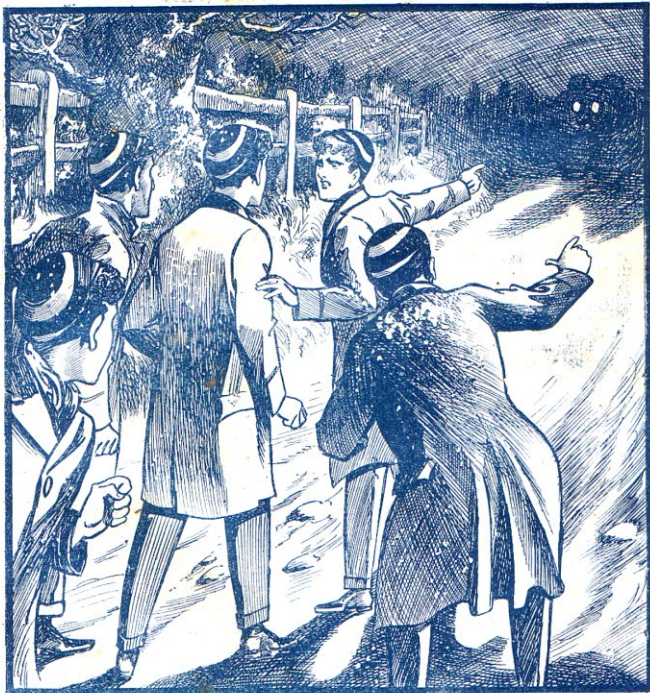


ANOTHER "GREYFRIARS HERALD" SUPPLEMENT INSIDE! HAVE YOU... SEEN IT YET?

The Maonet Library

No. 678. Vol. XVIII. Feb. 5th, 1921.



A MEETING WITH THE TERROR OF GREYFRIARS!

(A Dramatic Episode in the Long Complete School Tale inside.)



FOR NEXT MONDAY:

"HARRY WHARTON'S SACRIFICE!"

By Frank Richards.

The title of next week's grand long complete story of the chums of Greyfriars will tell my chums that Harry Wharton has a bad time. When a junior makes a sacrifice there is generally a very good reason for it, and a reader who is in the secret can always find a sympathetic throb in his heart for the junior.

In this story, we find that Hazeldene, the weak-willed brother of Marjorie Hazeldene, of Cliff House School, gets into trouble with Ponsoby of Highcliffe School. Ponsoby, as my chums know, is a lad with very mischievous ways. Only a few weeks before, Vernon-Smith had suffered at his hands, and now Hazeldene, lacking, as he does, the strength of the one-time Bomber, falls an easy victim. But Ponsoby could not reckon with

"HARRY WHARTON'S SACRIFICE!"

and finds himself in an unenviable position. This story is one which is bound to appeal to all my chums, and I strongly advise them not to miss it.

OUR SUPPLEMENT.

Next week there will be another grand supplement in the MAGNET LIBRARY, crammed full of fun and fiction contributed by the chums of Greyfriars.

"THE GREYFRIARS HERALD"

has no rival at Greyfriars at the moment. Billy Bunter has announced his intention of leaving the "Herald" staff a clear field. Naturally, when Billy is generous, there is something in the wind, and news of that "something" will be found out by reading all this Chat.

Readers have written to me saying how much they like that MAGNET LIBRARY Supplement, and I must say Harry Wharton & Co. are working very well. I hope my chums are helping them, too, by telling all their friends about the MAGNET LIBRARY and its grand stories.

BILLY'S LITTLE GAME.

As I told you last week, Billy Bunter has been up to a nice little game. He didn't want the MAGNET LIBRARY any THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 678.

more for the purpose of publishing his "Weekly." Harry Wharton & Co. have now a clear field—so far as the MAGNET LIBRARY is concerned. The illustration on this page, however, will explain Billy's little game.

He's taken his "Weekly" to our companion paper, the "Popular." And he's not the Sole Editor and Contributor, as he would write it. He is assisted by fellows from St. Jim's and Rookwood, and his own minor ad Greyfriars. The Four Fat Subs shown on the cover reproduction in this page will tell you something about this.

I can honestly say that this week's number of the "Popular" is one which

which will be on sale at all newsagents on Friday morning next.

Remember there is one serial, two grand complete school stories, a four-page supplement crammed full with funny stories and articles, and a chance to win some pocket-money. But the price is the same—three-halfpence.

Order your copy of the "Popular" right away, boys and girls.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

An Australian Mem.

Mr. W. J. Proctor, 78, Wellington Street, Bondi, Sydney, Australia, asks me to remind readers that he is starting an Australian branch of the International Correspondence Club, whose headquarters are in Edinburgh.

Football.

Matches wanted by St. Paul's Choir F.C., average age 14-15; medium; 5 miles. Write, giving open dates to W. Firman, 23, Station Road, Dagenham, Essex.

Correspondence.

"A Reader," 3, Packington Street, Prahran, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, asks for correspondence with readers overseas, ages 17-20.

Miss Coleman, 18, North Street, Beckholl-on-Sea, Sussex, desires correspondence with readers anywhere, age 18-20.

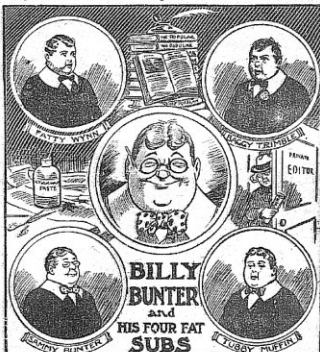
E. Rice, 9, Princes Street, West Hobart, Tasmania, asks for correspondents interested in building a canvas canoe and postcards.

Frank Stuart, 9, Adelaide Road, Wellington, New Zealand, would like to correspond with a reader anywhere.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

I have two great stories coming along in a fortnight's time for readers of the "Boys' Friend," our companion paper. One of them is entitled, "The Schoolboy Multi-Millionaire," whilst the other is a magnificent adventure story by Duncan Storm, who is undoubtedly one of the finest writers of adventure stories for boys and girls. School and adventure—just the very thing for YOU. Remember—in a fortnight's time!

I shall have something more to say about these stories later on.



has never been beaten for stories. There is a complete school story of Harry Wharton & Co.'s early days at Greyfriars, a grand complete story of Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood, the masterpiece of Billy Bunter and his Four Fat Subs entitled:

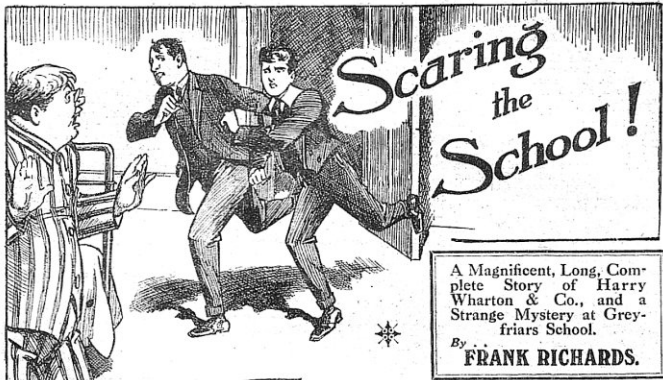
"BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY,"

and particulars of an easy competition for money prizes. Every reader of the "Popular" has a chance of winning a prize, and the competition is quite simple. Then there is a grand serial of the adventures of Ferrers Locke, the world-famous detective, and an illustrated feature entitled: "Popular Favourite."

Readers of the MAGNET LIBRARY really MUST see this week's number of

"THE POPULAR."

Your Editor



A Magnificent, Long, Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co., and a Strange Mystery at Greyfriars School.

By **FRANK RICHARDS.**

THE FIRST CHAPTER. A Mystery of the Night!

"YOU fellows awake?"

Harry Wharton asked the question softly, as he sat up in his bed in the Remove dormitory.

Even had just tolled out from the old clock-tower, and Greyfriars was in darkness, save for a solitary light that twinkled from the window of Mr. Quelch's study.

Mr. Quelch was working on his never-ending "History of Greyfriars," and he was typing at a rate sufficient to make sparks fly.

The members of the Remove—the most unruly Form at Greyfriars—ought to have been asleep long since. But the majority of them were wide awake, and there were several responses to Wharton's question.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry. "Ready for the feast, Harry?"

"Yes, I think we might get to business now."

"Good!"
Candle-ends were lighted up and down the dormitory, and there was a general air of expectancy.

Harry Wharton had planned a dormitory feed—not exactly a midnight feast, though it would probably be still in progress when the midnight chimes sounded.

Even Billy Bunter, who was usually dead to the world between lights out and rising-bell, was astir. And soon everybody in the dormitory was awake, with the exception of Lord Mauleverer. Nothing short of an earthquake, or a comet solo by Hoskins of the Shell, would have roused the slacker of the Remove.

Suddenly Frank Nugent uttered a startled exclamation.

"Hallo! Where's the Kipps?"
Instantly all eyes were turned toward Kipps' bed. It was empty.

The discovery caused quite a sensation. Had it been Skinner's bed, or Stott's that was empty, the juniors would have understood. It was a little habit of Skinner's to relieve the monotony of existence by breaking bounds at night,

and indulging in a mild "flutter" at some shady resort in Friar-dale. And sometimes Stott accompanied him.

Oliver Kipps, however, was not a night-bird. He had rarely been known to break bounds, and when he did so, it was usually in the company of Harry Wharton & Co. It was most unusual that he should go out on his own.

"What's happened to the silly duffer?" growled Johnny Bull. "Anybody know?"

Nobody knew.
"He's gone out, right enough," said Harry Wharton. "His tops aren't here. Wonder what the little game is?"

"He may have gone down to the village," suggested Mark Linley.

"In that case," said Bob Cherry. "I hope it Kipps fine for him!"

And there was a roar of protest at Bob's painful pun.

"Oh, bother Kipps!" growled Bolsover major. "He'll miss the feed, but that's his funeral. Where's the grub, Wharton?"

"Yes, where's the grub?" echoed Billy Bunter eagerly.

"The tuck-hammer's stowed away in the wood-shed," said the captain of the Remove. "Who'll volunteer to fetch it, and bring it up to the dorm? Don't all speak at once!"

They didn't. For it was a bitterly cold night, and none of the juniors relished an excursion through the snow-covered Close.

"I say, you fellows," said Billy Bunter. "I'd go like a shot, only—"

"Only what?" asked Wharton.

"Ahem! I—I can't walk, you know. I fell off the trapeze in the gym this afternoon, and fractured my thigh."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I vote we make the fat worm go, for telling such an awful cram!" said Peter Todd.

"Hear, hear!"
"Oh, really, you fellows—"
"Go ahead, Buntz," said Bob Cherry, "put a jerk in it!"
"I'm not going!"
"We'll soon see about that," said Bob grimly. "If you won't fetch the

hammer you won't get a share of the contents—see?"

"Oh crumbs!"

The prospect of being deprived of a share in the feed was gail and worm-wood to Billy Bunter, who had eaten nothing since tea-time, with the exception of a few veal-and-ham pies and a bag of assorted pastries.

To tell the truth, the fat junior was afraid to venture out into the darkness. He had heard a lot of legends concerning the Greyfriars ghost and he had a wholesome dread of the supernatural. He was afraid that if he went on this nocturnal mission, he would encounter some ghastly spectre clanking its chains. And his blood ran cold at the thought.

Still, he was anxious to have a share of the good things, so he compromised.

"I'll tell you what, you fellows," he said. "I'll go right away, if—if somebody'll come with me."

"Well, that's only fair," said Harry Wharton. "The hammer's too hefty for one fellow to carry alone."

"Besides, if Bunter went by himself, the hammer would never leave the wood-shed," said Squiff. "He'd stay there and scoff everything he could lay his hands on."

"Oh, really, Field—"
"Any volunteers to go with Bunter?" asked Wharton.

For a moment there was silence.
Then up spoke Fisher T. Fish.

"I guess I'll go, as you're such a lot of cowardly jays!" he said. "Come on, Bunter!"

The two juniors got out of bed and scrambled into their clothes.

"No dilly dallying, mind!" said Harry Wharton. "You're to bring the hammer straight here. And don't go bumping into Quelch, whatever you do, or it'll put paid to the whole thing."

"We'll be as quiet as mice!" said Billy Bunter.

But the fat junior's footsteps, as he quitted the dormitory, would have done credit to a battalion of soldiers.

"Shush!"
"Go easy, Bunter, for goodness' sake!"

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"Make him tread lightly, Fishy, or he'll wake the whole blessed school!"

Billy Bunter and his companions proceeded downstairs, and their schoolfellows eagerly awaited their return.

They were back inside a couple of minutes. And the manner of their return was dramatic. They rushed into the dormitory as if a pack of wolves was in pursuit.

There was no sign of the tuck-hammer. "What on earth's the matter?" gasped Nugent. "Is Quelch on the prowl?"

Billy Bunter sank down on to his bed. He was genuinely scared. His complexion was a pasty colour, and his plump body was quivering like a table-jelly. Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead, and his hair seemed to have risen up from his head.

Fisher T. Fish was no less frightened. He kept darting startled glances towards the door, as if expecting some fearsome apparition to appear on the scene. His teeth were chattering, his somewhat skinny hands were tightly clenched.

"Great jumping crackers!" gasped Bob Cherry. "You fellows look as if you'd see a ghost!"

"Worse than that!" muttered Fish, with a shudder.

"Eh?"

"We—we've seen—it!"

"Seen what?"

"The—The Thing, you know!"

"You're talking in riddles you silly duffer!" growled Johnny Bull. "What have you seen?"

"A terrible monster!" said Billy Bunter.

"Do you mean Quelch?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's nothing to cackle at, you fellows," said the fat junior. "Dad-dad didn't you hear an awful wailing sound just now?"

"It was the wind, you champion clump!" said Nugent.

"It wasn't! It came from the monster—the green-eyed monster!"

"That's jealousy!" said Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The stuttering, incoherent descriptions given by Bunter and Fish didn't impress their schoolfellows in the least. And so wonder. For no healthy-minded junior believed in the existence of a green-eyed monster who prowled around at night, and made weird wailing noises.

It was generally believed that Bunter and Fish had got into a state of funk, and that they had invented this story as an excuse for not fetching the hamper.

"I know you fellows don't believe us," said Billy Bunter. "But it's true! Directly we set foot in the Close, we heard a deep growl."

"You said just now it was a wail!" said Peter Todd.

"Alein! It—it was a sort of mixture of the two!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"As I was saying, we heard a fearful snarl—"

"P'raps the gardener's dog's broken loose!" suggested Tom Brown.

"Dog?" echoed Fisher T. Fish. "Gee-whoo! It was no dog! I guess it was as big as a pony, and its body was turtle-shaped."

"And fire and smoke was coming out of its jaws!" added Billy Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I won't swear to the fire and smoke," said Fisher T. Fish. "But it was an awful thing—simply ghastly!"

The juniors realised that Fish was not acting a part. He was genuinely terrified.

