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No. 713. Vol. XX.

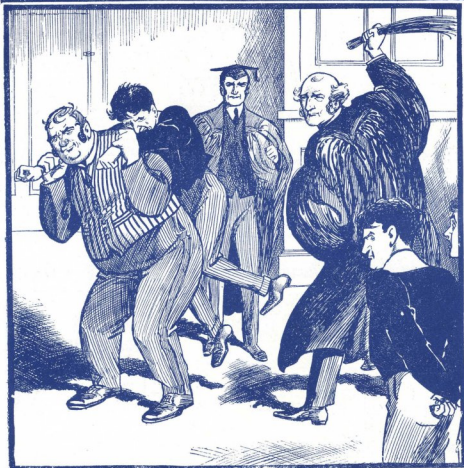
Week Ending Oct. 8th, 1921.

# The Magnet $1\frac{1}{2}$

Library

THIS WEEK'S STORY:

"THE REMOVE EXAM MYSTERY!"



**A FLOGGING FOR SKINNER & CO.**

(A Dramatic Incident from the Long Complete Tale inside).

Published by Howard Baker Press Ltd, 27a Arterberry Road, Wimbledon, London, S. W. 20.





Address your letters to: The Editor, THE MAGNET LIBRARY, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. I am always pleased to hear from my chums.

### FOR NEXT MONDAY.

We have yet another splendid story for our next issue which of course concerns the further adventures of Harry Wharton & Co. of the Remove Form at Greyfriars. The title of the story is

#### "SKINNER'S REVENGE!"

By Frank Richards.

In the first place, we see that Mr. Lascelles, the popular maths master at Greyfriars, has occasion to reprove Harold Skinner, probably the least-liked fellow at Greyfriars.

Skinner takes the words in very bad part, and starts upon a quest of revenge. How near he succeeds, and the trouble he caused not only Mr. Lascelles, but Harry Wharton as well, will be told in the story of

#### "SKINNER'S REVENGE!"

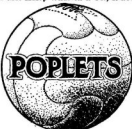
in next Monday's issue of the MAGNET LIBRARY.

#### "GREYFRIARS HERALD."

Harry Wharton wants me to apologise to my readers—and his readers. There has been so little spare time in the Remove just now, on account of examinations, that the chums have been unable to turn out the "Herald" they intended—namely, the Special New-Boy Number. In fact, Harry was glad enough to accept contributions from all sources in his anxiety not to disappoint his thousands of friends all over the

world, and has issued another "Greyfriars Herald" which, although not a New-Boy Number, is sure to be appreciated by readers.

He tells me that he will find it easier to send along a Special Fashion Number for next week, as the examinations are still taking place at Greyfriars. Look out for it, my chums, for I can assure you that Harry Wharton & Co., although



hard pressed for time, are not by any means neglecting the "Herald." They're burning the midnight oil sooner than lower the high reputation obtained by their paper.

Show how you want to encourage the chums of the Remove by introducing a friend to the MAGNET LIBRARY to-day!

#### "POPLETS" FOOTBALLS.

In our companion paper, the "Popular," there is offered a splen-

did match football for a simple sentence. You want to have a try and win one of the prizes offered, for if you don't win the football you have a splendid chance of winning a money prize.

I have been very pleased indeed with the excellence of the "Poplets" sent in for the competitions, and I am now firmly of the opinion that my readers are by far the most clever boys and girls in the country. The "cunning," skill, and originality shown by my thinking readers is simply wonderful. I have a tremendous job to pick out the winners—I'd like to send quite half of the competitors a prize. The more readers who send in that little postcard bearing a simple "Poplets" the more I shall be encouraged to give more prizes.

This week, however, I am giving ten prizes of five shillings each for the runners-up to the winner of the football. Messrs. Spalding's, the famous outfitters, have promised to send one of their best "Mascot" match balls to the winner, already blown up and ready to take on to the field. Come along, now! Get a copy of the current issue of the "Popular," and have a shot for that football!

In addition to the attraction of the simple competition we have two splendid complete school stories and a magnificent serial, not to make too eulogistic mention of "Billy Hunter's Weekly"—he might get a swelled head!

There is a story of Harry Wharton & Co., and another of Jimmy Silver & Co. Long-standing readers of the MAGNET will be interested to know that the serial is written by Mr. Sidney Drew, and it is certainly the most wonderful story he has ever penned.

On the whole, I can safely say that the "Popular" is deservedly popular, for it caters for readers of all ages—provides amusement with excitement, laughter with tears. All my favourites are there, and so are all your favourites.

Get the issue now on sale, and I am sure that if you appreciate sterling worth and clean, healthy reading matter you will see that you have every issue of our bright week-end companion paper.

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## Your Editor.

**1000 FOOTBALLS FREE**



See this week's "FUNNY WONDER" for full particulars of the grand offer of FREE footballs, and do not miss the acromotically funny "Charlie Chaplin" comedy on the front page. Be sure you ask for the



**FUNNY WONDER**

ON SALE EVERY TUESDAY. 1d.



## A Magnificent Long Complete School Story, dealing with the Adventures of Harry Wharton & Co., at Greyfriars. By FRANK RICHARDS.

### THE FIRST CHAPTER.

#### Mystery!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!" Bob Cherry uttered that remark, as, with his four chums, Harry Wharton, Johnny Bull, Frank Nugent, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, who made up the combination known as the Famous Five, he approached the post-rack in the Remove passage at Greyfriars.

The cause of his exclamation was a crowd of juniors who surrounded the rack, gazing at its contents in open-mouthed astonishment. There was nothing unusual in a crowd being there, but by the expression on all their faces it was obvious something was wrong.

"My hat!" muttered Harry Wharton with a grin. "They look as though there's a blessed ghost stuck up there. Let's go and investigate, my merry men."

Bob Cherry, walking ahead of his chums, arrived there first, and, pushing his way to the front, gazed at the rack. "Great pip!"

The spectacle that met the eyes of the Removees was truly remarkable. The rack contained a number of envelopes all bearing cancelled stamps; some were crossed with wavy lines, indicating that they had passed through the head sorting office, and some bore the more familiar round mark of the smaller office. But apart from this, the faces of all the envelopes were a complete blank! There was no sign of any writing on them whatever; yet it was clear they must have passed through the post for the stamps to be thus defaced.

But how they had reached their destination without any address being written on them was a mystery. The whole thing was, for that matter, a mystery, and the juniors gathered there dismissed the thought that any of their schoolfellows could be so misguided as to tamper with the post; yet, to say the least of it, it was distinctly puzzling.

The remainder of the Famous Five coming up at that moment, stared at the board and faced each other with puzzled brows.

"What the thump—"

"Who on earth—"

"Is this some idiot's idea of a joke?" burst out Wharton, the captain of the Remove, addressing the assembly at large.

"We'll soon find out if it's a joke," said Vernon-Smith, the one-time Bouncer, grimly. "Take one of them down, Cherry, and see what the date of the postmark is."

"But I might be monkeying with

some other chap's letter," replied Bob dubiously.

"We've jolly well got to get at the bottom of this bisney, somehow," snapped the practical Vernon-Smith. "And if necessary, we must open one, and look for a clue inside."

"Of course!" interjected Johnny Bull. "The whole thing is probably a joke; but we've got to find that out. Seems jolly queer to me that all the writings should disappear from a lot of envelopes without somebody erasing it. Go ahead, Bob!"

Thus encouraged, Bob Cherry hesitated no longer, but taking a letter from under the "H's," closely scrutinized the postmark.

"This came from Friardale!" he announced. "And the date is yesterday's, which means that it was delivered at the school this morning."

He inserted his penknife in the top, and ripped it open as requested.

A sheet of paper fell out on to the floor. Wharton picked it up, opened it out, and gave a gasp of surprise.

It was as blank as the day it had left the stationer's.

The juniors crowding round examined the paper closely.

"My hat!" suddenly shouted Hazeldene, who was looking over the shoulder of his study mate, Tom Brown.

The juniors looked up and stared.

"What's the matter, Peter, my pippin?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Gimme the letter!" said Hazeldene excitedly. "It's mine; it came from my sister Marjorie at Cliff House."

"Hold on, Hazel!" said Harry Wharton, gripping the excited junior by the arm. "This looks like a clue. How do you know where the letter came from?"

Hazeldene pointed to the top right-hand corner of the front page. There, sure enough, was the address of Cliff House School, faintly impressed in the paper by a stamping machine; and it was for this reason that it had passed unnoticed by the juniors.

Bob Cherry handed the letter over to Hazeldene.

"If it's yours, it's yours," he said. "But I don't see what good it's going to be since there's nothing to read in it."

Hazeldene took his letter and departed. No doubt he intended to see his sister at the earliest possible moment, and see whether she could throw any light on the strange affair.

The juniors continued to stand round the post-rack, seeking a key to the puzzle. There was a buzz of great excitement in their ranks.

"What can we do with them? They

must belong to someone. But whom?" exclaimed Wharton, with a puzzled frown.

"I suggest you collect them, and take charge of the whole lot until we can find out something more concerning the mystery!" said Vernon-Smith.

Wharton turned to the crowd of surging Removeites.

"What do you fellows say?" he asked.

"Quite right; do as Smithy says!" answered several voices. The others nodded their approval.

Acting on the suggestion of Vernon-Smith, Harry Wharton, in his capacity of captain of the Remove, collected the letters, and locked them in a box in his study for safety, until there was more time to go into the affair.

The whole business was strange and puzzling, and none of the juniors had any theory to account for it. Those who suspected a practical joke at first, now dismissed the idea from their minds. No boy, they thought, would dare to tamper with the mail, well knowing that if found out there would be only one punishment for such an escapade—expulsion!

The bell rang for morning classes, and, headed by the Famous Five, the juniors trooped away towards the Form-room.

Mr. Quelch, the Remove Form-master, was not in a very good humour that morning. He wore a slightly worried expression, and somewhat surprised the juniors by sitting at his desk and reading through some papers, instead of proceeding with the lessons as usual.

The Removeites were not slow to take advantage of this, and the affair of the post-rack was discussed in undertones by nearly every member of the Form.

The entrance of Dr. Locke, however, cut short the conversation.

He said a few words to Mr. Quelch, and then left the room again.

When he had gone, the Form-master rose and turned to the class.

"My boys, I have an announcement to make that will perhaps surprise some of you," he said slowly. "You are all aware, of course, that it is near the time for the autumn exam. Dr. Locke has decided that it shall start this week, and the preliminary papers will be taken this morning."

The Remove uttered exclamations of surprise.

They were not all prepared for an exam; indeed, some of them had omitted their preparation for that day's lessons. They did not expect to receive notice of the forthcoming exam, of course, but most of them had a rough

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"Phew!" muttered Frank Nugent. The Famous Five sniffed, and extracting their handkerchiefs from their pockets, buried their noses deeply in them. "Somebody's been monkeying with chemicals this afternoon!" said Harry Wharton from the depths of his handkerchief. (See Chapter 2.)

idea when it would be. At the same time, however, they did not expect to have it sprung on them at a moment's notice.

Mr. Quelch's announcement banished all else from the minds of the juniors, and they all settled down for a hard morning's work, except Harold Skinner and his precious pals, and the mystery surrounding that morning's post was completely forgotten.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Skinner Gets Busy!

**P**ING!  
Harold Skinner, the cad of the Remove, grinned delightedly as a piece of paper, liberally soaked in ink, shot from his catapult, and caught Mark Linley full in the nose of the neck. "Yaroooooh!"

The lad from Lancashire let off a startled yell as the wet paper, slipping through his collar, slowly worked its way down his back.

The Remove dropped their pens and looked up.

"Bless my soul! What ever are you making that absurd noise for, Linley?" asked Mr. Quelch, the Remove Form-master angrily.

The Remove were industriously working away on the exam papers until the sudden interruption from Linley.

"Ahem! Something wet caught me in the neck, and slipped down my back, sir!" explained Mark.

There was a sound of subdued mirth from that part of the room occupied by Skinner & Co.

Mr. Quelch glared at the class. "Who is the boy who can find nothing better to do than play the fool, on an examination morning, above all others?" he demanded.

There was no answer. If anyone in the Remove had observed Skinner's action, they did not consider it their duty to give him away. Sneaking was regarded as an unforgivable crime by the juniors, and brought with it summary justice on

the head of the culprit, from the rest of the Form.

"If I catch any boy not attending to his work, or preventing other people from doing theirs, I will make it exceedingly hot for him!" rapped the Form-master, in a hard voice.

Mark Linley wiped the ink from his neck and proceeded with his work.

The remainder of the Remove settled down with him, and soon a steady scratching of pens announced that they were once more immersed in their labours.

When Mr. Quelch's attention was again taken up with the work of preparing further papers for the exam, Harry Wharton nudged Bob Cherry.

"Did you see Skinny sling that pellet at Mark?" he asked.

Bob nodded.

"I've been watching him for some time," he replied, in an undertone.

"Skinner and Snoop seem to find this exam a jolly sight funnier than I do. I'm bless if I know what their game is; they don't seem to be doing much work, anyhow."

Mr. Quelch looked up, and Bob Cherry promptly lapsed into silence.

The bell for dismissal rang, and the exam papers carefully collected up. Before dismissing the Form, Mr. Quelch announced that, as was the custom at examination-time, there would be no afternoon classes. It was a half-holiday.

The juniors filed out of the Form-room. When they had gone, Mr. Quelch went straight to his study, where he locked the papers in his safe until he would be able to go through them in the morning with the Head.

An examination was as trying to Horace Quelch, M.A., as it was to his pupils; so he prepared to spend the afternoon in gentle relaxation on his celebrated work, "The History of Greyfriars."

After dinner, Bob Cherry, attired in footer shorts, burst into Study No. 1, with a football under his arm.

"Come on, you slackers!" he shouted to Harry Wharton, who shared that

famous study with Frank Nugent.

"What about a bit of practice?"

Wharton grunted.

"I suppose you know that old Mark is banking a lot on getting full marks for this exam?" he said.

Cherry nodded.

"Well, I propose to go and give that rotter Skinner a jolly good bumping for slinging that ink pellet at him this morning," continued the captain of the Remove.

"Good egg?"

