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# The MAGNET 2<sup>D</sup>



*While  
Great friends  
Slept!*



# Come Into the Office, Boys!

Always glad to hear from you, chums, so drop me a line to the following address: The Editor, The "Magnet" Library, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

**N**ATURALLY you are keen on the cinema—what boy isn't? So you'll be interested in the following reply to Harry Gordon, of Sevenoaks, who wants to know

## SOMETHING ABOUT SLOW MOTION.

Well, our office-boy could tell him all about that, but Harry is referring to films in which the action is slowed down tremendously, and he wants to know how it is done.

To begin with, it is necessary to understand that films are taken and projected at the rate of sixteen pictures per second. Now, if you take pictures at a greater speed, and project them at the ordinary rate, it takes longer to project—or, in other words, it takes longer for the photographed action to be shown. Well, "slow-motion" pictures are generally taken at the rate of 128 pictures per second, so that when they are projected at the rate of 16 per second, they last eight times as long.

Certain incidents, however—the flight of a rifle bullet, for instance—require to be slowed down even more, and there are research cameras capable of taking as many as 1,200 pictures per second. Now comes the news that a camera has been made which will take no fewer than 3,200 pictures per second—an almost incredible number! Just think of it! It means that the film passes through the camera at the amazing speed of

## NEARLY TWO MILES A MINUTE!

That means that if the pictures were projected on the screen at the usual speed the action would be slowed down 200 times, and the incident which only took a second to perform, would take over three minutes to show!

There are only four cameras in existence which are capable of taking films at this speed. The British, French and Japanese governments own three of them, while the fourth is owned by the inventor, who is an American.

Here is a yarn which

## TAKES SOME SWALLOWING,

but which, I am informed, on good authority, is perfectly true. Would you believe that a shell-fish could eat a man? Nevertheless, a fellow I met who has been out in Malaysia was telling me that out there they have a giant clam which measures four feet across its shell. Often a native is careless enough to step within the open shells of these fish, and, when that happens, there is a snap—and that is the end of the native!

As a matter of fact, in a Paris Cathedral, there are preserved the shells of a giant clam which measure five feet across. The clam must have weighed somewhere about 700 pounds!

Do you know which is

## THE BIGGEST LIFT IN THE WORLD?

Tom Hunter, of Barnet, wants to know. Well, I should say that distinction belongs THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,205.

to the elevator at Peterborough in Canada. This is actually used for lifting ships. As you know, when ships have to be raised from a low section of a canal to a higher one, locks are generally used. But, to save time, the ship elevator was constructed. The ship floats into the elevator, then it and the water in which it floats are raised sixty-five feet, and the ship is then allowed to steam out into the higher section of the canal.

## WHERE IS ETHIOPIA?

Do you know? One of my Durham chums doesn't, so he asks me to tell him. Well, this is merely the proper name of Abyssinia. It is one of the oldest countries in the world, and its ruler claims to be a direct descendant of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. In Stanton Hope's splendid serial you will by now have learned some really startling things concerning this particular part of the world.

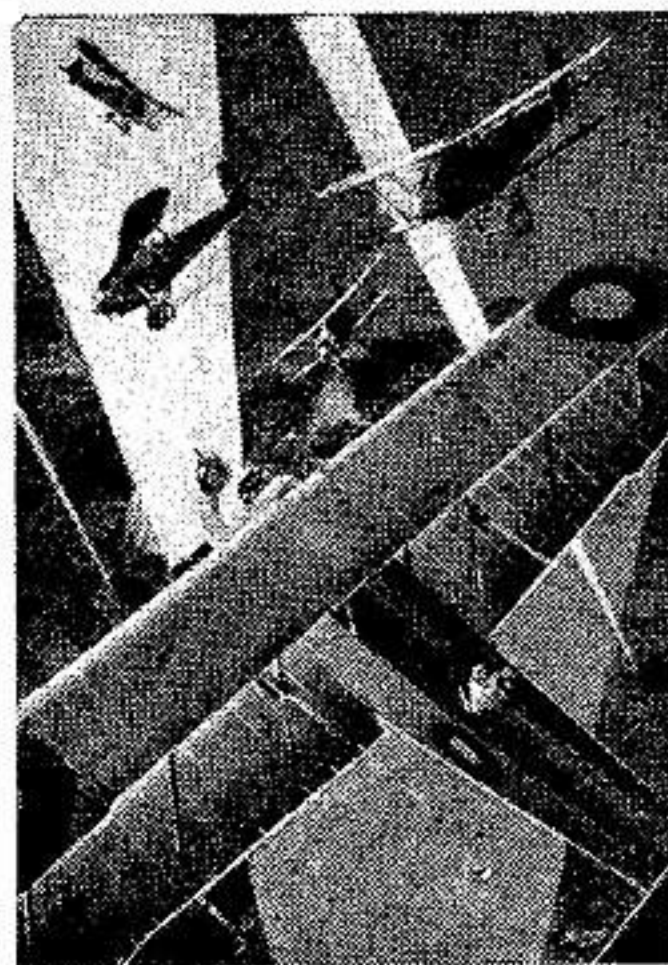
And now just a word about the

## MAMMOTH AEROPLANE PLATES

that are being Given Away Free with "The Ranger."

Once again this wonderful boys' coloured paper has made a big hit—another Free Gift! In this week's sparkling issue is presented Free a superb art plate, printed in three colours, showing a night bomber of the R.A.F. CAUGHT IN THE ACT whilst on an expedition over "enemy" territory.

A glance at this reproduction in miniature will show you what the plate looks like.



A Night Bomber CAUGHT IN THE ACT!

It's great! There's no other word for it, and you'll say the same as soon as you see it. Therefore take a tip from an old pal. If you want to get hold of a great Free Gift and a great paper, buy the "Ranger" to-day. FREE GIFT THRILLS! LAUGHTER COLOUR.

## HERE are a few RAPID-FIRE REPLIES

in answer to other questions which readers have asked me.

Posts in the post-office (H. T. of Harrow): Boys of 14 may enter the post-office service as boy messengers, and should be not less than 4ft. 8 ins. in height, physically fit, and of good education. No examination is required at first, but every half year there is an examination for boys who desire to get positions on the permanent staff. Full particulars of entry, promotions, etc., can be obtained from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington House, London, W.1.

How are tigers trapped? (A. G. of Dover): In India, leaves which are smeared over with a gummy substance are placed in the tiger's track. When the tiger treads on them he very soon finds himself in a mess, and the more he tries to get the leaves off, the more he sticks; while the sticky stuff gets into his eyes and partly blinds him. Then a net is thrown over him, and he is dragged off to a cage.

The highest railway bridge in the world (S. B., of Braintree): This is the Victoria Falls Bridge, which crosses the Zambesi river at a height of 420 feet. The C.P.R. bridge over the St. Lawrence river, in Canada, has the biggest single span in the world—1,800 feet!

Who invented the compass? (John M. of Manchester). It is said to have been invented by a Chinaman named Chou Kung, who, curiously enough, had a swivel wrist, on which he could turn his hand completely around.

I am afraid that is all the space I have to devote to replies this week. There is room, however, for a laughable yarn which earns a Topping Book for Edward Battersby, 73, Woone Lane, Clitheroe, Lancs.

Mother: "Well, Frederick, do you think your teacher likes you?"

Frederick: "I think so, mum. She always puts a big kiss against my sums!"

**N**OW let's have a peep at next week's programme.

The long complete Greyfriars yarn will hold your interest from beginning to end. It's entitled:

## "BILLY BUNTER'S BUNK!"

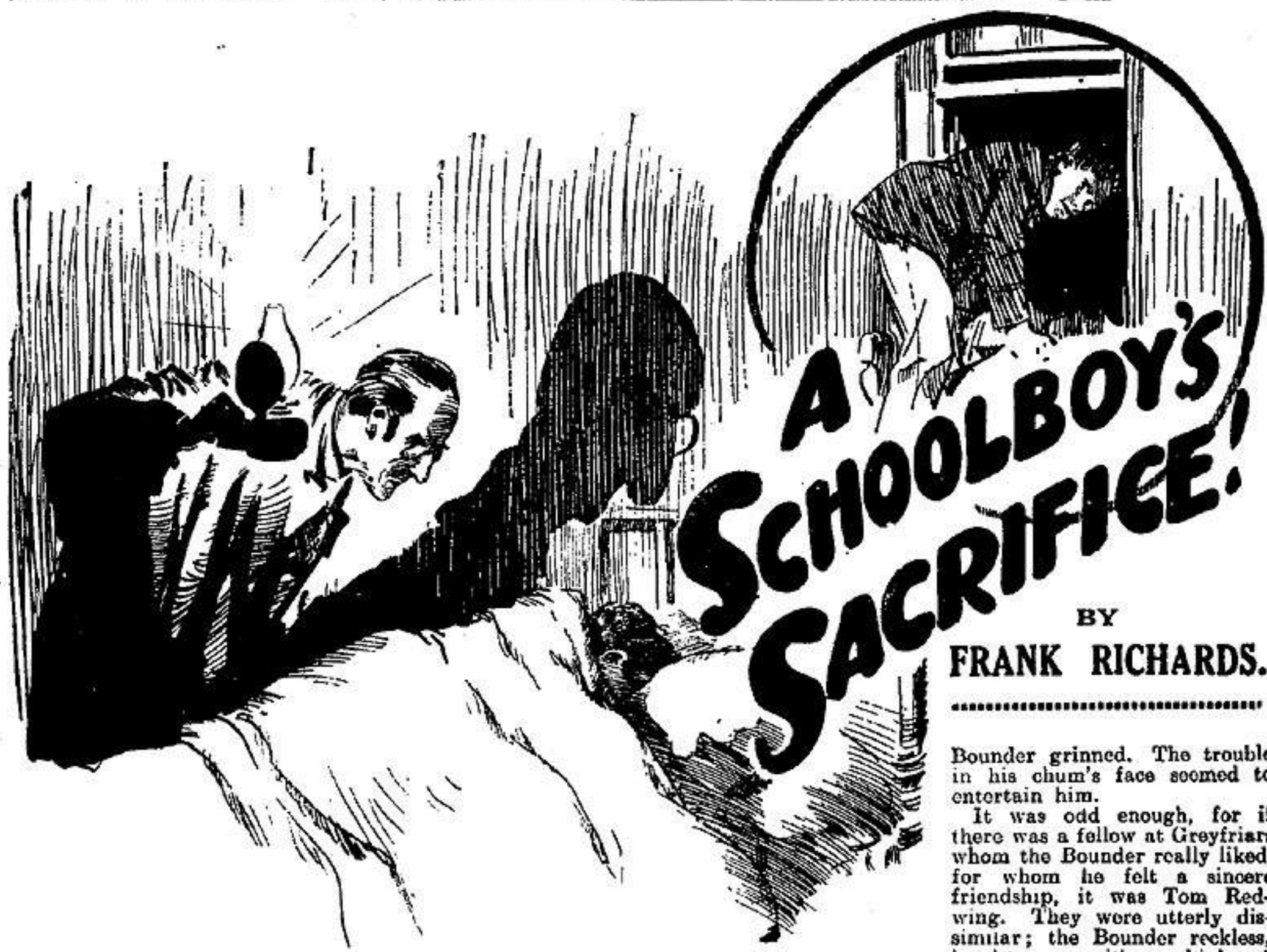
and Frank Richards has turned out a real tip-topper! Take my tip, chums, and don't miss it, for it is certainly one of the best tales of Harry Wharton & Co. this marvellous author has ever written.

Need I mention our serial again? I don't think so. If I'm any judge you've already made up your minds to read next week's instalment.

And, of course, there'll be another "Greyfriars Herald," to say nothing of "Old Ref," more jokes and limericks, and my own little page!

Adios, sonors!—as the Spaniards say—but only until next week!

YOUR EDITOR.



# A SCHOOLBOY'S SACRIFICE!

BY  
**FRANK RICHARDS.**

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### Redwing Says "No!"

**I**'M going!" Herbert Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars, snapped out the words in a tone of finality.

It was lock-up at Greyfriars, and fellows were in their studies at prep, or supposed to be at prep.

In Study No. 4 in the Remove, however, prep seemed to have been forgotten.

The Bounder was sitting, or rather sprawling, in the armchair, his hands in his pockets, his eyes fixed, with a mocking gleam in them on the face of his study-mate, Tom Redwing.

Redwing stood by the study table, his handsome, sunburnt face troubled and distressed.

It was not uncommon for Smithy to neglect prep, and "chance it" with Mr. Quelch in the morning. But it was very uncommon for Redwing to do so. Redwing was one of the few members of the Remove who realised that they were at Greyfriars to learn things.

But Redwing, as well as the Bounder, seemed to have forgotten prep now. His books lay unheeded on the table. His eyes were on the Bounder with a look that was half-angry and half-appealing.

"You can't go, Smithy. In fact, you shan't," he said.

"Can't I?" grinned the Bounder.

"You can't!"

Vernon-Smith shrugged his shoulders.

"I needn't speak of the rottenness of it," went on Redwing.

"I agree. You needn't."

"The Bounder laughed. "You'll be spotted." "I shan't be spotted!" "And it's the sack——" "Ever since I've been at Greyfriars," drawled the Bounder, "fellows have been wonderin' how long it would be before I was sacked. They haven't been gratified yet." "It's simply asking for it," said Redwing. "Breaking bounds after lights out is risky enough, but getting out in lock-up——" "Easy as fallin' off a form," yawned

**Tom Redwing would go through fire and water to save his wayward chum. Even the prospect of expulsion and disgrace does not deter him from trying to save the Bounder from the results of his latest folly!**

the Bounder. "Who's likely to miss a man from his study in lock-up?"

"There's a prefect on duty."

"Walker of the Sixth," smiled the Bounder. "Walker's likely to come nosin' round Lower Fourth studies—I don't think! More likely sittin' in a cosy corner readin' one of his yellow-backed novels."

"Quelch comes up sometimes."

"Not often. Besides, there's a master's meetin' this evenin'. Quelch will be waggin' his chin with the other old frumps."

Redwing stood silent, and the

Bounder grinned. The trouble in his chum's face seemed to entertain him.

It was odd enough, for if there was a fellow at Greyfriars whom the Bounder really liked, for whom he felt a sincere friendship, it was Tom Redwing. They were utterly dissimilar; the Bounder reckless, headstrong, with a kink of

blackguardism in his character; Redwing quiet, straightforward, simple, and kind. Redwing generally had a strong influence over his chum, and always for his good. Indeed, many Remove men believed that it was due to Redwing that Smithy had not been turned out of Greyfriars already. Certainly he had been within measurable distance of the "sack" more than once before Tom had come to Greyfriars, and certainly he had seemed a very different fellow since.

But that kink of blackguardism in Smithy seemed ineradicable.

Seldom, it was true, did Smithy kick over the traces now. But there were times when he did, and at such times his chum's influence over him faded away.

All through the Easter term, so far, Herbert Vernon-Smith had seemed very unlike the reckless fellow he had been when he had earned the nickname of the "Bounder of Greyfriars." Fellows had almost forgotten that Smithy had been the black sheep in the flock. Skinner and his shady set had given him up in despair. If Mr. Quelch, his Form master, sometimes turned a sharp eye on him, it was not so sharp as of old. But it was like Smithy to tire of playing a straight game.

Sooner or later he was bound to break out again, as Tom knew by experience. Now he was breaking out once more.

In Smithy's present mood it was not much use to make an appeal to his better nature. Tom knew that. But in speaking of the risk, he had touched the wrong chord.

It was the risk, as much as anything

else, that stirred the Bounder. The risk, the excitement, the dangerous game of dodging detection and fooling authority appealed to the Bounder probably more than the dingy black-guardism of his associates outside the school. The Bounder seemed unable to live for long without the excitement of lawless ways.

He grinned across the table at Redwing, and waited for him to speak again. But Tom did not speak.

Smithy yawned and rose from the armchair. He looked at his watch.

"Time I was movin'!" he remarked.

"You're not going, Smithy!"

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said the Bounder. "I've told you I'm goin', and you know that I'm a fellow of my word. I've promised Hawke, too."

"That swindling blackguard at the Cross Keys?"

The Bounder chuckled.

"You seem to know him," he remarked.

"I can't understand you, Smithy," said Redwing. "What attraction can there possibly be?"

"You wouldn't understand," yawned the Bounder. "I suppose you've never gambled in your life, old bean?"

"Never!"

"If you'd like to make a beginnin', come along! A new experience is always worth while," grinned the Bounder.

Redwing's brow darkened.

"Anyhow, I'm goin'," said Vernon-Smith. "You'd better get to prep. You don't want to get landed with our dear old Beak in the mornin'. I'll leave you to the joys of Virgil—if any. You're welcome to 'em!"

Tom Redwing breathed hard. He stepped to the study door, and put his back against it.

Vernon-Smith came to a stop, staring at him in angry surprise.

"What does that mean, Redwing?" he asked.

"It means that you're not going, Smithy," said Tom Redwing quietly. "If you haven't sense enough to take care of yourself, I'm going to take care of you."

"You're going to try to stop me?" exclaimed the Bounder, his eyes blazing.

"You—you fool! Do you think you can get away with that?"

"I'm going to try."

There was a minute of silence in Study No. 4. The Bounder stared at Redwing as if he could hardly believe his eyes. The rage that flushed in his hard face was not pleasant to see. The mere suggestion of control was enough to enrage the headstrong Bounder.

"You—you fool!" he panted, at last. "Are you off your rocker? Do you think you can dictate to me?"

"I think I can save you from making a fool of yourself, Smithy," answered Tom quietly. "I've never set up in judgment on you. I know your training has been different from mine."

"I haven't had the advantage of bein' brought up in a fisherman's cabin, among longshoremen and boozy seamen!" sneered the Bounder.

Redwing coloured.

"You might have left that out, Smithy. But never mind. At least, I learned to play a straight game among the longshoremen and the seamen. I've said that I'm not judging you. I've known for a long time that if we're to remain friends, I've got to let you go your own way. But—"

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"We're not likely to remain friends, if you can't learn to mind your own business!" snarled the Bounder. "Get out of the way, you fathead!"

Tom Redwing did not stir.

"You won't?" roared the Bounder.

"No, old chap. You're not going to ask for the sack if I can help it," answered Redwing steadily.

"You—you meddlin' fool!" The Bounder's eyes were in a blaze. "Get aside! Do you hear me? Get aside!"

Still the sailorman's son did not stir. Vernon-Smith came closer to him, his hands clenched, trembling with rage. The Bounder had quite lost control of his temper now.

"Will you let me pass?"

"No!"

"I give you one more chance," said the Bounder in a choking voice. "If you don't shift, you interferin' fool, I'll shift you fast enough! Will you let me pass?"

"No!"

The Bounder said no more; he came on with his hands up, hitting out furiously. Tom Redwing's hands shot up in defence, but defence was not easy against the Bounder's fierce attack. Twice, thrice the fierce blows came home, and Redwing staggered against the study door. And then a blaze of anger came into Redwing's eyes, and he struck in return—and struck hard. A moment more and the two juniors in Study No. 4 were fighting furiously.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Stopping a Scrap!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

Billy Bunter put a grinning face into Study No. 1 in the Remove. Harry Wharton did not look up, but Frank Nugent waved an impatient pen at the Owl of the Remove.

"Prep, fathead!" he said.

"But, I say—"

"Inde toro pater Æneas—" said Nugent.

"Wha-a-at?"

"Sio orsus ab alto—" continued Nugent.

"You silly ass!" hooted Bunter.

"Infandum, regina—" went on Nugent cheerily.

"Cheese it!" howled Bunter. "I say, you fellows, chuck that rot! I say, there's a scrap—"

"What silly ass is scrapping in prep?" exclaimed Harry Wharton. He looked up from P. Vergilius Maro at that news.

"Redwing and Smithy!" chuckled Bunter.

"What?"

"They're going it!" chortled the Owl of the Remove. "I say, you fellows, you can hear them from here if you come to the door! I say, they're scrapping like anything! He, he, he!"

Harry Wharton jumped up. Rows in the Remove studies were not uncommon, but it was rather uncommon for them to take place during prep. And it was very uncommon indeed for Redwing to be mixed up in a scrap.

"My only hat!" ejaculated Nugent, jumping up also. "What on earth are they scrapping in Study No. 4 for? Are you gammoning, Bunter?"

"Oh, really, Nugent! You can hear them from here."

Now that the study door was open sounds of disturbance could be heard from farther up the Remove passage. Harry Wharton compressed his lips and stepped towards the doorway. If Redwing was scrapping with the Bounder

he did not need to inquire who was to blame. Redwing, it was quite certain, would not have quarrelled with his chum if he could have helped it. The captain of the Remove hurried up the passage, Nugent following him.

Redwing's friendship with the Bounder had been a very chequered one. But, though there had been trouble a good many times, it had not come to scrapping before. Wharton hoped that there was a chance for a peacemaker to intervene.

He threw open the door of Study No. 4.

Tramp, tramp, tramp!

"I say, you fellows! They're going it!" chuckled Billy Bunter. Bunter apparently found it entertaining.

Undoubtedly the two juniors in Study No. 4 were "going it." The study echoed to trampling and scuffling and panting breath.

Wharton stared in at the excited combatants.

"Chuck that!" he exclaimed. "Stop it, you duffers! Have a little sense!"

"Smithy!" exclaimed Nugent. "Redwing! Chuck it, you duffers!"

Redwing, it was clear at a glance, was seeking chiefly to defend. But he had to hit out in defence, and there was plenty of beef in his hitting. The sailorman's son was strong and sturdy, indeed, there was little doubt that he was more than a match for the angry Bounder had he chosen to exert himself for victory. He did not choose. A victory in a fight with his chum would have counted as worse than a defeat with Redwing.

"Will you stop it?" shouted Wharton.