"If you really saw something," said Wharton, "somebody must have been trying to scare you."

"That's about it," said Bolsover major.

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"Look here, I'll go along and get the hamper, if somebody will come along with me."

"I'll come," said Squiff.

"Don't go, you fellows—don't!" pleaded Billy Bunter. "You'll be attacked by that savage monster, with its fearful grunt!"

"First it was a wail, then a growl, then a snarl, and now it's a grunt!" clucked Bob Cherry. "The monster seems to go in for a variety of music!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bolsover major and Squiff said no need to Bunter's protestations. They dressed rapidly, and hurried out of the dormitory.

Harry Wharton & Co. awaited their return with calm confidence.

Neither Bolsover nor Squiff was a funk. The nerves of both were strong and steady, and they were not likely to be deterred from their purpose by any wailing, grunting, or snarling noises which they might hear.

"They—they'll be killed!" panted Billy Bunter. "They'll be swallowed whole!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Get back to bed, porpoise, and stop spouting silly rot!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Listen!" said Fisher T. Fish suddenly. "I guess those fellows are coming back."

"But—but they can't possibly have got the hamper in this short time!" said Wharton.

"They're coming back, anyway. Sounds as if they're taking the stairs three at a time, too!"

The next instant the door of the dormitory was thrown open, and in rushed Squiff and Bolsover.

To say that they were startled was to put it mildly. They were in almost as terrified a state as Bunter and Fish had been.

Bolsover hastily closed the door and put his back to it. His face was ghastly in the candlelight.

As for Squiff, his schoolfellows had never seen him look so scared.

"My only aunt!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, sitting bolt upright in bed.

"What's wrong, you fellows?"

"We—we've seen it!" said Squiff.

"And I never want to set eyes on the horrible thing again. Oh, it was awful!"

And he covered his face with his hands.

"You—you've seen what?" exclaimed Harry Wharton, in amazement.

"The monster!"

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

A Night of Dread!

THE Remove dormitory was in a buzz.

Squiff's statement had caused quite a sensation.

Billy Bunter's vivid description of the monster had given rise to much merriment. But nobody was laughing now.

Fellows of Squiff's calibre were not easily thrown into a state of panic. And the fact that he bore out the statements of Bunter and Fish convinced Harry Wharton & Co. that there was something in it.

At first they had regarded the monster as a creature of Billy Bunter's imagination. They knew different now. Squiff had seen it; Bolsover had seen it. And both juniors were completely unmoved. Their faces were ashen; their limbs were trembling.

"I warned you not to go, you fellows!" said Billy Bunter. "You were jolly lucky not to have been mangled and mangled by the horrible thing!"

"You don't mean to say that it went for you, Squiff?" said Frank Nugent. Squiff nodded.

"If we hadn't sprinted into the building at top speed, it would have collared us!" he said.

"My hat!"

"What was the thing like?" asked Mark Lintley. "Can't you describe it?"

"We didn't stop to study it at close quarters," said Squiff. "One glance was enough. As Fishy says, it was as big as a pony, and the shape of a turtle. It seemed to have scales, and its eyes were green."

At any other time, Squiff's description might have raised a laugh. But everybody was looking dead serious now, and the weaker spirits were thoroughly scared.

"What sort of a row did the thing make?" inquired Bob Cherry.

"It gave a queer sort of snort," said Bolsover major.

"And did it move quickly?"

"I should jolly well say so! If we hadn't yamoused when we did, it would have been all up with us."

There was blank consternation amongst the Removites.

The fact that the Close was invaded by a mysterious monster—and an aggressive creature as that—made it impossible for the tuck-hammer to be fetched.

It was necessary to cross the Close in order to get to the woodshed. And not even the bravest spirits in the Form would have cared or dared to undertake the task after what they had heard.

Harry Wharton stepped out of bed.

"You—you're not going to fetch the hamper, Harry?" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"No jolly feat! I want somebody to give me a bunk up on to one of the window-sills."

Squiff and Bolsover major obliged. They had more or less regained their composure by this time.

Harry Wharton was hoisted up to the sill. He threw up the window, and peered out into the darkness.

Snow was falling heavily, and for a moment Wharton was blinded by the whirling flakes.

Presently his eyes became accustomed to the darkness.

"Do you see anything, old man?" asked Nugent breathlessly.

"Yes!"

"Is it the—The Thing?" muttered Bolsover.

"I—I suppose so."

Instantly there was a chorus of inquiry.

"What's it like?"

"What's it doing?"

"It seems to be tearing round the Close," said Wharton. "I can see its dark outline of its body, and I can see its eyes, too. They're just as Squiff described them—green and penetrating."

"My hat!"

"Must be some sort of animal that's escaped from a travelling circus," said Mark Lintley.

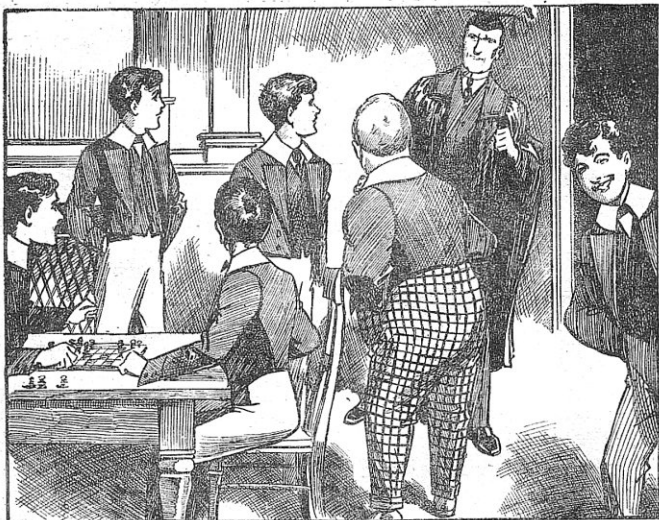
That seemed to be the most likely solution to the mystery. But it did not lessen the uneasiness of the juniors. They felt anything but comfortable at the prospect that the Close was tenanted by a wild beast.

"Hain't we better wake one of the masters?" suggested Vernon-Smith.

Before Harry Wharton could reply, the door of the dormitory opened, and a figure in dressing-gown and slippers came in. It was Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove.

The Form-master's brow grew very stern as he surveyed the scene before him.

It was now half-past eleven. Yet candles were burning in the Remove



"I'm going to see Quelch," said Billy Bunter. "I suppose the old buffer won't mind me sleeping in the strong-room!"
 "The 'old buffer' has every objection, Bunter!" interjected the stern voice of the Remove Form-master, as he entered the Common-room unobserved by the juniors. (See Chapter 4.)

dormitory, several juniors were out of bed, and the captain of the Form was perched on one of the window-sills.

"What is the meaning of this?" demanded Mr. Quelch. "At this hour of the night, you all ought to be asleep! Why, Bolsover, what is the matter? You appear to be in a state of distraction!"

"So would you be, sir, if you'd seen what I've seen!" answered Bolsover.

"I fail to understand you, Bolsover!"

"There's a hideous monster down in the Close, sir—"

"What!"

"Wharton can see it from the window, sir," added Bolsover hastily. He did not want Mr. Quelch to suspect that he and Squiff had been in the Close.

"This is sheer nonsense!" snapped the Remove-master.

"It isn't, sir," said Wharton, from his perch. "Listen!"

A snoring sound was borne to the ears of the occupants of the Remove dormitory.

Mr. Quelch gave a start.

"Bless my soul! There appears to be an animal of some sort in the vicinity!" he exclaimed.

"I can see it, sir!" said Wharton. "Not clearly, but I can tell that it's an enormous thing, and it travels at a terrific pace!"

Mr. Quelch looked amazed.

"I can only conclude," he said, "that a cow, or some other bovine creature has

escaped from its meadow, and made its way into the school precincts."

"Would you like to see it, sir?" asked Squiff. "We'll hoist you up."

"Silence, Field! I have no intention of trying to perform acrobatic feats. I will go down into the Close and investigate this strange occurrence."

And Mr. Quelch withdrew.

"I say, it's jolly lucky Quelch didn't twig Kippis' empty bed!" said Peter Todd.

"My hat, yes!" said Bob Cherry.

In the grim excitement of the past half-hour, the juniors had forgotten all about Kippis.

The schoolboy conjuror had now been absent from the dormitory for some time, and he must have gone out very quietly, for no one had heard him stirring.

Where was he?

It seemed to be a night of mysteries.

"All I hope is that Quelch doesn't discover Kippis' absence when he comes back," said Harry Wharton.

Vernon-Smith obtained a bolster, and thrust it into the absent junior's bed.

It looked for all the world as if Kippis was in bed and asleep, with his head buried in the bedclothes.

After an interval of ten minutes, Mr. Quelch returned. He was looking very stern.

"Did you see it, sir?" asked Squiff eagerly.

"I saw nothing."

"My hat!"

"Moreover," added Mr. Quelch grimly, "I suspect that there was nothing to be seen! To use a somewhat vulgar phrase which is current among you, you have been 'pulling my leg.'"

"Nonsense, sir! Not at all!" said Harry Wharton. "The—The Thing was there all right, up to a few minutes ago. It seems to have suddenly disappeared."

"I am not at all impressed, Wharton—except unfavourably—by what you tell me," said Mr. Quelch. "I am confident that there is no 'hideous monster' lurking in the Close. I have made a thorough investigation, and have seen nothing, beyond a number of strange footmarks in the snow. These, however, can be accounted for in a dozen ways."

"But how do you account for the snoring noise we all heard just now, sir?" said Bob Cherry.

"That is certainly inexplicable," admitted Mr. Quelch. "At the same time, I refuse to believe that the Close has been invaded by some mysterious animal. The whole thing is a fiction, which was deliberately planned in an attempt to deceive me! Such a ruse may have succeeded in the case of some masters, but it will not succeed with me. Every boy who is out of bed will take five hundred lines."

"Oh, crumbs!"

"Get back to bed, all of you, and let there be no further disturbance tonight!"

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Harry Wharton and the others, indignant to think that their statements had been doubted, went back to bed.

"Extinguish those lights!" rapped out Mr. Quelch.

The candles were duly blown out, and the Remove-master withdrew. He had glanced at all the beds before taking his departure, and he was satisfied that every one was occupied.

The juniors allowed a good ten minutes to elapse. Then they re-lit the candles. Sleep was impossible, in the circumstances.

The snorting noise from the Close was again audible, and the Removeites shivered.

"It-it's still there!" faltered Nugent. "What on earth can it be?"

Harry Wharton did not venture again on to the window-sill—not because he was afraid that Mr. Quelch might return, but because he had already seen sufficient to unnervise him.

After a time the snorting noise ceased. "Gone!" said Johnny Bull.

"Not if it may come back," said Bolsover, with a shudder. "I don't feel like going to sleep, anyway."

"Neither did anybody else."

Presently, footsteps were heard ascending the stairs. They halted outside the door of the dormitory.

All eyes were focussed upon the door, which opened the next instant, admitting Kipps of the Remove.

Kipps was fully dressed, and there were fragments of snow on his coat. He seemed surprised to find everybody awake; but he was looking quite merry and bright.

"Where have you been?"

Over a dozen voices asked the question.

"Out!" said Kipps briefly.

"Yes; but where?" demanded Harry Wharton.

"Oh, not a hundred miles away," was the evasive reply.

"Did—did you see it?" asked Squiff.

"Eh? See what?"

"The monster," Harry Wharton, however.

Kipps laughed outright, as he crossed over to his bed.

"The only monster I saw was Goshing the porter," he said. "I dodged him in the dark, or he'd have reported me."

"But didn't you see anything else when you came through the Close?" asked Bob Cherry.

"No."

"Look here, Kipps," said Harry Wharton, "where have you been? What have you been doing?"

"Too tired to answer conundrums, old chap," said Kipps, with a yawn. "I'm going to turn in."

And he suited the action to the word.

The juniors continued to fire questions at him, but he answered in monosyllables.

He assured Harry Wharton, however, that he had not been "on the razzle," and presently the matter was allowed to drop.

The midnight feast was abandoned.

Not for whole hemispheres would any of the juniors have ventured out into the Close, after the terrifying experiences of Bunter and Pieh, and Squiff and Bolsover.

Harry Wharton's hamper would have to remain in the wood-shed until next day.

Kipps was asleep almost as soon as his head touched the pillow. While he had undressed, he had heard his schoolfellows discussing the mysterious monster, but he seemed in no way alarmed. The others envied his untroubled nerves.

For a long time Harry Wharton & Co. lay awake, listening.

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But the snorting noise which had filled them with dread was no longer audible.

Silence reigned in the snow-covered Close and throughout the school building.

Eventually, long after midnight, the Removeites fell asleep. But their slumber was disturbed by troubled dreams, and more than one of them had visions of being face to face with the dreaded monster whose appearance had caused such a deep sensation.

There was a mystery at Greyfriars—a mystery which perhaps only Kipps of the Remove could solve!

THE THIRD CHAPTER. A Meeting with the Monster!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. were pale and heavy-eyed when they rose next morning.

They soon recovered their good spirits, however.

In the broad light of day it seemed hard to believe that the events of the previous night were anything but a dream.

"Buck up, you fellows!" said Bob Cherry, twinning himself briskly. "We'll go down and see if we can find any trace of the monster."

The mere mention of the monster raised a laugh.

"We were a set of prize idiots last night!" said Harry Wharton. "We ought to have gone down into the Close and investigated matters, instead of sticking up here shivering."

"Oh, really, Wharton—?" said Billy Bunter. "If you'd gone down, you'd never come back alive! It was only by putting in a tremendous sprint that I escaped from the jaws of death. And as you're an inferior runner to me, you'd never have got away in time."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Squiff and Bolsover major were looking rather shamefaced.

"We were a pair of funks," said the former. "Instead of turning tail, we ought to have stayed down in the Close until we'd solved the giddy mystery."

Bolsover nodded.

"That's so," he said. "It's hardly likely that the thing would have eaten us."

"If it comes again to-night," said Johnny Bull, "we'll go down in force and attack it."

"Hear, hear!"

The juniors continued to talk in this strain. It was so easy to be courageous in the daytime.

When they were dressed the Famous Five hurried down into the Close. But they discovered nothing.

There had been a heavy fall of snow in the night, and no footmarks were visible save those of Goshing the porter, who had crossed the Close in order to peel the rising-bell.

"Nothing doing!" said Nugent. "I wonder if the whole thing was purely imagination?"

"It was real enough," said Wharton. "I saw the monster from the window of the dorm."

"You're sure it wasn't a shadow?"

"Ass! I've never seen a shadow run yet!"

"But I've often seen one falling," said Bob Cherry humorously. "Come to think of it, I've seen a shadow lifting as well."

"But you've never heard one snort."

"No; I shouldn't go so far as to say that."

"We're dealing in facts, not fancies," said Wharton. "And it's a fact that there was a creature of some sort prowling round the Close in the night. What

it was, and where it came from, we don't know; but we'll jolly well find out!"

