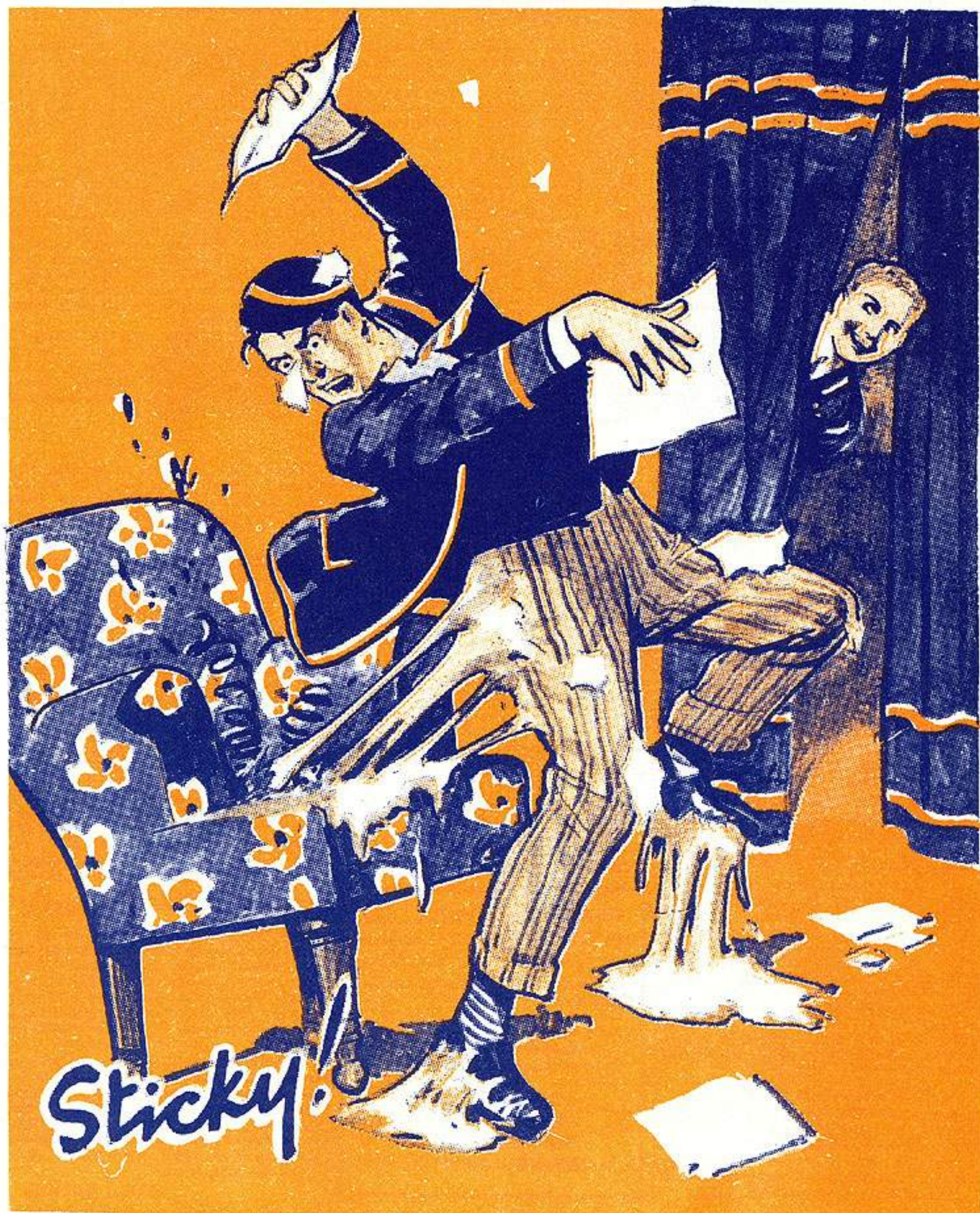


**BEST SCHOOL STORIES ALWAYS IN THE MAGNET!**

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



No. 1,212. Vol. XXXIX.

EVERY SATURDAY.

Week Ending May 9th, 1931.



# 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.

**T**HE first letter I've picked up this week comes from a reader who lives at Staines, Middlesex. He wants to know

## WHO BUILT THE FIRST CINEMA?

Well, the cinema was rather like the famous Topsy—"it just grewed!" In the early days of the films they were shown in all sorts of places; in tents at fair grounds, in ordinary shops, under railway arches, and even in disused churches and chapels. When the cinema was first invented it was shown in lecture halls, and the audience was entirely composed of scientists. But, as it became popular, all sorts of places were pressed into service as "cinemas," and eventually it reached the theatres and music halls. It was not until fairly recently that special buildings were constructed for showing films, and these sprang up all over the world simultaneously.

Various men have claimed to be the inventor of the cinema, including Freise-Green, an Englishman, Thomas Edison, the American, and M. Lumiere, a Frenchman. The cinema as we know it to-day is a combination of many inventions of various people.

This same reader also wants to know who wrote

## THE FIRST "MAGNET" STORY?

I thought every reader knew that! Frank Richards wrote the first—and has been writing them ever since! In other words, this splendid author has written hundreds of stories featuring the chums of Greyfriars—and many other stories besides! His extra-long stories dealing with the earlier adventures of Harry Wharton & Co., are published monthly in "The Schoolboys' Own Library."

**F**ROM St. Albans comes a query from Jack Cooper, who has been having a little argument with a chum. I am sorry to tell Jack that

## HE LOSES THE ARGUMENT!

It concerned the colour of beige. His chum said it was brown, and Jack said it was green. His chum is right. Beige is a lightish-brown colour.

He also wants to know the value of American money. A cent is worth approximately one halfpenny; a nickel is five cents, or twopence-halfpenny; a dime is ten cents, or fivepence; and a dollar is 100 cents, or, roughly, four shillings and twopence. Jack wants to send ten cents to America, and the best way he can do it is to buy two International Reply Coupons from a post office, which will cost him sixpence. These will be exchanged in America for stamps to the value of ten cents.

## WHO INVENTED CIPHERS?

asks G. L., of Whitstable. They are said to have been invented by the Romans. Julius Cæsar used secret writing for his despatches, but it was a very simple cipher, and consisted of using the second

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or third letter instead of the first, using the same sequence throughout the message. But, simple as it was, no one discovered it until the secret was given away in the year 1471. After that all sorts of new ciphers were invented and used in different parts of the world.

**A** CHUM of mine who hails from Sunderland has a brother who has just returned to this country after a voyage to the Far East, and one of the many interesting tales which he has to tell is about

## A ROPE OF HUMAN HAIR

which he saw in his travels. This was in the Buddhist temple of Higashi Hongwanji, at Kyoto. The rope is three hundred feet in length, and three inches in diameter. It was used to haul up the timbers for constructing the temple, and to hoist them into place. The hair was presented by the poor people of the neighbourhood, who could not afford to give anything else towards the building of the temple, but who still wanted to "do their bit" in helping to construct it.

Wouldn't you like to have one of your "brainwaves" illustrated by a MAGNET artist, and published in these pages? Of course you would! Well, you will have noticed that I am having several of my readers' Greyfriars limericks illustrated in these pages nowadays. But, in addition to the "kudos" of breaking into print in your favourite weekly, you will also get a topping prize if your verse comes up to the mark. So why not have a shot at winning a prize? I can assure you they are worth having, and they include first-class story books, Sheffield steel penknives, and magnificent pocket wallets.

Take J. Tingy, of 87, Forest Road, Lt. Edmonton, N.9., for instance. He sent along the following limerick, which made me chuckle, and I sent him a pocket wallet for it:

Mr. Quelch is a stern martinet.  
His pupils must never forget  
The lessons he teaches,  
Or his hand, it soon reaches  
The cane. And they feel it, you bet!

**BOOKS, PENKNIVES and POCKET WALLETS offered for storyettes and Greyfriars limericks. All efforts to be sent to:**

c/o MAGNET,  
5, Carmelite Street,  
London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

**DON'T MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY OF WINNING SOMETHING USEFUL!**

On other pages of this issue you will find jokes and limericks which have been sent in by readers who are now proudly displaying their prizes to their chums. What about you having a shot?

**J**UST to finish off this chat, here is a selection of

## RAPID-FIRE REPLIES

to queries sent in by readers:

What are "crocodile tears"? (B. D., of Mar-

lowe): There are no such things! A crocodile does not possess lachrymal glands, and therefore it cannot cry! When we speak of anyone "shedding crocodile tears," we mean that they are not genuine tears, but are simply affected for the occasion.

Can dogs understand words? (Ben Glover, of Heysham): Certainly. Any dog can be trained to know the meaning of words—no matter in what language they are spoken. There is an Aleutian in America which, it is claimed, can understand no fewer than four hundred different words. And you should just see my own dog when I say, quite casually: "I wonder if Jo would like to go out?" My hat! He nearly howls the place down if I don't take him!

Why do we call a policeman a "bobby"? (B. J., of Walsall): Because it was Sir Robert Peel who started the force, which was first nicknamed "Peelers." Then, by degrees, a policeman became known as "Robert," or a "bobby."

There's just room for an amusing rib-tickler for which R. Turton, of 37, Whitehall Gardens, Acton, W.3., has been awarded a topping penknife. Here it is:



Pat and Mike set out for a stroll. Pat, who was the shorter of the two, could not keep up with Mike's long strides, and after a while began to get very tired and out of breath.

"Sure, Mike," he said, "do ye always walk as fast as this?"

"Yes," replied Mike, "and faster when Oi'm by myself."

"Indade!" exclaimed Pat. "Shure I wouldn't like to be with you when ye're alone!"



Look out for next Saturday, chums! You'll find a real tip-top issue of the MAGNET on sale then. Frank Richards, still going as strong as ever, weighs in with a real "humdinger" of a yarn in

## "THE SCHOOLBOY CRACKSMAN!"

which continues the adventures of all your favourite Greyfriars characters, and is chock full of just the kind of incidents that appeal to every sporting British boy. You'll like this yarn—and so will your chums! So don't keep a good thing entirely to yourself. Tell your pals about it, too!

In addition to this topping story, there will be another ripping, side-splitting issue of the "Greyfriars Herald," the final instalment of "The Island of Slaves," while those of you who haven't already had your queries answered, will find another selection of answers in my weekly chat.

All the best, chums!

YOUR EDITOR.



# FOES OF THE SIXTH!

By  
**FRANK RICHARDS.**

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### Beastly for Bob!

**O** OOOOOOOOOH!" That expressive ejaculation proceeded from Study No. 13 in the Remove passage at Greyfriars.

It expressed woe—deep woe! "Oooooooogh!" Somebody was suffering in Study No. 13—that was clear. "Wooooooogh!"

Dismal groans greeted the ears of Harry Wharton as he arrived at the study. Wharton was in flannels, with his bat under his arm, and he was looking cheery as he walked along to Study No. 13 to call Bob Cherry and Hurree Singh. But his cheery face became very serious as he heard the sounds of tribulation from the study.

The door was half-open, and Wharton pushed it wide with his bat and stared in.

It was quite a painful scene that met his gaze.

Bob Cherry was standing at the study table. He was leaning on the table, wriggling. His usually bright and ruddy face was doleful and dismal. His features were twisted into an expression of anguish. Apparently Bob had been through it, and for the time his exuberant spirits were dashed.

Hurree Janset Ram Singh stood regarding his chum with an expression of deep sympathy on his dusky face. Mark Linley looked serious; little Wun Lung, the Chinese, almost wept with sympathy. That usually cheery study

seemed to be plunged into the deepest of doleful dumps.

"What's up?" asked Wharton, in surprise.

"Oooooooogh!"

"Licked?"

"Wooooooogh!"

"My dear old chap——"

"Yow-ow-ow-ow-ow!"

Frank Nugent came up the passage; Johnny Bull came down the passage. They met at the door of Study No. 13 and looked in, on either side of Wharton. They also were in flannels, ready for cricket; they also had been looking

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## GREYFRIARS SCHOOLBOY ACCUSED OF BEING MASTER CRACKSMAN!

---

merry and bright, but changed their looks to deep seriousness at the sight of the suffering Bob.

"What the thump——" asked Nugent.

"Bob, old man——" said Johnny Bull.

"Oooooooogh!" said Bob Cherry dismally. "Wooooogh! Ow! Wow!"

"What's happened, Inky?" asked Wharton, turning to the Nabob of Bhanipur for an explanation. Bob Cherry's remarks were expressive and full of feeling, but did not convey much in the way of information.

"The esteemed and absurd Bob has been terrifically licked," explained Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"Queelchy?" asked Nugent.

"No; it was the execrable and ludicrous Loder of the Sixth!"

"The rotter!" exclaimed Wharton.

"But why?" asked Johnny Bull.

Bob Cherry turned a lack-lustre eye on his comrades. He ceased to lean on the table, and stood wriggling.

"Why?" he repeated. "Because he's a beastly bully! Because he's a sneaking worm! Because he's a prefect, and I can't hit him in the eye! Because——because——"

"But they weren't the reasons he gave, I suppose?" asked Johnny.

Bob grinned faintly.

"No, not quite! The brute's licked me because we're friendly with Lancaster, the new man in the Sixth. He licked me because he heard me say that I was jolly glad Lancaster was down to play in the Rookwood match. Ow! Ow! Wooooogh!"

"But, my dear man——" murmured Wharton.

"He's got a feud on with Lancaster, and he's taken it out of me!" groaned Bob. "Ow! Wow!"

The chums of the Remove regarded Bob rather dubiously.

It was true that Loder of the Sixth was a bully. It was true that he liked to wield the official ashplant, especially upon members of the Famous Five of the Remove. It was true that he had a feud on with Lancaster, the new man in the Sixth, who had taken his place in the Greyfriars First Eleven. It was true that the Famous Five were on friendly terms with Lancaster, and that Loder disliked them all the more for

that reason. All these things were true. Nevertheless, it was pretty certain that even a bully like Loder could not give a junior "six" for such reasons as that, especially such a severe six as he had evidently given Robert Cherry.