Redwing backed away from his adversary; but the Bounder followed him up, hitting fiercely. Evidently Herbert Vernon-Smith was in an uncontrollable rage.

Wharton wasted no more time in words; he strode into the study, grasped the Bounder by the shoulders, and dragged him back by main force.

Redwing dropped his hands instantly, and stood panting for breath. His face was flushed crimson, and there were several marks on it where the Bounder's hard knuckles had landed.

"Let go, you fool!" roared the Bounder, struggling in the grasp of the captain of the Remove. "Mind your own business!"

"Keep cool, Smithy!"

"Let go, hang you!"

"What are you scrapping with Redwing for, you ass?"

"Find out! Let go, or I'll knock you spinning!" yelled Vernon-Smith.

Wharton's eyes glinted.

"Better not!" he said grimly.

"Smithy, old man—" urged Nugent.

But the enraged Bounder was deaf to reasoning. He wrenched savagely, but failed to tear himself loose; and then he turned on the captain of the Remove like a tiger, with smashing blows.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Wharton.

With a swing of his arms he sent the Bounder crashing into a corner of the study. Vernon-Smith sprawled there, panting.

There was a trampling of feet in the Remove passage. Billy Bunter had spread the news of the scrap along the studies.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" Bob Cherry stared into Study No. 4. "What's the jolly old trouble?"

"Who's scrapping?" exclaimed Johnny Bull.

"That fool Smithy!" panted Wharton. "He seems to have gone off his rocker! Keep quiet, you ass!" he added, as Smithy staggered to his feet.

The Bounder's eyes blazed at him.

"Get out of my study!" he roared.  
 "Rats!"  
 "Redwing, you rotter, if you're going to hide behind Wharton—" shouted the Bounder.  
 "Oh, shut up, you rotter!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, in disgust. "Redwing could make rings round you if he liked! Blessed if I know why he hasn't licked you a dozen times! You've asked for it!"

"The askfulness has been terrific, my esteemed Smithy," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "Keep your absurd temper."

Can't you let two men fight it out without buttin' in?"

Skinner was looking quite bucked. A scrap in Study No. 4 looked as if the Bounder's friendship with Redwing had come to an end after many vicissitudes. And if that was the case there was a happy prospect that the Bounder would come back to the fold, as it were. Skinner & Co. were more than ready to welcome him back into their shady circle.

"Skinner, old bean, you've got too much to say," said Bob Cherry. "Hadn't you better get back to your prep?"

"Is the jolly old circus over?" he inquired.

"Yes," said Redwing. "It's all right! Nothing for you fellows to bother about, really."

"But what's the trouble?"  
 "Oh, nothing much!"

The Bounder laughed scoffingly. "You can know what the trouble is, if you like," he exclaimed. "Redwing doesn't choose to mind his own business. He's taken it on himself to dictate to me. And if he doesn't chuck it this scrap is goin' on."

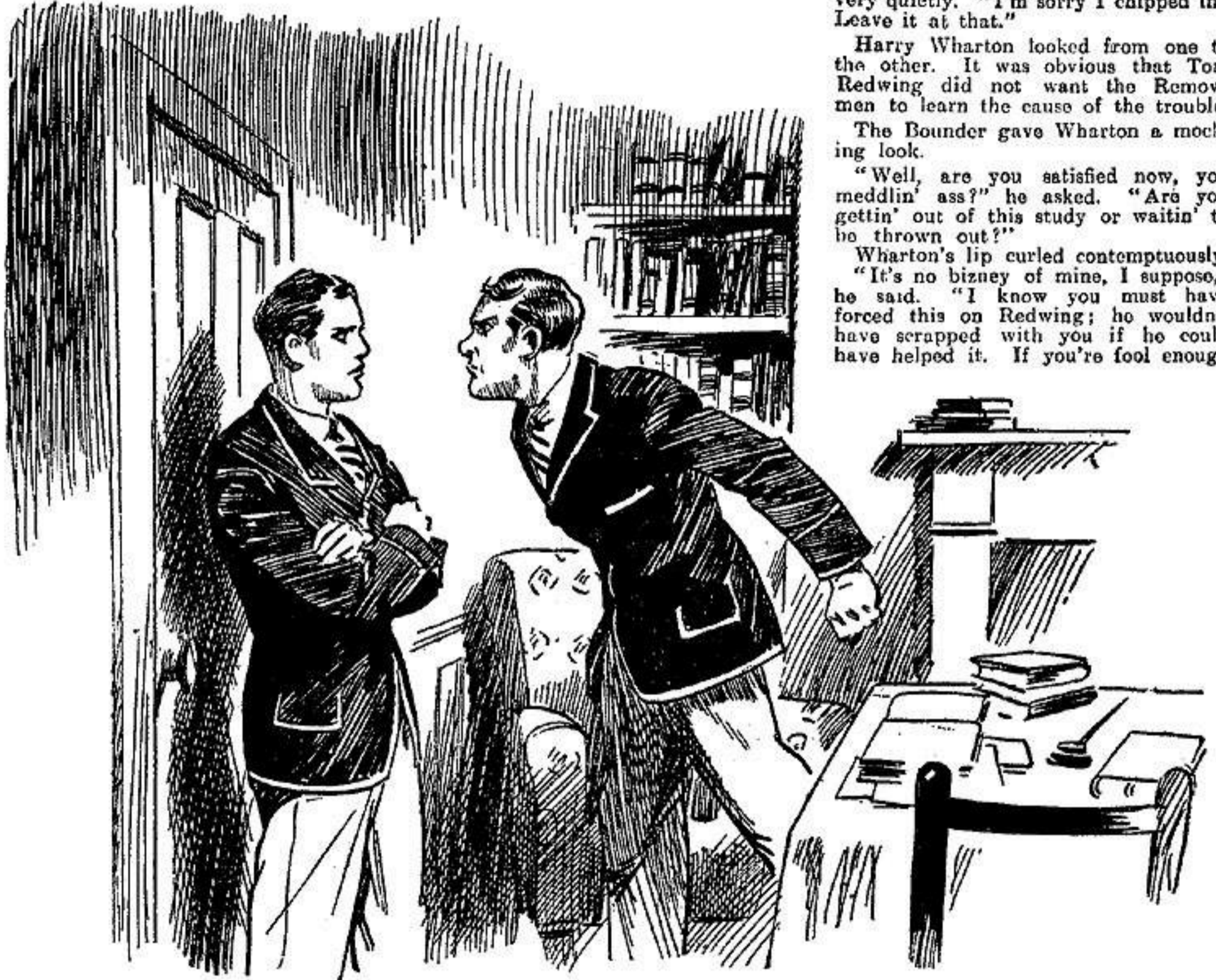
Redwing gave him a quiet look. "I've chucked it, Smithy!" he said very quietly. "I'm sorry I chipped in! Leave it at that."

Harry Wharton looked from one to the other. It was obvious that Tom Redwing did not want the Remove men to learn the cause of the trouble.

The Bounder gave Wharton a mocking look.

"Well, are you satisfied now, you meddlin' ass?" he asked. "Are you gettin' out of this study or waitin' to be thrown out?"

Wharton's lip curled contemptuously. "It's no bizney of mine, I suppose," he said. "I know you must have forced this on Redwing; he wouldn't have scrapped with you if he could have helped it. If you're fool enough



Tom Redwing stepped to the study door and put his back against it. "You're not going, Smithy," he said. "If you haven't the sense to take care of yourself, I'm going to take care of you!"

The flush died out of Redwing's face. "You fellows needn't chip in," he said quietly. "I—I'd rather you didn't chip in, you men. It—it's all over now; it was my fault as much as Smithy's; and it's done now, anyhow!"

"What's it all about?" demanded Peter Todd.

Redwing did not answer that question. The Bounder fixed his eyes savagely on Wharton.

"Are you clearing off? Redwing told you he doesn't want you to meddle! Get out!"

Harry Wharton set his lips. He was powerfully inclined to deal with the Bounder himself.

"No bizney of yours, Wharton," drawled Skinner from the passage.

"You shut up, Skinner!"

"My dear man," said Skinner, "I know you're a whale on duty; but I've never heard that it was a Form captain's duty to interfere in a scrap.

"I'll please myself about that!" snapped Skinner

"That's your little mistake," said Bob affably. "My idea is that you'd better get back to prep, and I'm going to help you along."

"Look here, you bullyin' rotter—Yaroooooh!" roared Skinner, as Bob helped him along the passage. There was a chuckle from the other fellows.

Nobody sympathised with Skinner's amiable desire to make bad worse. Harold Skinner went into his own study headlong, and landed there in a heap, yelling.

"Now, if you want some more, old bean, come out and ask for it again!" said Bob cheerily, and he walked back to Study No. 4.

Skinner apparently did not want any more. He remained in his own study. Bob Cherry looked into Study No. 4 again.

to quarrel with the only man in the Remove who will put up with your rotten temper, you must go your own way."

"I don't remember askin' you for a sermon."

"Look here, you cheeky outsider—"

"Oh, shut up, and get out!"

Harry Wharton turned on the Bounder, with his hands clonched and a flash in his eyes. His own temper was rising fast.

Redwing caught his arm.

"For goodness' sake, chuck it, Wharton! Don't let's have any more scrapping. Leave it alone, there's a good chap."

Wharton drew a deep breath.

"Very well," he said curtly, and he walked out of the study. And the Remove fellows went back to prep.

## THE THIRD CHAPTER.

## A Narrow Escape!

**H**ERBERT VERNON-SMITH stood in Study No. 4, breathing hard and deep. The scrap had been brief, but it had been fast and furious.

For some minutes the Bounder stood, silent, save for his hurried breathing. Then he stepped to the glass and set his collar and tie straight and brushed his ruffled hair. Redwing had sat down at the table and drawn his books towards him. His face was a little pale, and had a set expression, and he took no further heed of the Bounder.

Smithy glanced at him once or twice, but he did not look up.

The Bounder crossed to the door at last.

"Well, I'm gon'!" he said mockingly.

Redwing did not turn his head. Evidently he had no intention of interfering further with the Bounder's freedom of action.

"Deaf?" sneered the Bounder.

Redwing looked round then.

"I'm not stopping you, Smithy," he said quietly. "I've done my best, and it's come to scrapping! I never thought that it would come to that in this study."

"You thought I was goin' to let you dictate to me?" sneered the Bounder.

"I didn't look at it like that." Redwing's voice was low. "But perhaps I was wrong. Anyhow, I never meant it to come to scrapping. I'm sorry it came to that. There's no need to say any more; I'm not interfering with you any further."

"Not now you've found that you

can't get away with it!" jeered the Bounder.

Redwing gave him an icy look, and turned to his books again. The Bounder watched him for a few moments with sardonic curiosity and then turned the handle of the door.

Redwing did not move. The Bounder stepped out into the Remove passage and closed the door behind him.

Vernon-Smith lounged along the passage towards the box-room stairs at the end. His determination to break bounds during lock-up was unchanged, or rather, it was more firmly fixed than ever. Redwing was his friend—his only friend; but the Bounder was not the man to accept control from friend or foe.

At the bottom of his heart he knew that it was for his sake, from concern for his safety, that Redwing had intervened. But in his present mood Smithy did not choose to think of that. What he had said he would do, he was going to do! Careless, for the time at least, of what it might cost him.

The danger was very real, little as the Bounder cared for it in his reckless mood. It was not likely, perhaps, that the prefect on duty would look into the Lower Fourth studies during lock-up, but it might happen. Walker of the Sixth was not a very zealous prefect, still, the Bounder was taking a big chance.

And if he was discovered out of bounds it meant at least a flogging! It was more likely to mean the sack, for Smithy's recent good record had by no means blotted out the memory of his past misdoings. Mr. Quelch had been glad to see an apparent improvement in that most trouble-

some member of his Form; but if Smithy was caught "blagging," the Remove master was only too likely to look on his recent good behaviour as camouflage. The chopper would come down, and it would come down hard!

Careless of such considerations, bent only on following his own wilful way, Smithy lounged along the passage. To get out of the box-room window to the leads and reach the ground was easy; to return the same way equally easy, provided that his absence was not discovered.

Lord Mauleverer was loafing in the doorway of Study No. 12 as the Bounder passed, and he glanced at him rather curiously. His lazy lordship was tired of prep.

"Smithy, old bean," murmured Mauly.

The Bounder looked at him.

"Well, what?"

"Not goin' out in lock-up?"

"Why not?"

"Lots of reasons why not," drawled Mauly. "It's against the rules, for one thing."

"Go hon!" said the Bounder sarcastically.

"It's rather sneakin' and shady for another."

"Thanks! I've had that from Redwing."

"I dare say," agreed his lordship, with a nod. He glanced past the Bounder towards the staircase at the other end of the passage, and smiled faintly as he looked at the scapegrace of the Remove again. "But there's still another reason, Smithy—an awfully good reason."

"Give it a name," sneered the Bounder.

"Walker!" said Lord Mauleverer.

The Bounder stared at him.

"What about Walker, you ass?"

"He's comin' up the Remove staircase."

"Wha-a-at!"

The Bounder spun round like a top. He caught his breath as he stared along the passage.

The head and shoulders of James Walker of the Sixth Form were in full view across the Remove landing. Walker of the Sixth was coming up the Remove staircase!

The Bounder's heart almost missed a beat.

"Oh gad!" he muttered.

Lord Mauleverer grinned.

"Isn't that a jolly good reason, Smithy?" he asked, and the Bounder had to admit that it was!

Walker's eyes were already upon him. The Sixth Form prefect came along the Remove passage.

Vernon-Smith breathed hard. For once, evidently, Walker of the Sixth was giving some attention to his prefectorial duties. Generally when Walker was on such duty he was deep in a yellow-backed novel, and the juniors had little to fear from him.

Perhaps James Walker had come to the end of his yellow-back on this occasion, and found time to give a little attention to his duty as a prefect. Anyhow, there he was; and the Bounder realised that only Redwing's intervention had saved him.

But for the delay, and the scrap in Study No. 4, Vernon-Smith would have been far away from the school by this time.

Walker came up with a frowning brow.

"What are you doing out of your study in lock-up, Vernon-Smith?" he demanded.

The Bounder, for a second, had been quite confounded by the sudden sight

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of the prefect, and the realisation of his narrow escape. But in a moment he recovered himself.

"Redwing's using my Latin dic.," he explained. "I came along to borrow Mauly's, if he's done with it."

Walker gave him a suspicious look. "Well, get it, and get back to your study," he said.

"You'll lend me that dic., Mauly?" asked the Bounder blandly.

There was a glimmer of contempt in Lor-i Maulverer's eyes. Not to save himself from a licking, or anything else, would Mauly have descended to falsehood. The ready lie that leaped to the Bounder's lips would never have occurred to Maulverer. But Mauly was not the man to let a Form-fellow down.

"Oh, yaas," he answered carelessly. "It's here somewhere. Vivian, where's that Latin dic.? Oh, here it is, Smithy!"

"Thanks, old bean!" And, taking the dictionary—that he certainly did not want, or intend to use—Herbert Vernon-Smith walked back along the passage to his own study. Walker's eye followed him suspiciously, but there was no more to be said on the subject. Smithy's explanation had been plausible enough.

The Bounder went into Study No. 4 and slammed the door after him savagely. He had had a narrow escape, and he was glad that he had escaped, but his intended excursion out of bounds had to be dropped. It was impossible now, with the prefect's eye on him.

He flung Mauly's dictionary on the study table with a bang and threw himself angrily into a chair.

He expected Redwing to show surprise and relief at his return. But Redwing did not lift his eyes from his work.

The Bounder watched his bent face for a few minutes in angry, moody silence. It was Smithy who spoke at last.

"I'm back, you see."

"I see!" answered Redwing.

"Aren't you surprised?" sneered the Bounder. "That cad Walker's on the watch! Hang him! He doesn't give us a look-in once in a dozen times. The interferin' cad!"

He laughed scoffingly, as Redwing did not speak.

"Why didn't you tell me I've had a lucky escape, and that it's all due to your meddlin'?" he jeered.

"You know that, without my telling you."

"Still, it's a chance to rub it in," sneered Vernon-Smith.

Redwing did not answer that.

"All the same, I'm goin'!" said the Bounder, between his teeth. "It's too risky to-night. I could see that the Sixth Form cad was suspicious. But I'm goin'."

He gave his study-mate an aggressive stare. But Redwing did not heed it. He kept on quietly and steadily at his work, and the Bounder, at last, with an angry grunt, drew his books towards him and gave a little attention to prep.

**THE FOURTH CHAPTER.**  
**Breakers of Bounds!**

**W**INGATE of the Sixth looked into the Rag. There was a buzz of voices in that apartment, which was crowded after prep by juniors of the Remove and the Fourth. Harry Wharton & Co., standing in a cheery group by the fire, were talking football, with several

other fellows—Toddy and Squiff, and Tom Brown, and Mark Linley.

One of the biggest fixtures of the season was at hand, and it was a topic of deep interest to the footballing fraternity in the Greyfriars Remove. The Bounder, who was a great man at games, would have been more than welcome in that group, but Smithy was at a little distance, chatting in undertones with Skinner and Snoop.

**A POCKET KNIFE**  
is  
**ALWAYS HANDY!**

Well, CRACK A JOKE and win one like Frank Ashurst, of 8, Grove Street, Worsboro' Dale, near Barnsley, who sent in the following ribtickler.



The skipper of the Mudeea Rovers was interrogating a prospective recruit.

"So you want to play in our team?" he asked. "Are you any good as a goalie?"

"Oh, I'm passable," was the modest reply.

"Then you won't do," snapped the skipper. "We want someone who is not passable!"

Tom Redwing was not, as usual, with his chum. On the occasions when Smithy sought Skinner's society, Redwing let him go. He had no use for Skinner himself. Redwing was reading, but some fellows who glanced at him, mindful of his recent trouble with the Bounder, noticed that he did not turn the pages of his book. Temple, Dabney & Co., of the Fourth Form, were grouped near the Famous Five, and they were talking in low tones, occasionally glancing at the Remove fellows, with nods and grins to one another. Had the heroes of the Remove observed them, they might have guessed that there was something "on" among the Fourth-Formers. But they were too deep in football to have any attention to waste on Cecil Reginald Temple and his friends.

But the cheery buzz of voices ceased and there was a general move, as the Greyfriars captain appeared in the doorway. It was half-past nine, which was bed-time for the Lower Fourth.

As the Remove marched to their dormitory the Bounder went with Skinner and Snoop. He seemed forgetful of the existence of his own chum. Redwing, as a matter of fact, appeared equally forgetful, for he did not approach Vernon-Smith, and in the dormitory he neither glanced at him nor spoke to him. Wingate left the juniors to turn in, and the Bounder, as he sat on his bed to kick off his boots, glanced at Redwing with a sardonic

expression. But he did not speak to him. When he spoke it was to Skinner.

"Make it eleven, then, Skinner!" he said, evidently referring to what they had been discussing in the Rag.

Skinner frowned uneasily.

"All right; don't yell," he said.

The dormitory door was open and Wingate might have looked in at any moment. Skinner, in all probability, was a worse fellow than the Bounder, but he lacked his nerve and his recklessness.

Wharton glanced at the two and compressed his lips. He was about to speak, but checked himself. There was a fat giggle from Billy Bunter.

"I say, you fellows, Smithy's going out on the tiles! He, he, he!"

"Shut up, you fat ass!" said Skinner, with an uneasy glance at the door.

"He, he, he! If Wingate knew—"

"Cheese it, Bunter!" said Vernon-Smith.

He made a motion with a boot he had taken off, and Bunter, after a blink at him through his big spectacles, "cheesed" it.

The Removites turned in, and the Greyfriars captain came back to turn out the light. His glance rested for a moment on two on Herbert Vernon-Smith, and some of the fellows noticed it. The Bounder noticed it, too, and he wondered for a moment whether Walker had said anything to the head-prefect. It made no difference to the Bounder's intentions, however.

"Good-night!" said Wingate.

He turned off the light.

"Good-night, Wingate!"

The door closed behind the captain of Greyfriars. His footsteps died away down the passage.

Then the Bounder's voice was heard.

"You needn't trouble to keep awake, Skinner, old bean. I'll call you, if you like."

"All right!" muttered Skinner.

Skinner would have preferred to keep these little matters dark, even from other members of the Remove. He wondered irritably why the Bounder persisted in shouting it out from the house-tops, as it were.

"Does that mean that you're breaking bounds to-night, Smithy?" asked Harry Wharton quietly.

"Suppose it does?" sneered the Bounder. "Nothin' to do with you, I imagine."

"You'd better think twice. I believe that Wingate has an eye on you."

"Wingate can go and eat coke!"

"Serve you jolly well right if he spots you," growled Johnny Bull. "It's a queer thing that you can't keep decent for long, Smithy."

"Yes, isn't it?" yawned the Bounder, and some of the fellows laughed.

"The decentfulness of the esteemed Smithy is not terrific," remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "You will bag the esteemed bunkfulness soonfully or latefully, my absurd Smithy."

"The sooner the better!" granted Johnny Bull. "I think you ought to be jolly well ashamed of yourself, Smithy."

"So glad to hear your opinion," remarked the Bounder.

Redwing did not speak, rather to the surprise of the other fellows. It was no secret in the Remove that he was hurt and distressed by his chum's outbreaks of shady blackguardism. The Bounder, probably, expected him to speak. As a matter of fact, he was only speaking with the object of "drawing" Redwing. But he failed to "draw" the sailorman's son. Redwing

was silent, and apparently already asleep.

"I say, you fellows, that's what they were scrapping about," chortled Billy Bunter. "Smithy was going out in lock-up, and Redwing stopped him. He, he, he!"

"So that was it, was it?" grunted Bob Cherry.

"That was it," said the Bounder, airily.