"Yes; rather!"

"And we'll give the esteemed and ludicrous beast a rough handling for putting the wind up us gustfully!" said Hurree Singh.

The sound of the breakfast-gong put an end to the juniors' conversation.

When the meal was over, the Removeites came in for a great deal of chipping from the fellows in other Forms.

Nobody outside the Remove believed in the existence of the monster. And Coker & Co. of the Fifth and Tompso & Co. of the Upper Fourth were not slow to make capital out of the affair.

They branded the Remove as a set of silly, imaginative funks.

Harry Wharton's tuck-hammer was transferred from the woodshed to Study No. 1, where a bumper celebration took place that afternoon.

"Let's make an evening of it, you fellows, and go to the cinema," suggested Bob Cherry. "There's a new Joan of Arc film that I'm dying to see."

"Same lingo," said Wharton. "I'll go and tackle Wingate for laurie passes."

The necessary permits having been obtained, the Famous Five arrayed themselves in overcoats, mufflers, and gloves—for the weather was bitterly cold—and set out for Courtfield.

"Whither bound?" asked Kipps, who was hovering in the school gateway.

"Pictures," said Wharton briefly. "Coming along?"

"No, thanks! I'm busy."

"You always are," said Johnny Bull. "For the last few weeks you've buried yourself in the workshop. What's the ame? Have you taken up fretwork?"

"No. I'm just going ahead with a little hobby of mine," said Kipps. "What title will you fellows be coming back?"

"About nine," said Nugent.

"You'll return by the main road?"

"Of course. But why all these questions?"

"Oh, I merely wanted to know," said Kipps off-handedly.

And he strolled away.

The Famous Five proceeded with rapid strides to Courtfield.

They found the little picture-palace besieged by a jostling throng. For a famous film was showing, and all Courtfield seemed to have turned out to see it.

Outside the main entrance was a card bearing the inscription:

"STANDING ROOM ONLY."

"Just our luck!" grunted Bob Cherry. "Still, it'll be worth while standing on our pins for a couple of hours, if the film's a top-notch."

The juniors were in luck's way, after all. A modest bribe to an attendant secured them seats in the back row, and directly they had taken their places the great film started.

It was certainly a masterpiece, and the juniors sat spellbound as scene after scene flashed before their eyes.

Joan of Arc was the principal character in the screen, and a world-famous film actress faithfully performed the part of one of the greatest heroines in history.

"Topping!" was Bob Cherry's verdict, when the film came to an end.

"Simply stunning!" agreed Nugent.

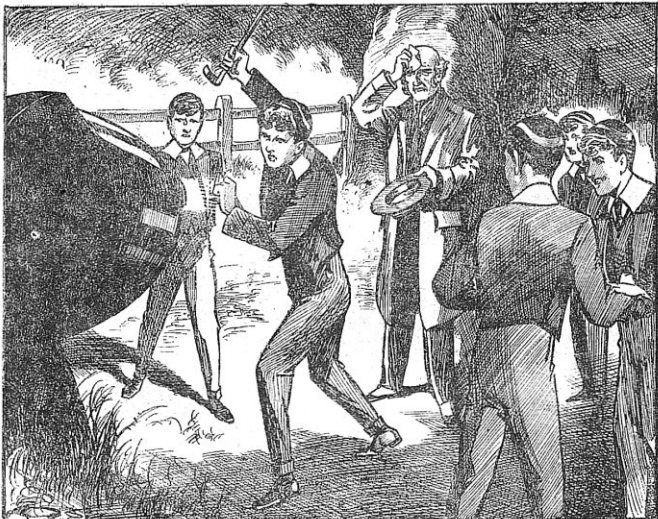
"I should like to see it performed all over again," said Hurree Singh.

"Same here," said Wharton. "But it's time to quit. Come on!"

And the juniors trooped out of the cinema.

It was snowing hard, and the night was intensely dark.

"Groo!" muttered Johnny Bull, with



Bob Cherry dashed at the Monster with up-raised stick. He brought it down with great force on the thick head before him. The victim of the castigation did not budge. "It can't be real!" gasped Harry Wharton. Bob Cherry paused, panting for breath. (See Chapter 7.)

a shiver. "Let's put the pace on, or we shall be frozen stiff!"

The Famous Five set out at a brisk pace for Greystriars.

By this time they had almost forgotten their experiences of the previous night. The wonderful Joan of Arc film had banished all thoughts of the mysterious monster from their minds.

But they were soon to be forcibly reminded of its existence.

They had reached a lonely part of the road, when Bob Cherry, who was walking ahead with Wharton, clutched his elbow by the arm.

"Listen!" he muttered.

Faintly from the distance came the now familiar snorting sound which had greeted the juniors' ears the previous night.

The Famous Five stopped short in the roadway.

"It's coming nearer!" gasped Nugent.

And his teeth chattered—not entirely with the cold, but because of a vague fear.

The strange sound, which was unlike anything the juniors had ever heard before, drew nearer and nearer.

Harry Wharton strained his eyes into the darkness. And presently he gave a startled cry:

"Look!"

Wharton's chums followed his gaze.

A pair of green, luminous orbs became visible, and the dark outline of a beast-

like form could be discerned. It was bearing down swiftly upon the juniors, who for a few seconds were too paralysed to move.

"It—it's the monster!"

Bob Cherry jerked out the words. And the juniors shuddered in spite of themselves.

Only that morning they had spoken glibly of tackling the mysterious monster. But they didn't feel much like tackling it now. Indeed, it seemed far more likely that the boot would be on the other foot—that they would be the attacked, not the attackers.

Had they remained in the roadway the juniors would have been charged down by the oncoming monster. As it was, they only managed to leap aside in the nick of time.

They squeezed themselves into the prickly, snow-tinted hedge; and the weird creature which had struck terror into their hearts went lumbering past. As it did so, Bob Cherry reached out his hand and touched it. Then he gave a shriek, for the monster's scaly covering was icy cold!

With fast-beating hearts the juniors remained crouching in the hedge.

They half-expected that the monster would turn and attack them. But it headed straight on down the road, snorting as it went.

The Famous Five gazed after it, partly in terror and partly in fascination.

Johnny Bull was the first to find his voice.

"The cross-roads are just ahead," he muttered. "Wonder which way it'll go?"

There was a road branching off to the right, and another to the left.

The monster ignored both. It went straight on, and crashed through a hedge which stood in its path. Then it sped on over the silent meadows.

For a long time the snorting of the creature could be heard, and it was not until it had died away in the distance that the Greystriars juniors extricated themselves from their prickly refuge.

They grouped themselves together in the roadway, and exchanged wondering glances.

"Well, we've had some rummy experiences in our time," said Harry Wharton, "but nothing quite comes up to this!"

"I—I thought the beast was going to run us down!" faltered Nugent.

"Same here," said Bob Cherry. "It missed me by barely a yard. I touched it as it went past, and it was cold and clammy. Ugh!"

"I can't think what it can be," said Johnny Bull. "It doesn't resemble any sort of wild animal that I've seen. Its eyes were awful! They seemed to gleam like electric torches!"

"You remember what Linley said last

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night in the dorm?" said Wharton. "He said it was probably a beast of some sort that had escaped from a travelling circus. Well, I believe he's right."

"But, if that's the case, warning notices would have been stuck up everywhere," said Bob Cherry. "Whenever a dangerous animal gets loose, the public is always warned to mind its eye."
"It may have broken away from some place dozens of miles from here," said Nugent. "It might even have escaped from the Zoo, and found its way down to this part of the world. Stranger things have happened."

"Well, I'm jolly thankful it's gone, anyway," said Johnny Bull.

"The thankfulness is terrific," added Hurree Singh. "We were lucky it didn't unfortunately read us!"

"Let's hurry on," said Wharton. "The ghastly thing may come back. There's no knowing."

And the Famous Five, scarcely daring to look back over their shoulders, set off at a sharp sprint in the direction of Greyfriars.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Doubting Thomases!

"HALLO, hallo, bullo! Here's Gossy!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, as he entered the school gateway with his chums.

The school porter was about to lock the gates. The light from his lantern revealed his features, and the juniors saw that he was considerably startled.

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

Gossy's hand trembled as he inserted the key in the lock.

"Which I've just seen it!" he muttered. "Ten minutes ago as ever was!"

"Seen what, you old duffer?" exclaimed Nugent.

"The Monster! The 'orrible critter wot 'aunts this 'ere place!"

"My hat!"

"I read all about it this morning," Gossy went on. "Master Bolsover told me as 'ow there was a dreadful monster lurkin' around. But I didn't believe 'im."

"Tell that to the Marines, Master Bolsover," says he. "Which you ain't goin' to pull my leg with impoosity!" says I.

"I sin't a-pullin' yer leg," says he. "I saw it last night with me own eyes—'orrible, green-eyed monster!" Well, I didn't believe 'im, young gens, but I do now. Only ten minutes ago it come tearin' through this 'ere gateway. I was fair 'mazed!"

"It came through the Close?" gasped Harry Wharton.

Gossy nodded.

"I ain't a scoopostitions man," he said, "but the sight of that 'orrible critter fair unnerwed me! I 'opped into my lodge afore you could say knife. An' I watched it through the window—saw it go plungin' down the road."

"What would you say it was, Gossy?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Looked to me more like a dragon than anythin' else, Master Cherry."

"But dragons have tails," protested Nugent. "And this thing hadn't."

"Well, whether it was a dragon, or a banyip, or a sopernatural bein', I don't never want to set eyes on it agen," said Gossy.

"Did you notice which direction the thing came from?" asked Wharton.

"It seemed to come from the workshop or thereabouts," said Gossy.

"Drat the thing, I says! I ain't a timid sort of man, but there won't be no sleep for me to-night!"

"Cheer up, Gossy!" said Bob Cherry. "If it's a man-eating monster, it would be too fastidious to sample you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Gossy gave a grunt, and shuffled back into his lodge. And he was careful to lock and bolt the door.

The Famous Five, feeling somewhat brighter in spirits now that the danger had passed, went into the building.

There was quite a crowd in the junior Common-room.

Vernon-Smith and Peter Todd and Mark Linley were roasting chestnuts at the fire, and Dick Penfold and Tom Brown were trying to play chess. They were unable to make much headway with the game, owing to the fact that Billy Bunter was standing near, chattering about the monster which had terrorized the Remove the previous night.

"Of course, if I'd had a cricket-stump handy," Bunter was saying, "I'd have bashed the brute's brains out. As it was, I dealt it a smashing blow on the jaw, and I'd have stopped to finish it off, only Fieby was in a blue funk, and he pleaded with me to go back to the dorm."

"Oh, dry up!" growled Tom Brown, who was being out-generaled by Dick Penfold. "How can I fix my mind on the game, with your beastly tongue wagging? I'm fed-up with hearing about that monster. It's gone and it hasn't been seen since!"

"It has!" interposed a quiet voice—that of Harry Wharton.

The chess-players looked up with a start.

"Eh—what's that, Wharton?"

"We met the monster to-night, on our way back from Courtfield!"

Wharton's statement set the Common-room in a buzz.

There was a chorus of inquiry.

"Have you fellows really seen it?"

"What was it like?"

"Tell us all about it!"

The Famous Five told their story in detail, and their schoolfellows sat spell-bound.

The game of chess was forgotten—like-wise the chestnuts, which were rapidly becoming black.

"My only aunt!" ejaculated Squiff, when Harry Wharton & Co. had related their experiences. "I thought we'd seen the last of the monster, but it seems to be making its home at Greyfriars."

"It's miles away by now, thank goodness!" said Johnny Bull.

"But it'll come back. You can wager your Sunday topper on that. If Gossy says he saw it coming from the direction of the workshop, it must have a retreat somewhere near."

"It might even live in the workshop!" suggested Bolsover major.

"Impossible!" said Mark Linley. "A creature of that size couldn't possibly get in through the doorway."

"I say, you fellows!" chimed in Billy Bunter, who was feeling much less courageous after hearing the Famous Five's story. "I'm going to ask Quelch if I can sleep in the strong-room to-night!"

"Don't be an ass!" snapped Wharton. "You don't suppose the monster could break into the dorm, do you?"

"I'm sure it could," said Bunter. "It can slaver itself out like a snake, and it'll come wriggling up the stairs—"

"Dry up!" roared a dozen voices.

Although Billy Bunter's suggestion was absurd, the juniors could not help feeling uneasy.

"I'm going to see Quelch!" said the Owl of the Remove. "I don't suppose the old buffer will have any objection to my sleeping in the strong-room—"

"The 'old buffer' has every objection, Bunter!" interjected a stern voice.

The juniors gave a start.

Mr. Quelch had come into the Common-room unobserved.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Billy Bunter.

"I—didn't know you were there, sir!"

"Apparently not!" said Mr. Quelch drily. "Had you been cognizant of my presence, you would scarcely have dared to refer to me as an old buffer. You will take a hundred lines, Bunter!"

"Oh!"

"What is this ridiculous request you were about to make?" continued Mr. Quelch. "Why should you wish to spend the night in the strong-room?"

"Because of the—the monster, sir. These fellows mightn't have any objection to deceivin' me last night, but the idea doesn't appeal to me a bit, sir."

Mr. Quelch frowned.

"It is high time this nonsense came to an end!" he said. "I am astonished that you should persist in such a wild story. I am satisfied that there is no monster of any sort in the vicinity."

"But there is, sir!"

It was Harry Wharton who spoke.

"Nonsense, Wharton! You attempted to deceive me last night, and it is useless to attempt to carry the deception any farther."

Wharton flushed.

"There's no question of deception, sir," he said warmly. "All these fellows will bear me out. On our way back from Courtfield just now, we met the monster. It came snorting past us, and we had to get into the hedge. And Gossy saw it, too."

Mr. Quelch remained unconvinced. "He could hardly be blamed, in the circumstances, for Wharton's story took some swallowing."

"Pray be silent, Wharton!" said the Remove-master. "I do not wish to hear anything further concerning this fictitious creature."

"But, sir—"

"If you say another word I shall punish you!" said Mr. Quelch.

And Wharton subsided.

As Mr. Quelch turned to depart Billy Bunter called after him.

"I say, sir! I s'pose it'll be all right for me to have a bed made up in the strong-room?"

"No, Bunter, it will not be all right," roared Mr. Quelch, wheeling round and glaring at the fat junior. "Your imposition is doubled!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"And any further impertinence on your part will be rewarded by a severe caning!"

Saying, Mr. Quelch withdrew.

Out in the passage, he met Mr. Prout, who noted the thunderclouds on his colleague's brow.

"Why, what is the matter, Quelch?" he asked.

"My pupils are persisting in a wild story to the effect that a mysterious and menacing monster is haunting the school premises," said Mr. Quelch.

"Bless my soul! How absurd!"

"I agree that it is utterly absurd," said the master of the Remove. "Wharton assures me that he and his chums met this strange creature just now, on their way back from Courtfield."