"Mean to say that Loder licked you just for that?" asked Johnny Bull at last.

"Ow! Yes! Ow!"

"Licked you for saying that you were glad Lancaster was down to play Rookwood?" exclaimed Nugent.

"Wow! Yes!"

"Well, that's the jolly old limit, even for Loder!" said Harry Wharton. "And we're not going to stand it! Quelch wouldn't have it if he knew—and he's going to know! We've a right of appeal to our Form master—and we're going to Quelch! Come on, Bob!"

"Yes, rather!" said Johnny Bull emphatically.

"The ratherfulness is terrific," said Hurree Janset Ram Singh, with a nod of his dusky head. "Our venerable and ridiculous Form master will see justice done!"

"Oooooogh!" said Bob.

"If it's as you say, Bob——"

"Ow! Of course it's as I say! Ow!"

"Then come with me to Quelch!" exclaimed Harry Wharton resolutely. "If Loder's going over the limit like this he's got to be stopped!"

"Ow! Ass!" said Bob. "Fathead! Ow!"

"Look here——"

"You silly owl!" groaned Bob.

"What's the good of going to Quelch? I did slide down the banisters."

"Eh?"

"And landed on Loder's toe——"

"Oh!"

"You silly ass!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Well, you chump!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "You—you fathead! If you slid down the banisters, against the rules, of course you got six! If you landed on Loder's toe, no wonder he was rusty! You duffer!"

"My esteemed and idiotic Bob——" murmured Hurree Singh.

"Ow! That was only the excuse!" groaned Bob. "I didn't know the brute was watching me; and I shouldn't have landed on his toe if he hadn't rushed up to catch me in the act and made me come down wallop. Ow! He was looking for a chance at me, and like an ass I gave him one! Ow! And he didn't give me just six; he gave me six as if he was beating a carpet! Wow!"

The matter was clearer now. No doubt it was for private and personal reasons that Gerald Loder had laid it on so hard; no doubt he had been glad of the excuse to lay it on at all. But there was no doubt either that Bob had given him the excuse he wanted—fairly asking for it, as it were. That dangerous practice of sliding down the banisters was severely forbidden; and landing on a Sixth Form prefect's toe was rather serious. Bob was not a light-weight, and it was probable that Loder's toe had been damaged. Bob had given the chance; Loder had jumped at it—and that was all there was about it. All that remained was to grin and bear it—or, at least, to bear it, if grinning was out of the question.

"You ass!" said Johnny Bull. "I dare say you squashed Loder's toe."

"Ow! I hope I did! Wow!"

"Quelchy is always ratty about a man sliding down the banisters——" said Frank Nugent.

"Blow Quelchy! Ow!"

"Loder was within his rights——"

"Blow his rights! Ow!"

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"Well, buck up, old man, and come down to the cricket!" said Harry Wharton. "Loder's a bully and a beast; and, of course, he was glad of the chance to take it out of any one of us. But really you asked for it, old man. Don't give Loder any more chances. Come down to the cricket."

"Ow! Blow cricket!"

"Poor old chap!" said Nugent.

When Bob Cherry "blowed" cricket it was clear that he was not in his usual mood. In the summer term Bob lived, moved, and had his being in cricket. Matters had to be very serious before Bob "blowed" cricket.

"I'm going to make that cad sit up somehow," groaned Bob. "I'm going to make him squirm! I'm going to make him cringe! Ow!"

"Better give him a miss, old man," advised Johnny Bull. "You can't get back on a Sixth Form prefect."

"Rats! Ow!"

"Besides, you asked for it——"

"Fathead! Ow!"

"The askfulness was terrific, my esteemed Bob."

"Silly ass! Shut up! Ow!"

The chums of the Remove looked at one another. Bob was evidently not to be reasoned with—at present. Obviously, the "six" had been frightfully hard. Loder, with a good excuse, had let himself go! It was unfortunate, and no doubt Loder deserved scragging and boiling in oil. But scragging a prefect, let alone boiling him in oil, presented great difficulties. Bob's chums could only hope that he would take a more reasonable view when the effects of the whopping had worn off.

"You men get down to the cricket!" groaned Bob.

"Oh, we'll stick to you," said Harry.

"Fathead!"

"Um!"

"What's the good of standing round like a lot of moulting owls, while I kick up a row?" demanded Bob. "Get down to the cricket. I shall feel better presently. Ow!"

"Well, if that's how you put it I'll get down to the cricket!" remarked Johnny Bull, and he went.

"Well——" said the captain of the Remove.

"Oh, cut along!" grunted Bob. "I don't want an audience. I'm not Bunter! Cut!"

"Oh, all right!"

Wharton and Nugent, Hurree Singh and Mark Linley followed Johnny Bull down the passage. Bob, as a matter of fact, preferred to groan unheard, so long as the spirit moved him to groan. Only little Wun Lung remained in the study with Bob, his slanting eyes expressing deep sympathy as he listened to the tale of woe.

## "THE EYEGLASS HURRICANE!"

Whirlwind Series of  
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# The RANGER

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## THE SECOND CHAPTER

### Revenge is Sweet!

"**H**E, he, he!"  
Bob Cherry ceased to grunt and groan, ceased to wriggle like a contortionist, and spun round towards the door.

A fat face and a large pair of spectacles looked into Study No. 13. They belonged to Billy Bunter, of the Remove. There was an expansive grin on Bunter's fat face, and his little round eyes twinkled behind his glasses. Bunter, apparently, was not deeply sympathetic. Sounds of woe had drawn the Owl of the Remove to the study, but he seemed to find it rather entertaining.

Bob glared at him. Bunter had seen him wriggling and heard him groaning, which was very disagreeable to Bob. Bob was not the fellow to make a fuss about a licking, as a rule. Lickings came his way often enough, but he took them in his stride, as it were. It was only because this special licking had been specially severe that Bob was, for once, making rather a fuss about it. Loder had laid on the ashplant not wisely, but too well. Probably he had given Bob what he would have liked to give Dick Lancaster of the Sixth. It was irritating to Bob to be seen making a fuss by a fellow like Bunter, and the fat Owl's grin was more irritating still. "Get out!" he snapped.

"I say, old chap, you're kicking up no end of a shindy!" grinned Bunter. "You can be heard all along the passage."

"Oh, shut up!"

"If that's what you call civil, Bob Cherry, when a friend looks in to offer his sympathy——"

"Travel, you fat freak!"

"The fact is, old chap, I was going to advise you to draw it mild a bit," said Bunter, shaking his head. "It's rather ridiculous, you know, making a fuss like this about a licking."

"Is it?" hissed Bob.

"Yes, old fellow! After all, what's a licking?" said Bunter. "A fellow ought to be able to stand a licking, what?"

"You fat villain! You raise the roof if you get one lick on a podgy paw!" roared Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"Fattie Bunter gettee out!" suggested Wun Lung. "Fattie Bunter shuttee up silly mouth."

"Don't you be cheeky, you little heathen!" said Bunter, blinking at the Celestial. "You shut up. I say, Bob, I saw Smithy laughing when he went down to the cricket. He heard you. Skinner and Snoop are cackling like anything. He, he, he!"

Bob Cherry breathed hard.

"Bear it like a man, old fellow!" said Bunter encouragingly. "No good making a fuss! Grin and bear it! My dear chap, you didn't hear me howling like a tomcat if Loder had given me six. Or sixty, if you come to that. I'm rather surprised at you, old man."

Bob Cherry breathed harder.

"Take my tip and just shut your teeth on it," said Bunter. "Why, I've had lickings, and never made a sound. Be a man, you know! Like me!"

"You wouldn't make a fuss if you got six?"

"Certainly not!"

"We'll jolly well see!" roared Bob Cherry. And he made a jump at the Owl of the Remove and grasped his collar. "Wun Lung, hand me a five bat!"

"Yaroooh!" roared Bunter, in anticipation. "I say, leggo! I say, chuck it! Beast! Leggo my collar! Whoop!"

Wun Lung, grinning, uncourled himself from the armchair, sorted out a fives bat, and handed it to Bob. With his left Bob whirled the Owl of the Remove over a chair. With his right he wielded the fives bat.

Whack! Whack!

"Yarooogh! Hoooooh! Whoop!"

The yells that came from William George Bunter rang the length of the-



Bob Cherry was about to drench Loder's bed with glue, when the study door opened. With the bottle of glue in his hand, he stood by the bedside, hidden by the curtain, as Loder walked into the room.

Remove passage. They woke every echo.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Who's making a fuss now?" demanded Bob.

"Yoooo-hoop! Leggo! Help!"

"You've only had two—"

"Ow! Wow! Leggo! Rescue! Whoop!"

Whack! Whack!

"Ow! Ow! Help! You beast! Whoop!" yelled Bunter.

Experience is said to make fools wise, and if it did not have that effect on Billy Bunter, at all events, it convinced him that the painful process of a licking was liable to cause a fellow to make a fuss. There was no doubt that Bunter was making a fuss! He was making a terrific fuss!

"That's four!" said Bob cheerily.

"Ow! Leggo! I say, old chap—beast!—I say, old fellow! Rotter! Help!"

"Do you still think you could stand six without making a fuss, Bunter?" inquired Bob. "If so, I'll give you the other two."

"Ow! No! Whoop! No!" yelled Bunter. "Oh crikey! I was only j-j-joking! Oh scissors! Leggo!"

Bob Cherry grinned and let go.

William George Bunter made a bound for the door. Wun Lung let out a foot as he bounded and helped him into the passage. There was a bump as Bunter reached the Remove passage. Then his yells faded away towards the stairs.

"Bob Chelly feelee bettee?" asked Wun Lung.

Bob chuckled. He was feeling better; Bunter's visit seemed to have bucked him up a little, after all. He tossed the fives bat into a corner.

"Yes," he said. "But I wish I could have given it to Loder, instead of Bunter. My hat! Wouldn't I like to give Loder a batting!"

"No can!" said Wun Lung, shaking his head. "But plenty othee way makee Lodee sit up. What you tinkee? S'posee playee tlick on Lodee?"

Bob Cherry looked interested at once. The worst effects of his licking were wearing off, but he was still very sore. And he was quite resolved, somehow, to make Gerald Loder "sit up" for the severity of that "six."

"What's the big idea?" he asked.

"Lodee goee cicket now," said Wun Lung. "Easy gettee along Lodee studee. What you tinkee? You lookee?" Wun Lung held up a bottle, and Bob stared at it. It was a large bottle of

liquid glue. "S'posee puttee this along Lodee bed? Along scattee chair. What you tinkee? Lodee plenty sit up."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob.

He was feeling distinctly better now. If Gerald Loder of the Sixth landed in liquid glue when he went to bed that night there was no doubt that he would sit up. If he sat in liquid glue in his armchair he would undoubtedly squirm. Bob grabbed the bottle.

"You're a giddy heathen jewel, Wun Lung," he said. "Blessed if I don't!"

He slipped the bottle into a pocket and went to the door. On second thoughts—proverbially the best—he turned back and crossed to the window. There was a view of the playing-fields from the study window and it was necessary to make sure that Loder was out of the House before visiting his study in the Sixth.

Bob was soon reassured on that point. In the distance Sixth Form men were at games practice on Big Side. Bob could see Lancaster, the new fellow in the Sixth, at the wicket, with Sykes bowling to him. Wingate and Gwynne were looking on at the new man's batting—which was worth watching, for Dick Lancaster was the finest cricketer

that had ever come to Greyfriars. Near them Loder and Walker and Carne stood in a group. They were watching, too, though Loder, it was probable, was not watching with admiration or satisfaction. Lancaster's wonderful form in the summer game had put "paid" to Loder's chances of figuring in the First Eleven.

"All serene!" said Bob. "He's there!"

And he quitted the study and hurried along to the Remove staircase. Loder was safe on the cricket ground and the coast was clear. Bob Cherry descended the Remove staircase three at a time. He descended the lower stairs at the same rate, in a series of bounds like a particularly active kangaroo. As he reached the bottom of the staircase a sharp voice fell on his ears.

"Cherry!"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bob.

It was the voice of his Form master. Mr. Quelch gave him a stern look, evidently disapproving of the kangaroo method of descending a staircase.

"Cherry! How many times have I spoken to you on the subject of rushing about the House like—like a wild Indian?" demanded Mr. Quelch.

Bob Cherry did not answer that question. Indeed, he could not have answered it with any accuracy. The number of times Henry Samuel Quelch had spoken to him on that subject was beyond computation. But an answer was not needed. Mr. Quelch went on without waiting for one.

"You must learn to control the—the exuberance of your spirits, Cherry."

"Oh! Yes, sir!" gasped Bob.

"Such disorderly haste is far from seemly," said Mr. Quelch.

"Oh! Quite, sir!"

"I have spoken to you many times on this subject, Cherry. I am sorry to have

to speak to you again," said the Remove master.

"So—so am I, sir!" gasped Bob.

He was sorry, at least, that Mr. Quelch was delaying him on his way to Loder's study with the bottle of glue.

"Well, well, if you are sorry we will say no more about it," said Mr. Quelch good-humouredly. "You must be more thoughtful, Cherry. You must learn to reflect, my boy. You must not follow blindly every impulse as it arises, Cherry."

"Certainly, sir—I—I mean, certainly not!" gasped Bob. His eye was on the open doorway of the House. If Loder came in while Quelch was "jawing" him the game was up. Fortunately—or perhaps unfortunately—Loder did not come in. Still, he might come in at any moment, and never had any Remove man yearned so earnestly for his dutiful Form master to "ring off."

Mr. Quelch, however, was not in a hurry to ring off. He continued his remarks for several minutes. But all things come to an end, and Henry Samuel Quelch came to an end at last. He walked away, and Bob waited till he had turned a corner before he headed for the Sixth Form passage.

The coast was clear. Almost all the Sixth were at the cricket. Bob whipped along the passage unseen and darted into Loder's study. He closed the door and gasped for breath.