The trio were joined a few moments later by Johnny Bull, and Inky, the dusky youth from Inda.

When Wharton's idea was explained to them, they nodded approval, and set off in the direction of Study No. 11.

"The esteemed bird Skinner has fitfully flown," exclaimed Hures Singh, when they had, without invitation, pushed open the study door and entered.

"Let's go and have a look somewhere else!" suggested Frank Nugent.

They departed to make inquiries elsewhere, but they failed to elicit any information as to the whereabouts of the cad of the Remove and his precious pals, Snoop and Stott. Nobody, in fact, had seen them, since the Form was dismissed that morning.

"It's more likely than not that they're holding one of their blessed smoking parties in a box-room," said Johnny Bull.

The chums went down to the footer-field, and put in a good two hours' work.

The bell rang for tea, and the juniors, warm from their exertions, made their way to the School House.

"Phew!" muttered Frank Nugent, when they were inside. "What a blessed stench!"

The Removees sniffed; and extracting their handkerchiefs from their pockets, buried their noses deeply in them.

"Any one been monkeying about in any of the labs this morning?" asked Wharton, still sniffing.

"Not that I know of," replied Johnny Bull, from the depths of his handkerchief. "But there's certainly a beastly smell of chemicals somewhere!"

The Famous Five continued their way until they reached the Remove passage.

"There he is!" shouted Bob Cherry, suddenly hursting into a run.

The juniors followed him up the passage, and there, standing against the wall, was Harold Skinner, with his two cronies, Snoop and Stott.

When Skinner's eyes fell on Wharton & Co. he started.

"What the merry dickens are you chaps kicking up all the row about?" he asked, with an attempt at bravado.

"You!" replied Johnny Bull, in his blunt way.

"Look here, Bull——" began Skinner. But Johnny, suddenly pulling his handkerchief out, stepped back.

"My hat!"

"Phew!"

Skinner and Snoop exchanged glances. "See you're the cause of the giddy stench?" exclaimed Nugent.

"What's the game, Skinny? Going in for a 'Stinks' degree?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Mind your own business!" snorted Skinner furiously.

Wharton started.

"All right!" he said, looking curiously at the cad of the Remove. "It will do you more good than sucking fags in the box-room, my old boy——"

The Famous Five, and Skinner & Co., turned round. Gosing, the porter of Greyfriars, grunting like a porpoise, was

advancing in their direction with an angry expression on his red face.

"Wot I see is this 'ere—all boys should be drowned at birth in 'ot hoil and—"

"Good old Gossy! What's the trouble now?" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Where's my garden spray?" bawled Gosling.

"Your what?"

"The garden spray wot some of you young rips went and took from the toolshed!"

"You're dreaming, Gossy, old son!" replied Skinner, looking uncomfortable, nevertheless.

"Wot I knows, I knows!" replied Gosling mysteriously. "You young rips took a spray from the toolshed, an' I wants it back agin—and quick, too!"

"Come on, chaps!" interrupted Wharton, taking Bob Cherry by the arm.

"Let them fight it out between them. The chums moved off to Study No. 1, leaving Skinner and Gosling in heated argument about the missing spray.

Johnny Bull closed the door of the study, and, seating himself on the corner of the table, surveyed his chums.

"Skinner stole that spray," he announced, in a matter-of-fact voice.

"How do you know?" asked Frank Nugent.

"Because I know a liar when I see one, and Skinner was lying then. What his idea is, I don't know; but he could tell us where that spray is if he wanted to. However, it's no concern of ours. I only hope that Gossy finds out that he's got it."

"I'm inclined to agree with you," said Wharton, after a pause. "I think Skinner and his antics will bear a little watching."

Being hungry, and having big appetites, the juniors busied themselves preparing tea. Nugent put the kettle on the fire, and Wharton laid the table. Inky opened a tin of sardines, and soon a fragrant odour of freshly-made tea pervaded the study.

Tea was provided by the school authorities in the Hall, but those juniors who cared, or could afford to do so, were allowed to have the meal in the study. This concession was always taken advantage of by the Famous Five when funds permitted.

The juniors settled down round the table, and the conversation turned on football prospects for the remainder of the season.

The Remove were fixed to play Temple, Dabney & Co. of the Upper Fourth that week, and the selection of the eleven had caused the captain of the Remove no little worry.

Several fellows, including William George Bunter, the Owl of the Remove, were of the opinion that Wharton did not know the duties of a footer skipper, because their names were not included in the team. Bunter considered that the omission in his case was due to personal jealousy on the part of Wharton. In his own estimation, Bunter was "simply a dab at goalkeeping," but in that of other people he was a hopeless fool.

The juniors warmed to their subject, and eventually Skinner and his caudish ways were, for the time being, at least, banished from their minds.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### The Exam Papers!

**T**HERE was a tense atmosphere in the Form-room.

The forty odd juniors were discussing the probable result of the exam, and speculation was rife as to who

had gained the most points. It was generally expected that Mark Linley would carry the day. But he would, in any case, have a close runner-up in Harry Wharton.

The preliminary papers, which usually took two or three days to get through, were not the most important part of the exam. The Head and Mr. Quelch always read them the day after they had been written, and discussed them with the boys.

A number of marks were to be gained, however, which counted in the total when the more important papers were finished.

The entrance of Dr. Locke and Mr. Quelch caused the chatter to instantly cease.

Mr. Quelch had been to his study to fetch the papers from his safe, and these he now placed on the table. They were neatly bound with pink tape.

The juniors were given some work to occupy them while the two gentlemen prepared to go through the papers together.

The boys settled down to work, but many were the glances which were raised to the two gentlemen as they stood talking.

It always seemed to the juniors that a lot of time was unnecessarily wasted before they were given any idea how they had shaped.

At last the Head picked up a penknife from Mr. Quelch's table and cut the binding tape. He murmured something to the Form-master, and opened out the papers.

"Bless my soul!"

The juniors looked up from their work and stared.

It was not often that Dr. Locke made that remark in the Remove Form-room. When he did, it indicated that the kind old gentleman was startled beyond his ordinary composure.

"Bless my soul!" repeated the Head.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

The eyes of all the Remove were now centred on the two figures before them.

"What is the meaning of this, sir?"

demanding the Head, daring a questioning look at Mr. Quelch.

"Really, my dear sir— Please allow me to look at the papers myself!"

Mr. Quelch sorted the papers over, and a puzzled look took the place of the look of annoyance that had been on his face a moment before.

"This is most extraordinary, sir! All these papers are complete blanks!"

"My hat!"

The juniors of the Remove uttered that exclamation as one man.

"Pray explain what you did with the papers after they were collected yesterday, Mr. Quelch," said the Head, in an icy voice.

Mr. Quelch described how he had taken them and locked them in his study safe.

"And no other hands but yours touched them after the boys had finished?" continued the Head.

"None whatever!" said the Form-master.

"Indeed, they were quite all right, because I distinctly remember reading some of Wharton's work, which was on top."

"Perhaps you have brought the wrong lot, then?" suggested the Head.

"No!" said Mr. Quelch decidedly.

"There were no others there!"

"I understand, then, that you collected the papers yesterday, when they were in order?"

"Quite!"

"Nobody touched them but you yourself?"

"That is so!" said Mr. Quelch quietly.

"And yet, although you locked them in your safe, you bring them out to-day and find the writing has disappeared?"

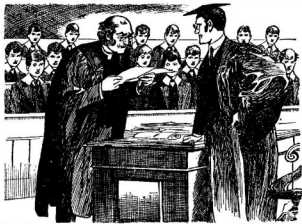
"It is strange—inexplicable; yet such apparently is the case," rejoined the Form-master.

"My dear sir, it is absurd!" snapped the Head.

Mr. Quelch looked worried.

The Remove had followed every word of the dialogue with keen interest. They were equally amazed! The whole thing was astounding!

If Mr. Quelch had locked the papers in his safe, as he said, then it was certain



Mr. Quelch sorted the exam papers over, and a puzzled look came over his face. He turned to the Head. "This is extraordinary, sir. All these papers are complete blanks!" "My hat!" There was a murmur of amazement from the Remove. (See Chapter 3.)

that none of the juniors could have tampered with them.

Dr. Locke, his anger subsiding somewhat, turned to the Form-master.

"I am sorry if I have been somewhat hasty, my dear Quelch," he said. "But you must admit that it is certainly most extraordinary. I can only conclude that some misguided youth, in some manner, tricked you into believing that those papers you looked away were those on which the Form had been working."

The Head's eyes closed slightly, and a grim expression came into his usually kind face.

"I will give the boy, whoever he is, the opportunity of confessing what he has done with the real papers; for it is obvious that these blank sheets have been substituted for the originals. I promise that, whoever the guilty person is, he will not be punished if he will come forward at once."

There followed an impressive silence, during which the proverbial pin could have been heard to drop.

"Well? Has nobody anything to say?"

Silence.

"Then I am forced to conclude that the whole affair is a joke on the part of one, or more, of you!" snapped the Head angrily.

"I give fair warning that it will go ill with whoever it is, when I do discover him, unless he confesses at once."

The Remove wriggled uncomfortably and looked at each other; but nobody made any attempt to come forward.

"Very well," said the Head quietly. "Since the culprit is not forthcoming, I will punish every boy in the Form. You will take five hundred lines each, and be confined to the school for the rest of the term."

The Remove breathed hard, and waited expectantly; but not a boy stirred.

Mr. Quelch, observing the troubled ex-

pressions on the faces of his pupils, here intervened.

"Ahem! Perhaps there's some mistake, Dr. Locke," he said.

The Head transferred his gaze from the Remove to the Form-master. Mr. Quelch was looking very worried and puzzled.

"The only solution that suggests itself to me is that I must have destroyed the originals in mistake for something else, and tied up these blank sheets under the impression that they were the examination papers," he continued.

"Bless my soul!"

"I can think of no other explanation; indeed, now I come to think of it, I did destroy a number of papers yesterday afternoon."

The Remove emitted a sigh of relief.

"How unfortunate!" exclaimed Dr. Locke. "But there, my dear Quelch, it cannot be helped. I am afraid the boys will have to do another set of papers, that's all."

"I am exceedingly sorry. I can assure you, sir," went on the Form-master. "And I sincerely hope you do not still intend to punish the Form," he added, with a faint smile.

Dr. Locke shook his head in the negative, and smiled himself.

Then tension was broken; and the Remove, no longer under suspicion, breathed more freely.

The Head looked at the Remove again; but this time he wore his usual kind expression.

"I am sorry I suspected you of playing such a trick on Mr. Quelch and myself," he said. "But it was so puzzling that I could think of no other explanation. Mr. Quelch has done what we are all liable to do—he has made a mistake—and the only way to put matters right is for you boys to do another set of papers, and see if you cannot excel your former efforts. In any case," he added,

with a slight smile, "another set of papers will mean another half-holiday; so perhaps it will have its compensations."

The juniors smiled; and, judging by their expressions, a half-holiday was certainly a consideration worth a bit of extra work.

Dr. Locke left the Form-room, and the juniors settled down to the work they were doing before the unlooked-for interruption.

For the remainder of the morning, Mr. Quelch wore a worried expression. It was evident that the matter of the missing exam papers was weighing heavily on his mind.

But the Remove had accepted his suggestion to Dr. Locke as a fact; and had ceased to trouble their brains any longer as to how the affair had come about.

About half an hour after the Head had left the Remove Form-room, Mr. Quelch gave out a fresh set of question papers, and a fresh supply of sheets for the juniors to work on.

The Form was soon absorbed in the task before them, and once more the industrious scratching of pens announced that the exam was occupying all their attention.

The juniors had been hard at their task some little time when Johnny Bull, who did not sit far away from Skinner & Co., sent a note along to Harry Wharton.

The captain of the Remove opened it beneath his desk, in order not to attract the attention of Mr. Quelch, and glanced at its contents. It was brief, but to the point.

"Watch Skinner & Co. They have not marked their papers all the morning."  
"J. B."

Wharton crumpled the note up, and put it in his pocket, out of the way of prying eyes.

He looked across to Johnny Bull, and nodded to signify that the note had been received and read.

He then turned to his work again, but managed, however, to keep one eye on the cad of the Remove and his two precious pals, Snoop and Stott.

Skinner was amusing himself by perusing surreptitiously "The Exploits of Swivel-eyed Dick, the Schoolboy Cracksman" in the current number of the "Crime Record."

Snoop and Stott were playing at noughts and crosses on the back of some old envelopes.

There was no sign of any work on the examination papers of the trio, and Wharton wondered to himself exactly what the game of the cads could be.

The captain of the Remove had his own task to attend to, however, and, with a final glance at Skinner, he bent to his work again.

After another's hour's hard grinding the papers were finished. They were then passed along the form from right to left, and collected at the end.

Fortunately for the cad of the Remove, this method of collection gave him an opportunity of placing somebody else's paper on top of his own, before he passed the sheet along to the boy on his left. Had this not been the case, it is quite probable that his business would speedily have attracted the attention of the Form-master.

Mr. Quelch himself collected the sheaves from the end of each row, and after carefully tying them, he placed them on the table, and extracted a piece of sealing-wax from his vest pocket. The binding tape was sealed, and the papers locked in his desk.



Wharton brought out a handful of letters and placed them on the Study table. "How the thump did these letters get here?" he asked. "They don't belong to us!" The juniors looked bewildered. Who had put those unopened letters in the tin box in their Study? (See Chapter 4.)

It was evident that Mr. Quelch did not mean to take the risk of the papers getting mixed up with anything else this time. Neither did he intend that anybody else should have the opportunity of tampering with them.

The bell rang for dismissal, and the juniors, excitedly discussing their programmes for the afternoon, filed out of the Form-room.

The Famous Five met together in Study No. 1, and raked out their football paraphernalia ready for the afternoon.

"I wouldn't mind an exam every day at this rate," chuckled Frank Nugent, as he deftly slung a heavy pair of goalie's gloves at Inky's head, in his exuberance of spirits.

"Penny for them, Johnny," he said, turning and giving Johnny Bull a gentle dig with a football-boot.

"Eh? Oh! I was thinking of that cad Skinner," replied Bull, starting out of a reverie. "The lazy rotter didn't do a stroke of work this morning."

"My hat! He'll catch a Tartar tomorrow, then!"