"Well, I wish Reddy had given you the licking you were asking for, you shady sweep!" said Bob.

"Thanks! It's 'rightfully kind of you to take this interest in a fellow," said the Bounder. "Well, I couldn't get out in lock-up, but it wasn't Redwing that stopped me, I can assure you. It was that ass Walker buttin' in. Still, better late than never. I'll call you at eleven, Skinner."

"Yes, do dry up, old man," mumbled Skinner.

The Bounder laughed, and laid his head on the pillow. His sardonic mood urged him to taunt Redwing, by telling the whole Form of what he intended to do that night. But as Redwing refused to be drawn, he gave it up.

It was not long before the Lower Fourth were asleep, with the exception of the Bounder. Smithy did not sleep.

But if he was thinking, as he lay wakeful in the darkness of the dormitory, it was not of his ingratitude and unkindness towards his chum. His resentment had by no means died away. Redwing had attempted to control his actions, an attempt that roused the most bitter and passionate anger in Vernon-Smith's breast.

If he had been tempted to give up the excursion out of bounds, he would not have given it up now. Neither friend nor foe should be allowed to dictate to the headstrong Bounder. If the still, small voice of conscience tried to make itself heard, the Bounder stifled it. He was going to show the Remove men, and especially Redwing, that he would do exactly as he thought fit.

And—little as Tom Redwing could have understood it—the dingy back parlour at the Cross Keys, the atmosphere of smoke, the talk of "gee-ges," the gleaming cards and clinking money on the table, had an irresistible attraction for the fellow in whose character there was an ineradicable kink of blackguardism.

At the first stroke of eleven from the clock-tower, Vernon-Smith turned out of bed.

He shook Skinner by the shoulder.

"Time!" he murmured.

Skinner sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"Right-ho! Don't make a row."

Skinner turned out of bed, and the two young rascals dressed in the dark. There was no sound from the other beds, save the steady breathing of sleepers, and the deep and resonant snore of Billy Bunter.

"Ready?" asked the Bounder.

"Yes; don't shout," muttered Skinner.

"Don't be a funky ass!" grunted Vernon-Smith. "You're as nervous as a cat."

"Well, don't make a row."

"Rats!"

The Bounder walked across to the door carelessly. Skinner followed him on tiptoe.

"Smithy!"

It was a quiet voice, but it made Skinner jump, as it came suddenly in the silence and darkness. He caught his breath.

"Redwing's awake!" he muttered.

The Bounder laughed.

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"Smithy!" Tom Redwing sat up in bed. He peered across at the two dim figures in the faint starlight that came in at the high windows of the dormitory.

"Smithy! Are you going?"

"You know I am," answered the Bounder, coolly. He did not take the trouble to subdue his voice, and Skinner shivered uneasily.

"Won't you chuck it, Smithy, old man?" asked Tom. "Apart from the risk, never mind that!—you're doing a rotten, disgraceful thing—"

"Is that firstly?" asked the Bounder, mockingly. "If there's any more, get on with it quick. I'm afraid I can't wait for the seventhly."

There was a faint chuckle from Skinner at that. For nearly a whole term, Skinner had hoped to see a break in the friendship in Study No. 4, and had done his amiable best to bring it about. He had had no luck, but evidently it had come now, without his help.

"I haven't much to say, Smithy," said Redwing in the same quiet tone. "I tried to stop you this evening; I'm trying to stop you now—"

"You'll have no better luck now than then. Why not mind your own bizney?" sneered the Bounder.

"I'm going to—after this, I shan't interfere with you again, Smithy—or speak to you at all, if you don't chuck this."

"Get on with it!" said the Bounder.

Redwing drew a hard breath.

"Very well. If you mean that, Smithy, there's nothing more to be said. I'm done!"

He laid his head on his pillow again. Skinner touched the Bounder's arm.

"Come on," he whispered.

For a moment or two, the Bounder did not stir, save to shake off Harold Skinner's hand impatiently. There was a doubt in his mind—a twinge of remorse in his heart. He was giving up a friendship that he valued more than anything else—he knew that quite clearly. And for what was he wounding and alienating his best and only friend? The game was not worth the candle, and he knew that it was not. For that moment the Bounder of Greyfriars hesitated.

But it was only for a moment. The next, he was moving towards the door again, with Skinner at his heels.

The door opened softly, it closed again as softly. The two young rascals, on tiptoe, crept away down the passage.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### A Meeting in the Dark I

"KEEP quiet, you men!" said Cecil Reginald Temple.

"Oh, rather!" murmured Dabney.

The Fourth Form fellows were, as a matter of fact, keeping quiet. But Cecil Reginald Temple was leader, and it was for a leader to give directions. So Cecil Reginald gave directions.

"Don't make a row!" he added.

"Who's making a row?" inquired Fry of the Fourth.

"Shut up, Fry."

"Look here, Temple—"

"I said shut up."

Edward Fry breathed hard, and shut up. Temple of the Fourth, outside the door of his dormitory, listened, with intent ears, but there was no sound from the silent House. At eleven o'clock most of Greyfriars had gone to bed. Some of the masters and a few of the Sixth might be still up, but that was all.

"All serene!" said Temple, at last. "Come on! Not a sound till we get to the Remove dorm. Then let them have it!"

"What-ho!" murmured Scott.

"Don't make a row, Scott!"

"You ass, Temple—"

"Shut up!"

Scott, like Fry, breathed hard and shut up. Cecil Reginald led the way along the landing. After him went a dozen Fourth Form men, with pillows or bolsters in their grasp.

It was a dormitory raid—the Greyfriars Fourth were on the warpath. Cecil Reginald Temple had been planning that raid for some time. It was Temple's opinion, and all the Fourth agreed, that the Remove were too cheeky; that they had no proper respect for their elders and betters, and that a thumping good licking all round would do the Remove worlds of good. That licking all round, Temple had determined to give them, before Greyfriars broke up for the Easter holidays. And now he was going to do it.

Astutely, Temple had left it till a rather late hour of the night. At eleven o'clock the Removites were certain to be fast asleep, dreaming of anything but dormitory raids. They would be taken entirely by surprise. They would be mopped up right and left; pillowed and bolstered and knocked into a cocked hat, and left for dead, as it were, while the victorious Fourth retreated in triumph to their own quarters. It would be a complete and easy victory over the rival Form, and Temple rather liked the idea of that easy victory. He liked it better than the idea of tackling the Remove when those warlike juniors were wakeful and on their guard. There were a good many hard hitters in the Remove, and really, an attack to be successful had to be a surprise attack.

Treading softly, Temple & Co. moved along in the black shadows and reached the landing.

Across the landing opened the passage to the Remove dormitory. There was a glimmer of starlight from high windows, but that was all. Lights were long out in that part of the House.

"Stop!" whispered Temple.

The raiders halted.

Temple peered along the shadowy passage that led to the door of the Remove dormitory. It was dark, deserted, silent.

"All clear!" said Temple.

"Oh, come on!" said Fry.

"Shut up, Fry!"

"If we're going to hang about—"

muttered Wilkinson.

"Shut up, Wilkinson!"

"Look here, Temple—"

Cecil Reginald was nothing if not a leader. If some of his followers were feeling a strong inclination to punch his head, that did not matter to Temple—so long as they did not punch it, of course.

"All's clear," repeated Temple, having reduced his followers to silence. "Now, don't make a row! Not a sound! We've got to take the young sweeps by surprise. We get into their dorm, and shut the door after us—we don't want any Beaks to hear! Then we let them have it, hot and strong."

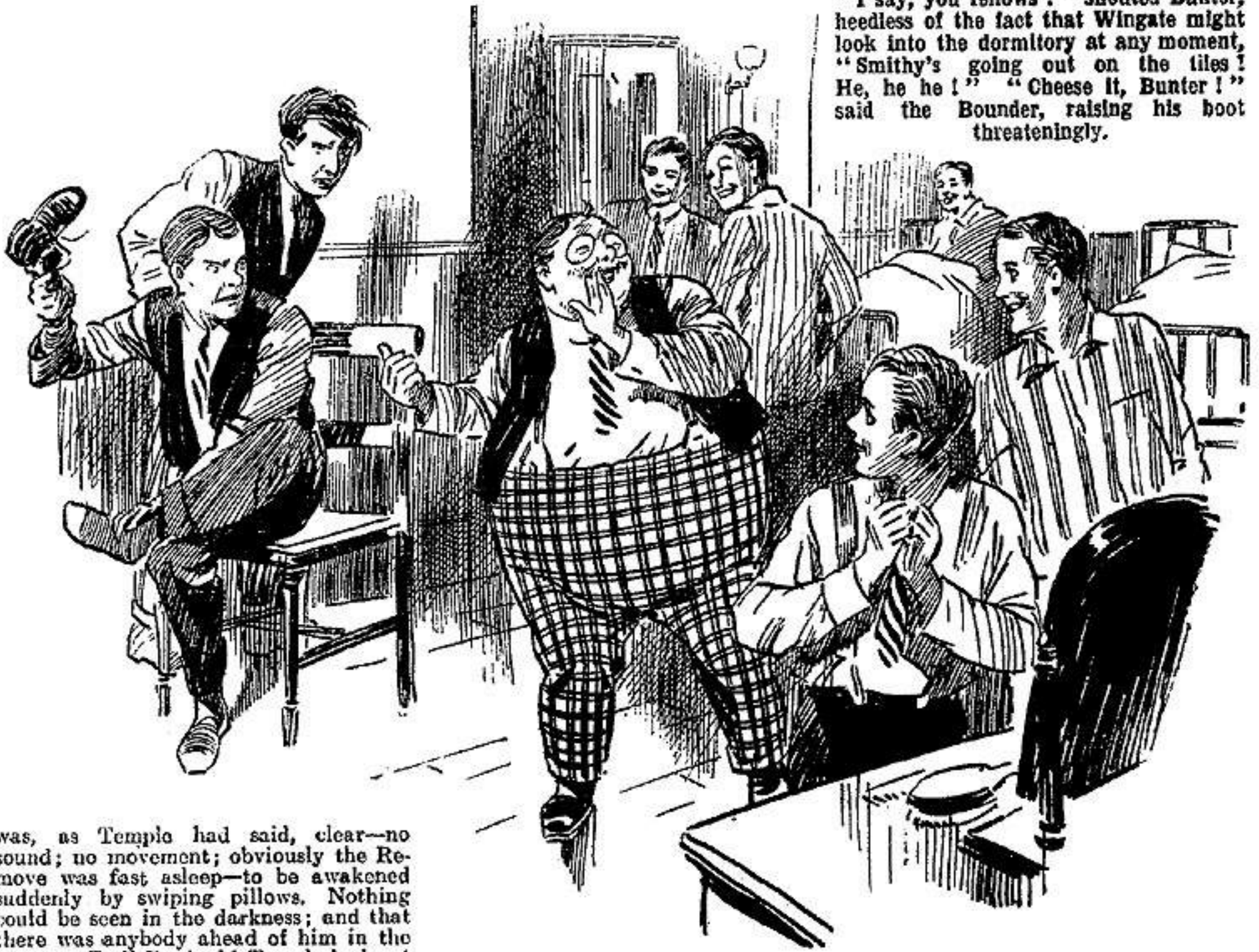
"Well, let's get on."

"Quiet!"

Temple listened again, to make assurance doubly sure, as it were. But there was no sound; and at last, he led his merry men up the passage, heading for the quarters of the Remove.

Silently in the darkness the invaders trod on. A minute more, and they would have reached their objective. All





"I say, you fellows!" shouted Bunter, heedless of the fact that Wingate might look into the dormitory at any moment, "Smithy's going out on the tiles! He, he he!" "Cheese it, Bunter!" said the Bounder, raising his boot threateningly.

was, as Temple had said, clear—no sound; no movement; obviously the Remove was fast asleep—to be awakened suddenly by swiping pillows. Nothing could be seen in the darkness; and that there was anybody ahead of him in the passage, Cecil Reginald Temple had not the faintest idea—until he suddenly ran into an unseen figure that was coming from the direction of the Remove dormitory.

Bump!  
"Oh!" gasped Temple.  
For a second a thrill of horror ran through Temple, as he bumped into that unseen, unheard figure in the darkness. Thoughts of burglars flashed into his startled mind. Who but a burglar could be creeping silently along in the dark passage?

There was a startled mutter in the gloom. Whoever it was that Temple had bumped into, was equally surprised by the unexpected encounter.

"What the thump—" ejaculated Fry.

"Who's that?"  
"What—" "They're awake!" exclaimed Scott. "They've come out—"

"You silly fools!" came a voice of concentrated anger in the darkness. "What the merry dickens—"

It was the voice of the Bounder of Greyfriars. Temple gave a jump. It was Vernon-Smith of the Remove that he had run into in the dark.

"Who's there?" came Skinner's quavering voice. "Who—"

"Go for them!" exclaimed Fry. "It's the Remove kids—give 'em jip!"

"Oh, rather!"  
"Look here, you fools—" hissed the Bounder. "Oh! Ow! Wow! Whoop!" He yelled involuntarily, as two or three pillows smote him at the same time, and he went to the floor with a bump.

Temple gritted his teeth.

"Go for 'em!" he panted.

Temple was angry and annoyed. He had no doubt that the Remove had "got wise" to the intended raid, and were

on their guard. All his careful strategy had gone for nothing. In the darkness he could not see that Vernon-Smith and Skinner were alone there; and the idea that they were getting out of bounds did not even cross his mind. He jumped, rather naturally, to the conclusion that the Remove were ready for the raid, and were meeting the raiders half-way.

A pillow-fight in the passage was not what Temple had planned, or what he wanted; but it was too late to retreat now. He rushed on, smiting with his pillow, and his merry men rushed on after him.

Vernon-Smith sprawled, pillowed right and left, panting with rage. Skinner jumped back; but it booted not—pillows smote him, and over he went, crashing down on the Bounder. The unguished yelp he gave as he went down rang far and wide.

"Go for 'em!" panted Temple.

The Fourth-Form raiders, swarming on found no enemy in front of them, to their surprise. But they found an enemy in their midst. The Bounder scrambled up, hitting out right and left, his eyes blazing with rage. There were howls and gasps from the raiders as his blows landed; every one of them hard and heavy. Temple, catching the Bounder's right with his ear, crashed over, roaring. Wilkinson, with the Bounder's left in his eye, sprawled and yelled.

"Oh crumbs!"  
"Oh, my hat!"  
"Go for the cads!"  
"Yaroooh!"

"Ow! Keep off!" howled Skinner. "Oh crikey! You silly chumps—Whoooop!" Skinner sprawled and howled under swiping pillows.

There was trampling and gasping and panting on all sides. In the darkness,

many of the raiders were swiping one another; friend could not be told from foe. But four or five fellows fastened on the enraged Bounder, and dragged him down and sat on him.

Skinner wriggled away, and fled back to the Remove dormitory. The din was certain to reach the ears of authority; and Skinner had no desire to be found out of dormitory bounds when a master arrived on the scene. Breaking bounds was "off"—very much off—for that night. What was happening to Smithy, Skinner neither knew nor cared. It was every man for himself. Skinner dodged breathlessly into the dormitory, tore off his clothes, and plunged into bed.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"What's the row?"

"What's up?"

A dozen Remove men were awake now, sitting up in bed, startled by the uproar from the passage.

"Sounds like a scrap!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "But who—"

"What the merry thump—" exclaimed Wharton. "They're kicking up a fearful shindy, whoever they are."

"The esteemed shindy is terrific."

Undoubtedly a terrific shindy was going on in the passage. The Bounder, in an uncontrollable fury, was fighting like a tiger in the midst of the raiders. From the darkness of the landing came a glimmer of light. There were footsteps and voices.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Temple.

"We're spotted!"

There was no doubt about that! From the landing two figures entered the dormitory passage—Mr. Quelch and Mr. Capper, the former carrying a lamp. In utter amazement the two masters stared at the wild and whirling scene. Then

Mr. Quelch's voice was heard, in tones of thunder:

"Cease this—immediately!"

### THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

#### Unpleasant for Quelch!

"O crumbs!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Oh dear!"

The Bounder was released.

Temple & Co. blinked at the two masters, in the glimmering light, in dismay. Vernon-Smith, crimson, furious, and breathless, still sprawled on the floor, panting.

"What does this mean?" thundered Mr. Quelch. "At this hour of the night—"

"Upon my word!" said Mr. Capper.

"They are Fourth Form boys!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "They are your boys, Mr. Capper. Your boys are out of their dormitory at eleven o'clock—"

"Upon my word!" repeated the Fourth Form master. "Temple! Dabney! Fry! Scott! What—what—"

"Shocking!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "Scandalous! These boys, Capper, were obviously going to the Remove dormitory. This passage leads nowhere else. It is scandalous!"

"My dear Quelch!"

"Scandalous!" repeated Quelch. "It is what they would call, I presume, a dormitory raid. Outrageous! Mr. Capper, I repeat, outrageous!"

For the moment Henry Samuel Quelch did not see the Bounder sprawling on the floor, with a swarm of the Fourth round him. He saw only Fourth Form fellows, and he was justly indignant. Obviously, they were bound for the Remove dormitory; and as there were no Removites on the spot, obviously the Remove were as innocent as lambs in this matter. The cause of the shindy was as yet unknown; but there was no doubt as to the objects and intentions of the Fourth Form men.

Capper coloured with vexation.

A pillow-fight between the two Forms would have been bad enough; but the blame would then have been equally divided. Capper did not like the whole blame to be laid on his Form.

Capper was a mild gentleman; but he was very irritated now. He did not like Quelch's tone at all.

But Quelch, having the upper hand, as it were, rubbed it in.

"I must really ask you, Capper, to see that your boys do not create such disturbances as this—such alarming nocturnal disturbances," he said firmly. "I repeat that such occurrences are outrageous!"

"I have no doubt that it is a case of six of one and half a dozen of the other, Quelch!" said Capper, in a tone of unusual tartness. "I have no doubt of that at all."

"Nothing of the kind!" said Mr. Quelch warmly. "There is not a single Remove boy present! These Fourth Form boys were obviously going to the Remove dormitory; and apparently they began fighting among themselves! The whole House might have been alarmed—"

"I have no doubt—"

"Such outbreaks as this must be severely restrained! Had my boys been concerned in it, I should have punished them severely! I am glad to say, however, that the Remove are more orderly—"

"Really, Quelch—"

"More amenable to discipline, sir—"

snapped Mr. Quelch.

"I repeat that I have no doubt—"

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"And I repeat, sir, that there is not a single Remove boy present, and—oh—ah—h'm—is that you, Vernon-Smith?"

The Bounder, staggering to his feet, came into view in the lamplight. Mr. Quelch broke off, staring at him in great annoyance. Apparently there was, after all, a Remove boy present.

Mr. Capper smiled maliciously. Quelch had rubbed it in. Now Capper, in his turn, proceeded to rub it in.

"It appears, Quelch, that there is at least one Remove boy present," he said. "And—h'm—that Remove boy is fully dressed, I perceive! No doubt the others have escaped into their dormitory. As I remarked, I had no doubt that it was a case of six of one, and half a dozen of the other! You recall my making that remark, Quelch."

Mr. Quelch breathed hard through his nose.

His eyes fixed very unpleasantly on the Bounder, who stood panting for breath, still dizzy from his struggle with the crowd of Fourth-Formers. The fact that he was fully dressed, even to his collar and tie, leaped to the eye at once. The Fourth Form raiders were in pyjamas and trousers. It was singular, to say the least, that a junior mixed up in a pillow-fight at a late hour of the night, should be fully dressed.

Temple & Co., too, stared at the Bounder in surprise. Mr. Capper's smile became still more malicious.

"Possibly—I admit, possibly—this boy in your Form, my dear Quelch, did not leave his dormitory to engage in a pillow-fight! Certainly he looks as if he may have had other intentions."

Quelch breathed harder. The same suspicion was, of course, in his own mind. Capper had the upper hand now.

"A pillow-fight, at such an hour of the night, is a most disorderly proceeding—most disorderly," said Capper. "But it is, after all, harmless—harmless, at least, in comparison with such a very serious thing as breaking school bounds, or anything of that kind! My boys, Quelch, have been guilty of a foolish and disturbing outbreak. But I am glad to say that there is no one among them whom I have any reason to suspect of intending to leave the House at this hour of the night."

Mr. Quelch almost writhed. The tables had been turned on him, with a vengeance.

"Temple," said Mr. Capper. "You and the rest will return to your dormitory immediately! I shall deal with you in the morning! Go at once!"

"Yes, sir!" murmured Temple.

"I shall punish you to-morrow," said Capper. "I shall deal with you severely! But I will say this—I feel bound to say this—that I am glad—very glad—to find that my boys were engaged only in what is, after all, a thoughtless frolic. I cannot say so much for this Remove boy. Go back to your dormitory now."

Temple & Co. faded out of the picture.

Mr. Capper turned to the Remove master again, the malicious smile lingering on his face.

"You need have no doubt, my dear Quelch, that my boys will be adequately punished for this foolish frolic. That Remove boy, of course, I leave in your hands! No doubt he will explain to you why he is out of his dormitory and fully dressed at this hour of the night."

And with that Parthian shot, Mr. Capper walked away; leaving Quelch almost pale with anger.

"Go back to your dormitory, Vernon-Smith!" said the Remove master, in a grinding voice.

With a black and sullen brow, the

Bounder walked back to the Remove dormitory, and Mr. Quelch followed him in.

He switched on the light.

All the Remove were sitting up in bed; even Billy Bunter had ceased to snore, and was groping under his pillow for his spectacles.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked at their Form master. They were still blissfully ignorant of the cause of the shindy that had awakened them. Skinner had said nothing. Many eyes fixed in surprise on the Bounder as he came in.

"Wharton!" rapped Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir!" said Harry.