There was no time to waste. He extracted the cork from the bottle of glue and poured a considerable part of its contents into the deep seat of Loder's armchair. The high back of the chair was towards the window, the seat was in shadow. Bob hoped that Loder would not notice the glue before he sat down when he came to the study. It was probable that he would not notice it

before sitting down, though afterwards, of course, he was bound to notice it.

Having attended to the armchair, Bob turned to the bed. Sixth Form studies at Greyfriars were bed-rooms, as well as studies. Loder's bed was in an alcove, screened off by curtains. Bob pulled the curtain aside and was about to turn back the bedclothes, in order to drench the bed with glue, when the door-handle turned.

The hapless junior gasped.

He had just time to let the curtain fall behind him, screening him from the study, as the door opened. With the half-filled bottle of glue in his hand, Bob stood by the bedside, hidden by the curtain, as Loder of the Sixth walked into the study. And if Bob Cherry did not groan aloud with dismay, it was only because a groan would have revealed his presence to the bully of the Sixth.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Foes of the Sixth!

**L**ANCASTER of the Sixth came off the pitch, slipping his bat under his arm. His handsome face was ruddy with exercise. He smiled as he joined Wingate and Gwynne and met the joyous grin of the captain of Greyfriars. Wingate clapped him on the shoulder. Rugged old Wingate was seldom demonstrative, but he was delighted with the new man in his eleven. Few cricketers at Greyfriars equalled Lancaster; he was as good a bat as Wingate himself, and he was almost as useful as Sykes with the ball. A first-class batsman, who was a useful change bowler, and useful in the field, was rather a "catch," and George Wingate never concealed his satisfaction over that catch.

Lancaster was a rod in pickle for Rookwood when they came over, and Wingate looked forward joyfully to springing his new recruit on them. And he liked Lancaster all the more because praise and popularity never brought out a vestige of "side" in the new man. A trace of "side" might have been pardonable in a fellow who had jumped into popularity at a bound and captured an honoured place in the First Eleven before he had been a couple of weeks at the school. But there was no trace of it about Richard Lancaster.

"You think I'll do?" asked Lancaster, with his pleasant smile, which made his handsome face unusually attractive.

"Think!" grinned Wingate. "My dear man, you're worth your weight in gold!"

"Oh, draw it mild," said Lancaster, laughing. "You'll make me conceited at this rate, Wingate."

"I don't think so," said the Greyfriars captain. "That doesn't seem to be in your line at all, though I'm bound to say you've got more cause than most fellows. You must have played a lot of cricket before you came here, Lancaster, though you've told me that you'd never been at school before."

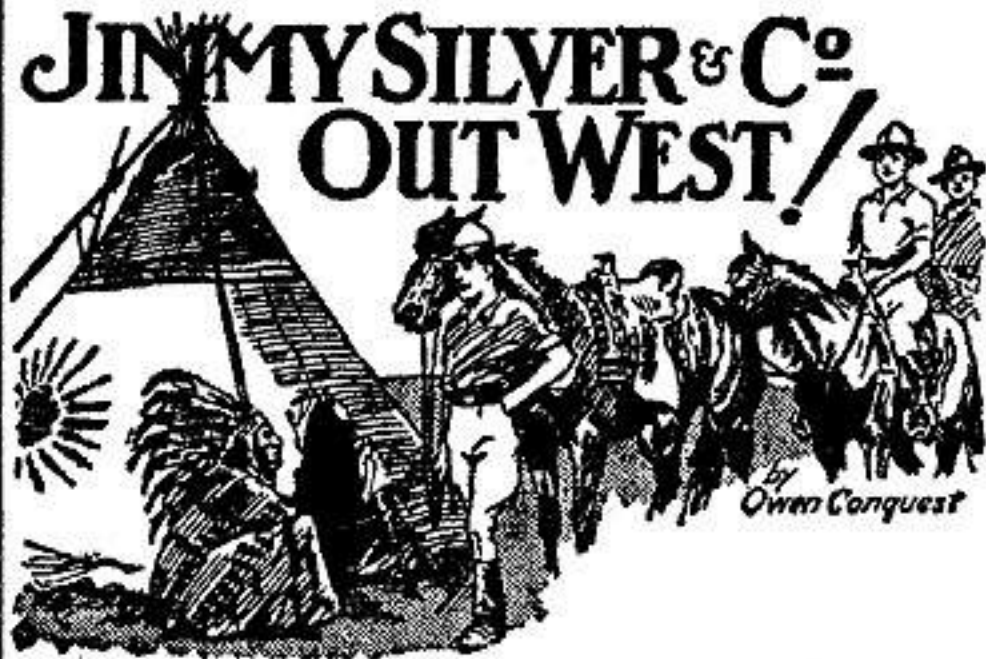
"No; I had a tutor. But I had a good coach for cricket, and I've been rather in demand sometimes for country-house cricket. I had chances sometimes of picking up tips from county men. But, to tell you the truth, I never expected that my cricket would quite pass muster here."

"I wish we had a few more like you," said Wingate. "Modesty, thy name is Richard Lancaster."

Lancaster laughed.

"Well, I'm glad you're satisfied," he said. "I needn't tell you how jolly glad

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"That can't be helped," said Wingate. "I'd as soon leave out myself as you. Loder had to go; but you needn't worry about that. Greene of the Fifth has been coming on so well that I should have given him Loder's place if you hadn't been here. Greene's the man to grouch, if anybody—and Greene isn't the man to grouch at seeing a better man play."

"Thanks!" said a voice behind Wingate. And the Greyfriars captain glanced round. It was Greene of the Fifth, who had come along with Potter and Coker.

"Oh, I didn't see you, Greeney!" said Wingate. "You've heard an unsolicited testimonial. What do you think of Lancaster's game?"

"About a thousand miles ahead of mine," answered Greene. "You'd be an ass to play me when you've got him. I'd like to play, all the same, and if Lancaster should fall downstairs and break his neck, or anything of that sort, bear me in mind."

"I will!" said Wingate, laughing. "I wish Loder would take things in the same spirit, old chap. Still, every man has his own way."

Lancaster threw on his blazer and strolled across the field. His face was bright and happy. He looked as cheery and careless a schoolboy as any at Greyfriars. But his brow clouded a little as he passed near the group of three Sixth Form men—Loder and Walker and Carne. A sneering laugh reached his ears, and his cheeks burned.

With a crowd of friends, he had one enemy at Greyfriars—Gerald Loder, of his Form. Walker and Carne generally followed Loder's lead, and they were liable to take Loder's view of the new man, though they certainly felt no great enmity towards him. They were Loder's friends, but they had not been wholly displeased when Loder was dropped out of the team. They had been left out themselves, and they had found Loder's swank as a First Eleven man rather hard to bear. Loder's swank was gone now, replaced by bitter animosity towards the new man in the eleven.

It was easy for Lancaster to see that the three had been discussing him. Loder's face was sneering and malicious, and Walker and Carne were grinning rather unpleasantly. Loder was speaking, and he raised his voice a little as Lancaster came within hearing.

"Yes, I saw him playin' cricket at Danby Croft. He's a good man at the game, I remember—in fact, he found it useful for helpin' him to butt into places. Fellows who saw him playin' cricket at country houses never guessed what other game he might be playin'."

"Cheese it, old man!" whispered Walker, as Lancaster slowed down. "Don't let the man hear you."

"Yes, that's rather thick, Loder!" muttered Carne.

Loder shrugged his shoulders.

"Listeners never hear any good of themselves," he said, in the same loud tone. "A fellow can express an opinion, I suppose. I'm not particular about the feelin's of a thrustin' adventurer."

"Cheese it, I tell you!" muttered Walker uneasily.

Lancaster changed his direction and came straight towards the three. Walker and Carne looked uncomfortable. They did not want to be dragged into a row with a man who, though new to the school, was already one of the

most popular fellows in the Sixth. Loder, however, eyed the new senior with grim defiance.

"You were speaking of me, I think?" said Lancaster quietly.

"Really?" sneered Loder.

"It's hardly the thing to discuss a man in that style, is it?" said Lancaster, in the same quiet tone. "I don't want a row with you, Loder, or with anyone. But please don't talk about me like that."

Without waiting for Loder to reply Lancaster walked on. Loder stared after him blackly, and Carne and Walker grinned. There had not been the faintest hint of a threat in the new senior's tone or manner, yet Loder was left with a feeling of having been called to order and warned. He bit his lip hard.

"The cheeky cad!" he muttered. "The rank outsider! I can't understand how Sir Hilton Popper was bamboozled into putting him up for Greyfriars. If he knew what I know about the man he—"

"What you think you know!" said Carne.

"I'm not saying I've got any proof," growled Loder. "But I've got sense enough to put two and two together."

"I hope you've sense enough not to shout this out till you've got proof," said Walker. "It's too jolly serious for that. The fellow's people might take it up."

"He's got no people!" sneered Loder.

"His friends, then—"

"He's got no friends, that I know of."

"Well, I suppose he didn't drop from the clouds," said Walker. "Look here, Loder, you're sore about the man bagging your place in the eleven. But don't let that make you make a fool of yourself."

"I was against him before that happened," said Loder savagely. "I told you about what happened at Danby Croft before Wingate chucked me out of the team to make room for that pushing rotter."

"I know. But—" Walker shook his head. "Let it drop, Loder. There can't be anythin' in it. Let it drop."

"I'll let it drop—when I've shown him up in his true colours!" said Loder bitterly. "Not before that."

"Well, you're an ass!" said Walker, and he strode away with Carne. The two seniors seemed to have had enough of Loder's malice and bitterness.

Loder scowled and walked away towards the House. He was not disposed to join in games practice. Even when he had a chance to play for School, Loder was a slacker, and now that he was definitely dropped he had no use for slogging at the nets. A cigarette and a racing paper in his study were more in his line.

He went into the House and entered his study in the Sixth. If he noticed that the curtain at the bed alcove fluttered as he entered, he attributed it to the draught from the door. Certainly it did not cross his mind that a Remove junior was concealed behind that curtain. Loder had already forgotten the "whopping" he had given Bob Cherry. Naturally, it lingered longer in the memory of the fellow who had received it. "Six" from an ash-plant was one of those things which it was more blessed to give than to receive.

Loder slammed his door, sorted a box of cigarettes out of a drawer, and lighted one. Then he threw himself into his armchair, to smoke in comfort and to reflect, while he smoked, on his intended campaign against the new man in the Sixth Form.

Leaning back in the deep chair he

stretched out his legs, scowling through the smoke of his cigarette as he reflected. It was not for some moments that he became aware of a feeling of dampness about the seat of the chair. In a minute or two he could not be any longer unaware of it, as the liquid glue soaked through his trousers.

"What the thump—" ejaculated Loder.

He rose to his feet in surprise and annoyance. If his fag, Tubb of the Third, had spilt ink or water in that chair there was a warm time in store for George Tubb. But it was worse than that. There was a sort of sticky sound as Loder rose. He came away from the leather seat with a sticky jerk. He glared down at the chair. Then he glared round at his trousers.

Glue was streaming down. His trousers, and the tail of his coat, were thick with it. Liquid glue swamped him. He had sat in a sea of it. It ran down him to his feet in sticky trickles. Loder, twisting round, trying to get a back view of himself, gurgled with rage. His face was crimson, and he gurgled breathlessly. This was not clumsiness on the part of his fag, it was a deliberate jape! Glue had been swamped in his armchair for him to sit in—and he had sat in it!

Gasps, gurgles, and hisses of rage escaped from Loder of the Sixth. And the junior hidden behind the bed-curtain, listening to those gasps, gurgles, and hisses, could only hope that Loder would not discover him there. Bob Cherry hardly dared to think of what would happen to him if Loder caught him on the spot.

Like Brer Fox, Bob Cherry lay low and said "nuffin," while Loder, gasping and gurgling, poured out a stream of enraged words which would certainly have earned him the "sack" had his headmaster overheard them.

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

### Sticky!

"THAT new man in the Sixth—" Hobson of the Shell was speaking. He was talking to Hoskins and Stewart, of his Form, and he did not observe the new man in the Sixth coming along to the House. Neither did he notice that Walker and Carne were at hand. But the three seniors, as they came near the group of Shell fellows, heard James Hobson's remark, and the one that followed.

"That new man, Lancaster, you know! Seems a splendid chap to me. Look at the way he plays cricket! Jevver see a man lift the ball to the boundary as often as he does? But they're saying jolly queer things about him in the Sixth, I can tell you."

"I've heard something," assented Stewart. "Man told me that Loder started it. We all know Loder!"

"Frightful outsider!" said Hoskins. "He'd say anything about anybody. What's he got against the new man?"

"It's a bit vague," said Hobson. "But it seems that Lancaster was at a country house where Loder stayed in the holidays last year—a relation of Loder's, I understand, named Cranby, or Janby, or something. There was a burglary in the place and a detective was got down. Of course, even Loder can't come out too plain with it, though Lancaster's got his place in the eleven, but he hints a lot."

"More than hints, from what I've heard," said Stewart. "Looks to me as if he makes out that Lancaster knew something about the burglary."

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"Frightful ass!" said Hoskins.

"If I were Lancaster—" went on Hobson.

At that moment Hobby of the Shell became aware of the three seniors converging towards the spot. He flushed crimson as he saw Lancaster and realised that the new senior must have heard him.

Walker and Carne glanced very curiously at Lancaster. They wondered how he would take this. They saw his handsome face set and a steely glitter come into his eyes. At that moment both of them were glad that they were not standing in Loder's shoes. They walked on into the House, exchanging glances.

Lancaster was following, more slowly, when Hobson, with a very red face, ran up to him. Hobby was red and remorseful.

"I say, Lancaster," he gasped. "I'm sorry. I suppose you heard me. I say, don't you think for a minute that anybody at Greyfriars thinks—"

Lancaster gave the Shell fellow a smile.

"All serene, kid!" he said. "I'm not blaming you, but it's rather fat-headed to repeat silly things that a fellow says in a temper, isn't it?"

"I—I suppose it is," said Hobson. "But I was only going to tell those chaps what utter rot it was, you know."

Lancaster nodded, with a reassuring smile, and walked on. Hobson rejoined his friends, red and uncomfortable.