"Preposterous!" said Mr. Prout. "Your pupils have been trying to deceive you, Quelch. To use a somewhat vulgar colloquialism, they were having you on toast. There is certainly no wild beast on the premises—unless we except the gardener's dog!"

The two masters walked away together. Neither of them believed in the existence of the monster. They were Doubting Thomases, both of them.

But their doubts were shortly to be dispelled!

(Continued on page 9.)

The Greyfriars HERALD

SUPPLEMENT No. 6.

February 5th, 1921



The

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FRANK NUGENT
Sub-Editor

TOM BROWN
Editorial

VERNON SMITH
Sports Editor

LONG FULLEVER
Fashion Editor

MARK LINLEY
Sub-Editor

BOB CHERRY
Fishing Editor

EDITORIAL!

By Harry Wharton.

Last week the hardworking staff of the "Greyfriars Herald" enjoyed a well-earned rest, thanks to Billy Bunter, who came on the scene with another issue of his famous—or should I say infamous?—weekly.

Billy is awfully proud of his journalistic achievements. He simply swells with pride, and seems likely to share the fate of the frog in the fable! He declares that his "wonderful weekly" caused vast amusement; and I don't doubt it. The stories and articles were screamingly funny—especially those that were intended to be serious!

Billy Bunter wanted to publish yet another issue of his paper this week, but I put my editorial foot down. Can't have Billy monopolising the show, you know!

"Yore editor and friend, W. G. B." must take an enforced rest. It is possible that we may give him another innings later on. Meanwhile, the jolly old "Herald" will continue its gay career.

My postbag is daily becoming bigger. From all over the world I am receiving letters of praise and of helpful criticism.

"It's a topping idea, Harry," writes Jimmy B., of Bampton, "to publish a complete issue of the 'Greyfriars Herald' every week in the good old 'Magnet'! I can well remember the time when extracts from your paper used to appear; but it's a job more exciting to have a complete issue which can be detached and kept. When I have collected a goodly pile of copies, I shall have flea-bound, and sixty years hence, when I'm a doddering old jowler with the gout, I shall sit up in my bathchair and amuse my grandchildren by reading to them the stories and articles which delighted me in my youth."

My chum goes on to say:

"I have only one fault to find with the 'Herald'—it isn't big enough! I should like to see stories of St. Jim's and Rookwood and Hildesheim. Still, considering the whole issue is given away each week for nothing, I've no right to grumble."

I have made a note of my chum's remarks, and in the near future I hope to introduce contributions from the rival schools.

Let me add that I shall at all times be delighted to hear from my loyal readers of both sexes. Address your letters to: The Editor, "The Magnet Library," The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. I am particularly anxious to learn your opinion of this week's issue, in the course of which our busy staff has burned gallons of midnight oil!

HARRY WHARTON.

AN ODE TO QUELCHY!

By Harold Skinner.

Quelchy, with all thy faults, I love thee still,
Although thou hast a "Bolshev" disposition!

With cane and pointer thou dost work thy will,
And dolest out full many an imposition.
Sometimes I wish that thou wert taken ill,
(I hope I shan't be punished for sedition!)
From lessons we should love to be let off,
If thou wert stricken down with whooping-cough!

Or if, perchance, thou wouldst develop measles,
And thus be doomed to lonely isolation!

Thy pupils—Balls and Fishes, Stotts' and Weasels,
Would promptly hold a bumper celebration,
Farrevel to Latin prayers, maps, and coats.

Farewell to every cruel castigation!
I tell thee, Quelchy, we should be in clover,
If thou couldst see thy way to be bowled over!

Beneath thy tyrant's heel we squirm and wriggle,
Beneath thy gimlet eyes we shift and start;

Thou takest up thy cue (like Beccer or Diggle),
And makest backward pupils groan and smart.

And, really, it is never safe to giggle,
When on the warpath, Quelchy dear, thou art.

In writing this I haven't backed a winner,
For thou wilt surely seek to skin a Skimmer!
(> Our tonic bard evidently means "Stoats."
—Ed.)

OUR WEEKLY CARTOON.



"TEMPLE!"

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

(NOTE.—The Editor does not necessarily share the views of silly asses who do not know what they're talking about.—Ed.)

A CURE FOR SLEEPWALKING!

To the Editor of the "Greyfriars Herald,"
Dear Wharton,—I am writing to ask you advice for eggactly what it is worth—nicks!

The fact is, I am a victim of that terribel and distressing complaint known as insomnia. Nite after nite I walk in my sleep. Only last nite I woke up and found myself in the pantry downstairs, with a rabbit-pie under one arm, and a currant-cake under the other. Of course, if anybody had seen me they would have thoert I was in the habit of stealing downstairs! in order to do sum steeling downstairs!

One of these nites I nite throw myself off the roof, or something like that. And as I have no desire for little peaces of Bunter to be swept up in the Glose one mourning, I shall be glad if you will rekommend me a cure for sleepwalking.

I no you possess a certain amount of medical nollidge, betwaxe the other day, when Bob Cherry cut his finger, you maad him a dose of kof-mixture.

Yores eggactly.

W. G. BUNTER.

(We have passed this letter on to Bob Cherry, who says he will apply a very effective cure. We are not allowed to divulge the nature of the cure, but might mention that a wet sponge will play an important part in it.—Ed.)

COKER'S COMPLAINT!

To the Ediditor of the "Greyfriars Herald,"
Wharton, You Cheeky Young Faggs,—Sum weeks ago I sent you a poem, consisting of two hundred and ninety-six verses, and entitled "An Ode to a Bewfulful Young Girl at Cliff House Who I Like Very Much and Whose Name is Fflis Howell." What have you done with it?

Yores angrily,

HORACE COKER.

(We gave it to the kitchen cat!—Ed.)

MAULY'S MOAN!

To the Editor of the "Greyfriars Herald,"
Dear Wharton,—I have been greatly libelled in a poem which appeared in one of your recent issues. You took my name in vain, heand! What do you mean by it, old trout?

Yours drowsily,

HERBERT MAULEVERER.

(The answer's a lemon!—Ed.)

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MY FOOTBOWL KOLLUM.

By Billy Bunter.

Sertain readers of the "Greyfriars Herald" have taken eggession to this Footbawl Kollum of mine on the grounds that their is "too much Bunter." They kontend that I don't give the other fellows a fare show.

My reply to this kriticism is that you can't have too much of a good thing. And if my namo happens to krow up pretty frequently in this kollum, I make no appollergy.

This weak I have a perतिकुlety pathetik insident to relate.

Wingate, the kaptin of Greyfriars, came to my studdy in grata distress. His cheeks were moist with unshed tears.

"Bunter," he said, "I here you kept gole last weak for the Remove, in the match with St. Jim's."

"Yor ears have not deseved you," I replide.

"I am told that you didn't let a single shott go throv."

"You have been korrekctly informed," I sed. (I did not add that I wuz dancod during the match did a single shott come my way.)

"Then," said Wingate, dropping on to his neeze, and holding out his hands in supplichashun, "will you do me the onmer of tennin out for the 1st eleven?"

I tented.

"I implore you," said Wingate, and two big tears splashed on to his teepin. "Our reguler gollie is down with hoopin-koff, and unless you konsent to take his place, and fill the breech—"

"Fill the footbawl shotts, you meen?" I interjektid.

"That's it. Unless you konsent to do that, we shall be wacked to the wide!"

After fertler disussion, I agreed to play; and Wingate sent my mezzurements to the Courtfield tailor, so that a speshul jersey could be maid for me.

The match was against Topham—a teem which had been going so strong that nobody could s-Topham. (Dissering readers will observe the punn.)

Of course, Wharton and the others were very jellus of me, as I took my stand in the Greyfriars gole.

From the kick-off rite up to the final wissel, the Topham forewards bombardd me with shotts. But I was always ekwal to the okkashun. Sumtimes I stopp'd the bawl with my fists, sumtimes with my feet, and sumtimes with my noze; but I always stopp'd it. I played the game of my life; and when it was all over, and I clung to the golepost, pumping in breth I saw Wingate coming towards me. He raised his hand aloft, for the purpusse of clapping me on the back. And then—

"Whack, whack, whack!"

"How dare you go to sleep in class, Bunter?" roared Mr. Quelch.

And his poynter rose and fell with monnotemis regularity.

Alas, deer readers! I had been dreamin in the Form-room during mournin lessons.

And my awaking was rood!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 678.

WHO IS YOUR FAVOURITE MASTER?



(We have put this rather delicate question to a number of our acquaintances, whose replies are given below.—Ed.)

BOB CHERRY: "1st, Harry Lascelles; 2nd, Quelch; 3rd, Prout.

"Also ran: Herr Otto Gans!"

BILLY BUNTER: "After dew reflecksun, I think Mr. Quelch is my favorite master. He is a reel good sort. I have a strong affeekshun for him, and I think he has a sort of canine affeekshun for me, bekwase he often licks my hands! On the hole, I think he is very fare and just. He isn't hansom, of course, but beneath his ugly and repulsive face beets a kind and jemerous hart. Good luck to him; and long may he rain! (I wonder if Quelch will read this? If so, p'raps he'll let me off those lines he gave me.)"

ALONZO TODD: "Of all my kind teachers, I think I must allocate preferential partiality to Mr. Quelch. Despite his sometimes incomprehensible idiosyncracies—" (Help! Alonzo seems to have swallowed a whole giant library of dictionaries!—Ed.)

GEORGE TUBB: "My favorit master? Twigg. Twigg."

DICKY NUGENT: (The reader is advised to take a deep breth before tackling the following.—Ed.) "My favorite master is the matron bekwase she was so kind to me when I was in the sanny with hoopin-koff she was like a muther to me and she was bringin over with the milk of yewman kinde; and chicken-broth was given to me every day and I had kwite a nice time in the sanny and I eggpect to go there agane soon bekwase I forgott to lay loder's ten and he's looking for me with a nash-plant!"

HAROLD SKINNER: "Monsieur Charpentier is my favorite master. When he licks you he can't get nearly so much force behind his blows as the other beasts!"

BOLSOVER MINOR: "My favorite master is my fagmaster—Wingate of the 6th. He is 1 of the best; a reel good sort, & as I told you be-4!" (But a lot of fags seem to 8 him!—Ed.)

DICK PENFOLD (Our Tame Poet): "I'm asked to name my favorite master.

Metinks that I shall meet disaster.

For I confess, upon the spot.

I'd dearly love to sack the lot!"

LORD MAULEVERER: "My favorite master is Sleep, begad! Perhaps you'll say that Sleep isn't a master; but, anyway, it always masters ME!"

OUR CYCLING CORNER!

By Tom Brown.

Knowing my reputation as a road-hog, the editor of the "Greyfriars Herald" has requested me to write an article on cycling.

I shall confine my remarks to the "push-bike." If I start saying things about Coker's motor-bike, the adjectives would be unprintable!

Perhaps I had better lead off with a few general hints to cyclists. Here goes:

1. Never leave your bicycle in a damp, cold place, such as the duck-pond, or the bottom of a ditch. This especially applies to a borrowed bike. The machine is liable to get rusty—and the owner crasty!

2. When cycling by night, always show a light fore and aft, or the vigilant P.-c. Tozer will add you to his list of victims.

3. Never lend your machine to Billy Bunter. The weight on the saddle must not exceed two tons!

4. If you wish to avoid punctures, you should turn up at a special lecture in the "rag" on Wednesday evening, entitled, "Punctures: Their Cause and Cure," by Tom Brown, O.T.C. (O'istuff Trick Cyclist). Admission a tanner.

5. Never display your own name on the saddle-bag. Give the name of some big brute of a fellow, and then nobody will dare borrow your bike!

I now come to a very tricky part of my article. I refer to trick-cycling. Like everything else, it's jolly easy when you know how to do it, but it takes rather a long time to learn. Perhaps the simplest trick is that of saluting a master when you happen to be scorching downhill at full speed. You simply give your head a sharp upward jerk, and your cap is automatically lifted. This is a very effective salutation.

A very popular trick in cycling is to turn a double-omersault over the handlebars. The ingredients necessary are a steep hill, and a duck-pond at the bottom. Starting from the top of the hill, you should whizz down without touching the brakes. I have known fellows to accomplish this ingenious trick at the first time of asking.

Another good trick is to ride blindfold through Courtfield High Street. Make sure, first of all, that the street is congested with traffic. Then, with a bandage bound tightly round your eyes, start off at top speed. After which, further bandages will be necessary.

A very spectacular trick, which never fails to cause amusement to the on-lookers, is to cycle through the Close balancing a tray of crockeryware on your napper. The performance of this trick sometimes makes a mess. Still, it's great fun.

There are numerous other cycling feats which you can practise, of course; but considerations of space will not allow me to dwell upon them.

I might add, in conclusion, that all the above-mentioned tricks should be performed with somebody else's bike!

OUR SPLENDID SHORT ADVENTURE STORY.

Percy Pugg - Prizefighter!



A Magnificent Boxing Story with a Punch in Every Line, and a Knock-out Sensation in Every Paragraph.

By **BOLSOVER MAJOR.**

IT was a wild night. Strong men shuddered as they sat in their sumptuous apartment, and listened to the roar of the elements. Our scene lies in the heart of London, where not a soul was to be seen.

Striding through the crowded thoroughfares was a sturdy young fellow who had seen twenty-one summers and twenty-one-and-a-half winters.

This was Percy Pugg, the hero of our narrative. Percy's scarred, bruised, and battered face, which looked as if it had been through a mangle, betrayed his profession—that of a prizefighter.

All his life Percy had been a renowned fighting man. He had won the Tiny Toddlers' Boxing Tournament at the tender age of three, having knocked out Baby Bunting, of Bermudsey, in three rounds.

At school, too, Percy had shown a very striking disposition. He had struck his teacher on the very slightest provocation, and after a time that particular school had had to shut up shop, all the masters being permanently bedridden.

In later years, Percy had put fifteen policemen on their back inside five minutes, and it had required an armoured-car and a battalion of soldiers to get him to the station.

Percy was now a top-notch—er—one of the finest fighting-men in the universe.

What was the secret of his wonderful success?

Well, to begin with, he was brought up on "Porco." In the second place, he never smoked cigarettes. (He preferred Havana cigars.) And he never touched any of those liquors which are swift poison. He stuck to sloe-gin.

This was the greatest night in our hero's career, and his heart was beating as wildly as the elements which raged around him.

It was seven o'clock. And at eight he was due to meet Bill Brooker at the National Slogging Club for the Heavy-Weight Championship of the World.

The excitement in connection with the fight was intense.

Great national calamities paled into insignificance before that titanic struggle in the boxing-ring.

The newspaper placards attached far more importance to the forthcoming fight than to anything else. The "Evening Hustler" had a placard out as follows:

WHO WILL WIN THE FIGHT?

HOUSE OF COMMONS BLOWN UP.

"Piper, sir?" inquired a shrill voice in Percy Pugg's ear.

