

Superb School Story, Novel Supplement and Powerful Serial
—INSIDE!

The MAGNET²





By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

A Sad Dog!

WHY, you—you—you—
Harry Wharton paused. He seemed at a loss for words.

Standing in the doorway of Study No. 1 in the Remove of Greyfriars, he stared into that celebrated study as if he could hardly believe his eyes.

Indeed, he hardly could.

As Wharton, Nugent, and Tatters had been out of the House, that study should have been unoccupied just then. But it was not unoccupied.

Billy Bunter had taken possession. Bunter was reclining, in a more or less graceful attitude, in the armchair. His bullet head rested on a cushion, his fat little legs reposed on another chair. In Bunter's mouth was a fat Turkish cigarette. Round him, on the floor, were several cigarette-ends. On the table was a box of smokes, from which Bunter had evidently been helping himself. The atmosphere of the study was thick with smoke.

Harry Wharton gazed at him.

"You—you—you—" he stuttered.

Billy Bunter turned his big spectacles on the captain of the Remove and blinked at him through a cloud of smoke.

He grinned.

"Have a fag, old fellow?" he said.

"You—you—" gasped Wharton.

"You—you fat villain! What do you think you are up to?"

He stepped into the study and coughed.

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"Have one, old chap!" said Bunter. "I've got lots!"

"You fat chump!"

"Oh, really, Wharton! Look here, these are jolly good cigarettes," said Bunter. "Topping! Have one! Be a man!"

"A—a—a what?"

"A man!" said Bunter. "Be a man, you know—like me!"

"Oh crumbs!"

Bunter blew out a cloud of smoke. Apparently Bunter was enjoying himself. At all events, he was determined to believe that he was.

Smoking, of course, was strictly against the rules. Had a master or a prefect happened on Bunter while he was "being a man," the results to the fat junior would have been quite painful.

Harry Wharton glanced round the study. He had run up to the Remove passage for an old footer, to punt about after class. But he was not looking for the footer now—he was looking for a fives bat.

"Where did you get those smokes, Bunter?" he demanded.

Wharton did not suspect Bunter of having bought cigarettes, as the Bounder and Skinner sometimes did. Bunter rather fancied himself with a cigarette in his mouth, but he was not likely to expend cash for them. Bunter's cash always went to the tuck-shop.

"They're mine," said Bunter, after another puff. "You needn't think I got them from Carne's study—I didn't!"

"Carne of the Sixth!" exclaimed Wharton.

"I haven't been to his study," explained Bunter. "Carne never gave me lines. As he never gave me any I never took them to his study. And he wasn't out when I got there. And if you think I rooted about his study, Wharton, you're mistaken!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Besides, a Sixth Form prefect shouldn't have smokes in his study," continued Bunter. "I'd like to know what the Head would say if he knew! I can tell you, Carne would get into a fearful row!"

"You fat villain!" gasped Wharton. "You've bagged a box of smokes from a Sixth Form man's study!"

"Nothing of the sort! I haven't been there! Carne can't make a fuss about it, anyhow." Bunter chuckled. "Fancy a Sixth Form prefect inquiring after a box of cigarettes missing from his study! He, he, he!"

Wharton laughed involuntarily. Certainly the bully of the Sixth was not likely to make his loss public.

"Safe as houses," said Bunter breezily. "It serves him right, you know—he's a beastly bully, and he gave me lines. Have one, old fellow! Carne buys jolly good smokes, I can tell you! Not that these belong to Carne," added Bunter, with great caution. "As I said, I haven't been anywhere near his study; and as for footing through his table drawer, it's a thing I'm incapable of."

"You benighted chump!" said Harry. "Carne will guess who had those smokes when he misses them!"

"Well, he can't say anything. Do have one! I've smoked six already, and they're simply ripping!"

"And what are you smoking them in my study for?" demanded Wharton.

"Well, that beast Toddy would kick up a fuss if he found Study No. 7 smelling of smoke," explained Bunter. "You know what a beast he is! He kicked me last time."

Wharton had found the fives bat now.

"Get out of that chair!" he said.

"Eh! What for?"

"I can't lick you with this bat while you're sitting down."

"You silly ass!" howled Bunter. "Look here—"

"Get up!"

"You coming along with that ball, Wharton?" called out Frank Nugent's voice from the Remove staircase.

"Won't be a tick! Get up, Bunter!"

"I—I say, old fellow—"

Two juniors came along the Remove passage to the study doorway—Frank Nugent and the new fellow, Arthur Cholmondeley, otherwise known as Tatters. They stared in at Bunter.

"My hat!" ejaculated Nugent.

"Bust my buttons!" said Tatters.

Bunter blinked at them.

"Trot in!" he said. "Sit down and have a smoke! Much better than kicking a muddy ball about! I believe you've never smoked, Nugent."

"Never!" grinned Frank.

"You're rather a milksop, aren't you? You've smoked, Cholmondeley! I'll bet you smoked when you were a tinker's boy."

"I ain't smoked since I been 'ere," answered Tatters. "I was told that it wasn't allowed, and I ain't never done it 'ere. I never knowed any better when I was along of Tinker Wilson."

"Get out of that chair!" roared Wharton.

"Shan't!" hooted Bunter.

The captain of the Remove stepped behind the chair and grasped the high back and tilted it.

Bump!

Billy Bunter landed on the floor.

"Ow! Beast! Ooooh!"

Wharton grasped the Owl of the Remove by the collar and hooked him to his feet. In another moment he would have bent him over the study table and the fives bat would have been whacking his tight trousers. Bunter was, in his own fat and fatuous opinion, "no end of a dog." But his doggyish manners and customs were not wanted in Study No. 1 in the Remove, and Wharton intended to make that clear, with the aid of the fives bat.

But as Billy Bunter wriggled in his grasp a strange and startling change came over his fat countenance.

So long as he had been sitting quite still Bunter had not realised the effect of half a dozen potent Turkish cigarettes smoked one after another.

Now that he was in motion he realised it.

The effect materialised quite suddenly. Bunter felt a heaving like unto a stormy sea within. His fat face became the colour of chalk, and strange, weird sounds proceeded from him. He ceased to wriggle, and fairly collapsed in the grasp of the captain of the Remove.

"Ooooooooooer!" came in an anguished moan from the fat junior. "Ow! Ooooooooooer! Ooooooooooer!"

"Oh, my hat!" roared Nugent. "He's going to be ill!"

"Ooooooooooer!"

Harry Wharton threw aside the fives bat. Bunter was in no state for a

batting now. Bunter was in the state of a Channel passenger on a tempestuous day. Bunter was suffering for his sins; and repenting from the bottom of his fat heart that he had annexed those awful smokes from Carne's study in the Sixth.

"Ooooh! Ooooooooooer! Oh dear! Ow! Oooooooooer!" moaned Bunter. "I—I say, you fellows, I—I—I feel ill! Oooooooooer!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ooooh! Ow! I say, send for a d-d-d-doctor! I'm did-did-did-dying! Ow! I say, you fellows—Grooooooh!"

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Wharton. "Lend me a hand with the fat idiot, you men, and get him back to his study!"

"Ow! Ooooh! I'm did-did-dying—"

"You're jolly well not going to die here, then! You can jolly well perish in your own study! Take hold, you chaps!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow! Ow! Ooooh! Oooooooooer!"

Three pairs of hands helped Bunter out of Study No. 1 and hooked him along the Remove passage to Study No. 7. There he was plumped into Toddy's armchair. He collapsed there, moaning. Staying only to cram the cigarettes down his back, the chums of the Remove left him.

Horrid sounds followed them from Study No. 7 as they left.

"Oooooooooer! Gug-gug-gug! Ooooch!"

Three chuckling juniors went down the Remove staircase, Wharton with a footer under his arm. Bunter was left to his woes. The Owl rather prided himself on being a gay dog! But there

PREFECT v. NEW BOY!

There's no love lost between Carne, the prefect, and "Tatters," the remarkable new boy in the Remove. But, despite his powers, Carne discovers that it doesn't pay to victimise him.

was no doubt that he was a sad dog now—the saddest of dogs! By the time he recovered from the effects of Carne's cigarettes he was very much sadder, if not wiser.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Path of Duty!

CARNE of the Greyfriars Sixth looked at his watch. Then he looked at his companion in the back parlow of the Cross Keys rather curiously. Carne of the Sixth had been absent from his study when Bunter took his lines there, with rather unhappy results for Bunter. But few Greyfriars fellows would have guessed where Carne was in those moments. As a matter of fact, he was not easy in his own mind. Stealing into the Cross Keys by the back way from the towpath after dark was one matter; but in broad daylight it was quite another. It was risky, very risky, and the sportsman of the Sixth did not like the risk. Several times during that interview with Mr. Cyril Rackstraw, cousin of Cholmondeley of the Remove, Carne had looked at his watch.

"I won't keep you!" Rackstraw blew out a cloud of smoke from a cigar. "You want to get off?"

"The fact is, I've got to be a bit careful," said Carne. "I'm jolly glad to see you, Rackstraw, and all that. But—"

"Well, next time I see you we'll find a spot farther from the school. We

might give the races at Lantham a look-in."

Carne's eyes glistened.

"Rippin'; but, of course, a man has to be careful—especially a prefect! The Head's an old-fashioned bird." Again his eyes dwelt curiously on Rackstraw. "I can't make out why you can't come up to the school. When I saw you the other day, you told me there was a reason, but you never told me what the reason was. You've got a cousin in the Remove—Rags and Tatters. And—"

"I want to speak to you about him," said Rackstraw. "The fact is, I've got on the wrong side of his Form master, Quelch, and I'd rather not come up to the school. You may have heard that the kid was collared that day he came out for a drive with me—Tinker Wilson, the man he used to tramp with—got hold of him. Quelch rather blamed me."

Carne's eyes narrowed.

"Did he think you had a hand in it?" he asked bluntly. "Between ourselves, I wondered."

"Did you?" muttered Rackstraw, with an unpleasant gleam in his eyes. "Well, anyhow, Tinker Wilson is in prison now, and likely to stay there for a long time to come, and my dear cousin will never be in danger of kidnapping again. It would be too unpleasant all round."

Carne laughed.

"I wondered," he said. "I say, if you had a hand in it, it was awfully risky. If Quelch thinks so—"

"Of course, I knew absolutely nothing about it," said Rackstraw. "Quelch thought I had been careless with the kid, that is all. But I'm keeping clear of the school chiefly on your account."

"Mine?" ejaculated the Greyfriars prefect.

"Yes. It would be better for our acquaintance to be a secret between ourselves." Rackstraw smiled sourly. "Your headmaster might not approve of me as a friend for you, Carne—especially if he knew that I made your acquaintance at the Polican Night Club in London during the holidays—and some other things. Besides—"

"Besides—what?" asked Carne.

He was watching Rackstraw's face keenly. Carne had been very glad to renew his acquaintance with Cyril Rackstraw. Rackstraw was a man after his own heart. In their dislike of Tatters of the Remove, they had a feeling in common. A friend like Rackstraw outside the school was useful to the amateur blackguard of the Sixth. But Carne was a little uneasy. Rackstraw was useful to him, but he could not see how he was going to be useful to Rackstraw, and he did not doubt that his friend had an axe to grind. He wanted to know what Rackstraw had up his sleeve.

"I'm goin' to be frank," said Rackstraw, after a pause. "We're friends, Carne, and you don't like that young scoundrel any more than I do."

"I think it's rather thick having a rank rotter like that shoved in at Greyfriars," grunted Carne. "From what I hear, he was a tinker's boy—lived as a tinker, tramping the road with a hooligan named Wilson—in rags and tatters! He talks like a bargee, eats with his knife, and, I can tell you, it was a surprise for Greyfriars when he came."

"I've no doubt of that. If Sir George
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Cholmondeley had not been a governor of the school, he would never have been admitted there. As it was, I fancy he must have had some trouble with the Head, gettin' him to take the young rotter in. If the tinker had got hold of him again—but that's all over now."

Carne made no rejoinder, but he was conscious of a feeling of uneasiness. There was more than a suspicion in his mind that Rackstraw had known something of the attempted kidnapping of Tatters, and that was a serious matter—a matter that Carne himself would never have dreamed of touching with a pair of tongs. If Rackstraw had any idea of asking him to lend assistance in anything of that kind, Carne was prepared to break off his friendship with Mr. Rackstraw on the spot. He disliked Tatters intensely, but Carne had his limit.

A slightly sarcastic smile came over Rackstraw's handsome, rather dissipated face. It seemed as if he read the thoughts passing through the mind of the Greyfriars prefect.

"As I've said, I know nothing of that," he went on, "and, anyhow, it's all a back number now; Tinker Wilson has been sent to prison."

"But Quelch thinks—"

"Never mind what the meddling old fool thinks; proof is another matter."

Carne was silent again. But he thought he knew now why Mr. Rackstraw did not care to show up at the school. He looked at his watch once more.

"I'd better come to the point," said Rackstraw. "I want you to help me, Carne! You know how the matter stands! When old Sir George Cholmondeley's elder son broke his neck hunting, I supposed—and so did others—that I should come in as heir, being his grandson and his only known relation. But—"

He flung the stump of his cigar savagely away.

"The younger son had disappeared years before—died in poverty, the associate of tramps and outcasts. The old man had cut him off, and never cared a button about him. He left a son—this young imp, Tatters. But nobody knew where he was, or anything about him. And—if my name had been Cholmondeley, instead of Rackstraw, he would never have been looked for, never found. But the old idiot spent a small fortune on inquiry agents and detectives and found him at last. Now the young brute's found, he comes in for everything, and I for nothing."

"Hard cheese!" said Carne.

"I'm not taking it lying down!" growled Rackstraw. "There's a chance for me yet. The old man is keen on a Cholmondeley taking title and estate after him. But he's pretty sick with the kid; he can't stand him personally."

"No wonder!" grinned Carne.

"He's sent him to Greyfriars to be cleaned and polished," growled Rackstraw. "He thinks only of the family name, and doesn't care a straw for the kid himself. He hopes that Greyfriars will make a gentleman of the little brute."

"Greyfriars will have to go all out to bring it off!" grinned Carne.

"But if he turns out badly—"

"Pretty sure to, if you ask me."

"That's what I think. He was brought up among thieves and rogues and all sorts of riff-raff," said Rackstraw. "He never had a chance to be decent, if you come to that. When he

was with the tinker—as bad a character as any criminal in the country—he can't have learned much good. I've no doubt that he was a thorough young rascal; smoking, stealing, drinking very likely—an absolute young rotter."

"Likely enough."

"Well, if anythin' would make the old fool—I mean old Sir George—turn him down, it would be the kid disgracing his name," said Rackstraw. "In fact, I'm certain—I've reason to be certain—that if Arthur should be kicked out of Greyfriars the old man would turn him down. If it comes out that he's thoroughly bad and there's no curing him—if it's made clear that he was bred a rotter and stays a rotter—the old man will get fed-up with him. When he found the kid and found what he was like, I know he was a bit doubtful of owning him; it was only his pride in his name made him do it. If the kid disgraces that thumpin' name that will feed him up. It's a cert."

"And you think—"

"I don't think; I know that the young brute is a rank rotter!" said Rackstraw savagely. "It stands to reason that he must be, with the trainin' he's had. What I want is to show my grandfather what the imp's really like; that you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. It's worth takin' some trouble; I stood to inherit fifty thousand a year before that young brute turned up."

Carne whistled.

"You can help me, as a prefect of his school," said Rackstraw. "I'm not suggestin' anythin' wrong; only that you should do what is really your duty as a Greyfriars prefect—and do it thoroughly. You don't like the kid; you've told me that he's cheeky and insolent—"

"He biffed a footer in my face and knocked me down a staircase," grunted Carne.

"He would!" said Rackstraw. "He is simply a savage from the slums; but my grandfather fancies there's magic in a name. He expects a tinker's boy to turn into a gentleman as soon as he's called Cholmondeley instead of Tatters. He will find out his mistake when the young rotter's sacked from the school. All you've got to do is to keep a special eye on him, find out what rotten things he gets up to, and get him the proper punishment."

Carne nodded slowly.

"That's all right," he said. "He's a disgrace to the school; and, as you say, there's no doubt that he's a rank rotter. It's only a question of nailing him."

"That's all."

"And that's what you wanted to see me about?" asked Carne. He was feeling relieved.

"That's it! That and nothing more," said Rackstraw. "You'll be doing your duty as a prefect, and doing me a good turn at the same time. And as one good turn deserves another, I'll do anythin' I can for you in return. If you have bad luck with the gee-gees you may find it useful to know where to borrow a tenner sometimes, for instance."

Carne laughed and rose to his feet.

"I'll remember that if Bully Boy doesn't win at Wapshot on Wednesday," he said. "I should be in rather a hole."

"You can rely on me."

Carne of the Sixth was looking very thoughtful as he slipped out of the back gate of the Cross Keys and strolled away up the towpath. To a fellow with tastes like Carne, Rackstraw was a useful friend—very useful indeed. And Carne did not see why he should not oblige his friend in this little

matter. It was a question of "nailing" a fellow who was—in Carne's opinion, at least—certain to be a rank rotter; it would be doing his duty as a prefect, and a service to his school.

That Tatters, in spite of his early unfortunate training, was very far from being a "rotter," Carne did not suspect, and would not have believed. His dislike of the waif coloured his belief, as it coloured Rackstraw's. Both the precious pair were convinced that they had to deal with a young rascal, and that it was only a question of showing him up in his true colours. A better fellow than Carne need have seen no harm in that. And Carne of the Sixth, as he walked back to Greyfriars, resolved to lose no time in getting to work. Tatters of the Remove was going to have his very special attention, and to have it at once.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

A Discovery in Study No. 1.

"GREAT gad!"

Carne of the Sixth fairly jumped.

He stood in the doorway of Study No. 1 in the Remove and stared—and sniffed!

The study fairly reeked with smoke! On the carpet near the armchair lay half a dozen cigarette-ends; in the fender were a number of burnt matches.

Somebody had been smoking in that study, and doing it pretty thoroughly.

"Great gad!" repeated Carne.

The Sixth Form man had come up to the Remove passage as soon as he got back to the school. He had intended to look round the study—which he knew to be vacant just then, as he had seen Wharton and Nugent and Cholmondeley in the quad when he came in. He had little doubt, if any, that he would find something in the study which would prove that Tatters had not abandoned his old bad habits—secret cigarettes, at least. But he had never expected this.

He sniffed with disgust. Carne smoked himself, as a matter of fact, with his study door carefully locked against intrusion. But Carne, at least, was a senior in the Sixth Form; Tatters was under fifteen. And whoever had been smoking in the Remove study had been going strong. There were plenty of signs of that. Carne himself never smoked half a dozen cigarettes one after another; but it was obvious that the smoker in Study No. 1 in the Remove had done so.

Carne had not the slightest doubt that it was Tatters. He knew that it could not be Wharton or Nugent.

"Horrid little beast!" he grunted.

"Well, this is a beginning! Of all the nasty, smoky, blackguardly little animals—"

Vernon-Smith came along the Remove passage and stopped to look at Carne, wondering what the bully of the Sixth wanted in a Remove study. A whiff of the atmosphere of Study No. 1 came to him, and the Bouncer sniffed and started. Carne turned to him.

"Go and fetch Wharton in, Vernon-Smith," he said.

"My hat!" said the Bouncer, staring into the study. "Somebody's been going it here! Who—"

"Go and fetch Wharton."

"Oh, all right!"

The Bouncer grinned as he went down the stairs.

Harry Wharton & Co. were still punting the footer about in the quad. The Bouncer called out to the captain of the Remove.

"You're wanted, Wharton!"

"Can't come!"

"It's a jolly old Sixth Form prefect wants you in your study!" answered the Bounder. "Somebody's been smoking there!"

"Oh, rot!" grunted Wharton.

But he left the footballers and went into the House. The behests of a Sixth Form prefect had to be obeyed.

Wharton's face was rather troubled as he came up to his study. Billy Bunter wanted a batting or a kicking for his cheek in smoking in Study No. 1, but Wharton did not want to give him away to the powers. He wondered savagely what on earth a prefect was butting into his study for. It was a prefect's duty to inquire who had been breaking the rules, and it might mean trouble for the owners of the study if they did not give away the fatuous Owl of the Remove. His face was still more troubled when he arrived and found that it was Carne in the study. The Famous Five were on the worst possible terms with Carne of the Sixth.

"Smithy says you want me, Carne," said Harry.

He wished now that he had taken the trouble to clear up the traces left by Bunter before going out to the punt-about. But he could not have foreseen

"You'd better give me his name," said Carne. "I know who it is, of course, so you needn't worry about that!"

"Oh! You know who it is?" exclaimed Wharton.