"He's got some funny stunt on," cut in Wharton. "I spotted him reading a 'blood' under his desk. By the way, we haven't bumped him for slinging that pellet at Mark Linley yesterday."

"We will bump the ludicrous and cadful Skinner after the kickfulness of esteemed football," purred Inky. "In the meanwhile, my esteemed chums, I am awfully hungry."

The dinner-bell going at that moment reminded them all of their appetites, and still discussing Skinner & Co., the juniors strolled down to the Hall.

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

##### Wharton's Little Joke!

WHARTON & CO, were standing on the steps of the School House, waiting for Mark Linley and Tom Redwing.

They had put in a good afternoon's work on the football-field, and were feeling tired and hungry.

"Buck up, Mark!" shouted Bob Cherry to the Lancashire lad, who was some distance behind, as he had stopped to look up the pavilion. "I want some blessed—"

"Ow! Yerooogh!"  
 "My hat! What's that!"  
 "Ow! Yerooogh!"  
 The chums turned.

They were just in time to see the fat form of Billy Bunter come tearing down the passage, as fast as his fat little legs would carry him.

Not a yard behind, with a red and furious face, was Gerald Loder, the bullying prefect of the Sixth, with a cricket-stump firmly grasped in his right hand.

The chums stood and surveyed the race with evident relish.

"Go it, Bunter!" shouted Frank Nugent encouragingly. "Mind you don't burst!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "You fat little rotter!" snorted the enraged prefect.

"Yow! Hold him off!" shrieked Bunter.

The fat junior's face was covered with perspiration, and he was breathing heavily. The race which had started from Loder's study in the passage of the Sixth was evidently near its end.

"Ow! Stoppit!" shouted Bunter, as Loder caught him across the shoulders with the stump.



As Loder went to strike another blow, Bunter, with a deft movement, dodged behind Mark Linley. The blow which was intended for Bunter, caught Mark fairly across the right shoulder. The junior let out a lusty yell. "What the thump's the game, Loder?" he demanded furiously. (See Chapter 4.)

How Bunter would have fared had the race continued much longer it is difficult to say, but at that moment Mark Linley entered the passage.

He was looking at Wharton, and wondering what he found so amusing; consequently he did not see Bunter.

But Bunter saw him.  
 The mind of the fat junior worked like lightning.

As Loder went to strike another blow the Owl of the Remove, with a deft movement for one so fat, dodged behind the figure of the Lancashire lad.

The blow, which was intended for Bunter, caught Linley fairly across the right shoulder.

By good fortune it was not a heavy one. But Mark let off a lusty yell, and dodged out of harm's way.

"What the thump's the game, Loder?" he demanded furiously.

The prefect took no heed of him, but continued to rain more blows on the soft and flabby person of William George Bunter, who had fallen on the floor.

Bunter screamed for mercy.  
 "Ow! You beast! Stoppit!"  
 Biff!  
 "Ow!"  
 Thwack!

"Chuck it, Loder, you bully!" shouted Mark Linley, as the Sixth-Former continued to belabour the junior.

But still the senior did not heed him.  
 "Come on, chaps!" shouted Wharton at last. "Give him beans!"

"Hurrah!"  
 "Go it, Remove!"

The Famous Five, assisted by Mark Linley and the ex-fisher lad, Tom Redwing, pulled the enraged prefect away from Bunter, whose nose, having come into violent contact with the floor at an earlier period in the proceedings, was showing signs of swelling.

The Sixth-Former dropped his stump, and stood panting.

Bunter, looking much the worse for wear, stood sheltering behind the broad back of Bob Cherry.

"Knough's as good as a feast," said the captain of the Remove, looking steadily at the prefect. "And if we catch you biffing Bunter like that any more, there will be trouble, whether you're a prefect or not!"

Loder glared.  
 "You cheery fags—" he began.

"What's Bunter been up to, anyway?" demanded Johnny Bull.

"Ask the fat toad!" snorted Loder.

"He had some lines to do for me—punishment for shoving his fat nose into my study cupboard and wolfing all the grub when I was out!"

Loder glared at the fat junior at the recollection.

"Then he had the cheek to wade into my study to-night, had hand over six sheets of blank paper, which he said were the lines! I'm not going to let a greasy toad like him try and pull my leg for nothing!"

"I—I t-thought they were the lines—really, Loder!" whined Bunter.

"They were nothing but blank sheets!" howled the prefect. "Your idea of a joke—oh, Bunter?"

"You must have changed the papers when I handed them to you!" asserted the Owl of the Remove. "The lines were on them right enough when I left my study! You ask Peter Todd and Dutton, you chaps," he added, turning to the chums of the Remove.

"That's queer!" said Wharton, with a thoughtful frown. "You chaps remember the papers at the exam?"

The juniors nodded.  
 The Famous Five had had considerable experience of Billy Bunter, and were quite aware that he was far away the biggest liar in the school. Fating was second nature with the fat junior; but

NEXT MONDAY!

"SKINNER'S REVENGE!"

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telling fibs was, without doubt, an easy third.

For once, however, the Removites believed that Bunter was speaking the truth. His statement at first sight seemed highly improbable; but had there not already been instances of similar occurrences?

Bunter was not the type of youth to walk into the study of a fellow like Loder, and jape him before his very eyes. With a last furious look at Bunter, Loder turned on his heel, and strode away.

As soon as his form disappeared from view the Owl of the Remove vanished.

"Where's Bunter!" asked Johnny Bull, suddenly turning round.

"Bunked, by the look of it," replied Bob Cherry, with brilliant logic. "Come on, chaps, let's get on—I'm starving!"

The juniors made their way to Study No. 1, and managed to get outside a remarkably big tea in a remarkably short time.

Redwing and Linley, who had been invited, took their departure, and left the Famous Five to themselves.

The conversation eventually turned to Skinner and his curious conduct of the past few days in the Form-room.

"Let's go and have a jaw with the rtd," suggested Harry Wharton, after a pause.

"I'm too tired to trouble about Skinner," yawned Nugent, from the only ray-chair the study boasted. "You and Johnny go."

"We may as well have a little heart-to-heart jaw!" laughed Wharton. "Come on, Johnny!"

The two juniors left their own apartment, and made for Study No. 11, which Skinner had the doubtful pleasure of sharing with his two pals, Stott and Snoop.

The two juniors rapped hard at the door, but there was no reply.

Johnny Bull tried the handle, and it turned without any trouble. Wharton and Bull walked in. They looked round the study, but there was no sign of Skinner.

"Take a peep!" said Wharton to Johnny Bull, indicating a chair.

"Going to wait?" asked the latter, looking round the room with distinct disapproval.

"May as well," replied Harry. "The rector can't be long! My hat!"

"What's up?" asked Bull, looking up.

Wharton pointed to a corner of the study.

There, almost hidden among several cricket-stumps and walking-canes, stood the missing garden-spray, which Gosling had lost from the tool-shed, and accused Skinner & Co. of stealing.

"The little liar!" snorted Bull. "He had it all the time, as I said he did."

Wharton rose from his chair, and, walking over to the corner of the room, picked up the spray.

"Yes, this is the one!" he announced. "I wonder what Skinner wants it for, and why he swore he had not got it the other day?"

Bull made no reply. He was sitting very still, with his nose tilted slightly in the air.

"What are you doing, Johnny?" asked Wharton, somewhat amused by the attitude of his chum.

"Sniffing," replied Bull briefly. Wharton put the garden-spray back in the corner with the cricket-stumps and Johnny Bull rose to his feet.

"This is where we get on the track of the giddy mystery!" he announced.

He continued sniffing for some time before speaking.

He was always economical of words. Finally, he turned to Wharton, and pointed to the study cupboard.

"Smell anything?" he asked.

"Yes," said Wharton, still sniffing. "There's a beastly smell of chemicals—something like Skinner smelt of the other day!"

Johnny Bull walked over to the cupboard and opened the door.

After feeling about in the dark for some time he brought out a stone pickle-jar, and placed it on the table.

Both boys bent over it, to examine if the better.

"Some sort of chemical solution!" exclaimed Wharton, referring to the contents. "I wonder what Skinner is doing with it!"

"No answer was forthcoming. "I know what we're going to do with it!" chuckled Johnny Bull. "We're going to tip the blessed stuff out of the window, and fill the jar up with water again. Skinner will never know, because the blessed stuff, whatever it is, is quite colourless."

"Good egg!"

Bull lifted the window-sash, and looked down into the Close.

"All clear!"

The pot of evil-smelling liquid was emptied out of the window.

"Phew! Doesn't the beastly stuff whiff" muttered Wharton, slamming the window down again. "Let's fill the jar up with water and get out."

This was soon done, and the two juniors replaced it in the cupboard where they had found it.

"Out of evil cometh good!" chuckled Wharton. "Through Skinner slinging an ink pellet at Mark, we have been able to do him the favour of disposing of stuff that's not healthy for good little boys to play with!"

"I think we had better go while the going's good," replied Johnny Bull, with a satisfied look.

The two chums carefully closed the study door, and returned to their own quarters to make their report.

They described to the remainder of the Famous Five the joke they had played on Skinner by emptying the contents of the jar containing the chemical solution, and refilling it with water, but little did they dream how their little joke was going to affect Harold Skinner.

"Skinner won't know unless he sticks his nose in it," explained Wharton, with a laugh, "because the stuff is colourless."

The chums busied themselves with their prep for the next half-hour, and then prepared some supper.

"By the way," said Frank Nugent, "what are you going to do about letting Tom Merry of St. Jim's know when we're going to play them the return match?"

"My hat! I'd quite forgotten it!" confessed Harry. "Thanks for reminding me, Franky. I'll write to him now."

So saying, Wharton unlocked the tin box, in which the Study kept such things as were of any value, or that could easily be lost or destroyed.

"I thought we had got plenty of

stationery," he said, as he searched round the contents of the box. "What are all these letters doing here, chaps?" he asked, after a pause.

"What letters?" demanded the juniors, in one voice.

Wharton brought out a handful of letters and placed them on the table.

"My hat!"

"Great pip!"

The juniors stared.

"How the thump did these get here?" asked Nugent of the Study in general. "They don't belong to us."

Sure enough, the letters Wharton had extracted from the tin box were all unopened; more than that, they were addressed to various boys in the Form.

"Great pip! Look when they are for! Brown, Bolsover, Delaney, Treuce, Vernon-Smith, Wibley, Ogilvy—why, there's one for nearly every blessed chap in the Form."

The juniors looked puzzled. A batch of unopened letters addressed to various members of the Form did not find their way into a tin box in Wharton's study without someone putting them there.

"Hold on a minute, my pippins!" exclaimed Bob Cherry excitedly. "What about those letters you collected from the post-rack the other morning, and shoved away somewhere?"

"My hat! I'd forgotten all about them. They may be important, too; you mean these envelopes with no address written on them!"

"That's right!" replied Bob.

"Well, these must be them," said Harry, looking puzzled, "because I put them in that box, and they are not there now."

"Whew!"

"Then how on earth did the writing get on them again?" asked Bull and Cherry together.

"Yes! How did the writing get on them again?" echoed Wharton.

"And what about the lines that Bunter said he wrote for Loder?" cut in Nugent. "Bunter declared that the writing had clean disappeared off the blessed sheets; of course, he thought Loder was rotting and trying to find an excuse for wallowing him. There's quite a lot needs explaining lately, and it's my belief that there's something jolly queer going on within the four walls of Greyfriars."

The juniors sat thinking for some time, but could find no answer to the riddle. At last they gave up the attempt.

Soon after that, the Famous Five turned into the dormitory with the rest of the boys; but not to sleep.

They were thinking of the mystery surrounding the post-rack, and the exam. papers, and wondering what the explanation could possibly be.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### Mr. Quelch Gets Angry!

MR. QUELCH was annoyed. Ever since classes had commenced, Mr. Quelch had been angry.

"Bolsover! Take a hundred lines!" he snapped.

Bolsover grunted. He had been talking to the boy next to him, and the eagle eye of Mr. Quelch had detected it.

The affair of the exam. papers was weighing heavily on the Form-master's

(Continued on page 13.)

**ANSWERS**  
EVERY MONDAY—PRICE 2!

**REVENGE!** A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.

By FRANK RICHARDS.



# The Greyfriars HERALD

SUPPLEMENT No. 41.

Week Ending Oct. 8th, 1921.



Assisted by BOB CHERRY (Fighting Editor),  
VERNON-SMITH (Sports Editor), HARR  
LINLEY, TOM BROWN, and FRANK NUGENT.

*Harry Wharton*  
Editor

Address all letters to HARRY WHARTON,  
c/o The Magnet Library, The Firstway House,  
Farringdon Street, E.C. 4.

## MY FOOTBOWL KOLLUM!

By BILLY BUNTER.

At last the great Football season has come upon us, and Wharton has asked me to write a few words on this great and extensive subject. I have had a noppertwenty of seeing the Remove team at practice, and I hereby give you my opinion of the merits and failings of each player. It is painful, but true, that the failings gratefully overshadow the merits.

**P. HAELENDEN.**—This fello has been selected to keep goal for the Remove. To my mind, he would be better engaged in keeping rabbits. His notidize of goalkeeping is eggrestime limited. Whenever a shot comes his way, he either fumble it or turns tale. In a word, Haele is a wash-out.

**JOHNNY BULL.**—A fool-back. He has a hefty kick, but he always ends the bowl to the wrong place. Johnny isn't a bad sort of fello, but there's no blinking the fact that he can't play football for toffy!

**TOM BROWN.**—Another fool-back—a bigger fool than his partner. A nuff said!

**BOB CHERRY.**—A nark-back who plays a vigorous game at times; but his feet are a two big, and to see him charging about you'd mistake him for a nellyfant.

**PETER TODD.**—The only really good player on the side. (I feel bound to say this, because Todd's my studymate, and he might make things unpleasant if I krittised him too harshly!)

**MARK LINLEY.**—Comment on this fello's play is superfluous. What can a hopeless swot know about football?

**H. VERNON-SMITH.**—Runs like a hare, but that's the only good thing that can be said about him.

**FRANK NUGENT.**—Two letters out of his surname sum up this fello—"N.G."

**HARRY WHARTON.**—Kaptein and sent-her-forger. Not a bad player, but a square peg in a round whole. You see, his place really ought to be occupied by W. G. B.