"Have you been out of bed?"

"No, sir!"

"Has anyone else in this dormitory been out of bed?" snapped Mr. Quelch. "With the exception of Vernon-Smith, I mean."

"Not that I am aware of, sir."

"A number of Fourth Form boys were found in the passage, carrying pillows. Were you aware that they were coming here?"

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated the captain of the Remove. "I—I mean, no, sir! The row woke me up, but I never knew—"

Mr. Quelch's gimlet eye roved over his Form. The look on his face was not reassuring. Certainly the Removites had no objection, in principle, to a pillow-fight with the Fourth, or anybody else, at any hour of the night. Still, they were rather glad, at the present moment, that they had not been caught pillow-fighting with Temple & Co. They were in an unaccustomed state of perfectly clear conscience. With that look on the speaking countenance of their Form master, a clear conscience was a valuable asset.

"Very well!" said Mr. Quelch.

"Very well!" He turned on Vernon-Smith, and his gimlet eye seemed to bore into the Bounder. "I am satisfied that my Form were peacefully in bed, as they should be at this hour of the night—with one exception! That exception I shall now deal with."

The Bounder breathed hard.

"Vernon-Smith!" Mr. Quelch rapped out the name like a bullet. "Vernon-Smith! Explain to me, immediately, what you were doing out of this dormitory!"

### THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

#### The Benefit of the Doubt!

TOM REDWING looked at the Bounder with a clouded brow. He had done all he could to save his chum from his own folly; and he had failed. The Bounder had been willing to break the friendship; even to enter into an exchange of angry blows rather than yield an inch; and he had gone his own wilful and reckless way. And it had seemed, to Tom, that it was best to let him go; and he had told himself that he cared no longer what Smithy did; that he was done with Smithy, and was glad to be done with him. There was a limit to what friendship could endure; there was a limit to toleration; and that limit had been reached. So Redwing had said to himself, as he laid his head on the pillow, after Smithy had left.

And yet, now—now that Smithy was up against it—Redwing was looking at him with a brow clouded with anxiety, and a heavy heart. Friendship did not die so easily. Only too clearly, Tom realized what a blow it would be to him if the chopper came down on Smithy

(Continued on page 12.)

# "Half-Time" Gossip!



"Old Ref's" never happier than when he's answering perplexing Soccer queries. If you've an intricate problem that wants solving drop him a line and then watch out for the answer on this page.

**T**HE pluck of the average footballer is something which we have all admired from time to time. How the people in the crowd cheer as a player who has been badly injured comes limping back to the field, to do his bit! And they keep on cheering him each time he kicks the ball, because they know—can see—that he can only do so by causing himself very real pain.

We see evidence of this pluck: this fighting spirit, in every class of football. It is shown by the amateur as well as by the professional. Personally, I must say, that I always feel like cheering myself, when a "pro" player scorns pain to come back to the field to assist his side in a crisis. I always refer to these cases when people tell me—and they do, sometimes—that they don't like the idea of footballers playing the game for money, because to such players, the money is more than the game.

*If the money were more than the game to the professional footballer, would he come back to assist his side when he was suffering from such an injury that he could only hobble about?*

No, the pluck is there, and it is shown by the paid player as well as by the unpaid player.

I don't often go so near to making a sermon as I have done in the foregoing paragraphs, and, asking your forgiveness, will now explain the reason. I have recently had it brought to my notice by a reader of the MAGNET, that there is another side even to this pluck question. This reader lives at Plymouth, and he saw the Cup-tie earlier in the season, between Plymouth Argyle and Everton.

**N**OW, let me give the facts as presented to me for solution. During the Cup-tie, a player of the Everton side—Dunn—was very badly injured. Indeed, he sustained a fracture of the collar-bone. When he received the injury he went off the field for attention, of course, but after a little while came back to play at outside-right for his side, with one arm strapped to his side.

That was all very well, and the pluck of the player was duly admired, as it always is in such circumstances. But should Dunn have come back to the field at all? Before giving your reply, consider the situation as it affected the players of Plymouth Argyle, and, consequently, as it may have affected the result of the match.

The defenders of Plymouth were called upon to play against a most obvious cripple: a man so badly hurt that one arm was strapped to his side. Obviously, when Dunn got the ball, the defenders of the Argyle team would hesitate to go in to tackle in the usual and perfectly fair way.

*No man with any sense of sportsmanship can level a good honest shoulder charge at a cripple who is playing with one arm bandaged and a collar-bone broken. If an Argyle defender had so far forgotten himself as to charge the cripple, and thus run the risk of injuring him even more seriously, he would have been roundly accused for complete loss of all sense of decency.*

Having explained the situation thus, I think I have also shown that there are two sides even to this pluck story. Should a footballer be asked to play against a cripple? It is a debatable point, and one concerning which I am rather at a loss to supply the proper answer.

**I** REMEMBER a case on similar lines, when a spirited protest was made. Oldham Athletic were playing Blackpool, and a Blackpool player was similarly severely injured. He came back to the field, and being left all on his own—nobody would tackle him—he lobbed the ball across for an important goal to be scored. The Oldham players, through their captain, protested against what they called the "unfairness" of having to play against a cripple; but the referee

could do nothing. He has no power at all in a case like this. Certainly, he has not the power to send a player off because he is badly injured. Perhaps the case as I have put it is about the strongest which can be made out for the allowance of substitutes for injured players. That, however, is a topic with which I have dealt with before, and incidentally, it is a question which the football authorities have always turned down without the slightest hesitation.

*I wonder if, one of these days, they will make a rule which will give the referee the right to prevent a player from keeping on when he is clearly unfit to do so?*

**I**N no football season to my recollection, has there been so much talk about the quality of refereeing. This has been partly due to a most obvious effort made by the powers who are responsible for appointing the referees taking special steps towards securing the right men. A number of first-class referees who started the present season have been struck off the list, because they have not done their job as well as members of the League Management Committee think they ought to have done.

This talk about referees raises the question as to the sort of people who are wanted to control big football matches. It is presumed that every referee who tackles the job of controlling a football game, knows the rules.

*Indeed, before he can get on the list of registered referees, he must pass a stiff examination—both oral and written on the rules of the game.*

Knowing the rules, then, the success or failure of a referee must be judged by the manner in which he interprets them, in the first place, and by the manner in which he controls the players under his charge.

The man who, knowing the rules, makes the best referee is the one with personality; who, by obvious signs of strength and decision, wins the respect of the players under him. The strong referee, who is known by the players as a man who will stand no nonsense on the field, has a comparatively easy task, because the players don't try tricks with him.

**T**HE strength of a referee, however, does not solely depend on the way he "cures" the faults of the players. The right type of man can often save trouble by doing things which, strictly speaking, he is not supposed to do.

Let me tell a true story which will illustrate my point. In a certain match there was a particularly brilliant outside-left, up against a full-back who had been a "big noise" in the football world, but who, at the time, was getting near the veteran stage. The outside-wing man began to enjoy himself at the expense of the veteran full-back. He dodged him time after time, and having dodged him, played with him—much as a cat plays with a mouse. That is, after having beaten the full-back once, the outside wing man would wait for him to come again.

The watchers laughed at the discomfiture of the full-back, but the referee began to get a bit worried. He could see the possibility of the full-back, being made a fool of, losing his temper. Quietly, and without anybody knowing what he was doing, the referee went over to the outside-left and whispered these words to him:

*"If I were you, I should cut out that unnecessary fancy stuff which is making a fool of the full-back. If you don't, you will probably finish the match in hospital, and the full-back will finish it in the dressing-room."*

It can be argued, in regard to that little lecture, that the referee was exceeding his duties; that he had no right to give such advice to a player. But it was really good advice. The referee was saving himself trouble; was trying to keep trouble from developing.

"OLD REF."

## A SCHOOLBOY'S SACRIFICE!

(Continued from page 10.)

—if, in fact, Smithy got what he had asked for, and what he deserved. After all that had passed, Redwing would have helped him if he could have, at any cost to himself.

But he could not help him now. He could only sit in silence, with clouded brow and anxious eyes. All the other fellows were looking at Smithy, too, with serious faces.

Every fellow in the dormitory knew why Smithy had been out, and knew that he must have run into the Fourth Form raiders on his way out of bounds. Little as most of them liked the Bounder's shady ways, they had a natural sympathy for a fellow who was down on his luck. There were few who did not hope that Smithy would wriggle out of it somehow.

The Bounder looked cool enough. He had come back into the dormitory scowling savagely, his eyes gleaming with rage under knitted brows. But he had had a minute or two to pull himself together and the Bounder was himself again now. He fully realised the position he was in; and his quick wits were already at work.

"You hear me, Vernon-Smith?" Mr. Quelch's voice rumbled through the silent dormitory. "I find you, fully dressed, outside your dormitory, at this hour of the night! Where were you going?"

"I was going to the Fourth Form dormitory, sir."

The Bounder had already decided on the line he was to take. While most of the fellows were thinking that the game was up for Smithy, Smithy was perfectly cool and collected. His answer came promptly; and it made the Removites stare—especially Skinner. It made Mr. Quelch stare also.

"You were going to the Fourth Form dormitory?" repeated the Remove master.

"Yes, sir!" said Vernon-Smith calmly.

"For what reason, Vernon-Smith?"

"A rag, sir."

"Upon my word!" said Mr. Quelch.

His gimlet eye seemed to pierce the Bounder. But Vernon-Smith met his searching look with calm assurance.

The Bounder had not had much time to think. But the wary Bounder was seldom caught at a loss.

"I know, sir, that it's against the rules to break dorm bounds, and to rag after lights out, of course. I'm not excusing myself, sir; I know I've broken the rules the same as Temple and his crowd."

"If that is all, Vernon-Smith, the matter is less serious than I feared," said Mr. Quelch, and his tone was less severe. "Your conduct this term, Vernon-Smith, has been good; but I have not forgotten your record last term. You are not, I am sorry to say, a boy I can wholly trust."

"Oh, sir!" murmured the Bounder.

"Finding you out of your dormitory at this late hour, and fully dressed, I had a suspicion—a very strong suspicion—that it was your intention to break bounds at this hour of the night, and that you had accidentally run into the Fourth Form boys who were coming here. This suspicion was shared by Mr. Capper."

The Bounder breathed rather hard. Quelch's "suspicion" was in exact accordance with the facts. It was well-known in the Remove that Quelch was a downy bird.

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But Smithy's inward uneasiness did not show in his face. Nothing could have been more assured than his manner.

"Nothing of the kind, sir," he said. "I don't see why Mr. Capper should think such a thing of me, and not of the fellows in his own Form. I hope, sir, that you do not think so."

"The Fourth Form boys were only partially dressed, Vernon-Smith, and had pillows with them. You, on the other hand, are fully dressed—even to your collar and tie."

That was the one weakness of the Bounder's position, and he was well aware of it. But he had to make the best of it. He was telling the most likely story he could invent; and it was, after all, plausible enough.

"I dressed before leaving the dorm, sir—I had plenty of time, and was in no hurry," he said. "I did not know that the Fourth Form men were up to the same game, of course. I had no idea they were coming here on a raid. We seem to have thought of it at the same time—they were coming here while I was going there and I ran into them in the dark."

"You tell me, Vernon-Smith, that you left this dormitory to pay a surprise visit to Temple's dormitory?"

"Yes, sir! It was a rag."

"What were you going to do, Vernon-Smith? You could hardly have intended a pillow-fight as you went alone."

"I was goin' to roll Temple out of bed, sir, and bump him on the floor. It was only a lark."

"A very foolish 'lark,' as you call it, but certainly no more foolish than Temple's own intentions," said Mr. Quelch. "If that is all—"

"That is all, sir."

The Removites stared at Smithy, some of them in wonder. Skinner knew that he was lying, and Redwing knew it. Skinner was grinning, behind Mr. Quelch's back, in great admiration of the Bounder's nerve and presence of mind. Tom Redwing was biting his lip, with shame for his chum. But the other fellows wondered whether Smithy was, after all, telling the truth. It was not unlike the reckless Bounder to undertake a dormitory raid on his lonesome own.

"I should be glad to believe you, Vernon-Smith."

Mr. Quelch's grim face had relaxed considerably.

He would have been more than glad to believe that the Removite had been guilty, after all, only of a thoughtless frolic, not only for the honour of his Form, but as a "facer" for Mr. Capper. In point of fact, Mr. Quelch was quite eager to take a view differing from Mr. Capper's.

"I hope you believe me, sir," said the Bounder calmly. "I can't do more than tell you the truth!"

"The truth!" murmured Skinner, under his breath. "Oh, my hat!"

Mr. Quelch paused dubiously.

The Bounder waited calmly. He felt that Quelch had to give him the benefit of the doubt, at least.

"Vernon-Smith! You state that you left this dormitory with no other intention than rag, as you call it, on another Form?"

"Yes, sir, just the same as Temple and—"

"In that case, no doubt some of the boys here were aware of your intention," said Mr. Quelch. "They will be able to tell me—"

"Certainly, sir," said Vernon-Smith. "Skinner know."

Mr. Quelch turned round towards Harold Skinner. That wary youth was not slow to take his cue.

"I knew all about it, sir," said Skinner. "I woke up while Smithy was dressing, sir, and asked him what was up. He told me he was going to rag Temple, sir."

Redwing's eyes turned on Skinner for a second. Skinner closed one eye at him—the eye that was farthest from Mr. Quelch. The sailorman's son bit his lip hard.

There was another long pause. "Very well," said Mr. Quelch, at last. "In the circumstances, I accept your word, Vernon-Smith. I hope and trust that you have told me the truth. You will be caned to-morrow morning for breaking dormitory bounds; I shall, in fact, inflict precisely the same punishment as Mr. Capper inflicts on the boys of his Form."

"I expected that, sir," said Vernon-Smith. "I knew I could rely upon my Form master for justice."

"I trust so, Vernon-Smith; I trust so. You may go to bed now."

Mr. Quelch waited till the Bounder had gone back to bed, and then turned out the light and left the dormitory. He went considerably relieved in his mind. He hoped, and he trusted, that matters were no worse than Herbert Vernon-Smith had represented them to be; and he was undoubtedly very glad that he would be able to tell Mr. Capper that his suspicions of a Remove boy were unfounded and unjust. But at the back of his mind there was a lingering doubt. Probably the Bounder was aware of it; but he cared little as he had had the benefit of the doubt.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### The Parting of the Ways!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! Enjoying life, old bean?"

Smack!

"Oh!" gasped Redwing.

It was morning break the following day. Redwing, his hands driven deep into his pockets, was "mooching" about under the elms by himself, when Bob Cherry greeted him in a voice that Stentor of old might have envied, and bestowed a cheery smack on his shoulder that made him stagger.

Bob grinned at him cheerily.

"Enjoying life, what?" he repeated. Redwing smiled. He did not look, as a matter of fact, as if he were enjoying life. The break with his chum was heavy on his mind and on his heart.

"Going to your own funeral this morning, old bean?" asked Bob.

"Fathead!" said Redwing, laughing.

"Well, you look it. What are you mooching about for on your lonely own?"

Redwing's glance went, for a moment, towards a group of fellows at a little distance. The Bounder was talking with Skinner and Snoop, and all three were laughing. Smithy did not look towards his friend. He seemed oblivious of Redwing's existence.

Bob's eyes followed Redwing's, and he understood.

"Oh!" he said, rather awkwardly.

"Off with Smithy?"

"Yes," said Redwing quietly.

"Not for good, I hope," said Bob.

"Yes."

"After all a scrap isn't much," said Bob, with some idea of pouring oil on the troubled waters. "I had a scrap with Wharton once, and look what jolly good friends we are. Why, Wharton

scraped with Nugent once upon a time, and they stick closer than brothers. You're not the sort of fellow to care about a fellow losing his temper. The old Bounder isn't a bad sort. Some chaps simply can't help kicking over the traces. Look here, kid," went on Bob seriously, "it will be a jolly bad thing for Smithy if you chuck him! Think again, what?"

Redwing made no reply.

"Lots of fellows think that Smithy would have been bunked before this, if you hadn't come to Greyfriars," said Bob. "Looks probable to me. You don't need Smithy; but he needs you. So think again—see?"

And Bob Cherry rushed off to join in punting about a footer, leaving Redwing with a rather strange expression on his face.

Bob had touched the right chord. If ever a fellow needed a straight and plain-dealing friend, it was the

Bounder would have disdained to lie. In dealing with masters and prefects he was utterly unscrupulous. His view was that he was up against authority, and that all was fair in love and war. In that warfare the Bounder allowed himself the use of every weapon. It was for the authorities to catch him out if they could.

It was not a view that a fellow like Redwing, incapable of deceit, could like or approve. But he could understand it. Smithy was by no means the only fellow at Greyfriars who took that view, though he carried it to more unscrupulous lengths than most fellows.

Redwing looked after the Bounder as he went alone towards the House, and made up his mind. He hurried after Smithy, and joined him as he went into the House.

"Smithy, old chap!" He made an effort to speak in the old friendly, familiar way.

"That's why I'm going to his study. I want to borrow a phone, and I couldn't borrow it if Capper was there." grinned the Bounder. "Come on!"

He walked on towards Masters' Passage. Redwing hesitated a moment, and then followed. It was not exactly uncommon for a fellow to borrow a master's telephone when the master was not on the scene. And Tom did not want to appear to be setting up in judgment on his friend over a trifling infraction of the rules.

Vernon-Smith went into the Fourth Form master's study, and Tom followed him in. The Bounder shut the door.

With a grin on his face—a grin that made Tom vaguely uneasy—the Bounder picked the receiver from the telephone, and asked for a number. He gave Redwing a glance as he asked for it. But Redwing did not know the telephone number of the Cross Keys at



"Had my boys been concerned in this unseemly disturbance, Capper," said Mr. Quelch, "I should punish them severely and—oh—ah—hem! Is that you, Vernon-Smith?" The Bounder, staggering to his feet, came into full view.

Bounder. Redwing was deeply hurt, and he had resolved to go his own way, and let Smithy go his. His friendship had been flouted and insulted. And, patient as he was, he had reached the end of his patience. But to let Smithy go, when he was on the downward path once more, and more in need of a steadying influence than he had ever been—that was not good enough. Bob's cheery words had helped Redwing to make up his mind to make one more effort.

He looked at Vernon-Smith. The grinning group in the quad broke up, and the Bounder went towards the House. Redwing knew quite well that the three young rascals had been chuckling over the astute way the Bounder had pulled Quelch's leg the night before. The colour came into his cheeks as he recalled how coolly, how calmly, how unscrupulously the Bounder had lied to the Remove master. Yet he could make excuses for him. In his Form, among the other fellows, the

Vernon-Smith glanced at him with a mocking gleam in his eyes.

"Well?" he said.

Redwing coloured.

"If you don't want me to speak to you—" he said.

"Can't say I do, particularly," said the Bounder coolly. "I'm not in a mood for sermons, anyhow. But if you want to say that you're sorry for making a fool of yourself in the study last evening—"

"I suppose I made a fool of myself," said Tom bitterly. "I suppose that's how you'd look at it, anyhow. But let it drop. Anyhow, I suppose you've chucked up that rot, since Quelch very nearly got you last night."

"Is that all you know about me?" sneered the Bounder. "I fooled Quelch, and I'll fool him again!" He broke into a laugh. "Come with me!"

"Where are you going?"

"Capper's study."

"Capper! Capper's gone out. I saw him—"

Friardale, so he did not catch on as yet.

"That you, Cobb?"

Redwing started. He knew that Cobb was the name of the landlord of the Cross Keys.

"Smithy speakin'. Messago for Hawke."

Redwing stared at him.

"Smithy!" he gasped.

That even the Bounder would have nerve enough to use a master's phone, to ring up the Cross Keys and speak to a bookmaker, few fellows in the Remove would have believed. Redwing stared at him aghast.

"Smithy, are you mad?"

"Shut up while I'm speakin' please!"

"Smithy, you—" Redwing made a stride towards the Bounder as if to drag him away from the telephone.

The Bounder's eyes glittered at him over the instrument. Redwing stopped.

(Continued on page 16.)

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(Continued from page 13.)

his lips setting hard, his own eyes gleaming. Vernon-Smith spoke coolly into the transmitter.

"Tell Hawke I couldn't get away yesterday; too many Beaks about," he said. "I'm speakin' from the school."

"My eye!" came Mr. Cobb's husky, beery voice. "If that ain't a nerve."

Redwing was near enough to the instrument to catch the beery voice from the Cross Keys. His face hardened.

"I'm comin' along to-night," went on the Bounder. "Too risky in lock-up. I'll be along about eleven."

He put the receiver back on the hooks, and looked at Redwing with mocking eyes.

"That's that!" he said.

Redwing gave him one look, and the scorn in his eyes brought a flush to the Bounder's cheeks. The sailorman's son did not speak. He turned and walked out of the study.

Vernon-Smith drew in a sharp breath. He knew what Redwing meant. All was over now. Redwing had tried, for the last time, to heal the breach. Henceforth, the headstrong Bounder was to go his own way. For a moment or two the Bounder stood quite still, troubled, uncertain. But the reckless mood quickly returned. He shrugged his shoulders, and left Mr. Capper's study.

In the doorway of the House he passed Redwing.

Redwing neither spoke to him nor looked at him. With a sneer on his lips the Bounder strolled out into the quad.

## THE NINTH CHAPTER.

### The Last Chance!

**S**NORE! Billy Bunter was going strong.

It was a clear spring night—starlight glimmered in at the high windows of the Remove dormitory. Through the long, lofty room Billy Bunter's snore rumbled like the muttering of distant thunder.

There was no other sound, till through the silence of the night came the strokes from the clock-tower.

Only one pair of ears in the Remove dormitory heard them. It was midnight, and Tom Redwing, sleepless in his bed, heard the twelve strokes, one after another, and turned restlessly.