"Well, a man doesn't need to be a Sherlock Holmes to work that out, I suppose," said Carne.

"Perhaps not," said Harry. "But I'd much rather not mention any fellow's name. It was like his thumping cheek to smoke here, and I jolly nearly gave him a batting for it; but—"

"I shall have to report this to Quelch, of course," said Carne, as the junior paused. "Quelch is pretty certain to call you in."

"Quelch won't ask a man in his Form to sneak about another chap," said

was for a prefect to make out his case himself, without calling on Lower boys to help him against one another.

"Nothing to say?" sneered Carne, as the captain of the Remove did not speak.

"Nothing!" answered Wharton shortly.

"I fancy you'll have to say something to Quelch!" sneered Carne.

"I don't see why this should go before Quelch," said Wharton uneasily. "You're a prefect, Carne, and entitled to deal with it. Wingate wouldn't bother Quelch about such a thing."

Carne's eyes glinted. Wharton had touched the wrong chord, as he realised the moment he had spoken. Carne was on far from friendly terms with the head prefect of Greyfriars, and not



"You will place those cigarettes on my desk at once, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch. "But—but I can't, sir," stammered the Owl of the Remove. "They—they—they're down my back, sir!"

this sudden attack of dutiful energy on the part of Carne, well known to be the slackest man in the Sixth. Naturally, he knew nothing and suspected nothing of Carne's compact with Mr. Rackstraw.

"Precious state for a junior study to be in!" sneered Carne. "Reeking like a tap-room, by Jove!"

"I suppose I needn't tell you that I haven't been smoking here," said Wharton curtly.

"I'm quite prepared to take your word for that, Wharton. If you say it was not you or Nugent, that settles the point."

"Oh!" said Harry, rather relieved. He had taken it for granted that the bully of the Sixth would make the most of this. "Well, it wasn't either Nugent or me, Carne, you may be sure of that."

"Quite!" agreed Carne. "I only had to ask you, as a matter of form, as it's your study. I take your word, of course. But you know who it was?"

Wharton coloured uncomfortably, but did not answer.

Harry. "I shan't give the name, anyhow!"

"You can settle that with your Form master," said Carne, shrugging his shoulders. "I suppose I might have expected you to try to screen the young scoundrel."

"Well, he's more a fool than anything else," said Harry.

"More rogue than fool, I fancy!" said Carne. "Anyhow, this goes before your Form master. I've no doubt you've seen him smoking lots of times."

"Not lots of times," said Harry. "Nothing of the sort."

"Do you deny that you have seen him smoking before to-day?" demanded Carne categorically.

Wharton was silent. Certainly he had seen Bunter smoking before; the fat Owl would always smoke a cigarette if he could get one for nothing.

Bunter had been kicked more than once by the Bounder for annexing his smokes. But Wharton did not feel called upon to tell Carne about it. It

at all likely to take his cue from Wingate.

"I don't want instruction from you, Wharton," said Carne sarcastically, "and this is rather too serious a matter, in my opinion, for a prefect to deal with. I am going to Quelch now."

And Carne swung out of the study and stalked away towards the stairs. Wharton followed him out. He was wondering whether Carne would let the matter drop if he knew that the cigarettes had come originally from his own study. Bunter was a dingy young ass; but Wharton did not want him up for a Form master's licking.

"Look here, Carne—" he began.

Carne glanced back over his shoulder. "Are you going to give me the name?"

"No; but—"

"Then that's enough!" And Carne swung away down the Remove staircase.

Wharton gave an angry grunt.

There was going to be a storm in a tea-cup now. He was strongly tempted to step into Study No. 7 and kick Bunter. Still, if it all came out Bunter was booked for a licking, anyhow.

"The fat idiot!" growled Wharton.

Carne, as he went down the stairs, was passed by five juniors coming up. The Co. were coming in to see what the matter was. Tatters was coming up with Nugent, Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Singh. Carne beckoned to him.

"Come with me, Cholmondeley!" he said curtly.

"I say, what's the bloomin' row?" asked Tatters apprehensively. "I ain't done nothing, Carne."

"You can tell Mr. Quelch that!"

"Oh, if you're taking me to Quelch, all right!" said Tatters cheerfully; and he followed the prefect down the stairs.

The Co. joined Harry Wharton in the Remove passage.

"What's up?" asked Bob Cherry.

"That idiot Bunter was smoking in my study, and Carne's nosed it out," answered Harry. "There's going to be a row, I suppose."

"Bunter?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Yes, the fat chump!"

"But Carne's taken Tatters with him to Quelch," said Johnny. "What does he want Tatters for?"

"Goodness knows! He told me he knew who it was, and it was Bunter, of course. Tatters had nothing to do with it."

"Let's go and kick Bunter!" suggested Bob.

"The kickfulness of the egregious Bunter is the proper caper, my esteemed chums!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Let's!" agreed Nugent.

Bob Cherry threw open the door of Study No. 7. A fat face, of a chalky hue, was turned dismally upon the Famous Five as they looked in.

"I say, you fellows," mumbled Bunter, "I—I feel ill! There's something going on in my inside—"

"We've looked in to kick you, old fat man," said Bob.

"Beast!"

The hapless Bunter was evidently in no state to be kicked. The worst of his sufferings were over by this time. But he was looking very feeble and flabby, and in the lowest possible spirits. A doggyish career had its drawbacks.

"You fat chump!" said Harry. "Carne's nosed out the smoke in my study, and he's gone to Quelch about it."

"Oh crikey!"

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now!" grinned Bob.

"I—I say, you fellows, you—you'll bear witness that it wasn't me smoking in the study!" exclaimed Bunter, in alarm. "You're eye-witnesses, you know, as you were there at the time!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! I—I say, you fellows, do you think Quelch will take my word if I tell him it wasn't me?"

"Not if he sees your chivvy!" chuckled Bob. "As soon as he sees you, Quelch will know that you've been smoking, or else that you've just had a rough Channel crossing!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beast!" groaned Bunter.

And the Famous Five left him to groan.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Mr. Quelch Investigates!

MR. QUELCH laid down his pen. The Remove master was correcting papers for his Form. He had quite a stack before him; plenty to last him till tea-time. He did not look pleased when Carne of the Sixth interrupted him.

"What is it, Carne?" he asked.

He glanced at the prefect and glanced at the junior who followed him in.

"A rather serious matter, I'm sorry to say, sir," said Carne. "I have to report Cholmondeley, and I thought I had better bring him here with me."

"What has he done?"

"It's a case of smoking, sir—rather unusually serious. This junior's study in the Remove reeks like a tap-room, and is littered with cigarette-ends and burnt matches."

Tatters opened his mouth and closed it again. He understood now why he was brought before his Form master. But he did not look alarmed.

Mr. Quelch's brow grew grim.

"If you'd care to look in at the study, sir—"

"That is unnecessary, Carne; a prefect's statement is quite sufficient," said Mr. Quelch. "Cholmondeley, what does this mean?"

"I dunno, sir!" answered Tatters.

"I understood, Cholmondeley, that you had been in the habit of smoking in your—h'm!—unfortunate early circumstances," said Mr. Quelch. "But you gave me your word, Cholmondeley, that you would do nothing of the kind here when I talked to you on the subject."

"Yes, sir!" said Tatters.

"You have not kept your promise, Cholmondeley."

"I 'ave, sir," said Tatters earnestly. "I wouldn't break my word to anybody, sir, and least of all to you, sir, arter you been so kind to me! I ain't never touched a smoke since I been at this school, sir!"

Carne stared at him. He had expected the boy to provaricate; but nerve like this was simply astonishing.

"Why, you lying young rascal—" exclaimed Carne.

"One moment, Carne," said Mr. Quelch quietly. "Is it established beyond doubt that it was Cholmondeley who smoked in the study?"

"I have questioned Wharton, sir! He says that it was not either Nugent or himself, and I take his word."

"Quite!" assented Mr. Quelch. "But I have always found Cholmondeley, with all his faults, a very truthful boy. Cholmondeley, do you assure me that you have not been breaking this rule?"

"Yes, sir!" said Tatters.

Mr. Quelch pursed his lips.

"There is not the slightest doubt, sir—" said Carne.

"Cholmondeley, you say that you have not smoked in your study. I am assured, from my knowledge of them, that Wharton and Nugent have not done so. How do you explain the state in which Carne has found your room?"

"Well, some bloke has smoked there, sir, that's a cert," said Tatters. "But it wasn't me, sir, nor yet Wharton nor Nugent."

Mr. Quelch gave Tatters a very penetrating look. Carne was staring at him in anger and disgust. Carne had not the slightest doubt that the waif was lying. But Mr. Quelch was rather a more penetrating man than Carne of the Sixth; and he was not prejudiced on the subject of the new junior. He was in doubt; but it was well known in the Remove that Mr. Quelch, like the

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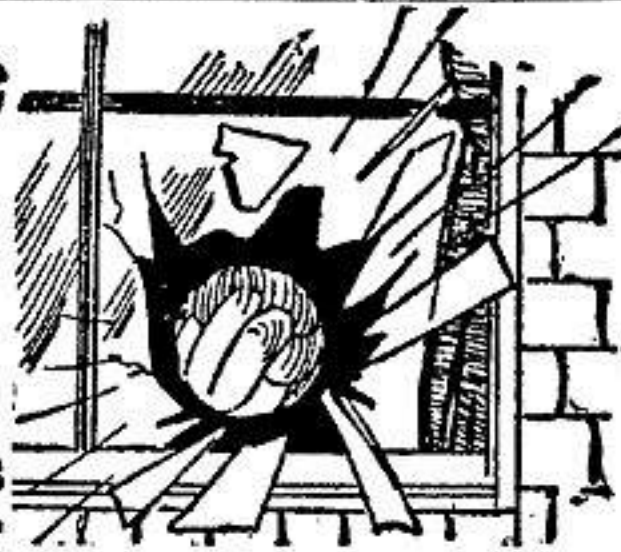
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schoolmaster in the old story, might be a beast, but was a just beast.

"We must not lose sight of the possibility, Carne, that some other boy may be guilty of this infraction of the rules," said Mr. Quelch. "It seems improbable; but it is possible."

"In that case Cholmondeley can give his name!" said Carne, hardly taking the trouble to hide a sneer.

"Course I could," said Tatters. "But I ain't a-going to. Mr. Quelch wouldn't ask a bloke to give another bloke away."

Mr. Quelch coughed. "I shall not ask you for a name, Cholmondeley," he said. "If you adhere to your denial, I shall investigate the matter, and ascertain the facts. You repeat that you have kept your promise to me not to smoke since you have been at Greyfriars?"

"Yes, sir; on my davy, sir!" "Please do not use such an expression, Cholmondeley," said Mr. Quelch rather tartly.

"I—I mean, on my blooming word, sir!" stammered Tatters.

"Go to the Form-room, Cholmondeley! Carne, will you have the kindness to assemble the Remove in the Form-room? I shall question the whole Form, and have no doubt that I shall elucidate the facts."

"Very well, sir!" Carne left the study, setting his lips. It was just like that old fool Quelch, he reflected, to take a lot of trouble when the thing was as clear as daylight. But Mr. Quelch's order had to be carried out; and the prefect proceeded to assemble the Remove in their Form-room.

As it was just on tea-time, that order was not received in good part by the Remove fellows. However, as there was no choice in the matter the Lower Fourth proceeded to their Form-room. One member of the Form rolled there in a state of deep alarm. Billy Bunter was still pale and sickly, and ghastly to the view; and he could not help thinking that when Quelch's gimlet-eye rested on him, Quelch would jump to the conclusion that Bunter was the smoker. Bunter undoubtedly looked like a fellow who had smoked, not wisely, but too well.

There was a buzz of voices in the Form-room while the Remove waited for Mr. Quelch to arrive. Carne went to report that the Form were assembled.

"What's this game?" asked Squiff. "Anybody know what's up?"

"That oad Carne on the war-path," said Peter Todd. "But what's happened—and who's for it?"

"I say, Peter, old chap; you know it wasn't me, don't you?" groaned the Owl of the Remove. "I—I say, I want you to swear that I was in our study all the time, and you were with me. I'll do as much for you another time, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!" Toddy stared at the fat Owl. "What on earth has Bunter been up to?" he asked.

"Nothing, old chap! Nothing at all!" said Bunter hastily. "But you know what a suspicious beast Quelch is! He might think I was the fellow that had been smoking in Wharton's study. I never get justice, as you know."

"Cave!" said Hazeldene. Mr. Quelch whisked into the Form-room followed by Carne. Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged a grin, and Tatters barely suppressed a chuckle. They knew now the mistake Carne had made; and they found the state of

affairs rather amusing. Carne had jumped with both feet, as it were, at the chance of landing Tatters in trouble; it had not even occurred to his mind that it was a fellow from another study who had smoked in No. 1. The prefect's misapprehension was perhaps a natural one, in the circumstances; still, there was no doubt that Carne would have done well to look before he leaped.

Mr. Quelch's keen and penetrating eye glanced over the Form. It seemed to linger for a moment on the ghastly face of the Owl of the Remove. Billy Bunter's complexion was undoubtedly striking at that moment. Generally the fat junior was of a rather ruddy hue. Now he was the colour of chalk, with a faint shade of green. There was still a quaking and a shaking going on in the inner Bunter. The worst was over; but the fat Owl was far from recovered yet. Carne's Turkish cigarettes were rather hefty; and six of them, one after another, constituted a strong dose. Bunter had a horribly uncertain and unreliable feeling in his podgy interior. Every now and then he gave a gulp and the greenish hue in his face became more pronounced.

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Railway Boss: "Yes."
Weary Alf: "Well, I thought I'd like to help him listen!"

Don't delay, chums, send in a ribtickler right now!

It was not likely to escape Quelch's gimlet-eye.

"Wharton!" "Yes, sir!"

"Carne has reported to me that smoking has been going on in your study. It was not, I presume, you who smoked?"

"No, sir."

"Or you, Nugent?"

"No, sir."

"Cholmondeley has already assured me that it was not he. Apparently it was a boy from another study. The boy concerned is commanded to stand forward."

Nobody stood forward.

Carne set his lips. All this, in Carne's opinion, was sheer nonsense and waste of time. He had nailed the guilty party and reported him; and that should have settled the matter. It was difficult for Carne to conceal his annoyance and impatience at the methods of Henry Samuel Quelch.

"Bunter!" "Oh lor'!"

"Stand forward, Bunter!" "It—it wasn't me, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"Stand forward!"

Billy Bunter rolled dismally out from the Form.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

A Startling Revelation!

"**B**UNTER!" "I didn't, sir. Never!" gasped Bunter. "What is the matter with you, Bunter?"

"N-n-nothing, sir! I—I'm quite well! I—I haven't been sick, sir! I'm not feeling sick now! I—I—I'm feeling awfully well, sir!" groaned Bunter.

"You look extremely ill, Bunter."

"D-d-d-do I, sir?" gasped Bunter. "I—I'm all right, sir! Right as rain! I—I never—groogh—felt better in my life, sir! Ooooh!"

"You have been smoking, Bunter?" "Nunno! Not at all, sir! Ooooh!

I haven't been in Wharton's study, sir. They never saw me there. If you ask Wharton, sir, he will tell you that I wasn't there when he came in for the footer. He knows, sir! He saw me."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Silence! Bunter, cease this prevarication," said Mr. Quelch sternly.

"Obviously, you have been smoking! You are ill from its effects—and there is a smell of tobacco about you at this moment. I command you to tell me the truth. Did you, or did you not, smoke cigarettes in Wharton's study?"

"Oh lor'!" "Yes or no!" boomed Mr. Quelch.

"No, sir—I—I mean, yes, sir!" gasped Bunter. "It—it wasn't my fault, sir! That beast Toddy—"

"What?" "I—I mean, it was all Toddy's fault, sir!" groaned Bunter.

Peter Todd jumped. "What do you mean, Bunter?" demanded Mr. Quelch. "How was it Todd's fault?"

"I mean, he kicked me last time, sir," gasped Bunter. "so—so—so this time I went to Wharton's study, sir."

"What? You have smoked before, Bunter?"

"Oh, no, sir! Never! I—I've never smoked in my life, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "This boy's prevarication passes all patience! Bunter, if you tell me another untruth I shall punish you severely. You have been smoking cigarettes in Wharton's study?"

"Ow! Yes!" gasped Bunter.

Even the fatuous Owl of the Remove realised that it was futile to deny an obvious fact.

Carne's face was extraordinary in its expression now.

"You went to Wharton's study because your study-mate, Todd, had—h'm!—punished you for smoking in his study on a previous occasion?"

"Oh dear! Yes, sir!"

"You appear to have suffered for your folly, Bunter! Possibly it will be a warning to you. I shall, however, punish you severely."

"Oh dear!"

"I now require to know where you obtained the cigarettes you smoked, Bunter. According to Carne's statement to me a number of them were smoked—at least half a dozen. Obviously, you must have had a considerable supply of these—these pernicious things. All that remain in your possession you will place on my desk at once."

"I—I can't, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"What?" hooted Mr. Quelch. "Do you venture to disobey me, Bunter?"

"Oh crikey! Oh no, sir! I—I—I can't get at them!" groaned Bunter.

"They—they—they—"

"Where are the cigarettes, Bunter?"

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"They—they—they're down my back, sir."

"What?"

"That beast Wharton shoved them down my back, sir!" groaned Bunter. "I—I can't get at them, sir."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Quelch stared blankly at the Owl of the Remove for a moment. Then his lips twitched.

"Oh! Ah! H'm! Well, never mind them now," said Mr. Quelch hastily. "But you must tell me at once, Bunter, where you obtained these cigarettes."

"Oh dear!"

Bunter blinked uneasily at Carne of the Sixth.

Carne was almost pale with rage.

Mr. Quelch's investigation was having unexpected results. It had cleared Tatters of the charge against him. Even Carne did not doubt now that it was Bunter who had smoked in Study No. 1. The fatuous proceedings of William George Bunter had caused Carne to put his foot into it. But for the presence of the Form master the bully of the Sixth would have wreaked his rage on the fat Owl.

But Carne did not know yet what was coming. He was already wishing that he had not been in such a hurry to report Tatters to his Form master. But he did not dream, so far, where Bunter had obtained those cigarettes. He was going to learn that now.

"Bunter! Answer my question at once! No Greyfriars boy is allowed to have cigarettes in his possession. Tell me at once where you obtained them."

"I—I—I borrowed them, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"Some other boy gave them to you, do you mean?"

"N-n-no, sir! He—he—he didn't know I had borrowed them!" gurgled Bunter. "I—I happened to see them in his study, sir, and—and—and borrowed them."

Carne brightened up.

This was better! Carne's mind jumped to it at once that the cigarettes had belonged to Tatters.

"No doubt Bunter found the cigarettes in Study No. 1 in the Remove, sir," said the prefect. "I have not the slightest doubt that Cholmondeley has such things in his possession."

"I see no reason whatever, Carne, for you to hold such an opinion!" snapped Mr. Quelch. "You will bear in mind, Carne, that you have already jumped to an erroneous conclusion, and had I not investigated the matter carefully Cholmondeley would have been punished for a fault he has not committed. You must be more careful, Carne."

Carne's eyes glittered.

"I have my opinion, sir," he said, "and I think that Bunter should be made to state in what study he found the cigarettes."

Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged a joyous grin. If ever a man asked for it, Carne was asking for it now.

"Certainly I agree to that," said Mr. Quelch. "Bunter shall certainly give me full information on that point. Bunter, in whose study did you find the cigarettes?"

"I—I—I—" stammered Bunter.

"Answer me at once, Bunter!"

"I—I'd rather not say, sir," groaned Bunter. "He—he would take it out of me afterwards, sir."

"Nonsense! Absurd! I command you to tell me at once, Bunter! No Remove boy will venture—"

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"It—it wasn't a Remove study, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"Tell me at once, Bunter, in whose study you found those cigarettes, or I shall take you to the Head!"

"Oh lor! Carne's, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"Wha-a-at?"

"Carne's, sir!"

"Bless my soul!"

There was a moment of dead silence in the Form-room. Mr. Quelch stared blankly at Bunter. Carne looked at him transfixed. The Removites almost gaped. Then the silence was broken by a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors yelled. They could not help it. That Carne should have led the way to this startling revelation struck them as irresistibly funny. The whole Form shrieked.

"Silence!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "Silence! Silence, I say! Bunter, you—you—you state seriously that you found these—these cigarettes in a Sixth Form study—a prefect's study—Carne's study?"

"Oh dear! Yes, sir."

Carne recovered himself.

"It is false—utterly false!" he panted. "I have never had anything of the kind in my study, of course. Bunter is deliberately lying, sir!"