**DICK PENFOLD.**—A long-haired poet. His football is a sing for gods and men and little fishes!

**HURREE SINGH.**—A nigger who sometimes puts a different complexion on to a game; but whenever he's lucky enuff to get a goal the swankfellow is terrick!

Supplement 41.]

## EDITORIAL!

By HARRY WHARTON.

My Dear Beans,—I owe you an apology. Nice way to start my Editorial, isn't it? But it's got to be did, my chums. Last week I told the Editor of the Companion Papers that I was sending along a Special New Boy Number of the "Herald" for the next issue—but I've failed to turn it out. It's not my fault, I know, and I am sure you'll all forgive me if you have to wait a few weeks for the New Boy Number.

You see, the exams are taking place now, and we're right up to our eyes in giddy copybooks and volumes of stuffy old Greek. We always have an exam in mid-term at the end of the year, just to see how we are getting along. Gee! I could name a few who won't shine in this exam or any other old exam—Bunter, Skinner, Snoop, and others of the same kidney.

Of course, when there are exams, I can hardly expect my regular contributors to come in with their stuff. Dick Penfold, for instance, is no end of a swot—more credit to him—and pays more attention to lessons than the "Herald." Mark Linley is just the same—exams first, "Herald" afterwards. Bob Cherry, who usually manages to get in somewhere with some perpetration, is working just as hard as the others. Even I have to give way, for I don't believe in going in anything unless I try heart and soul. That's why I have had to seek other contributors for this issue—it's a good one, I admit.

Who would have thought Cecil Reginald Temple could have written a verse to save his life? I wouldn't, for one—but he's done it quite well. Billy, of the porpoise fame, is "on the bowl" again!

I've got a grand number for next week—a Special Fashion Number!

Yours sincerely,  
HARRY WHARTON.

## A FIGHT TO FAME!

By Cecil Reginald Temple.

When I was a boy I went to school, And carefully studied each golden rule. They called me a fool and a priceless ass, But I never, never slacked or shirked in class!

My dear, kind teachers thought so well of me That now I am the skipper of the Fourth, you see!

I mugged up Greek, and I mugged up Latin, And every other tongue I soon got pat in. I left my schoolfellows on the shelf, But I never, never swanked about my own sweet self!

I swanked so little, they rewarded me, By making me the skipper of the Fourth, you see!

I swung my bat in a style so grand That the Goldamea retreated on every hand.

I smote like a Jessop again and again, And smashed full many a window-pane! I smashed things up so effectively That now I am the skipper of the Fourth, you see!

I made such a name for myself that soon, My head began to swell like a toy balloon.

I kept the Remove fags in their place, And I've always had such a nice, kind face!

My face and my figure did so well for me That now I am the skipper of the Fourth, you see!

Now, schoolboys all, wherever you may be, If you want to climb to the top of the tree:

If you long to be famous in school and sport, Just take my advice—it is pithy and short:

Do duffers at everything—just like me! And you all may be skippers of the Fourth, you see!

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# A Study For Studleigh!

By FRANK NUGENT.

It was Wednesday afternoon and a half-holiday, when Clarence Archibald Fitzhugh Studleigh dawned upon our horizon, to greet—

From the window of Study No. 1 we saw a most resplendent figure come strutting in at the school gates.

We rubbed our eyes dazedly, for the newcomer was certainly a dazzling individual. From the crown of his shining silk topper down to the soles of his highly-polished, patent-leather shoes, he was an aristocrat. He was of the nuts nutty. No Bond Street swell, no Piccadilly exquisite, could have been a candidate for such.

Picture in your mind's eye a combination of Maaly, Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, and Temple of the Fourth, and you'll have a faint impression of what Clarence Studleigh was like.

"Hold me up, somebody!" gasped Harry Wharton.

And Bob Cherry called faintly for the smelling-salts.

"What the—?" I stammered.

We were still watching the aristocratic figure in the Close, when Billy Bunter burst into the study.

"I say, you fellows!" he exclaimed excitedly as he arrived.—Clarence Archibald Fitzhugh Studleigh!

"Great pip!"

"He came on foot, too?" said Bunter.

"You'd think a fellow like that, whose pants are a million times over, would roll up in a magnificent tax-out."

"His—his pater's a millionaire?" I stammered.

"Ye gods and little fishes!" gasped Johnny Bull.

"How did you come by all this inferior knowledge?"

"Ahem! I happened to see a telegram that came for the head this morning. It said: 'Studleigh will arrive Friarale three-thirty. Don's trouble to meet.'

"What sort of a fellow is he?" asked Bob Cherry.

"I couldn't get a couple of words out of him!" grumbled Bunter. "He seemed to look down on me as a worm."

"He showed excellent taste, then!" chuckled Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter flourished a fat fist in our faces, and rolled out of the study.

When he had gone, we exchanged glances.

"The fat idiot was exaggerating, of course!" said Wharton.

"Of course!" I replied. "All the same, I expect there's a big measure of truth in what he told me. And if this fellow Studleigh's really rolling in quids, it's up to us to give him a jolly good reception."

"Eh? What do we care about his quids?"

"Nothing—nothing at all!" I said hastily.

"Still, it's as well to be on decent terms with the father of a bloated millionaire. You see, there are times when we're absolutely on the rocks, and at such times Studleigh will come in useful. Of course, we're not going to be pally with him just because he's rolling in sort of fellow—"

"Something like me?" suggested Bob Cherry.

"Well, to tell the truth, I was thinking of myself at the moment."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It'll be worth while standing the new kid a feed, anyway," said Wharton. "Not with the idea of getting anything out of him—"

"No, into the package we bumped into Skinner and Snoop and Stott."

The first-named was carrying a huge rabbit-pie, and the other two were staggering along with big bags of pastries.

"What's the little game?" ejaculated Johnny Bull, in astonishment. "Laying in for a snoop, you fellows?"

"No; we're standing treat to the new kid," said Skinner.

"Why hat!" I exclaimed. "We were just thinking of doing that ourselves."

"Too late, my son!" chuckled the end of the Remove.

And the trio passed on to Study No. 11. Furious at having been forestalled, we went on our way. And a moment later we came face to face with the elegant Studleigh.

"Welcome to Greyfriars, Studleigh!" said Wharton.

"Thanks, dear old son!"

"Have you got any luggage, or anything, that we can take?" asked Johnny Bull.

"No, thanks! The porter's dealt with my traps."

"Seen Quelch yet?" I inquired.

The new boy shook his head.

"I went along to his study for a friendly jaw," he said, "but he was out. Got a golfing appointment, I believe, with a fellow called Snoop."

"Ha, ha! You mean Front!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "It's rather queer that Quelch should be out. He must have known you were coming. But as he isn't here to allot you to a study, you'll be able to choose one yourself. I recommend No. 15—my own. It's a jolly cozy little den."

"Random me, old top," said Studleigh, "but I don't want a study!"

"Oh, rats!" said Wharton. "You'll have to get fixed up somewhere. Come along to No. 15—5 puts all other studies to shame. It's not overcrowded, like the pigsty that Bob Cherry mentioned just now."

"Look here—!" began Bob wrathfully.

Then came a scuffling of feet, and half a dozen fellows came hurrying to the spot. They



Bob Cherry tugged at Studleigh's arm and Peter Todd tugged at the other.

"This way, Studleigh!" "No, this way!"

had all heard about Clarence Studleigh, and they were all anxious to have a millionaire's son for a study-mate.

"I say, Studleigh," said Peter Todd, "come into No. 7 with me!"

"No, don't go into No. 7!" urged Squiff. "It's a horrible hole! I saw a fat rat in there the other day."

"You didn't!" roared Peter.

Squiff nodded calmly.

"I saw a fat rat!" he repeated. "Billy Bunter, to be precise."

"You can't do better than come into No. 2, Studleigh!" said Tom Brown.

"No. 2 is the place, look you!" said Morgan.

"No. 2," said Monty Newland, "is a home away from home. It was specially fitted up for the convenience of millionaire's sons."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Clarence Studleigh looked quite bewildered.

"Dashed if I can understand why all this fuss is being made of me, begad!" he said. "I'm nothin' to you fellows—"

"Nothing to us?" echoed Bob Cherry. "Why, my dear chap, you're our pal for life!"

"I'd like us to do part!" murmured Squiff.

Never had any new kid at Greyfriars received such a cordial reception.

In the ordinary way, a newcomer was marched into the Common-room, and made to prove his mettle. He was bombarded with questions concerning his pedigree, where he came from, how much cash he had, whether he played looter, and so on and so forth.

Clarence Studleigh, however, escaped all these questions. The fellows who surrounded him were beaming with friendliness. Bob Cherry had flung his arm affectionately in one of the new boy's, while Bolsover major was thumping Clarence on the back. They were meant to be friendly thumps, but Bolsover's hand was heavy, and the unfortunate Clarence nearly choked.

"Do come along with me, there's a good chap!" urged Bob Cherry.

"No, no! No. 7's the place for you, Studleigh!" said Peter Todd.

Bob Cherry tugged at Clarence's arm, and Peter Todd tugged at the other. They seemed to be indulging in a game of tug-of-war, and the new boy's arms were nearly wrenched out of their sockets.

"Yarsoooh!" he yelled.

"The way, Studleigh!"

"No, this way!"

With a great effort, Studleigh succeeded in wrenching himself free, and smoothed out the creases in his coat-sleeves, and addressed the clamorous crowd.

"Sorry, dear boys," he said, "but I've already accepted an invitation from Skinner to have tea in No. 11."

Groom.

Clarence made his way to Skinner's study, leaving a disappointed crowd behind him.

Skinner had stolen a march on all of us, and we felt awfully ratty about it. Still, we couldn't yet prevent Studleigh from having tea in No. 11 if he wanted to.

Skinner & Co. welcomed Clarence with open arms.

The cad of the Remove had gone to considerable trouble and expense in providing a top-hole feed. He and Snoop and Stott had pooled their resources, and they were now broke to the wide. But they comforted themselves with the reflection that they'd got their money back over and over again.

For Studleigh—according to Billy Bunter—received more pocket-money per week than the average fellow received in a couple of years!

"We've got to play up to the new kid for all we're worth!" Skinner had said.

"We've got to fall on his neck, and treat him like a long-lost brother. Then he'll never want to leave No. 11, and he'll be a horn of plenty to us in future."

These injunctions were duly carried out.

Clarence Studleigh was waited on hand and foot. Skinner & Co. moved heaven and earth—and the bookcase—to make him comfortable. They permitted him to sprawl at full length on the sofa, and they regaled him with good things. Clarence sighed happily.

"This is prime!" he murmured.

"I don't want you to think, old chap," said Skinner, "that this is anything exceptional. We have feeds like this every day."

"Ye gods and fishes!"

"This is the study de luxe," said Stott.

"The others are simply barns, and all they've got to offer you is a hunk of bread and a stale sardine."

Clarence shuddered.

"If you stay here," said Skinner persuasively, "you'll live on the fat of the land."

"Absolutely!" said Snoop.

"I'm afraid I shan't be able to say," said Studleigh, "but when I was at home I had eaten his fill. You see, dear boys, my Uncle Herbert will be waitin' for me."

"Your—your Uncle Herbert!" gasped Skinner.

"Yes, the Head, you know. I'm his nephew, an' he's invited me down to stay with him for a week."

"W-h-a-a-s!" murmured Stott faintly.

"Then—then you're not a new kid?" Clarence shook his head.

"With I was," he said. "This is an awfully jolly place, an' I've had favours showered on me ever since I arrived. I must be goin' now. So-long, my dear old beans, an' many thanks for a sumusin' feed!"

Mr. Clarence strolled out of the study, leaving Skinner & Co. in a state of utter prostration.

# CRACK-SHOT COKER!

Showing how the Great Horace Coker Scored a Magnificent Bullseye—  
for somebody else - - By GEORGE POTTER.

VERY few readers of "The Greyfriars Herald" are aware that there is an open-air rifle-range in Friarville—a range that was built expressly for the use of the school.

But Greyfriars isn't what you might call a shooting school, and the rifle-range had fallen more or less into decay, chiefly owing to the fact that we had no instructor.

Frouf, our Form-master, prides himself on being a great marksman. And he deplored the fact that the school shooting had been allowed to degenerate.

"It is disgraceful, sir," he said to the Head, "that such senseless games as cricket and hives should be allowed to flourish, and that shooting—the most vital part of a boy's education—should be neglected. What do you suppose would happen, sir, if Greyfriars were suddenly invaded by aliens?"

The Head smiled.

"You are talking fantastically, Frouf," he said. "As if Greyfriars could ever be invaded!"

"This school is situated on the South-east coast," said Frouf, "and in the event of enemies landing on our shores it would undoubtedly be stormed. And how much resistance should we be able to offer? Practically none! Why, I am the only person in the school who possesses a firearm!"

"That is well," said the Head. "I should not like to think that every boy carried a revolver in his hip-pocket!"

Frouf frowned.

"You have no imagination, sir, no vision, no anticipation of possible danger! But apart from the question of invasion, do you not consider that every boy should become proficient in the manly art of rifle-shooting?"

"Most assuredly!" said the Head.

"Ah! I am glad you see eye to eye with me on that point."

"What is in your mind, Frouf?"

"I was about to ask you if I could take my boys down to the rifle-range, say, on two afternoons a week?"

"I have no objection," said the Head, "provided the shooting practice does not encroach too much upon the usual routine. I must also insist that the boys must be under your personal supervision the whole time. There must be no wild and indiscriminate shooting."

Frouf smiled in a superior way.

"With myself as the instructor, sir," he said, "wild shooting will not exist! I shall train my boys to the highest pitch of perfection."

"Very well, Frouf."

We were very excited at the prospect of going down to the range, for it meant an hour less in the Form-room.

Fellows in the other Forms envied us that afternoon, as we marched down to the village under Frouf's command.

I'm afraid the displays of marksmanship we gave were awfully feeble. For one thing they were sadly out of practice, and for another there was a festive, go-as-you-please air about the proceedings.

Frouf examined our targets after we had finished firing.