Percy bought a paper, and glanced at the "Step-Perk" column:

"TO-NIGHT'S GREAT FIGHT."

"Latest betting: 20 to 1 on Bill Brooker."

Our hero smiled aloud. "There will be some fortunes lost by the British public to-night," he muttered. "They've pinned their faith to Bill Brooker, just because he's never been beaten in the ring. But he'll be pounded to a table-jelly to-night, and he knows it. His pals know it, too, and I shouldn't be surprised if there was foul play!"

Even as Percy spoke, a heavy blow from a

stout, knotted cudgel hashed his bowler-hat down over his eyes.

"Ow!" Our hero's knees sagged under him, and he hit the pavement with a sounding concussion.

Percy imagined for a moment that he was back at school, taking his first lesson in astronomy; for he saw no end of stars.

Nearly an hour elapsed before he was able to sort himself out. Then he staggered to his feet, and consulted his watch.

Ten minutes to eight! And at eight o'clock the epoch-making fight was due to commence!

Percy dashed across the street, and ducking his head, he dived through the window of a passing taxi.

"The National Slogging Club—quick!" he yelled to the driver, poking his perforated ice through the broken window. "If you get me there by eight, you shall have an extra fourpence!"

The taxi bounded forward like a live thing. Pedestrians and policemen were bowled over



Percy Pugg was feeling very worn and battered when he sank down in his corner with his energetic second before him.

like ninepins. The whole of the London traffic was disorganised; but nothing mattered, so long as Percy Pugg got to his destination in time.

Boom! Big Ben commenced to chime the hour as Percy lurched his huge bulk out of the taxi.

"Hi! Wet about my fare?" yelled the taxi-driver.

"Pare' thee well!" replied Percy, over his shoulder.

Even at that moment of crisis he could not resist the brilliant and ingenious pun.

He rushed into the great hall of the National Slogging Club, just as the master of the ceremonies was announcing:

"Ladies and gentlemen! I very much regret that, owing to the fact that Percy Pugg has got the wind up, and failed to put in an appearance, the great fight will not take place!"

"Rats!" cried a voice.

And all eyes were focussed upon Percy Pugg as he strode towards the raised platform, whipping off his coat as he went.

"Here!"

"He's here!"

"He's come to take his grub!"

Bill Brooker's jaws turned pale. When they had last seen Percy Pugg, an hour before, he had been flattened out on the pavement. Yet he had recovered in time to keep his momentous appointment! The scoundrels realised that they had not made sufficient allowance for Percy's east-iron constitution. Not even a dozen cudgels would have felled him—fer he hadn't the brains!

"Time, gentlemen—time!" cried the master of the ceremonies, who in private life was a publican. "The greatest boxing bout in the world's history will now take place. I have pleasure in presenting to you Bill Brooker—"

"Hurray!"

And Percy Pugg, the pugacious pugilist! The great, warm-hearted public cheered until they developed sore throats.

When the din had subsided, the presiding official beckoned to the two boxers.

"Get on with the washing!" he said.

In height, breadth, circumference, length, reach, weight, size, and shape, Bill Brooker had an overwhelming advantage. He looked as if he could have put Percy Pugg in his waistcoat-pocket.

But, on the other hand, Percy was—as nimble on his pins as Charlie Chaplin. Every time his opponent bent-down to strike him he hit the empty air.

Our hero, however, did not content himself with being on the defensive. Oh dear, no! He sailed in, and delivered a blow on the port corner of Bill Brooker's nasal organ. The blow brought the claret to Bill's nose, and made him feel in such low spirits that he began to wince.

Having drawn blood, Percy showed his opponent so mercy. He could hear a prominent sportsman in the front row offering to back him to the extent of a sixpenny postal-order, and this gave him tremendous encouragement. It lent power to his elbow, which he dug savagely into Bill Brooker's ribs.

"Yareooooo!"

The larry Bill was in a terrible plight. He was punctured all over. He lost his head, and he was barely able to keep his feet.

Bill Brooker saw the red light. He hit out fiercely, and had one of his powerful blows set home, Percy Pugg would have got home, too!

But Percy continued to play hide-and-seek round his opponent's legs, and he came through the first round without a scratch.

In the second round, Bill Brooker got a dreadful drubbing. Percy hit him on the nose, then in the left eye, and then in the right eye to match. After which, by way of variety, he lowered his head, and lashed his opponent in the middle. Then he got in a flying kick, which sent the unfortunate Bill clean through the ropes and into the arms of the angry crowd.

"The fight is finished!" declared the referee.

And so was Bill Brooker—almost. The frenzied people who had lost money over him nearly tore him limb from limb, and he was obliged to put himself under police protection.

As for our hero, Percy Pugg, he lovingly fingered a cheque for fifteen-and-sixpence—the amount of the stakes—and now he is the proud possessor of a whole Savings Certificate!

And a rosy future, free from all financial worries, lies before that brilliant dispenser of black eyes and thick ears, Percy Pugg, prizefighter!

THE END.

OUR AGONY COLUMN.



SKATING LESSONS given! Don't be content to flounder about on the ice like a hippopotamus—or a Coker! Learn how to skate easily and gracefully. No more flounders on the ice! No more watery graves! Send sixpenny postal-order (entitling you to a preliminary course of instruction) to the Select Society of Skidders and Sliders (P. Todd, proprietor).

BESSIE (Chiff House).—

"Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Gimme back my treacle-tart!"

—Billy.

HIGHCLIFFE HOTSPURS Football Club (extra strong) require matches with Greyfriars team. Latter are requested to provide their own ambulances, stretchers, and surgical bandages! Apply Frank Courtenay (Hon. Sec.), Highcliffe School.

George Tabb.—When are you going to pay me back that forepence-in-penny you borrowed the other day you little beast unless it's paid back by Saturday afternoon I shall have no alternative but to ask you to ride the bike or behind the cart with or without gloves.—Sticky agent.

DO YOU SUFFER from fits, pain, lumbago, catarrh, nervous prostration, dizziness of the head, sudden spasms, sleeplessness, brain-fever, whooping-cough, German measles, or any other loathsome ailment? If so, try Bob Cherry's "Web Sponge" Cure, applied every morning at rising-time! Thousands of testimonials from those who have survived!
(—Adv't.)

"TO-LADDER OF THE SIXTH—AND OTHERS!— Do you experience that peculiar craving for a cigarette? Are you wrecking your nerves, weakening your heart, and ruining your life? If so, try one of my Fine de Cautiflower Cigars, and you will never want to smoke again.—F. P. Fish, the Remove Cigar Store, Study No. 14.

NOTISS! NOTISS!! NOTISS!!! Spelling lessons given by Horace Coker, the superior merchant! Put yourself under my spell at once! No more manuscripts rejected because of bad spelling! No more lines and flickings in class! Under my special system, you will soon be able to spell every word in the dictionary! Even long words of nine letters, such as "e-k-a-p-e-k-4," you will soon be able to master! Don't Delay! Start To-day! Right Away! That's the Way!—Horace Coker, Spelling Eggspert, 5th Form.

HAIR PERMANENTLY REMOVED FROM FACE—

(Look here, Fishy. If you keep on sending in this idiotic advertisement for hair-removal, your own hair will be permanently removed from your head. In other words, you'll be scalped!—Ed.)

OUR WEEKLY LINERICK.

No. 6

A reckless Fifth-Former named Greebe
Once travelled on Coker's machine;
He failed to control her,
Then met a steam-roller,
And now he's in splints, poor old
Geebe!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 678.



THE GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT.

A DORMITORY DISTURBANCE.

His Worship Cures a Sleepwalker.

Percy Dolsover was the first prisoner to be heaved into the dock at the Woodshed Assizes. He was charged with outrageous conduct, in that he, on the night of the 32nd instant, squeezed a wet sponge over the face of Mr. Justice Wharton whilst his worship was enjoying his well-earned repose.

Mr. Mark Linley, K.C. for the prosecution, said he saw prisoner get out of bed in the night, and advance towards his worship's bed.

Magistrate: "Then why didn't you stop him, you silly duffer?"

Mr. Linley: "Because your worship was snoring fearfully at the time, and I strongly approved of prisoner's action." (Loud laughter.)

Magistrate: "If that is the case, why do you prosecute him?"

Mr. Linley: "Because he didn't do the job thoroughly, your worship. Besides squeezing a sponge over your worshipful divinity, he ought to have heaved your worshipful carcass out of bed!" (Received laughter.)

Magistrate: "Be careful, sir, or I shall commit you for contempt of Court! You have no right to insinuate that I was snoring. This is a terminological inexactitude!"

Mr. Linley (faintly): "Help!"

Magistrate (to prisoner): "Do you admit having squeezed a sponge over my face features?"

Prisoner: "Yes. But I would point out to your worship that I was not responsible for my actions."

Magistrate: "Ah! I suspected all along that you had bats in your belfry." (Laughter.)

Prisoner: "I didn't mean that, your worship. What I mean to imply is that I was walking in my sleep at the time."

Magistrate: "Yet you remember committing the offence?"

Prisoner: "Perfectly!" (Loud laughter.)

Magistrate: "I will endeavour to cure you of your sleepwalking tendencies once and for all! You will be tossed in a blanket until you are dizzy. And I'll wager you won't walk in your sleep again to-night!"

Prisoner didn't.

REPORT IN BRIEF.

George Bulstrode, who appeared in Court with his face swathed in bandages, said that he was constantly at war with his study-note, whom he insisted should be turned out.

"He is responsible for my present plight!" groaned the applicant. "Just look at my face!"

Magistrate: "It's revolting! This is obviously a case for the Court's missionary. Just see what you can do, Mr. Missionary, towards patching things up."

The Court Missionary (Mr. Tom Brown): "I'm afraid it's impossible, your worship, because I happen to be the study-mate in question, your worship." (Loud and prolonged laughter.)

MY DIARY FOR THE WEEK.



By Billy Bur.

MONDAY.—I was dreaming that my postcard had at last turned up, when that beast Bob Cherry roostly awakened me by squeezing a wet sponge over my arrabastine features. I gave him a jolly good licking, and I trusted it will be a lesson to him! Suffered gratefully today three lack of nourishment. They never give you enuff to eat in this beastly place. I'm certain I shall want new shoes when the cook is, I feel but a shadow of my former self.

TUESDAY.—Dolsover major called me a fat, good-for-nothing porpoise. Hefty Attingham thought he is, I wiped up the floor with him. He grovelled at my feet howling for mercy. I told him to mind his pees-and-his-in-toes-but-SH- sufferin'-troubling-en-nourishment. I was only about six rashers of bacon for brekker. Quelchly said it would be very rasher me to have more. I think it's an awful shame, and I've a jolly good mind to write to the Sossidy for the Prevention of Crootty to Animals about it!

WEDNESDAY.—A holiday. Invited myself to tea at Cliff House, and maid a big bit with the lady newmaid, Filis Howell said I was as hamson as a Pello, whatever that may mean. I took a bag of jam-tarts from her cupboard before I came away, and slipped it into my pocket—the bag of jam-tarts, I mean, not the cupboard. No wonder the girls say I've got a taking way with me.

THURSDAY.—Suffered severe eternal pain to-day. Quelchly said I had been eating too much, and I indignantly replied that I didn't get enuff to keep bobby and sole together. "You are a greedy, gluttenous boy, Hunter!" rored Quelchly. "I have a good mind to put you on short-kommons." "If you do, sir," I said, "my yung life will be at steak!" "Silence!" eride Quelchly. "It is not meat that you should talk to me in this way. You are suffering from the results of a horny, and it will be best to make you a basin of groat for your dinner." "Oh, really, sir?" I protested. "I didn't think you would be basinf' it to do that!" And then I got a hundred-lines for my pains.

FRIDAY.—My miner Sammy gave me sum of his home-mid toff, and the beastly stuff has poisoned me! Oh, the agony and pain!

SATURDAY.—A day of terrible anguish in the sunny. Even as I write I am doubled up with torcher-torn with conflicting emotions, as the novelists say, the cook is making a Yarr-oooh!

I tryd 2 borro sum men from the fellas to get rid of the pane in the tulshop, but they told me 2 no and est cok. Fortunately I managed to borrow a hob from Skimmer, and I made traps for the village, where I could bury mi sorrow; but when I arrived at the gate I discovered that that hob was a French one. Skinny had don it on me!

Scaring the School!

(Continued from page 8.)

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

St. George and the Dragon!

KIPPS of the Remove came into the junior Common-room shortly before bed-time. He was looking very cheerful, but somewhat dishevelled.

"Jove, it's freezing to-night!" he said, with a shiver. "Make way for a fellow at the fire, Smitty!"

Vernon-Smith jerked aside his chair, and Kipps squeezed himself in, and warmed his hands at the glowing fire.

"Where have you been, Kipps?" asked Peter Todd curiously.

"Courtfield," was the reply.

"Did you hoof it?"

"Not exactly."

"You must have biked, then?"

"No."

"My hat! If you didn't walk, and you didn't bike, how on earth did you get there? You haven't an aeroplane, I suppose," added Peter sarcastically.

Kipps made no reply.

"Did you see anything on your way back?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Yes. I met old Tozer and a number of local people, and they all seemed to be scared out of their wits!"

The Famous Five exchanged significant glances.

"They must have met the monster!" said Bob Cherry.

"Yes, rather!"

Kipps looked interested.

"Is that mysterious animal still prowling around?" he asked.

Wharton nodded.

"We ran into it this evening, on our way back from Courtfield," he said, "and we thought you might have seen it."

"What was it like?"

"I can't describe it. It went past so quickly that we couldn't size it up properly. Besides, I don't mind admitting that we were jolly scared!"

"The scarefulness was terrific!" said Hurree Singh.

"The thing had green eyes, and it was icy cold to the touch," said Bob Cherry.

"Grog! I can't help shuddering when I think of it!"

"Well, I'm glad the beast didn't mangle you," said Kipps.

"Wonder if it'll come back to Greyfriars to-night?" said Mark Länley.

Kipps shook his head.

"Shouldn't think so," he said.

"It'll be no joke if we have to lose our beauty sleep two nights running!" growled Johnny Bull.

"I say, you fellows, I think we'd better barricade the door of the dorm!" said Billy Bunter.

"Rats!"

"But the—the monster may get in!"

"If it does, and it's feeling in need of a square meal, it'll start on you, Buntly!" said Bob Cherry. "You're nice and plump, and it almost seems as if you've been fattened up for the occasion!"

"Ow!"

"Ha! ha! ha!"

Shortly afterwards, Wingate of the Sixth announced that it was bed-time.

The Removees went up to their dormitory in a state of fearsome expectancy.

It was a wild night. The wind howled and moaned through the branches of the old elms, and the snowflakes were driven against the window-panes.

For some time the juniors lay awake, listening for the sound which had now become so familiar—the snorting of the mysterious monster.

But, apart from the noise of the elements, no sound came to their ears.

Kipps had not ventured from the dormitory on this occasion. His school-fellows concluded that he was afraid of encountering the monster.

