys, what is this? Cease this disgraceful disturbance instantly!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"The Head!"

Harry Wharton & Co. released Skinner and Snoop so suddenly that they bumped heavily on the floor. Then they stood, very flushed and ruffled, looking sheepishly at Dr. Lecker, whose glance was very stern.

"What does this mean?" demanded the Head.

"They were trying to keep us from coming to you, sir!" gasped Skinner.

"To me!"

"Yes, sir." Skinner recovered himself. He shot a triumphant glance at the dismayed Co. Harry Wharton suppressed a groan. It was all up now. Nothing they could do would prevent the revelation. "I appeal to you, sir, for protection," went on Skinner.

"I shall see that you are protected, Skinner. Why were you seeking to prevent Skinner from coming to me, Wharton?"

"I—I—I—," stammered Wharton.

"If you are intending tale-bearing, Skinner, you know very well that I do not approve of anything of the sort."

"It isn't that, sir. Of course, we won't tell you if you forbid us," said Skinner meekly. "But when we found out—quite by accident—that you were being deceived, sir—grossly deceived by a man you trust, sir, we thought it our duty—"

"I fail to understand you, Skinner. You may go on."

"You are probably not aware, sir," said Skinner, who had prepared a little speech in advance, on the way home from Luford, "that a gentleman who has the position of a master in this school, goes about, when he isn't here, appearing on the stage as a professional boxer and prizefighter."

"The Head started.

"I am certainly aware of nothing of the kind," he said coldly. "Neither do I believe your statement for one moment, Skinner."

"It isn't true, sir!" exclaimed Wharton. "I know Larry—I mean, Mr. Lascelles—I know he's only done it once, sir; and it was to help the fund for the Belgians, sir, and we all want to help them. And Mr. Lascelles is a splendid chap—"

Wharton broke off miserably. The peculiar scene had brought a crowd to the spot. Half Greyfriars seemed to be gathered in the passage now. Skinner looked round vainly. Most of the fellows were "down" on him, and what he was doing; but Harold Skinner did not care—not he.

"What have you to say, Skinner?" said the Head icily.

"Snoop and I were at the Luford Stadium this afternoon, sir—quite by chance—ahem!—and we saw Mr. Lascelles there. He was got up as a prizefighter, and boxing in the ring with a big ruffian called the Slogger!"

There was a buzz of amazement and incredulity from the crowd. All eyes were fixed upon Skinner, and no one noticed Mr. Lascelles come in. The mathematics master stood looking on quietly.

"And we thought it our duty to inform you, sir," said Snoop. "Of course, we—ahem!—we respect Mr. Lascelles highly. But, under the circumstances, we felt that you ought to know how a Greyfriars' master was conducting himself without your knowledge!"

"Just so, sir," chimed in Skinner. "We acted from a sense of duty, sir!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 359.

NEXT MONDAY—

"SKINNER'S SCHEME!"

EVERY MONDAY, The "Magnet" LIBRARY. ONE PENNY.

"I sincerely trust," said the Head grimly, "that you two boys acted from a sense of duty. I sincerely trust that you were actuated by no base feelings!"

"Oh, sir! I—!"

"But even from a sense of duty, Snoop and Skinner, you cannot be allowed to bring unfounded accusations against a gentleman who I—and I am sure all the school—respect very highly!"

"But—but it isn't unfounded, sir!" exclaimed Skinner indignantly. "He was there—we saw him. And Wharton knows he was training with a fellow named Sawyer, only he won't say so. We saw Lascelles in the ring; it's true—"

"You have stated, Skinner, and you, Snoop, that Mr. Lascelles was acting in this manner without my knowledge, and deceiving me!" said the Head, in a grinding voice. "For that unfounded and insolent statement I shall cane you both very severely!"

Skinner gasped, and Snoop turned almost green. They could hardly believe their ears.

Harry Wharton & Co. could not help starting. The Head had known it! He had not occurred to them for a single moment that the Head had known; and yet, on an instant's reflection, they realised that they ought to have known Larry better than to think that he would break a promise.

"My only hat!" murmured Bob Cherry. "Kick me, somebody!"

"You—you knew, sir?" stammered Skinner.

"Certainly I knew!"

"Oh—oh, crickey!"

That was all Skinner could say. At that moment he would have been greatly obliged to the floor if it would have opened and swallowed him up.

The Head glanced round upon the astonished crowd of Greyfriars' fellows.

"It was not my intention—it was not Mr. Lascelles' intention—for anything to be said about the matter here!" he said. "But since the matter has been made public, I will give a few words of explanation. It was desired to raise a sum of money for a very deserving cause—to help the refugees from Belgium, the victims of the German invasion. Mr. Lascelles was approached on the subject. He is a very skilled boxer, and he asked my consent to his appearing in a glove contest, which he was assured would raise a very considerable sum for the fund. Although such a step was certainly very unusual for a master holding a position in a public school, I considered it more than justifiable, considering the object in view—the assistance of our suffering Allies—and I freely gave my consent!"

Bob Cherry barely restrained himself from executing a war-dance of triumph. The Famous Five were smiling now. Skinner and Snoop were not smiling. Their faces were sickly.

"I think all Greyfriars will agree with me that Mr. Lascelles has acted nobly and generously, in a generous cause!" said the Head.

"Bravo!" roared the fellows, all together. "Good old Larry!"

"Skinner and Snoop, you will follow me to my study!"

They did! Sounds of anguish were heard proceeding from that apartment shortly afterwards.

But nobody wasted a thought on Skinner and Snoop. The fellows had gathered round Mr. Lascelles, and they were cheering him to the echo. The mathematics master gave the Famous Five a very kindly smile.

"So you were standing up for me—what?" he said good-humouredly.

The juniors coloured.

"We—we beg pardon, sir," stammered Wharton. "Of course, we ought to have known you—you—that the Head knew, I mean. But—but we—"

"I understand," said Mr. Lascelles kindly; "and I am glad to know that I have such loyal friends in the school. Naturally, I should not have acted as I did without the Head's full knowledge and consent. But I thank you all the same!"

"You're—you're a brick, sir!" gasped Bob Cherry. "I wish somebody would kick me! I was an ass—we were all asses! Hoorsy!"

Mr. Lascelles smiled, and went to his study. Then Coker of the Fifth roared:

"Three cheers for the Greyfriars' Boxer!"

And they were given with a will.

THE END.

(Next Monday's "MAGNET" LIBRARY will contain a further splendid tale of the chums of Greyfriars, entitled, "SKINNER'S SCHEME!" Order early, and make sure of obtaining your copy.)