The Remove fellows slept the sleep of healthy youth. Only Redwing's eyes were open.

Redwing had been sleeping; but his sleep was troubled. The break with his chum was heavy on his mind.

He had made up his mind on that subject. Like Pharaoh of old he had hardened his heart, or thought that he had hardened it. Any fellow at Greyfriars could have told him that a friendship with a fellow like the Bounder could not last. Smithy's nature was too wayward and wilful, his temper too uncertain and unreliable for that. Yet Tom had determined that it should last—determined to bear and to forbear, to take Smithy as he found him, and make the best of him. Unlike as they were in thoughts and in ways and in tastes they had been good chums. But the end had come. Always in Redwing's mind had been the belief that the Bounder, in spite of his headstrong obstinacy, his quarrelsome temper, his suspicious distrust, his arrogance, had valued their friendship. Now he doubted it, and that doubt made all the difference.

But his heart was heavy.

Even if they were no longer friends, it was bitter to him to stand aside and see his former chum going on his reckless way, unchecked—the way that could only lead to disaster.

He had awakened with a weight on his mind. And his thoughts turned to the Bounder as he lay sleepless. He had been long awake when midnight chimed out.

He wondered whether Vernon-Smith had kept to what he had told Mr. Cobb on the telephone—whether he had gone. It would be like the Bounder, heedless of risk in his arrogant self-confidence. But the risk was great—or rather, it was a certainty, and not a risk. Mr. Quelch had given Smithy the benefit of the doubt the night before, but it was clear that he would remain suspicious, wary, watchful. He did not trust the Bounder, and if he suspected that he had been befooled, he was certain to search out the truth if he could.

Smithy, in his obstinate recklessness, was simply asking for it. If he was out of bounds to-night discovery was a practical certainty.

Redwing told himself that it was no business of his now. But he could not help thinking of it as he lay wakeful amid a sleeping Form and listened to the rumbling snore from Bunter's bed. And when the last stroke of twelve had died away he sat up and peered in the direction of the Bounder's bed.

Across that bed a glimmer of starlight fell. It showed the bed empty.

Redwing compressed his lips.

Smithy's bed was empty; the Bounder was gone. He had been gone some time; for Redwing had been awake nearly an hour, and he had not heard or seen him go.

Where was Smithy now?

In the dingy back parlour of the Cross Keys with Cobb and Hawke and Banks, in an atmosphere of smoke and unhealthy excitement, cards in his hands, and money on the table.

Redwing felt a spasm of disgust as he pictured the scene in his mind. He had never been able to understand that kink of blackguardism in his chum. Smithy in the morning would be pale, weary-eyed, irritable, ready to quarrel with friend or foe, pretty certain to find trouble in the Form-room.

He had not even taken the trouble to make up a dummy in his bed to deceive a casual glance into the dormitory. Not that such a device would have served if Quelch had come on the scene, as Redwing realised. If Quelch's doubts made him pay a surprise visit to the Remove dormitory he would not be deceived by a dummy in the bed; he would make absolutely certain that the Bounder was there, or was not there.

Was he likely to come?

Redwing knew that it was only too likely.

He had read Mr. Quelch's face the previous night. The Remove master had wanted to believe Smithy, but he doubted. In the Form-room that day Redwing had seen the gimlet eyes resting several times searchingly on Vernon-Smith. Mr. Quelch doubted, and he was sure—or almost sure—to take measures to set his doubts at rest.

And if he discovered that the Bounder was gone now, he would know that Smithy had lied to him and fooled him the previous night. That would be fuel added to the flames. Indeed, he was only too likely to believe that all Smithy's apparent good conduct throughout the term had been nothing but camouflage; that the soapegrace of the Remove had been deluding him and laughing up his sleeve.

There could be no doubt about the outcome. It was not a question of a flogging; it was expulsion for the Bounder—the "sack" from Greyfriars, short and sharp.

And Smithy, in utter recklessness, was risking it—partly from that kink of blackguardism in him, partly from obstinate determination to go his own way uncontrolled.

If Quelch came—

The Removites slept soundly. Skinner was asleep with the rest; this time he had not gone with the Bounder. What had happened the previous night had scared Skinner—scared him to the marrow of his bones. It was likely to be a long time before Skinner ventured again to break bounds after lights out. But the danger that had frightened

**WANT A PRIZE?**  
Then Compile a Greyfriars Limerick.

One of this week's HANDSOME POCKET WALLETS has been awarded to: T. Brown, 155, Regent Street, Wellington, Shrops, who sent in the following winning effort, illustrated by our artist.



Billy Bunter, 'neath Greyfriars banner.



Rolls to Wharton & Co. in this manner.

Skinner off only spurred on the reckless Bounder.

Tom closed his eyes, but he could not sleep.

Every moment he expected the dormitory door to open and to hear the footstep of the Remove master. If Quelch

came he would find Smithy's bed empty, and the game was up for the Bounder at Greyfriars. Redwing had tried to help him, tried to save him, but he could not help or save him now.

Suddenly through the silence a sound reached his listening ears.

He sat up. It was a sound from the passage. It might be the Bounder returning, or—

Redwing's eyes, on the dormitory door, caught a glimmer of wavering light under the door.

It was not the Bounder who was coming; it was someone who was carrying a lamp or a candle.

Redwing's heart seemed to miss a beat.

It was all up now! Smithy, who had asked for it so often, had asked for it once too often, and now it was the finish.

For a second Redwing sat like a stone, staring at that wavering glimmer under the door that told of a lamp approaching down the long passage.

The next second Redwing was moving.

Up to that moment it had not seemed to him possible that he could help his chum, that he could do anything that would save the Bounder from the results of his folly; but in that moment it flashed into his mind what he could do.

He was not thinking now of the break with his friend, of bitter words and angry blows; he was thinking of only one thing—to save Smithy; to stand by him in this extremity, careless of the cost to himself. There was one chance.

He slipped swiftly from his bed. In a fraction of a second he reached Smithy's empty bed.

He plunged into it, drawing the bedclothes over him.

His head pressed Smithy's pillow; his face was half concealed by the edge of a blanket.

His heart was beating fast, but his breathing was steady and regular.

A few moments later the dormitory door opened and Mr. Quelch, lamp in hand, stepped in. There was one empty bed in the Remove dormitory to meet the Form master's eye, but it was not Smithy's.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Missing!

MR. QUELCH stepped quietly into the Remove dormitory, holding up the lamp.

There was a stern and at the same time doubtful expression on the Remove master's face.

He was doubtful; and he was determined to verify his doubts. At the same time he disliked the part he was playing. He hoped, he trusted that his suspicions were without foundation. Nothing would have relieved and pleased Mr. Quelch more than to have found Vernon-Smith in his place, sleeping like the rest of the Form. But if the young rascal had deceived him, deluded him, fooled him, lied to him—then there was no mercy for Herbert Vernon-Smith. The mere thought of that made Mr. Quelch compress his lips with bitter anger.

He crossed quietly over to Vernon-Smith's bed. He had no desire to wake the other juniors, no wish that the Remove should know anything about this nocturnal vigilance.

All was silent, still, save for the regular breathing of the sleeping schoolboys and the rumbling snore of Billy Bunter.

Mr. Quelch stopped beside the Bounder's bed.

He drew a deep, deep breath of relief. The bed was occupied.

A dummy in the bed would not have deceived those gimlet eyes. There was a sleeper in the bed.

The face was turned away and was partly concealed; but Mr. Quelch could see clearly in the lamplight the thick, dark hair and the forehead of the sleeper; he could see the stirring of the coverlet over the steady, regular respiration of the junior who lay in the bed.

For a long minute the Remove master stood there holding up the lamp and looking down at the bed. The frown was gone from his brow, the glint from his eyes.

The Bounder was there. He could not doubt that now. His doubts, after all, had been unfounded. He had, after all, misjudged the junior, influenced by his memory of the Bounder's old bad record. If Herbert Vernon-Smith was still his old reckless self, he had not, at all events, gone out of bounds this night. There he lay, under his Form master's eyes, sleeping peacefully.

Mr. Quelch turned away at last.

Holding up the lamp, he cast a glance at the other beds, but it was only a cursory glance. His suspicions had fixed on no one but the Bounder.

He gave a sudden start.

One bed, three beds away from Vernon-Smith's, was empty. It was Tom Redwing's bed.

Mr. Quelch stared at it blankly.

He had suspected Vernon-Smith, he had had doubts about Skinner, and some slight doubt of Snoop; but it had never crossed his mind to doubt Redwing.

He moved round the beds and approached more nearly to Redwing's empty bed, staring at it blankly.

"Upon my word!" murmured Mr. Quelch.

He had come there half expecting to find that Vernon-Smith was out of the

dormitory. Vernon-Smith—at least, so it seemed—was in his place, and Redwing's bed was empty. He stared at it almost incredulously. Where was Redwing—at midnight?

He would not have been surprised to learn that Vernon-Smith had deceived him. But Redwing! If he had been deceived in Tom Redwing, Mr. Quelch felt that he would never be able to trust a boy again.

For a minute or more Mr. Quelch was conscious only of astonishment and dismay. But his lips hardened, and his eyes glinted. The expected, or half-expected, discovery had not been made; but an unexpected discovery had been made. Redwing, whom he had liked and trusted; Redwing, whom he had never dreamed of doubting, was gone!

Mr. Quelch had intended to leave the dormitory as quietly as he had entered it, leaving the Remove asleep, ignorant of his visit. That intention had to be changed now.

He moved along to Harry Wharton's bed and tapped the captain of the Remove lightly on the shoulder.

Wharton started and open his eyes. He blinked in astonishment at his Form master standing by his bedside, lamp in hand.

"Do not be alarmed, Wharton," said Mr. Quelch quietly. "There is no occasion for alarm."

"Oh!" gasped Wharton. "Yes, sir! No, sir! What—"

He sat up in bed, blinking in the light.

"A boy is missing from this dormitory," said Mr. Quelch.

"Oh!" repeated Wharton.

His eyes turned at once on Smithy's bed. To his surprise and relief, he saw that it was occupied.

"Redwing is absent, Wharton."

"Redwing?" stammered Wharton.

"Yes, Redwing."

Harry Wharton stared across several beds to Tom Redwing's. It was empty. He stared blankly.

"Redwing! My hat!"

"You knew nothing of this, Wharton? I am asking you as the head boy of my Form."

"No, sir," said Harry. He was wide awake now, startled and amazed. "I—I can't imagine where Redwing is. He—he must be in the dorm."

"He is not in the dormitory."

"I—I don't understand—"

"Redwing is absent at midnight," said Mr. Quelch coldly. "It is clear that he has left the dormitory and gone out of bounds. You were not aware that he had gone?"

"Certainly not!"

"I do not desire to wake up the whole Form," said Mr. Quelch, "but you can tell me, Wharton, whether, for any reason, any boys in the Remove may have changed beds on going to bed last night. That would be against the rules, and is unlikely in itself. But I desire

(Continued on next page.)



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to make absolutely certain in such a serious matter as this."

"No, sir," said Harry. "Nobody changed his bed that I know of."

"It could not have been done without your knowledge?"

"No, sir. Fellows never change beds."

"Quite so, Wharton. But, as I said, I desire to be absolutely certain in this matter. It is Redwing who is missing."

"I—I suppose so, sir. But I can't understand it. Redwing isn't the sort of fellow to break bounds."

"I have always believed so," said Mr. Quelch bitterly. "But it appears that Redwing has deceived me, and doubtless his Form-fellows also. You were unaware of his absence?"

"Quite, sir! And I can't understand—"

Wharton sat and stared at the empty bed, obviously greatly astonished.

"Very well, Wharton," said the Remove master quietly. "I am sorry I had to disturb you. Good-night, my boy!"

"Good-night, sir!"

Mr. Quelch crossed to the door. Two or three fellows had awakened at the murmur of voices, and they blinked at the light. Mr. Quelch left the dormitory and closed the door after him. The light disappeared.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" came a sleepy voice from Bob Cherry's bed. "What's the jolly old row?"

"Was that Quelch?" yawned Nugent.

"Yes," said Harry. "Redwing's gone!"

"Redwing?"

Frank Nugent sat up.

"Rot!" said Bob.

"His bed's empty, anyhow," said Wharton. "Blessed if I can make it out! I fancied the Bounder would be gone, but he seems to be here all right. Redwing's gone."

"Rot, old man!" said Bob.

"Well, look for yourself, fathead!"

"I jolly well will!" said Bob, and he jumped out of bed. A match was struck, and flickered in the gloom.

Bob gave a whistle of astonishment. "My hat! He's gone! Old Reddy! Where the thump has he gone?"

"Goodness knows!"

"What's that? Redwing gone?" It was Skinner's voice. "You fellows saying that Redwing's gone?"

"Looks like it!" said Bob blankly.

"Oh crumbs!" said Skinner. "That jolly old model, that shinin' example! Has he really gone out on the tiles with Smithy?"

"Smithy's here, fathead, fast asleep! If Redwing's gone, he's gone on his own. Blessed if I make it out!"

Skinner sniggered.

"Oh, these jolly old shinin' characters!" he said. "They always get found out sooner or later! Fancy, Redwing!"

"Oh, rot!" grunted Bob. "Redwing's all right. I can't make out where he's gone, or why."

"I can!" chuckled Skinner. "He's lookin' on the win when it is red, and the billiard table when it is green—"

"Oh, shut up, Skinner!"

Bob went back to bed. Two or three more fellows had awakened, and there was a mumble of voices for some little time. But it died away. The juniors were sleepy, and they were soon asleep again.

Not till the last sound had died away and all was still did Tom Redwing creep silently from the Bounder's bed and return to his own. He knew what the morrow meant for him, but he was not thinking of that. Had he saved Smithy? That was the thought in his mind. If the Bounder succeeded in

getting back to the dormitory unseen and undiscovered he was saved—he was safe. But if Quelch was waiting up for him, waiting and watching, as was only too likely—

Redwing could do no more. He had sacrificed himself to save his clam, and so far he had saved him. He could do no more, and he lay awake in the sleeping dormitory, listening, with a heavy and anxious heart. What he had done went for nothing if Smithy was caught when he returned. But he could do no more, and, weary but wakeful, he waited.

## THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Shut Out!

THE Bounder's hand groped over the outside of the box-room window, and his heart gave a sudden, painful throb. The window was fastened within.

Herbert Vernon-Smith stood quite still in the darkness on the leads.

One had boomed out from the clock tower. The great mass of Greyfriars School was wrapped in silence and slumber. Until his hand glided over the window-sash Smithy had had no doubt that all Greyfriars was sleeping.

He had crept down to the Remove passage after leaving his dormitory, and left the House by way of the Remove box-room window. Under that window were flat leads, from which it was easy for an active fellow to reach the ground. Now he was returning the same way, and he had climbed on the leads, and now stood under the window, which he had left unfastened, and with the lower sash raised half an inch.

The sash was shut. The catch was fastened within. The fact that the sash was shut down was proof enough that someone had visited the box-room during the Bounder's absence. Someone had discovered the window open and shut it, and the Bounder guessed who and why. For a long minute he stood still, silent, his heart throbbing hard.

It was discovery. That was his first thought and conviction. As he stood there in the darkness he pictured in his mind the visit of a suspicious master to the dormitory; the discovery of his empty bed; then the careful investigation to learn by what means he had left the House; the finding of the box-room window partly open! In his mind's eye he followed the movements of Mr. Quelch as he might have followed a picture on the screen:

Quelch had found him gone—found out how he had gone, fastened the box-room window, and was now sitting up waiting for him, grim as a gorgon! Shut out of the house, the breaker of bounds had the choice of remaining out all night or of knocking for admission; and in either case he was hopelessly caught and identified. No cunning story of having left the dormitory for any plausible reason, within the House, would save him now. He was out of the House, and was shut out of the House!

A grim look of bitterness came over the Bounder's hard face as he stood there in the shadows and thought of it. He had tempted Fate often, and got away with it; now he had tempted Fate once too often. At long last the game was up.

For Smithy did not attempt to deceive himself as to what must follow discovery. There was no hope for him. Any Greyfriars man who broke House bounds after lights out was "for it." In the case of a fellow whose reputation was good, who could explain, and prove, that he had been engaged only

in a thoughtless "lark," the penalty would be, at the very least, a Head's flogging.

In the Bounder's case there was no remote chance of that. His reputation was not good; nobody was likely to believe that a thoughtless schoolboy prank had led him out of bounds in the small hours. Whether he stayed out of the House till morning or whether he knocked at the door and was admitted by his Form master, in either case, he would be taken before the Head at the earliest possible moment, and would be expelled and immediately sent away from the school. The first train in the morning from Courtfield Junction would bear Herbert Vernon-Smith on his homeward way.

He gritted his teeth.

"Fool!" he breathed. "Fool!"

What a fool he had been! That was his bitter thought. Why, he had been fairly trapped. Quelch had suspected him, watched for him, caught him—like a bird in a net! Quelch would be glad to get rid of him—glad to get a bad influence out of his Form, for that was how Quelch would look at it. Quelch had been watching for a chance, and the Bounder, in his blind self-confidence and recklessness, had given him the chance he was watching for! He could have kicked himself for his folly as he stood there with glinting eyes and tightened lips.

He groped over the window again.

He was sure—but he made doubly sure. He drove the blade of a pocket-knife under the sash and pressed. But the sash did not stir a fraction of an inch. Obviously, the catch inside was fastened. There was no way in for the Bounder.

Yet, after the first minute or two of savage despair, the Bounder of Greyfriars recovered his coolness and his nerve. He was thinking hard.

If he was found out he was done for, beyond hope. He had to leave Greyfriars. The morning would find him at home, facing his father! The thought of his father gave him a pang. Samuel Vernon-Smith was an indulgent father—it was, indeed, over-indulgence that had helped to make the Bounder what he was. But what would Mr. Vernon-Smith, think, and say, when his son came home, in disgrace—turned out of school—expelled from Greyfriars!

To do the Bounder justice, it was not of his father's anger, of possible punishment, that he was thinking. He was thinking of the blow it would be to his father, the shattering of the plans the millionaire had made for him and his future. If there was anyone for whom the hard-hearted Bounder really cared it was his father. He winced at the thought of the blow that Mr. Vernon-Smith was to receive.

But it was too late to think of that—if he was found out! But was he found out?

There was a chance, at least—surely a chance! If Quelch had been to the Remove dormitory and found him missing, and then had found the box-room window open, and closed it, the game was up. In that case, there was no hope. But was that how matters stood? Might it not be that some master—possibly some servant—had by chance found the window unfastened at a late hour, and closed it? It was not probable, but it was possible. In that case, his vision of Mr. Quelch sitting up with a grim gorgon face, waiting for the truant to come in, was only a vision, and not a reality. There was a chance, at least! There was even a chance that some enemy of his, knowing that he was out of bounds, had crept down to the



box-room and fastened the window, as a scurvy trick on him. Such a thing had happened once, in the Bounder's experience, and it might have happened again.

While there was a rag of hope the Bounder was not the fellow to give in. Only when the last glimmer of hope was gone would he knock at the door of the House and give himself up.

Quietly he descended from the leads again. There was no way in by the box-room; whether by chance or by design, that way was no longer open to him.

But he was not at the end of his resources.

In spite of the position in which he stood, in spite of the overwhelming blow that impended over him, the Bounder was perfectly cool and collected. The danger had tensed all his faculties. If there remained a chance of pulling through, Smithy was the man to make the most of it. If only he had not been missed from the dormitory! Somehow or other, he would get back into the House. If the box-room window had been shut by anyone but his Form master it would be all right, if once he got back into the House.

He crept round the buildings. He stopped under the high windows of the Remove dormitory and looked up.

There was no gleam of light. If an incensed master was waiting up for him he was not waiting in the dormitory. That, indeed, would have been very improbable. If Quelch was on the watch he was not likely to keep his Form wakeful in the small hours. More likely he had gone to bed, sure that the truant, when he returned, would find himself shut out, and would have to give himself up.

That was most likely how matters stood, and the Bounder knew it. But he clung to the hope that his Form master was not involved in the matter. It was the only hope left him.

For long minutes the Bounder stood looking up at the dark windows, forty feet above him. Thick and ancient ivy covered the wall—ivy that had been thick, and old, and tough before the memory of the oldest inhabitant of Greyfriars. But even the iron-nerved Bounder hesitated as he looked up at the towering height.

It was that or knocking at the door and handing himself over to Quelch. The Bounder hesitated, but his hesitation was brief.

The ivy swayed and rustled under the weight of a climber. Foot by foot, inch by inch, the Bounder clambered up.

His teeth were set, his breathing hard. He dared not look down. Once, when a tendril snapped in his grasp, a thrill of horror went through his frame. For an instant his nerve was shaken, but only for an instant. With set teeth he clambered on, foot by foot, inch by inch, till the deep, broad sill was above him, and he grasped it and drew himself upon it.



As Vernon-Smith pushed the sash of the box-room window his heart gave a sudden painful throb. The catch was fastened within—proof that someone had visited the room during his absence!

He crouched there, pressed to the window, spent by his efforts, breathing in great gasps.

Tap!

Lightly the Bounder's knuckles rapped on the glass.

Inside the dormitory, all was dark and still. The Remove were sleeping; but there was one whose eyes were not closed, one who sat up and stared with starting eyes at the figure that barred the starlight at the window.

Tap!

It was a slightly louder tap on the glass. The Bounder hoped that some Remove man might be awake—if not, he had to waken one. He could not open the window from the outside. But any man in the Remove, if he had wakened, would have helped him now. With his face pressed to the glass, the Bounder caught a moving shadow within. Someone was awake—someone was coming to the window.

The window opened.

"Smithy!"

"You, Redwing! Were you awake?"

"Yes."