"Doesn't appear to be anything doing to-night, you fellows," said Harry Wharton at length. "I'm going to sleep."

"I'm here!"

"If the monster comes, and feels peckish, I hope it calls on Coker & Co.!" said Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

One by one the juniors dropped off to sleep. And they slept undisturbed until the rising-bell clanged out its harsh summons.

It was hoped that the monster had gone for good, and that it would never again intrude into the precincts of Greyfriars.

That morning there were developments.

Dr. Vorse, the headmaster of Highcliffe, called up Dr. Locke on the telephone.

The Head picked up the receiver, with a snort of annoyance. He was holding a consultation with Mr. Prout and Mr. Quelch, and the clang of the telephone-bell prevented him from driving home one of his arguments.

"Yes? Who is that?" he asked irritably.

"I am Dr. Vorse," came the reply. "Pardon my troubling you, Dr. Locke, but I wish to tell you of a singular experience I had last night."

"Well?"

"I was proceeding from Courtfield to Highcliffe at about nine o'clock, when suddenly a startling thing happened. A weird and grotesque figure, emitting a peculiar snorting noise, bore down upon me—"

"Pardon me," interposed Dr. Locke, "but where had you spent the evening?"

"At the Social Club, of which I am a member."

"Ah! Their whisky is very good, I believe?"

"Sir!" Dr. Vorse's tone was hurt and indignant. "Are you insinuating that—"

"I cannot help thinking, Dr. Vorse, that you got into a state of—er—mild conviviality, and that, on your way back to Highcliffe you saw things which, in reality, were non-existent. Or it is possible that a dog, or some similar animal, passed you on the road, and its size appeared to be magnified."

Dr. Vorse nearly choked.

"Your imputation is utterly unfounded, Dr. Locke! I am a strict teetotaler—a staunch advocate of prohibition!"

"Then your nerves must have been in an overwrought state—"

"Nonsense! Nobody could call me a nervy or a fanciful man. What I saw last night on the high-road was not a product of my imagination. It existed in fact. It was a truly hideous monster, with bright green optics, and had I not swerved to one side it would undoubtedly have run me down! I know that I am putting a great strain on your credulity, Dr. Locke, but what I say is true. And I called you up to ascertain if this monster—this unnatural creature—had been seen in the vicinity of Greyfriars."

Dr. Locke held a muttered conversation with Mr. Prout and Mr. Quelch. Then he spoke into the transmitter.

"Curiously enough, a number of juniors at this school have declared that they have seen such a creature as you describe," he said. "But the whole thing appears to me to be a wild romance."

"There is no romance about it, Dr. Locke, I assure you! I do not know what sort of creature it is, or whence it came, but it is certainly terrorising the district."

"Bless my soul!"

"It has been seen by a number of Courtfield residents," Dr. Vorse went on. "That should convince you that the thing is not a myth."

Dr. Locke was thoroughly alarmed by this time.

"You—you must be right, Dr. Vorse!" he murmured.

"Of course I am right, sir! And I should advise you to take every precaution, and keep your boys within bounds, until this mysterious monster has left the district."

"I certainly will," said the Head. "I am obliged to you, Dr. Vorse, for bringing this matter to my notice."

Dr. Locke rang off, and turned to the two masters, who had been standing beside him.

"This story of the monster is not an idle fabrication," he said. "The creature has been seen by Dr. Vorse, and by a number of Courtfield people. It appears to be terrorising the countryside."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Prout.

"I thought so myself at first," said the Head. "But I am now convinced of the existence of such a monster—"

"Absurd! I cannot think—"

"A failing which I have already noticed!" said Dr. Locke with brutal frankness. "Whatever your views on this matter, Prout, I consider that every precaution should be taken. I shall at once give orders that no boy is to go out of gates until further notice."

True to his word, the Head had the following announcement posted up on the school notice-board:

"NOTICE!

"Owing to the presence in the locality of an apparently ferocious monster—evidently a wild animal which has escaped from the custody of its keepers—no boy will be allowed to proceed out of gates until further notice.

"This step is necessary for the common safety.

(Signed) H. H. LOCKE,

Headmaster."

Needless to state, there was weeping and gnashing of teeth when the Greyfriars fellows read that notice.

But the fat had gone fatter. And woe-betide any fellow who disregarded it.

When lessons were over for the day Harry Wharton & Co. paced to and fro in the Close discussing the recent ultimatum.

"Fancy putting the place out of bounds, just when I wanted to go over to Courtfield to get my footer-boots!" growled Johnny Bull.

"It's a thundering shame!" said Nugent.

"I would suggest that we shamefully climb over the esteemed wall," said Hurree Singh.

But Harry Wharton shook his head.

"Loder of the Sixth is on the prowl," he said. "He'd pounce on us like a shot!"

Pausing close to the school gates, the juniors saw a bill-poster coming along the road.

The man halted at length, and, ignoring the warning notice, "Bill-stickers THE MAGNET LIBRARY—No. 676.

will be prosecuted," he posted one of the posters on to the outer side of the school wall.

Bob Cherry called to the man.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Anything exciting?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. Fifty pounds' reward is being offered for the capture, dead or alive of the mysterious monster which's been haunting the neighbourhood."

"My hat!"

The man pushed one of the posters between the bars of the gate, and the juniors surveyed it with interest.

It was worded as follows:

"FIFTY POUNDS REWARD:

"The above-mentioned sum will be paid to the person who succeeds in capturing, dead or alive, the

MYSTERIOUS MONSTER

which is terrorising Courtfield and the surrounding district.

Members of the public are strongly urged to remain within doors after dusk.

(Signed) **TOMAS TOMLIN,**
"Mayor of Courtfield."

"Chance for somebody to get rich quick," said Bob Cherry. "But how the dickens do they expect the beast to be captured when they urge everybody to stay indoors?"

"They expect it to be collared in the daytime, I suppose," said Harry Wharton.

"Fifty pounds is a nice little nest-egg," said Nugent. "But the fellow who manages to overcome the monster will earn every penny of it."

"Yes, rather!"

Harry Wharton was still displaying the poster when Mr. Prout came on the scene.

"The master of the Fifth surveyed the printed words in astonishment.

"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated. "There must be some truth in this, after all. This poster cannot have been printed for a hoax."

"There's no hoax about it, sir," said Harry Wharton.

"H'm! I understand from Mr. Quelch that you boys have set eyes on this monster. Is that so?"

"Yes, sir. We met it last night, on our way back from Courtfield."

"You are sure you were not labouring under a delusion?"

"Quite sure, sir. It was real—horribly real," Bob Cherry touched it as it passed.

Mr. Prout looked very thoughtful.

Now that he was assured of the monster's existence, the master of the Fifth made up his mind to destroy it, even as St. George had destroyed the dragon in olden times.

It was not the fifty pounds reward that Mr. Prout was hankering after—though such a sum would not be despised. It was the heroic side of the business which appealed to him—the honour and glory, and so forth.

Presently he spoke.

"I shall set out in quest of the monster!" he said.

"It's a risky business, sir," said Nugent.

"Bah! The greater the risk, the greater my determination. It is my intention to overcome and destroy this strange creature!"

"It's a good size, sir, and it covers the ground at a terrific speed!" said Bob Cherry.

"But it will be reduced to impotence when I bring my Winchester repeater into action," said Mr. Prout grimly.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 578.

"No animal, however fierce, can be proof against my marksmanship. I will set out at once!"

In the ordinary way, the Famous Five laughed when Mr. Prout made reference to his Winchester repeater. But they didn't laugh now.

They felt alarmed for the personal safety of the master of the Fifth.

Dusk was falling, and the undertaking was fraught with peril.

Mr. Prout's aim was accurate enough in the daytime. In the darkness, it was morally certain that he would miss his objective.

"I shouldn't go if I were you, sir," said Bob Cherry uneasily.

"Why not, pray?"

"From what we've seen of the monster, it isn't the sort of beast to stand on ceremony," said Bob.

"You'll be taking your life in your hands, sir."

"Nonsense, Cherry!" said Mr. Prout.

"When I was in the Rockies in 'eighty-nine, I was renowned as a hunter of big game. No manner of beast or feathered fowl could resist my deadly marksmanship."

I was known as the man who never missed. As for this monster, it shall be slain on-sight!"

"But in the dark, sir, you might make an error of judgment," suggested Harry Wharton.

Mr. Prout was about to scornfully repudiate this suggestion, when suddenly a scream of terror rang out—a loud and piercing scream, as of someone in mortal dread.

The Famous Five turned pale.

Eron was visibly impressed.

He darted a fearful glance over his shoulder.

"B-b-bless my soul! What ever was that?" he faltered.

"There it is again, sir!" said Johnny Bull, as a further scream rang through the dusky Close.

Then there was a swift patter of running feet, and Billy Bunter came into view.

The fat junior was crowding on all sail, so to speak. He was speeding along like a champion of the cinder-path.

Never had his fat little legs been known to cover the ground so quickly.

On he came, heading straight for the school gateway.

"My only aunt!" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

"What's the matter with Bunter?"

"Goodness knows!" gasped Wharton.

When the fat junior came within reach, Mr. Prout grasped him by the collar.

"Boy! Bunter! What is the meaning of this unbecomingly helter-skelter?"

Billy Bunter halted—he had no choice in the matter—and passed his hand over his eyes. He seemed to be scared out of his wits.

"I've seen it, sir!" he panted. "I've seen it for the second time!"

"What?"

"It's found by the workshop, sir! And if I hadn't bolted when I did, I should have been clawed to pieces! Eron now I'm not out of the wood. Protect me, sir!"

"Protect you? From what?" gasped the amazed Mr. Prout.

"From that awful monster, sir. It'll be here any minute now. Listen!"

The Famous Five pricked up their ears. So did Mr. Prout.

From the near distance came a loud, unmusical snort.

"You are right, Bunter!" exclaimed Mr. Prout. "It is the monster! I will procure my gun, and speed the hideous creature to its doom!"

And the master of the Fifth hurried away towards the building.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

At Close Quarters I

THE Famous Five exchanged uneasy glances.

For once in a way they were sorely afraid.

They feared the monster. And they had an even more wholesome dread of Mr. Prout's Winchester repeater, which had a habit of repeating much too often for their liking.

They wanted to make a dash for safety, but a fearful fascination held them to the spot.

As for Billy Bunter, he was in a state of abject terror. He trembled at the knees, and the perspiration stood out on his forehead.

"I say, you fellows! Let's scoot!"

"Better stay where we are," said Harry Wharton, pulling himself together with an effort.

"Prout may need help—especially if he fires at the thing, and misses!"

"But lot of help we shall be able to give him!" muttered Johnny Bull. "If it was a hand-to-hand fight with a gang of rotters, we could pile in like Trojans. But a scrap in the dark with that fearful monster—Grog!"

And Johnny Bull shuddered violently.

"Still, we can't let old Prout be torn to pieces," said Bob Cherry. "If he wants help, we shall have to give him a hand."

"Hark!" said Nugent. "The thing's coming nearer!"

There was no mistake about it. The snorting sound was close at hand now.

Evidently the alarm had been given, for the Close became thronged with excited fellows.

Dark figures were moving to and fro. And presently Mr. Prout came striding across the Close, with his celebrated Winchester repeater.

The crowd promptly scuttled out of the danger-zone.

"Look out, there!"

"Mind your eye!"

"Prout's on the giddy warpath!"

The master of the Fifth was half-way across the Close, when a hand fell upon his arm.

Turning, he saw Mr. Quelch.

"Prout! What is the meaning of this madness?"

"Unhand me, sir! I am about to locate and destroy the uncanny creature which has been a scare and a menace to the district!"

Mr. Quelch gave a gasp.

"But—but where is this monster, Prout?"

"In the vicinity of the workshop. Do you not hear its ferocious snort?"

Mr. Quelch listened.

"I can certainly hear strange noises," he said. "But I am of the opinion that some boy is playing a practical joke. I urge you, Prout, not to venture forth on such a wild-goose chase. Hellup!"

Mr. Quelch jumped back with a cry of alarm.

In the excitement of the moment, Mr. Prout was levelling his Winchester repeater full at his colleague. Moreover, his finger was on the trigger.

"Calm yourself, Quelch," said the master of the Fifth. "I will soon have this roaming monster in subjection!"

"It is not the monster that I fear, it is your firearm!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "I wish you would keep that in subjection also!"

Mr. Prout strode on without replying. He fairly revelled in the situation for he had a large and interested audience.

Suddenly a great commotion broke out in the Close.

The snorting of the monster drew even nearer. And then the monster itself loomed up in the dusk!

Its green, lustrous eyes, and the dark outline of its gigantic form, filled the onlookers with dread.

There was a general stampede into the building.

"It's here!" gasped Billy Bunter. And he promptly turned, and bolted into Gosling's lodge for safety.

The Famous Five would have followed suit, but they saw that the monster was not coming in their direction, so they stood their ground.

Bang!

A shot rang out through the dusk. Harry Wharton & Co. hoped it would be followed by the groans of the monster as it fell mortally wounded.

But no groans came. Instead, the scintling noise continued.

Evidently the monster was still very much alive—and unharmed.

"Prout's missed!" muttered Harry Wharton.

"Of course!" growled Johnny Bull. "What did you expect? The miracle would be if he had hit it!"

Bang!

There was a further report, and the juniors breathlessly awaited developments.

A hollow, metallic clink followed the despatch of the bullet.

"That's a hit!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"The beast seems to have a covering of tin!" said Frank Nugent, in wonder.

"It's not hurt, anyway," said Harry Wharton.

"It's scotting, though!" said Johnny Bull excitedly. "It's going off in the direction of the footer-ground!"

The Famous Five strained their eyes into the darkness, and they saw the monster vanishing in the distance.

"Thank goodness!" said Bob Cherry fervently.

At the same instant, the door of Gosling's lodge opened a few inches, and the anxious face of Billy Bunter appeared.

"Has—has it gone, you fellows?"

"Yes."

"You're sure of that?"

"Positive!" said Nugent. "We can't even hear the thing now."

Billy Bunter, now that the danger was past, became suddenly brave.

"Come on, you fellows!" he said, emerging from his place of refuge.

"Let's go and give chase?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's easy to be brave after the event," chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

The juniors started off—not in pursuit of the mysterious monster, but towards the building.

On their way in they encountered Mr. Prout, who carried his smoking repeater under his arm.

"Did you hit it, sir?" asked the Famous Five, in an eager chorus.

Mr. Prout nodded.

"I plugged it with bullets!" he said.

"Had it been an ordinary wild beast, it could not possibly have survived my onslaught. But my shots seemed to take no effect, and I am convinced that this monster is supernatural."

"My hat!"

"It must be some strange creature from the underworld!" continued Mr. Prout.

"Else how could it have escaped with its life?"

"P'raps your aim wasn't—er—quite so sure as you imagined, sir?" suggested Johnny Bull.

"Nonsense, Bull! My bullets rained like hail upon the monster's hide!"