"If I were that new man I'd punch Loder's head till he howled," said Hobby savagely.

"I fancy, from the look in his eye, that he's goin' to!" said Stewart.

"Let's hope he will!" said Hoskins.

Lancaster went into the House, his brow very thoughtful. He stopped at the big window at the end of the Sixth Form passage and stood there for some time in deep thought, staring out into the green quadrangle.

Meanwhile, Walker and Carne had gone on up the passage. Both of them looked rather grave.

"This sort of thing won't do, Carne," Walker remarked, in a low voice. "Loder must be potty to be spreading a yarn like that about a man. The Lower School are getting hold of it now."

"If it gets to the Head it means trouble," agreed Carne. "I suppose Loder believes it—he'd believe anythin' against a man he disliked, between you and me! I never heard of anythin' quite so thick."

"It's jolly thick. Look here, let's speak to Loder and give him the tip. If he's goin' on with this sort of game he's jolly well goin' to leave us out of it!"

"You bet!"

They stopped at Loder's door. Walker raised his hand to tap, and gave a start. The voice of Gerald Loder could be heard within in furious tones. Something evidently had occurred to disturb the equanimity of Loder.

"My hat! If the chief beak heard him now!" ejaculated Walker. He knocked at the door and threw it open. "Loder, old bean, draw it mild. Swearin's rotten bad form, and if a beak came along and heard you—"

Loder glared at him.

"You silly fool!"

"Eh, what?" ejaculated Walker.

"Look what's happened!" yelled Loder.

"What the thump—" gasped Carne.

"Look!" shrieked Loder.

The two seniors looked. They looked at the sea of liquid glue in Loder's chair; they looked at the liquid glue

that streamed down Loder. And to Loder's surprise and rage they burst into a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You cackling idiots!" yelled Loder furiously. "Is there anything to laugh at in this?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Walker. "Who did that? You look sticky, old bean."

Loder panted with rage.

"It's a rag—some fag, I suppose! If I knew which one it was I'd take the skin off his back! I'll find out!"

"Some fag you've whopped!" grinned Carne. "What fag have you whopped lately, Loder? Not much good asking, though—you're always whopping fags! Might be any one of a dozen."

"I'll skin him! Look at me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm soaked with glue—it's glue—filthy glue. I'm soaked—my bags are ruined—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Will you shut up?" shrieked Loder. "You cackling dummies! Get out of my study! Go and eat coke! You cackling chumps—"

"We came in to speak to you about that man Lancaster," said Walker, controlling his merriment with an effort.

"We heard—"

"Hang Lancaster! Hang you! Have you seen any junior about the place? A Remove fag most likely," howled Loder.

"No; we've been at the cricket, you know. But young Hobson—"

"You think it was Hobson?" demanded Loder.

"Oh, my hat! No, I mean young Hobson was saying—"

"Hang what he was saying! Do you think I'm in a mood to listen to fags' tattle now? I want to know who planted this glue in my chair!" yelled Loder, "and if you cackle again, you silly ass, I'll jolly well jam your head into it."

"We'd better call again when Loder's in a better temper," grinned Carne.

"Come along, Walker."

Carne left the study, grinning. Walker followed him, chuckling. The glue was a serious matter to the fellow who had sat in it, but his friends seemed to see a comic side to the affair. Walker looked back from the doorway.

"Awfully sorry, old chap—ha, ha! Frightful cheek of some fag—ha, ha! I'd jolly well slaughter him if I were you! But—ha, ha!—I say, you do look funny twisting round like a cat chasing its tail! Ha, ha, ha!"

Loder, perhaps, did look rather funny in his attempts to get a back view of his own person. Walker roared. Loder straightened up with a deadly gleam in his eye. The fag who had japed him was not at hand for vengeance to be visited on his devoted head—at least, Loder did not know that he was at hand. But Loder was yearning to take it out of somebody. That roar of laughter from Walker of the Sixth did it! Loder jumped at him.

"Here, I say, hold on! Let go!" roared Walker. "Are you off your rocker, Loder! By Jove, I'll— Loder, let go, you mad idiot!"

Instead of letting go the enraged Loder whirled James Walker across the study to the sticky armchair. Walker resisted wildly; but he staggered over in

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Loder's enraged grasp, and his face descended into the seat of the chair.

There was a horrid squelching sound as Walker's features were buried in liquid glue! Loder jammed on the back of his head, pressing Walker's features well into the horrid liquid.

"Groooooogh!" came in muffled, suffocated accents from Walker of the Sixth. "Ooooooooh! Grooogh! Gug-gug-gug!"

"How do you like it?" roared Loder.

James Walker did not like it at all! He disliked it immensely. He made a terrific effort, and extracted himself from the gluey chair and from Loder's grasp. His face was sticky with glue, streaming with glue; his eyes and nose and mouth and chin were clothed in glue. He gave Loder a sticky, gluey glare.

"Ooooch! Oooooo-er!" gurgled Walker. "You mad idiot! You—you—you—"

He jumped at Loder and hit out. The comic side of the affair was quite lost on James Walker now. His clenched fist crashed on Loder's nose, and Gerald Loder sat down suddenly.

"Oh!" gasped Loder. "Ow! Oh!"

Walker, with another gluey glare, stalked out of the study and slammed the door after him. Probably he went in search of a wash. He needed one badly. Loder staggered to his feet.

He had been in a furious state when his friends called in, but his last state was worse than his first. He was almost in a homicidal mood now, and a junior hidden behind the bed-curtain carefully suppressed his desire to chuckle, and remained very quiet. Something like manslaughter would have happened had Loder discovered Bob Cherry, in his present mood.

Muttered words reached Bob as Loder, gritting his teeth, proceeded to change his sticky clothes and wash off glue. It was easy to change his clothes, but it was not so easy to get rid of the glue, and Loder was quite a time at his wash-stand. He was crimson, furious, and breathing hard and deep when he had finished at last, and he was still sticky in places.

Bob hoped that he would leave the study after that. Instead of which Loder sat down—not in the armchair—and lighted a cigarette, apparently to find consolation in a smoke. He was smoking, scowling, and muttering, when a tap came at the door and Dick Lancaster entered the study.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### Having it Out!

GERALD LODER stared at his visitor with a deadly gleam in his eyes. In his present frame of mind the sight of Lancaster's handsome face had an effect on him something like that of a red rag on a bull. He did not stir from his chair or speak. His eyes, fixed on Lancaster, watched the new fellow close the door and turn to him. Lancaster, glancing at him, seemed a little puzzled. Loder's manner was quiet, very quiet; but it was the quietness of a tiger before the spring.

Only one thing prevented Loder from leaping to his feet and pitching the new senior neck and crop out of the study. That was the unpleasant knowledge that he could not have "got away" with it. Lancaster's hands had been on him once, and Loder had not forgotten the steely, irresistible grip of those slim hands. But knowing as he did that he was no match for his enemy, it was still hard





Loder grasped Walker by the back of his coat-collar and pressed his face well into the glue. "Grooogh!" came in muffled, suffocating accents from Walker. "Grooooooch! Gug-gug-gug!"

for Loder to resist the desire to spring at him. He sat and watched him with gleaming eyes.

"You're not going to ask me to sit down?" remarked Lancaster, standing before the prefect and looking down on him with a rather whimsical smile.

"No!" Loder seemed to bite off the word. "No!"

"I'll stand then!"

"I never asked you to this study that I know of," said Loder, his voice husky with suppressed rage. "You're not the kind of fellow I want in my study. I haven't locked up my things."

It was a hit—a palpable hit! The smile vanished from the handsome face, and for a moment Lancaster winced. Loder gloated as he saw that the blow had told. Innocent or guilty, honest man or crook, that taunt had found a chink in Lancaster's armour. There was a moment or two of tense silence, during which the glances of the two Sixth-Formers met and crossed like swords. The bed-curtain rustled, but neither noticed it. A hidden junior behind that curtain had started violently at Loder's startling words. Neither of the seniors had the remotest suspicion that a third party was in the room.

Dick Lancaster broke the silence.

"That's got to stop, Loder!"

"Has it?" Loder shrugged his shoulders. "How are you going to stop it? I'm quite curious to know."

Lancaster sat on the edge of the study

table, facing Loder. He was no longer smiling; his face was hard, grimly thoughtful in expression, and his eyes scanned the Greyfriars prefect keenly. He spoke slowly.

"You got your back up the day I came here, Loder! I never did anything to offend you that I know of. You picked on me, a stranger—almost a stranger, at least. We'd met for a few days at a country-house last year. I'd forgotten you—there was no reason why you shouldn't have forgotten me. That you remembered me with enmity I never dreamed. I don't see why you should."

"I remembered you—as an unknown adventurer, who squeezed himself into Danby Croft somehow," said Loder. "I remembered that old Danby's safe was cracked while you were there. I remembered that the detective said it was an 'inside job,' and it was common knowledge among the guests that there was a crook among the house-party. I remember you left suddenly."

"And on that, you have been spreading a slandering story about me at this school?"

Loder sat up, his eyes glinting at his rival.

"I remember more than that! I've been thinking it over—thinking hard. Ferrers Locke was called in, and I guessed at the time that he suspected somebody. I'm sure now who he suspected. I remember a lot I heard about you. Your father, 'Handsome Lancaster' of the Loamshire Regiment, left you without a bean. You had no

people, except a disreputable uncle who had gone to the dogs, and died a disgraced man in some hole or corner. But you had plenty of money—bags of money, more money than I ever had. You came down to Danby Croft in your own car. You dressed better than I did. Where did you get all your money from?"

"That's hardly a matter I should discuss with you, Loder. Do you seriously mean to say that you suspected me of cracking old Danby's safe?"

"Not at the time—only I had a vague idea! Just a vague idea—"

"Founded chiefly, I suppose, on the fact that I played a good game of cricket there, and put you in the shade?"

"Put it like that if you like," sneered Loder. "I had an idea who had cracked that safe. I've thought a lot about it since you came here. I've got it clearer now. There's a lot of things! I'm not saying I can fix it on you that you're a crook! But I'm going to try."

Lancaster laughed. Loder gave him a gloating grin, for that laugh did not ring true, and the false ring in it struck Loder's ear. It struck upon another ear also, in the curtained alcove, and Bob Cherry started. Even to Bob it seemed that that laugh was the laugh of a fellow who desired to seem at ease, but who was not at ease.

"I'm going to try!" repeated Loder. "I don't mind telling you the

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programme, if you're curious. You can't stop me."

"This is interesting! A bit like a film, what?" suggested Lancaster. He laughed again, and this time his laugh was sincere enough.

Bob Cherry made a movement. He was feeling horribly uncomfortable. From the bottom of his heart, he wished that he had never raided Loder's study. He had not dreamed of this.

Playing the eavesdropper, even unintentionally, was disagreeable enough. But Bob restrained his impulse to reveal his presence. After Loder had sat in the glue, he simply could not give himself away. He was still sore from a severe beating, and the prospect of another, still more severe, was too appalling. The thought of it made him shiver. There was no help for it, and Bob remained in cover, only hoping that the talk would cease and that Lancaster would go. He could not help hearing Loder's voice as the Greyfriars prefect went on:

"You can't stop me! I'm going to get in touch again with old Danby—he's a distant relative of mine, as I dare say you know. He was as close as an oyster about that affair—but I dare say he may open his mouth, when I tell him that the son of Captain Lancaster is a Greyfriars man now. And that's not all. I'm going to get into touch with Ferrers Locke. You may not be aware that Ferrers Locke, the detective, is related to Dr. Locke, our headmaster here, and comes down to Greyfriars sometimes."

Loder watched the new senior like a cat as he made that announcement. Lancaster started; he could not help it.

"That made you jump, what?" grinned Loder. "Well, I'm going to get into touch with Locke! He's not the man to talk about a client's secrets; but if he knows, or suspects, what I think he does, he will be frightfully interested to learn that you're here; he will jolly well want to know what you are doing at Greyfriars! He will want to know whether what happened to old Danby's safe mayn't happen to Dr. Locke's."

Lancaster slipped from the study table, and stood looking down on Loder of the Sixth again.

"You mean all this, Loder?"

"You'll find that I do! No need for you to care if you've got no secrets to come out!" sneered Loder.

"You've no little secrets of your own?" asked Lancaster.

Gerald Loder started.

"What do you mean? What the thump do you mean, Lancaster?"

"I've been only a couple of weeks at Greyfriars," said Lancaster, "but I've heard things—and seen things! It's not much of a secret, in the Sixth, that you smoke in your study—you're doing it now—that you play cards for money; that you back horses; and that you sneak away from the school after lights out to meet disreputable racing men. You're a bad hat, Loder—about the rottenest senior at Greyfriars. I fancy—and the Head would sack you like a shot, if he knew half of what almost any man in the Sixth could tell him. Don't you think that people who live in glass-houses shouldn't throw stones?"

Loder was silent for a minute, his eyes gleaming, his lips drawn back in a snarl. Lancaster watched him intently.

"So that's your game?" said Loder at last. "You fancy you've got a grip on me there, and can shut me up. Is that it?"

"I did not mean that! I meant——"

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"Oh, I know what you meant! Try it on as hard as you like. What any Sixth Form man knows will never be told to the Head! Wingate's lectured me himself—but he would be shot before he would give a man away. Gwynno and Sykes turn up their noses—but wild horses wouldn't drag a word from them! Do you think the Head would sack a man, especially a prefect, without the clearest proof? Where are you going to get it?" Loder laughed loudly and contemptuously. "That chicken won't fight, Lancaster."

"My dear man," said Lancaster evenly, "I was only pointing out that a bad hat, a blackguard, a dingy rotter like yourself—excuse my plain English—is not the man to set up in judgment, and spread yarns about another fellow. You think, or fancy you think, that I'm a bad hat! But you know for a jolly old certainty that you're one yourself. You know you'd be booted out of Greyfriars if the Head knew the kind of disreputable rotter you are. Why not live and let live?"

Loder pointed to the door.

"That will do!" he said. "Travel!"