"This—this is appalling!" he gasped. "Blundell, you have scored only eight points out of a possible twenty-five! Fetter and Greene, you have only one shot on each of your targets! The same remark applies to you, Coker!"

There was a torrent of excuses forthcoming at once.

"It's jolly windy, sir," said Blundell.

"My rifle jumps when I press the trigger, sir," said Greene.

"My eyesight's rather wonky, sir," I added.

Frouf snorted.

"Let me show you, my boys, how to put five shots on the bullseye in swift succession," he said.

So saying, Frouf lay full length on one of the mats, and cocked his Winchester repeater at a most dangerous angle.

Crack!

"That is bullseye number one!" said Frouf, with a smile. "Now for the other four!" Crack-crack-crack-crack!

The four shots were fired at short intervals. Frouf rushed away to examine his target, and we followed hard at his heels.

When we got to the target, we gasped. For, like the cupboard in the nursery rhyme, it was bare!

No shot was visible—no mark or puncture of any sort!

"Bless my soul!" panted Frouf.

"Something must have gone wrong with the works, sir?" said Blundell, with a grin.

Frouf turned to us with a face like a beet-root.

"You were quite right, my boys," he said. "It is certainly very windy, and one's rifle jumps when one presses the trigger. Moreover, the visibility as the air goes by is very poor. One can scarcely see a yard in front of one's nose. In these circumstances



*Even as Mr. Prout spoke Coker's rifle somehow righted itself, and a loud report rang out. A bullet just grazed the Fifth-Form Master's cheek by the merest fraction of an inch.*

It is not altogether surprising that my shots have—er—gone slightly astray."

"I heard one of 'em hit that horse-tough over in the next meadow, sir," said Coker.

"Nonsense, Coker! How dare you make such an insolent insinuation! Come, my boys! There will be no more firing to-day."

Three times during that week we went to shooting practice, and got no end of fun out of it. And then Frouf came forward with a brilliant suggestion. He told us all about it in the Form-room one morning.

"I have arranged a competition for this afternoon, my boys—a competition in which you may all take part. Each boy will take ten shots at an ordinary target, and I will present a small silver trophy to the boy who obtains the highest score."

"Oh, good!" murmured Coker. "I could do with another silver cup on my mantelpiece, and I reckon it's a dead cert on my bagging this one!"

"Rata!" growled Blundell.

We felt more excited than ever when we went down to the range.

At one side of the row of targets was a little bullet-proof observation-butt, where Frouf took up his position, so that he would be able to see how the shooting progressed.

We fired in relays of four at a time; and

judging by the muffled remarks which came from the observation-butt, the marksmanship was pretty awful!

"Laker, Blundell, Greene, and I were the last four to fire. We got down side by side, and loaded our rifles."

Crack! Crack! Crack!

First Blundell fired, then Greene, then myself. But from Coker's rifle came no sound.

"What's up, old man?" muttered Greene.

"My beastly rifle's jammed!" growled Coker, tugging frantically at the trigger.

Meanwhile, Frouf was getting fed up with the long silence, and he did the very worst thing he could have done, in the circumstances. He popped his semi-bald head out of the observation-butt.

"What is the meaning of this delay?" he demanded angrily. "Coker, I am waiting for you to fire!"

Crack!

Even as Frouf spoke, Coker's rifle somehow righted itself, and a loud report rang out.

There was a flutter of consternation.

Blundell turned pale, Greene shivered, and Frouf emitted a wild yell of anguish, as if mortally wounded.

"Oh, my aunt!" gasped Coker. "I—I've done it now!"

By a miracle, however, no tragedy had happened. But it had been a near thing. Coker's bullet had missed Frouf's cheek by the merest fraction of an inch.

It was sheer terror which had caused Frouf to give vent to that yell of anguish.

"Coker, you—you dangerous imbecile!" he fumed. "How dare you discharge a loaded rifle at your Form-master!"

"How did I know you were going to bob into the line of fire?" growled Coker. "I think I ought to be allowed another shot in place of that one, sir."

"Nonsense, Coker! You will proceed with your remaining shots, and do not let me have a recurrence of this delay."

So saying, Frouf dodged back into shelter, and he was jolly careful not to expose his snapper any more.

We went on firing, and Coker seemed jolly pleased with himself.

"I'm sure I shall bag that cup!" he kept muttering.

When the shooting was over we rushed towards the targets to see how we had fared.

For a moment Coker stood petrified. His target was utterly blank!

"Oh crumbs!" he ejaculated. "I—I—dashed if I can understand this at all! I could have sworn I bagged at least one bullseye!"

"So you did, Coker," said Frouf.

"I did, sir? Then what—?"

"You registered a bullseye on Blundell's target!"

"M-m-my hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Yells of laughter went up at Coker's expense.

After all his proud boasting about bagging the cup, he had done nothing beyond presenting Blundell with a bullseye!

For which, I might add, Blundell was jolly grateful. For the bullseye was added to his score, and it enabled him to bag the cup.

Most of us declared that Blundell had no right to count the bullseye which he had gained by Coker's erratic shooting. But Blundell insisted that he had scored the bullseye himself, and Frouf kindly gave in to him.

But there's not a shadow of doubt, in my mind, that Blundell owed his success to "Crack-shot" Coker.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 713.



An Entirely New Series of Stories, featuring Terrors Shocks, the Amazing Detective, and his assistant, Shaker.

## "A MYSTERY OF THE NIGHT!"

THE telephone-bell clanged loudly in Terrors Shocks's stuporous apartment.

The great detective paused in the act of slaughtering a wasp which was sampling the marmalade.

"I wonder which of my creditors that happen to be Shakers," he murmured. "It is probably the chemist. I have not paid for the last four casks of cocaine I had from him. In the circumstances, I think it would be better if you answered the 'phone, Shaker. If it is a client, tell him to go to Scotland Yard, sir. If it is, as I suspect, a creditor, tell him to go to Jericho."

I stepped to the telephone, and spoke into the transmitter.

A distracted voice hailed me over the wires.

"Hallo! Is that Mr. Terrors Shocks?"

"I am Mr. Shocks's representative," I replied.

"Who are you, please?"

"Mr. Prout, of Greyfriars. I am undone!"

"Then you had better get your valet—if you have one—to fasten you up properly!"

"Man, you misunderstand me! I am distracted. I am agitated beyond measure!"

"You had better take your troubles to Scotland Yard, sir," I said. "Mr. Shocks is in no mood to take on fresh cases. He requires a holiday."

"But this is a matter of supreme urgency!" cried Mr. Prout. "A human life is at stake!"

"Your own life, sir?"

"Yes!"

"Mr. Prout, said a human life—"

"Am I not human?"

"I understood you were the next-of-kin of 'Tarran of the Apex.'"

"You—you—"

"Spluttered Mr. Prout. "Instead of showering insults upon me, put me through to Mr. Shocks!"

My friend came to the telephone.

"Calm yourself, my dear Prout!" he said soothingly. "Shaker's scared to see me under the impression that he was speaking to a creditor instead of a client. If you are in trouble of any kind—"

"I am in sore trouble!"

"Then I will come down to Greyfriars and see what I can do for you!"

Terrors Shocks rang off.

"There is a train in ten minutes, Shaker," he said. "We will finish our breakfast walking along the street."

"Instead of his said-smoked cigar, and his half-smoked kipper, Terrors Shocks led the way from the room.

"We hadn't sufficient money to pay our railway fares, but an reaching Friarcliffe Station my friend handed his card to the ticket-collector."

"I'll send you a cheque in due course," he remarked.

On reaching Greyfriars we were met by Mr. Prout.

The master of the Fifth was certainly in a distracted state. He was waving his arms about like a windmill in a hurricane.

"I said dear sir," said Terrors Shocks, "you have not slept for two nights!"

Mr. Prout paused in his gestications.

"Mr. Shocks! How can you tell?"

"By the size of the rings round your eyes," said the detective simply.

"Marvelous! As a matter of fact, Mr. Shocks, it looks as if I shall get no more sleep until to-night—and then it will be the last long sleep—the sleep from which there is no awaking!"

"Nonsense!"

"It is not nonsense, Mr. Shocks! My life is imperilled. Already my death warrant has been signed."

"Tell me all about it," said Terrors Shocks, linking his arm affectionately in one of Mr. Prout's.

"Two evenings ago," said the master of the Fifth, "I had supper with the Head. I proceeded to my bed-room as usual, but was unable to sleep. I tried all the usual methods—counting sheep passing through a hedge, and so forth—but it was of no avail. The goddess of slumber withheld her arms. At about midnight I was awakened by—"

"But you said you could not get to sleep!"

"Ahem! I—I had merely dropped into a light doze. I was awakened, I say, by a violent rapping on the wall of my bed-room. I sat up in bed, calling out 'Who is there?' And then—and then—"

Mr. Prout passed. A shudder ran through his frame.

"Go on!" said Terrors Shocks gently.

"A—A ghostly figure appeared—a figure in monkish attire. It stood over my bed and spoke to me!"

"What did it say?"

"'Paul Pontifex Prout! Prepare to meet thy doom! This is the first warning.'"

"And then the spirit—for I suppose it was a spirit—vanished!"

"Yes. But it reappeared last night, and repeated the words, 'Prepare to meet thy doom!' It added, 'This is the second warning!' To-night," said Mr. Prout, "I



The door opened, and in stepped Terrors Shocks, leading by a chain a large and ferocious Gorgonzola cheese.

shall receive the third and last warning, and shirk no part of my doom!"

"This is some boyish prank!" I said, shrugging my shoulders impatiently. "Some misguided youth has garbed himself as a monk, and carried out these visitations. Do you not think so, Shocks?"

"No, I do not," said the detective. "By the way, Mr. Prout, did you have supper with the Head last night as well as the night before?"

"I did!"

"And you are having supper with him again to-night?"

"I am!"

"Very well! I will investigate this strange affair, and let you know the result of my investigations as soon as possible!"

"You will sit up with me to-night!" pleaded Mr. Prout.

"I am sorry I cannot do that. But Shaker will stay with you. Shaker has no fear of spirits, whether they be phantoms or Scotch whisky!"

Late that night, therefore, when Mr. Prout had returned from having supper with the Head, I sat up with him in his bed-room.

Hour after hour passed, but nothing happened.

Close upon midnight, however, came a knocking which filled us with awe. It was the clanking of chains.

(Continued at foot of next column.)

## NURSERY RHYMES UP-TO-DATE! By DICK RAKE.

Little Bill Bunter sat in a shunter,  
Eating his curds and whey;  
A porter then spied him, and sat down beside him,  
And said, "You've forgotten to pay!"

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, Mary Ann,  
What is that curious stuff in the pan?  
"Sosses for brekker, and sosses for tea,  
You shall have sosses wherever you be!"

Phyllis and Phil went up the hill  
To see a local farmer;  
They spent all day upon the way  
(For Phyllis was a charmer!)

Lonzy, Lonzy, kicked a football,  
Lonzy, Lonzy had a bad fall.  
Even old Wingate (as strong as ten men)  
Couldn't put Lonzy together again!

Bunter had a little lamb,  
And promptly came to grief.  
Said Billy Bunter, "After this,  
I'd better stick to beef!"

"The time has come," Bob Cherry said,  
"To talk of many jokers;  
Of ships and shoes and sealing-wax,  
Of imbeciles—and Cokers!"

Hey diddle diddle, hand over that fiddle,  
For Hoskins is going to play;  
The little fags laughed to see such sport,  
But the others fled out of the way!

## "A Mystery of the Night!"

(Continued from previous column.)

"Horrors!" groaned Mr. Prout. "My hour has come!"

Then the door opened, and in stepped Terrors Shocks, leading by a chain a large and ferocious Gorgonzola cheese.

"Shocks," I exclaimed, in amazement, "what on earth—"

"Here is the explanation of the whole affair," said Terrors Shocks, pointing to the cheese. "I located it in the Head's dining-room. It is a lively cheese—just the sort which produces nightmares!"

"Nightmares!" gasped Mr. Prout.

"Exactly! For two nights in succession, Mr. Prout, you have been the victim of a nightmare. You will doubtless get another to-night. The next time the Head invites you to supper, tell him to chain up his Gorgonzola! That is all! My fee is seven-and-sixpence!"

"Shocks," I ejaculated, as we strode into Friarcliffe in the darkness, "you amaze me more and more! Would you be good enough to explain how you came to form your hypothesis—"

But my friend was already darting up the alley which led to the fried-fish shop!

(Supplement iv.)

## The Remove Exam. Mystery!

(Continued from page 8.)

mind, and he was consequently in no very happy mood.

"If I catch any boy talking again," he grated, "I will give him a severe thrashing!"

The buzz of conversation died instantly away.

The shuffling of impatient feet ceased as the Head made his appearance.

He greeted the boys with a nod, and turned to the Form-master.

Mr. Quelch unlocked his desk, brought out the bundle of papers, and closely examined the seal.

"So far, so good!" he murmured. "The seal, at least, has not been tampered with."

The Form-master, closely watched by forty pairs of curious eyes, opened a pen-knife, and cut the tape with which the papers were bound. He then opened them out on the table, and started. The Head, looking over his shoulder, caught his breath, and a deep crimson spread itself slowly over his face.

Mr. Quelch allowed his gaze to wander to the boys, and back to the papers again, without speaking. His complexion changed from white to a deep red every few moments.

Some of the Remove who, in the excitement of the moment, had risen to their feet, were able to get a view of the top sheets of paper. They gasped! The whole lot, like the collection before, were quite blank!

"There can be no doubt this time, sir, that we are being made the victims of some foolish lay in my Form," said Mr. Quelch, breaking the silence which followed the second amazing discovery.

Dr. Locke nodded gravely, and addressed the class.

"This is the second time blank papers have been substituted for the exam papers," he said. "I ask, for the last time, for the junior who is responsible for this to come forward."

If Dr. Locke had hoped for any response to his request, he must have been an optimist of the first water. The culprit could hardly confess, at that moment, that he was the cause of all the trouble, and hope to get away with a whole skin. If the spectacle of his angry Head did not strike terror to his giddy bosom, that of the Form-master must certainly have done so.

The Head waited for a moment, but there was not the slightest movement in the Form.