"You have made an extraordinary statement, Bunter—indeed, an incredible statement. You must prove this statement, Bunter, if it is true, or your punishment will be very severe. In the first place, what were you doing in Carne's study at all?"

"I—I took my lines, sir, and—and Carne was out, so—so I—I left them there, sir!"

"Are they there now, Bunter?"

"Yes, sir—on Carne's table."

"You state that you found cigarettes there?"

"Yes, sir," groaned Bunter. "In the table drawer, sir! I—I left a few for Carne, sir."

"Wha-a-at?"

"I—I borrowed the box, sir!" gasped Bunter. "But—but I thought I'd leave a few for Carne, sir—about a dozen!"

Mr. Quelch's jaw set grimly.

"You hear Bunter's statement, Carne? If it is false, it will be proved false by an immediate examination of the drawer in the table in your study. We will proceed to your study at once, Carne, and place this matter beyond all possible doubt."

Carne gasped.

"I—I—I— The fact is, sir—" he articulated.

Mr. Quelch's gimlet-eyes dwelt on Carne's confused face with an extremely disconcerting expression.

"Are you unwilling for such an examination to be made in your study, Carne?" asked the Remove master, in a grinding voice.

"Oh! No! No, sir! But—but now I remember, there—there certainly were some cigarettes in my study!" stammered Carne. "I—I recall now that a day or two ago I took a box of cigarettes away from a junior, sir, and—and left them there, intending to throw them away—"

"Lame!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"The lameness is terrific," grinned the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"It is very unfortunate, Carne, that you did not throw them away, or destroy them, at once," said Mr. Quelch. "If it was from a Remove boy that you took them, please give me his name."

"It—it was not from a Remove boy, sir."

"It was from a boy in another Form?"

"Ye-e-s, sir."

"In that case it does not concern me. Did you report the matter to the Form master concerned?"

"N-no, sir! I—I dealt with it as a prefect—I did not think it necessary to report the matter."

Carne's face was crimson. He could feel Mr. Quelch's eyes boring into him. There was a pause.

"Very well," said Mr. Quelch at length. "Bunter's statement, it appears, is correct; he found the cigarettes in your study, Carne. I recommend you on another occasion, Carne, not to keep such things in your study when you have—h'm—taken them from some Lower boy. Bunter!"

"Ow!"

"You will bend over that chair, Bunter!"

Carne left the Form-room, crimson and furious. Billy Bunter bent dismally over the chair.

Whack! Whack! Whack!

"Yow-ow-ow!"

It was only three, and they fell lightly. Perhaps Mr. Quelch considered that Bunter was already punished by his internal convulsions. With a gesture he dismissed the Form.

Bunter groaned his way back to the Remove passage. Every other fellow in the Form was chuckling as he went.

"Poor old Carne!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Jolly old Sherlock Holmes nosing out the guilty man—his jolly old self!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Quelch had to take a prefect's word," chuckled Vernon-Smith, "but he believed Carne just about as much as we did!"

"Just about!" chortled Squiff.

"Carne won't be so jolly keen on nosing after smokes in the Remove studies after this!" said the Bounder. "He will be afraid that it will come out where they came from!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It had been quite a joyful episode to the Remove. Carne of the Sixth was not feeling joyful, however. But in an imperfect universe it was impossible for everybody to be satisfied.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Fools Rush In—

"I SAY, you fellows!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Is that a new line in physical jerks?" asked Bob Cherry, eyeing William George Bunter in surprise.

It was after prep a few days later, and the Owl of the Remove came into the Rag wriggling. Not only did he wriggle, but he fairly squirmed.

In his fat face there was wrath and indignation, mingled with anguish. Bunter's podgy countenance was full of expression.

"I—I say, you fellows, that beast Carne!" groaned Bunter.

"Licked?" asked Harry Wharton.

"It's the third time since that row about the smokes," said Bunter, almost tearfully. "Carne seems to have a spite against me for some reason. He keeps on picking on me for nothing! Ow! I've had six! Wow!"

"That's rot!" remarked Nugent. "If Carne's given you six for nothing, I'd jolly well go to Quelch about it!"

"So I jolly well would!" groaned Bunter. "Only Quelch is a beast, and he wouldn't take a fellow's word! Ow! He mightn't believe that I wasn't really

going down to the larder when Carne spotted me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at! That beast is taking it out of me for giving him away over the smokes!" groaned Bunter. "I never wanted to give him away—he fairly hunted me into it! It was his own fault entirely. But he's making me sit up for it! Ow!"

The chums of the Remove chuckled.

There was no doubt that Carne of the Sixth felt very sore over that episode. He seemed to have set himself to making Bunter feel sore also in a different way.

Certainly, had Bunter been a blameless youth, even a bully like Carne could not have given him the ashplant. Unfortunately for William George Bunter, he was far—very far indeed—from being a blameless youth.

Any dutiful prefect who wanted to punish Bunter had the way made easy for him. He did not have to risk committing an injustice which might have brought the Form master into the matter. Bunter's sins were as numerous as the sands on the seashore. It was only necessary to keep an eye on Bunter. Sooner or later he would be found cutting games practice on a compulsory day, or cribbing, or bagging some other fellow's tuck, or sneaking below stairs with a nefarious eye on the larder, or appearing in public with an unwashed neck. In Bunter's case, Carne, determined to make the fat Owl sore, was able to combine justice with severity, with perfect security to himself and extreme soreness to Bunter.

All Bunter had to do—to draw Carne's teeth, as it were—was to tread the strait and narrow path of virtue, deviating neither to the right nor to the left. But that was precisely what Bunter never had been able to do. Bunter, unluckily for himself, was not a perfect character—indeed, he was a frightfully imperfect one. So Carne of the Sixth had him on the hip, so to speak.

"It's all very well for you fellows to cackle!" groaned Bunter. "I've had six, and I can tell you they were stingers! I wasn't really going down to the kitchen at all. Besides, how was I to know that I should run right into Mrs. Kibble on the stairs?"

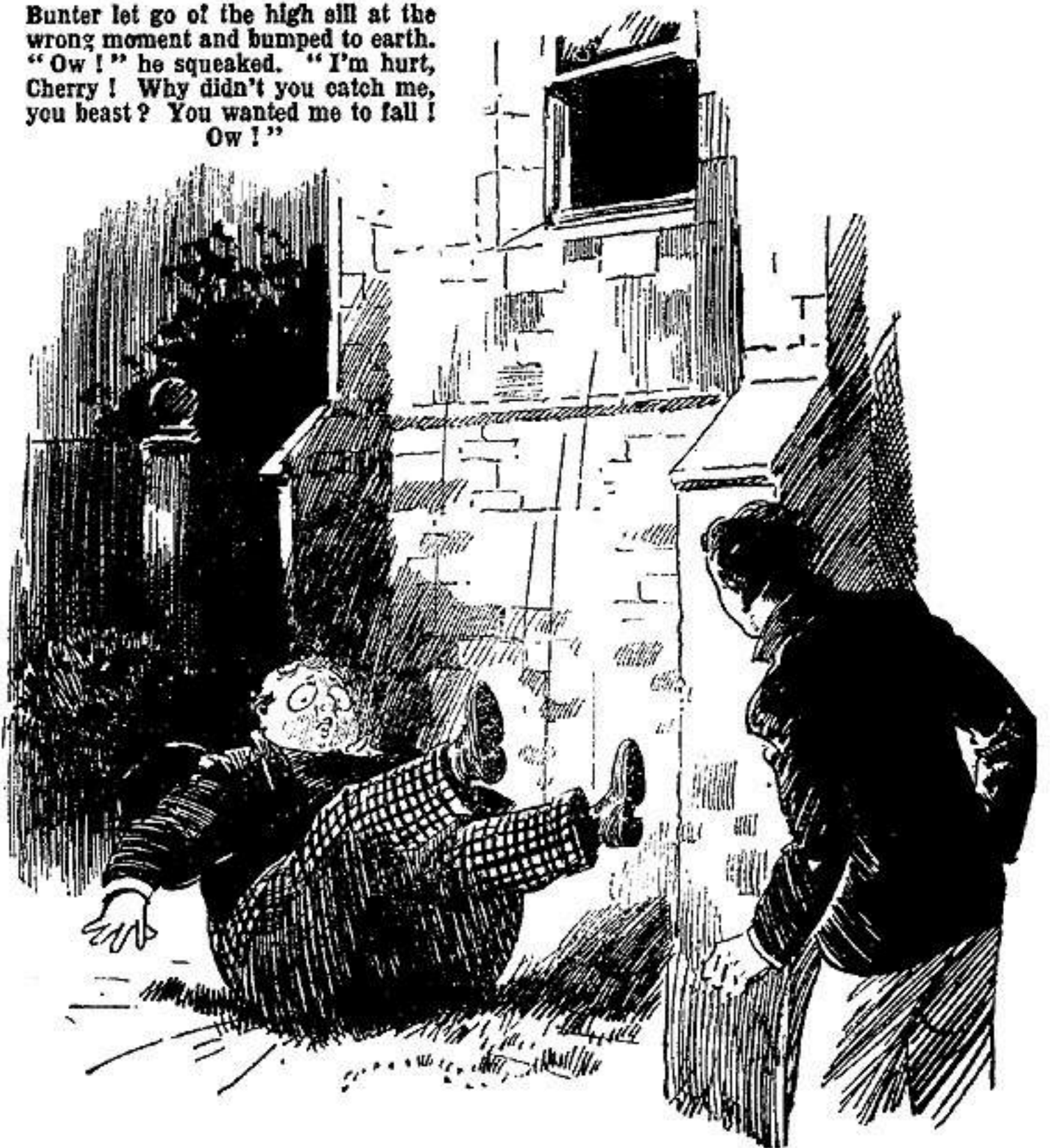
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And, of course, that beast Carne was just at hand!" said Bunter. "He watches me like a Cheshire cheese—I mean, a Cheshire cat. I say, you fellows, you oughtn't to let a Remove man be bullied like this by a Sixth Form cad! You ought to stop him, Wharton! You call yourself captain of the Form, and you let a beastly bully rag a Remove man like this!"

"Keep your hands from picking and stealing, old fat bean!" suggested Wharton. "If Carne licks you for nothing, I'll jolly soon chip in. But I can't do anything if he licks you for something."

"Well, there's always something!" said Bunter. "A beast like Carne can make any excuse! I say, you fellows,

Bunter let go of the high sill at the wrong moment and bumped to earth. "Ow!" he squeaked. "I'm hurt, Cherry! Why didn't you catch me, you beast? You wanted me to fall! Ow!"



I'm not going to stand it! I want you men to back me up."

"What do you want us to do," asked Bob—"boil him in oil, or lynch him over his study door?"

"Look here, this is a serious matter. I'm jolly well not going to be licked every day by that beast without making him sit up!" exclaimed Bunter warmly.

"You be'ave yourself, and he can't get at you!" suggested Tatters.

Bunter snorted.

It was good advice, but it was of no use to Bunter. Behaving himself was the very last resource that Bunter would have thought of.

"Don't you be a silly ass!" he said peevishly. "I say, you fellows, I've got the idea: it only wants carrying out. That's where you fellows come in."

"Do we?" grinned Nugent.

"Yes, old chap. Carne's in Loder's study now—playing banker, as likely as not. He's safe till bed-time. Nobody's in his study now." Bunter lowered his voice, and blinked eagerly at the grinning juniors. "One of you fellows could nip into his room as easy as anything—see?"

"Not quite!" chuckled Bob.

"I've got a bottle of liquid glue," breathed Bunter. "Toddy won't mind us using it—I mean, it's mine, and it's got nothing to do with Toddy, of course. You nip into Carne's study, Nugent—"

"I can see myself doing it," agreed Nugent.

"And mop it into his bed," continued Bunter. "When Carne goes to bed and finds himself swimming in glue—He, he, he!"

"Ripping!" said Bob. "But why can't you nip into Carne's study and glue his bed for him?"

"I—I—I—I'll keep watch in the passage. You can nip into his study, Bob, old chap; you've got more pluck than Nugent!"

"Ask me again next term!"

"It's up to you, Wharton, as head of the Form!"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Head of the Form has a jolly old lot of duties to perform," he remarked, "but I never heard that gluing a prefect's bed was one of them!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, who's going to do it?" demanded Bunter. "I've got the bottle of glue here, all ready, under my jacket."

"Echo answers who!" remarked Johnny Bull.

"The whofulness is terrific!"

"What about you, Chalmersley? That beast Carne has got a down on you. He's always after you."

"I ain't going to give him anything to get after me for, though!" grinned Tatters. "Not 'arf!"

"Well, of all the beastly fanks!" said Bunter. "Smithy! I say, Smithy! The Boulder looked round. "I say, Smithy, you've got more pluck than all these fellows put together!"

"Hear, hear!" said Smithy.

"You're just the fellow to glue Carne's bed for him," said Bunter. "You ain't afraid of the risk, are you, Smithy?"

"Not the least little bit in the world."

"Good! You'll do it?" asked Bunter eagerly.

"Not this evening!" chuckled the Beander.

"Toddy! I say, Toddy!"

"You benighted fathead!" said Peter Todd. "If you've bagged my bottle of liquid glue take it back to the study before I scalp you. Do you think I'm going to waste fifteen pence on gluing a fellow like Carne?"

"Beast!"

Billy Bunter rolled out of the Rag, leaving the fellows chuckling.

Bunter was sore and he was wrathful, and he was longing for vengeance. But, like the monkey in the story, he preferred a cat to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for him. But catspaws seemed rare in the Remove.

Nobody seemed keen on gluing Carne. The result of gluing a prefect's bed was likely to be serious for the gluer, which was, indeed, the reason why Bunter hesitated to carry out his masterly scheme of vengeance personally.

Had the effect of Carne's latest licking worn off, Bunter would probably have abandoned the idea—for want of a catspaw. But the effect of that licking had not worn off.

Lickings, unlike lightning, always struck in the same place, and Bunter had hardly recovered from one before he bagged another. He was sore, and he was savage.

Thus it happened that, after leaving the Rag, Bunter did not carry the bottle of liquid glue back to No. 7 in the Remove. He drifted away to the Sixth Form quarters.

Had he fallen in with one of the Sixth on his way, no doubt Bunter would have scudded off. But fortunately—or unfortunately—the coast was clear.

Bunter rolled down the passage, and, listening for a moment outside Loder's door, heard the voice of Carne within. Carne, evidently, was still safe. And Bunter rolled on to Carne's study and entered, closing the door behind him.

There was a red glow from the fire in the grate, and Bunter did not venture to turn on the light. He rolled across to Carne's bed.

Sixth Form rooms at Greyfriars were bed-rooms as well as studies. The high and mighty Sixth did not occupy a dormitory like lesser mortals.

Carne's bed was in a corner with a screen round it to give the impression in the day-time, unsuccessfully, that there wasn't a bed there really at all.

Bunter squirmed round the screen, and turned back the bedclothes in the gloom.

Then he proceeded to uncork the bottle of liquid glue.

So far, all had gone well. Bunter had ample time. It was a quarter past nine, and Remove bed-time was half-past. Fifteen minutes were much more than enough for any ragger.

Carne was likely to stay in Loder's study for an hour yet, or more, if the sportsmen of the Sixth were playing banker, as Bunter suspected.

Everything, in fact, favoured Bunter. But it was at this point that there was a hitch in the proceedings. Uncorking the bottle of glue presented difficulties.

The cork was jammed in very tight. A corkscrew was needed to get it out.

Bunter's powerful brain had not thought of that.

Everything was going well—except the glue! The glue was hermetically sealed in the bottle!

Really, Bunter might have thought of it before he started for Carne's study.

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But a fellow couldn't think of everything; at all events, Bunter couldn't.

"Oh lor! I!" grunted Bunter in dismay.

He wondered whether there was a corkscrew in Carne's study. If so, it would probably want some finding, especially in the dark. But going back for a corkscrew, and visiting Carne's study a second time was too risky. It was asking to be caught.

Bunter stood beside Carne's bed (thinking out his problem). He was still thinking it out when footsteps came along the passage and stopped at the door.

Bunter jumped.

If that awful beast, Carne, was coming back to his study, when Bunter had taken it for granted that he was safe till ten o'clock at least—

Apparently the beast was! The door handle turned!

Bunter gasped with horror.

Carne was always looking for an excuse to lick him. If he found Bunter in his own study—with a bottle of glue in his hand at the bedside—The fat Owl's brain almost swam.

The door opened. The light switched on.

A Sixth Form man came into the study. And Bunter, rooted to the floor, stood in silent horror, with only the screen concealing him from the eyes of Carne of the Sixth.

Cold chills ran down Bunter's back. His little round eyes bulged behind his big, round spectacles.

Carne did not approach the bed, however.

He moved about the study for a few minutes, evidently quite unconscious of the fact that anyone else was there.

Then he went to the door again.

Thank goodness, the beast was going.

Carne fumbled at the lock for a moment or two. Bunter heard him, without knowing what he was up to.

But he knew the next moment. The light was switched off.

Carne stepped out of the study, drew the door shut, and there was a click and the sound of a key being withdrawn from the lock.

Bunter gurgled.

"Oh crikey!"

Carne was gone! And he had locked his study door on the outside and taken away the key!

What his reason might be Bunter could not even begin to guess, though, no doubt, Carne had a reason.

But there was no doubt about the fact. Carne was gone—and Bunter was locked in the study—and in five minutes more it was bed-time for the Remove!

Bunter groaned.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

What About Bunter?

"**T**HAT idiot——"

"What?"

"That frabjous ass——"

"Who?"

"Who?" repeated Peter Todd. "The biggest idiot, the most frabjous chump, the benightedest bandersnatch that ever was!"

"Bunter?" asked the Famous Five together. Apparently they recognised the description.

"He's done it!" grunted Toddy.

"Oh, my hat! He hasn't glued Carne?" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

"I've been up to the study, and he's not there! I've looked for him and I can't find him! I've asked some fellows, and Temple of the Fourth says he saw Bunter heading for the Sixth. He says he knew the fat idiot was up

to something, because he was looking so jolly cautious."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Carne will skin him," said Peter. "He will skin him alive! The fat frump's taking his time about it, too. Wingate will be after us in a few minutes, for dorm. If he's missed at dorm and found in Carne's study——"

"Oh crumbs! Even Bunter wouldn't be idiot enough for that!"

"Isn't he idiot enough for anything?" groaned Peter. "Gluing a prefect's bed—my hat! This won't be six from Carne—it may be a flogging! You can't play tricks on Sixth Form prefects!"

"Ain't they the giddy Palladium of the blessed school? Bunter's for it now."

"The 'owling ass!" said Tatters.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked serious now. They were not responsible for Bunter's actions; indeed, they hardly believed that Bunter was responsible for them himself!

They had taken it for granted that when he failed to find a catspaw Bunter would give up that great stunt.

Evidently he hadn't given it up. Any other fellow could have been left to take his gruel, but they felt concerned about Bunter. Bunter seemed born to exemplify the ancient proverb, that fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

A fellow who had his wits about him could take his chance. But it was doubtful whether Bunter had any wits, and if he had, he certainly hadn't them about him. The matter was serious.

"Ere comes Wingate," said Tatters, looking out of the doorway of the Rag.

"That's torn it!" said Peter. "Too late to do anything now."

"He's stopped to talk to Prout!" said Tatters, from the door.

Peter brightened up again.

Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, if he had stopped Wingate to speak, was not likely to let him go under a few minutes. Prout had a voice that, not in itself musical, was music to Prout's own ears.

Peter cut across to the door, peered out, and cut back.

"Wingate's safe for a bit," he breathed. "Old Prout's got him, and chinning at him! Who's going to cut along to the Sixth and hook Bunter out?"

"He's your tame lunatic," said Bob. "It's up to you, Toddy."

"But Bunter can't be ass enough to hang on in Carne's study after gluing his bed!" said Wharton. "Even Bunter is——"

"Isn't he ass enough for anything? Where is he?" snapped Peter. "He went to the Sixth and hasn't come back. Anybody got lines for a prefect? That will be an excuse for going along."

"I've got lines for Loder!" said Bob Cherry.

"Good!"

"But I haven't done them——"

"Fathead!"

"Still, I can go and ask Loder to let me leave them over till to-morrow," said Bob brightly. "They'll have to be left over anyhow, as it's bed-time; but if anybody wants to know why I'm paying a call in the Sixth, I can ask Loder about the lines."

"Buck up, then!"

Bob Cherry hurried away.

Why Bunter was lingering in the perilous precincts was a mystery; but it was evident that he was doing so. Somehow he had to be hooked out. If he was missed at dorm, the fat would be in the fire; there was not a shadow of doubt about that.

Wingate—shifting from one leg to

(Continued on page 12.)

"Half-Time" Gossip!



Arguments very often lead to quarrels!
Motto: Don't argue. If you've a soccer
problem you want solving "Old Ref's"
the chap to oblige. Try him and see.