"Then it must have been a sort of bullet-proof covering, sir," said Harry Wharton.

Mr. Prout nodded.

"I have driven it away, at all events,"

he said. "And, so far as I am aware, there are no casualties."

The juniors gave sighs of relief. They had been fearful lest some unfortunate fellow had got in the way of one of Mr. Prout's bullets.

"The creature has gone. And, after the treatment it received at my hands, it will think twice about returning," said Mr. Prout. "Come, let us go in!"

The Famous Five followed the junior Common-room thronged with an excited crowd.

A volley of questions greeted them as they entered.

"Where's the monster?"

"Has Prout potted it?"

"Or is it enjoying a feed of potted Prout?" inquired Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

ages! It was worth a term's pocket-money to see old Prout prancing about like a cat on hot bricks!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Thank the monster! come back tonight!" asked Bolsover major.

"There's no knowing," said Kipps. And then he added, under his breath:

"But I rather fancy it will!"

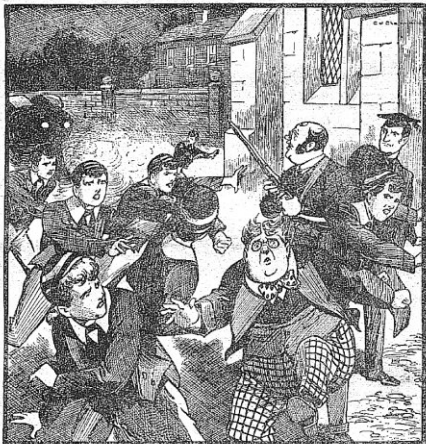
THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Staggering Developments!

DR. LOCKE'S scholarly countenance wore a worried frown.

The headmaster of Greyfriars felt keenly alarmed.

From his study he heard the commotion in the Close, and when it had died



The monster loomed up in the dusk. There was a general stampede for the building. A shot rang out, and the next moment a great shout rose from the running juniors. "Prout's missed!" (See Chapter 6.)

"The thing's gone," said Harry Wharton. "Prout says that he riddled it with bullets, but they took no effect."

"He didn't do anything of the sort!" said Peter Todd. "When I saw Prout, he was pumping lead into the school wall!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, the monster's gone, anyway," said Bob Cherry. "Whether it'll come back or not is an open question. Personally, I think we've had quite enough excitement to go on with."

"Yes, rather!"

Shortly afterwards, Kipps of the Remove came into the Common-room. He was grinning broadly, and had evidently been enjoying himself.

"Did you see the merry pantomime, Kipps?" asked Frank Nugent.

"I was in the thick of it," he said. "I've never enjoyed myself so much for

away he sent Trotter, the page, in quest of Mr. Prout.

A few moments later the master of the Fifth came into the Head's study.

"Ah! Take a seat, Prout," said Dr. Locke. "You appear to be somewhat ruffled."

"So would you be, sir, had you experienced such a grim adventure," said Mr. Prout, floundering into a chair.

"What was the cause of this wild upheaval?" inquired the Head. "I distinctly heard the report of a firearm!"

"My Winchester repeater," said Mr. Prout, with an inflection of pride in his tone. "My marksmanship not only kept the beast at bay, but finally drove it from the Close."

The Head gave a start.

"Do you mean to say that the—mysterious monster has again been here?" he exclaimed.

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Mr. Prout nodded. "It ran amok in the Close, sir," he said. "But for my timely action—well, there is no knowing what might have happened!"

"You say you were successful in driving the beast away?"

"Yes, sir. I could not kill it—the creature seems to bear a charmed life—but I sent it about its business, and I do not think it will venture to return to-night."

In spite of Mr. Prout's confident assurance, the Head's alarm grew.

He had hoped that the last had been seen of the mysterious monster. But it seemed that the strange creature was determined to continue to haunt the vicinity of Greyfriars.

"I feel very worried about this affair, Prout," said Dr. Locke.

"Calm yourself, sir!"

"It is not of myself that I am thinking. It is of the boys who are entrusted to my care. If anything should happen to any of them—"

The Head paused significantly.

In a way, he was the trustee of the safety of his scholars, and if any of them were molested and injured by this strange, roaring creature, he—the Head—would to some extent be held responsible.

It was not a pleasant thought. And Dr. Locke would have given a great deal to know that the monster had been captured and destroyed.

"Set your mind at rest, Dr. Locke," said Mr. Prout. "In the event of a further visitation of the monster, I will again drive the brute off."

"I do not doubt you, Prout. At the same time, there is a grave risk attached to the use of firearms. It is possible that a stray bullet—"

"Pardon me, sir, but my bullets never stray!" said Mr. Prout warmly. "They hit their objective every time!"

"Ahem! Well, I think I will call on Dr. Voysey, of Highcliffe, and hold a consultation with him. By putting our heads together we may be able to evolve some scheme whereby this monster can be captured."

Mr. Prout crossed to the window and looked out.

"It is a dark, forbidding night, sir," he said. "I should not venture out, if I were you. It is possible that the monster, having been driven from the school premises, may be lurking in Friar-chile Lane."

"Nevertheless, I will go," said the Head. "For my own personal safety I care little."

About an hour later, having made an appointment by telephone with the Headmaster of Highcliffe, Dr. Locke started out.

Although the hour was not very late it was pitch dark in the Close, and the wind made strange moanings in the branches of the elms.

The Head, well wrapped up, and carrying a stout walking-stick, picked his way, with some difficulty, to the school gates.

Harry Wharton & Co., who had come out into the Close to see if everything was all right, saw the Head in the act of taking his departure.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" murmured Bob Cherry. "Where's he going, I wonder?"

"He's running a big risk in going out like this," said Harry Wharton. "I think it's up to us to follow him, so that we shall be at hand in case of emergency."

"Hear, hear!" said Johnny Bull.

"But we're gated," protested Nugent.

"Rats! We can easily shin over the school wall. It wasn't possible in the

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daytime, because Loder was on the lookout. But it's safe enough now."

"We'll give the Head a few minutes' start," said Wharton. "Mustn't let him spot us, whatever we do. If we explained that we'd come out to act as his bodyguard, he might not understand."

"Ha, ha, ha! I'm jolly sure he wouldn't!" said Johnny Bull.

After allowing a brief interval to elapse, the Famous Five clambered over the school wall, and dropped lightly into the roadway beyond.

A good distance ahead they could dimly discern the figure of Dr. Locke. And the Head's footsteps came faintly to their ears.

"Keep close together!" murmured Harry Wharton. "And walk on the side of the road, so's not to make a row."

The juniors proceeded in this manner for about half a mile, always keeping in sight the shadowy figure in front.

"Afraid we've come out for nothing," muttered Frank Nugent. "The Head won't need our protection. There's no sign of the giddy monster."

"Listen!" rapped out Harry Wharton suddenly.

The Famous Five stopped short in the roadway.

A startled cry came to their ears—a cry as of someone who had been suddenly taken by surprise.

Straining their eyes ahead of them through the darkness, the juniors saw that a scuffle was taking place further along the road.

A couple of men had broken through a gap in the hedge, and they were molesting the Head.

It was a case of highway robbery, pure and simple.

"Footpads!" panted Bob Cherry.

"Come on, you fellows!"

The Famous Five set off along the dark road with the speed of hares.

As they drew near to the struggling figures in front, they heard the Head exclaim:

"Release me! Unhand me at once! I will have you put in custody for this outrage!"

There was a mocking laugh from the Head's assailants, who, so far as the Famous Five could judge, were stockily built men of the hoodlum type.

Harry Wharton was about to reassure the Head by a shout, when a startling thing happened.

From close behind came a loud snort—the snort which was now only too familiar.

Bob Cherry stopped short in his stride.

"The monster!" he gasped.

The startled juniors looked back over their shoulders.

Bearing down upon them with almost incredible swiftness came the strange creature which for days past had haunted the countryside, and for whose capture a reward of fifty pounds had been offered.

The juniors had halted. But they soon recovered the power of action. They darted into the hedge, and the gigantic monster went thundering past.

Suddenly it slackened its pace. And the hoodlums, who had been attempting to get at the Head's breast-pocket, with a view to depriving him of his wallet, promptly released their victim.

For an instant they stood gaping in terror at the oncoming creature.

Then, uttering cries of wild alarm, they took to their heels, and sped away as if for their lives.

The Head was safe—safe from his dastardly assailants, at any rate.

But what of the monster, which was close at hand?

It seemed that Dr. Locke had escaped one peril, only to be confronted by a more terrible one.

The monster halted within a few yards of the Head. It was snorting ominously.

Dr. Locke was in far too exhausted a condition to think of flight. He remained where he was, gasping for breath, and blinking in bewilderment at the strange creature which threatened to overpower him.

With fast-beating hearts, the Famous Five crouched in the hedge.

But they did not remain there long. They remembered their object in breaking bounds—to protect the Head in case of emergency.

They had no weapons, and they had little hope of being able to grapple successfully with the gigantic monster which stood near. But they could not abandon the Head to a terrible fate.

Harry Wharton was the first to spring into the roadway, and his chums were hard at his heels.

Bob Cherry caught sight of the Head's walking-stick, which had been knocked from his grasp in the scuffle, and lay in the roadway.

Diving for the stick, Bob swung it above his head, and proceeded to belabour the monster.

Bob's chums looked on breathlessly.

They expected a counter-attack on the monster's part. But none came.

The great creature stood perfectly motionless. Its eyes scintillated, and the snorting sound had now died down, until it resembled the throbbing of a motor-engine.

Whack, whack, whack!

Bob Cherry laid about him lustily. And it sounded as if he was beating a sheet of corrugated iron.

The victim of the castigation did not budge.

"It—it can't be real!" gasped Harry Wharton.

Bob Cherry paused, panting for breath.

At that same instant, the moon, which had hitherto been totally hidden behind a bank of clouds, shone brightly on the scene.

For the first time the Famous Five were enabled to get a close view of the strange creature which had caused a reign of terror in the vicinity of Greyfriars.

The juniors fairly gasped. And the Head gasped, too.

For the monster was not a creature of flesh and blood. It was a tank-like con-

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struction, which was propelled by means of a dynamo.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, who was the first to find his voice. "We've been spoofed!"

"All along the line!" came a muffled voice.

And then, to the amazement of the onlookers, a panel shot back, and a human face popped into view.

There was a yell from the juniors.

"Kipps!"

It was, indeed, Oliver Kipps, whose cheerful face was visible.

The Head was too habbergasted to speak. As for Harry Wharton & Co., they rubbed their eyes as if to make certain they were not dreaming.

But it was no dream. Kipps wriggled through the aperture, and stepped down into the roadway.

"The game's up!" he said cheerfully. "I knew I should be bowled out sooner or later!"

Dr. Locke recovered the power of speech at last.

"Kipps!" he thundered. "What does this mean? Am I to understand that this—this absurd contrivance is an invention of yours?"

"That's so, sir," answered Kipps. "I'd been working on it for weeks. I got the plans of the invention from Bernard Glyn, of St. Jim's, and he lent me the dynamo as well—also the green electric bulbs, which you thought were types."

"My only aunt!" ejaculated Nugent. "Now we know why Kipps has buried himself in the workshop all this time!"

"Yes, rather!"

"I—I am astounded!" gasped the Head.

And he looked it. He was angry, too, to think that a junior boy at Greyfriars had played such an amazing hoax. And yet he was relieved to find that the monster was nothing more than an invention. Had it been real, there would have been a tragedy in Friarclade Lane that night.

At that moment the Head was torn with conflicting emotions, as a novelist would say. He knew that Kipps merited condign punishment for his audacious hoax. And yet he could not overlook the fact that he would have been struck down and robbed but for the timely arrival of the monster—for it was doubtful if the Famous Five would have got to his assistance in time.

"I—I scarcely know what to say!" gasped the Head. "I am completely at a loss! Where have you been housing this invention, Kipps?"

"In the workshop, sir."

"But you could not possibly accommodate it there! It would be impossible to get it through the doorway!"

"I take it to pieces, sir," explained the schoolboy inventor.

"Oh!"

"It's simple enough, sir, when you know how. Would you like me to demonstrate—"

"No, I would not!" thundered the Head. "You will restore this—this amazing toy to the workshop, and then wait upon me in my study!"

"Very well, sir."

Kipps turned to the Famous Five, who could not help admiring him for his calm, unruffled demeanour in the crisis.

"Would one of you fellows care for a ride?" he inquired. "There's only room for one, besides the driver."

"I'm game!" said Bob Cherry promptly.

The Head frowned.

"I am not sure that I ought to permit—" he began.

But Bob Cherry had already squeezed himself through the open panel.

Kipps got in, too. And the next moment the monster bounded forward. It was soon swallowed up in the darkness.

The Head, his visit to Highcliffe being no longer necessary, started to walk back to Greyfriars. Harry Wharton, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Singh, accompanied him.

The juniors felt uneasy, and not without cause. They had broken bounds, and they were wondering what the Head would have to say about it.

"I suppose you boys are aware," said Dr. Locke, after a pause, "that you have disobeyed my express orders?"

"Yes, sir," said Harry Wharton.

"What was your motive in breaking bounds?"

"We—we saw you going out, sir, and we didn't think you'd be safe."

"We thought you'd need a bodyguard, sir—"

"In case of emergency, you see—"

"And so we followed on beautifully," added Hurree Singh.

The Head smiled.

"It was very thoughtful of you to show such concern for my safety, my boys," he said. "In the circumstances, I shall not punish you for having disobeyed my orders."

"Thank you, sir!" said the four juniors, in chorus.

"As for that young rascal Kipps," added the Head, half to himself, "I am afraid I shall have to deal with him very severely."

"Don't be too hard on him, sir," said Harry Wharton quickly. "I'm sure he didn't mean any harm."

"He has filled the countryside with alarm—he has caused a panic at Greyfriars. His conduct is outrageous!"

"But he saved you from being robbed just now, sir!" chimed in Frank Nugent.

"That is true—that is true. I must take that into consideration when dealing with him."

The Head remained silent and thoughtful for the rest of the journey. And the four juniors who walked beside him were also busy with their thoughts.

And, in truth, they had plenty to think about!

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

The Sequel!

"IT'S a marvel!" said Bob Cherry. "He was referring to the monster, in the hollow interior of which he and Kipps were seated."

"Reminds you of a tank going into action, doesn't it?" chuckled Kipps. "My hat! I've had my fill of fun out of this thing, and now that the chopper's come down, I don't mind in the least. It's been well worth it!"

"I didn't know you were a giddy inventive genius," said Bob Cherry. "You've never done anything of this sort before."

"The credit belongs to Glyn," said Kipps. "He sent me the plans, and everything was plain sailing. I completed the thing the other night, and it was while I was giving it a trial run in the Close that Bunter and Fatty came along. You ought to have seen their chevies! They looked as if they'd just seen the family ghost. And then Squiff and Bel-sover came along, and they had just as big a fright."