The Bounder dropped lightly into the dormitory. Redwing closed the window. In the glimmering starlight his face was white.

"Smithy! You might have been killed—"

"A miss is as good as a mile. Somebody had closed the box-room window. I had to chance it."

Redwing shivered.

The Bounder stood leaning on the wall under the window, breathing hard and deep. Sinewy as he was, he was spent. But in a few moments he spoke again, in a whisper.

"Has Quelch been here?"

"Yes."

Vernon-Smith caught his breath. It had all gone for nothing, then—that desperate climb, at the risk of life and limb—all for nothing!

"Then—Quelch knows?"

Smithy muttered the words thickly.

"No!"

"But he's been here, you say?"

"Yes!"

"If he's been here he must know—"

"He knows nothing."

The Bounder came closer to Redwing, peering into his face. There was a look on that face that he did not understand.

"What do you mean?" breathed Vernon-Smith. "Quelch has been here, and never noticed that I was out?"

"Yes!"

"I can't make that out! You wouldn't fool me—you're sure?"

"Quite sure!"

"By gad!" The Bounder breathed deep. "By gad! If that's so, I've had a close shave—a deuced close shave! Redwing, you're sure?"

"Yes!"

"Good!"

The Bounder turned away with that. He was quickly in bed, and asleep in a few minutes.

But sleep did not come to Tom Redwing. Smithy was safe now; he had saved his chum! Smithy was safe; and now Tom Redwing could think of himself—and the morrow! And his thoughts banished sleep.

## THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

### The Bounder is Puzzled!

**C**LANG! Clang! The rising-bell rang out in the clear spring morning. Bob Cherry was the first out of bed in the Remove dormitory. He was, in fact, the only fellow up when the dormitory door opened and Mr. Quelch looked in.

"Turn out, you slackers!" boomed Bob Cherry. "Like me to help you out, Bunter?"

Snore!

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! You there, Redwing? What the thump were you up to last night, Reddy? I believe Quelch thought you were out playing the goat! Quelch—Oh—ah—h'm! I—I didn't see you, sir! G-g-g-good-morning, sir!"

Bob stared in surprise at the angular figure in the doorway.

Mr. Quelch did not heed him, however. He stepped into the dormitory and fixed his eyes on Redwing, with a dark look. Redwing sat up in bed and met his gaze quietly.

"So you are here, Redwing?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Very good! After prayers you will come to my study."

"Yes, sir!"

Mr. Quelch left the dormitory. The Remove master's temper was never at its best early in the morning, and his look was very bitter now. The previous night he had sat up till nearly one o'clock, waiting for the truant to return. And the truant had not appeared. Then Mr. Quelch had gone to bed at last, fully expecting to be awakened when the truant came back to the school, for, as he had closed and fastened the box-room window with great care, he had no doubt that the breaker of bounds was effectually shut out of the House.

He had not been called down, however; and in the morning he rose feeling none the better for his late hours, and in a mood of concentrated anger. He concluded that the delinquent, not daring to apply for admittance, had remained out of the House; a rather serious matter.

Mr. Quelch certainly would not have gone to bed, even at such a late hour, had he foreseen that. But it was possible that the young rascal had found some other way into the House, or that some confederate had admitted him; hence Mr. Quelch's early-morning visit to the Remove dormitory. There he found Redwing—he did not look at, or think of, Vernon-Smith.

It was Redwing who had been missed the previous night; it was Redwing with whom he had to deal.

Many curious glances were cast at Redwing by the Removites when they turned out. He did not seem to notice them. His face was very grave and a little clouded, that was all.

He dressed very quickly and left the dormitory, first down of the Remove.

Vernon-Smith, generally alert enough, was the last out of bed, later than even Bunter.

The Bounder was tired out with the excitement and loss of sleep of the previous night, and he did not open his eyes till most of the Remove had gone down. Then Bob Cherry gave him a shake, and the Bounder awakened and blinked at him sleepily.

"Going to sleep the clock round, old bean?" asked Bob, with a grin.

Smithy yawned and sat up.

"Oh, my hat! I'm late! Even Bunter's up!" He turned out of bed and rubbed his eyes.

"Buck up, or you'll be late for prayers!"

"Right-ho!"

The Bounder was the last down. He joined the Remove in Hall in time for prayers, still sleepy; but he noticed that there was some excitement in the Form and wondered what it was. He looked rather anxiously in the direction of Mr. Quelch, but that gentleman was giving him no attention, much to his relief.

The Bounder had been completely reassured by what Redwing had told him, though he was puzzled to account for the Form master overlooking an empty bed when he visited the dormitory. Still, he was relieved to see that Mr. Quelch evidently had no suspicion of him.

He had had a narrow escape, and he hardly knew how he could have escaped; but a miss was as good as a mile. His phenomenal good luck had once more turned up trumps and he was safe. He could see that there was suppressed excitement in the Form, but it was plainly not in connection with himself.

After prayers Tom Redwing disappeared. Most of the fellows knew that he had gone to his Form master's study, and Harry Wharton & Co. were looking grave.

Redwing, to all appearance at least, had been out of bounds during the night, and the Famous Five were puzzled and dubious. They had faith in the sailorman's son, and had no doubt that he could explain if he chose; but it was puzzling, and it was obvious that the Remove master was taking an extremely serious view of the matter.

Most of the Remove knew nothing of the happenings of the night when they came down, but they knew before prayers; and, after prayers, Redwing was the one topic in the Form. Where he had been, what he had been up to, and what would happen to him now were absorbing questions.

Skinner had no doubt that Redwing had been "out on the tiles," as he elegantly expressed it; he pointed out to Snoop and Stott that you never could trust those quiet fellows; they were generally up to something.

"Still waters run deep, you know," said Skinner sapiently. "You never know what a fellow's like till you find him out!"

"Blessed if I thought Redwing was that sort!" said Stott.

"Same here!" agreed Snoop. "He's kept it jolly dark up to now. Why, only the day before yesterday he was ragging old Smithy for wanting to get out in lock-up; they came to scrapping over it."

"He's deep!" said Skinner.

"A thumping humbug, you mean!" granted Stott.

"Well, he took me in," said Snoop.

"I've rather suspected somethin' of the kind, more than once," said Skinner, shaking his head. "The more quiet a fellow is, the more I jolly well believe he's up to something."

The charitable Skinner had no doubts, and he was already persuading himself that he had suspected something of the kind all along!

Most of the fellows, however, while they were puzzled, did not believe that Redwing had broken bounds for "blagging" purposes, in the style of the Bounder and the other black sheep. But why he had been out of bounds at midnight was a puzzle, and



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it worried Redwing's friends, who were numerous.

Billy Bunter fastened on the story as soon as he heard it like a dog on a bone. Deeply did Bunter regret that he had slept soundly through it all in the night. He had snored peacefully while Quelch was in the dorm.

Bunter liked to be first with the news. Now he was last. But he made the most of it now. And, to his great joy, he discovered one fellow not yet in possession of the facts. The Bounder tapped him on a fat shoulder as the Remove were going in to breakfast. "What's up in the Form, Fatty?" asked Vernon-Smith.

Bunter blinked at him through his spectacles.

"Haven't you heard?" he gasped.

"No, ass; that's why I'm asking you!"

"Well, my hat!" ejaculated Bunter. "As Redwing's your pal—or was your pal, anyhow—"

The Bounder started.

"Is it anything to do with Redwing?"

"He, he, he! Rather!" chortled Bunter. "He's for it! He, he! He's with Quelch now. He's going to be sacked!"

"What!" roared the Bounder.

Bunter jumped back.

"Oh, really, Smithy! Don't yell at a chap like a wild Indian—"

"You fat fool! What is it about Redwing?" snarled the Bounder. "Cough it up, you frowzy frump!"

"He's jolly well for it!" grinned Bunter. "I wasn't awake last night, but I hear that Quelch caught him out of bounds—"

"Redwing out of bounds!"

"Yes; from what I hear, Quelch caught him fairly in the act! Grabbed him by the collar as he was getting into a window, I think." Billy Bunter never told a story without plenty of details, which were supplied ad lib. by his fat imagination. "Anyhow, he got him and marched him back to the dorm with a hand on his shoulder! Reeking of smoke and smelling of whisky—"

"You silly fathead—"

"Oh, really, Smithy! All the fellows know! Redwing was reeling as Quelch brought him in—he could hardly stand! And—Yarooooop!"

Bunter, his thrilling tale unfinished, sat down, under the Bounder's heavy hand and roared.

Vernon-Smith looked round, and cut across to the Famous Five.

"What's this about Redwing?" he demanded. "Is it true that he was out of bounds last night?"

"It seems so," said Harry.

"I know Quelch came to the dorm," said the Bounder. "Mean to say that Redwing was not there?"

"Yes!"

"What time was it?"

"About midnight, I think."

"But—but it's rot!" said Vernon-Smith blankly. "Redwing can't have been out at midnight."

"He was!" said Wharton. "Quelch woke me up and asked me about him. Some other fellows woke up, too. Redwing's bed was empty; and he hadn't come in when we went to sleep again. I rather wondered that you didn't wake up, Smithy!"

"I!" exclaimed the Bounder with a start.

"Yes. You'd have seen that Redwing was missing, if you had."

The Bounder stared at him.

"I don't get this," he said. "Redwing was in the dorm at one o'clock."

"I dare say; we were all asleep then and didn't see him come in. But how do you know? Did you wake up?"

"Did I wake up?" repeated the Bounder. It was clear the Famous Five did not know that he had been out of bounds. "My hat! You say that Quelch found Redwing's bed empty?"

"Yes."

"And no other bed?"

"No; nobody else was missing."

"Is he getting blind in his old age, or what?" said the Bounder utterly mystified.

"What do you mean?" asked Bob. "Nobody else was out of bounds. I got up and lighted a match; I should have seen if anybody else had been gone."

"Oh crumbs!"

"Jolly lucky for you you weren't out, Smithy!" said Frank Nugent. "You'd have been spotted, for a cert."

"The spotfulness would have been terrific, my esteemed Smithy," said Hurreo Jamsset Ram Singh, with a nod.

The Bounder stared at them. He could not make it out. He went in to breakfast in a state of bewilderment.

## THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Nothing to Say!

**T**OM REDWING stood before his Form master in Mr. Quelch's study. His manner was quiet and respectful, as it always was, but there was a flush in his cheeks, under the steady gaze of the gimlet eyes. He was silent, waiting for the Remove master to speak; but Mr. Quelch seemed in no hurry. Looking at the boy, at his healthy sunburnt face, his steady eyes, it was difficult for Mr. Quelch to believe that it was a shady young rascal who stood before him; a young rascal who had won golden opinions by keeping up an appearance of unvarying good conduct, while in secret he flouted authority and laughed in his sleeve.

Angry as he was, disturbed as he was, disappointed as he was, the Remove master hoped that the boy might yet have some explanation to give; that it might yet prove that he had not been utterly deceived and deluded. He broke the silence at last; and his voice was not unkindly.

"Redwing! Before I report this matter to your headmaster, I desire to hear anything you may have to say. I have trusted you, Redwing; and if you have deluded me, it will be a very great shock to me. Last night, at midnight, you were missing from your dormitory. Where were you?"

Redwing did not speak.

"Answer me, Redwing!"

"I can't say anything, sir!" said Redwing, in a low voice. "I—I'm prepared to take the consequences, sir! That's all I can say."

"You left the school after lights out?"

No answer.

"You were absent at midnight. How were you occupied?"

No answer.

"You refuse to tell me, Redwing?"

"I've nothing to say, sir," faltered Tom. "It's not as you suppose—as I'm afraid you can't help supposing—but I can't explain! I'm ready to go to the Head, sir!"

"You are aware, Redwing, that if you go to the Head, there can be only one outcome. Any Greyfriars boy who breaks school bounds at night is expelled from the school."

Redwing winced.

"I hope, sir, that it will not be so bad as that," he said firmly. "I expect to be flogged. But I hope the Head will

not send me away. This is the first time I have ever been sent ~ him. I hope, sir, that you will be able to speak for my character—up to now, at least."

"Yesterday, Redwing, I should have had no hesitation in speaking for your character. But what am I to think now? Yesterday I could have testified to your unvarying good conduct. What can I think now, except that your apparently good conduct has been a cloak—a miserable pretence to deceive me? How am I to believe that last night was the first time you have broken bounds at night?"

"I can only give you my word, sir! You have always been willing to take my word."

"Because I believed that it was the word of an honourable boy," said Mr. Quelch. "But if you have deceived me once, Redwing, you may have deceived me often."

"I have never deceived you, sir."

"How dare you say so, Redwing," exclaimed Mr. Quelch angrily, "when I found you missing from your dormitory last night at midnight? You have not only deceived me, but you must have led others to do the same."

"Mr. Quelch!"

"How did you enter the school?" demanded Mr. Quelch. "After ascertaining that you were out of bounds I searched for the way you had left the House. I found a box-room window unfastened—you had left it unfastened for your return. I fastened it. Yet at a later hour you obtained admittance to the House. Obviously, you had a confederate. Some other boy must have admitted you."

Redwing was silent. This was the only conclusion to which Mr. Quelch could come, in the circumstances, and it was useless to speak.

"My boy," said the Remove master, in a kinder tone. "I ask you to be frank with me. If you left the House for any foolish reason—some schoolboy frolic—some thoughtless prank, the matter is serious enough, but I could take a lenient view. I should be glad to take your word, if you make it possible for me. Give me a full explanation—and remember that you are speaking to a friend as well as a master."

It was an appeal that was hard to resist. But the hapless junior could not speak. He could not speak without betraying the Bounder; and that was impossible.

There was silence in the study. Mr. Quelch waited; and as he waited, his face grew harder.

"You have nothing to say, Redwing?" he asked at last.

"Nothing, sir."

"You refuse to tell me how you were occupied last night?"

"I can't tell you, sir."

"Why cannot you tell me, Redwing?" asked Mr. Quelch, with a patience that would have surprised his Form.

No answer.

Mr. Quelch waited; but he waited in vain. His lips set and he rose to his feet.

"Very well, Redwing! You have nothing to say—no explanation that you care to give! The matter will now pass into the hands of your headmaster. You may go."

Redwing left the study.

His face was pale.

In acting as he had done, to save the Bounder, he had been fully prepared for stern punishment. But he had hoped, and believed, that his good record would stand him in good stead.

and save him from the worst. A Head's flogging he fully expected, and he was prepared to go through it. But he realised now that it was likely to prove more serious than that. He realised that, in the total absence of explanation, the worst construction would be placed on his conduct; and it followed that his previous good record, on which he had relied, would be looked upon as nothing more or less than a long course of hypocrisy. Redwing had not foreseen that; though it would not, perhaps, have made any difference had he foreseen it.

Whether it would have made any difference he hardly knew now. But one thing he knew, and that was, that having set his hand to the plough, it was too late to look back. What he had done he had done; and he had to face the consequences, overwhelming as they were. His heart was heavy; but he was calm and self-possessed when he joined the Remove at breakfast, and he seemed unconscious of the curious looks that were turned on him from all sides.

## THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

"For it!"

"REDWING!"  
"Yes, sir!"  
"You will go to the head-master's study after third school."

"Very well, sir!"

That was all; and Tom Redwing quietly took his place with the rest of the Remove, in the Form-room.

Every eye in the Form-room was turned on him, the Bounder's most curiously of all; but Tom did not meet any of them. Harry Wharton & Co., and many other fellows, had wanted to speak to Redwing, to ask him questions; but they had had no opportunity. Redwing had quietly disappeared until it was time for class, when he turned up at the door of the Remove-room.

As a matter of fact, he wanted to avoid questioning. He had no explanation to give, and he wanted, if possible, to prevent the Bounder from learning the facts. As yet, Smithy knew nothing. He was puzzled, indeed bewildered; but he was quite ignorant of what had happened in the night, of how his chum—estranged as he was—had taken his place to save him from discovery. And nobody else in the Form suspected that Redwing was "for it" as a result of standing by Smithy. Redwing did not want them to know.

He was anxious for the matter to be over and done with. Mr. Quelch, for some reason, was leaving it till after third school. Redwing guessed that his Form master was giving him time to consider; that he still hoped that the culprit would make some frank explanation, which would enable him to deal with the matter personally, instead of reporting it to the Head. Redwing would have preferred to get through with it, but that did not rest with him.

There was a good deal of suppressed excitement in the Remove, in first and second lesson that morning. Fellows could not help thinking of the events of the night, and wondering what was to follow. It seemed an age to the Removites before they were dismissed for break.

Immediately the Remove were out, fellows crowded round Redwing. He was not suffered to disappear unquestioned this time.

"Now, Reddy, tell us what it all means," said Bob Cherry. "What were you up to last night, old bean?"

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"Nothing!" answered Redwing.  
"You went out of bounds," said Wharton.

Redwing coloured.  
"If you fellows don't mind, I'd rather say nothing about it," he said, after a pause.

"Why not?" demanded Nugent.  
"Well, I'd rather not."

"You don't mean to say that you went out blagging, like the Bounder, or Skinner?" exclaimed Johnny Bull.

"I hope no fellow who knows me will think so," said Redwing. "But I can't explain how the matter stands, and that's all about it."

"That's all rot!" said Johnny Bull.  
"If you've nothing to be ashamed of, you needn't make a mystery about it, that I can see."

"My esteemed Johnny!" murmured Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh.

"Well, that's what I think," grunted Johnny Bull. "We're Redwing's friends, and it's up to him to explain."

"Well, I can't," said Tom, "and I'd rather say nothing more about it."

With that he walked away, leaving the Famous Five with very dubious expressions on their faces.

Other fellows questioned him, but he shook them off. He was troubled in mind, and heavy in heart, and he wanted to be alone. He was allowed to go, at last; but Billy Bunter followed him to a secluded walk under the old elms. Bunter, of course, wanted to know.

"I say, Redwing, old chap—"  
"Oh, clear off, Bunter!" exclaimed Redwing irritably.

"You can tell a pal, old fellow!" urged Bunter. "I say, did you go to the Cross Keys?"

"No, you fat idiot!"  
"Was it the Three Fishers?" asked Bunter. "That's a good distance—"

"No, fathead!"  
"Well, where did you go, then?"  
"Find out!" snapped Redwing.

"Eh? That's why I'm asking you, old chap," explained Bunter. "I say, fancy you turning out a blagging bounder like Smithy! Of course, you never took me in, like you did the other fellows. You never quite pulled the wool over my eyes, you know."

"For goodness' sake, let me alone!"  
"Oh, really, Redwing—"  
"Cut off, you fat duffer!"

Bunter did not cut off. He wanted to know.

"Look here, old chap, if you're going to be bunked, you may as well tell a pal all about it before you go," he urged.  
"You see—Ow! Leggo!"

Redwing, taking the Owl of the Remove by the collar, spun him round, and applied a boot to his tight trousers. There was a howl from Bunter.

"Ow! Wow! Beast! Wow! I'm jolly glad you're going to be sacked! Yah!"

And Bunter departed at last.  
Redwing moved about restlessly under the elms. He had plenty of food for thought. After third school he was to go before Dr. Locke. He had nothing to say to the Head, any more than to Mr. Quelch. He could not tell the facts, and a falsehood he would not tell. It was growing clear in his mind that it was not a flogging he had risked for standing by Smithy. The chopper was coming down, and he realised it. It could not be helped; but if it was to come, he wished that it was over. Quelch had meant him well, in giving him time to reflect; but the respite was merely torment to the hapless junior.

"Reddy!"  
The Bounder came through the elms.

There was a curious expression on his face.

Redwing looked at him in silence. He had wanted to keep clear of Smithy till it was all over. They were not friends now; and he had not expected Smithy to seek him out. But Vernon-Smith had done so.

"What's this game?" asked Smithy.  
"All the fellows say you were out of bounds last night, and Quelch caught you out. You're up before the Beak after third school."

"Yes."  
"That means bunking."  
"Very likely."

"Well, what does it all mean?" demanded the Bounder. "It's got me beaten. Mean to say that you've been humbuggin' all this time; that you've been playing the giddy goat secretly, while you've been preachin' at me, and settin' up as a shinin' example?"

Redwing crimsoned.  
"Well, what have you got to say?" demanded Smithy.

"Nothing."  
"I can't make it out. I was out last night, and Quelch never missed me. Some of the fellows were awake, and they don't seem to have noticed that I was out, either. Nobody seems to have noticed that my bed was empty, though it was staring them in the face all the time—I never even put a dummy in it. But Quelch must have come to the dorm on my account, not on yours; he never suspected you. He'd look at my bed first of all—and it seems that he never looked at it. I can't make it out."

"Leave it at that!" said Redwing.  
"It's jolly queer," said the Bounder.

"I ought to have been bowled out, and I'm safe as houses; and you've been bowled by sheer accident. What are you going to tell the Head?"

"Nothing!"  
"Well, you'll have to tell him somethin'. You don't want to be bunked from Greyfriars, I suppose?"

"No."  
"That's what it will come to if you can't spin the Beak a thumpin' good yarn. Don't be a fool, Redwing! If you've been humbuggin' all this time a few crammers won't make much difference. You've got a good reputation, and you could get away with almost any yarn if it's a bit plausible. Can't you think of somethin'?"

"No!"  
"You're asking for the sack."  
Redwing made no rejoinder. He looked rather curiously at the Bounder. Smithy was hopelessly perplexed; and Redwing wondered a little that he did not guess. But the Bounder was far from guessing. Sooner or later he must know, that was certain. But he did not know yet. And Redwing had no intention of telling him.

"I'm sorry," said the Bounder, at last. "You're for it, Redwing, if you can't stuff the Beak. I—I wish we hadn't rowed, Reddy."