WHEN I first started to write those weekly notes for the MAGNET, I had no idea that they would be read in parts of the world many thousands of miles from London. My letter bag, however, proves that such is the case.

For instance, I have just had a most interesting note from a reader in Australia about the conditions under which football is played there. As I found the letter so interesting myself, I imagine you will do the same, and so this week I propose to pass on the contents.

This letter from Melbourne, Australia, was inspired by my references in a previous article to time-keeping by referees, and the fact that the clocks on the big grounds had been "banned" by the officials in this country. I suggested that it might be in the interests of the game in this country if the necessity for the referee keeping time could somehow be done away with. Well, they don't let the referee keep time in football matches in Australia. Listen to their methods.

"Down under" the referee, or umpire as he is called, has not to take his eyes off the game in order to look at his watch. Two time-keepers are appointed, one for each team, and they sit in a special place set aside for them, and quite near to a big bell usually, according to my correspondent, an old church bell.

An Australian football match consists of four quarters of twenty-five minutes each, and when time is up in any of these quarters one of the men rings the bell, and the game is stopped by the umpire. With a time-keeper for each side the problem of one team gaining an advantage does not arise. Of course the spectators in Australia—like those in England—do not always agree with the official time-keeping, and my correspondent tells a story of one match in which an excited spectator made his way into the private stand where the time-keepers were sitting, and rang the bell while there was still one minute to go.

THE difficulty in regard to allowing time off for stoppages is got over in Australia in a most ingenious way. When there is a stoppage for which time off has to be allowed, the referee blows his whistle and signals to the official time-keepers by holding up his left hand. I have the assurance of my correspondent that this system works so well that very seldom is there any argument as to whether proper time has been played.

It is my experience that in this country referees do not, as a rule, allow as much time for stoppages as they ought to do, and as a result the spectators do not get full value for money.

By the way, talking of extra time, perhaps I may be permitted to break into a serious discussion over an amusing story which I heard the other day. A boy arrived late at school, and in due course had to appear before the "Beak" to give an explanation.

"It was like this, sir," he said. "I dreamt that I was at a Cup-tie, and that the referee ordered extra time, so I had to stay and see it."

EVERY year, when the Cup-tie part of the season comes along, we see the words "special training" used quite a lot. The players of this or that football side are taken away to undergo a period of special preparation at some health resort. There is a lot of difference of opinion about this special training business, and it is not going too far to say that while some clubs and players swear by this method, others disagree with it entirely. The player who likes his home life doesn't care to be away for weeks on end.

The evidence as to whether this special training is good or

bad is so conflicting, too. There are teams which have won the Cup without the players ever being taken away from home or undergoing any training at all out of the usual routine. There are other clubs which have won the Cup, entirely, so they claim, as the result of this special training away from home.

The players of Arsenal, who won the Cup last season, spent quite a lot of time, during their Cup run, at Brighton, and it is not surprising, therefore, that the players were taken to Brighton again to prepare for their first Cup-tie of the present season.

A READER asks me of what this special training usually consists. Actually, the words used are all wrong; or at any rate they give a wrong impression. Once a footballer gets thoroughly fit he doesn't need to do extra training to keep him fit, and it is a mistake to imagine that when footballers go to the seaside to train they put in more hours at preparation than they would if they were at home.

The big idea of taking players away from home to a seaside place or other holiday resort is that they may be freshened up at a time when they are apt to go stale and get a bit tired of the game, and everything connected with it. Walks along the seashore; golf in specially healthy surroundings. These are the things which comprise, as a rule, the so-called "special training."

To my mind one of the strangest things connected with the preparation for big football matches is that golf should be considered by so many managers as the ideal exercise. It is difficult to conceive of two games as widely different as football and golf. The essence of success at football is quick thought and quick action. The game was never so fast as it is to-day, and many of the most successful players of these times are those who can cover the ground at the fastest pace.

There is nothing speedy or demanding quick thought about the game of golf. No matter what shot you are playing at the game of golf you can take your time over it.

But the fact remains that golf is now considered to be good training for football, and the reason is that while a footballer is playing golf he is not thinking about football.

ON top of the letter from Melbourne which I told you about at the beginning of these notes, there is one from Vancouver, in Canada, which has a question in it.

During a game in which my correspondent played there was an appeal for a penalty kick. The referee did not give a penalty, but all the players of one side crowded round him and tried to argue the point. In doing this I may say in passing that the players were wrong. They should not argue with the referee.

However, they did so, and while the argument was going on the players of the other side took the ball up to the opposing goal and scored what proved to be the winning goal. There was another argument when the referee awarded the goal, it being contended that he did not see the incident because he was surrounded by other players far away at the time.

Was the referee correct in awarding a goal which he did not see scored? My reply is that

he was not justified in giving such a decision, unless, of course, he had competent linesmen to advise him that everything was all right in connection with the goal.

A referee can only adjudicate on things which he sees himself or which are seen by his linesmen.

"OLD REF."

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CHIVVYING CHUMLEY!

(Continued from page 10.)

another, as Mr. Prout's victims were wont to do—was still "chinning" with the Fifth Form master. Mr. Prout was delivering valuable advice about the First Eleven.

Once upon a time Mr. Prout had played football; had been, indeed, a giant at the game, if fond memory did not deceive him. He had long passed the footballing stage in his career; indeed, the plump Form master, at the present stage of his career, resembled a football more than a footballer.

But he had vast stores of knowledge on the subject, which he was always willing—more than willing—to place at the disposal of the captain of the school.

Wingate of the Sixth could not walk away while Mr. Prout was talking—he could not ask the Fifth Form master to ring off—he could not hint that he had forgotten more than Prout had ever learned about games. He could only shift from one leg to the other, and back again, and reflect indignantly that Prout really might keep this sort of thing for his own Form.

It was hard cheese on Wingate; but the chums of the Remove blessed Mr. Prout!

Bob Cherry lost no time in getting to the Sixth.

With an excuse all ready, in case any senior wanted to know why he was there, he walked quickly up the passage.

He heard voices from Loder's study as he passed, and hoped that Carne was there. A moment more and he reached Carne's door.

He was glad to see that there was no light under the door. Carne of the Sixth was not at home, at all events.

He turned the door-handle and pushed.

The door did not open.

"Oh crumbs!" murmured Bob.

The door was locked!

Possibly Carne locked his door when he went to bed; fellows sometimes did. Possibly Carne had gone to bed early.

But in that case where was Bunter?

Bunter could hardly be there if Carne had gone to bed. But if he was not there, where was he?

Bob tried the door-handle again. But the door was locked—that was certain. That Carne had locked it on the outside, and taken the key away, Bob naturally did not guess. Such a proceeding on Carne's part was unusual and inexplicable.

Bob was about to release the door-handle, after turning it silently, when he gave quite a jump as he felt it move in his hand.

Someone inside the study was turning it!

Bob stood rooted to the floor in amazement. From within the study, after the door-handle had been vainly turned, came a muttered ejaculation:

"Beast! Oh lor'!"

"Bunter!" gasped Bob.

There was a squeak in the study.

"I—I say, is that you, Bob old chap? I say, lemme out! Oh dear! That beast's locked me in and taken the key away! Oh erikey!"

"My only hat!" gasped Bob. "Who's locked you in?"

"That beast Carne! He doesn't know I'm here! I say, it will be dorm any minute now! Get me out of this!"

"How can I get you out, fathead?" gasped Bob. "You're a bit too wide to pull through the keyhole!"

"Beast! It's all your fault! If you'd

come here to glue the bed, I shouldn't have got caught like this!" groaned Bunter. "I say, go and—and—and get the other fellows, and—and collar Carne—"

"C-c-collar Carne!"

"Yes, and get the key off him, and come and lemme out!"

"You silly owl!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"What are you up to here, Cherry?" Sykes of the Sixth came along the passage. "Cut off!"

Bob Cherry cut off.

He returned to the Rag. There was no help for Bunter. Bunter was locked in Carne's study; he had recklessly put himself in the lion's den, and evidently he had to stay put! Prout was still going strong when Bob passed him and Wingate again; but Wingate called out to him in passing:

"Cherry!"

"Yes, Wingate."

"Get off to your dormitory. Tell the others. I'll be up in a minute or two."

"Yes, Wingate."

There was no help for it. Bob Cherry rejoined his friends; and the Remove marched off to their dormitory. Wingate, with patient resignation in his face, was still absorbing Soccer knowledge from Prout. Prout was enjoying this little talk about games with the Head of the Games. The enjoyment was all on Prout's side; although he was far from suspecting it. He had no doubt that Wingate was glad to hear how he had kicked almost incredible goals in the far-off days when Plancus was consul.

In the Remove dormitory there were many chortles. All the Form, by this time, knew what had happened to Bunter, and wondered what would be the upshot. Bunter on the trail of vengeance undoubtedly had his comic side; but the matter was serious.

"Jevver hear of a silly ass asking for it like that?" said Skinner. "Begging and praying for it!"

"Poor old Bunter!"

"But what the thump has Carne locked his study door for, when he's not gone to bed?" asked Nugent. "I can't make that out."

The Bounder chuckled.

"I fancy I can make it out!" he remarked.

"Well, I'm blessed if I can!" said Harry Wharton, staring at the Bounder. "Why should he?"

"Might want to give the impression that he's gone to bed, if anybody dropped along to his study!" grinned Snuthy. "I'll bet any man two to one in doughnuts that Carne's going out of bounds, with Loder or Walker. He'd rather the Head didn't know."

"Oh, my hat!"

"That's it!" said Johnny Bull.

Harry Wharton nodded. There was little doubt that that was it! If the sportsman of the Sixth was booked for a "night out," certainly he would not want to risk anyone stepping into his study while he was gone.

Anyhow, whatever Carne's reason might be, there was no doubt about the fact. The study door was locked, and William George Bunter was on the wrong side of the door.

Peter Todd stepped to the dormitory doorway and glanced out. Wingate was not in sight yet.

"Turn in, you men!" said Toddy.

"There's a chance for the fat idiot yet! Lucky that Prout's keeping Wingate."

"Wingate will miss him as soon as he comes up," said Hazeldene.

"Perhaps not."

Peter Todd was at work at Bunter's bed—with rugs, coats, and anything

that came to hand. In a couple of minutes Bunter's bed looked as if it had a sleeper in it.

"Oh, good!" exclaimed Bob.

"Turn in," said Harry Wharton. "If we're all in bed when Wingate gets here ten to one he won't notice anything."

"Good egg!"

The Removites turned in at express speed. Every fellow was in bed by the time Wingate was heard approaching. At long last the captain of Greyfriars had contrived to tear himself away from the fascinations of Mr. Prout's conversation.

The prefect stepped in, glanced along the row of beds, and evidently suspected nothing. Every bed had, or seemed to have, a sleeper in it. Owing to Prout, the thing had been feasible. Prout little dreamed how useful he had been that evening.

"Good-night!" said Wingate.

"Good-night!"

The light was turned off; the door closed; and George Wingate's footsteps died away towards the stairs.

Peter Todd sat up.

"What's the game, Toddy?" asked Bob, as he heard Peter turning out of bed.

Toddy gave a grunt.

"Bunter's got to be hooked out of Carne's study somehow. He can't get through the keyhole, and he can't climb up the giddy chimney. That leaves the window."

"Breaking House bounds after lights-out!" said Skinner. "I'm surprised at you, Toddy!"

"Oh, shut up, Skinner!"

"It's the only jolly old way," said Bob. "I'll come with you, if you like, Toddy."

"One's enough; it's a flogging if we get spotted," grunted Peter. "I'll jolly well kick that fat dummy when I get him sa'e here."

Peter dressed hurriedly in the dark, and the Removites heard the dormitory door open softly and close again. Few of the Form settled down to sleep. They waited rather anxiously for Peter to return with the rescued Owl.

But they waited in vain.

Peter did not return.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Hide-and-Seek I

"A LL serene!" murmured Carne.

"Right as rain!" murmured Loder.

It was dark in the quad. A mist had rolled in from the sea, obscuring the glimmer of the stars.

The two sportsmen of the Sixth, in hats and coats and mufflers, stood looking about them before they started. It was "all serene," as Carne said, but it was necessary for the sportsmen to be very careful. It was the "sack" for Loder and Carne if their sportive proceedings came to the knowledge of the Head.

There was really little risk. Loder had a key to the door of the lobby at the end of the Sixth Form passage. It was easy for him to let himself and his companion out at a moment when the coast was clear. They had left their study doors locked, so their absence was not likely to be discovered. Any fellow who might chance to come along to their studies would suppose that they had gone to bed early. As prefects, they had keys to the side gate. To get out and to get in again presented no difficulties. Still, it was necessary to be careful. Many windows were

lighted, gloaming out into the misty quadrangle. A master might be taking a walk in the quad, Gosling might be pottering about. The Sixth Form sportsmen were accustomed to taking great care on occasions like this.

Keeping in the shadow of the lobby doorway, they looked about them. Most of the Sixth Form study windows were lighted; none of the Sixth had gone to bed yet. Some of the windows had the blinds drawn, others not.

"My hat!" breathed Carne suddenly.

"What—"

"Hush!"

A shadow moved from the shadows. It was dimly visible for a moment in the glimmer of light from the windows, and then it vanished into darkness again.

"Who the thump—" breathed Loder.

"A junior!" whispered Carne. "Not a master—not tall enough! Some young blighter breaking bounds."

"This isn't the way out of bounds—he wouldn't want to come round by—the Sixth Form windows—"

"Well, it can't be anything else!"

Loder nodded. Obviously the figure that had been seen dimly for a moment in the misty darkness was that of a junior, and as it was past bed-time for all the junior Forms, it could only be a Lower boy breaking House bounds. Why he should be coming along by the Sixth Form windows was rather a mystery, unless Gosling or somebody had been abroad in the quad and the young rascal had had to dodge out of the way.

"Well, let him rip!" muttered Loder. "We're not doing the prefect stunt now, Carne."

"Hold on!" muttered Carne.

"We're wasting time!" muttered Loder.

"Hold on, I tell you!" Carne's eyes were gleaming. "I've got a suspicion who that young rotter is. This may be a chance to nail him. Ten to one it's that young scoundrel Cholmondeley."

"I don't see—"

"Well, I do!" growled Carne. "And if it's Cholmondeley, I'm not going to lose the chance. This might be the sack for him!"

Loder grunted.

"Oh, let the kid alone! If he's the young rotter you think, he'll get bowled out sooner or later."

"He's going to be bowled out now," said Carne. "He's beaten me once, and made me look a silly ass! Come on!"

"You duffer—how are we going to explain being out—"

"That's all right—we spotted somebody from a window, and came out to look for him."

"Oh! That's all right! But—"

"Come on, I tell you! It will be a leg up for us with the Head if we catch that disgraceful young scoundrel in the act."

"Oh, all right!"

Carne's eyes glittered. If Tatters of the Remove was the young rascal that Carne was determined to believe that he was, it was likely enough that he was a breaker of bounds after lights-out. Carne had scored one defeat in

his campaign, and it had left him feeling very savage and sore. He was not going to lose a chance like this. Whether the flitting figure in the shadows was that of Tatters or not, it was evidently a junior out of bounds, and a prefect's duty was clear in such a matter. But Carne had little doubt that it was Tatters. The wish was father to the thought.

Having suddenly changed back from rowdy sportsmen into dutiful prefects, Carne and Loder hurried along in the direction taken by that shadowy figure. So far as they could make out, it had stopped under one of the unlighted windows in the Sixth.

They were quite right on that point. Peter Todd, little dreaming that two

now. Peter faded out of the picture promptly.

"Come on!" hissed Carne, as he heard running feet. "The young scoundrel's bolted."

"After him!"

The two prefects rushed in pursuit.

Bump!

Peter Todd, going rather recklessly in the dark, had encountered one of the ancient elms of Greyfriars—suddenly.

"Ow!"

Peter clasped his nose in anguish. But there was no time to caress his damaged nose. Pursuing footsteps were close behind.

Peter circumnavigated the tree, and cut on again—a little more cautiously.



Carne whipped back the blankets, expecting to find a dummy rigged up in the bed. To his amazement and rage, however, Tatters sat up, blinking at him. "Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "The boy's here, after all!"

dutiful prefects were abroad, had reached Carne's study window.

He stared up at the dark window, hoping to see something of Bunter. The fat Owl might have guessed that some fellow would come round by way of the quad to let him out.

But Bunter's powerful brain, if it worked at all, had not worked to that extent. There was no sign of him at the window.

It was necessary to tap on the glass to draw his attention from within. That was rather a delicate matter. In the circumstances it was judicious to make as little noise as possible. Before tapping, therefore, Peter looked round cautiously, and listened with all his ears.

Then he gave a sudden jump.

Footsteps—hurried footsteps—were approaching him. In the glimmer from a window he spotted two figures in hats and overcoats hurrying towards him.

"Oh, my hat!" breathed Peter.

He stayed only for that one glimpse. Obviously there was no rescuing Bunter

He did not head for the House, he had no desire to draw the pursuers towards the box-room window by which he had climbed out. He cut across towards the Cloisters, hoping to drop his pursuers in the dark. He knew that they could not possibly know who he was, and once he had dropped them all was well.

He might have dropped Loder, who was not particularly keen on the chase, but he had no chance of dropping Carne, who was very keen indeed. Carne had no doubt that it was Tatters who was fleeing in the darkness, and this was a chance not to be lost.

Peter reached the Cloisters, and backed behind a stone pillar, panting. Footsteps came hurrying on.

They stopped. Peter stilled his breathing.

"He's here somewhere!" He heard Carne's voice. "He's stopped running. He's hiding about here, Loder."

"Confound him!" grunted Loder. "Look here, we can't go rooting about here in the dark. Let's go back to the

(Continued on page 16.)

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SCHIVVYING CHUMLEY!

(Continued from page 13.)

House and report that there's a junior out of bounds. Then if it's Cholmondeley, as you think, he will be nailed all right. They'll look in all the dormitories."

"And while we're wasting time he'll cut back, and be safe in bed long before the dormitories are searched."

"Well, what are you going to do?" Loder's voice sounded as if he was fed-up—as no doubt he was.

"I'm going to find him."

Peter grinned in the darkness. His idea was that Carne was not going to find him. In a game of hide-and-seek in the dark the chances were in favour of the hider, not the seeker.

"You stay here," went on Carne. "Keep your eyes and ears open. I'll root through the Cloisters. If the young sweep breaks cover you'll get him."

"Oh, all right!"

Loder remained on the watch, and Carne plunged on in the darkness under the old arches of the Cloisters.

Peter did not stir. He flattened himself against the stone pillar in dense darkness. He was quite invisible, and so long as he kept quiet Carne's chances were not bright. Up and down and round about went Carne, occasionally striking a match. Once he came quite near Peter, who glided silently round the stone pillar, keeping it between him and Carne.

Ten long minutes passed. Then Carne, muttering words under his breath of which his headmaster certainly would not have approved had he heard them, rejoined Loder.

"The young scoundrel's hiding!" Peter heard the muttered words. "Wait here and keep your eyes open while I fetch Gosling."

"Oh gad!" grunted Loder.

"I'll make him bring his lantern, and then we'll root the young scoundrel out in a jiffy."

"Oh, all right!"

Carne vanished into the night. Loder remained on the watch. He walked up and down by the entrance to the Cloisters. And Peter, in dismay, wondered whether the game was up, when at last he discerned the glimmer of Gosling's lantern approaching from the distance.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Rescuing Bunter!

"WHAT on earth's happened to Toddy?"

"Goodness knows!"

"Something must have gone wrong!"

"Looks like it."

Harry Wharton struck a match and looked at his watch. It was ten o'clock. Nearly half an hour had elapsed since Peter had left the Remove dormitory.

Some of the Removites had gone to sleep; but most of the Form were still

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awake, wondering what had happened to Peter.

Ten minutes would have been ample for him had nothing gone wrong. It was clear that something had.

"He can't have been nailed," said Nugent. "They'd have brought him back to the dorm at once."

"Then what the thump—" said Johnny Bull.

"Can't make it out," said Bob Cherry. "The silly ass has landed into something. I'm going after him."

Bob slipped out of bed and dressed. "I'll see what's happened, anyhow," he said.

"Perhaps he can't get Bunter out of Carne's window," suggested Skinner. "He ought to have taken a steam derrick."

There was a sleepy chuckle in the dark.

"He may want help with the fat idiot," said Bob. "Anyhow, I'll soon see."

And Bob left the dormitory quietly and trod softly along to the box-room. He found the box-room window a few inches open, as Peter had left it. In a few moments he was out on the leads. He dropped to the ground and trod cautiously round the buildings.