"I'll say what I came here to say. You've taunted me and twitted me, on a bare suspicion. Never mind that! But you've talked right and left—and the Lower School are getting hold of the story. That doesn't suit me. I don't like it, Loder."

"Lump it, then!" sneered Loder.

"It's got to stop! You can't expect any fellow to stand it! I can't have my name hawked up and down the school with a yarn like that hanging on to it. You've got to stop it, Loder."

Loder shrugged his shoulders.

"Or else," said Lancaster, in a low, clear voice, "I shall stop you."

"How will you stop me?" jeered Loder. "You threatened to go to the Head, once! Well, I've thought that out! Go to the Head, if you like! You can't say I've accused you of anything. I haven't! I've simply told fellows of certain happenings and coincidences at Danby Croft when you were there. They can draw their own conclusions."

"I shall stop you!" said Lancaster quietly.

"Better get a move on, then," grinned Loder, "for I'm going to work—hard! I'll tell you another thing! There was a crib cracked at Danby Croft when you were there. Well, I fancy there have been cribs cracked at other places when you were around. Some Remove kids were with you at Easter, I've heard, at Wharton's place in Surrey. I'm going to question them, and find out whether any robberies were committed round there while you were there."

"You're going to make me the talk of the Remove, as well as of the Sixth?" said Lancaster.

"I'm going to do as I dashed well choose, and you can't stop me."

Lancaster made a slight movement towards him. His hands clenched, and his eyes glittered.

Loder eyed him bitterly, savagely, defiantly. He knew the thought that was passing in the mind of the fellow who could have handled him as easily as he could any fag in the Lower School. His jaw set hard.

"Try it on!" he said. "I know you can handle me—though I'll give you some trouble in a scrap! Try it on! By gad, you think you can frighten me? Try it on!" Loder rose to his feet. "Try it on, you—bully!"

Lancaster's hands unclenched and he smiled.

"I'm not going to hit you Loder!

You'd make any fellow want to hit you, I think—but scrapping in the Sixth is bad form. I've warned you. I want you to stop this campaign against me. If you don't stop it at once, I'm going to stop you. That's all!"

He crossed the study to the door.

"Shut the door after you!" said Loder mockingly.

The door closed after Lancaster. Loder sat down again, and lighted another cigarette. He grinned through the smoke. He had the whip-hand of his enemy; at least, he believed that he had, and so far as he could see, there was nothing that Lancaster could do to stop him. If he was right, if what he suspected was the truth, if Richard Lancaster was a crook as well as a schoolboy, Loder felt that he had him in the hollow of his hand. It was only a question of time, of patience, before Gerald Loder would be able to feed fat his ancient grudge.

The fellow he had disliked and envied at a casual meeting months ago; the fellow who had cut him out of the cricket at Greyfriars; the fellow who was popular where Loder was unpopular; the fellow who, like Cæsar of old, came and saw and conquered, and gave Loder a feeling of envious, malicious inferiority—that fellow was going to be shown up as a crook, a common scoundrel, a fellow wanted by the police, if Loder was on the right track! And if there was a doubt in Loder's mind he dismissed it. There was some probability, at least, some evidence; and a very little evidence was enough for Loder. What he wanted to believe, he was determined to believe.

He grinned as he smoked. But the hapless junior hidden behind the alcove curtain was not grinning. It seemed to Bob Cherry that he would never get out of Loder's study. But that was not all that was worrying Bob now. The talk he had unwillingly heard worried him, dismayed him. Some words of Loder's rang and buzzed in his ears. They had brought back to Bob's mind a recollection of the Easter holidays; of a bank that had been robbed at Wimford, of an attempted burglary at Wharton Lodge while Dick Lancaster was staying in the vicinity. It was impossible—it was absurd—it was utter rot—it was the very madness of envy and hatred! But Bob's face was pale and troubled and his heart was heavy.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### The Co. to the Rescue!

**H**ARRY WHARTON & CO. came in from the cricket field with cheery faces. It was time for tea; and by that time, they hoped, Bob was in a state of recovery, and restored to something like his usual sunny self.

There was to be tea in Study No. 1 that day, and they half-expected to find Bob Cherry there, getting it going. But Study No. 1 was empty when they looked in.

"Cut along to Bob's study and call him, Franky!" said the captain of the Remove. "Tell him we've brought in a jolly good feed!"

"He, he, he!"

That fat cachinnation came from Billy Bunter as he blinked in at the doorway of Study No. 1. Bunter seemed highly entertained about something. His fat face was wreathed in grins.

"Well, you fat chump, what are you going off like a Chinese cracker for?" demanded Wharton.

"He, he, he!" chortled Bunter. "You won't find Bob in his study. No good looking there for him."

"Where is he, then, fathead?" asked Frank Nugent.

"He, he, he!" exploded Bunter. Bob's whereabouts, wherever they were, seemed to cause the Owl of the Remove great merriment.

"My esteemed and idiotic Bunter!" said Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh.

"He, he, he!"

"Oh, stop cackling!" snapped Wharton. "Where's Bob?"

"He, he, he! He's in Loder's study."

"What the thump is he doing in Loder's study?"

"He, he, he!"

"Not another licking?" exclaimed Nugent.

"He, he, he! Oh, no! He, he, he!" Bunter almost wept with mirth. "You see, Loder doesn't know he's there. He can't know, or I should have heard something. Bob must have got under the table, or under the bed, or something. He, he, he! He's still there! He, he, he!"

"You fat chump!" roared Wharton. "What do you mean?"

Bunter wiped his eyes.

"You see, I knew he was up to something when I saw him sould into the Sixth Form passage," he explained. "I saw him dodge into Loder's study. A minute or two afterwards Loder came in. He's been in ever since."

"And Bob—" exclaimed Nugent.

"Well, he must be still there!" grinned Bunter. "I thought I should hear him yelling—Loder would be glad of another chance at him. I've been keeping an eye on the study till you fellows came in. He, he, he! Walker and Carne went to the study, and after that Lancaster went there; but Loder hasn't come out, and Bob hasn't come out! He must have hidden himself when Loder came in, unless he got out up the chimney! He, he, he!"

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Wharton in dismay.

It was bad news for the Co., though it entertained the fat Owl hugely. They remembered Bob's declaration that he was going to make Loder sit up. Apparently he had tried it on, and it was Bob himself who was doing the sitting up!

"Poor old Bob!" said Nugent. "Asking for more! If Loder catches him in his study—"

"He hasn't caught him yet!" grinned Bunter. "You'll hear him yelling when Loder catches him! He, he, he! He will be heard all over Greyfriars! Loder's not in a good temper to-day. He, he, he!"

"Oh, shut up, you fat frog!" growled Johnny Bull. "You men, if Bob's bagged in Loder's study, we've got to get him out somehow."

"Better make sure first," said Harry. "That fat idiot may have got it wrong, or may be pulling our leg."

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

Harry Wharton ran up the Remove passage to Study No. 13. Mark Linley and little Wun Lung were there.

"Seen Bob?" asked the captain of the Remove.

"Not since I went down to the cricket," answered Mark.

"Do you know where he's gone, Wun Lung?"

The Celestial grinned.

"Goey along Lodee studee," he said. "Takee bottle gluee, puttee along Lodee bed. What you tinkee?"

"Oh, my hat! You haven't seen him since?"

"No see! No comey back along studee."

Wharton returned to his own study, his face very grave now. It was clear where Bob had gone; and apparently he had not left Loder's study after entering it. If he had taken cover somewhere in the room, with Loder in occupation, his situation was rather a precarious one, and it was up to his chums to help him out somehow.

"Well?" asked Nugent, as Wharton came back to Study No. 1.

"Wun Lung says that Bob went to Loder's study, with a bottle of glue to plant in his bed," said Wharton ruefully.

"He, he, he!" came from Bunter.

"Oh, the ass!" said Johnny Bull.

"Looks as if he's there still. Let's look round the House for him, though."

**THE OFFICE-BOY'S SMILED,  
Now It's YOUR Turn**

to laugh at the following amusing storyette which has brought Joseph Heap, of 88, Cedar Street, Accrington, Lancs, one of this week's

**USEFUL POCKET KNIVES:**



Sympathetic Old Lady (to small boy): "What is troubling you, my little man?"  
Small Boy: "Boo-hoo! Dyspepsia and rheumatism."  
Old Lady: "Surely not at your age?"  
Small Boy: "Yes; teacher oaned me, 'cause I couldn't spell 'em!'"

Look lively with your efforts, chums. If at first you don't catch the judge's eye—TRY AGAIN!

The four juniors, in a worried mood, left the study. They asked fellows up and down the Remove passage; but no one had seen Bob. Downstairs, they came on Vernon-Smith and Redwing, and asked once more; but neither the Bounder nor his chum knew anything. Redwing looked grave, and Smithy chuckled, at the news that Bob was probably a prisoner in Loder's study, with the bully of the Sixth in the offing.

"Look here, I've got lines for Loder!" said Vernon-Smith. "I'll take them in now and have a look round."

"Good man!" said Wharton.

And Smithy, having fetched his lines down from Study No. 4 in the Remove, proceeded with them to the Sixth Form passage. He tapped at Loder's door and opened it. A cigarette was thrust hastily out of sight, and Loder glared at the Removite.

"My lines, Loder!" said the Bounder meekly.

Loder grunted.

"You can put them on the table."

The Bounder crossed to the table slowly. His keen glance took in the study. Bob was not visible, and he was not under the table—Smithy could see that much.

The corner of his eye lingered on the curtain that screened the bed alcove. If Bob was present he was there; it was the only hiding-place in the room. The curtain reached from a brass rail near the ceiling to the floor, and a fellow might well remain hidden there till Loder went to bed.

There was no sound, and the curtain was still; and Smithy wondered if Bob was there. That some ragger had been in the study was evident, for the Bounder's quick eye discerned the glimmering glue in the seat of the arm-chair.

"You can get out!" snapped Loder.

Fellows were generally anxious to get out of Loder's study when their ill-fortune led them there; but the Bounder seemed to be lingering.

"Yes, Loder!"

Vernon-Smith laid down his lines on the table and clumsily knocked a book off as he turned away.

"You blundering young ass! Pick up that book!" snapped Loder.

The book had fallen in the direction of the bed alcove. Vernon-Smith stooped and picked it up; and with a clumsiness very unusual in the Bounder, let it slip through his fingers. It dropped on the floor again, nearer to the bed—quite close to the curtain.

"Are you asking for a licking, Vernon-Smith?" snapped Loder.

He was anxious to get back to his cigarette, which he could not very well do while a junior was present.

"Oh, sorry!" stammered the Bounder.

He plunged after the book, grabbed at it, and—clumsier than ever—knocked it against the bed-curtain. There he bent over it, pushing at the curtain as he did so, and giving no sign as he felt the outlines of a form that stood between the curtain and the edge of the bed. Someone was there!

He picked up the book, replaced it on the table, and left the study quietly. Loder grunted as the door closed on him, and resumed smoking.

The Bounder grinned as he rejoined the anxious Co. They eyed him inquiringly. Smithy explained in a few words.

"Oh, my hat!" said Wharton. "It's nearly tea-time now. Tubb may be going there any minute to get Loder's tea."

"Bob's safe till Loder goes to bed!" grinned the Bounder. "If you want to rescue him you'll have to hook Loder out of the study somehow. Come on, Reddy, we've got some men coming to tea."

The Bounder and Redwing went up to their study. Four anxious juniors remained in deep consultation. Obviously, Bob could not be left where he was, even if he was safe till Loder went to bed. Bed-time for the Remove was much earlier than for the Sixth; and at bed-time he would be missed. Besides, he was not safe till Loder went to bed. Discovery might come at any moment. The Co. could imagine the hapless Bob's feelings as he waited in his hiding-place for Loder to leave the study—which Loder was unlikely to do now till after tea, at the soonest. Bob had to be rescued somehow, and the difficult question was, how!

"My esteemed chums—" said Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh.

"Go it, Inky!" said Wharton hopefully. "What have you got in your old black noddle?"

"The excellent and disgusting Skinner——"

"Oh, blow Skinner!" growled Johnny Bull. "Skinner can't help us in this. More likely to cackle, if he knew."

"But the absurd Skinner has a disgusting catapult——"

"Blow his catapult! I suppose we're not going to play games with Skinner's catapult now."

"The answer is in the esteemed affirmative, my worthy and thick-headed Johnny."

"Look here, you ass——"

"Let Inky get it off his chest," said Nugent. "Inky's got an idea! Spout it up, Inky!"

The nabob grinned a dusky grin and "spouted" it up. There was a chuckle from the Co. when he had explained, and Hurree Singh ran up to the Remove passage to borrow Harold Skinner's catapult. After which, the four comrades walked out of the House, and Hurree Janset Ram Singh whipped actively into the thick branches of an elm which, at a distance, faced the window of Loder's study. And his chums waited and watched for results.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### At Last!

**B**OB CHERRY was beginning to feel that life, for an enterprising japer, was hardly worth living. He was tired of that alcove in Loder's study—fed up to the back teeth. He was getting cramped; his legs ached with standing; pins and needles troubled him, from the stern necessity of keeping still. Keeping still, at the best of times, was not in Bob's line. Even in the Form-room he seldom kept still. Often and often did Mr. Quelch's gimlet eye turn on him for shuffling his feet.

Vigour and activity appealed to Bob; keeping still never had appealed to him. But if he did not keep still now, discovery was certain, and discovery, after Loder had sat in the glue, was too awful to contemplate. Bob hoped that Loder would leave the study, he yearned to hear him go; but Loder did not go.

The prospect of remaining in that stuffy retreat, keeping perfectly still and silent, with pins and needles creeping over him, while Loder had his tea, was horrifying. But the licking that was due was more horrifying still, and Bob suppressed his groans and bore it.

Bob had been thinking, and worrying a little, about Lancaster, and what Loder had said to him. But pins and needles drove Lancaster from his mind. Bob was thinking solely of himself now and his parlous situation. How long was this going to last? was the awful question. Bob began to feel that he would scream if it lasted much longer.