"There hasn't been such a hoax as this for whole terms!" said Bob Cherry. "But I wish you'd let us into the secret."

"Couldn't be done, dear boy!" said Kipps. "A wise inventor always keeps strictly mum. By the way, I'm awfully glad this metal cover is bullet-proof, or I shouldn't be alive to tell the tale."

"Did Prout manage to nit the monster?"

"My dear chap, I was under heavy fire for about ten minutes!"

"My hat!"

"But the bullets glanced off like water off a duck's back. Prout couldn't make it out. Hallo! Here we are!"

The monster came to a halt outside the school gates.

There was a yell of alarm from Gosling the porter, who was standing outside his lodge.

"Hullo! The dratted thing's come back!"

"It's all right, Gossy!" shouted Kipps.

"Let us in!"

Gosling nearly fell down.

"It—it tocks!" he gasped. "Either I'm dreamin', or I didn't take enough water with it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry.

"My boys!" ejaculated the bewildered porter. "Where are yer, Master Cherry?"

"Inside the monster!" replied Bob.

"It's all right, Gossy, I haven't been swallowed! This thing isn't real—it's merely an invention. Unlock those merry gates!"

For a moment Gosling hesitated. And at length, convinced that there was no danger, he unlocked the gates.

The monster plunged through the gateway and across the Close.

Instantly there was a sound of scuffling feet, mingled with cries of alarm.

"You're putting the wind up the troops, Kipps!" gurgled Bob Cherry.

"Yes, rather!"

"Old Prout will be coming along in a jiffy with his Winchester repeater!"

"Help!"

The monster halted at length outside the entrance to the workshop.

Kipps and Bob Cherry clambered out.

"That's the last joy-ride I shall have—for some time, at any rate," said Kipps regretfully.

Then, with the aid of implements, he proceeded to dismantle the monster, which, piece by piece, was stowed away in the workshop.

"That's that," said Kipps. "Now I must toddle off and see the Head."

"Good luck!" said Bob Cherry.

Kipps smiled, and went along to the Head's study.

Dr. Locke had not yet returned. He arrived in a few moments, however.

Kipps stood respectfully at attention, awaiting his fate.

"I have been weighing this matter in my mind, Kipps," said Dr. Locke.

"Yes, sir?"

"You have acted in a most shameful manner!"

The junior was silent.

"You have deceived and hoaxed not only the masters and boys at this school, but the officials and residents of Courtfield," the Head went on. "This invention of yours has been a source of terror to the inhabitants of this district. It is a wonder there were no serious accidents!"

"I was very careful, sir," said Kipps. "I had the monster under perfect control all the time."

"But you might have run people down in the Close. You might have caused calamities in a dozen different ways. I have never seen a more dangerous toy, if one may call it so. Why, your own life was imperilled!"

Kipps said nothing.

"Moreover, you indirectly caused the whole school to be gated!" said the Head. "Fearing that this monster was some dangerous beast which had occupied the custody of its keepers, I issued an order forbidding any boy to go out of gates."

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"I'm sorry about that, sir," said Kipps quickly. "It was jolly selfish of me. I ought to have owned up directly the school was gated. But the fact is, I took a lot of trouble over inventing this thing, and I wanted to—to get my money's worth, sir, so to speak."

The Head dismissed this explanation with a gesture.

"You also caused Mr. Prout to patrol the Close with a loaded firearm," he went on. "That, in itself, was a source of grave danger."

Kipps could scarcely repress a grin. Evidently the Head didn't hold a very high opinion of Mr. Prout's marksmanship.

"The case against you is very strong, Kipps," said Dr. Lucke. "But your offence is mitigated to a large extent by what happened this evening. You saved me from grievous bodily harm, and from the loss of my wallet. All things considered, I think I am justified in dealing leniently with you."

Kipps looked hopeful.

"You will remove that strange contraption from the school premises immediately," the Head went on. "And you will forfeit the next half-holiday."

Kipps waited for the Head to continue. He hardly dared to think that that was the whole of the sentence. Surely there was to be a public flogging as well?

"That is all, Kipps," said the Head. "I trust your inventive ability will take a different turn in future. We want no more of these weird monsters haunting the locality. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Kipps. "Thanks awfully for letting me down so lightly!"

And the youthful inventor hurried from the study, lest the Head should reconsider his decision with regard to the nature of the punishment.

When Oliver Kipps stepped into the junior Common-room a few moments later he found a crowd of fellows awaiting him. Some were looking amused; others looked decidedly hostile.

There was a buzz of voices as Kipps entered.

"Here he is!"

"Here's the merry sponger!"

"He dished us out of our midnight feast!"

"He scared the whole blessed school!"

"Bump him!"

"Mob him!"

Kipps backed away in alarm.

"I—I say, you chaps!" he faltered.

"It was only a rag!"

"Rags of that sort are taboo!" growled Bolsover major. "Of course, it would have been quite all right if you'd let me into the secret—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"As it is, you're going to get it in the neck! Collar him!"

There was a sudden rush of feet, and the legs of Oliver Kipps were swept from under him. The next moment he was sprawling on the floor, and he felt as if a Rugby scrum was in progress.

"Yow! Gerroff me chest!" he gasped.

Bump!

"Yaroooh!"

Thrice in succession Kipps was dumped on to the dusty floor. And he hit it with such force on each occasion that it was surprising that no dents were made.

When the ordeal was over, the inventor of the Remove looked a very complete wreck. His collar and the worst streaming loche, and his hair was like a mop.

"Ow-ow-ow!" gasped the unfortunate Kipps. "I shan't invent any more monsters! You fellows don't appreciate a clever invention when you see one!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"How did you get on with the Head, Kipps?" inquired Harry Wharton.

"I didn't get on at all," said Kipps.

"I got off."

"My hat!"

"I'm merely got to lose the next half-holiday," said Kipps. "So on the whole I haven't done so badly."

"I say, you fellows—"

Billy Bunter rushed excitedly into the Common-room.

The fat junior had been in his study for the past hour, engaged upon that weird and wonderful production known as "Billy Bunter's Weekly." He was therefore completely ignorant of recent events.

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

"Wherefore this excitement, porpoise?"

"I've captured it!" exclaimed Billy Bunter.

"Eh? Captured what?"

"The monster!"

"Great Scott!"

"I captured it single-handed, on—on Courtfield Common!" said the fat junior.

"After a desperate hand-to-hand struggle, I succeeded in strangling it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Anybody would think, to hear you fellows cackle, that I was telling a fib!" said Billy Bunter.

"Go on!"

"But I'm stating facts, you know! I tracked the monster to—to Friardale Wood, and overpowered it!"

"It was Courtfield Common just now!" chuckled Nugent.

"Ahem! I might have lost my bearings in the dark. Anyway, I got the upper hand of the beast. After a fierce struggle, lasting several hours, it lay weltering in its gore."

"In your imagination, you mean!" said Peter Todd.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm entitled to the fifty pounds' reward," said Billy Bunter. "I shall claim it to-morrow from the Mayor of Courtfield."

"Then I'm afraid you'll be unlucky," said Harry Wharton. "The monster's already in pieces—"

"Eh? Where?"

"In the workshop."

"Oh, really, Wharton! How can it be in the workshop, when I killed it on—the forecourt at Pegg's?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter looked daggers at his schoolfellows. He had expected to make a profound sensation in the Common-room. Instead of which, he had made himself look even more ridiculous than usual.

"You'll have to invent a better one than that next time, Bunt!" said Bob Cherry. "It might interest you to know that the monster isn't real at all—it's made of metal!"

"Oh rascals!"

"As a matter of fact, it was an invention of Kipps"—and a much better invention than his latest invention of yours!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bump the fat fibber!" growled Johnny Bull.

And the next moment William George Bunter struggled in the grip of a human whirlwind.

The fat junior went through the mill even more thoroughly than Kipps had done. And he was careful to make no further reference to the monster.

The affair was a nine-days' wonder at Greyfriars.

Kipps of the Remove found himself very much in the limelight—too much, in fact. Whenever he chanced to meet Mr. Prout, that worthy gentleman gave him a look which should have shrivelled him up.

And there were others, besides Mr. Prout, who could not easily forgive Kipps for having caused them sleepless nights.

As for the monster, it was despatched to Kipps' home, to be brought into action again during the Easter Vacation. And the weird invention would doubtless provide a good deal of future enjoyment for the audacious junior who had been so signally successful in Scaring the School!

THE END.

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FOOTBALL.

As I anticipated, there were gigantic crowds at all the big football-matches during the Christmas holidays. The play, taking it all round, was extremely good, but I am sure that at White Hart Lane on Boxing Day, the match between the 'Spurs and Newcastle United eclipsed all others. I was there, and I must say that the game was far beyond my highest expectations as regards the standard of the play. I was fully prepared to see signs of slackness among the players—firstly, on account of the match on Christmas Day, and, secondly, from feasting wisely but too well on the Sunday. However, I was wrong, for the play was scientific and very interesting, indeed, to watch, and I therefore had the satisfaction of coming away pleased with the way in which I had spent my afternoon. Dimmock was far and away the outstanding figure, working hard the whole while and making many splendid openings times out of number for his centre men. His own goal was a beauty, gained by a piece of really clever foot-work; and then, again, it was from his pass that Bliss was able to secure the other. I am sure there is a great future in store for the 'Spurs' outside-left, and it won't be long ere he gains International honours for his country, mark my words!

Form did not suffer to any great extent in these holiday matches, and so the League tables did not undergo much of a change. Burnley and Southampton both retained their place at the head of affairs, although the latter club dropped two points to the much-improved Luton Town. Bristol City took precedence over Cardiff City by goal average in the Second Division by defeating Port Vale twice, whereas Cardiff City, after beating Coventry City at Coventry, lost to them in the return match.

The First Round of the English Cup produced some very excellent football and of course the usual surprises which comes with competitions of this kind. The success of Third Division clubs proved that their play on the whole is not inferior by any means to that of the clubs in the senior ranks. As I have always maintained, it is the *game* of the player that counts with many of the big clubs; the actual standard of their play is expected. The Crystal Palace showed themselves as formidable in beating Manchester City, as they did on the occasion when they travelled north some years ago, and defeated the famous Newcastle United. There was no fluke attached to the victory of the Palace. They won on their merits and by real good play. Although Sheffield United occupy a lowly place in their Division, Swindon again proved themselves as excellent Cup-fighters, and it was pleasing to note that Fleming netted the goal which decided the match.

CRICKET.

On account of the first Test Match lasting five days, the M.C.C. were compelled to cancel their holiday match with Bathurst, N.S.W., which was due to be

played on December 23rd last. However, they met and defeated Bendigo XV. by an innings and 264 runs, the second holiday match, on December 27th and 28th. Batting first, the M.C.C. made 371, and then proceeded to rattle Bendigo out for 65 and 36. J. W. H. T. Douglas scored 119—his first century of the tour—and Hitch, Howell, and Parkin did deadily work with the ball.

We in this country will have another opportunity of seeing an Australian team on the cricket-field this summer. The Aussies will be coming along with the M.C.C. when they return from their present tour "down under," and what a strong side they are sure to be, these sons of the Motherland! They will engage most of our first-class counties—the first being Surrey at the Oval towards the end of April—and also play five Test matches around the country. On our own soil I see no reason whatsoever that we should not bag the "ashes." We shall not be restricted to fifteen men from whom to pick our eleven as in Australia, and this will undoubtedly be a big advantage to the selection committee.

My hopes that we should retain the "ashes" during the M.C.C.'s present tour in Australia have been sadly shattered on our representatives defeat in the second Test Match at Melbourne. We have now lost the first two matches of the "Test" and I cannot see the least possibility of our gaining the verdict in the remaining three. The "ashes" are as good as lost, I'm afraid. The "Aussies" are too strong for us, and so we shall have to wait for them to visit us in the summer ere we attempt to regain the honour which I say is practically a foregone conclusion. It is no good being a cheery optimist when we have the hard facts before us, is it? True we have not had the best of luck, but why make excuses of any kind for the inevitable lickings received. It makes the case no better. Unfortunately, our "tail" is very weak in comparison with that of our opponents, and Hearne being ill during the second match was a serious handicap to both our batting and bowling, although even Hearne could not have saved the game, I am convinced.

I feel I must pass a comment or two on one or two of our players. Jack Hobbs, as was to be expected, proved himself the mainstay of the side with the bat, and his century in the second match is worthy of this great master of batting, and of the highest praise. By the way, I heard a remark about Hobbs the other day when on top of a tramcar, to the following effect: "Thank goodness we've got a chap by the name of Hobbs out there, or I don't know where we should be!" A remark with which we must all agree.

As regards our bowlers, they have been failures in the "Tests," and Howell, of Warwickshire, proved no exception when he was tried. One wonders whether Sidney Barnes would have succeeded

where others have failed had he made the trip "down under." I think that he would have done so, and am sorry that an agreement between him and the selection committee was not arrived at under Barnes' conditions.

The fielding of our men has been fairly good in spite of several errors which proved to be very costly. But these I think can be put down as over-anxiousness. Strudwick deserves a special word of praise for his splendid work behind the wicket, as does Hendren for work in the "long field."

Rhodes, of Yorkshire, has gained the distinction of being the only cricketer to score over 2,000 runs and to obtain 100 wickets in test matches. Up to January 1st, he had scored 2,020 runs in 83 innings—16 not out—with his highest score 179, averaging 31.56 runs per innings, and taken 107 wickets for 2,762 runs, averaging 26 runs per wicket.

BOXING.

Prior to the departure of Pete Herman to meet Jimmy Wilde in this country for the bantam-weight championship of the world, Herman met and was defeated by Joe Lynch in a 15-round contest at New York, Lynch gaining the verdict on points. Herman had signed to meet Jimmy undefeated, and so the question arose that Lynch should be sent to contest against our man. I agree with these critics, for if Wilde defeats Herman the Briton cannot surely claim the title of Bantam-Weight Championship of the World, which Lynch rightly holds for defeating Herman. Wilde will have met and defeated Herman, I am certain, and then his best course will be to fix up a contest with Joe Lynch for the title as soon as it can be arranged.

Report from America states that a 15-round boxing contest which took place between Jack Sharkey and Roy Moore was stopped by the referee during the eleventh round on account of Sharkey being so badly battered. Not knowing the prowess of these two men I am not in a position to criticise the fight; but, nevertheless, I, as well as many other boxing enthusiasts, well remember that verdict which Sharkey secured over our champion, Jimmy Wilde, about which some doubt existed, and still does for that matter. I think Jimmy should seek Sharkey again, try conclusions, and thereby settle that argument once and for all.

At the time of going to press there is little more news concerning the "Big Four" who are to clash at the Albert Hall. I saw Battling Levinsky at Thames Ditton recently, and I thought he looked very fit. At any rate, he hit a good deal of empty air in Home Park! However, he will probably find Billy Wells very much "there" in the ring, for reports have it that the ex-Bombardier is very confident and fit.

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