There was no sign of Peter to be seen, and Bob kept on his way till he reached the Sixth Form windows. He hoped to find Toddy there, but Toddy was not there. He stopped under Carne's window and looked up. Whether Toddy had succeeded in getting Bunter out of Carne's study he had no idea. He had to ascertain, and he climbed on the window-sill and tapped softly on the glass.

The room within was dark, save for a faint glow from the fire. Bob, pressing his face against the glass, discerned something moving. He had no doubt that it was Bunter, and he tapped again.

Then a fat face flattened on the glass. It was Bunter.

Bob heard the catch pushed back, and the lower sash was raised from within. Bunter's spectacles glimmered at him.

"I say, you fellows—"

"That you, you fat chump?"

"Oh, roally, Cherry—"

"Shut up and get out!"

"Beast!"

"Have you seen Toddy?" whispered Bob.

"Blow Toddy!" Bunter did not seem in a good temper.

"Have you seen him, you fat frump?" hissed Bob.

"No—and don't want to!"

"Well, get out, idiot!" Bob dropped from the window-sill and waited for Bunter to clamber out.

What had become of Toddy was a deep mystery. Bunter pushed the sash up higher and put his head and shoulders out.

"Lend me a hand, you beast!" he muttered.

"Roll out, porpoise!"

"Leaving a fellow here all this time—"

"Shut up and hurry! I've got to find out what's happened to Toddy. Don't jaw."

"Beast!"

Bunter clambered out of the window. He clutched the high sill and lowered himself carefully to the ground. Naturally, he let go at the wrong moment and bumped to the earth.

"Ow!" squeaked Bunter.

"Quiet, you fathead!"

"Ow! I'm hurt! Wow! Why didn't you catch me, you beast? You wanted me to fall! Ow!"

Bob Cherry suppressed his feelings.

It was no time to kick Bunter. He climbed up to the window and closed it.

"Ow! I'm all sticky!"

"What?"

"Groogh! That beastly bottle's broken—"

"You born idiot, what bottle?"

"The bottle of glue! Ow! Oh crikey! I'm smothered—"

Bob chuckled involuntarily. Apparently the glue had not been deposited in Carne's bed, as per programme. Bunter still had the bottle about him when he bumped on the ground. He had the glue about him now.

"I'm sticky all over!" came Bunter's voice in sulphurous tones. "Oh dear! It's running all over me—"

"Never mind now—"

"You beast!" hissed Bunter. "I tell you I'm all sticky! It's running down my waistcoat—"

"Are you coming, you benighted idiot, or do you want to be caught here?" hissed Bob.

"Beast! I'm coming! Ow!"

Bob grabbed the Owl of the Remove by a fat shoulder and dragged him away. He was anxious to get away from the Sixth Form windows.

"Don't drag me over, you beast—"

"Hurry!"

"I'm all sticky—"

"Serve you jolly well right! Buck up!"

They were under the box-room window at last. Billy Bunter panted and puffed and blew.

"Now get in!" muttered Bob. "I'm going to see what's become of Toddy."

"Blow Toddy! I can't get in without help! Bunk me up, you beast!"

Bob Cherry breathed hard and deep. He was strongly tempted to bang Bunter's head hard on the wall. That would have been a satisfactory proceeding in itself, but as the result would probably have been to alarm all Greyfriars Bob refrained.

He helped the fat junior to clamber on the out-building, and then to the leads under the box-room window.

"Now you're all right—"

"Help me into the window, you beast!"

"I've a jolly good mind—"

"Leaving a fellow in the lurch after all I've done for you—"

"Shut up!" hissed Bob.

"Give me a bunk, you beast!"

Bob helped the fat Owl to heave his weight in at the box-room window. There was a bump as Bunter landed inside and a yelp.

"You beast! You did that on purpose!" gasped Bunter.

"To-morrow," said Bob in deep tones. "I'll jolly well kick you across the quad and back again!"

"Beast!"

"Get to the dorm, you fat idiot, and shut up."

"Yah! Rotter!"

Bob Cherry vanished from the window. Billy Bunter picked himself up and rolled out of the box-room. He groped his way cautiously to the Remove dormitory. He reached that haven of rest at last and rolled in.

Three or four voices spoke at once in the darkness.

"Is that you, Bob?"

"Is that you, Toddy?"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Oh! It's Bunter!"

"I'm all sticky. I say, you fellows. I couldn't get the cork out of the bottle in Carne's study, and I never glued his bed after all. That beast, Cherry, let me fall when I was getting out of the window and the bottle broke, and I've got the glue all over me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm all sticky—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beasts!"

Bunter proceeded to turn in. He was safe at last, though sticky.

"But didn't Toddy come for you?" asked Wharton.

"No! Leaving a fellow in the lurch, after all I've done for him—"

"You fat idiot! Toddy went to let you out—"

"Well, he never came! That idiot, Cherry, came, and he let me fall out of the window, and I'm all sticky—"

Evidently Bunter was not worrying about Toddy. His own stickiness was a much more important matter.

"Where's Bob now?" asked Nugent.

"Blessed if I know, or care! I say, you fellows, this filthy glue is all over my trousers—"

"Serve you right, you fat idiot!" said Tatters.

"Beast!"

Bunter peeled off his sticky garments and rolled to his bed. Then he gave a jump.

"Ow! Oh crikey!"

"Quiet, you fat Owl! What's the matter now?"

"There's somebody in my bed!" gasped Bunter.

"Farhead! It's a dummy! Toddy fixed it up so that you wouldn't be missed, you fat frump!"

Grunt from Bunter.

"Well, one of you fellows might have got my bed ready for me. I'm sleepy! Playing tricks with a fellow's bed—"

"Oh, kill him, somebody!" said Johnny Bull.

"Beast!"

Billy Bunter rolled into bed at last. The other fellows waited anxiously, listening for the return of the two missing juniors. But Bunter was not anxious. In a few minutes Billy Bunter's deep snore was awakening the echoes of the dormitory.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

A Friend in Need!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!" breathed Bob Cherry.

He blinked through the misty darkness at a twinkling light in the quad. Having landed Bunter safely, Bob had cut back into the quad to see whether he could discover anything of Peter. The disappearance of Peter Todd was a weird mystery. Seemingly, he had vanished into thin air. Bob simply could not guess what was keeping him out, but one thing was certain—Peter was somewhere. The question was, where? Bob was looking for an answer to that question when Gosling's lantern, twinkling through the winter gloom, caught his eyes.

Bob Cherry promptly took cover. He heard the crusty voice of Gosling grumbling in the distance as the school porter came along the path by the elms. Gosling was the last man Bob wanted to meet out of dormitory bounds at night. And he soon discovered that Gosling was not alone.

"Buck up!" came a sharp voice, and Bob started as he recognised the tones of Carne of the Sixth. "We're losing time, Gosling!"

"Which it ain't my dooty—" grunted Gosling.

"The young rascal will get away if we don't hurry. He's hiding in the Cloisters."

"Disturbin' of a man at this hower of the night—"

"Come on!"

"Wot I says is this 'ere—"

"Hurry up!"

Bob, behind an elm by the path, kept carefully out of sight. In the yellow glimmer of the lantern he could dimly make out Carne and Gosling. The Sixth Form man was eager and impatient. Gosling was slow and reluctant. Gosling did not seem to be keen on the chaso. His comfortable chair in his cosy lodge seemed to appeal to Gosling more than rooting through misty darkness.

"I dessay it's all my eye!" grumbled Gosling. "You see a shadder, sir—that's wot you see! A shadder! And wot I says is this 'ere, rousing a man out in this bloomin' mist to look for a shadder—"

"I tell you it was a junior, and I'm fairly certain that it was Cholmondeley of the Remove!" hissed Carne. "He dodged me in the dark and got into the Cloisters. He's there now—and I can't root him out without a light."

"All very well, sir!" grunted Gosling. "But I'm thinking of the rheumatiz. These 'ere cold mists—and all for a shadder. S'pose it wasn't a shadder,

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and
DANDY POCKET WALLETS
offered as prizes for clever Greyfriars limericks.
The following prize-winning effort has been submitted by Jim Martin, of 7, Ferguson Street, Derry, Ireland:

At Greyfriars School there's a lad
Whose name is Bob Cherry,
bedad!
He's so merry and bright
It's his constant delight
To cheer up the chaps who are sad.

A topping Six Shilling Annual has been forwarded to Jim. Now YOU have a shot at winning one of these splendid prizes!

and you left 'im there—well, wot I says is this 'ere, he's gone long afore this! Gone back to bed and fast asleep by this time, I says!"

"Loder's watching the Cloisters. Ho can't get away. Come on—for goodness' sake, don't be all night."

"Well, wot I says is this 'ere, all we'll find is a blooming shadder," grunted Gosling. "That's all, you see—a shadder."

Bob Cherry grinned behind the elm. He knew where Peter was now, and why he had neither gone to rescue Bunter nor returned to the dorm. He had fallen in with two dutiful prefects, and he was cornered in the Cloisters. Loder watching out to cut off his escape while Carne fetched Gosling and his lantern. And it looked as if Peter's number was up now—unless Bob could help him out.

Bob thought that he could!

Under the old elms, here and there, were little drifts of snow left from the last fall. Bob stooped and groped, filled his hands with snow and kneaded a large, heavy snowball. With that missile ready in his hand, he waited till Gosling came abreast of the tree, at a distance of about ten feet.

Then he stepped aside from the trunk and took careful and accurate aim at the lantern.

Whizz!

Crash!

"Oh, 'oly smoke!" stuttered Gosling. "What—what was that there? That lantern's gone!"

The sudden crash had knocked the lantern fairly from his hand. It went out instantly as it thumped on the ground. Gosling and Carne were left in darkness.

Bob, suppressing a chuckle, backed away again among the trees. Carne stared round him savagely.

"What—who—did you drop the lantern, Gosling?"

"It was knocked out of my 'and!" howled Gosling. "Somebody's throwing stones or somethink! Wot I says, sir, is this 'ere—"

"It's that young rascal—he must have got out of the Cloisters!" hissed Carne. "That fool, Loder— Groooooch!"

It was dark, but Carne's voice was a guide. A second snowball whizzed and smashed over Carne's features.

There was a howl from Carne and a sudden bump as he sat down.

"My eye!" ejaculated Gosling.

He stared round in the gloom, but he ceased to stare and clapped both horny hands to his face as a snowball suddenly spread itself over his ancient nose.

"Oooooogh!" spluttered Gosling.

Carne scrambled up, almost raving. Evidently—to Carne—the young rascal had dodged Loder somehow and got back into the quad—and was snowballing Carne!

"Light that lantern, Gosling!" he howled. "Quick!"

"Grooogh! Ooooh! Oooooch!"

"Loder!" yelled Carne.

"Hallo! Have you got him?" came back Loder's voice.

"You fool, you let him get past you! He's here!" yelled Carne. "Come and lend me a hand—he's here, under the elms—"

"He never passed me—"

"You must have had your eyes shut, you ass! He's here, I tell you!" shouted Carne. "He's chucking snowballs! He's just caught me with one, and— Yarooooh!"

Carne broke off with a howl as he was caught with another.

Loder came running up in the darkness. Bob Cherry faded away from the scene. He could hear Loder's running footsteps; and he carefully avoided them, and, running lightly, sped away towards the Cloisters. Loder, Carne, and Gosling were gathered in a group endeavouring to relight the lantern. But the lantern seemed to have collected some damages in its fall and offered difficulties.

Bob was in the Cloisters in a few moments. He gave a low, cautious whistle.

"Toddy!" he called out softly.

"Oh crumbs! Who—" Toddy's answering voice came from blackness.

"Oh, you're here!" gasped Bob.

"Quick—the coast's clear—"

"Loder's watching—"

"He isn't! Come on—for goodness' sake buck up! If they get that lantern alight before we're clear we're done. Bunter's got in! Come along."

"But what—" gasped Toddy.

"Come on, ass!"

Peter loomed up in the gloom, and Bob grasped his arm and hurried him away. In the distance there was a glimmering as match after match was struck. Gosling's voice came from afar:

"The blooming thing's broke! Wot I says is this 'ere—"

Bob and Peter did not wait to hear

more. They scudded away; and in another minute were clambering up to the box-room window.

They bolted in breathlessly. Bob jammed the window shut and fastened it.

"Quick!" he breathed.

"What-ho! Did you get Bunter?"

"Yes, that fat idiot's all right! I got him and came back for you," gasped Bob. "Lucky I did! Quick, though—they'll draw the dorm if they don't find anybody in the quad."

The two juniors hurried out of the box-room. Another minute and they were in the Remove dormitory. Bob closed the door softly.

"That you, Bob?" came Wharton's voice.

"Yes; and Toddy; all serene."

"Thank goodness."

"The thankfulness of the esteemed goodness is terrific," murmured Hurreo Jamset Ram Singh. "But what—"

"Loder and Carne," gasped Peter. "They nearly got me! Carne thinks it was Tatters! He's nuts on bagging Tatters."

"Oh, bust my buttons!" said Tatters. "I don't see why the bloke should think it was me."

"All the better," chuckled the Bounder. "You can swear that you haven't been out of the dorm; and Toddy couldn't."

Bob and Peter plunged into bed. That there would be a visit to the dormitory was pretty certain; and they were in a hurry to present an appearance of calm and innocent slumber, ready to meet the searching eyes of their Form master.

"Here comes somebody!" murmured Harry Wharton, as there was a sound of footsteps in the passage outside.

"Quiet!"

Every eye was shut. Every head rested peacefully on a pillow. There was no sound in the dormitory save the deep rumble of Billy Bunter's snore, as the door was opened and the light flashed on.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Not Out!

MR. QUELCH stepped into the Remove dormitory.

There was a deep frown on his brow.

Behind him came Carne of the Sixth, with an angry excited face. He almost shoved past Mr. Quelch in his eagerness to see whether a bed in the dormitory was vacant.

There was quite an unpleasant glint in Mr. Quelch's eyes. Certainly, had he found a member of his Form out of dormitory bounds after ten at night, he would have given that hapless member the time of his life. But Mr. Quelch saw no reason whatever to suppose that a member of his Form was out of bounds. He had to take the matter up on Carne's report; but he was distinctly annoyed by the prefect taking it for granted that it was a Remove boy he had chased in the quad. If Carne had seen anybody at all, Mr. Quelch considered it probable that it was a member of some other Form that he had seen—the Fourth, perhaps, or the Shell. Mr. Quelch required full and indubitable proof before he was prepared to believe that the delinquent belonged to his own Form.

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"No one is missing here, Carne!" said Mr. Quelch, in tones that seemed to proceed direct from a refrigerator.

Carne gave a black, bitter look along the row of beds. The outlines of a sleeper were to be discerned in all of them.

"He has had time to get back, sir!" panted the prefect. "He smashed Gosling's lantern with a snowball and dodged away, or we should have had him. He must have left a window unfastened—"

"Possibly, possibly!" said Mr. Quelch. "If you indeed saw someone, no doubt some boy was out of the House. But I fail to see the slightest reason to suppose that it was a Remove boy."

"I'm pretty certain that it was Cholmondeley—"

"Can you say that you recognised him, Carne?"

There was a moment's pause. Carne was so certain that it had been Cholmondeley that he was tempted to say that he had, indeed, recognised him. But there was a possibility, at least, that it had been someone else; and he dared not take the risk.

"No, sir; but so far as I saw him he resembled Cholmondeley—he was certainly of the same size and build as—"

"So are thirty or forty other boys at Greyfriars," snapped Mr. Quelch. "If you have no better grounds than that, Carne—"

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Annuals, Penknives and Wallets
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Carne set his lips.

"We're not certain yet that he is here, sir! There may be a dummy in the bed—that's an old trick."

"I do not suppose so, Carne, for one single moment! But you may ascertain, if you choose."

Carne strode towards Tatters' bed. There was a deep yawn and Bob Cherry sat up rubbing his eyes and blinking in the light.

"Is anything the matter, sir?" he asked. "Is the house on fire, sir?"

"Is it burglars, sir?" exclaimed Johnny Bull.

"Oh crumbs! Burglars!" shouted the Bounder, scrambling up in bed. "Is it burglars, sir?"

"No! No! No!" almost hooted Mr. Quelch. "Do not be alarmed, my boys—there is no occasion for alarm! Keep in your beds—nothing is the matter!"

"But what are we woke up for, sir?" asked Peter Todd.

"Some boy is out of bounds, or has been out of bounds," said Mr. Quelch. "It is necessary to ascertain his identity."

"Not a Remove man, surely, sir?" exclaimed the Bounder.

"I trust not—I am sure not," said Mr. Quelch.

Billy Bunter was still snoring. But every other fellow was sitting up in bed; with one exception. That exception was Tatters.

Tatters certainly was not asleep. But he made no movement. He had drawn

the edge of the blanket over his head, and lay perfectly still, grinning under the blanket. If Carne supposed that there was a dummy in Tatters' bed, Tatters was willing to allow him to suppose so.

Carne's eyes glittered.

"Cholmondeley!" he rapped out.

No answer.

"Cholmondeley!"

Remove fellows sitting up in bed stared towards Tatters. They wondered why he did not answer. Carne had no doubt. He turned towards Mr. Quelch with an unpleasant sneer on his face.

"I fancy we shall find a dummy in this bed, sir!" he said.

"What? What?"

Mr. Quelch hastily approached the bed.

The outline of a recumbent form was to be seen there. But no head was to be seen on the pillow. That Tatters had drawn his head under the bed-clothes in order to give an impression that a dummy was there in his place did not occur to either Carne or Mr. Quelch. It occurred to the other Remove fellows, as they knew that Tatters was there, and there was a grin along the row of beds. Under the blankets Tatters stilled his breathing. There was absolutely no sound or motion.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Quelch.

He stared at the bed.

"I told you, sir, that it was Cholmondeley," said Carne. "There's nobody in this bed—only a dummy under the bed-clothes. It's a pretty old trick. Cholmondeley is out of the House."

"It—it would appear so," stammered Mr. Quelch. "Wharton!"

"Yes, sir!" said Harry.

"Do you know where Cholmondeley is?"

"Isn't he in bed, sir?"

"It appears not. Had you any knowledge, Wharton, that Cholmondeley

was out of his dormitory?"

"No, sir!" answered Wharton demurely.

"I—I am very much surprised," said Mr. Quelch. "I—I should never have suspected that Cholmondeley—"

"I had no doubt of it, sir," said Carne—"no doubt whatever. The young rascal rigged up a dummy in his bed and cleared off—"

"We must make absolutely certain," said Mr. Quelch. "Turn back the bed-clothes, Carne."

Carne grasped the blankets and whipped them back in a bunch. He had not the slightest doubt that some bundle of rugs and coats would be revealed in the place of a sleeper.

Tatters sat up.

Carne almost staggered.

"Why, he—he—he's here!" he gurgled.

Tatters blinked at him.

"Ere, I say, what's this game, waking a bloke up in the middle of the night?" he demanded. "What are you up to, I'd like to know?"

Mr. Quelch almost gasped with relief. There was the sound of a chuckle along the dormitory.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "You—you—you are there, Cholmondeley!"

"Course I am, sir," said Tatters, in surprise. "Where would I be, sir, 'cepting in bed?"

"You should not sleep with your head under the bed-clothes, Cholmondeley. It is most unhealthy."

"Yes, sir," said Tatters meekly.

Carne's face was almost pale with rage. He did not believe that Tatters had been sleeping with his head under the bedclothes. He had no doubt that the young rascal had heard his remark to Mr. Quelch, and had deliberately snuggled down under the blankets to encourage him to jump to a wrong conclusion. Tatters had been pulling his leg, and Carne had no doubt about it.

"Well, well, the boy is here, Carne," said Mr. Quelch. "The matter is settled now. It was certainly not Cholmondeley you saw out of the House."

"I am certain that it was Cholmondeley, sir," said Carne between his teeth. "He had time to get back into the House, and I am assured that he has been in bed only a few minutes."

"Cholmondeley!"

"Yes, sir?" murmured Tatters.

"Have you been out of your dormitory?"

"No, sir!"

"He would hardly tell the truth," said Carne bitterly.

Mr. Quelch's eyes glinted.

"On the other hand, Carne, I have always found Cholmondeley a very truthful boy!" he snapped. "If you have nothing but groundless suspicions to offer—"

Carne breathed hard and deep. He was convinced that Tatters was the delinquent. But the young rascal had contrived to get back to bed in time—and there was no proof that he had ever been out of bed.

"Well, Carne?" rapped Mr. Quelch acidly. "We are keeping the boys awake at a very late hour—"

Carne set his lips.

"Have you anything more to say, Carne?"

"Only that I'm assured that it was Cholmondeley, sir," said Carne savagely.