He had one lingering hope. He had felt Smithy grope over the curtain and easily guessed Smithy's object. His chums knew that he was there, and no doubt they were trying to think of some means of hooking him out of his disastrous position. But unless they could get Loder away from the study there was nothing doing. Any minute Loder might go to the door and yell "Fag!" when Tubbs of the Third would come in to get his tea. After that, Loder would be a fixture for a long time. And if something did not happen soon pins and needles would settle

the matter. Every other minute already Bob had difficulty in suppressing a yelp.

Loder, smoking several cigarettes, one after another, was blissfully unconscious of the anguish hidden from his eyes by the bed-curtain. Loder was in no hurry to call his fag. He was not thinking of tea. He was not even thinking of the unknown japer who had glued his arm-chair. He was thinking of his enemy in the Sixth and his schemes for downing that enemy. Loder's reflections on that subject, however, were suddenly interrupted by a clatter at his study window.

Crack!

It sounded almost like a pistol-shot, and Loder started and stared round in surprise. His face flamed. Someone in the quad had buzzed a stone at his window with such force that it had almost cracked the glass.

"By gad!" breathed Loder.

This was a "rag" by some junior whom he had licked, of course—probably the same young scoundrel who had glued his armchair! But Loder did not rise. He had no doubt that the impudent young sweep who had buzzed the stone at his window had disappeared promptly.

Crack!

It was a second stone clattering on the pane! Loder leaped to his feet at that. The impudent young sweep had not, it seemed, disappeared promptly, he was still buzzing stones! Loder grabbed a cane from the table and rushed to the window.

Crack!

Another stone clattered on the glass as he stood there. Loder flung up the sash and stared into the quad.

"Who's that?" he roared.

There were fellows in sight. Sykes of the Sixth was strolling at a distance. Coker and Potter and Greene of the Fifth stood in a group near the House. Temple, Dabney & Co. of the Fourth were in the offing. Farther off could be seen Hobson and some Shell fellows. But none of these showed any interest in Loder or his window. Two or three looked round as he shouted, and that was all.

Crack!

Loder fairly jumped. Even as he leaned out, staring furiously, a stone clattered on the glass above his head.

"Who was that?" shrieked Loder.

"Eh, what?" Cecil Reginald Temple of the Fourth called out. "What's up, Loder?"

"Who's that buzzing stones at my window?"

Temple of the Fourth stared.

"Is anybody buzzing stones at your window? I didn't see anybody."

"There's nobody buzzing stones, Loder," said Fry, of the Fourth.

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

Loder stared and glared savagely. Nobody, so far as he could see, was buzzing stones. Yet stone after stone had cracked on his panes. In the distance, under the elms, he saw Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, and Johnny Bull. But they had their hands in their pockets, and were evidently innocent of this outrage on the dignity and repose of the Sixth.

Crack!

A stone smote a pane again, with such force, this time, that the glass cracked. The missile just missed Loder's nose as it fell. Loder panted with rage.

He knew now that the shooting came from a catapult. The range was long, the catapulter was out of Loder's sight—among the elms, most likely.

"Sykes!" yelled Loder.

Sykes of the Sixth looked round,

frowning. Sykes, a First Eleven man, a double Colour and a Blood, did not like to have his name yelled like this in the quadrangle, as if he were some junior of the Remove, or some inky fag of the Third or Second. He stared freezingly at Loder.

"What the dooce——" said Sykes, with grim rebuke.

"Who's that buzzing stones with a catapult?"

"Nobody, that I know of."

"Well, look round for him!"

Sykes gave Loder a more freezing stare than ever, shoved his hands more deeply in the pockets of his flannel bags, and stalked away. Even the back of his head seemed to express contempt for Loder and his manners as he stalked.

Loder breathed fury.

Crack! This time the missile came clean through a pane and dropped in the study with fractions of glass. There was a laugh from some of the fellows in the quad, and they stared round to see who had catapulted. But they could not see the merry marksman any more than Loder could. The thick foliage of an elm gave Hurree Singh ample cover.

"Great gad! I—I—I'll——"

Loder choked with rage. This sort of thing was intolerable. Somewhere in the quad was a cheeky fag, buzzing stones with a catapult at the window of a Sixth Form prefect—and breaking the window. It was unheard of—it was almost unnerving! Loder's grasp closed convulsively on his cane, and he rushed from the study, and from the House, in search of the desperado.

"Oh crumbs!" murmured Bob Cherry, as Loder's hurrying feet died away down the passage.

He could move at last.

He moved quickly.

There was no time to lose. Loder was gone, and the way of escape was open. Nevertheless, though time pressed, Bob spared a few moments to carry out his original object in entering the study.

He turned back Loder's bedclothes, emptied what remained of the liquid glue into the bed, and replaced sheets and blankets in nice order. Then he shoved the bottle out of sight in a pocket, and jumped out of the alcove.

A moment more and he was scudding down the Sixth Form passage—not much more than a minute after Loder. Bob did the passage at about sixty m.p.h. It was, however, a case of more haste and less speed. A study door opened, and Lancaster of the Sixth came out as Bob passed, with a letter in his hand. There was a crash as he met Bob in full career.

"Oh crikey!" gurgled Bob.

"Oh, my hat!" Lancaster staggered. "You young ass! What the thump do——"

"Oh dear! Sorry!" gasped Bob. "I—I—I'm in a hurry! I——"

The letter slipped from Lancaster's hand as he staggered. It fell with the address uppermost on the floor.

"You mad young ass!" gasped Lancaster.

Bob Cherry stooped to pick up the letter Lancaster had dropped. As he did so the senior caught him by the collar and jerked him away from it, whirling him round. Bob, of course, had had no intention of looking at the letter, but as he stooped over it the name, "Sylvester Sugden," met his eye. He was whirling away in Lancaster's powerful grasp, the next instant.

"Oh!" gasped Bob. "Ow! Leggo! I say, Lancaster, I'm sorry I barged into you! Ow! Don't be a rotter!"

He twisted in Lancaster's grasp. He was surprised by the dark look on the new senior's usually kind and good-tempered face, and by the angry flash in his eyes. It was quite a different Lancaster for the moment, and Bob almost gaped at him. And he became aware, too, that Lancaster had placed his foot over the fallen letter.

Bob's eyes blazed. He understood. "Let go my collar!" he roared. "Do you think I was looking at your dashed letter? Blow your silly letter? I was going to pick it up for you! You needn't shove your hoof on it. I'm not Bunter, blow you!"

The junior was more angry than the senior, for the moment. But Lancaster's anger vanished as if by magic. He released Bob's collar, and laughed. At the same moment he removed his foot from the letter.

"My dear kid," he said, in his usual pleasant tones, "do you know that you jolly nearly winded me? You shouldn't barge about the Sixth Form quarters like that! You ought to be jolly well whopped; but I'll let you off with posting that letter for me. Pick it up, and take it out to the box!"

"Oh!" gasped Bob.

For the moment Bob could have sworn that Lancaster suspected him of prying at the address on the letter, and had placed his foot over it to hide that address. This, however, did not look like it; and Bob, nothing doubting that he had misunderstood, was ashamed of the thought that had been in his mind. He reddened under Lancaster's smiling glance.

"I—I say, I—I thought—I thought you thought—" he stammered.

"Don't be a young ass!" said Lancaster. "Take the letter and post it."

"Yes, rather!" said Bob.

Lancaster stepped back into his study. Bob hurried on. And he lost no time in getting out of the House.

**THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.**

**No Luck for Loder!**

"INKY!" called out Harry Wharton. The juniors under the elms had their eyes on the House. As Loder of the Sixth came striding out, cane in hand, the captain of the Remove called a warning to Hurree Singh.

But the warning was not needed. Hurree Singh's eyes were wide open. He came slithering down the thick trunk, and dropped among his chums in a moment. The thickness of the

trunk hid him from the House as he descended; and the descent hardly filled a second. The four juniors were sauntering in a cheery row under the trees when Loder came breathlessly up.

"Stop!" shouted Loder.

Harry Wharton looked round.

"Did you call us, Loder?" he asked.

"Some fag has been buzzing stones at my study—the window's broken!" snapped Loder. "I fancy there's some young scoundrel with a catapult in one of the trees. Where's Cherry?"

"Cherry?" repeated Wharton.

Loder's eyes gleamed. The Famous Five were generally together; and Bob was not with his comrades now. Loder gave a flashing glance at the boughs of the elms round about him, and then

terrific," he answered. "But the absurd fact is that we are about to proceed to the House for tea, and punctuality is the politeness of the cracked pitcher that saves a stitch in time from a bird in the bush, as the English proverb remarkably declares."

"Turn out your pockets!"

"Oh, all right!" said Johnny Bull; and three of the Co. turned out their pockets and demonstrated that no catapult was contained therein. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh was slower.

His chums fancied that they knew why he was slow. They had no doubt that Skinner's catapult was in Inky's pocket. They had hardly been prepared for Loder to jump on them like this; and they dreaded to see the proof



Crack! Another stone clattered on Loder's window pane, and the angry Sixth-Former flung up the sash, and stared out into the quad. But he failed to see Hurree Singh, armed with a catapult, hidden in the thick branches of the elm!

fixed an accusing and inquiring stare on the chums of the Remove.

"Bob's in the House, I—I think!" answered Wharton.

"Is he?" said Loder, with a sneer. "Well, I didn't see who buzzed those stones at my window, but I fancy you young rascals could tell me. One of you, or Cherry, I've very little doubt. Turn out your pockets!"

"Our — our pockets!" stammered Nugent.

"Yes, your pockets! If one of you has a catapult I shan't need to look any farther."

Dismay fell on three of the juniors. But the Fourth member of the Co. smiled a gentle dusky smile.

"My esteemed Loder, the willingness to turn out our esteemed pockets is

of guilt come to light. Breaking a prefect's window was a serious matter; and the reasons that seemed good to the cheery juniors would have seemed far from good to their headmaster. In fact, the Head would have regarded them as reckless young rascals in need of punishment; and probably the Head would have been right! Undoubtedly, they had only thought about rescuing Bob, and had not bothered much about other considerations.

"Get a move on, you black duffer!" snapped Loder. "I'll hurry you up with a touch of the cane soon."

"The hearfulness is the idiotic obeyfulness, my absurd Loder!" answered the dusky nabob meekly.

(Continued on page 16.)



(Continued from page 13.)

And he turned out his pockets.

Wharton, Nugent, and Johnny Bull stared. No catapult came to light. Loder stared, too. Even Loder had to admit that there was no catapult in possession of any of the four.

"Is the absurd Loder honourably satisfied?" asked the nabob.

"Why isn't Cherry with you, as usual? Where is he? I remember I licked him this afternoon? Where's Cherry?" demanded Loder.

As the four juniors present had to be absolved, Loder's suspicion fixed on the fifth member of the famous Co., who certainly had not catapulted Loder's window, whatever else he had done.

"He's in the House!" repeated Wharton, without adding what study he was in. "I haven't seen him for a little while—"

"You don't expect me to believe that, I suppose?" sneered Loder. "Now, which of these trees is he hidden in? You may as well own up!"

"Oh, my hat! He's not in a tree!" gasped Wharton. "I give you my word, Loder—"

"It's against the rules to climb the trees in the quad!" said Frank Nugent, with great gravity. "Our Form master would be down on it, Loder."

Loder gripped his ashplant hard.

"Tell me which tree he's in, or—"

"Hallo, there he is!" exclaimed Nugent, with a gesture towards the House. Loder spun round and stared.

Bob Cherry was coming out of the House with a letter in his hand.

Loder stared blankly. Obviously, it had not been Bob who had catapulted his window. He could not have got back to the House unseen by Loder; and here he was leaving the House, evidently with the intention of posting a letter in the school box.

Harry Wharton & Co. smiled. Loder scowled. He strode away, in further search of the culprit, and the Co. grinned at one another. Up and down and round about went Gerald Loder, hunting and inquiring for a junior with a catapult; and Harry Wharton & Co. cheerfully left him to it.

Bob Cherry cut across to the elms and joined his chums. He gave them a cheery grin.

"I heard Loder's window go!" he remarked. "Was it you men?"

"Yes, you ass! Inky got him from a tree," said Harry, "and I thought we were bagged when Loder told us to turn out our pockets. Inky, you black image, where's the catapult?"

The nabob chuckled.

"The English proverb remarks that the stitch in time saves ninepence," he said. "Also there is a proverb that forewarned is four-legged! I left the esteemed catapult in the tree, my absurd chums. I thought it would be safer there if questions were asked."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Then why were you so jolly slow turning out your pockets?" asked Johnny Bull.

"That was to keep the worthy Loder busy, my esteemed chum, and to give the ridiculous Bob time to bunk departfully from his study."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob.

"Good old Inky!" chuckled Wharton. "I fancy we've beaten Loder all along the line this time! Thank goodness you got out, Bob! Did you do any damage in Loder's study, fathead?"

"He sat in an armchair full of glue—"

"Oh crikey!"

"And I've left him a bed full, all ready for when he goes to bed to-night—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the Co.

"I've got to post this letter for Lancaster; then let's get in to tea," said Bob. "I'm more than ready! My hat! I began to believe that I was stuck in Loder's study for the term of my natural life!"

The Famous Five, in great spirits, walked along to the school box, where Lancaster's letter was dropped in. Then they walked back cheerily to the House. It was a light-hearted party that came up to Study No. 1 to tea. The matter had ended satisfactorily for the Famous Five, if not for Loder.

"I say, you fellows!" Billy Bunter blinked at the chums of the Remove as they came into Study No. 1. "I say, I've been waiting for you!"

"You needn't have troubled, Fatty!"

"The study cupboard's locked!" said Bunter. "I think that's a bit suspicious of you fellows! I hope you didn't fancy that I should have looked into it, or gone anywhere near it."

"Of course you didn't!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Certainly not!" said Bunter, with dignity.

"Then how do you know it's locked?"

"Oh! I—I mean, I—I don't know it's locked! I mean, I haven't looked at it! If you think I've been trying to open it with the poker you're jolly well mistaken! I haven't touched the poker!"