"Just what I expected!" he said quietly. "Then, since nobody admits being guilty, I am going to conclude that you all know something of this outrageous affair, until it is proved otherwise. You will write me five hundred lines each, to be delivered to me to-night, and remain within the school until further notice!"

"But sir—" began Bolsover.

"Silence, boy!" thundered the Head. "Not another word, or I will have you locked in the punishment-room."

The Head was thoroughly roused; and there was no doubt that he fully intended to keep his word.

The Remove became as silent as a graveyard.

When the Head had finished, Mr. Quelch turned to him and said something in a low tone. The two irate

gentlemen continued to talk for a full minute.

"Wharton!" snapped Mr. Quelch, turning suddenly to the class at last.

"Yes, sir!"

"Kindly collect all the inkwells and bring them to my table at once."

Wharton was soon on his feet. He armed himself with a wooden tray with a number of holes bored in it to accommodate the inkwells, and made a round of the Form.

Meanwhile, Dr. Locke and Mr. Quelch kept a sharp look-out to see that none of the boys attempted to interfere with the pots before Wharton collected them.

The captain of the Remove at last completed his task, and placed the tray before the Form on Mr. Quelch's table.

"Now," said the Form-master grimly, "we will see whether the youth who has provided us with this entertainment has done it by conjuring or by dropping something in the ink!"

Several of the juniors looked curiously at Wen Lung, the Chinese boy, who was well known to be an expert conjurer. The Oriental Remove wore a calm and inscrutable expression, however, from which nothing could be gathered. It was evident that he did not propose to "savvy."

Mr. Quelch suspected that, since the papers had been in no way interfered with since they had been sealed and locked in his drawer, the writing must have been done with some special ink.

In order to test his theory, he dipped a pen into some of the ink placed on the table by Wharton, and, tearing a leaf out of his pocket-book, made a few marks. He held his efforts up to the light, closely watched in the meanwhile by Dr. Locke.

The ink soon dried on the paper; but if Mr. Quelch was hoping to see it slowly disappear, he was sadly disappointed. It did nothing of the sort.

He crumpled up the paper and threw it into the waste-paper basket.

"There is evidently another explanation of this affair," he said, "and I will find out what it is in good time."

"Er—the boys will have to do another set of papers in the morning, Mr. Quelch," said the Head. "I am determined that no part of the exam shall be missed!"

With that he turned and strolled away, with an angry look on his usually placid countenance.

The Remove groaned inwardly. Writing examination-papers was perhaps a less exciting the first time; but the second and the third, with a good prospect of more to follow, was not.

The Remove Form master gave the order for dismissal, and the juniors, with long faces, trooped away.

"Here's a pretty kettle of fish!" exclaimed Bob Cherry dimly, as the chums neared their study. "Five hundred lines apiece, and gated till further notice!"

The Famous Five entered Study No. 1, and gazed disconsolately at each other.

"You had better cancel that match with Tom Merry right away," said Bob Cherry to Harry Wharton mournfully.

"The esteemed matchfulness is off," added Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh, the dast Nabhob of Bhanipur.

"I'll drop a note now," said Harry, striding over to the tin box where the stationery was kept.

"Speaking of letters," he began, "reminds me that we haven't got rid of those we discovered in this box last night."

"What about taking them to the Head?" suggested Nugent.

"Good egg!"

"Who is going to take them?" asked Johnny Bull. "The Head is sure to cut up a bit rough when he sees a crowd of Removeites tumble in."

The chums, recognising the wisdom of what Bull had said, looked at each other. Nobody felt inclined to approach the Head that day. They were not sure what sort of reception they would receive.

"You and Bob go," suggested Johnny Bull to Harry Wharton. "You've been at Greyfriars longer than I have."

This plan was eventually agreed upon, and the two chums, with the bundle of envelopes wrapped in a piece of brown paper to keep them out of sight of prying eyes, set off up the Remove passage in the direction of the Head's study.

"Into the giddy lion's den!" breathed Bob Cherry, when they were nearly there.

Tap! Wharton knocked discreetly, and waited.

"Come in!" said the Head, in a deep voice. "Wharton—Cherry!" he added, in surprise, on seeing the two juniors. "What do you want?"

"The chums looked at each other, and tried to think of something to say. It was evident that the Head would need careful handling at first.

"We—er—the fact is, sir," began the captain of the Remove, "we have brought some letters for you, sir."

The Head smiled.

"There is something else you want to tell me, Wharton," he said, in a kinder tone. "Pray forget that the Remove is in disgrace. I do not believe for a moment that you or any of your friends have had anything to do with this disgraceful affair; but sometimes the innocent have to suffer for the guilty."

"Thank you, sir," said Harry. "We would like to know who the rotter—ahem!—I mean, fellow is, who is pulling our legs, sir."

"What is it you have come about?" asked the Head, glancing at the package Wharton carried.

Wharton produced the letters, and in a few words told his story. The Head listened, with a frown on his face.

"The matter you have just related to me is very extraordinary," he said, after a pause. "We must look into this affair. There is no knowing where the matter will eventually lead us."

"Then we haven't told any of the other fellows about it, sir," continued Wharton, "because, for the same thing happens to them. It was a perfect amazing!"

"The Head had been speaking to himself as much as to the two juniors, and Harry Wharton, observing the worried look on his kind old face, felt a wave of anger surge over him as he contemplated the unknown cad—if, indeed, it were one of the fellows—who was giving him all this worry.

The Head surveyed the two boys with a thoughtful look.

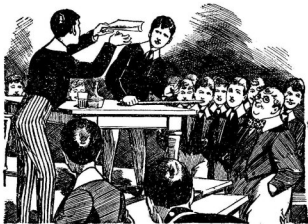
"First the writing on the letters disappears as if by magic," he said, in the manner of a judge summing up. "Then the writing disappears from a set of examination-papers; and the same thing happens to them. It is perfectly amazing!"

"The Head had been speaking to himself as much as to the two juniors, and Harry Wharton, observing the worried look on his kind old face, felt a wave of anger surge over him as he contemplated the unknown cad—if, indeed, it were one of the fellows—who was giving him all this worry.

"Thank you for taking charge of these letters, and informing me of what

of the juniors of GREYFRIARS. BY FRANK RICHARDS.

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The Bouncer struck a match and held what had once been the juniors round robin over the flame. Nothing happened! The rest of the Removites crowding round, watched the paper intently, waiting for signs of the vanished writing to appear again. (See Chapter 6.)

has happened, Wharton!" he said, breaking out of his reverie. "I doubt not that we shall soon get to the bottom of the mystery. You may go, boys!"

Cherry and Wharton hurried back to Study No. 1, the headquarters of the Famous Five, and related the details of their interview with the Head.

"So much for that!" said Johnny Bull, when Wharton had concluded. "And now, as the old chap at Westminster said, we must 'wait and see'!"

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### Strange Happenings!

"HUSH!"

Harold Skinner, the cad of the Remove, held up a warning finger. He was standing in his study, with his two cronies, Stott and Snoopy, listening to the sound of the Removites returning from call-over. The noise of their voices and footsteps eventually died away, and Skinner carefully opened the study door and peered along the passage.

"All clear!" he whispered.

"Sure there's nobody coming round a corner!" asked Sidney Snoop nervously.

Snoop was not a brave youth, and perhaps would not have been such a caudish one, had it not been for the evil influence exercised by Skinner over his weak will.

"Buck up, you blessed funk!" hissed Skinner to his timid henchman. "We want to get clear before any of the fellows spot us!"

"I say, you fellows—"

Skinner started. The voice was that of William George Bunter, the Paul Pry of Greyfriars. Skinner & Co. were engaged on a little expedition that night which they intended to keep a strict secret. Consequently, Bunter was the last boy on earth they wished to see.

"Get back, you fools!" breathed Skinner, pushing Snoop and Stott into the study behind him, and fastening the door.

The three juniors stood still and listened.

NEXT MONDAY!

"SKINNER'S REVENGE!"

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They heard a sound of voices raised in anger, followed by a heavy bump and a howl.

"Yow-ow-ow-ooop!"

"Scat!"

"You beast, Bolsover—"

"I'll make you clear off, you fat pig!"

Crash!

A heavy article, which sounded like a full cricket bag, crashed on the floor of the passage outside. It was followed by another howl, and then a sound of footsteps pattering rapidly away down the passage.

The door of the next study, from which Bunter had evidently been hurled, closed with a slam.

The three juniors breathed freely again.

"That was a near thing!" muttered Snoop. "I thought Bunter had spotted you peeping up the passage."

"Ass!" replied Skinner tersely, and once again he carefully opened the study door to see that the coast was clear.

"Now!" he said, taking Snoop by the arm. "Cut along as quick as you can!"

Skinner and Stott, each carrying a mysterious bundle, concealed as well as possible under their short Eton jackets, sped along the Remove passage towards the Form-room.

Their luck was evidently in; for they arrived at their destination without meeting a soul.

"You keep cave, Snoopey!" said Skinner, posting the redoubtable Sidney near the door. "If anybody comes along, whistle a few bars from 'Bubbles'; or something cheery like that." "But suppose they come and ask me what we are doing, Skinney; what shall I say?"

"Can't you spin some sort of a yarn?" asked Skinner, with a pitying glance at his companion. "Better tell them that we are looking for a tanner I lost during Form-to-day."

"Right-ho! Carry on!"

Skinner and Stott carried on.

The latter youth produced a long article from under his coat, where it had been partly concealed, and stripped the brown paper covering from it.

It was the garden sprayer which

Skinner had been accused of stealing from the tool-shed, by Gosling, a few days before.

"See that the blessed thing works properly before we start!" he said, turning to Stott.

Stott pumped the handle a few times to assure himself that the spray was in order; he then turned to Skinner.

Skinner was carefully undoing the string with which his parcel was bound. When this was done, the pickle-jar which Harry Wharton and Johnny Bull had filled with water, stood revealed. A saucer was tied on top in order to prevent the contents from splashing out and soaking the paper during its transit from Skinner's study to the Remove Form-room.

Harold Skinner placed the jar on the ground, and, taking the spray from Stott, dipped it into the jar and drew up the handle, carefully filling it.

Both juniors appeared very nervous and eager to finish their work, and got away again.

"Buck up, and do it properly!" said Stott, glancing at the door where Snoop stood looking up the passage.

Skinner pointed the nozzle of the spray in the air, and plunging the handle quickly into the body of the syringe, ejected the fluid in a fine spray towards the ceiling.

He refilled the spray several times, and emptied it again in different parts of the Form-room.

"That's the stuff to administer unto the blessed scholars," he chuckled gleefully. And he emptied the last pumpful of fluid into the air.

"Wrap that blessed spray up, Stott, old son. Let's scoot as soon as we can."

Skinner covered the empty jar up in brown paper, and hid it as best he could under his jacket.

"All serene!"

"Right away!"

The three juniors took a last look round at the Form-room, and, closing the door after them, silently vanished up the passage to their own study.

They hid the jar and spray away, brushed themselves up, and faced each other with grinning faces.

"That was a good bit of work," sniggered Sidney Snoop, gazing at Skinner admiringly.

"Yes, no thanks to you!" snorted the cad of the Remove. "Come on, you two; we'd better show up somewhere. It doesn't do to be out of the giddy lime-light too long!"

The three juniors, feeling well satisfied with themselves, strolled down to the junior Common-room to spend the short time remaining before bed-time.

Excited shouts coming from the room, announced that something unusual was on. Skinner & Co. arrived at the door and found the place full of Removites. It was evident that a meeting of some sort was being held. A number of forms placed side by side at the far end of the room, were doing duty as a platform. A small wooden table from one of the studies was placed in the middle of this improvised stage, and was surrounded with some half dozen juniors seated on light cane chairs. A decanter of water and a glass in the centre of the table, gave the scene a business-like air.

Wharton was on his feet holding a cricket-stump with which he rapped the table from time to time for silence.

"Gentlemen—" he shouted.

"Hurrah!"

"Go it, Wharton—"

"On the ball!"

Wharton rapped the table with the

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stump, and glared at the assembled juniors.

"The object of this meeting is to decide whether we shall send a round robin to the Head, asking that the detention ban imposed on all the Form, may be lifted on the day we have arranged to show those chaps from St. Jim's how to play footer—"

"Hear, hear?"

"If you all agree to it, put up your hands," continued the captain of the Remove, in a loud voice.

A forest of hands shot up into the stuffy atmosphere of the Common-room.

Johnny Bull, who was on Wharton's right, rapidly counted the upraised hands.

"Carried!" he said briefly. "Good!"

"Hurrah!"

"Since it's agreed to send a round robin, then," shouted Wharton, "I'll call out the first part of the petition."

"Go ahead!"

Wharton wrinkled his brows in thought for a moment, and slowly commenced to call out.

"Dear Sir,—We, the undersigned, respectfully beg to bring to your notice that the junior eleven of Greyfriars School, having entered into a football fixture with the junior eleven of St. Jim's under Tom Merry, will be compelled to cancel the arrangement unless you kindly consent to lift the detention ban for the afternoon, and allow the team and its supporters to leave the school for the purpose of visiting St. Jim's."

"How's that, chaps?" he asked.

"Jolly good!" echoed a dozen voices.

"Right—ho! We'll write it down now."

Anybody got a sheet of paper?"

"Here you are, Wharton!" said Skinner, stepping forward quickly, and handing a sheet from his pocket to the junior captain.

"Thanks!"

Skinner grinned to himself and retired to the back of the crowd again. Skinner was not obliging as a rule, but on this occasion he had a reason for being so; it was the fact that it had been soaked in an extra strong solution some short time previous.

Nugent produced a fountain-pen, and the Famous Five affixed their signatures.

This done, the letter was placed on the table for the rest of the Remove to come up and sign.

The Removites came up one by one, and signed their names in a big circle at the bottom of the letter.

Lord Mauleverer, the schoolboy earl, and the laziest fellow in the Form, produced a rubber stamp on which his signature had been cut to save himself the trouble of writing.

"That's all O K!" said Wharton cheerfully, when the last of the Removites had signed. "I'll take the blessed thing along to-morrow, and wait for the verdict."

"He'll probably get licked instead," muttered Harold Skinner, under his breath.

"Don't go yet, you fellows!" shouted Wharton, as the crowd began to disperse. "I'll just run through it to check it, and see that it's all in order."