"And I am assured that it was not," said Mr. Quelch, raising his voice a little. "You must not forget, Carne, that you have already brought one accusation against this boy, which proved to be a ridiculous mistake. You have now made another ridiculous mistake, acting upon sheer suspicion. Kindly leave the dormitory."

"One moment, sir." Carne was catching at straws now. "There must be traces of mud on Cholmondeley's boots, as he has been out of the House. His boots must be wet—"

"This is absurd, Carne. The matter is at an end."

"At least, sir—"

"Nonsense!"

"Mr. Quelch, I insist upon examining Cholmondeley's boots!" said Carne. "I have a right, as a prefect, to make sure in this matter! I have a right to insist—"



Instead of asking Bunter to bend over, Carne offered him some cake. The Owl of the Ref. Ave looked at the Sixth-Former as if in a dream.

"I repeat, nonsense!" said Mr. Quelch angrily. "But you may examine Cholmondeley's boots if you are so obstinate and foolish as to desire to do so. But kindly make haste!"

Cholmondeley's boots, like the others in the dormitory, were at the end of his bed, ready to be collected by Trotter in the early morning. Carne made a dive at them. It was certain that the fellow who had been dodging about in the damp and misty quad must have come in with his boots wet, if not muddy. Carne clutched them up and held them to the light.

"Well?" rasped Mr. Quelch.

Carne fairly glared at the boots. They were perfectly dry. It was obvious that those boots, at least, had not been out of the House since the dews of night began to fall.

"Well?" repeated Mr. Quelch, as the prefect did not speak.

Carne let the boots drop to the floor.

"He must have used some other boots—"

"Nonsense!"

"A—a search of the dormitory—"

"Upon my word! This passes all patience!" barked Mr. Quelch. "Leave this dormitory at once, Carne—at once! You hear me?"

Carne, with feelings too deep for words, left the Remove dormitory. Mr. Quelch followed him to the door, frowning.

"Good-night, my boys! I am sorry you have been disturbed."

"Good-night, sir!"

The light was extinguished, and the door closed. Mr. Quelch followed Carne down the passage. He overtook him at the stairs, and Carne had to stop. Now that they were out of hearing of the juniors Mr. Quelch had some remarks to make of an extremely

acid nature. Carne had to listen, and it was fully five minutes before Mr. Quelch allowed him to go. And he went with burning ears, and fury in his breast.

In the Remove dormitory the juniors suppressed their feelings till the door was closed, and the footsteps had died away down the passage. Then there was a joyous chortle.

"Dear old Carne!" said Peter Todd. "If he'd thought of looking at my boots instead of old Tatters—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Or at mine!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"To think that Carne could have made a catch, if he hadn't been so jolly certain it was Tatters!" chortled Bob. "This is what comes of taking things for granted, my beloved 'carers. Never take anything for granted! He's been after two fellows to-night, and neither was Tatters—and he's positive that both were Tatters—"

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

And there was much chortling in the Remove dormitory before the fellows settled down at last to sleep.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Information Received!

"BUNTER!" "Oh lor!" gasped Bunter. Carne of the Sixth spoke in quite a pleasant tone. He smiled as he spoke. Never had William George Bunter seen the bully of the Sixth look so agreeable.

But it booted not, as the poet would say. In spite of Carne's pleasant tone and agreeable smile Billy Bunter

backed away. His experiences with Carne, ever since the episode of the cigarettes, had been painful. Bunter spent a lot of energy these days in dodging Carne of the Sixth.

"I—I say Carne, it wasn't me!" gasped Bunter.

"What wasn't you, you young ass?"

"I—I haven't been near your study! I—I never went there with a bottle of glue, Carne!"

Carne stared at him. It was the day following Bunter's hapless attempt at vengeance, which had caused so much excitement for other fellows in the Remove. As Carne bore down on him in the quad, Bunter's guilty conscience began to quake.

"A bottle of glue!" repeated Carne blankly. "What on earth are you driving at, Bunter?"

"Oh, nothing!" gasped Bunter. He realised that he had been a little too previous, at it were. "I—I mean, in fact, nothing. I—I say, Carne, I—I believe Toddy's calling me."

"Hold on a minute!" said Carne pleasantly. "I want you to cut into the tuckshop for me, Bunter—"

"Eh?"

"And take some things to my study."

"Oh!"

"Mrs. Mimble's got them ready. You can help yourself to the tarts, if you like," said Carne, with a smile.

Billy Bunter's eyes almost bulged through his big spectacles.

"Oh," he gasped, "all right!"

Carne nodded, and walked away.

Billy Bunter blinked after him, as if he could hardly believe his eyes or his spectacles. He had taken it for granted that Carne was going to lick him, or give him lines, at least. Instead of which, it was only a little fagging that Carne required; and there was a prospect of tarts. Remove men did not fag, like the Third and the Second, and some Remove men would have told Carne so without ceremony. But William George Bunter was not disposed to stand on his dignity. The tarts settled the matter for Bunter.

"Well my hat!" murmured Bunter.

"The beast isn't such a beastly beast as I thought the beast was; the beast!"

And Bunter rolled away quite cheerfully to the tuckshop. There he found a parcel all ready for Carne, which he carried away to the House, into Carne's study in the Sixth. As he had been told that he might help himself to the tarts, Bunter opened the parcel. There was quite a number of good things in it, among others a bag of half a dozen rich and juicy jam tarts. How many Carne had intended Bunter to help himself to had not been stated; but, as there were half a dozen, Bunter helped himself to six.

He was finishing the last tart, in a happy, jammy, and sticky state, when Carne came in. The senior threw the door shut and turned towards Bunter.

The fat Owl's apprehensions revived. Now Carne had got him into the study, Bunter began to suspect that the next item on the programme would be the ashplant. He blinked warily at the prefect.

"Sit down, kid!" said Carne.

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

He had more than half expected to be told to bend over. He was quite willing to sit down, and he sat down.

"Like the tarts?" asked Carne genially.

"Oh, yes! Rather!"

"Try the cake!"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter again.

The Owl of the Remove wondered whether he was dreaming. If it was a dream, he did not want to wake up. The cake was good.

What all this might mean was a mystery beyond Bunter's fathoming. For days and days Carne had been finding or making excuses for licking Bunter. There were plenty more excuses if he cared to look for them. All of a sudden, it seemed, the leopard had changed his spots and the Ethiopian his skin.

Carne sat on the edge of the table, and smiled as he watched Bunter guzzling cake. Bunter guzzled fast. He felt that this happy state of affairs

could not last, and he wanted to make a good innings with the cake before the crash came.

"I've been wanting to speak to you for some time, Bunter," remarked Carne. "I've noticed that you're rather a clever, observant fellow."

Bunter smirked. Nobody else had ever noticed that Bunter was a clever fellow, though many had noticed that he was observant—too observant. He had been kicked many a time and oft for inquisitiveness.

"I fancy there's very little goes on in the Remove that you don't know," remarked Carne.

"I fancy so," said Bunter complacently. "I keep my eyes open, you know. I fancy I get on to most of what goes on."

"I thought so," said Carne. "I dare say you know who was out of the Remove dormitory last night?"

Bunter jumped. Some of the cake went down the wrong way, and he gurgled.

He knew now what Carne wanted. The tarts and the cake were bribes; the bully of the Sixth was after information.

Bunter was not likely to give him any. In the first place, Bunter, with all his faults, was no sneak. In the second place, a revelation of last night's happenings must have included a revelation of Bunter's visit to that very study with a bottle of liquid glue for Carne's bed. That was a little matter that Bunter did not want to mention to Carne.

"That young rascal Cholmondeley fooled Mr. Quelch," said Carne. "Of course, he had been out of bounds. I've no doubt the whole Form knew it—what?"

"The—the fact is——" stammered Bunter.

The cake was good. And Carne was between him and the door. Bunter realised that it was necessary to be diplomatic.

"Well?" said Carne pleasantly.

"The fact is, I was fast asleep all the time," explained Bunter. "I never even woke up when Quelch came in. I didn't know till the fellows told me this morning."

Carne grunted. He remembered that Bunter's musical snore had continued all through that little scene in the Remove dormitory. His look became less agreeable, and Bunter's apprehensions revived.

"Look here, Bunter," said Carne quietly. "You know as well as I do that young Cholmondeley breaks bounds after lights out."

"I—I don't think he does!" gasped Bunter. "In—in fact, I—I'm sure he doesn't, Carne."

Carne's hand strayed across the table towards a cane. Billy Bunter cast a longing blink towards the door.

Obviously, that was not the kind of information that Carne wanted. He wanted evidence of Cholmondeley's guilt, not of his innocence.

"I want the truth, Bunter!" said Carne.

His hand closed on the cane in a careless sort of way.

Bunter quaked. Even the cake seemed to have lost its luscious flavour. Bunter was feeling as Daniel might have felt in the lions' den.

"I—I mean——" he stammered.

"He was stopped last night," said Carne. "He was going somewhere, and he was stopped and had to cut in. Isn't that so?"

"No—I mean, yes! Yes! Exactly!" gasped Bunter.

So long as Carne was holding the



"The Fighting FAGS"

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cane, Bunter was prepared to give him any information he wanted—any information that would keep the cane on the table and off Bunter. Billy Bunter was rather like the witness in the old story who was prepared to swear, "in a general way, anything."

"He will be trying it on again pretty soon, I fancy?" said Carne.

"No! Yes! I—I think so! Quite!" agreed Bunter, with an almost agonised eye on the cane.

"If you know anything about it, Bunter—"

"The fact is, I don't know anything about it—I—I mean," added Bunter hastily, catching the glitter in Carne's eye—"I—I mean, I know all about it, Carne—everything!"

"Cough it up!" said Carne pleasantly.

He had picked up the cane, and was swishing it idly in the air. Every swish was a warning to Bunter that he had to be diplomatic—very diplomatic.

Carne, with the belief fixed in his mind that Tatters was a young rascal, had no doubt that the Peeping Tom of the Remove could give him the information if he liked. He was going to extract that information from Bunter. Bunter was rather in the position of a witness in the Middle Ages who was put on the rack. A witness on the rack had to say something. Fortunately, Bunter's inventive powers were equal to the strain.

"The—the fact is, Carne—" gasped Bunter. He paused for a moment to invent the fact. "The fact is, he—he's going to-night—"

"I rather thought so," said Carne. "When?"

"Eleven o'clock!" said Bunter recklessly. He felt that he might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb.

"How will he get out of the House?"

"I—I don't know."

"I think you do, Bunter."

The cane swished again.

"I—I mean, he gets out at the box-room window!" gasped Bunter. "I—I say, don't tell anybody I—I told you."

"Of course not," said Carne. "This is strictly between ourselves, of course. Where is he going?"

"He—he's going to the races—"

"What!" ejaculated Carne.

"I—I mean—" Bunter realised that even Carne, keen as he was on getting information against Tatters, was not likely to believe that the young rascal was going to the races in the middle of the night. "I—I mean, he—he's going to see a man—"

"What sort of a man?" asked Carne.

"A bookmaker?"

"That's it—a bookmaker!" said Bunter, glad to be helped out by a suggestion. "How—how did you know, Carne?"

"What's the man's name?"

"Jones!" said Bunter promptly. Jones was as good a name as any other, so far as Bunter could see.

"You're sure of this, Bunter?"

"Positive!" said Bunter. "I—I know all about it, you see."

Carne nodded and slipped off the table. He threw the cane down, much to Bunter's relief.

"You can finish the cake," he said quite graciously, and strolled from the study.

"Oh lor!" gasped Bunter.

He finished the cake.

Carne smiled to himself as he walked along the Sixth Form passage. He felt quite certain in his own mind that his chance had at last come to prove to Mr. Quelch what a dingy young rascal Tatters was. But there was a nasty shock in store for Carne.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

A Catch for Carne!

"I SAY, you fellows!"
"How did Bunter know we had jam roll for tea?" asked Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
The Famous Five were at tea in Study No. 1 when Billy Bunter rolled in. There was a worried look on the face of the Owl of the Remove.

"I say, you fellows, I haven't come to tea—"

"You haven't!" agreed Harry Wharton. "Shut the door after you!"
Bunter shut the door.

"Get on the other side of it first, fat-head!"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Anybody seen that fives bat?" asked the captain of the Remove, glancing round.

"I—I say, no larks!" gasped Bunter.

COME INTO THE OFFICE, BOYS!

A CHUM of mine who lives at Morrison, Swansea, wants to know something about

THE SEVERN TUNNEL,

which carries the Great Western Railway under the river. This tunnel, which cost two million pounds to build, was commenced in 1873 and completed in 1886. It is 4 miles and 624 yards in length, and of that distance $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles are actually under the river. Therefore it takes the average train about six or seven minutes to pass through the tunnel. The Severn Tunnel is by no means the longest in the world. That distinction belongs to the Simplon Tunnel, which is 12 miles in length.

Max Goldblatt, a reader who forgot to put his address on his letter, asks me if I can tell him which is the place known as "God's Own Country"? This is supposed to be the United States, and was given to that country by the astute Americans, who never lose an opportunity of trying to impress the world with the superiority of their land. But, having been in America myself, I "ha'e ma doots," as the Scotsman said.

A BRISTOL reader who won a pocket wallet some time ago has written to me to ask if there is any objection to him having a try for a pocket knife also. Not the slightest! There is no reason at all why any reader shouldn't try to collar both prizes, and one of the topping Annuals now being offered as well. Good luck to him!

The next letter comes from a Nottingham chum, who is evidently trying to pull my leg. He wants to know if it is possible to stand in the open, and to look in one direction only—no matter which way you turn. Sounds impossible, doesn't it, until you realise that if you were standing at the North Pole, you would only be able to look in one direction? No matter how you turned, you would always be gazing to the south!

HERE is a curious question. A reader who lives at Bath wants to know

WHAT IS THE LONGEST SENTENCE?

He is not talking about sentences composed of words, but of prison sentences.

"I say, you fellows, I'm in a scrape! That beast Carne—"

"Another licking?" asked Johnny Bull. "Well, most likely you deserved it."

"Nunno! He was jolly well going to lick me, though, if I hadn't stuffed him up!" groaned Bunter. "It's all right, so far. But when he finds that Tatters isn't going out on the razzle to-night—"

"Wha-a-at?"

"What was a fellow to do?" asked Bunter. "He got me into his study and started asking me questions about Cholmondeley. He had the cane in his hand all the time. Of course, I had to stuff him up!"

"About me?" exclaimed Tatters, staring at the fat junior.

"Yes, you, blow you!" grunted Bunter. "And—and I jolly well know that he's going to spy on you in the

(Continued on next page.)

Well, in the old days, when slaves were condemned to the galleys, a certain young man named Jean Mouron, who lived in Toulon, was sentenced to serve in the galleys for a hundred years and a day! "Some" sentence—but Mouron served it! He was only seventeen when he was convicted, and he actually grew to like the old hulk in which he was chained. He seemed to thrive on it, too, for when the King of France offered him his liberty, he insisted upon serving his full sentence, and did so! He was 117 when he was released, and he lived until he was 123 years of age. Some age, what?

But I can tell you of an even longer sentence than that. Three years ago a German was arrested for evading taxes, and was sentenced to pay a fine of eighty-two million marks. He refused, and was told that he would have to serve a day in prison for every fifteen marks. That means that he has got to serve nearly fifteen thousand years in gaol!

MANY thanks to all those readers who have sent me such enthusiastic letters regarding the stories which are now appearing in the MAGNET. "Frank Richards is nothing short of a marvel," says one reader, and I am sure you will all agree with him when you read

"THE VOICE OF THE TEMPTER!"

which is the title of next week's superb long story of the chums of Greyfriars. All your old friends are well in the limelight—especially the Famous Five—and the result is one of the brightest and most sparkling yarns you could wish to read.

Then comes another instalment of Stanton Hope's powerful new serial: "The Island of Slaves!" What's your opinion of this splendid narrative, chums? Has it come up to expectations? I can hear you all saying "Yes." Well, you'll like it even better as the story goes on.

Our shorter features will be as good as ever, and if you haven't won a penknife or a wallet yet, there's time for you to send in a rib-tickling joke, or a sparkling limerick, and join the happy band of readers who have already done so. You may even win a topping Annual!

Cheerio, chums.
YOUR EDITOR.

box-room at eleven o'clock to-night, and—and if you don't turn up, he will know that I've stuffed him."

The chums of the Remove stared blankly at Bunter.

"You fat chump!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "What idiotic whoppers have you been telling Carne about Tatters?"

"It wasn't my fault," said Bunter. "The silly idiot's got it fixed in his silly head that Tatters goes out on the razzle, like the Bounder, and—and like Carne, himself, you know. It was no good telling him anything else. It was that or a licking."

And Bunter—thoughtfully helping himself to jam roll while he talked—related the peculiar interview in Carne's study.

"My 'at!" ejaculated Tatters.

"Well, this is getting rather thick!" said Nugent.

"The thickfulness is terrific!"

Harry Wharton's brows were knitted.

"The rotten outsider!" he said. "He would have frightened Bunter into sneaking, if there had been anything to sneak about. Lucky there wasn't."

"Ear, 'ear!" grinned Tatters.

"I say, you fellows, what's a fellow to do?" asked Bunter. "He will cut up frightfully rusty if he waits in the box-room to-night and nobody comes. D-d-do you think he will guess that I've been pulling his leg?"

"The guessfulness will be terrific, my esteemed Bunter!" chuckled Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Then it will be a licking!" groaned Bunter.

"Rot!" said Johnny Bull. "He wouldn't dare to lick a man for not sneaking. He wouldn't dare let the beaks know he's tried to make you sneak."

"You silly ass!" hooted Bunter. "He wouldn't lick me for that! He would lick me for not having washed my neck or something—"

"Wash it, then, by way of a change!"

"Beast!"

"Carne's got to chuck this!" said Harry Wharton. "It's getting too thick. We've got to put the stopper on. He seems to have set out on Tatters' trail like a giddy Chingachcook!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Oh, dry up, Bunter!"

"But what about me?" demanded Bunter. "I tell you he will lick me—"

"Serve you jolly well right, for telling lies!"

"Beast!"

Bunter rolled out of Study No. 1. There was no help there for the hapless Ananias of the Remove.

But Harry Wharton & Co. were not bothering about Bunter. There was wrath and indignation in Study No. 1. Carne's latest move was the limit. Why the bully of the Sixth had such a "down" on Tatters was rather a mystery; but it was evident that he had a very heavy down, and that he was not at all scrupulous about the methods he adopted to catch Tatters out. Had Tatters been the kind of fellow that Carne believed him to be, there was no doubt that the prefect would soon have been able to report success to Mr. Rackstraw. Fortunately for Tatters, he was not.

"The silly ass!" said Bob Cherry. "Well, let him keep a jolly old watch in the box-room to-night. He won't catch any fish—unless—" Bob broke off, with a glimmer in his eyes. "Look here, you men, Carne ought to have a lesson about spying on the Remove."

"Yes, rather."

"It's as plain as anything that he's going to butt into the box-room to-night and catch poor old Tatters on the hop—"

"He won't catch me!" grinned Tatters.

"Nunno! But I think he's going to make a catch, all the same," said Bob.

"After all, Carne's a prefect, and frightfully keen on duty. It's rather a shame to disappoint him. I vote that we let him make a catch."

"Is it a jape?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Just that!" grinned Bob. "Look here, nobody goes to the box-room at night—except a prefect keen on duty who has been getting information from a fat chump. If we rigged up something for Carne—"

"Good egg!"

"A tin pan fixed on top of the door—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Nicely balanced to drop on the head of any sportsman who opens the door," continued Bob. "Carne won't be looking for a booby-trap. He won't know anything about it till he gets it. I've got a bottle of marking-ink, and I'll contribute it with pleasure, rather than let poor old Carne waste his valuable time for nothing."

Harry Wharton chuckled.

"Good! I've got a bottle of gum—"

"And water's cheap," remarked Nugent. "And there's plenty of soot in the chimney."

"I've got a tin of paint," remarked Johnny Bull. "Red paint."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Carne will make a catch, though perhaps not the one he's looking for," remarked Bob. "It may be a tip to him to let the Remove alone."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Six juniors discussed the details of the scheme, with grinning faces. After tea several other fellows were let into the secret, and a collection made for the benefit of Carne of the Sixth. Ink, and gum, and red paint, and a bag of soot, and a large flat tin pan, were conveyed separately, and surreptitiously, to the box-room at the end of the dormitory passage. There they were concealed, to remain till required.

It was Carne's turn of duty to see lights out for the Remove that night. When he came into the dormitory Billy Bunter blinked at him very uneasily. He could not help feeling that trouble would accrue if Carne kept watch in the box-room for nothing. Bunter was not aware of the extensive preparations that had been made to provide the bully of the Sixth with a "catch."