"You fat villain!" roared Wharton.

"Oh, really, old chap—"

"Kick him out!"

"I say, you fellows, I've waited for you. I knew you wanted to ask me to tea, after I told you where to find Bob," said Bunter reproachfully. "After I'd watched over Bob, practically like—like a good angel—"

"You fat chump!" Wharton unlocked the study cupboard, which, fortunately for five hungry juniors, Bunter had been unable to burgle with the help of the study poker. "You can stay if you like. We've got bread and a sardine each for tea."

"You've got what?" yelled Bunter.

"Plenty of bread—"

"Beast!"

"And a sardine each—"

"Yah!"

Billy Bunter rolled to the door. He was already late for tea in Hall; and there was no time to lose if he was not to miss it. He could not afford to miss it for bread and a sardine!

"Don't go, Bunter!" called out Wharton. "There's lots of bread—"

"Go and eat coke!"

"And a whole sardine—"

"Yah! Rotter!"

Billy Bunter disappeared. He did the Remove staircase in record time, and bolted for Hall.

Harry Wharton threw open the door of the study cupboard, and began to hand out the provender.

"I wonder," he remarked thoughtfully, "if Bunter would have stayed if I'd mentioned the other things. Do you think he concluded from what I said that there was nothing but bread and a single sardine each?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Bob. "I fancy he did!"

"Well, as I told him, there's plenty of bread, and a sardine each," said the captain of the Remove. "Luckily, there's also ham and eggs, and jam-roll, and a cake, and a bunch of bananas, and some cream-puffs."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was quite a handsome spread in Study No. 1. The Famous Five enjoyed their tea; and did not enjoy it any the less because William George Bunter tea'd in Hall.

## THE NINTH CHAPTER.

### A Tip in Time!

"PREP!" said Mark Linley.

"Eh?"  
"Prep, old man!" repeated the Lancashire junior, with a quiet smile.

"Oh!" said Bob Cherry absently. "Yes! All right!"

Mark gave his study-mate a rather curious glance, but he was not a fellow to ask questions. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh's dark eyes also dwelt curiously on Bob's face for a moment.

Bob had been in a brown study for some time. But he came out of his deep cogitations, whatever they were, and sorted out his books and sat down to prep. Study No. 13 in the Remove settled down to work.

But Bob did not seem to give much attention to prep that evening. He was not a keen worker like Mark; but he always did his prep carefully. On the present occasion, however, there was evidently something on his mind, and his thoughts wandered from his task. Many times he stopped entirely, and sat staring before him with a wrinkled brow. Then he started again with a jerk. He rose at last, his prep scarcely finished, and moved restlessly about the study. Little Wun Lung's slanting eyes watched him.

"Lodee no catchee old Bob Chelly?" asked the little Celestial.

"Eh! No! That's all right, kid," said Bob.

"What's the worry, old chap?" asked Mark. "Anything you can tell a fellow?"

"Eh! Yes! No! Nothing! That is, well, yes—nothing!" said Bob, rather incoherently.

Mark smiled, and gave his attention to work again. When Hurree Jamset Ram Singh was done, Bob signed to him, and they left the study together. Outside in the Remove passage, the nabob eyed his chum curiously.

"My esteemed Bob, what is the upfulness?" he asked.

"Here comes Johnny," said Bob. "Let's go along to Wharton's study. I'd better tell you fellows, I think."

Johnny Bull came along from Study No. 14. The three juniors went down the passage to Study No. 1. Prep was over, and Wharton and Nugent were ready to go down, when Bob came in, and Johnny and the nabob followed him. Bob rather surprised his friends by closing the door after them carefully.

"Anything up?" asked Harry.

"Well, I'm feeling rather bothered," said Bob. "I'd better tell you men. It's rather rotten all round; but that cad Loder may be getting at you with his putrid spying and prying, so—"

"What the thump—" ejaculated Nugent.

Bob Cherry coloured uncomfortably. "You know I was bagged in Loder's study a long time this afternoon. Lancaster came in and talked to him while I was there. I couldn't help hearing."

"No harm done, I suppose," said Harry. "Lancaster's not likely to have any secrets with a fellow like Loder."

"N-n-no! I don't suppose Lancaster would care, or Loder, either, for that matter. Only it's rotten! You've heard about Loder spreading a yarn of Lancaster being at a relation's place—a relation of Loder's—when there was a robbery there. Fellows have got hold of it, and there's a lot of jaw. Of course, nobody believes a word of such rot," added Bob hastily. "Us least of all, I hope. But—but—"

"Cough it up," said Johnny Bull, staring at Bob.

"Lancaster warned him to chuck it, and said he would stop him if he didn't," said Bob; "but—but that idiot Loder's fairly got his teeth into it. I don't know how Lancaster's going to stop him, but he's not the man to stand it, of course. If Loder goes too far, the Head may come down on him; but he's the fellow to stick to hints and whispers, and not come out into the open. And—and he said—it's rotten—he said that, he was going to find out if he could—whether—whether—"

Bob broke off, with a very red face, in great discomfort.

"No need to tell us unless you want to, old bean," said Wharton in wonder.

"I must, to put you on your guard. The long and the short of it is, that Loder knows that Lancaster was staying near Wharton Lodge at Easter, and he's going to ask you men questions. He—he—he wants to find out whether there was any cracking cribs, as he calls it, in that neighbourhood while Lancaster was there. Now you've got it!" said Bob.

"Oh!" ejaculated Wharton.

All the faces in the study were grave now.

"You see how rotten it is," said Bob. "As it happened, by sheer coincidence, of course, there was a burglary at your place, Wharton, and a bank was robbed at Wimford, close by. If Loder gets hold of that he will make the most of it. Nothing in it, of course, but Loder—"

"Dash it all, it's queer!" said Johnny Bull thoughtfully. "Burglaries at Danby Croft when Lancaster was there, and a couple in Surrey when he was staying there; it does look queer."

"You ass! You don't imagine—"

"Of course not! But it looks odd; and it's enough for Loder to back his fancy on. And—and you remember that fathead Coker was there, and had an idea that Lancaster knew something about it—only he chucked that up afterwards."

"Coker's a born idiot! He's forgotten all that by this time; he knew he'd made a silly mistake and owned up to it. He's not the man to say a word against Lancaster. Loder's going to ask us about it—he said so. If he does—"

"If he does, we'll jolly well tell him to go and eat coke!" said Johnny Bull. "He's no right to question us."

"Of course, Loder would make a lot out of coincidences like that!" said Harry Wharton slowly. "I'm glad you've told us, Bob. Loder's not going to get anything from us to use against a splendid chap like Lancaster."

"No fear!" agreed Nugent.

"The no-fearfulness is terrific!" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

The Famous Five all agreed on that. They liked Lancaster, and they were up against Loder, anyhow.

Yet, as they left the study and went down to the Rag, every member of the famous Co. was conscious of an uneasy feeling of discomfort.

They were backing up Lancaster all along the line, so far as Remove juniors could back up a Sixth Form man. But they could not help feeling that the

matter was, as Johnny Bull had said, "queer."

Cracked cribs seemed to haunt Lancaster's footsteps, and such strange coincidences gave some colour to Loder's envious and malicious suspicion. They were not going to tell Loder anything that he could use in his campaign against the new man, but the keeping of secrets was irksome and, indeed, had a touch of the furtive about it.

However, they dismissed the matter from their minds, in the Rag. In that apartment talk ran on the Rookwood match which was due the following week. Junior matches, of course, appealed more directly to the heroes of the Remove, but a First Eleven match was a big thing, and it was all the more interesting because Lancaster, a new fellow, was down to play, and he had shown wonderful form, and was considerably in the public eye.

Harry Wharton & Co. cheerfully talked cricket, and they were going strong when Tubb of the Third put his head in.

"Wharton here?" called out Tubb. "Adsum!" said Harry, laughing. "You're wanted—Loder's study."

"Oh, my hat!" Loder's fag grinned. "Somebody glued Loder's armchair this afternoon. I can tell you, I've had a fearful time cleaning it! If it was you, I hope you'll get jolly well licked! Yah!"

With which, Tubb of the Third walked away.

"Dash it all, if it's the glue, I'm going to own up!" said Bob. "You're not going to take my medicine, Wharton."

"Well, he can't fix it on me; I can prove that I was at the cricket," said Harry. "Keep mum, old man. I'll go and see what Loder wants."

"My esteemed chum," murmured the nabob, "rememberfully recollect that the still tongue saves a stitch in time, and that the golden silence is the cracked pitcher that goes longest to the well."

"Oh, my hat! That's it, of course!" exclaimed Bob. "Loder's going to begin his giddy inquisition. Mum's the word, old bean!"

"You bet!" said the captain of the Remove, and he left the Rag and proceeded to Loder's study in the Sixth.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

No News!

GERALD LODER gave Wharton quite a friendly glance as he entered. Loder, apparently, had recovered from the glue in the armchair, and he had not yet discovered the glue in the bed. His manner to the captain of the Remove was actually genial; which warned Wharton that Loder wanted something, and after Bob's warning he did not need telling what it was.

Geniality from Loder of the Sixth made Wharton feel rather like that sage old Trojan, who feared the Greeks when they came with gifts in their hands.

"Trot in, kid!" said Loder. "Take a pew. I've hardly seen you since term started."

Wharton sat down, fairly near the door. There was no reason why Loder should have seen anything of him; and, as a matter of fact, he had seen enough of him to give him a licking once, and lines twice. But Loder was assuming a sort of hearty cordiality. Wharton preferred a seat rather near the door;

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**BUMPER BOOKS**  
and  
**POCKET WALLETES**

offered as prizes for clever Greyfriars limericks. The following prize-winning effort has been submitted by Miss Evelyn Edwards, Dewhurst School House, Churchgate, Cheshunt:



One night, Bunter went on the prowl



To the pantry to steal a cold fowl.



But as he crept out,



He bumped into Prout,



Who "licked" him and caused him to howl!

A splendid book has been forwarded to Evelyn. Now, BOYS, have a shot at winning one of these topping prizes!

there was no telling how long this unusual geniality would last, and a rapid retreat might be necessary.

"Had good hols?" asked Loder.

Wharton tried not to grin. He knew exactly how much Loder cared whether he had had good holidays at Easter or not.

But for the tip from Bob Cherry, he would have been puzzled. But he could see now that Loder was leading up to the subject on which he desired information.

"Oh, pretty fair!" said Harry demurely.

"You had your friends with you at Wharton Lodge, I believe?"

"Yes, part of the time."

"You happened to meet that new man in my Form in the hols," said Loder. "I remember asking you, first day of term, as I knew the man's name. Was this man Lancaster staying with your people?"

"Oh, no! He came over to tea once, that's all."

"Staying in the neighbourhood, what?"

"I believe so."

"You got on rather friendly terms with him, I believe."

"Well, yes; he's a splendid chap, you know," said Wharton innocently. "My uncle knew his father well; they were in the War together. Everybody seems to like Lancaster."

Loder gave him a sharp look, and compressed his lips. Geniality vanished for a moment; but Loder contrived to smile again.

"Of course, we don't see much of him here as he's in the Sixth," went on Wharton, "but we like him just as much as ever."

"Never mind that," said Loder sharply. "I was really interested in something else. I believe there were some rather exciting happenings near your place in the Easter holidays, weren't there?"

"Were there?" asked Wharton in surprise.

"I fancy I've heard something of the sort. Wasn't there a burglary or something?"

Loder did not fancy that he had heard something of the sort; this was his way of putting it. Certainly he hoped to hear of something of the sort.

But he was not likely to hear anything of the sort from the captain of the Remove.

Wharton wrinkled his brows as if in an effort to remember.

"Well, you see, I never read the papers," he said. "I shouldn't be much interested in burglaries, anyhow. I remember there was a tramp run in."

"A tramp?" repeated Loder.

"Yes; run in for stealing chickens," explained Wharton gravely. "You see, I knew the farmer, and so—"

"Never mind that! Nothing else?" asked Loder. "I fancy I've heard of something—"

"Oh, you mean, what happened at the mill?" said Harry.

Loder's look became eager.

"What happened at the mill?" he exclaimed. "A burglary?"

"Oh, no! A fire."

"A—a fire?" grunted Loder, disappointed.

"Yes. The old mill was burned down. If you'd like to hear about it—"

Loder grunted again. Evidently he did not want to hear anything about an old mill that had been burned down.

"Look here, Wharton," he exclaimed, coming out into the open at last, as it were, "I've a reason for asking you."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,212.

Did you hear of any robberies or burglaries anywhere near your place in the Easter vac?"

It was a plain question at last, and Wharton, had he not been put on his guard, would have answered it without thinking. But he was on his guard now.

"Robberies—burglaries!" he repeated. "I suppose you're not thinking of the burglary at Sankey Grange, Loder?"

"Is that near your place?"

Loder was eager again.

"Yes. About a mile."

"And a burglary happened there?"

"Yes. A lot of jewels and things were raided."

"And this happened last Easter?" exclaimed Loder, his eyes glittering.

"Oh, no!" said Harry demurely. "It happened a year ago. In the Christmas vacation, to be exact."

Loder sat up and stared at the junior. Wharton's face was quite artless. He met Loder's stare innocently.

Loder drew a deep breath.

"I want a plain answer to a plain question, Wharton," he said. "Tell me if anything of the kind happened in the Easter vac this year."

Again Wharton assumed an expression of deep thought. Loder watched him impatiently.

"Well, there was the robbery at Oak Tree Farm," said Harry.

"Tell me about that."

"The dog got off the chain—"

"The—the dog?" repeated Loder.

"Yes, and it was pinched. They offered a reward of ten shillings for it. But I can't say whether they ever got it back."

Loder rose to his feet. Whether Wharton knew what his game was, and was determined to tell him nothing, or whether there really was nothing to tell, Loder could not guess. But he realised that there was nothing to be got out of Wharton.

His geniality dropped from him like a cloak. His hand strayed to a cane on the table.

"There's another matter I've got to speak to you about, Wharton," he said grimly. "Some fag stuck my armchair with glue this afternoon. I want to know if it was you."