The paper was placed on the table, and surrounded by the Famous Five.

"Seems in order—" began John Bull.

"My hat!"

"Great Scott!"

"Holy uncle!" gasped the juniors in one voice.

They continued to stare at the paper in amazement.

"What's up?" demanded several voices, noting the perturbed looks on the faces of the five juniors.

Wharton & Co. did not answer. They were too surprised to do anything but stare.

Vernon-Smith, who was standing near, stepped forward, and, pushing Frank Nugent aside, looked at the paper.

"My hat!"

Vernon-Smith, like the Famous Five, could not speak for some moments. He could only stare. The Bouncer, as he was once called at Greyfriars, was a hard-headed youth, and he succeeded in pulling himself together long before the chums of Study No. 1.

He reached out, and, snatching up the paper, hurried over to where the light was brighter.

The crowd of juniors who were still in the Common-room, having had no explanation of what was happening, could only look on with a sort of dull wonder, and wait for their leaders to pull themselves together sufficiently to tell them.

Vernon-Smith held the paper up to the light for everybody to see; and as they watched, the writing which even now was faint, became fainter and fainter, until only the last signatures affixed at the bottom of the letter remained.

As the entire Remove gazed spell-bound at the strange phenomenon, even these began slowly to disappear.

That part of the letter, written on the paper so kindly provided by Skinner, and setting out the reason the juniors were asking for the detention ban to be removed, had now completely disappeared.

Not a vestige of the writing was visible.

To say that the juniors were astounded would be to put it very mildly indeed.

True enough, the writing had disappeared on two occasions from the exam papers. That troubled them not a little. At the same time, many of them thought that it was the work of some

very clever conjurer; while some were convinced that the papers in some inextinguishable way had been changed for blank sheets, after they had been locked away.

But as Bob Cherry remarked, when he regained his power of speech, this "Beat the blessed jax!"

Invisible ink, which became visible when placed near heat, was known to most of the juniors gathered together in the Common-room.

They had read of it many times in stories of German spies, and detective yarns. But none of them had ever heard of disappearing ink! Besides, many had written with fountain pens containing different kinds of ink; so it was obvious there was some other explanation.

This was, without the slightest doubt, the limit!

"Well, I'm blessed!" gasped Wharton at last.

He surveyed the blank sheet with knitted brows.

Vernon-Smith, who still continued to hold the paper, said nothing. He took a pocket magnifying-glass from his vest pocket, and subjected the paper to a most close scrutiny.

The juniors saw him shake his head. It was evident that he had not gained anything from his examination.

"Got a match, any of you chaps?" he asked at length.

"I haven't," said Wharton. "Have you, Bob?"

Cherry shook his head.

"Ask Skinner!" he said. "I know he usually keeps matches."

"Skinner!"

"Where's Skinner?"

There was no reply. The cad of the Remove had left the room unobserved.

"Never mind about him now," said Harry. "Who's got a match?"

A box was handed up to Smith.

The Bouncer struck one, and waited for it to burn up.

When it was well alight, he held what had once been the junior's round robin over the flame, and waited.

Nothing happened, so he struck



At that moment Gosling burst into the Form-room, holding the missing garden-spray aloft, and waving it triumphantly from side to side. "What I see is this 'ere—young rips—Master Skinner, which it is my dooty to report to the 'Ead!"

(See Chapter 8.)

NEXT MONDAY!

"SKINNER'S REVENGE!"

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another match and repeated his performance.

The juniors, crowding round, watched the paper intently, waiting for signs of the vanished writing to appear again.

Eventually, Vernon-Smith, tired of striking matches and getting no result, handed the box back to Bolsolver, and placed the paper on the table.

"That's jolly queer!" he said. "I've never seen or heard of anything like that in my life before!"

Not a line had reappeared, and the paper had not burned.

Come on, you youngsters! Time you were all in the dorm!"

The voice was that of Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars, whose duty it was that night to see the Removites safely in bed.

"Right-ho, Wingate!"

Wingate was in rather a hurry, or he would have noticed the unusual expressions on the faces of the juniors, and inquired the trouble. As it was, nothing was noticed out of the usual, and the Sixth-Former, with final injunctions to the Removites to "get a move on," strode away.

"What can't do any more to-night," said Harry Wharton gloomily. "So we had better get to the dorm."

So the Removites, their minds full of the strange happenings of the evening, went to bed and slept, as only healthy boys can, until the clang of the rising-bell next morning.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### The Third Attempt!

"SHOW a leg! Show a leg!"

The rising-bell had just gone, and Bob Cherry, the most energetic junior in the Remove, was already up and dressed.

"Come along, you slackers!" he roared to the still slumbering Removites. "Don't forget it's examination morning! Show a leg!"

And, bursting with superfluous energy, Bob Cherry commenced to pull the bedclothes off the junior nearest to him, who happened to be Lord Maulrevorer, whose one object in life was to get as much sleep as possible.

The coming exam formed the principal topic of conversation while the juniors were dressing.

"Don't forget to keep an eye on Skinner," said Johnny Bull to Wharton, as they left the hall together after breakfast.

"No!" replied Harry quietly. "I have come to the conclusion that Skinner and his two rotten pals are up to some queer game."

The chums broke away from the crowd; but the conversation of the juniors that morning was about the coming exam.

"What's the use of working?" grumbled George Balstredo to his study-mate, Tom Brown. "Some idiot will only collar our papers and shove some blank sheets on to old Quelch, and we will have to do the blessed lot over again."

Tom Brown shook his head.

"I don't know what to make of this business," he admitted, after a pause, "although I quite agree with you that our work will probably have to be done all over again."

The bell rang for classes, and the juniors filed into the Form-room.

No time was wasted in getting down to work.

For the third time that week the RE-

NEXT

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move answered the same set of questions, in exactly the same way, with the same fed-up feeling. Mr. Quelch, the Form-master, was as fed up with the exam, as were his pupils; but still, it had to be done.

The juniors were all convinced that their work was being done in vain, and that when the Form-master came to examine the papers in the morning he would find, as he had done before, a bundle of blank sheets.

Nevertheless, the juniors worked hard, and hoped that their efforts would not be wasted, as on two previous occasions.

The Remove had been hard at it for some time, when Johnny Bull glanced across at Wharton. The captain of the Remove looked up, and followed the direction of Bull's gaze. Johnny was staring at Skinner & Co.

For boys who were engaged on an examination-paper their conduct was very peculiar.

Most of the juniors had filled a page of foolcap with answers to the questions set before them; but the papers of the cad of the Remove and Stott and Snoop were devoid of any writing whatever. Neither of the trio appeared to have any intention of doing anything. Skinner spent his time in gazing out of the Form-room window, when Mr. Quelch was not looking in his direction. Snoop was manuring his nails with a penknife, and polishing them afterwards on a piece of clean blotting-paper. Stott was no more energetic than either of his two study-mates. He was cutting small grooves in the desk with an old pen-knife, and afterwards filling them with ink. This appeared to afford him boundless entertainment. But of work there was not a sign!

Wharton observed this behaviour with a puzzled brow.

When the Remove had been engaged on the last lot of papers, he remembered Johnny Bull had attracted his attention to the three cads, because they were doing no work then.

The captain of the Remove knew that Skinner & Co. were not the type of youths who would slack through an exam and chance the consequences. They had not sufficient pluck for that. Therefore there must be some reason or cause for their present extraordinary conduct.

Wharton, noticing Mr. Quelch look at him once or twice, deemed it prudent to get on with his work for a bit, until the opportunity of studying Skinner & Co. presented itself again, with less risks of incurring the Form-master's wrath.

For the next ten minutes there was a steady scratching of pens, and, save this, not another sound could be heard in the room.

Mr. Quelch appeared busy reading some papers, so Wharton took advantage of this to look over at Skinner again. That youth's conduct was more puzzling than ever.

He was engaged in drawing a caricature of the Form-master, with a birch in his hand, punishing a junior who was touching his toes.

The next day Mr. Quelch was somewhat surprised to find that the whole of his Form was present, well up to time. This was somewhat unusual.

The Head did not appear for some time, and it was obvious to the juniors that Mr. Quelch was as impatient of his arrival as they were.

Several minutes passed in silence, and then the rattle of his gown was heard in the passage. The Head himself appeared a moment later, and Mr. Quelch removed

the papers from his drawer. Dr. Locks and the Form-master together examined the seal, which was unbroken, and finally cut the tape which bound the papers together.

The juniors, unable to restrain their excitement, rose to their feet, and craned their necks forward, in order to get a better view of the papers when they were unrolled.

Excitement ran high, and the tension in the Form-room a moment before the papers were opened out, could almost be felt.

Eventually, after what seemed an age to the Removites, Mr. Quelch unrolled the papers on the table.

The watching juniors saw the Head look at Mr. Quelch, and back at the papers again.

"My hat!"

It was Ogilvy who made that remark. Ogilvy was seated in the front part of the Form, and had a better view than any other boy of the papers on the Form-master's table.

"My hat!" he whispered again. "The papers are all O.K.!"

"Great Scott!"

The juniors were as astonished that the papers should be in order as they would have been had the Form-master unrolled a sheaf of blank sheets again.

They continued to stare at the pile on the table in amazement.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### Gosling Intervenes!

THERE was an ominous silence in the Form-room.

The Remove waited expectantly.

Mr. Quelch had assumed a particularly grim expression, and regarded Skinner & Co. with his gimlet eyes in a manner that made the three cads inwardly shiver.

"We will now examine the papers of Skinner, Snoop, and Stott," he said quietly.

The Head, who was also watching Skinner & Co., preserved a dignified silence. Sidney Snoop, pale and trembling, was a sight pitiful to behold.

The Form-master quickly turned over the top papers until he found the work of the three cads.

The next moment Mr. Quelch stood as one transfixed, and stared.

The Head, too, opened his mouth, but could only gasp. And several tense, long minutes passed before either could make any sound.

"Bless my soul!"

"Good gracious!"

The Form-master took on an even grimmer expression than before. Then he glared across at Skinner, his eyes narrowed to mere slits, and fairly barked.

"Skinner!"

"Y—yes, sir?"

The chattering of Skinner's teeth could be heard all over the Remove.

"Come here!" grated Mr. Quelch, pointing to a spot in front of his desk. Skinner dragged himself from his seat, and crawled limply to the place indicated. All his bravado had left him now, and he stood revealed for what he was—a contemptible coward.

"Is this your work, Skinner?"

Skinner looked at the paper, but no reply passed his lips.

"Answer me, boy!" thundered the Form-master.

"N—nunno—I mean yes, sir!" stammered the hapless junior.

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Mr. Quelch allowed his eyes to drop to the paper before him.

"There is an absurd drawing here, obviously meant to represent myself," he said slowly. He studied the sketch for a few moments before continuing. Then, looking up, "I recognise this work as yours, Skinner; you are also responsible for the inscription underneath."

Skinner allowed his eyes to dwell on his work for a moment, and passed his tongue over his dry lips.

"Am I a bald-headed old bat?" asked the Form-master, reading from the sheet.

"N-nunno, sir!"

"Have I got bats in the belfry?"

No reply.

"Do my ears flap like an elephant's with St. Vitus' dance?"

Mr. Quelch's voice rose a fraction as he rounded out each question. Skinner's hands twitched nervously, and he bit his lip until the blood started.

"N-nunno, sir!"

"Then what on earth do you mean by depicting me as such, and supporting your insulting drawings with those inscriptions underneath?" roared Mr. Quelch in a terrible voice.

The cad of the Remove looked round the room, but found no signs of pity on any face.

"I see you are something of a prophet as well as an artist," went on the Form-master relentlessly. "You have drawn a boy touching his toes while I am shown in the act of striking him with a formidable looking birch. Very well, Skinner, for once the prophet shall find honour in his own country. Get down and touch your toes!"

Skinner looked appealingly at the Form-master, but he might just as well have sought mercy from the arch-fiend himself as Mr. Quelch, at that moment.

"I am waiting!" exclaimed the Remove-master selecting a cane and making spirited swipes in the air.

With a groan Skinner bent down.

Mr. Quelch raised his arm aloft and brought the cane down with all the force at his command.

Swish!

Skinner jumped three feet in the air, wildly clutching the smarting part of his anatomy.

"Ow-ooooow-ow!"

Three times this process was repeated before Mr. Quelch threw down the cane.

"We will now proceed with Snoop and Stott," said Mr. Quelch.

Dr. Locke took the groaning cad of the Remove by the shoulder and marched him to the corner of the room to await the company of his two partners in crime.

The next paper on the list happened to be Stott's.

Dr. Locke stared at the paper, and literally choked before speech came to relieve him.

"What is this gibberish supposed to be? Kindly read it out to me, Mr. Quelch! I am afraid to trust myself to look at it again!" almost hooted the Head.

Mr. Quelch glanced at the paper, and commenced to read:

"Dr. Locke is a merry old Head,  
And a merry old Head is he;  
He can wield the blessed cane,  
And inflict some awful pain,  
But the poor old jesser  
Never will hurt me!"

"Oh! Ah! Ooower!" gasped Stott, gazing fascinated at his paper.

"How dare you, boys!" roared the Head. "How dare you!"

The Head was almost beside himself with rage.

"Never in all my experience of school-boys have I been subjected to such an insult!" he boomed.

He went to Mr. Quelch's cupboard, and spent several moments selecting a cane. He eventually found one to his liking, and cut it through the air, to test its pliability. The whistle produced seemed to give him considerable satisfaction.

The Head was not by any means a hard-hearted man. He was not even severe in the ordinary way; but everything has its limits, and the limit of his endurance had certainly been reached this time.

"Come here, misguided boy!" he said, taking a firmer grip on the cane. "There's still some life in the old Head yet! Old jesser, indeed! I will take you to refer to your teachers and seniors in such terms! Hold out your hand!"

## THE MAN WHO KNEW THE SECRET



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Stott gasped an anticipatory, "Oh—ah—ooower!" but did as requested.

Swish!

"Owooooooooh!"

The long, thin cane caught Stott fairly across the tip of the fingers, and it seemed to the unhappy junior that, in some mysterious way, it had curved round the back of his hand as well—after the manner of a whip.