A Grand, Long, Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co. by FRANK RICHARDS.

Our Magnificent Serial Story!

Start To-day!



A WORLD AT STAKE!

A Stirring Story of the Supreme Struggle Between
the British Empire and Its Hated Foe.

READ THIS FIRST.

Thorpe and Dick Thornhill, brothers, and joint owners of the wonderful airship named the Falcon, play a prominent part in the great war with Germany on land and sea. The country is invaded, and the town of Colchester is the scene of a tremendous battle. The Germans are numerically superior, but Thorpe Thornhill, in the Night Hawk, bombards them in the rear, and the aliens are put to flight. Meanwhile, Dick has constructed a new machine, known as Falcon II, in which he chases a German airship, suspecting the Kaiser to be on board. There is a sharp fight in the air. Both machines descend, and the fugitives escape in a powerful motor-car, after killing its owner. Reverently removing the body to the side of the road, Dick covers it with furze, and makes his way back whence he came.

(Now go on with the story.)

Airship v. Motor-Car!

But barely had he covered half the distance ere he saw the Falcon II coming towards him. This was better than he had dared to hope, for he feared that at the very least the repairs would have taken a day or so to have completed. However, when he got on board Thompson was able to

report that the injury had been so slight as to render the derangement of the machinery but temporary.

"The question now is," thought Dick, as he entered his cabin and pored over a road-map of England, "which way the Emperor and his companion will go? It's just a toss-up between east, in the hopes of getting a ship to the Continent; or north, to join the invaders at Edinburgh. Toss-up, I said—yes, and a toss-up it shall be," he continued, taking a coin from his pocket and spinning it in the air. "Heads, north; tails, east. Heads it is. That settles it, then. Full speed northward!" he added, speaking through the telephone to the engine-room.

The next moment the fans of Falcon II bore her aloft, and she sped swiftly through the air, whilst Dick, binoculars in hand, stood in the bows, searching the white serpentine streaks, which represented roads, a couple of thousand feet below.

Presently an exclamation of content burst from his lips as he saw, some two or three miles ahead, a cloud of dust, from which now and again emerged a red motor-car, which he recognised as the one the fleeing Germans had stolen.

It was going at a terrific speed—in fact, had the road been a straight one, it must have left the airship far behind; but, with his finger on the road-map before him, Dick kept

ORDER TO-DAY! **"THE BOY WITHOUT A NAME!"** A Magnificent 3d. Book Story.

By Frank Richards. **OUT NEW YEAR'S DAY.**

on a straight course, and was thus able to cut off many corners the motor-car could not avoid, with the result that, as they sped northward, Falcon II. was slowly but surely overtaking her quarry.

Once Dick saw a policeman spring from a hedge, and stand, with waving arms, in front of the crushing vehicle. Then a shudder passed over his frame as he saw the officer of the law caught on the motor-car's bonnet, and hurled yards, a broken, disfigured mass of humanity.

Angered by this exhibition of ruthless brutality, he rushed to the forward quick-firing gun, and, depressing its muzzle, sent a shell hurtling after the car.

But the attempt was useless. At the rate both airship and motor-car were moving certainty of aim was impossible—in fact, the shell was worse than useless, for it attracted the attention of the fugitives to the awful danger that menaced them from their silent pursuer.

Dick saw the man seated by the side of the driver turn in his seat and shake his fist, evidently beside himself with rage.

Again he aimed his long-barrelled weapon at the fugitives, but the shot went so wide of its mark that he realised the futility of further firing.

Then, taking advantage of a straight line of country, the motor-car dashed on ahead until it dwindled to a mere speck in the distance.

Presently the car was engulfed in a long, straggling mass of houses, emerging almost directly into the open country at a speed which taxed the Falcon II.'s engines to maintain the ground they had gained.

About one o'clock Dick's steward brought his master some food, for he could not tear himself away from the boys. This he hastily swallowed, without removing his eyes from the chase.

Presently Thompson, who had emerged from the engine-room to see how his young commander was getting on, looked quickly up, as Dick cried:

"Hurrah! She is ours! Hurrah! We have him now! See, the gates of yonder level crossing are closed! Hip, hip, hurrah!"

As he spoke he pointed to where the road crossed the railway, the gates of which were closed to admit a rapidly approaching train.

"Hurrah! Hip, hip, hurrah!" cried Dick excitedly.

And his gallant crew—even those who, working in the engine-room, could not see what was happening—joined in the triumphant cry with a heartiness and force that reached the Emperor's ears, for Dick saw him once more turn in his seat, and shake his fist at the men who were dogging him to captivity or death.

Then he turned to the driver of the motor, said something in quick, excited tones, and grasped the side of the vehicle with both hands.

"Are they slowing up, sir?" asked Thompson eagerly.

"Yes! No! By Jove, they're going to charge the heavy gates! They're mad!" cried Dick, scarcely able to speak in his excitement.

The next moment a rending crash was brought to their ears from below. The air immediately about the gates seemed filled with flying pieces of wood as, whistling shrilly, an express train darted by. It seemed to the horror-stricken beholders as though the train must have smashed the car to pieces; but the next moment a sigh of relief escaped Dick's lips as he saw the car, with lamps gone, bonnet beaten and crushed out of shape, speeding along the roads as fast as though nothing had happened.

By two they had reached Durham, and half an hour later approached the straggling outskirts of Newcastle.

Here Dick felt confident that he would be able to capture the occupants of the motor-car; but a heavy cloud of smoke hung over the big northern city, and to his dismay he lost sight of his quarry within its boundaries.

For a few moments he hesitated, uncertain what to do, then determined to descend and set the telegraph to work. But as he pierced the lower strata of smoke and fog which hung over the city he was amazed to find himself received by a hail of rifle-bullets, which pattered against the hull of Falcon II. and whistled through her wings, threatening each moment to bring her to the ground. Looking down, he saw the streets filled with an excited crowd of old men and boys, whilst hundreds of women and children were fleeing in various directions from the menacing aerial destroyer.

He had forgotten that the news of the bombardment of Edinburgh must long since have reached Newcastle. Doubtless the alarmed inhabitants believed he was but the forerunner of a hostile aerial fleet, and ere he could make it understood that his ship was English an unfortunate shot might penetrate a vulnerable point. So, anathematising the stupidity of the good people of Newcastle, he gave the order to ascend, and the next moment Falcon II. had vanished in the smoke and clouds, whilst from below came the loud, strident cheer of the triumphant townsmen, who believed they had driven off one of the dreaded German airships.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 552.