Carne paid Bunter no heed; but his eyes rested very keenly on Arthur Cecil Cholmondeley. And his eyes gleamed as he noted that, under the edge of Tatters' bed lay a pair of rubber shoes. Evidently—to Carne—those shoes were placed in readiness for Tatters' night out. It did not cross his mind that they were placed there to give him exactly that impression; to make assurance doubly sure, as it were.

Carne was in a satisfied mood when he put out the light and left the Remove to repose.

There was no repose yet, however, for some members of that Form.

Billy Bunter's snore was soon going strong, and other fellows dropped off to sleep; but the Famous Five were wide awake.

They were not in a hurry to stir, however. Carne was not likely to take up his watch in the box-room till half-past ten at the earliest, probably later.

It was ten o'clock when Harry Wharton slipped out of bed.

"You fellows awake?"

"You bet!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"The wakefulness is terrific!"

"Come on, then!"

The Famous Five slipped on trousers and slippers, and crept silently from the dormitory. All was darkness in the passage without. A minute later they were in the box-room, and the door was closed, and a candle-end lighted.

Grinning faces were bent over the tin pan, into which the various ingredients of what Bob called his "prefects' mixture," were poured.

Ink, and gum, and soot, and paint, and cyclo-oil were stirred together, and water added from the tap in the box-room.

"Ye gods!" murmured Johnny Bull. "When Carne gets this fearful muck on his napper he will raise the giddy roof."

"He will want a wash afterwards!" chuckled Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Quiet!"

The mixture was soon ready. Then the chums of the Remove left the box-room, Bob Cherry carrying the pan of mixture with great care.

Fixing up a booby-trap from within was an easy matter; fixing it up from outside was a rather more delicate business. But it was necessary, in the circumstances, to fix it from outside.

A chair from the dormitory stood outside the door. Bob mounted on it, the pan in his hands.

Nugent held the candle, and Harry Wharton took hold of the door-handle.

"Careful!" murmured Bob.

He lifted the pan inside the doorway and rested the near edge on the door-lintel within. A few drops were spilt in that delicate process, and there was an ejaculation from Wharton. He had caught those few drops with his neck.

However, he pulled the door carefully under the flat pan. It was a thick and heavy door, the broad top giving ample support to the pan.

"All serene!" murmured Bob.

The flat pan, with one edge on the door lintel, the other on top of the door, slanted a little. But it was quite safe—until the door was pushed open.

Then it was certain the natural law of gravitation would assert itself, and the pan of mixture would descend.

Having then no visible means of support, it would take the shortest and most direct route towards the centre of the earth, according to the well-known principles laid down by Sir Isaac Newton.

It would not, of course, reach the centre of the earth. It would stop at the first obstacle it met—which, in the circumstances, was pretty certain to be the head of Carne of the Greyfriars Sixth.

"Safe as houses!" murmured Bob. He stepped off the chair. "Blow that candle out and let's bunk!"

The candle was blown out, and Bob picked up the chair. Silently, save for a suppressed chuckle, the chums of the Remove stole back to the dormitory.

They turned in, but their eyes did not close in slumber. They were rather too interested in what was going to happen in the box-room when Carne of the Sixth arrived there.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER

A Present for Carne I

CARNE trod softly. Any fellow who had met Carne of the Sixth just then might very probably have taken him for a burglar. It was but seldom that a Greyfriars prefect trod on tiptoe, with suppressed breath, in black darkness.

But Carne had to pass the door of the Remove dormitory to reach the box-room at the end of the passage; and he had no doubt that one fellow in that dormitory was awake—the fellow he was going to catch. And he trod along the passage with the stealthy caution of a Red Indian on the war-path.

As a matter of fact, a good many fellows in the dorm were awake; and they were listening keenly. They did not hear Carne, however. Carne passed without a sound.

Silent as a spectre Carne groped on towards the end of the passage. He knew the way well enough in the dark, and it was not necessary to strike a match.

There was a glimmer of pale starlight from a passage window near at hand as Carne reached the door of the box-room. He paused for a moment to look back and listen.

There was no sound. Bunter had given the time as eleven for Tatters' expedition. It was now half-past ten. Carne had a weary wait before him, but he felt that he had better be early; the young villain might go earlier than arranged; Carne was not taking chances.

He groped on the box-room door. To his surprise it was ajar—nearly a foot ajar! However, that little circumstance made no difference. Carne pushed the door wider open and stepped in.

What happened next seemed like some horrible nightmare to Carne of the Sixth.

Crash! Clang! Splash! Swoosh! "Oh! Oooh!"

Carne staggered in the doorway. Something—he did not know what—had shot downwards as he pushed open the door, banged on his head, and then fallen to the floor with a clang.

It was the tin dish obeying, like everything else in the universe, the laws of gravitation!

Something—something of a fluid nature—was all over Carne. It drenched his hair, smothered his face, ran down his back, swamped over his clothes! It was wet, it was clammy, it was sticky, and it smelt. Carne, for a second, wondered if it was a hideous dream.

But it wasn't! It was only too horribly, hideously real!

"Groooooogh!"

Carne gouged at his eyes. Eyes and nose and mouth had all had a share of the mixture. There was plenty of it—it had been mixed with no niggard hand! There was lots and lots of it. Gallons, it seemed to Carne, if not whole floods! It drenched him, soaked him, swamped him, ran all over him, gathered in pools about his feet as he staggered and gurgled and spluttered.

"Oooooo! Ooooch! Grooogh! Gug-gug-gug!"

Wild and weird and woeful sounds came from the swamped figure staggering in the doorway of the box-room. These sounds reached the Remove dormitory, and beyond.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"Carne's got it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

A crowd of fellows turned out of bed. The dormitory door was opened about a foot, and they stared out into the darkness. They could see nothing. But they could hear.

"Grooogh! Ooooooch! Ug-ug-gug! Groooooooch!"

"There was a sound of revelry by night!" gurgled Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The esteemed revelry is terrific!"



While Nugent held the candle and Wharton took hold of the door-handle, Bob Cherry mounted the chair and rested the pan of "prefects' mixture" on the door-lintel!

"Oh, listen to the band!" gasped Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here comes somebody!"

Footsteps could be heard on the stairs, and a light flashed on in the passage.

"What—what is this disturbance?"

It was the voice of Mr. Quelch.

"What—what—what—"

Like rabbits to their burrows, the Removites bolted back to bed. But Mr. Quelch was not giving his attention to the dormitory. He switched on the lights as he came; and his eyes were fixed on a hideous figure at the end of the passage—an alarming figure—a figure entirely black, that was making wild gesticulations and uttering strange cries.

"Who—who—what—" gasped Mr. Quelch.

"Urrrrggg! Yurrgg! Whurrrggh!"

"Who is that? What are you doing here? Who are you?" shrieked Mr. Quelch.

It was not surprising that he did not recognise Carne of the Sixth. He had never seen a Greyfriars prefect before clothed in ink and soot and gum as in a garment.

The horrible figure advanced towards him. Two wild eyes glared from inky soot and sticky gum and sticky paint.

Mr. Quelch backed away hurriedly. Who and what this fearful apparition might be he did not know; but he was, naturally, alarmed.

"Stand back!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "Stop! Bless my soul! Help! Wingate—Mr. Prout—Mr. Capper—Gwynne help—"

The alarm was spreading. Prout and Capper had come to see what the matter was, and a couple of Sixth Form prefects. Two or three more of the Sixth and some Fifth Form men followed. Mr. Quelch, backing away from the terrifying apparition, backed into them.

"Who is it?" gasped Wingate.

"What is it?" stuttered Gwynne.

"A burglar," ejaculated Mr. Prout, "or a lunatic! A lunatic, I should imagine! How did he come here? How did he enter the House? Someone get a poker! Someone fetch the rifle from my study—"

"Grooogh! Ooooooch! Ug-gug-ug-gug!" spluttered the fearsome figure.

"Oh crikey! I'm Carne! Oooooooch!"

"Carne!" yelled Wingate.

"Ooooooh! Yes! Groooooogh!"

"Carne!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, almost petrified. "Carne! Yes, I know your voice now—you are Carne!"

(Continued on page 27.)

THE ISLAND OF SLAVES!

By

Stanton Hope



Doomed Prisoners!

SUFFERIN' catfish!" Crouched on the flat roof of the Arab dwelling, Lieutenant Guy Easton, of the Royal Navy; his chum, Sub-Lieutenant Tony Dunn; and the little Bengali babu, Chotajee, were able to see clearly what was going on, and the sight was startling and sinister enough to make them thankful that they had not shown themselves before spying out the land!

On the far side of the square was a tall, bearded Arab, whom Guy recognised at once as Sheikh Haji himself. Near to him were several of his soldiery, armed with long rifles, with butts of silver filigree work, and wicked curved knives. To the parapet of a blue-domed mosque was rigged a stout wooden pulley of the type used in old sailing ships and dhows, and to this

was fixed a long rope. One end of that rope was tied securely to the right wrist of a coal-black Somali, who wore nothing but a dirty skirt of cotton about his middle.

It was the Somali who had uttered the terrified cry which first had startled the chums, and again his voice rang out in pleading to the Arabs near him, while his eyes roved round the soldiery with that fear-filled look of a doomed animal.

The sheikh roared an order; some of the Arabs hauled on one of the ropes, and the negro went swinging aloft against the wall of the mosque. Then they hitched the rope round a stout buttress of wood, and left the moaning victim held by his right arm by the rope.

"Tearin' torpedoes!" Tony gulped. "I can't stand this, I—"

"Stay where you are, you young fool!" Guy rasped in his ear. "I don't

think they're going to kill him, and our butting in upon a mob of a thousand Arabs in their present mood won't help. That blackamoor is more frightened than hurt at present, and we've got to find out, if we can, what the real game is here."

Turning, he whispered to Chotajee, who was the kassab or storekeeper of their ship, the Falcon, and ordered him to keep his ears wide open to catch what was spoken in Arabic.

Owing to the need for keeping fairly low behind the parapet, the chums could not see what was going on directly below the wall of the house. But just then another coal-black Somali was dragged forward towards Sheikh Haji, who stepped to meet him.

This man was almost identical in appearance with the victim who had been slung up against the great wall of the mosque. As was the case with the other, his eyes held the same terrified look.

The sheikh rasped an order, and one of the Arabs slashed through the Somali's bonds with a curved knife. The blackamoor rubbed his wrists and beat his hands together while the circulation was restored to them. While he was doing this the sheikh spoke to him slowly and distinctly in Arabic, and, to the astonishment of Guy and Tony, thrust an ancient single-shot gun into his hands. This done, several Arabs ushered the man back towards the wall of the dwelling where the young naval officers and the Bengali were in hiding.

"What's the stunt?" Guy whispered in the babu's ear.

By this time Chotajee was trembling all over, partly from fear and partly from indignation.

"My venerable aunts!" he babbled hoarsely in his weird English. "The debased sheikh makes many direful threats against misfortunate captives, and suggests having jokeful sportfulness with same."

"You mean that they're going to make sport of these Somalis? How?"

And, in that strange jargon of his, the little Bengali told of the plan of Sheikh Haji of giving sport to the villagers with the two Somalis, who wore their captives.

It seemed that the blackamoors were escaped slaves, as Guy and Tony had already suspected. Previously the chums had seen one slave killed in an attempt to get away from a dhow, and these two had got clear from some other slave-running craft and had landed on the island of Khoof.

Mixed up in the slave traffic himself, Sheikh Haji, whose island was sometimes used for the replenishment of stores by the slave dhows, had shown no sympathy with the runaways. It happened to be the anniversary of the birth of his eldest son, and he had brought the two captives from their foul village prison to provide the last item of "sport" for his subjects.

According to Chotajee, the sheikh, on account of his son's birthday, had



Guy fired swiftly on the heels of the Somali, and a mighty roar burst from the assembled crowd as the rope snapped and the slave fell to the ground.

promised the captives the loan of a small craft, called a bellum, to reach the mainland of Arabia—on one condition. If the condition was not fulfilled both the slaves would be strung up against the wall of the mosque to be the target for the long throwing-knives of the young village warriors.

The condition on which their lives depended was one which obviously struck terror into the hearts of both the man swinging by the mosque wall and the other standing down there on the ground at the foot of the mud-walled building opposite. This second Somali had been given the one-shot gun, and an Arab stood by with three big cartridges held in the palm of his hand.

The Arab would load the gun, one cartridge at a time. The Somali, who probably had never handled a gun of any description in his life before, would then be given his chance of three shots—the chance to shoot through the rope which held his comrade suspended, and so drop his friend down to the ground. If he could shoot through that rope in three shots his life and the life of the other slave would be preserved and their freedom given to them. If he failed a dreadful death stared them both in the face!

That was the prospect held out to the slaves, a prospect which might well have daunted the heart of even a first-class marksman.

From behind the parapet, Guy, Tony, and the little babu heard the Somali below them speaking in broken Arabic. The sheikh replied to him, and the throng stood back, leaving a clear, open space between the slave with the gun and the slave held by his wrist at the end of that rope against the mosque wall.

"My liver, this is mug's play!" muttered Chotajee. "To quote British sportsman, esteemed slave has no more chance of successfulness than debased moke of winning Derby Stakes!"

The Arab who held the three cartridges put one of them in the ancient gun, which trembled in the slave's hands. Another Arab stood by with a squat-bladed, curved knife against the blackamoor's bare side, lest he make the slightest attempt to turn the gun upon the sheikh or anyone else standing round.

Like a drowning man clutching at a straw, however, the slave seized upon the odd chance of life proffered him. He raised the ancient rifle, and for a moment its barrel trembled dangerously in the direction of the head of the victim hung against the mosque wall. Then, over-eager, the slave pulled on the trigger.

Crack!

Dirt leaped from the wall, fully a yard from the rope suspending his comrade, and the slave gave a moan of

THE FIRST CHAPTERS RE-TOLD.

LIEUTENANT GUY EASTON and SUB-LIEUTENANT TONY DUNN, some white ratings, and CHOTAJEE, a Bengali interpreter, are sent to board a suspicious-looking dhow heading a southerly course out of the Red Sea. With the brewing of a treacherous storm off the African Coast, however, they are recalled to the warship *Falcon*. The picket boat sent out by Captain Knox is making lion-hearted efforts to tow the cutter containing Guy and his men to safety when the storm bursts. The white ratings succeed in gaining the safety of the *Falcon*, but Guy, Tony, and Chotajee are shipwrecked on Khoof Island and arrive in the village to find a great noisy festival taking place in the square. Clambering on to the flat roof of an Arab dwelling, the three chums are able to see what is going on.

(Now read on.)

disappointment as he lowered his smoking gun.

Despair, as well as pain, showed in the face of the other slave; but with surprising pluck the man made no movement, apparently realising that by keeping still he would increase the chance of his fellow-victim of hitting the rope.

Now the Arab was thrusting the second cartridge into the gun, and obviously the slave was making a mighty effort to pull himself together and keep calm. The rope, though, against the grey wall in the light of the dying sun was little more than aiming at a tautened piece of string from the distance across the square. A crack marksman could hammer through it with a bullet, but the slave, untrained in the use of firearms, was only likely to achieve the feat by a miracle of luck.

Everything was against him—the jeering crowd of Arabs, the sight of his comrade suspended over there, the nerve strain of knowing that if he failed in three shots, he and the other man would surely become the target for the Arab knives. Small wonder that again his hands were trembling as he slowly raised his rifle!

On the roof of the mud-walled dwelling, Guy, Tony, and Chotajee unconsciously took the risk of being seen by their striving to see the drama of the village square. The

impulsive Tony was a seething volcano of emotion, and threatening to burst into violent activity any moment.

Guy put his hand on his chum's arm, and found him trembling with suppressed rage.

"For Heaven's sake don't leap off the deep end!" he whispered. "Take your cue from me, old scout!"

Tony turned his flaming eyes upon him.

"You—you're not going to let these poor lubbers be slaughtered in cold blood? If so—"

"Don't be a chump, Tony! Take it from me that it would be fatal if you go vaulting over that parapet a-top of the sheikh, as you seem to be contemplating. Have you got your pistol on you?"

"Ay!"

"Hand it over!" Guy whispered.

The service pistol of Webley-Scott pattern, which Tony had dropped in his pocket before going on that boarding expedition to the suspicious dhow, had become wet with sea-water. This, however, did not effect its mechanism as mud would have done, and the magazine with its thirteen cartridges was pressed home to the ready in the long slot within the butt.

"What are you going to do, Guy?" Tony whispered.

"It'll depend," Guy answered. "Meantime, I want you and old Chota to curb your giddy impetuosity. As senior, I order you to do nothing unless I give the signal."

"Right-ho, old top—sir, I mean!"

By this time the slave below was

aiming again with the rifle, his straining eyes peered along the sights. But each time as he seemed about to press the trigger, it was as though he realised that he had only two shots left, and that he was striving to make certain before he loosed off the last but one precious cartridge.

The Arabs grew impatient, and howled in chorus for him to shoot. Once the slave glanced round as though he contemplated swinging the heavy rifle and sending the bullet at the sheikh himself. But pressure of the point of that curved knife at his ribs made him see the folly of any such action. He was trapped, and must play the game according to the rules set him.

Again he aligned the sights, while the slave suspended by his arm looked towards him appealingly. Again he lowered the rifle and looked towards the bearded sheikh who was leering at him, and spoke words in broken Arabic.

The sheikh replied, and Chotajee whispered the translation to the chums. It seemed that the slave had said that even if he cut the rope there was no guarantee that he and his comrade would be allowed to go free. To which the sheikh had answered angrily that he had sworn by the beard of the prophet—an oath which no Arab ever breaks. But Sheikh Haji was certain enough in his own mind that there would be more "sport" for his young warriors after the last two shots had been fired!

The slave again looked along the rifle sights—and then the Arab with the knife prodded him in the side.

Crack!

A wisp of smoke drifted upward, and the chums lifted their heads higher over the parapet.

"Two shots gone west!" Tony gulped.

The Last Cartridge!

THAT second shot was a remarkably good one in the circumstances, but a trifle low. The bullet had nicked the edge of a large knot just above the other victim's wrist, but without causing the man to fall to the ground a few feet below. Actually the shot gave the luckless marksman a disadvantage, for it set the rope spinning, so that for a minute or two the slave on the end of it was turning like a turkey on a spit.

In the attempt to steady himself and give his comrade a chance for the third and last shot, the man dug his heels against the wall, and the movement set the rope swinging slightly, so that now it afforded an even more difficult target because it was moving.

"The inchful miss is as good as a mileful miss!" groaned the little babu. "Truoly, as saying is, misfortunate slave has roastfully cooked his goose!"

Slowly and silently Guy was creeping along the roof. He had noticed an oblong scuttle in the

parapet for allowing the rainwater to run off and down the outer wall, which was not far above the Somali slave who stood trembling now in abject fear while the Arab loaded the rifle with the last cartridge.

Through this oblong opening Guy could see both the slave below and the man hanging against the wall opposite. The risk was that someone might happen to glance up and see his face peering through, but the Arabs who were in a position to see were far too interested in watching the preparations for the last shot. Well did Guy know that with one automatic between the three of them they could put up no real fight against the mob of Arabs, which included many hot-blooded young warriors armed with rifles. As one of the best shots in the Navy, however, he intended to make an attempt to deprive the Arabs of their prey.

Now the slave below was raising his rifle and attempting to align the sights on the swinging rope. Guy saw that a cartridge was ready in the breech of the automatic, and, lying face downward on the roof, rested his wrist against the edge of the scuttle and peered along the pistol sights. Slowly, as the slave swung on the end of the rope, his pistol barrel followed that rope. He dared not look down to see if the Somali with the rifle was ready to fire; not for a moment must he take his eyes from the thread-like rope which was his target!

All Arab eyes were fixed on that swaying figure against the mosque wall, while the terrified Somali prepared to take his last shot—the shot which meant liberty or death!

The man's eyes showed that he knew that in his terrified state he had not the slightest chance at all of hitting that swaying rope. His rifle lowered

as if he thought to give his comrade a swift and painless death by the bullet rather than let him live to suffer the Arab knives. Once he shifted his gaze and looked round like a cornered animal, debating whether he might try to send that last bullet into the sheikh's heart before the curved knife drove in his side! Then, again, he set himself to his heart-tearing task, while the excited Arabs chorused impatiently for the shot to be fired.

The nerve strain was becoming greater for Guy. His ears were attuned to catch the Somali's shot above the yelling of the mob, for his own chance of success depended on his firing the pistol almost simultaneously.

Would the Somali never fire?

The strain filled Guy's eyes with water, but he dashed the moisture from them, and again fixed them on that thin, swaying target of rope; then—crack!

Crack!