Swish!

If anything, the second cut was more terrific than the first.

"Owooooooooh!"

Stott span round and round like a top, and endeavoured to suck both lots of fingers at once. His mouth was only sufficiently big enough to accommodate one hand, however, so he continued to rapidly flick the other in the air.

During all this time the Removites had not said a word. They had been too amazed at the inscriptions written on the cads' exam-papers; besides which, the wrath of the two masters was terrible to behold—far too terrible to stand laughing at.

Sidney James Snoop, Skinner's henchman, sat gazing at Dr. Locke and Mr. Quelch in turns. Every now and then his eyes wandered to his two writing pals in the corner, who were waiting for him to join them.

"I shall want you now, Snoop!" rasped the Form-master. "Come and stand here!"

And, rising with a groan, Snoop staggered to the front, and occupied the same spot that Skinner and Stott had a few moments before.

Snoop bitterly regretted the day he had, first met Skinner. He regretted the things he had scribbled on the exam-paper—not because he was repentant, but because he had been found out. He was puzzled as to why the ink had not faded away as on the previous two occasions.

"Now, Snoop!" barked Mr. Quelch.

And the junior almost jumped at the sound of his voice.

"I see that your idea of humour does not differ from—"

"Bless my soul!"

Mr. Quelch never completed his sentence.

At that moment an unlooked-for interruption arrived from the Form-room door. Gosing, the school porter, with an angry face, burst in, holding the missing garden-spray aloft, and waved it triumphantly from side to side.

"Wot I see is this 'ere—"

"Gosling! How dare you! Leave the room at once!"

"Ought to be drowned that birth—" continued the porter, ignoring Mr. Quelch's command.

"Do you hear me, Gosling?"

"Young rips! Master Skinner, w'ich it is my dooty to report to the 'Ead—"

Mr. Quelch advanced to push the porter out; but Dr. Locke laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"Just a minute, Mr. Quelch," he said. "Gosling appears very excited over something. I think we will hear what it is."

Skinner & Co., when they saw the porter with the spray in his hand, exchanged glances. They had last seen the spray in their study, where they had hid it after using it in the Form-room.

"Trouble never comes but what it comes in large doses; and Skinner and Stott, not to mention Snoop, when they saw the instrument in Gosling's hands, for the first time in their lives, came to the conclusion that the straight and narrow path is less painful in the long run.

"Now, Gosling!" said the Head. "Pray, what have you to tell me about Skinner?"

Skinner and Gosling were never on good terms, and the latter was inwardly rejoicing at the opportunity of getting even with the Removite.

Gosling held the garden-spray out for inspection.

"Wot I see is this 'ere. Master Skinner took this from the tool-shed, an' now I finds it in 'is study—after 'e sed as 'ow 'e 'adn't got it—all kerodded lup an' done him—"

"All what?" asked the Head, looking puzzled.

"All kerodded—kerodded with hacid," explained the porter.

"He means corroded," Dr. Locke, said Mr. Quelch, curiously regarding the spray.

"Dear me! Dear me! Allow me to examine it, Gosling."

Dr. Locke took the spray from the hand of the porter, and with the Form-master, scrutinised it closely.

Gosling had made no mistake. The syringe or spray, which was almost new,

was pitted with patches of small holes, where some powerful acid had eaten into the metal.

"This is most extraordinary!" commented Dr. Locke, after a time. "Skinner—Stott, come here!"

"My hat! We're in for it again now!" muttered Skinner to his pal.

The two juniors stood before the Head. "Gosling says he found this syringe, which was stolen from the tool-shed, in your study," said Dr. Locke. "Is that true?"

Skinner nodded. He knew it was no use denying it.

"What were you doing with it?"

No reply.

"How did it become corroded with chemicals while in your possession?" Still Skinner made no reply.

"Will you answer me at once, boy, or must I thrash it out of you?" boomed the Head.

"I-I-I d-d-dunno, sir!" stammered Skinner, at last.

"Will either of you tell me?" demanded the Head of Stott and Snoop. The latter youth was too frightened to speak; but if Stott was able to do so, he chose not to.

"Very well," said the Head, "I will not thrash you now. There is some mystery attached to this which you do not think fit to tell me; but I will find out, nevertheless."

The three black sheep—the sporty youths of the Remove—wriggled uncomfortably.

"Take these three miserable boys and lock them in the punishment-room, while I gather some details of this syringe from Gosling, Mr. Quelch," said the Head.

"Follow me, Skinner!"

The three juniors turned and followed the Form-master from the room to nobody's study—the punishment-room.

## THE NINTH CHAPTER.

### Bowled Out!

DR. LOCKE, deep in thought, stood with the syringe held in front of him, some moments after the door had closed on Mr. Quelch and the three juniors.

"I wonder if I'm right!" he muttered to himself.

He placed the spray on the table and walked up the gangway to Snoop's desk, lifted the flap, and peered inside.

He did not appear to see what he was searching for there, so he opened the desk of Stott's desk. The contents, which included a pack of playing-cards, and a packet of cigarettes, caused him to pause for a moment.

These things, however, were thrown aside while the Head continued to search through the books and papers still remaining in the desk.

Dr. Locke eventually having made certain that the object of his search was not in Stott's desk, closed the lid with a bang, after putting the cards and cigarettes in his pocket.

Skinner's desk was the next in the line of route, but when the Head tried to raise the lid he found to his surprise that it was locked.

"Wharton!"

"Yes, sir?"

"Go to the punishment-room and ask Mr. Quelch to give you the key of Skinner's desk."

"Very good, sir!"

Wharton hurried away, and the Head impatiently pored up and down the Form-room waiting for him to return.

The captain of the Remove soon appeared with the key, and a second later the Head had Skinner's desk open.

Several moments were spent searching among the books and papers with which the interior of the desk was littered, and then the Removites heard the Head give an exclamation of satisfaction as his hand closed over a little blue book hidden away in the corner.

Mr. Quelch returned, and was soon joined by the Head.

There was a muttered consultation between the two masters, and Gosling was dismissed.

The two gentlemen read parts of the book very carefully, and looked once again at the spray lying on the table.

It was evident that the Head had discovered something of considerable importance, but although the juniors knew it was from a book found in Skinner's desk that it concerned the cad of the Remove, they had no idea how.

"I think this is the explanation, without a doubt," murmured Dr. Locke, at last.

"You are quite right, sir, I am sure," replied the Form-master, with a frown. "The young rascals! And yet I never missed it!"

The examination papers, which had been forgotten for some time, were carefully examined again.

Finally the Head turned to Wharton.

"Go to Skinner's study, and see whether there is a jar in his cupboard containing chemicals. Wharton," said the Head, "if there is, bring it to me."

"Yes, sir!"

Wharton disappeared to do as he was bid, and before long returned with the identical pickle-jar which he had filled up with water.

"Thank you, Wharton; you may sit down again," said Dr. Locke, when the captain of the Remove had placed the jar on the table.

The Head lifted it up, and sniffed at it several times. Mr. Quelch took it from him, and did the same; the two masters smiled at each other, and nodded their heads.

"I think we are right, Quelch," said the Head.

Mr. Quelch took another sniff at the jar before replying. "There is no doubt about it," he said at length.

"What's all the giddy mystery about, Harry, old son?" breathed Bob Cherry to Wharton.

Wharton's reply was a chuckle.

"I don't know," he said; "but I think I can make a good guess. You watch how they keep smelling the jar, and then the papers; use a little grey matter, Bob, old sport!"

Bob Cherry scratched his head; he was plainly puzzled by the behaviour of the two gentlemen in front—so were the rest of the Form!

The Head turned to the Remove, and the ghost of a smile hovered round his kind old mouth—he was his old self again, and the grimness of the past few days seemed to have left him. Mr. Quelch, too, permitted himself a rather grin.

"Boys," said Dr. Locke, clearing his throat. "I have something very important to disclose to you—you have all been called upon to rewrite your examination papers several times, so you are, therefore, entitled to an explanation."

The Remove waited expectantly—the morning seemed to them to be one long round of surprises! They were prepared

for almost anything—except what actually came.

"First of all, many of you were puzzled by the writing disappearing in a mysterious manner from your correspondence in the post-rack one morning—this matter, by the way, was only recently brought to my notice."

The Head looked across at Wharton, and smiled.

"Soon after the affair of the post," he continued, "the examination papers were found to be nothing but blank sheets. I was of the private opinion at the time that Mr. Quelch had mislaid them and tied clean sheets up in mistake for the real papers. Soon after this, however, the same thing occurred to the second batch; and we thought some of you had doctored the ink. But as you know, Mr. Quelch caused the inkwells to be collected and examined, and we found that nothing of the sort had happened. You all know what happened the third time the papers were examined"—the Head took to a grimmer expression for the moment—"Skinner and his misguided friends, believing that the same extraordinary thing would happen again, took advantage of it to hold to ridicule Mr. Quelch and myself, by their absurd drawings in the middle of their exam papers. But, as you know, they were found out—found out, because the ink failed to disappear from the papers as it had done on the two previous occasions—that, however, is the least of their offences. Had Mr. Quelch not mentioned a few moments ago that he had missed a handbook on 'The Relativity of Paper to Chemical Influence,' perhaps we would never have got to the bottom of this strange affair."

The Head paused for breath, and smiled at the Form. Even now, many of them had no idea what was coming. "What happened briefly was this—that handbook, in a manner best known to your Form-fellow, Skinner, was lost from Mr. Quelch's study. Skinner discovered from the book that a new chemical solution had recently been discovered, which when absorbed by paper, would cause anything subsequently written on it in ink to fade completely away."

"My hat!"

"Great pip!"

Slowly the idea dawned upon the Removites, and the avidity of it staggered them.

"Now I will explain where this garden-spray and pickle-jar comes in," went on Dr. Locke. "Skinner secretly prepared a quantity of this solution—"

"That's what made the beggar hun so when we dropped across him in the footer that afternoon!" gasped Johnny Bull, in an undertone, to Frank Nugent.

"My only aunt!"

The Head looked up at Bull and Nugent, and they both relapsed into silence again.

"Skinner prepared a quantity of this solution," continued the Head, "and ejected it from this syringe into the Form-room. The solution is so powerful that it hangs about the atmosphere for twenty-four hours afterwards, and is immediately absorbed by any paper brought into the room, so that when it is written on with ink, it becomes quite invisible a few hours afterwards."

The Remove simply gasped; nobody would have given Skinner credit for having the brains to think out an idea like this before. The Remove had been japed; so had Dr. Locke and Mr. Quelch.

They had been cleverly japed, too, and they were amazed!

"My only Sunday topper!"

"My giddy aunt!"

"Great Scott!"

The Removites soon recovered from their astonishment, and waited to hear what was coming next. That there was more they all felt sure.

"There is one point which, I must admit, still puzzles me," went on Dr. Locke. "And that is, the reason Skinner's scheme failed to work this morning."

The juniors looked thoughtful for a moment, when, to the surprise of everybody, Wharton and Bull exchanged glances and burst into a roar of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"How dare you laugh like that in the Form-room!" exclaimed Dr. Locke, in surprise. "Come out here at once!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Wharton! Bull! How dare you!" The captain of the Remove stopped laughing at last.

"I am very sorry, sir!" he apologised. "But I was thinking. I think I can explain why Skinner's solution failed to work this morning, sir!"

"What is the reason, then, Wharton?" asked the Head, somewhat appressed.

"Because the solution he sprayed into the air the last time was water!"

"Water?"

"Yes, sir. Bull and myself filled the pickle-jar with water a day or two ago."

Wharton then explained the little joke they played on the cad of the Remove when they visited his study and substituted water for the contents of the jar.

"So the last lot of alleged solution was water!" repeated the Head, when Wharton had concluded.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

This time the Remove did not roar with laughter — they howled; they doubled themselves up and screamed!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

As the cause of Skinner's little scheme failing at last became apparent, the Head and Mr. Quech looked for exactly a second at the juniors convulsed with mirth, and, unable to restrain themselves any longer, joined in.

When the merriment abated somewhat, Dr. Locke went on to explain that after a certain amount of time had elapsed, the strength of the solution evaporated, and the writing again became visible.

"That explains how the writing appeared on the envelopes after you had locked them in your box, Wharton," said the Head, turning to the captain of the Remove.

Wharton nodded. He had guessed that himself.

"So now the mystery is cleared up," said the Head, "and it has been proved that you boys were not a party to Skinner's — er — ahem! — joke. The order by which you were forbidden to leave the school grounds is cancelled, of course. You have all had your liberty curtailed the past few days, and have had to write impositions, so I am going to recompense you by granting a half-holiday this afternoon; and if any boy desires a late pass, Mr. Quech will grant him one."

"Hurrah!"

The Head held up his hand for silence. "This is not an affair in which the whole school is concerned," he said. "I regard it as a domestic trouble, belonging wholly to the Remove; therefore, I have decided that Skinner and his two foolish companions shall be flogged, but not before all the school. You will

assemble after dinner in the Form-room to witness their punishment."

The juniors went down to the dining-hall, wondering dimly whether they were standing on their heads or their feet.

When they had entered the Form-room that morning they were under a cloud. Now the whole mystery had been cleared up, and the detention order was cancelled.

Inky's dusky face grinned good-humouredly. He was thinking of the coming match with the juniors of St. Jim's — Tom Merry & Co.

"What about the merry old footer now, Inky?" asked Frank Nugent, as the Famous Five sorted over their clothes in Study No. 1.

"The esteemed and merry old kickfulness will be terrific!" purred the Nabob of Bhanipur, with deep satisfaction. And, as it eventually proved, it was.

As for the rest of the juniors, they assembled in the Form-room after dinner.

The three black sheep were led into the Form-room, where Gosling was waiting to hoist them on his shoulders, while the Head enjoyed himself by giving them a well-earned flogging, which the three luckless youths did not get over in a hurry.

The Remove witnessed the scene without turning a hair. There was no sympathy bestowed on the inmates of Study No. 11; therefore none was wasted.

The three juniors, smarting, aching, but wiser, boys, spent the remainder of the afternoon in the punishment-room, listening to the merry shouts of their Form-fellows having a good time as the result of Skinner's great jape!

THE END.

(Full particulars of next week's story will be found on page 2.)

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