EVERY MONDAY, The "Magnet" LIBRARY. ONE PENNY.

It is true the British flag flew at Falcon II.'s stern, but as she soared immediately above those in the street they had not seen it. Besides, the occupants of the motor-car had cleared a way for themselves through the streets by shouting that a German airship, flying the British flag, was following close on their heels to bombard the town, cunningly anticipating that by so doing they would ensure Dick Thornhill an unpleasant greeting if he attempted to land.

It was fairly certain the Germans would continue their journey northward, the only doubtful point being which road they would take; and, trusting to the luck which had favoured him so far, he bade Newcastle adieu and hastened in the direction of Morpeth.

But an hour had already been wasted, and this time they must follow a blind trail.

Presently Dick noticed that alongside the road they were following was a line of telegraph-wires. For some minutes he hesitated. Could he utilise his wireless telegraphic instrument by connecting it with the earth lines? If so, it would be all up with the fugitives. If not, he would lose many precious minutes which he would find it difficult to recover; but anything was better than continuing onwards on what might be a false trail.

Two roads lead north from Newcastle—one the direct road he was following, the other over the Cheviots to Jedburgh and Kelso.

The latter was the more difficult road; but, hoping to throw him off the scent, the Germans might choose that route. So he determined to make the experiment, and shortly afterwards Falcon II. was lowered until her hull touched one of the telegraph-posts.

Whilst this was being done, Dick and Thompson had been busily engaged connecting one end of a wire with the Marconiograph. The other they attached to the telegraph-lines.

Then, with quickly beating hearts, Dick tapped out a call to Morpeth. For a minute there was no result; then, to his joy, an answering click came back.

"Yes, Who are you?"

"Thornhill, on the British airship Falcon II. Have two men driving a motor-car passed through?"

"Yes. They plunged into a crowd of women and children who were emerging from the parish church, and left behind them a trail of killed and wounded."

"Telegraph ahead to have them stopped at any cost. One is the German Emperor."

"All right."

Dick detached the wire, then, hopeful that now their long chase was drawing to a conclusion, set the Falcon II.'s engines at full speed ahead once more.

But at Morpeth his self-complacency received a check; for there, as she slowed down a moment whilst passing over the town, a man called to him from the principal square that the wires to Long Hoesley had been cut.

Dick was terribly disappointed; but, at least, he knew now the road the motor-car had taken, and once more Falcon II. was laid on the trail of her fleeing quarry.

On they went throughout the whole of that long summer's afternoon, flying swiftly over Headhills, Heddeley Moor, Hlerton, Wooler, where once again Dick found himself hesitating whether to take the road to the right, or the one that crossed the Border at Coldstream.

But at Wooler Station he heard that, twenty minutes before, a motor-car, containing two men, had taken the right-hand road.

Twenty minutes! It was a long start, and as Dick looked at the map his heart failed him.

"Can you communicate with Berwick?" he asked the station-master.

"I'm afraid not, sir. The wires broke down about a quarter of an hour ago."

"Ah, the Germans are wily birds!" was his only comment, as he gave the signal for Falcon II. to continue her journey.

He had little hope now of overtaking the fugitives. The country here was intersected by roads, all leading to the Tweed, any one of which the fugitives might take, unless they feared to trust themselves to unknown country lanes. Besides, could they but pass through Berwick in safety, they could easily reach the Firth of Forth, which, so the latest intelligence seemed to show, was in the hands of a German fleet.

Although practically without hope, Dick determined to keep on his present course. He knew his brother had preceded him to Scotland. He knew, also, the heavy odds the Germans could bring against the Night Hawk. And, even though his chase should prove fruitless, his journey northward would not be wasted.

Night was coming on, and the chances, which at the commencement had been about even, were now twenty to one in favour of the fugitives.

But just as the tall chimneys of Berwick came in sight,

NEXT MONDAY—"SKINNER'S SCHEME!"

A Grand, Long, Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co. By FRANK RICHARDS. 21

with the silvery streak which betokened the Tweed, a loud shout of exultation arose from his lips; for far away in the distance he saw the fleeing motor-car, still travelling at a good speed, but not nearly so quickly as hitherto.

Once more hope arose in Dick's breast. Had he but another hour's daylight, he would have felt no doubt as to the result of the chase; but alas! the sun had already sunk beneath the Cheviot Hills, and in half an hour darkness would intervene.

At first Dick attributed the reappearance of the motor to its being obliged to slow down passing the collieries with which the road was lined; but as he flew over the latter, he noticed that they were all idle, the gallant colliers, like their comrades from field, counter, and warehouse, having gone to swell the army of the defenders.

But as he got within a quarter of a mile of the motor-car he discovered the reason of her reduced speed; for a series of irregular explosions came from her engine, showing that her petrol tank was almost empty.

However, "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

The car had just given orders for Falcon II. to drop nearer the cliff, and a man stationed in her stern stood ready to hurl a grappling-iron over the car, when she turned swiftly into a narrow lane, and, as though endowed with fresh strength, puffed noisily but swiftly up a steep incline leading over a thickly-wooded hill.

"Hurrah! The quarry has run to cover! We are sure of them now!" shouted Dick gleefully.

He did not know that the staff-officer who was sharing his Imperial master's peril had spent several weeks, in Borwick, spying out the lay of the land the previous summer, so knew the country he was traversing well, and had determined upon one last bold bid for liberty.

Towards the summit of the hill the road narrowed so that the branches of the tall trees on either side were interlaced above the fugitives.

On the summit of the hill Dick heard the noisy beating of the almost exhausted engines cease, and chuckled grimly. His foes were now at his mercy. His dream of carrying William of Germany a prisoner to the King was near fulfillment. And he dropped the Falcon II. until her hull brushed against the top branches of the trees, then ordered a rope-ladder to be lowered.

Another minute, and he would have clambered down, when a couple of short, quick explosions, followed by a subdued whir of machinery, told that the motor-car was once more in motion.

With his foot on the topmost rung of the ladder, he paused. As he did so he saw, in the uncertain light beneath the trees, something moving with constantly increasing pace, and knew that the chase was not yet ended, for the motor-car was rushing seawards to where the straight road branched off to the left on the verge of the cliff.

"The idiots! They'll never be able to turn, going at that speed! After them, Thompson!" he cried, stepping on deck once more.

And the next moment Falcon II. dashed off in swift pursuit of the flying car.

It was about a mile from the top of the hill to the bend on the edge of the cliff, and as, with constantly accelerated speed, the car flew over the dusty road, Dick held his breath.