So swiftly was Guy's shot on the heels of the Somali's, that it was like one shot and its echo. And then a mighty roar burst from the assembled crowd, for the rope snapped like pack-thread and the slave fell to the ground a few feet below!

Almost Tony and Chotajee gave the game away, for they knew that Guy, one of the best pistol shots in the Navy, had done the job which the slave could never have hoped to accomplish.

Most amazed of all among that throng in the square was the Somali who had fired the rifle, for he knew that he had missed by a full yard, and he regarded the breaking of the rope as a miracle. Many of the Arabs had seen a spurt of dust a full yard from the rope, but never dreamed that two shots had been fired. They believed that the cutting of the rope must have been by the ricochet of the bullet from the wall.

The sheikh was furious, and mumbled fiercely in his beard; but he dared not break the solemn oath he had made in the hearing of his people, and he ordered that the Somali slaves should be set free and provided with a bellum for reaching the Arabian coast.

For a moment or two the slave who had been cut down from the rope by Guy's bullet looked up toward the roof of the building opposite; for a brief space the eyes of naval officer and slave met in an understanding glance. Guy knew that the man was aware how that rope had come to be cut, and, in a mute way, was expressing the gratitude of himself and his comrade.

While the two joyful negroes were being taken away, Guy wriggled back under the parapet of the roof to where Tony and Chotajee were lying.

"Rattling fine shot, old man!" Tony exulted. "When we get back to the jolly old Falcon, I'll put in a report to the skipper and see if we can have the medal of Khoof specially struck for you."

"Cut the cackle," Guy growled, "and stick this gun away in your tunic pocket!"

"Such shootings," remarked Chotajee admiringly, "recalls reminiscently sundry exploits of own varied career after days of



Sub-Lieutenant Dunn, Guy's chum.

education and acquirement of near-degree of 'Failed B.A.' It was while on shikar, or hunt, with equally bold companions, that fearsome and wild boar made unwarranted and savage attacks before sportsmanship had begun. Retaining gun by slinging same over honourable shoulders, and remembering advice of Solomon Sahib, I—

"Quite! Quite!" Tony interposed. "You shinned up a giddy tree, shot the boar and three tigers that came to eat its carcass, picked off a stray elephant, and throttled a python. You told us that one in the Falcon!"

"But, sahib—"
"Oh, get all that off your chest later!" Tony said. "What do you think we'd better do now, Guy? They've taken the Somalis away, and without doubt they'll let 'em go. Think we ought to get down and stroll innocently up to the jolly old sheikh and ask for bed and breakfast?"

"I don't, old son," Guy answered decidedly. "If we possibly can, we should avoid making our presence known after what's occurred. The bearded old buffer is sure to smell a rat, and he might start a bit more 'sportsmanship,' with us as the targets, and if he's not mixed up in the slave racket in some way, I'll eat my sea-boots!"

"Ay, that's so," agreed Tony. "Unfortunately, old man, there's bound to be a bit of a crowd to see those Somalis off, or else, as it's growing dusk, we might have slipped down to the beach and got a passage in their bellum."

In the dusk the Arabs were dispersing from the square, and it was not safe to leave the roof of the building yet. To go down would mean that their presence would be discovered; to remain there afforded a better chance, although at any time the horizontal door which opened on to the roof might lift, and someone appear.

Time went on, and the two young officers in their wet and dirty uniforms, and the ship's dusky storekeeper, remained on the roof. Then, gradually, a new excitement began to develop. There sounded a babble of excited voices and a rush of feet in the square.

(What's this new excitement? Has the sheikh learned of the chums' presence in the village? Don't miss next week's thrilling instalment of this serial, whatever you do, chums!)

CHIVVYING CHUMLEY!

(Continued from page 23.)

Carne, are you mad? How dare you play such tricks?"

Carne raved. "Do you think I did it?" he shrieked. "It's a trick—"

"And a most absurd trick for a Sixth Form prefect to play!" boomed Prout. "Are you not ashamed? Are you not—"

"I've been caught in a trap—a booby-trap!" raved Carne. "Can't you see? I'm smothered! I'm suffocated! I'm— Groooooogh!"

"Oh!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "But how—who—who—"

"Those young scoundrels in the Remove!" shrieked Carne. "They had it fixed over the door of the box-room, and— Grooogh!"

"And what were you doing in the box-room at half-past ten at night?" demanded Mr. Quelch. "What were you doing here at all, Carne?"

"I—I—I—"

"Explain yourself!" hooted Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, explain yourself!" boomed Prout. "If you have any explanation to offer, Carne—"

"I—I—I came to—to catch a young rascal who was going out of bounds!" gasped Carne. "A Remove boy—"

Mr. Quelch's eyes glinted like cold steel.

"Which Remove boy?" he barked. "Grooogh! Cholmondeley! Ooooch!"

"What reason had you to suppose he was going out of bounds, other than your own unworthy and groundless suspicions?"

"Gug-gug! I was told so— Ooooch! I—I thought—"

Carne broke off, spluttering.

It dawned upon him that the "information" Bunter had given him must be known in the Remove, or this fearful trap could not have been laid for him. It dawned upon him that he had been fooled all along the line, and that he had never had any chance of catching anything in the box-room except the mixture.

"Upon my word!" said Mr. Quelch.

"This passes all patience! I have twice warned you on this subject, Carne! I will not allow—I repeat that I will not allow you to make these unfounded insinuations against members

of my Form! I shall speak to the Head on this subject, Carne! I shall request him to use his authority in the matter!"

"Grooogh!"

"The juniors must have known that Carne was going to the box-room, sir!" gurgled Wingate. "Somebody's been pulling his leg!"

"Precisely so! And knowing that Carne was indulging unjustified and foolish suspicions, they have played this—this trick on him. You thoroughly deserve what has happened to you, Carne. I trust that it will be a warning to you!"

Carne fairly howled.

"You're going to punish those young rascals, sir—for—"

"Nothing of the kind!" hooted Mr. Quelch. "The boys are not to blame—not in the least! You have provoked this, Carne—deliberately provoked it! You deserve it all, and more! Go and clean yourself, sir! You are in a disgusting state! A most disgusting state!"

"I—I—I—"

"Go!" roared Mr. Quelch.

And Carne, leaving a trail behind him, went.

The others followed—Quelch frowning, Prout snorting, Capper smiling, and Wingate and Gwynne grinning.

Carne was very busy with hot water and soap for the next hour, rubbing and scrubbing, and scrubbing and rubbing, crimson and furious. In the Remove dormitory there were sounds of merriment.


When Carne of the Sixth came on Tatters and his friends in the quad the next day, he looked at them with an expression which Bob Cherry likened to that of a demon in a pantomime. But Carne's black looks had no effect on the cheery spirits of the heroes of the Remove. They smiled at Carne, and passed him by like the idle wind which they regarded not.

THE END.

(Be sure you read the next yarn in this topping series: "THE VOICE OF THE TEMPTER!" It's one of Frank Richards' very best. You've no fear of being disappointed if you order your copy WELL IN ADVANCE!)

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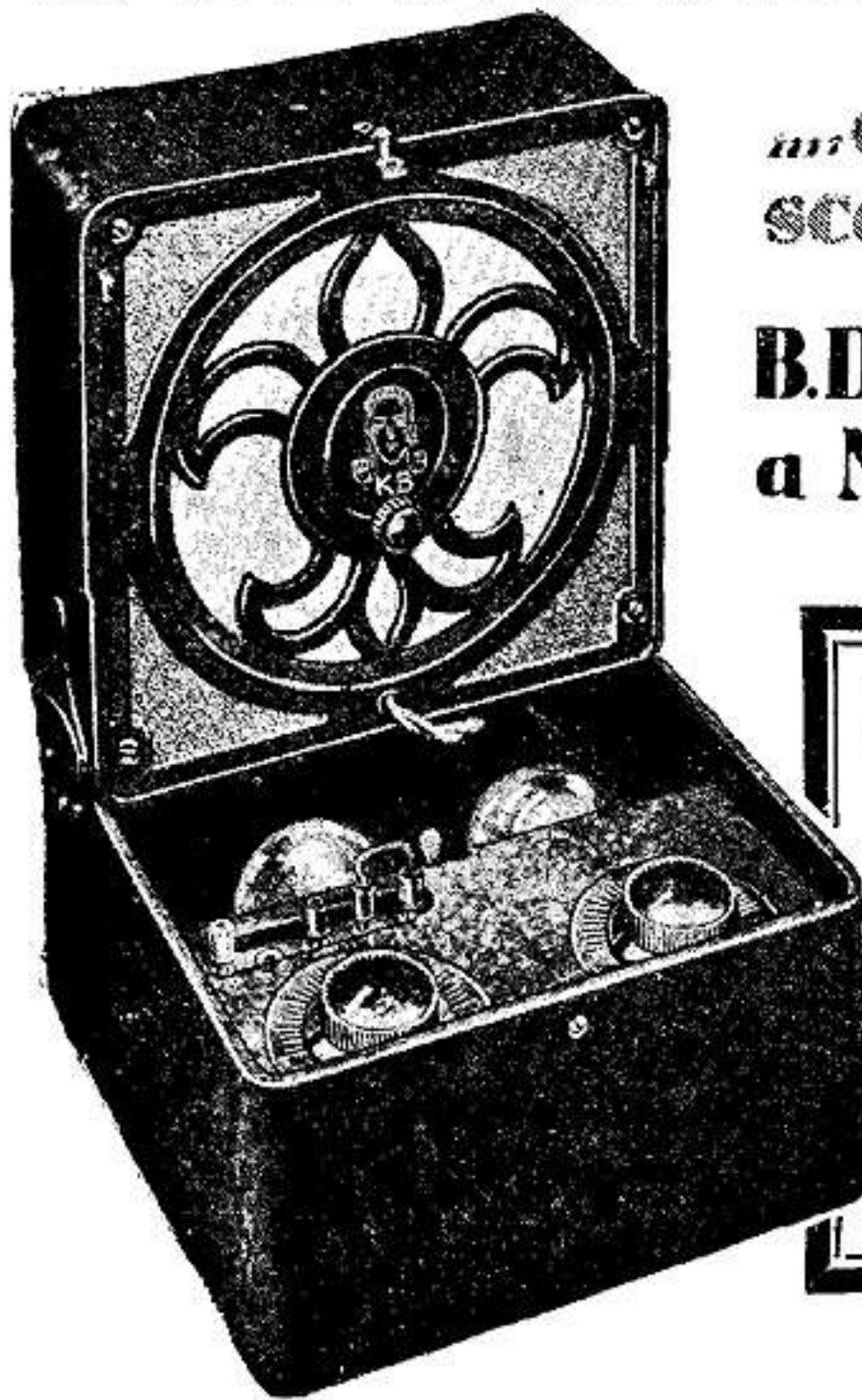
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ELUCIDATION OF FIFTH FORM MYSTERY

Leaves From My Diary
By Ex-Det.-Insp. DICK RUSSELL, C.I.D. (Remove)

AMAZING CLIMAX to AMAZING CASE

Everyone, of course, recalls the conversation that ensued between the missing Fifth-Former and the fat customer: "So you're the one that did it?" "I say, Russell, old chap, I didn't! I wouldn't dream of touching anything belonging to my pal, Wharton!" "Besides, I didn't know he had a Melton Mowbray pie. And, anyway, it was only a two-bob one, hardly worth pinching!" I nodded grimly and left the fat youth, to follow the track of a pair of hob-nailed boots, the imprint of which I had noticed on the tuckshop floor. Outside, I lost the track again, but later on, to my horror, in a deserted part of the grounds, I found Nimble, the gardener, filling in what appeared to be a grave. Without hesitation, I questioned the man. He vowed that he had only been burying a dead cat. I swiftly requested him to stand on his head. Unthinkingly, he obeyed, and while he was upside down, I seized the opportunity to examine the hobnailed soles of his boots. They were of the same pattern as the tracks in the tuckshop! The gardener stood upright again, and I noticed in the light of my pocket torch that his face was very red. My suspicions now amounted almost to a certainty. I quickly returned to the House. The last and most difficult part of my task now lay ahead of me. I had to disguise myself as a Fifth-Former and invade the Fifth quarters. To do this I put on a pair of very baggy trousers, opened my mouth wide, and looked as silly as possible. By adopting this little subterfuge, I was able to enter the Fifth games-study and mix with the Fifth-Formers as one of themselves. Events moved swiftly after that. I returned to Heald's quarters, shed my disguise, and went into Heald for calling-over. Then came the amazing climax on a truly amazing case. The roll was called. And every member of the Fifth answered to his name!

The mystery of the missing Fifth-Former was thus a mystery no longer. Whether it was that the crooks had become seared at the knowledge that I was on the case, or whether, on the other hand, the missing Fifth-Former had not, strictly speaking, been missing at all, is still a matter for speculation. Whatever the solution, the wise reader will need no further evidence to convince him that the part I played in the elucidation of the mystery was, to put it mildly, no small one.

BOOK REVIEW

FRANK NUGENT—Novelist

"THE DUKE'S DILEMMA." By Frank Nugent. (Unpublished. Typed copies on hire at 3d. a day from the office of this paper.) At last Nugent major blossoms forth in opposition to his famous minor as a novelist, and in this moving story of high life he shows that literary ability in the Nugent family is not confined to the youngest of the line. What the duke's dilemma is exactly we haven't yet discovered, but it doesn't matter much; the author's vivid descriptions of Mayfair drawing-rooms are disarming enough to make up for the absence of a plot and other details. One or two sentences in the book are a little puzzling; we reproduce them, with questions that occur to us attached: "He polished his monocle with a thoughtful air." Q. Did he find this better than doing it with a pocket handkerchief? "She shot an anxious glance out of the window." Q. Did she look ill, or miss it altogether? "Tea was served in a slightly strained atmosphere." Q. Where can we get one, to replace the cup we've just broken? "Mention of St. Jim's brings to mind the incident that brought up a bit, Skinner plucked Alonzo down the House on the twopenny Todd the year that he—Alonzo—was urgently required to fill the eighth place in the boat. Loney, on the row in the neighbourhood, who is nothing if not conscientious, immediately went to Courtland being apparently under the impression that that was the mos of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, of suitable garb for the occasion. We put the howl that went up when he our heads together and decided appeared at the boathouse in to creep up behind the bushes blouse and single and bell, and give the swell of St. Jim's bottomed trousers may be better than the shock of his life! Up we imagined than described! Noddy, daily oops, and at a given signal ing would satisfy the facetious, jumped out with ringing war-salor's hompipe, which Loney D'Arcy was not a bit surprised—did to the best of his ability— for the reason that he was at that moment far away at St. Jim's; What we had taken for his monocle turned out to be only a tin lid!

Work on the river is proceeding fairly smoothly. There have been a few untoward incidents, of course. A number of our star performers have caught colds and a larger number have caught the flu. However, one of the selected crew, is at present confined to the sunny, suffering from the after-effects of a nasty accident. "The die during spring should be simple, but should contain a Seasonable Advice from Dr. H. Vernon-Smith. "Good-morning, Dr. Vernon-Smith!" remarked the Greyfriars Herald's Special Interviewer. "I have called to have an arm amputated, or an appendix removed?" asked the celebrated Remove doctor, in his suave, professional manner. "Very well, if you will kindly lie on the table, while I sharpen up my saw." "Oh crickey! Don't be in such a hurry, doctor! I was going to say I had called on behalf of the Greyfriars Herald" to ascertain your views on the all-important subject of keeping fit in spring. Dr. Vernon-Smith replaced the saw in his tool-case, with a grin. "That's easy," he said. "Or, at least, it's easy to give the advice, anyway. Whether it's easy to keep fit is another matter." He cleared his throat impressively. "The springtime of the year," he began, "offers unique opportunities for catching colds, coughs, group, measles, mumps, meningitis, pleurisy, or pins and needles. The wise schoolboy will therefore take precautions accordingly. The clothing should be light and loose-fitting. By this, I mean that one should wear a collar about ten sizes too large, a topper big enough to cover the head completely and rest comfortably on the shoulders, and a suit of clothes made for one's father. The effect may not be altogether pleasing to the eye, but from the hygienic point of view the results should be splendid." He gazed reflectively at the skeleton that ornamented his window-dodge. "Of course, if one doesn't trouble much about convention, I can suggest even greater improvements. The ideal costume, in my opinion, is a kilt, a cape, a light turban and top-boots, with perhaps mittens to keep the hands warm. Try wearing this rig-out in the Form-room one day and see what your Form-master says. If he is unfavourable, he will applaud you as a sensible man. But, of course, there is just a chance that he may not be contented!" "The diet during spring should be simple, but should contain a Special Interviewer beat it!

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(Continued from previous column) minimum of 1454 vitamins, and a few dozen proteins. For breakfast, I suggest raw oatmeal, mixed with sawdust. For dinner, a plain stout pudding containing plenty of cart-grease, and a glass of soap and water. For supper, graded paragraphs on seed-cakes, with perhaps a little hay." Dr. Vernon-Smith's sensible advice was unfortunately interrupted at that moment by the arrival of a patient. "Excuse me," smiled the colorated surgeon. "I had decidedly promised this patient I would-I saw off a couple of fingers for him this evening, and I simply can't disappoint him. Good-bay!" "Greyfriars Herald?" Special Interviewer beat it!

BEND TO THE OARS, LADS

"Carry Your Oar Like an Onion-Seller!"
Says Boleover from Sick Bed

MYSTERY OF SKINNER'S SUDDEN DEVELOPMENT AS AN OARSMAN

Welcome, the good old Boat-Club. In carrying his oar down the river, he slung it across his Remove are on the Probable shoulder, as the Boleton onion-remover the first annual river race. Always careless, Bolej and St. Jim's. Practice is in fact near the boathouse and caught spring, and there has been keen Wingate a fearful clump on the rivalry for places in the boat head; and on hurriedly swinging unexpectedly well. None showed he did exactly the same to Walker, up better than Skinner, who, to Wingate and Walker, by the way, every body's surprise, seemed to kick all-comers in his own little skiff. On the strength of this form, he was included in the provisional crew and there was even talk of his taking Wharton's place as skipper. Fortunately for the chances of the Greyfriars boat, Bob Cherry discovered in time that the wily Skinner had fixed up a concealed motor to his skiff. The mystery of Skinner's amazing development as an oar-smanship was at once cleared up and were swamped owing to the spoiler's name erased from the scroll of fame!

With the idea of levelling things up a bit, Skinner plucked Alonzo down the House on the twopenny Todd the year that he—Alonzo—was urgently required to fill the eighth place in the boat. Loney, on the row in the neighbourhood, who is nothing if not conscientious, immediately went to Courtland being apparently under the impression that that was the mos of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, of suitable garb for the occasion. We put the howl that went up when he our heads together and decided appeared at the boathouse in to creep up behind the bushes blouse and single and bell, and give the swell of St. Jim's bottomed trousers may be better than the shock of his life! Up we imagined than described! Noddy, daily oops, and at a given signal ing would satisfy the facetious, jumped out with ringing war-salor's hompipe, which Loney D'Arcy was not a bit surprised—did to the best of his ability— for the reason that he was at that moment far away at St. Jim's; What we had taken for his monocle turned out to be only a tin lid!

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DANGEROUS EPIDEMIC AT GREYFRIARS

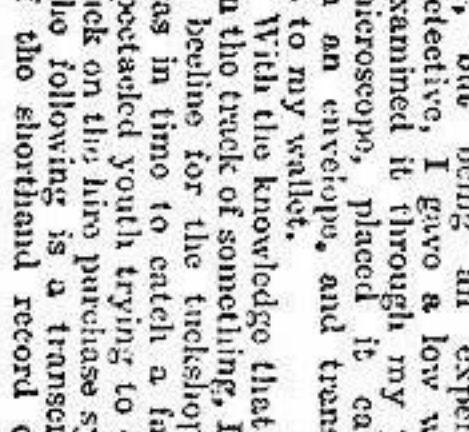
Staff Seeks Seclusion of Padded Cells

KEEP FIT THIS SPRING

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It, but being an experienced detective, I gave a low whistle, examined it through my pocket microscope, placed it carefully in an envelope, and transferred it to my wallet.

With the knowledge that I was on the track of something, I made a beeline for the tuckshop, and was in time to catch a fat, bespectacled youth trying to obtain luck on the late purchase system. The following is a transcription of the shorthand record of the

heard in the form-room!

Form-master: "Gatty! How dare you eat chocolate in the Form-room?"

Gatty: "I believe in physical culture, sir."

Form-master: "Physical culture! What do you mean?"

Gatty: "Please, sir, I've just been to the tuckshop and bought a horizontal bar!"

Form-master: "Horizontal bar?!"

Gatty: "Yes, sir, I've just been to the tuckshop and bought a horizontal bar!"

Form-master: "Horizontal bar?!"



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