"So do I, Smithy," said Redwing quietly. "I—I'm afraid it's all up with me here. But after I'm gone—"

"After you're gone!" repeated the Bounder mechanically. It seemed difficult for Smithy to imagine Redwing gone. "Reddy! You can't go—you shan't go! You've got to pull out of this somehow. Look here, tell me about it! I can help you! I'm keener than you—I've got my wits about me! Let me help you out!"

"There's nothing doing, Smithy! If you're sorry I'm going—"

"Sorry!" muttered the Bounder.  
"Well, then, you're sorry!" said Redwing, smiling faintly. "Let's part



"Redwing," said Dr. Locke coldly, "you are expelled, you——" Crash! He broke off suddenly as the door flew open and Vernon-Smith burst into the room. "Redwing was not out of bounds last night, sir," blurted out the Bounder. "I've come to tell you before it's too late!"

friends, Smithy, and—and if you'd like to do something for me——"

"Give it a name!"  
"Keep straight after I'm gone, and don't come a cropper," said Redwing. "That's what I want you to do, Smithy."

The Bounder eyed him.  
"Keep straight!" he said. "That's queer advice from a fellow who's going to be bunked for breaking bounds at night."

Redwing's face was scarlet. He turned away without another word, and walked to the House, leaving the Bounder staring after him biting his lip.

**THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.**

**Smithy Makes a Discovery!**

**H**ARRY WHARTON & CO. came out of the Remove Form-room, after third school, with glum faces. Redwing, at a sign from Mr. Quelch, followed the Remove master in the direction of the Head's study. Many glances followed Redwing as he disappeared with Mr. Quelch. The rest of the Remove went out into the sunny quad, most of them breathlessly discussing what was to happen to Tom Redwing. That it was the "sack" no fellow in the Remove doubted now.

"It's rotten!" said Bob Cherry, as the Famous Five walked in the quad. "It's just rotten, you men!"

"The rottenfulness is terrific!" said Harree Janset Ram Singh dismally.

"But the mysteryfulness is also preposterous."

"I can't believe that Redwing has done anything shady!" said Harry Wharton, shaking his head. "That's all rot! He's not that sort! But where the dickens was he last night—and what was he up to?"

"Goodness knows!" said Nugent. "Why can't he explain? He's simply asking to be bunked."

"It beats me hollow."  
"Smithy seems to be feeling it," remarked Bob. "He's been on scrapping terms with Reddy lately, but he seems to feel it now the chap's going to be bunked."

Wharton glanced at the Bounder. Vernon-Smith was tramping across the quad with his hands driven deep in his pockets and a deep line in his brow. He looked across at the Famous Five, and came towards them. His face was almost haggard. There was no doubt that the Bounder was feeling it.

"Look here, you men, somethin's got to be done!" said the Bounder abruptly. "What is Redwing playing the goat like this for? I've thought it out, but I don't believe—I can't believe—that he was up to anything last night that he can't explain."

"I'm sure of that!" said Harry. "But he says he's got nothing to say to the Head!" exclaimed the Bounder. "He's gone to the Beak expectin' to be bunked. What the merry dickens is his game?"

"No good asking me," said Wharton. "You ought to know, if anybody does, as you're his pal."

The Bounder winced.

"We've been on ratty terms lately. You know that."

"Yes; and I know whose fault it was," said the captain of the Remove dryly.

"No need to rub that in!" said the Bounder, fushing. "I want to help Reddy if I can. Why did he go out of bounds last night? Why can't he say where he went? He can't have been ass enough to come after me, I suppose. He knew that wouldn't be any good. But why——"

"After you?" repeated Wharton, with a stare.

"Well, I thought it might be that," said Vernon-Smith. "That would account for his not telling Quelch where he went. But——"

"What the thump do you mean? You weren't out of bounds last night."

The Bounder shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"I was, you ass! I'm not shoutin' it out, of course—I'm not giving Quelch a chance at me. I can't make out why the old ass never missed me from the dorm."

The Famous Five looked at Smithy blankly.

"Off your rocker?" asked Bob Cherry. "How could Quelch miss you from the dorm when you were in bed all the time?"

"I tell you I was out!" snapped the Bounder. "I was a fool to risk it, of course; I see that now. I might have known that Quelch would come rotting into the dorm. Why he didn't spot me is a giddy mystery—but he didn't. I

suppose he forgot me, after finding poor old Reddy out."

"Either you're dreaming, or else I am!" exclaimed Wharton. "You were in bed when Quelch came to the dorm."

"Oh, don't be an ass! I cleared out at eleven, and came back at one. Quelch had fastened the box-room window—after missing Reddy, I suppose—and I climbed in at the dormitory window."

"Great pip! You might have broken your neck, you howling ass!" exclaimed Nugent.

"Well, I didn't! I climbed up at the window, and Redwing was awake and let me in. If he'd been out, he got back before I did. I never guessed that—"

Harry Wharton gave the Bounder a startled look. For the first time a strange suspicion flashed into his mind.

"Smithy, let's have this clear! Are you talking out of the back of your neck, or were you really out of bounds last night?"

"I've told you I was!" snapped the Bounder.

"Then who was in your bed?"

"Nobody, ass!"

"Don't be a silly fathead, Smithy! If your bed had been empty, do you think Quelch wouldn't have spotted it?"

"I shouldn't have thought so; but it turns out that he didn't," said the Bounder. "Anyhow, the bed was empty."

"The bed was not empty."

"Don't be an ass! I suppose I knew where I was last night?" snapped the Bounder irritably.

"The bed was not empty!" said Bob Cherry. "I got up and struck a match after Quelch had gone. Redwing's bed was empty, but yours wasn't."

"Fathead!"

"I tell you it wasn't!" exclaimed Bob Cherry angrily. "Do you think I haven't got eyes? I rather wondered that you never woke up; but you were in bed all right."

"Hold on," said Harry Wharton quietly. "I think I begin to see light. If you were out of bounds when Quelch came, Smithy—"

"Well, I was."

"Somebody was in your bed."

"Rot!"

"And I think I see it all now," said Harry. "Redwing was not out of the dorm at all. He heard Quelch coming, and bundled into your bed to save your bacon."

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Bob.

"Oh!" exclaimed Nugent. "That's it! The silly ass!"

The Bounder jumped. His eyes almost started from his head as he stared at the captain of the Remove.

"You—you think—" he stammered.

"I don't think—I know!" answered Harry Wharton quietly. "I never knew you were out of bounds or I should have guessed before. Your bed was not empty—there was somebody in it, and Quelch saw that there was somebody in it: and he took that somebody for you. I jolly well know now who that somebody was."

"That ass, Redwing!" said Johnny Bull, with a nod. "Oh my hat!"

"It was the esteemed and ridiculous Redwing!" said Horree Janset Ram Singh. "All is terrifically clear now."

"Redwing!" muttered the Bounder.

He drew a deep, hard breath.

He had been puzzled, perplexed, mystified, but he had never guessed. But he knew now. It was on his

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account that Quelch had come to the dormitory in the first place. It was amazing that he could have overlooked the Bounder's empty bed!

The explanation was simple; he had not overlooked it. He had found it occupied, and, finding it occupied, his suspicions had been set at rest. And there was only one fellow in the Remove who could have occupied it in the Bounder's place—only one fellow who was missing. That was Redwing!

The Bounder saw it all now as clearly as Harry Wharton & Co. He had marvelled at his escape. But he knew now how he had escaped. His chum—the chum he had flouted and insulted and estranged—had taken his place to save him, as he was even now taking his place in the Head's study, to receive the sentence that should have been his.

"Oh," muttered the Bounder, "and I—I never knew, I never guessed— The fool—the fool! He may have thought he would get off with a flogging. But it's the sack. He knows it now, and he's said nothing. They're going to bunk him, and he's going to say nothing. He's goin' to let them bunk him out of the school." The Bounder's voice broke.

"He's with the Head now," said Harry Wharton, very quietly.

The Bounder gave him a look.

"Do you think I'm goin' to leave him to it?" he sneered.

He left them with that, and started for the House at a run. Harry Wharton & Co. looked at one another. The Bounder, running at a breathless speed, disappeared into the House.

## THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

### At the Eleventh Hour!

**D**R. LOCKE peered at Redwing over his glasses. The junior stood before him, silent, waiting. Mr. Quelch stood by the Head's writing-table with a grim face. Grim as it was there were signs of trouble and distress in it.

The case seemed clear enough—never had a case seemed clearer. The offender had been discovered out of bounds at midnight, and he had not a word to say in explanation or excuse. Put upon his defence, he had no defence to make. To every question he could only answer that he had nothing to say. Even the headmaster's stern command could draw nothing more from him than that. The case could scarcely have been clearer, yet at the back of the Remove master's mind a doubt lingered. One thing was certain—that if Mr. Quelch's judgment of Redwing had been a mistaken one, he could never trust his judgment of a boy again.

The Head's deep voice broke a silence that was growing painful.

"You repeat, Redwing, that you have nothing to say?"

"Yes, sir," said Tom wearily.

"You refuse to say where you went when you broke school bounds at a late hour of the night?"

"I've nothing to say, sir."

"In that event, Redwing, you are aware that there is only one step I can possibly take."

"I—I hoped you might give me another chance, sir," said Redwing, in a low voice. "I expected punishment. I'm not afraid of that. Mr. Quelch will tell you that he has never had reason to complain of me before. And, though I suppose you can't believe me,

I can give you my word that I've done no wrong. My Form master has always taken my word up till now."

"It cannot be taken now, Redwing," said Mr. Quelch, "unless, at least, you make a full and frank confession to your headmaster."

"I cannot do that, sir."

The Head made an impatient gesture.

"Redwing, I desire to deal with you leniently, if possible. I desire to believe that you are not unfit to remain at this school. Explain your conduct to me, and I shall judge."

"I can't say anything more, sir."

"In that case, Redwing, you leave me no resource but to expel you from Greyfriars," said the Head coolly.

Redwing breathed hard.

But he did not speak. He had not stood by Sunthy in order to let him down at the finish. For one of the two it was the "sack." And not to save himself from expulsion, not to save his good name, not to save his life, would Redwing have betrayed his chum.

He stood silent.

"Very well," said the Head. "You have nothing more to say?"

"No, sir."

"Then the matter closes. You leave Greyfriars to-day." The Head's voice deepened. "Redwing, you are expelled."

Crash!

The study door flew open, interrupting the headmaster. He broke off, and his glance flashed round at the junior, who burst breathless, panting, into the room.

"Vernon-Smith!" thundered the Head, in angry amazement. "How dare you! How dare you, I say! Leave my study at once! Mr. Quelch, you will deal with that disorderly boy later!"

The Bounder panted.

"Dr. Locke, I—"

"Leave this study!" thundered the Head.

The Bounder did not flinch. Redwing gave him a startled look. One look was enough. He knew that the Bounder knew—that he had guessed somehow, and he knew why he had come.

"Smithy!" breathed Redwing.

Dr. Locke rose to his feet, towering in wrath. Mr. Quelch's hand was already dropping on the Bounder's shoulder. The Bounder stood like a rock, panting for breath, but cool.

"I've got to speak, sir. I've come here to tell you Redwing was not out of bounds last night. I've come to tell you before it's too late."

Dr. Locke paused.

"If you know anything about this matter, Vernon-Smith, you may speak. Explain yourself at once."

"Redwing was not out of bounds, sir. He was in the dormitory when Mr. Quelch came there," said the Bounder steadily. "He had taken another fellow's place to save him from being found out."

Mr. Quelch started violently.

"What?" he exclaimed. "Vernon-Smith, what are you saying?"

"I'm telling you the truth, sir," said the Bounder. "I've only just found out how the matter stood, and I've come to tell you. Another Remove man was out of bounds and Redwing slipped into his bed, to save him from being found out."

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the Head in astonishment. "Is this true? Is this possibly true, Mr. Quelch?"

"I can scarcely believe so, sir!" exclaimed the Remove master. "Certainly, Redwing's bed was unoccupied,

(Continued on page 28.)

OUR POPULAR SERIAL GROWS MORE EXCITING WITH EVERY CHAPTER!

# THE ISLAND OF SLAVES!

By  
**STANTON  
HOPE.**

The Navy's on  
a tough job . . .  
but sailors don't  
care . . . they're  
tough!

(See introduction  
on next page.)



The sail wrapped itself about Farhud's cut-throat crew and enveloped them in their own boat!

## Treachery!

**C**HOTAJEE came out of his beauty sleep with a yelp and blinked his eyes. He no longer wore the familiar round spectacles.

"Yarooogh!" he spluttered. "Yah, debased pig-dog of an Arab! Is it not sufficiency that all dogs'-bodies of town throw superfluity of discarded vegetable matter during hours of daylight?"

The Arab guards laughed appreciation, but Guy and Tony noticed that they kept their loaded guns ready.

"Chale jaol Vamoose!" Chotajee shouted furiously. "I am not common ragtag-and-bobtail, but Bengali gentleman and 'Failed B.A.' of illustrious University. I decline to be target for any more such sportiveness! Buzzfully depart!"

There was no hope of making a successful attack at once, and the chums shuffled away. In the deep shadows at the first corner they waited while a belated goat-herd with a few scraggy goats passed through the Arcade of Pomegranates. Then Guy began to knock with his knuckles on a wooden sign bearing Arabic characters.

Thump, thump, thump!  
The regular knocking attracted the attention of the guards by the gaol, and they spoke together. One came cautiously to the corner, and Guy and Tony drew back closer into the shadows.

Thump, thump, thump!  
As the Arab stepped from the Arcade of Pomegranates Guy stopped thumping the sign and brought his right round in a sizzling uppercut. It caught the man fairly on the point, and Tony

flung his arms round him and his rifle as his knees sagged beneath him.

"That's one of 'em!" he chuckled.

Ripping the head-dress from the unconscious sentry, Guy traded it for his own; then picked up the long rifle and sauntered towards the gaol.

Too late the other Arab realised that something was wrong and jerked his rifle to the ready. Guy kicked with all his force for the region of his belt, and, with a gasp of pain, the Arab lurched forward, his face meeting the British fellow's left fist. When Tony came rushing from round the corner he saw this Arab also lying among the offal in the gutter.

"Chota!" Guy cried hoarsely, as he fumbled with the bolts of the prison door. "Rouse yourself, man!"

In his delight the little Bengali leaped up so suddenly that he bumped his head against the low, filthy ceiling. Then the naval chums quickly opened the foul den and dragged forth the little babu.

"Skiddoo!" Tony cried.

Chotajee knew the voice and lost no time in obeying the order.

Avoiding the fish bazaar, where numbers of beggars and pariah dogs raked for food, the three steered a star-board course for the waterfront.

Without difficulty they located the blue mahaila, which had a high stern and a single rakish mast. As they approached they saw a familiar-looking figure step across a plank from the mahaila to the shore. It was Sayyid!

Guy drew his pals behind some bales of Somali cotton.

"What the blazes is that fellow doing down here?" he muttered.

"He is debased pariah dog's-body!" Chotajee mumbled. "May the foulsome lies he told about me, an honourable

gent and 'Failed B.A.' shrivel his despised tongue!"

"Dry up," Guy whispered, "and keep your ears open!"

Sayyid had turned and was addressing in Arabic someone aboard the mahaila.

"He says, sahibs," Chotajee whispered, interpreting, "that the debased captain of the mahaila should have been there to see him, as arranged. By a mistakefulness, the said captain has gone to a certain coffee-shop."

Footsteps sounded on the jetty, and an Arab came from the direction of the waterfront. Sayyid met him not far from the bales of cotton and spoke hurriedly in Arabic, and the chums also heard the metallic chink of coins as they were passed by the servant to the skipper. Finally, the two Arabs turned and boarded the mahaila together.

"What did they say, Chota?" Guy demanded eagerly.

The little Bengali, trembling with indignation, explained the reason for the meeting. Sayyid had paid a bribe of money to the Arab skipper, Farhud, that the man and his crew should kill his two passengers when the mahaila was at sea and to give the affair the appearance of an accident. Apparently Sayyid, through some error, did not expect that the chums would arrive on board for at least another half-hour, and he was going to wait until they were safely in the mahaila before secretly slipping ashore himself.

"Well, the rotten swab will wait a jolly long time!" Tony rasped. "Guy, old top, I've taken a dislike to this blue mahaila!"

Guy nodded.

"We'll arrange our own passage," he said. "Thank goodness the consul gave us plenty of brass! When we can we'll let him know the sort of snake he's harbouring in his household."

Silently they crept away from the jetty and round to another part of the waterfront where some other mahailas were lying. One was about to leave for the fishing grounds off the coast, and Chotajee spoke in Arabic to the skipper, Yussif, and arranged a passage to Aden after handing over several pieces of the gold and silver supplied to the chums by the consul.

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Fifteen minutes later the mahaila had turned her high stern towards Ahkab and was creeping out to sea.

"The sooner we get back to the Falcon the better," remarked Guy. "This slave game is deeper than even the commander-in-chief imagines, and the Navy has got a tough job on."

"Ay, admiral!" Tony agreed. "And we want to get right into the thick of it!"

### A Sail to Windward!

**A**S the mahaila sailed round the coast under the stars of the Arabian night the three chums made a meal before arranging their beds on the dirty reed matting supplied by Yussif.

Despite blistered feet, they began to feel better. The meal, as Tony remarked, was nothing to write home about, but it was nourishing. Chunks of fatty mutton boiled in olive-oil and flavoured with garlic was not the diet they would have chosen, but it filled an aching void.

When the meal was over Guy was about to tackle Chotajee on the subject of the broken piece of lens which he had found in that grim room of the consul's residence. But suddenly, to the surprise of himself and Tony, the little babu produced his pair of round spectacles and adjusted them on his brown snub nose.

"My hat!" Tony whooped. "He's got 'em!"

Actually the mystery of the broken piece of lens became the more baffling when Chotajee explained. When he had found the stabbed slave he had dropped his glasses on the small Persian carpet, and he had recovered them and put them in an outside pocket. There he had kept them for safety ever since, as they were the only pair he'd got, and he had been subjected to much rough handling since his arrest.

How, therefore, did that broken piece of lens come to be clutched between the rigid fingers of the dead slave? Their only clue to the unknown assassin had suddenly made the whole problem the more difficult.

For the rest of that night they slept like logs in the fresh air of the poop deck of the rocking mahaila. On the following morning the sun swung up in a ball of fire out of the east and set the Arabian sea scintillating with gold. Away on the weather beam was another mahaila beating swiftly towards them.

Guy, Tony, and the Bengali watched from the high poop deck, while the pungent odour of curry wafted from for'ard.

"Great fish-hooks!" Tony exclaimed. "It's that blue hooker skippered by Farhud!"

"My honourable aunts!" Chotajee hooted. "Now, indeed, in the words of the British poet, we are undone! Without doubt the debased mahaila is chasefully pursuing us!"

"Warn Yussif!" Guy commanded. "Tell him, if he values his life, not to let that old junk come up on our weather side!"

Yussif and his crew were peaceful fishermen, but all owned the usual curved knives. At Guy's advice, interpreted by Chotajee, they armed themselves with the heavy battens from the hatch of the forward hold.

Crack!

A shot came whanging over the blue

sea—a signal for them to stop. But Yussif kept on his course.

Standing near him at the great helm, Guy, an excellent navigator, gave him some good advice, which was interpreted by the babu. The young naval officer had been out East long enough to know the tricks of the treacherous Arab slavers and others of that kind. Rightly he guessed that the blue mahaila was coming up from windward, prepared to play the usual trick which in the distant past has been the death of many a stout British boat's crew.

"This chap's got wind of how we left Ahkab, old son," Guy remarked to Tony. "They've come out to earn Sayyid's money and scupper the lot of us. You see their game? If they can come alongside us on the weather beam they'll cut their halliards and bring the sail down on top of us, and then pile aboard and knife us before we can get out. The usual giddy trick!"

"Sailors don't care!" Tony grinned, taking a firmer grip on his hatch-batten. "Let 'em all come, and we'll distribute among 'em a few headaches that'll take more than a vinegar plaster to mend!"

Shots from the blue mahaila began to slash splinters from the bulwarks, but by adroit seamanship Yussif tacked suddenly and took the weather berth.

"Now!" Guy roared. "Put your helm hard down, man!"

Over went the helm, and the old fishing mahaila, which was handier than the blue craft owned by Farhud, bore swiftly down upon the foe, taking the wind completely out of the great sail. Every man had a hatch-batten ready, and some had been told off to crouch near the bulwarks with knives handy.

"Here's your chance!" Guy exclaimed. "Let go!"

As Yussif roared an order, his men leaped up and slashed through the ropes. Down came the great sail with a run, and the wind bellied it outward and over the other craft as Farhud's cut-throats leaped up to come aboard.

The sail wrapped itself about them, tumbling them back, and enveloped them in their own boat.

"Make fast!" Guy roared.

Tony slung a rope over a pair of stout wooden battens on the blue mahaila's poop deck, making fast the sterns of the two craft. The Arab fisherman leaped aboard the enemy craft with another

### THE FIRST CHAPTERS RETOLD.

*LIEUTENANT GUY EASTON, SUB-LIEUTENANT DUNN, and CHOTAJEE, a Bengali interpreter, having been ordered to board a suspicious-looking dhow heading a southerly course out of the Red Sea, are cut adrift during a storm and cast ashore on the Island of Khoof. After a series of exciting adventures, the trio gather useful information concerning the revival in slave traffic. Eventually reaching Ahkab, on the Arabian coast, the boys call upon the consul and unfold their story. With a supply of money, Guy and Tony are wending their way through the streets some time later when an unknown enemy makes it appear that they have desecrated one of the most important mosques in the Arabian port. Eluding the fanatical Arabs, the two chums return to the consul's residence where to their horror and amazement they discover an Arab slave whom they had previously befriended skewered to the floor. In consequence of certain evidence supplied by one of the consul's servants, Chotajee is unjustly saddled with the crime and imprisoned in a filthy Ahkab gaol. Determined to release their black chum, Guy and Tony, wearing Arab disguises, sneak up to the prison where they see Chotajee behind iron bars curled up fast asleep. Picking up a decayed cabbage, Guy hurls it at the sleeping form.*

(Note read on.)

rope, and performed a similar sort of feat. The two mahailas were locked together, and under the great sail which enveloped the blue vessel were the trapped and squirming figures of Farhud and his crew.