"They'll never do it! They'll be hurled to their deaths, for a surety! Slow down—slow down!" he yelled through a megaphone, which he snatched from its place on the wall of the chart-house.

But the occupants of the car did not seem to hear him—in fact, they moved neither hand nor foot, but swayed backwards and forwards to the movements of the car, until Dick expected every moment to see them fall out.

Suddenly what Thornhill feared happened. With a loud crash the front of the car struck the low parapet which marked the bend of the road, and an exclamation of horror burst from every lip as she stopped with a jerk which pitched her occupants into the dark abyss beneath, then sprang backwards, bounded from the road, struck the wall again, and followed her unfortunate passengers into the sea.

So thunderstruck were all on board Falcon II. at the fearful catastrophe which had ended their chase, that not a hand was raised to check the advance of Falcon II until she had swept past the scene of the accident and was flying over the sea, when Dick recovered sufficiently to order her head to be turned landwards again.

As he did so he moved towards the forward searchlight, and the next moment its bright beams illuminated the tossing waters beneath.

It was high tide, and the waves lapped the foot of the cliffs over which the car had gone. Presently Dick saw immediately beneath him a dark form struggling in the waves.

To rush to the side of the vessel and grasp one of the folded THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 359.

parachutes was but the work of a moment; the next he had sprung over the vessel's side.

A few feet above the waves Dick released his hold of the parachute. His fall, slight though it was, was sufficient to plunge him beneath the waves, and when he rose to the surface he found that the strong tide had already carried the figure some distance away.

However, he was a strong swimmer, and struck out manfully in the direction of the one he thought to save. As he did so he was astonished to find that, although apparently stunned by the fall into the water, the dark form still floated on the surface, deeper than before, it is true, but he could yet detect a portion of a dark-grey overcoat above the waves.

Ten minutes' frantic endeavour brought him within reach of his quarry. Another fierce stroke, and he had stretched out his hand to grasp the swaying arms.

As he did so a wild rage filled his heart. His devotion had been thrown away upon a dummy, for the sleeve was empty. And as, trodding water, he drew the rest of the coat to him, he laughed aloud, for, in place of a man's body, the coat had been carefully wrapped round one of the car's cushions.

"Done! Done like a dinner! In the meantime, the beggars are escaping!" he groaned, although unable to keep from smiling as he realised how cleverly he had been duped.

"Falcon, ahoy!" he shouted from the waves, looking up.

But the Falcon II. was nowhere to be seen. It had vanished in the darkness.

Presently its searchlight glimmered brightly half a mile away, passing backwards and forwards over the water, evidently searching for its young captain.

In vain he shouted. They were beyond the reach of his voice. And, realising that he must make his way ashore as best he could, he turned his head towards the faint outline of cliffs and recommenced swimming.

But though, as we have said, he was a strong swimmer, he could make little headway against the fierce tide, which seemed to be drawing him back two yards for every yard he swam.

Ten minutes passed. The Falcon II.'s searchlight was growing fainter in the distance, for whilst those on board were following the coastline in one direction, the tide was bearing Dick swiftly in another.

At first Dick Thornhill felt but little alarm. His heart was too full of anger that at the very moment he thought the German Emperor would have fallen into his hands he should have allowed him to escape. But, as a feeling of weariness swept over his limbs, he realised that unless help soon came it would be too late, for he had been drawn from under the shelter of the land, and was being carried with constantly increasing speed out to sea.

Suddenly from a distance came the throbbing of engines and the quick beating of a screw. Nearer and nearer drew the welcome sound, until at last from out the gathering darkness appeared a long, low-lying craft, and a double funnelled torpedo-boat hove in sight.

She was coming straight towards him. And Dick was grateful that night had not entirely fallen over the scene, for now he felt assured he would be rescued.

Barely had the comforting idea entered his head, and just as he was about to hail the approaching craft, a shout came from his deck, and he knew that he was seen.

But, strange to say, the shout brought about an entire revolution in his wishes. He would now have given much, weary and spent though he was, could he but have escaped observation, for the hail had been in German, and he knew that he had fallen in with one of the German gunboat flotilla that had accompanied the northern army of invaders.

However, his active brain was evolving a plan by which he hoped to reap good out of evil. It was a wild, almost hopeless, idea, and yet it was just the kind of thing that appealed most strongly to the young Englishman's love of adventure.

"Who are you? Whence do you come?" cried an officer from the side of the gunboat, peering down through the darkness at Dick as the tide bore him swiftly towards the now motionless vessel. He held a rope in his hand, but did not cast it, and well Dick knew that he was waiting to hear if the castaway were English or German.

However, the next moment the rope hurtled through the air, and Dick grasped it, for he had answered in German:

"A sailor from airship No. 4. I fell overboard some half-hour ago. See, yonder she is looking for me!"

It was a risky experiment giving the airship a number, for, although in Kiel Dockyard, he had learnt that the German vessels bore numerals instead of names. No. 4 might have been one Thorpe had destroyed off Harwich.

However, the answer seemed satisfactory, and a minute or two later Dick was standing, safe and sound, on the German deck.

(An extra long instalment of this grand serial next Monday. Order your copy now.)

ORDER TO-DAY! "THE BOY WITHOUT A NAME!" A Magnificent 3d. Book Story.

By Frank Richards. OUT NEW YEAR'S DAY.

A GLIMPSE OF THE FUTURE

IN THREE PARTS

A Novel Sketch of Special Interest to Lovers of the Boys
of Greyfriars.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

Certain of my readers—happily in the minority—have written to me from time to time, complaining that Harry Wharton & Co., the splendid schoolboy characters who have delighted British boys for years past, do not advance in age or position. The absurdity of such a proceeding, were I to adopt it, is obvious to every right-thinking reader; but in order to humour the few who would fain read of the Greyfriars chums as toothless and decrepit creatures of advanced years, our author has allowed himself a peep into the dim and distant future, and the result of his observations will be found in the following humorous article.

PART I.

"MY only Aunt Sempronia!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, smacking his knee and pulling a face of deep despair.

"What's up, old man?" queried Frank Nugent anxiously.

"I don't see anything of her," said Bob Cherry, a little mystified, standing in the open doorway of No. 1 Study and glancing up and down the Remove passage.

"Of whom?"

"Why, Harry's one and only aunt!"

"Fathead!" said Wharton scathingly. "Dry up! No room for funny merchants here! I was thinking—"

Bob Cherry gave a gasp, and staggered towards the fireplace.

"Wonders will never cease!" he murmured. "You were—were—What did you say?"

"I was thinking!" repeated Wharton firmly. "Do you know that we are all too old to appear in the MAGNET?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Rats!"

"And many of 'em!"

"Fact, though," said Harry seriously. "This is how I figure it. We started our merry revells in the good old MAGNET in 1908—six years ago—and in the natural order of things we should all have left Greyfriars by now. Instead of which, the whole giddy family of us is here yet, and our doings are, by all accounts, still delighting the MAGNET readers."

"The Press Bureau passes that statement for publication," said Bob Cherry gaily.

Wharton gave his humorous chum a freezing glance.

"It has been rumoured," he went on, "that we should have got older—or, at least, have said good-bye to the Remove by now. But, instead of that, we are all as young as ever."

"Will we ever leave the Remove?" asked Nugent.

"Will we ever grow older?" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Why not give the Wandering Jew a chance to tell us?" suggested Johnny Bull.

"Ripping!"

"The rippingfulness of the esteemed wheeze is terrific!"

The Wandering Jew was the juniors' nickname for a strolling adventurer with a rather vague past. His professional name was Ahmees, the Egyptian seer. He had come to Courtfield in the course of his travels and had opened a shop, which he had fitted up in as mysterious a manner as could be managed by means of



dark curtains and curious symbols; and he would undertake to "Peep into the Mists of the Past, Present, or Future" for a cash consideration.

"Why not go now?" said Nugent practically. This suggestion met with immediate approval, and as that day was a half-holiday, and the Remove had nothing special on, it was resolved to start for the Egyptian Seer at once; so the party, anticipating great fun, strolled out of the gates of Greyfriars.

The juniors boarded the local train from Friar-dale, and in due course entered the old-world town of Courtfield. Then they made tracks for the temporary resting-place of the Man of Mystery. They entered the sanctum of the mysterious one, but found it empty.

"My hat!"

"What a rummy place!"

"The rummyfulness of the esteemed hole is terrific!"

"Look at those skulls!"

"This is the absolute giddy limit!"

The apartment into which the juniors had passed was draped round with long, dark curtains, and was bare of other furniture, except for a small brass tripod in the centre, which supported a convex mirror. This was so arranged as to reflect the light of a curiously-shaped lamp on to a large sheet of frosted glass fixed in the wall, round which the curtains were draped.

"What's this contraption for?" said Nugent.

"That, my son, is the professor's shaving apparatus!"

"Perhaps this is his shaving-pot, then?" exclaimed Bob Cherry, reaching down a skull from one of the shelves.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Just then the curtains parted, disclosing Ahmees, the Egyptian Seer. He was a funny-looking, bent old man, with the usual long white beard, and a hooked nose.

"What is your pleasure, young gents?" he said, rubbing his thin hands together.

"Why, it's like this, you see," explained Harry Wharton, "there are rumours that we chaps should have left the Remove—the Form we're in at Greyfriars, you know—long since, whereas we are still in it, and young as ever; and we want you to tell us what we will really be like when we get old."

"I can give you a sight of the mysterious future on the magic mirror," said the Egyptian, "for half-a-crown each."

"Good egg!"

"Shell out, boys!"

"My only aunt! The giddy future!"

The Removeites were in a state of wild excitement.

The seer carefully collected the half-crowns, and told the boys to seat themselves on the mats arranged in a half-circle round the magic mirror.

"Keep silence when I put the light out," said the wizard of the East.

"Pass right inside—no waiting!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Shush!"

"The shushfulness is terrific!"

"Dry up, Inky!"

The Wandering Jew, as the juniors called him, reached up and put out the light. The room was plunged into complete darkness; then came the rustle of the professor moving softly about in his slippers.

NEXT
MONDAY—

"SKINNER'S SCHEME!"

A Grand, Long, Complete Story of Harry
Wharton & Co. By FRANK RICHARDS.

The Removites wondered what was coming next. A beam of light suddenly projected itself from the wall at their backs, flickered for a moment, then focussed itself on the convex mirror. The forms of several Greyfriars boys then appeared on the screen.

"The voice of Ahmees came from the darkness.
"Are ye content?" asked the wandering wizard.
"We are!" chorused the Removites.
"The contentfulness is terrific!" murmured Hurree Singh, who had seen many weird things in his native land, but nothing to equal this.

"And now for the future!" exclaimed Wharton.
"Give us Christmas, 1915," said Johnny Bull.
"I warn ye ye will be sadly altered," said the seer, "and your school-days will be past."
"Ha, ha! Go ahead!"

The shapes began to form on the clouded screen, and after a time the boys again saw themselves. This time they looked slightly older, but were still to be recognised. They were gathered together at Wharton Lodge—Harry Wharton's home—to celebrate Christmas. The scene showed them sitting in a luxurious smoking-room round a blazing fire, talking and laughing over past adventures.
"That's you, Harry, as large as life!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"And twice as natural!" added Johnny Bull.
"There's Bulstrode and Finby and the Boaster!" cried the wondering Removites.

The picture still continued, and showed the one-time members of the Remove—old boys now—chatting over times gone by. Suddenly the door opened, and a servant entered, with a card on a salver. Wharton took it, and, on glancing at it, jumped excitedly from his chair and said something to the others, which caused them also to spring from their seats.

Wharton motioned the servant to show the visitor in. The man disappeared for a moment, but was immediately seen again at the door, followed by Mark Linley, whose persistent pluck under adverse circumstances had won for him a name at Greyfriars which could never be taken away. The old boys eagerly clustered round him, shaking hands and clapping him on the back. He was dressed in the uniform of the Royal Flying Corps.

"My hat, it's Marky!" chorused the juniors.
The figures on the screen, small and distinct, were congregated in a group, with Mark Linley as their centre. Mark, with a gesture, laughingly restored order, and his hearers settled themselves down in attitudes of eager anticipation.
"Something good's going on," whispered Wharton.

"What's the wheeze?"
"Oh, look, it's a raffle!" exclaimed Nugent.
The latter remark was caused by the figures on the screen excitedly drawing pieces of paper out of a hat. Each piece as it was taken was hurriedly torn open, and its owner's face fell; but he immediately brightened up again, and watched those whose turns had not yet come.

Johnny Bull was the first to dip in his hand, and the look of distress on his ruddy face when he found the paper to be blank was exceedingly comic, so much so that Bull himself, looking on, gave a chuckle.

Harry Wharton fared no better.
It was then Bob Cherry's turn to draw. He took out his paper expectantly, and a triumphant grin overspread his features. His paper was marked "Observer."