Before ever Guy gave the order, Chotajee, who was brave as a lion with the enemy thus entrapped, waved the biggest batten of all and squealed a battle-cry.

"Breckety-axe, take an axe, take an axe to 'em! Ra, ra, ra!"

Thump! Thump!

In his excitement he smote the first prominent moving thing under the canvas, thinking it was someone's big head. It proved, however, to be the opposite end of one of the miscreants, and a mighty yelp of pain rose as the hatch-batten descended for the second time.

"Yoooh! Walla, walla!"

"Sufferin' catfish!" Tony bellowed. "Hear that?"

"Indeed, yes, sahib!" panted Chotajee. "It was the voice of the debased Sayyid!"

Thump!

This time his hatch-batten alighted on the figurehead instead of the stern-sheets of the fugitive, and the man made no more fuss.

Meanwhile, Guy and the Arab fishermen were setting to work with a will upon the rest of the cut-throat crew.

"Go to it, shipmates!" Guy roared. "Knock seven bells out of 'em!"

Leaping here and there over the torn and heaving sail, they beat their hatch-battens down upon every head that showed itself. A brown hand came up through the sail, and drew back to hurl a knife at Guy, and the young officer promptly swung his batten and sent the weapon spinning into the sea, where it dived through the blue water with a flash like a silver fish.

The owner of the hand was the treacherous skipper, Farhud, and, squirming through the slit in the sail like a snake, his wiry arms looked themselves about Guy's legs. The English fellow crashed downward in top of the canvas, and, wriggling round, caught Farhud by the throat, and crashed his head back against the bulwark.

The skull of the Arab skipper was tough, but the teakwood bulwark was tougher. The bulwark won and Farhud became inert as a laden sack.

Guy scrambled to his feet, partly roused by Tony's voice raised in protest.

"Hi, hi!" Tony was bellowing. "Avast there, you lubbers! Pax!"

So enthusiastic had Yussif's men become that they were leaping over the great canvas sail, clumping every protuberance time and again with their battens, and joyfully yelping: "Il Allah!"

Chotajee, enjoying himself as he had never done before, was helping them and urging them on in weird English instead of Arabic.

"Cut it out, there, you free-handed, little lubber!" Guy laughed. "We've handed 'em enough headaches and backaches to last 'em for a week!"

Very reluctantly Chotajee and the Arabs desisted, bemoaning among themselves the queer ways of the "feringhees" in not making dead mutton of the foe while they had so favourable a chance.



Heaving together they dragged up the sail, and took from underneath the inert figures of the cut-throats, among them Sayyid, who had voyaged forth in the mahaila to take the other craft from windward and knife everyone on board.

The pals were overjoyed to have him as one of the prisoners. Clearly he had hoped to prevent them from ever appearing as witnesses against the big Abyssinian, Ras Dhin, and the others connected with the slave trade. Many a boat's crew had disappeared swiftly and mysteriously in those seas, and the whole episode showed how determined Sayyid had been to bring about their end.

They were the more certain, too, that not only was he connected with the slave trade himself, but was the man responsible for the death of the blackamoor in the consul's house. But so far they had no definite proof of this. However, they had enough evidence now to have him clapped into a gaol while further investigations were carried out.

Some pretty stiff work in the blazing sun saw Sayyid and his unconscious comrades lying bound in rows on the blue mahaila's deck. Then while Chotajee threw buckets of reviving seawater over the prisoners, the naval chums and Yussif's Arabs took Farhad's sail as spoil and hoisted it in the other craft. A long rifle was given to Chotajee, who was delighted to remain on guard over the prisoners who exhausted huge vocabularies of abuse after they had come to. Then the

mahaila was taken in tow by Yussif, Guy and Tony also remaining aboard as a prize crew.

It was arranged that they should take watch and watch over the prisoners, and Chotajee remained on duty first while the other two got into the shade and caught up with some of their lost sleep.

The sun was dipping below the zenith when they were aroused by Chotajee, and leaped up to see a sight which made them rub their fists into their eyes, and wonder if they were really awake or dreaming.

H.M.S. Falcon was hove-to not a cable's length away, and Yussif's mahaila, with the prize in tow, was going alongside.

"Splice me!" Tony hooted joyously. "It's the old hooker herself! Why the thump didn't you rouse us before, Chota, you old mule?"

"Behold, sahibs!" Chotajee answered. "Methought it would be more pleasantly surpriseful-like packet out of luckful dip."

He answered without looking at them, for he was waving his hand at some Geonese servants he recognised aboard the British gunboat.

So far, no one aboard the Falcon even guessed that two officers of their own ship, Lieutenant Guy Easton and Sub-Lieutenant Tony Dunn, were on board this strange craft coming alongside. They had seen, however, that something queer had been happening owing to the number of Arabs lying bound under roughly-spread, red awnings.

So the mahailas edged alongside, and Guy and Tony wildly waved their hands and shouted to inform their shipmates of their identity. The gunboat's rails were lined with grinning faces and roars of uncontrollable laughter greeted them.

The chums had been rather proud of their Arab disguises, and particularly of the deep brown colour of their skins, which they had acquired by dipping their heads, arms, and legs into a liquid they had found in the Ahkab brassware shop, the stuff that made new Birmingham brass ornaments look like old and valuable Benares ware. They looked from one to another in surprise, and their hair almost curled from their heads. Their faces, hands, arms, and legs were brightest green.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The merry bluejackets of the Falcon rocked with mirth as the discomfited pals went up over the side, and sheepishly saluted Captain Knox.

"Good heavens!" the skipper gasped. "Can it be possible that it's you, Easton, and that this is Dunn?"

"N-no m-mistake about that, s-sir," Guy stammered. "We had to leave Ahkab under rather queer circumstances, and I—I'm afraid that something has got a bit adrift with our disguises."

*(Guy and his chums have certainly proved themselves a credit to the British Navy! How will Captain Knox receive them? Boys, next week's instalment is better than ever. Don't miss it, whatever you do!)*

# The heat of the game



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# WRIGLEY'S

**1<sup>D</sup>** PER PACKET



## A SCHOOLBOY'S SACRIFICE!

(Continued from page 24.)

and he did not appear to be in the dormitory. All the other boys appeared to be in their places and asleep. Naturally, I did not examine closely. I took it for granted—"

He broke off, his guileful eyes sharply on the Bounder's face.

"Vernon-Smith! If your extraordinary statement is correct you can give me the name of the boy who was absent, and whose place you state that Redwing took."

"Certainly, sir!"

"The name?" rapped out the Head.

"Mine, sir!"

"What—what?" The Head stared blankly at the Bounder. "Yours, Vernon-Smith! It was you—"

"It was I, sir!" said the Bounder quietly. "I've just found out that Redwing took my place, to save my skin. I never knew until a few minutes ago. I came here to tell you."

"Bless my soul!"

The Head sat down again, staring at the Bounder. On Mr. Quelch's face was a look of deep relief. That vague, lingering doubt at the back of his mind had been justified, after all. Redwing, the boy he had trusted, was guilty—of a chivalrous sacrifice to save his friend. Mr. Quelch almost smiled.

"Redwing!" The Head spoke at last. "Is this true?"

"Yes, sir," said Redwing. "I—I hoped Smithy would not find it out till after I was gone. But—it's true!"

"You have done very wrong, Redwing. You have done very wrong indeed," said the Head sternly. "Your action might have defeated justice, Redwing—indeed, that appears to have been your object. You deliberately allowed your Form master to believe—" He broke off. "I can make allowances for boyish loyalty, but—but—"

He paused again.

He looked at Mr. Quelch. The Remove master coughed.

"Redwing has certainly been guilty of a fault, sir," said Mr. Quelch. "A— a very serious fault! But—"

"I leave the matter in your hands, Mr. Quelch!" said the Head. "You will deal with this boy of your Form. Redwing, leave my study."

Redwing moved to the door. He paused, looking at the Bounder. Then he opened the door and passed out. As he closed it, he heard the deep voice of the Head:

"And now, Vernon-Smith, I shall deal with you!"

Redwing heard no more. He went down the corridor, almost blindly. At the corner a group of juniors were waiting. A hand caught Redwing by the arm and stopped him. He looked dully at the Famous Five.

"Smithy's owned up?" breathed Wharton.

Redwing nodded.

"You're all clear, then?" asked Bob.

"Yes; not that I care!" muttered Redwing miserably. "Smithy's for it—old Smithy! The best chum a fellow ever had—"

He faltered.

Harry Wharton & Co. listened to that in silence. If they did not agree they could understand Redwing's feelings. Tom leaned against a wall, his face the picture of misery. If only Smithy had not spoken—if only he could have faced what was now to fall on the Bounder! He gave no thought to himself; all his thoughts were for the friend he had tried to save, and whom he had failed to save.

"He's coming!" muttered Wharton.

The door of the Head's study opened. Herbert Vernon-Smith came out, and came along the corridor. He was quite cool, though his face was a little pale.

The juniors looked at him in mute questioning. The Bounder grinned faintly.

"No," he said, answering the unspoken question.

Redwing started.

"Smithy! You—"

"Quite a near thing," drawled the

Bounder. "Blessed if I ever expected Quelch to put in a word for me! But he did! And the Beak—he's not a bad sort! If I'd been nailed last night my number would have been up—you've saved my bacon, after all, Reddy! But I—" He grinned again. "It seems that my ownin' up made a difference. Of course, I could have held my tongue and crawled through all right if I'd been that kind of a worm. But the Beak seemed rather doubtful about sackin' a man who owned up when he might have kept his mouth shut. And Quelch seemed to feel the same. And the long and the short of it is, that bunkin's off, and I get a flogging full-dress scone in Hall after classes—whole school present, masters an' prefects, and the whole jolly old bag of tricks. Hope you fellows will enjoy the entertainment."

"You're lucky!" said Wharton. "And—and I'm jolly glad, Smithy!"

"The gladfulness is terrific!" Vernon-Smith nodded, and the Famous Five walked away, leaving him with his chum. Smithy gave Redwing a curious look.

"You glad, too, old bean?" he asked.

Redwing's bright face answered him.

"You can stand a flogging, Smithy. Besides, you jolly well deserve it!"

"Thanks!" grinned the Bounder.

His face became serious.

"Reddy, old man, I've been an ass!

A howling ass! I've been a fool—an obstinate fool! You punched my head in the study the other night. You can punch it again if you like—and as hard as you like!"

Redwing laughed, and slipped his arm through his chum's. The clouds had rolled by, and Tom Redwing was never likely to regret standing by Smithy any more than Vernon-Smith was likely to forget his chum's sacrifice.

THE END.

(Enjoyed the yarn, chum? Good! Now look out for another ripping story of Harry Wharton & Co. next week, entitled: "BILLY BUNTER'S BUNK!" You'll like it no end!)

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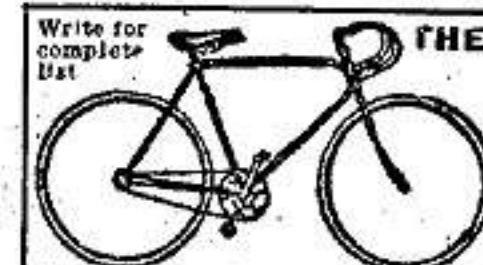


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# Greyfriars Herald

No. 37.

LAUGH AND GROW FAT.

March 21st, 1931.

Edited by  
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## "BEND OVER" FOLLOWS "TUCK-IN"

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**CHAMPION VENTRILOQUIST AT WORK AGAIN**



Quelchly invited us to tea last week. "Us," by the way, is the jolly old quintet known as the Famous Five—Harry Wharton, Franky Nugent, Johnny Bull, Lanky, and your humble and devoted servant, Robert Cherry.

Quelchly does things like that now and again. He's a good scout and he means well. But tea with Quelchly, who suffers from dyspepsia and has urgent longings to talk about Sophocles all the time, is a bit of an ordeal. So when he came and told us just before tea-time that he'd been called up on the phone and requested to meet the Head at Courtfield we didn't exactly weep and wail and gnash our teeth!

Quelchly seemed a little puzzled over that phone call. "Most surprising!" he said about it when he told us. "I thought the Head had merely gone down the lane to the vicar's house." I trust, my boys, that I shall not be long delayed.

"Oh, that's all right, sir!" said Wharton. "We'll have tea with you another time."

"There is no reason, Wharton, why you should not have tea in my study to-day. As the house-keeper has already laid the table, it would be a pity to postpone the affair. Please go along as soon as you like, and I will join you as quickly as I can."

Frankly, we felt quite bucked. Quelchly usually stands a good spread, and without his overwhelming presence we felt we could enjoy ourselves very well. But our joy was short-lived. No sooner had he gone than we heard footsteps down the passage again, and his dulcet tones called out to us:

"On consideration, boys, perhaps we will postpone tea till another day."

"Oh! All right, sir!" And that was that! What had made the Quelch-bird change his mind so suddenly was a mystery. We didn't feel at all pleased with him, whatever the reason was.

Quelchly went out. We had a fresh surprise when, after a lapse of ten minutes, he trotted into Study No. 1 again. He looked a bit red.

"Well, my boys, how is it you have not proceeded to my study?" was his surprising question. "But you told us it was postponed, sir!" pointed out Wharton.

"I see!" he remarked. "Of, at least, I begin to see. What actually happened was that someone imitated my voice, Wharton. Presumably it was the same person who pretended to be Dr. Locke on the phone!"

"Oh!"

"Fortunately, I ran into Dr. Locke at the gates in time to avoid a futile journey to Courtfield," said Mr. Quelch grimly. "I will now proceed to my study to find out what it all means. I think I can guess!"

We thought we could guess, too! We followed him at the double.

Quelchly fairly raced along to his room, stopping only for a moment en route to borrow Wingate's ashplant. He burst into his study like a cyclone.

And, as we had all guessed, there was William George Bunter, the world's prize poker and champion ventriloquist, wedging into our spread like one o'clock!

Now you know how Bunter came to invent a new form of exercise: Tuck-in and Bend Over!

**TEN LITTLE INKY FAGS**

Ten little inky fags, standing in a line,  
One sneaked a prefect, then there were nine.  
Nine little inky fags, cooking round a grate,  
One ate a herring's head, then there were eight.  
Eight little inky fags, travelling to Devon,  
One hit a railway line, then there were seven.  
Seven little inky fags, busy chucking bricks,  
One struck a bright idea, then there were six.  
Six little inky fags, going for a drive,  
One drank the petrol, then there were five.  
Five little inky fags, pulling at a door,  
One pulled the handle off, then there were four.  
Four little inky fags, tucking-in with glee,  
One ate a hundred buns, then there were three.  
Three little inky fags, yolling out "Moo!"  
One met an angry bull, then there were two.  
Two little inky fags, looking out for fun,  
One thought he'd wash himself, that left one.  
One little inky fag, feeling very ill,  
Ate a pot of jellyed-eels, then there were—nil!

**Bunter Bankrupt**

A petition was filed yesterday by the creditors of Mr. William George Bunter, who was 68 in number, and who claimed sums varying from £3 10s. (Lord Malmesbury) to 1d. (Shoep). It was stated that Bunter's debts amounted to the sum of £13 8s. 4½d., and that his total asset was one postal order which has been expected to arrive since the time of Richard the Third.

Mr. Vernon-Smith put the suggestion that the creditors should take it out of Bunter's hide, and this was carried unanimously. The whole of them then chorused left to look for Bunter. Yells loud enough to have stopped the Spanish Inquisition were presently heard proceeding from downstairs. The creditors were evidently arranging settlement.

## CAREERS FOR YOUR SONS

**LET YOUR SON GET IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR**  
**PROFESSIONS' PROBLEM SOLVED**

Parent! Have you ever considered what your son is going to do after he leaves Greyfriars?

If not, the time to consider the problem is now. Plan his future, or anything may happen to him. Think of the tragedy if he fritters away his life selling pigsties at wrestling matches or else at a precarious existence collecting cigarette ends on the broad highway!

Now that your attention has been drawn to the matter, your mind will probably turn to the more obvious professions usually adopted by the sons of gentlemen. You will contemplate making him a City magnate, a politician, a traveller in bird seed, or a club-podder!

Have you ever thought of one of the lesser-known but equally remunerative lines to which he may be better suited? Why not, for instance, make him a haddock smoker? A haddock smoker, as you are aware, is not a person who smokes the smouldering flesh of fish as a substitute for tobacco, but a preserver of haddocks. Many parents with previously unmanageable sons have found that the sure lay in haddock smoking.

Again, he might be in his element at eyebrow-waxing; or, possibly, he was born to be a master steam-engineer. Both these lucrative professions may be safely recommended.

This brings us to the neglected art of dashboard repairing. Expensive to-day needs dashboard repairs more than ever she did before. From a thousand homes the cry goes up: "Where can we get our dashboards repaired?" And the answer, "Where?"

A dashboard, after a few months' wear, becomes riddled with holes and unfit for use in championship games, or even in friendly encounters.

It is not generally known that by filling in the crevices with cherry-gum, leveling out the board and baking it in an oven for an hour, the work will be as good as new.

Naturally, it is a job for a specialist, and this is where the dashboard repairer comes in. Thousands of openings for dashboard repairs exist all over the country. Let your son get in on the ground floor while the getting is good. Delay spoils the date in!

Now for our answers to correspondents: "WORRIED POPPER," take him

**THE PRIDE OF THE ROCKIES**  
Intrepid Hunter's Thrilling Experiences  
Story by Paul Prout, M.A.

**GRASH!**  
With a thunderous, ear-splitting roar, a thousand tons of solid rock hurtled down the mountainside, to land on a narrow ledge only a few inches from Prout Paul, sportsman and adventurer.

Prout Paul turned not a hair. Trifles like that were always cropping up in the Rockies. He usually ignored them. Besides, at the present moment his eagle eyes were fixed on a magnificent grizzly which was charging along the ledge towards him.

He could have shot it where he stood, but Prout Paul preferred to wait till the last moment, so that he could extract every ounce of excitement out of the adventure.

This time he left it too late. The huge beast was suddenly upon him, snarling ferociously. A great, cavernous jaw opened in front of the intrepid hunter, and he saw the great brute's fangs bared at him.

Death stared him in the face! Did Prout Paul hesitate? Not he! He took the bull by the horns. More correctly, he took the bear by the ears and with a mighty effort forced the monster down to the ground.

A moan of despair left the brute's lips as it felt the man's superhuman strength throwing its life out. That was the last sound it uttered. Within five minutes Prout Paul had skinned it and was calmly leaping from mountain to mountain, his prize slung over his shoulder.

Let us take advantage of this brief interval to study our hero. He is not tall, but what he lacks in height he makes up for in width. That he is intelligent is

obvious from his partly-bald head and thick spectacles and from the slightly contemptuous expression on his solid face. But to return to his adventures. At the dizzy height of 10,000 feet he suddenly came face to face with a tribe of savage Redskins. With war whoops on their lips and battle axes and tomahawks in their hands, they flung themselves upon him. What happened next was—

(For the second instalment of this thrilling serial buy next week's number. It may or may not be in—probably not! The author wishes it to be known that all the characters in the story are entirely fictitious.—Ed.)



**NEWS IN BRIEF**

Colonel Cockpitt, the famous airman, dropped into Greyfriars the other day. He dropped out of his plane first. Instead of flying to America, as he had planned, the gallant colonel flew into a violent rage!

He rolled out from the chimney and landed on the carpet of Study No. 13. Bob Cherry informs us that his remarks were most un-"soot"able.

Money has been tight in the Remore lately. Mrs. Mimble states, however, that the announcement that the tuckshop is changing its name to the tuckshop is incorrect.

One of Gosing's chickens invaded the footer pitch last Saturday. This accounts for the rumour that the game was characterised by "tovi" play.

Skinner has been heard to complain that he can get no "kick" out of life. Wingate caught him smoking yesterday and supplied what he wanted.

Nugent developed an attack of "stitch" during the Famous Five's cross-country run recently; so the run was abandoned, and they missed a fearful deluge of rain. [This is a case where a stitch in time saves five!]

**"TAKE A THOUSAND LINES!" ROARED THE FORM MASTER**

Did Smith minor branan? Did his knees knock, did he burst into a torrent of bitter tears at the thought of the hours of toil that lay before him?

**HE DID NOT!**

He merely laughed carolically and sent

**LESSONS IN LAW**  
Peter Todd Spills Legal Secrets

Follows are always coming to me with little legal problems connected with cases in the junior courts, so with the Editor's permission I am going to give a few tips, free, gratis and for nothing. Here goes!

**FURIOUS DRIVING.**—When your Form-master drives a point home by rapping you on the knuckles with a cane you can always institute a prosecution for FURIOUS DRIVING.

**ASSAULT.**—If a chap punches you on the nose, then apologises and tells you you're one of the best, you are still entitled to summon him for ASSAULT AND FLATTERY.

**JUSTICE FOR FAGS.**—Fags who suffer too severely at the hands of the Loder brigade should have their assailants arrested for ATTEMPTED KID-SLAUGHTER. See Nugent minor v. Walker. Carra intervening, Vol. 3, Chap. 33 of "The Law of Fog and Fagmaster."

**A POINT TO REMEMBER.**—Should you at any time come into the dorm from the bath-room in your bare feet and find the floor littered with fags, you can claim compensation under the regulations relating to IN-COME-TACKS.