"Bob's got it!"
"That means he's going as Marky's observer!" cried Wharton.

He had guessed rightly. Mary Linley was in need of an observer to accompany him on his aeroplane to the Continent. The five old boys of Greyfriars, gathered together at Wharton Lodge, had each had a chance, and Bob Cherry had proved the lucky winner. His colleagues shook hands with him by way of congratulation.

Suddenly the scene became blurred, and clouds began to form on the frosted glass, rolling over its expanse till at last nothing could be seen.

"Ripping!"
"Good old Bob!"
"Shush! It's starting again!" whispered Wharton.

The scene was once more in motion. It showed an apparently clear sky. Presently a small speck appeared, which every second grew larger, till it resolved itself into a swift-flying monoplane, which flashed quite close to the watching juniors, in much the same manner as one on a cinematograph.

Quickly as it passed, however, the boys could see as it sped by that it contained Mark Linley, with grim, set face, in the pilot's seat, and behind him, peering downwards through a pair of binoculars, Bob Cherry.

They were air scouts of the Allies.

The picture, following the monoplane in the manner of a cinematograph, showed it circling over wooded country. It descended towards the earth, and the boys could only just discern signs of microscopic activity in the neighbourhood of a winding river far beneath. Bob Cherry became busy taking notes, and almost immediately bullet-holes began to appear as if by magic in the fabric of the monoplane's wings and body.

Linley pulled the elevating lever, and in a moment the two comrades were out of range. The machine was then turned towards the Allies' lines.

Their mission was accomplished. They had located the enemy.

Presently the screen, still keeping Mark's aeroplane in view, showed another speck far up in the sky. Bob Cherry tapped his old schoolfellow on the shoulder, and gesticulated towards it. The intruder was a German monoplane.

The British machine swung round in response to its rudder in a wide, ascending arc to meet its hated foe; and the five juniors who were watching the proceedings in Ahmees' House of Mystery were tense with excitement.

"My hat," murmured Bob Cherry, "if I'm going to do great deeds like this, which'll make history, life's worth living!"

"It's really wonderful," breathed Wharton, rubbing his eyes to assure himself that he was not in some weird trance.
"The wonderfulness increases with each shiftful scene," said Hurree Singh.

The German monoplane rapidly approached, and a fight ensued for the higher position. Round and round the machines skimmed, the German observer crouching low, and firing repeatedly at the British machine. One of the shots immediately showed itself in a long rip in the canvas covering of Linley's craft. First blood to the Huns, but no damage done, however. Mark, seizing his opportunity, swiftly elevated his plane, which climbed fifty feet above that of their enemy.

Bob Cherry coolly fired, but was wide of the mark. There would have been no discredit to a crack shot who missed under such conditions.

Another spurt of fire followed. No damage was apparent; but in a moment the elevator of the hostile machine was motionless. By a somewhat lucky shot, its wire had been severed by Bob Cherry, and the German pilot could not rise. Many shots spat from the revolver-barrels of each observer, but all were more or less of a harmless nature. The German, no longer able to rise, centred all his attention on getting to earth safely.

Bob Cherry doggedly continued firing 'as the distance between the two machines increased. The very last shot in his revolver was fated to carry destruction to the German. It pierced the petrol-tank of the machine, which was immediately enveloped in an inferno of pitiless, smokeless fire; and, amid the death-cries of the unfortunate Germans, their machine crashed to earth.

The picture flickered out abruptly, and those who had witnessed it drew a long, deep breath.

"Are ye content?" queried Ahmees from the darkness.
"I should jolly well think we were!" said Wharton, with enthusiasm.
"I've seen some ripping sights in my time, but I'm blessed if this doesn't caper off with the whole giddy biscuit-factory!"

"It beats the band!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Fancy Marky and I doing our whack for England in that manner! But it may happen in years to come. Who knows?"
"Ah!" repeated Ahmees significantly. "Who knows?"

"Would ye now see into the remoteness of Time?" queried Ahmees.

"Rather!"
"Whom would ye be shown?"
"Give us Billy Bunter!"
"What price Alonzo Todd?" chuckled Bob Cherry. "If his pottness increases with years, I reckon we shall see him in Bedlam!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"The pottnessfulness of the esteemed Todd will most assuredly land him in a safe place!" parred Hurree Singh.

"Let it be as ye say," droned the voice of Ahmees. "I will show ye him whom ye name Todd; but speak not with loudness, lest the spell be broken."

The excited juniors fixed their eyes on the Magic Mirror in wondering expectancy.

(Parts two and three of this humorous and entertaining feature will appear next Monday. Do not fail to order your copy of the "MAGNET" in advance.)

Der Grand Ferrers Lord Serial Story.



THE UNCONQUERABLE.

A Magnificent Story of Thrilling Adventure.
By SIDNEY DREW.

An Awful Night.

But Ching-Lung made no blunder. He rolled up his trousers, and asked about the catch. Gan had lost his lobsters, and he had done the prawns no good when he had fallen on the bag. He had left the net in the cove.

"And you call those squashed miseria prawns!" said Ching-Lung. "I'll show you how to catch the real thing!"

"Den yo' catches yo' prawnses yo' selfs, and fetch de nets," said Gan-Waga. "Yo never satisfied. I hope dat seal bite yo' butterfuls."

Ching-Lung ducked down to squeeze under the ledge. The water was running out steadily. He flung the net through, and struck a wax vesta.

"Ugh!" he muttered. "It's as cold in here as in the heart of an iceberg!"

The seal went scuttling away. Ching-Lung held up the match, and went further in. He stopped with a short cry, and stooped down. A human body lay stretched face downward on the rotting seaweed and wet shingle. He turned the body over in the darkness, wiped his hands, and struck another match.

"Barry, come here! Who is that!"
The Irishman advanced, guided by the spluttering flame. It flickered on the lifeless face and dull eyes.

"Bedad, ut's poor Job Sanday!" said Barry hoarsely. "Phwat ever ye did, poor lad, Oi wished ye better luck than that."

Two of the men who had helped to steal the Unconquerable—Job Sanday and Black Harry—had gone to their last home.

Where was Martin Arkland? They searched the chilly cavern until the last match was used.

"We must get him away before the tide runs, Barry," said Ching-Lung. "Signal for the boat."

"By honey, I'm as sartin as I'm sitting here that Martin Arkland went overboard that night," said the steersman. "We've seen the last of the queer little man. He's paid for what he did as much as any of us can pay." The sea's a mighty 'ngray and cruel thing sometimes, boys."

"Shaf! Led us change der subject," said the cook hastily, for Herr Schwartz detested horrors. "Led us talk of something pleasant. Now, I often wonder wat make dot." He pointed to the flickering aureole that brightened the Northern sky. "Yes, I never understand dot nohow."

"Ho, ho, hoo! Dat de ole mans de de Nerf Poles smoking him pipe," gurgled Gan-Waga. "Ohni! I wishes I derees wid him in de butterfuls cold snow! He smoke hard, so de Polar bears see de way homes when de moon not shinnings. Dat it, hunk, Hendrick?"

The hairy-visaged islander smiled and nodded as the light danced over the reach of shining sand.

"Isn't the water low enough yet?" asked Ching-Lung drowsily. "It's hardly worth while waiting for the slimy things."

They had come out to make a raid on the lively little sand-eels, and the cook had already made a fire in readiness for the feast. Ten minutes later they moved down to the water with their pails and forks.

"Oh, here we go gathering eels in May!" warbled Gan-Waga; and down went his fork, and up came a squirming ribbon of silver.

"Hurroo! Here's a waggin' his cold tail at me all the way up to his neck!" cried Barry. "Whoa! Oi had him, Oi know, but, bedad, where is he?"

Barry soon discovered that the nimble eels could practically

swim through the sand. They were there by the thousand, however, and the fun was fast and furious. It was damp work, and many were the tumbles. Herr Schwartz managed to stand on his head in his own pail, and he was obliged to undress to get hold of the eels that crawled down his back. Hendrick used them for baiting his cod-lines, but they were excellent eating for human beings, as all agreed when the cook dished them up piping hot and fresh as the flowers of spring.

"Dere vas another painful," said the cook, "so who vill haf some more, yet? Vas you all fed oop is ud? Gan-Vaga, vat you say, mein pey?"

"No more, 'cos dere no more rooms left," sighed Gan. "Ohni, dey vas butterful, but I not ables to eats de eyelashes of one moree. Takes care of de dogs, Ching, and I go out in de suns and sleepses. I come floating homes on de tide, and brings yo' alls a whale fo' breakfast."

"Careful you don't wet your feet, by honey," was the steersman's advice.

Gan snorted, and waddled away to rock himself in the waves. It was a matter of waiting for the tide, or else laboriously dragging their boat over a couple of furlongs of sand, so the others elected to wait, for the night was still and mild.

"Dot was a vine tog," said Herr Schwartz, patting his namesake, "and I am not angry now dot he call him after me. Dot teg he know each vord dot Gan speak to him. Ach, it vas wonderful. Ja, ja! Goot tog! Goot tog! I say I make ein pie of you, but I vas only choking."

"By honey, it's the dog that would do the chokin' if he ever tasted a lump of one of your pies," said Thomas Prout unkindly.

"Vat you mean, is ud? Vat you mean py dot, yet? Vat you mean, I repeat to you dvine, and you say der answer quick!" snapped the chef.

"Whisat, whisat! Do be aisy, do be aisy!" pleaded Barry O'Rooney. "The man that says van of Short's poses would choke that dog bones blackly."

"Dot was drue all der time," said the delighted cook. "I meant choke—der—der ting dot make der laugh, not der choke dot make der strangle. Chay, ho, kay, he—I shell him—choke. Und if id vas der other choke mein lofly bies nefer choke der tog, Tom, is ud?"

"No, by honey, for the dog has a jolly sight more sense than to taste one of 'em," said Prout. "Har, har! Ain't you, Schwartz?"

Herr Schwartz showed a strong desire to feel Prout's bumps with the frying-pan, so Barry O'Rooney sat on him until he changed his mind.

The moon came up over Scarran Island, and Prout discovered that Barry, Hendrick, and Maddock were asleep, and that Ching-Lung was missing.

"It would be a dreadful thing if they caught cold, cook," said the steersman, "so we ought to cover 'em up, don't you think?"

Herr Schwartz agreed that health was the first object to be considered, so he set to work with the frying-pan, and Prout set to work with a pail. The sand was loose and dry, and very soon only the faces of their slumbering friends were visible, and Schwartz and Prout winked at each other.

"Three lonely graves upon the sad seaboard, by honey," murmured Prout. "They do look a bit like graves, don't they? Now, what are it?"

Herr Schwartz had brought the boat's anchor and cable, and also a boathook. He plunged the anchor firmly into the sand.

"Ja, ja! Ve must precautions dake," he whispered. "Dey might walk in der sleep, and get lost. I pud der robe across der joste, and faden it to der poathook, so dey not able to get oop an lose demsellings. Now ve go a stroll, yes?"

As Prout and the cook and the dog sauntered away, Ching-Lung rose from the shadowy side of the boat. He whistled gently. A strange-looking monster came crawling over the sands. When the monster got up on its legs, it turned out to be Gan-Waga.

"It's almost a shame to wake 'em," said Ching-Lung. "How many have you got?"

"Heapses and heapses, Chingy, and crabber, too," gurgled the smiling Eskimo. "I fetches de butterfuls beauties, Chingy."

Gan placed three pails on the bosoms of the sleepers. Ching was busy. He took a ball of string, and a few large jumping crackers from his pockets. The crackers were pegged down in a circle, with ample string to give them a chance to display their agility.

Scuttle, honeysuckle, and I'll light up the gorgeous display," said Ching-Lung. "Quick! The others are coming back!"

Gan crept into the boat, and a second later Ching-Lung was beside him.

(Continued on page iv of cover.)

"Ho, ho, hoo! We laugh soon, Chingy. Here, Shorts—Tom! Come in out of the shinnocks, and see de butterfols fun," said the Eskimo.

The cook did not care to come inside, nor did the steersman. One peeped round the stern of the boat, the other round the bow.

Bang! Fizz, fizz! Rang, bang! Crack! Bang!

The first of the jumpers was in full song, and a second and third took up the chorus. Six eyes snapped open, three faces jerked upwards, and three yells were heard. All the crackers were working overtime. They danced and lolled and hopped in a fiery circle. Then a Roman candle illuminated the scene with a glassy, blue light, and the sand heaved beneath the violent struggles of the astounded three.

Over went the pairs, and a horde of hideous creatures writhed and squirmed and wriggled. There were sand-reels and small congers, crabs, shrimps, prawns, and baby lobsters, starfish, and slimy slugs.

"Hilp! Murther! O've got 'em!" shrieked Barry O'Rooncy. "Toll me they ain't there, somebody! Arrah, there's a woid sarpenit biting my ear! Wake me up, wake me up! O've got a terrible nightmare! Tom, Ben! Where are ye! Wake me up, for mercy's sake, afore O'm deoured!"

"I can't, some me. I've got it, too!" howled the bo'sun. "I'll never eat no more eels late at night. Orr, take 'em away!"

They could not hear Hendrick's remarks, for the fireworks made too much noise. Again the sand heaved up, and the book gave way under the strain. Barry O'Rooncy, Maddock, and the hairy-faced islander staggered to their feet. Gan-Waga laughed so wildly that he fell headlong out of the boat, and betrayed himself. He got up and ran.

"Affer him! Kill him!" screamed the boy from Bally-bunion.

Maddock and the fisherman snatched up some of the lively crackers, and Barry seized the big Roman candle. They tore across the sand, uttering wolfish howls. The candle was not half done with yet. Barry leveled it like a pistol, and a ball of green flame whizzed past Gan-Waga's ear.

"Bad 'nuff silly shots," he cried defiantly. "Ho, hoo, hoo! Barry can't catches me! Ya-sh! Who cares fo' yo' free midjits? Yah!"

He raced into the raft, and struck out for the open sea. The crackers fizzed out, the candle expired with a last bang, and the three victims danced with helpless rage.

"Come closer to me, Benny," said Barry, in tearful tones, "and let me wage a little on your shoulder, for me heart is broke."

"Speak another word to me, some me, and your 'eod will be broke!" answered the bo'sun viciously. "Keep clear of me, for I ain't life!"

A burst of mocking and triumphant laughter rang over the sea. It was the melodious laughter of the heartless Eskimo.

Hendrick had told them that there was rare sea-fishing to be had off Grandee, a little island about thirty miles north of Scarran. He had made huge catches of cod and skate there, and he was quite willing to sell as pilot and guide. Gan-Waga had declined to go at all unless Hendrick got his hair cut, and generously offered to do the cutting himself, if the carpenter would lend him a saw, a mallet, and a cold chisel.

"I cut him butterfols with a big scythe," he said, "only we not gotted a scythe on de silly ships. Yo' hairs him an awful disgrace. Hendy. Never minds, yo' not 'sponsible fo' being born so lovely. Yo' do mosts handsome family I ever sees—I don't tink!"

"Old Tom Prent's could do wi' a bit on it," remarked the bo'sun. "Hi! Up anchor, there, yo lubbers! Are you all asleep, some me?"

Ching-Lung came on deck as they neared the island.

"Why, there's a house on the place—a regular mansion," he said, leading the innocents to Thorston. "Hendrick didn't mention that."

"He told me that some wealthy foreigner had a house there, but that he seldom visited the place," said Rupert. "It looks pretty prosperous."

"They could see the chimneys and gables of a large house, and a lofty, circular turret. There were trees on the island, too, but they were stunted and wind-blown. It was a wild and lonely place, and Rupert agreed with the Prince that the man who had built the house had a great deal more money than brains. Hendrick did not even know his name. He had never landed on the island, but he had seen a large yacht lying there some months before.

"Well, some people have odd tastes," said Ching-Lung. "I mean to have a look at that show. Perhaps they'll ask us to stay for tea."

A splendid instalment of this grand serial next Monday. Order your copy now.

The EDITOR'S WEEKLY CHAT WITH HIS READERS.

FOR NEXT MONDAY:

"SKINNER'S SCHEME!"

By FRANK RICHARDS.

The splendid, long, complete tale of Greyfriars School, entitled as above, which appears on Monday next, deals with the exploits of the famous detective, Ferrers Locke, who is called upon to investigate several mysterious occurrences at the old school. It is the intention of Skinner and several others to "show up" the detective, and it appears that his cleverness has been overrated. Ferrers Locke, however, is not to be caught napping, and

"SKINNER'S SCHEME,"

ingenious though it undoubtedly is, recoils on his own head.

"THE BOY WITHOUT A NAME!"

On New Year's Day—which will shortly be upon us—the long-looked-for "Boys' Friend Library" story, entitled as above, will make its welcome appearance on every bookstall. In town and country its attractive little cover will at once catch the eye, and I guarantee that this sterling yarn will be the means of bringing many a ready, glow to youthful faces during the Christmas holidays. The tale is written with such a freshness and charm that the reader's attention will be riveted upon it throughout, chase the midnight clocks never so looily.

No man living knows and loves boys so well as "genial Frank," as I have heard Mr. Richards called. His stories are invariably a fine blend of humour and sentiment, and his heroes seem to be fellows whom one knows, and with whom one can converse day by day. At all events, Arthur Clare is a character who will spring into popularity at a bound. My charms will do well to make his acquaintance in the New Year.

Now for a final word of warning. Do not rest content with the knowledge that "any time will do" for purchasing "THE BOY WITHOUT A NAME." Any time won't do. Those who fail to secure a copy on the date of publication will probably be doomed to grievous disappointment. The demand will be great, and the number of books limited, therefore the fellow who presents himself at his neighbour's early in the one who will score, while his less enthusiastic comrade will "get left."

The best plan of all, and one by which all my clowns ran safeguard themselves, is to order the book NOW. Then there will be no regrets.

I take this opportunity of extending to my reader friends all the world over my sincere wishes for a very happy and highly successful New Year!

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

A. Fletcher (Nottingham).—By this time you will have read of Talbot's reinstatement. Loder's Christian name is Gerald, and his age is seventeen. I regret that the "Magnet" you mention is out of print, and therefore unobtainable from this office.

C. Davies (Bath).—I am not in a position to give you an opinion on the firm you mention. You should consult a physician.

A. Astley (Boole).—Many thanks for your letter of appreciation. You are reasonably tall for your age, and your weight is not below the normal standard. Coker minor is twelve years of age.

W. J. Wright (Pimlico).—Mr. Frank Richards has written a new story for "The Boys' Friend" 3d. Library, as you will all see by the announcement above.

"Arnie" (Lepton).—I regret it is impossible for me to carry out your suggestion—for the time being, at any rate.

H. Stephen (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—The stories of Greyfriars will recommence in "Chuckles" shortly.

G. P. Leighton (Edinburgh).—I much appreciate your kind wishes.

H. Cuthbert (Middlesbrough).—I am unable to say at present whether the Coker Cup will be played for again. Thank you for your letter.

H. T. (Hasting).—The subject of your letter is entirely a matter for Mr. Richards. Your wish may possibly be granted, but I can make no definite promise.

The Editor