"Not guilty, my lord!" answered Harry.

"Do you know who it was?"

"If I did I shouldn't tell you, Loder," answered Wharton coolly. He rose and backed towards the door warily.

"That's not the way to answer a prefect, Wharton. Bend over that chair!"

Wharton looked steadily at the bully of the Sixth.

"If you lay a finger on me, Loder," he said in a very distinct voice, "I'll go straight to my Form master and tell him that you've licked me for refusing to tell you things to help on your rotten slander against Lancaster!"

Loder jumped.

"Why, you—you—you—"

He made a stride at the junior. But he paused. Wharton waited.

Loder pointed to the door with the cane at last.

"Get out!" he snapped.

Wharton left the study.

Loder kicked the door shut after him, threw the cane on the table, and scowled. He had got nothing out of Wharton, and he realised that he would get exactly the same out of Wharton's chums. That line of inquiry seemed to be closed.

But there were other ways open to Loder. He sat down at last and wrote a letter, which was addressed to Sir

George Danby, at Danby Croft. When that letter was finished, Loder walked down to the box to post it.

After which it was time to see lights out for the Remove, it being Loder's turn of duty that evening.

In the Remove dormitory he detected lingering grins on five faces, and he had no doubt that Harry Wharton had told his friends about the interview in Loder's study. He was not aware that the Famous Five were also thinking of the glue in his bed. Loder had not discovered that glue yet.

Loder went back to his study. In the Sixth Form passage he passed Wingate, Gwynne, Sykes, and Lancaster standing in a cheery group, talking cricket. They did not even seem to see Loder as he passed, and he swung on to his study, scowling.

Loder had work to do, but he gave it little attention. His thoughts ran on his campaign against his enemy—black, bitter, and malicious thoughts. He stayed up rather late, smoking innumerable cigarettes before he turned in. But he turned in at last.

As he plunged into bed he was conscious of a damp stickiness there. He seemed to have plunged into a sea of stickiness.

"What the thump—" ejaculated Loder.

He leaped out of bed and turned on the light again. A sheet trailed along with him, sticking to his pyjamas. Loder glared at it.

"Glue!"

It was glue—liquid glue, and there seemed to be oceans of it. As a matter of fact, there weren't oceans of it; but a little of it went a long way.

"Glue!" gasped Loder. "That young scoundrel— Oh, my hat!"

He tore the covering from his bed and glared at it. Glue swamped it. It was worse than the armchair.

Loder gave a yell of rage. Some fag—the same fag who had glued his armchair, evidently—had done this. Loder almost danced with rage. He grabbed a cane from his table and started for the door. But he stopped. It was eleven o'clock. At that hour of the night he could not rouse out the delinquent from his dormitory, even if he could guess who the delinquent was—and he couldn't. He crashed the cane down on the table again.

The door opened, and Carne of the Sixth looked in.

"Anything up?" he asked.

"Look! Look!" yelled Loder. "Look at my bed! Look!"

Carne looked.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he yelled.

"Why, you silly idiot—"

Carne went up the passage, laughing. Loder slammed the door after him, waking a good many of the Sixth who had gone to bed. With an expression on his face that was positively fiendish, Loder grabbed gluey sheets and blankets from his bed and hurled them to the floor. The house dame and the maids were all asleep at that hour. There was no possibility of getting a fresh supply of bedclothes.

It was not a comfortable night for Loder. He slept on a mattress, covered with coats and rugs. He woke up many times, and every time he woke up he felt sticky. He turned out quite early in the morning, and breathed fury as he washed off the stickiness. And when the Famous Five sighted him in the quad, after prayers, they grinned joyously at the expression on his face, and gave him a wide berth.





As Loder plunged into bed, he was conscious of a damp stickiness there. He tore back the coverings and jerked up in bed. "What the thump——" he ejaculated. "Glue!"

**THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.**

**A Surprise for Mr. Sugden!**

**M**R. SYLVESTER SUGDEN—known among his intimates as Slimy Sugden—sat on a log under a tree by the Lantham road and listened to the chug-chug-chug of a motor-bike coming up the road. The greasy face of the sly gentleman, who was a moneylender, a "fence," a receiver of stolen goods, and the prime mover in a score of "jobs" that had puzzled the police of many towns, wore a very thoughtful expression. Once or twice Mr. Sugden drew a letter from his pocket, written in the fine, clear hand of Richard Lancaster, of the Sixth Form at Greyfriars, read it through again, and returned it to his pocket. And he looked more thoughtful than ever.

The chugging of the motor-bike ceased. Sugden rose from the log and watched the motor-cyclist lean his machine on a tree and step into the woodland that bordered the road. His keen, black eyes fixed curiously on the handsome face of the Greyfriars senior.

He held out a podgy hand as Lancaster came up, and the Greyfriars man touched it lightly.

"I had your letter. I came down, as you asked me." Sugden scanned the schoolboy's face anxiously. "You're getting on all right at the school? You've made no false step?"

"I'm getting on splendidly," said Lancaster. "I like the school better than I ever dreamed I should. I'd ask nothing better if I were there on the same terms as the other fellows."

Sugden shrugged his shoulders slightly.

"What's wrong?" he asked. "You've said nothing in your letter, except that you wanted to see me. That's right, of course. Never put anything in writing. And though I must not be seen here, Dick, you know that I'm always glad to see you."

"It isn't such a primrose path at the school as we fancied, Slimy. I suppose you remember the—the business at Danby Croft last year?"

"Four hundred of the best, and no risk," said Sugden. "I've not forgotten, but that's ancient history now, Dick."

"Ferrers Locke was there, and I've always thought that he knew more than he said."

"It's a year ago, Dick! Why——"

"There's a relation of old Danby's at Greyfriars, a fellow named Loder, in the Sixth Form. He was at Danby Croft at the time."

"That's unlucky. A chance like that can't be helped! He cannot suspect——"

"He does suspect, and he has made himself my enemy, and he is spreading whispers and hints through the school."

Sugden's eyes glinted.

"That won't do, Dick!"

"I know how to handle him," said Lancaster coolly. "I'm going to put paid to Loder. But he's written to Sir George Danby pointing out to him that the son of Captain Lancaster, who was a guest at Danby Croft at the time the crib was cracked there, has come to Greyfriars, and asking him plain questions. What do you think would happen if old Danby got that letter?"

"You've seen the letter?" Lancaster laughed contemptuously. "Do you think that the school letter-box can defy the fingers of the Wizard?" he asked bitterly. "The letter was in my hands an hour after it was dropped in the box. Loder fancies that it went out with the morning collection. It was burned in my study before midnight."

Slimy Sugden laughed. "You think you can stop him?" he asked.

"I know I can! I'm not afraid of Loder, though it's awkward! He's a dingy blackguard—the worst fellow at Greyfriars, I fancy. A worse fellow than I am, if you come to that!" said Lancaster in the same bitter tone. "It's not because he believes me a rogue that he hates me—he believes me a rogue because he hates me. I can stop him. But——"

"But what?" Slimy Sugden's eyes narrowed at the Wizard.

"You've got to cut Greyfriars out, Slimy! Oh, I know!" exclaimed Lancaster, as the greasy man was about to speak. "I know—I know! I'm a Greyfriars man outwardly—and underneath it I'm the Wizard, the boy crook that's wanted by half the police in the kingdom. I know all that; I'm not likely to forget it! It suits your game to place me at a big Public school, to keep your tool in a good position and above suspicion, but the tool has to be ready to your hand all the time."

"That's not fair to me, Dick," said Sugden in a low voice. "I've not been a bad man to you. The only friend I ever had was your uncle, rogue and thief as he was—he was a good friend

to me. For his sake, if not for your own, I'm doing my best for you. And it's for your own, too, Dick. I want to give you chances I never had myself. But at the same time—"

"At the same time the Wizard must be ready to answer your call and crack cribs when you have picked them out for him."

"You can't be merely a schoolboy like the others, Dick! Business comes first."

"I know! I know! I'm not kicking. I know I'm helpless! But I tell you that you've got to cut out Greyfriars."

"And why?" asked Sylvester Sugden. "Why? It's the easiest crib to crack, with you in the house, and it means a good haul. Why?"

"Can't you see? After what Loder's talked about what happened at Danby Croft when I was there. Nobody thinks anything of it now, but what would they think if the Head's safe was cracked and the cracksman never caught?"

Sugden was silent.

"You've got to cut that out, Slimy!"

"There's something in that," assented Sugden slowly. "It may be better to wait a few weeks—even till next term."

Lancaster's jaw squared.

"It's got to be cut out entirely!" he said.

"Come out into the open, Dick. It's not only risk and suspicion you're thinking of. What have you got in your mind?"

The schoolboy crook stood silent for some moments. Sugden watched him stealthily, furtively. Lancaster broke out at last.

"I've got this in my mind—I won't do it! It would be a false step, after what Loder's said. But that's not all, and that's not the chief reason, if you want to know! I won't do it!"

"And why not, Dick?"

Lancaster's eyes flashed.

"Because there's a limit! Because, whatever I may be, I won't be anything but a decent man at Greyfriars! The fellows like me—they trust me—they look on me as one of themselves. Outside the school I'm at your orders. I'm not letting you down. Inside Greyfriars I play the game—or I go."

"Play the game?" repeated Sugden. "It's a bit late in the day for the Wizard to talk about playing the game."

"You can taunt me as much as you like, Slimy, but I mean it! Neither I nor any man in the gang shall touch the crib at Greyfriars! Outside the school the world is my oyster. I'm an Ishmael—every man's hand against me and my hand against every man. But where I am trusted, I'm going to play up, and if that doesn't suit you throw me over as soon as you like."

Slimy Sugden drew a long, deep breath.

"This isn't what I looked for when I put you at Greyfriars, Dick," he said.

"Take me away as soon as you like! I tell you, I'll leave the school before I'll repay kindness and trust with foul treachery." Lancaster's face was pale and tormented. "Anything but that! But that—never! Never! Outside the school give me orders and I'll carry them out. But cut out Greyfriars, Slimy, or I'm done with you, and you're done with me."

There was a long silence.

"Cut out Greyfriars, then!" said Slimy at last. "I give in, Dick. Have you own way."

Lancaster's face softened.

"That's good of you, Slimy! You've always been decent to me. Anything else, but don't ask me to do what I can't do."

"It's settled," said Sugden. "Is there anything more?"

"Nothing."

"You think you can silence this fellow Loder?"

"I am sure of it."

After a few more words Lancaster returned to his machine. He waved a hand to Slimy Sugden, and shot away up the road. The cloud was gone from his face as he went.

Sugden stood looking after him till he disappeared in the distance in the direction of Greyfriars.

The greasy face was dark. The sharp black eyes had a glitter in them. It had seemed to Slimy Sugden a cunning move, a masterly move, to get the Wizard into such a school as Greyfriars.

He was not so sure of it now. He had not allowed for the influence of new surroundings, new associations. Such influence would never have affected Slimy himself; but the case was different with Dick Lancaster. There was doubt in the crook's mind now, and anger in his heart. Lancaster had never bent wholly to his will, and he seemed less likely than ever to bend now. That did not suit Slimy Sugden.

"Cut out Greyfriars!" His greasy lip curled. "I think not! The fool! But the Weasel can handle a job like that—the Weasel's the man for it."

Slimy Sugden walked back to Lantham, to the railway station. Lancaster, repentant, or half-repentant, was at ease in his mind now so far as Greyfriars School was concerned. But there were other ideas in the mind of the master-crook, as the hapless schoolboy was to discover.

## THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

### Laying for Loder!

"O W! I say, you fellows! Wow!" Billy Bunter seemed in trouble.

On that sunny May day most of the Greyfriars fellows looked cheery. Bunter looked anything but cheery as he rolled into Study No. 1 in the Remove.

Harry Wharton & Co., for once, were not looking their brightest, either. The last day or two had been troublous.

Loder of the Sixth had failed to discover who had glued his bed, and who had glued his armchair, and who had catapulted his window. But he was not the fellow to endure these things without making somebody sit up and take notice. Whether he suspected the Famous Five, or whether he took it out of them on general principles did not matter much. What mattered was that he did take it out of them.

There were many ways in which a prefect who happened to be unscrupulous could make himself unpleasant. Loder was not troubled by many scruples when he disliked a fellow. He had found opportunities, and the Famous Five, had they been perfect characters, would hardly have escaped Loder.

And they weren't perfect characters at all. Bob Cherry slid down the banisters—thoughtlessly, not meaning any harm; but against all rules. "Six" followed, history repeating itself. Nugent strolled out of the study during lock-up to speak to a fellow, and Loder spotted him. Fellows had done the same thing scores of times unnoticed; still, it was against the rules to leave prep; and it was another chance for Loder.

Johnny Bull kicked Fisher T. Fish—and every man in the Remove knew that Fisher T. Fish ought to be kicked much oftener than he was kicked. But Fishy's howl of anguish reached Loder's ears—always ready to hear just at present—and Johnny bagged the ash-plant. Hurree Janset Ram Singh ran into the House for his bat—and it could not be denied that juniors were not allowed to run, on the staircases or in the passages, though they often did. Inky bagged "six." Harry Wharton was given lines for whistling in the passage—whistling in the passage being "side" in a Lower boy; and as the impot was not done to time, it was doubled. Every member of the Co., in fact, felt Loder's heavy hand; and they rather thought that there was more to come.

Now Bunter seemed to have captured



## The Valley of Fear

"Into the clearing lumbered a huge monster. It had an enormous neck and tail; it towered higher than a house—a brontosaurus! And soon the valley was

filled with these mighty brutes—and mastodons and dinosaurs, and other prehistoric animals . . ." Amazing adventures befall the Boys of St. Frank's in this extraordinary land of Northestria, set amid the icy wastes of the North Pole, and whither they have come in a wonderful submarine. Here is a magnificent series of schoolboy-adventure yarns packed with excitement and thrills. Read this week's grand story "The Valley of Fear."

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trouble, too. He groaned dolorously as he rolled into Study No. 1.

"That beast Loder!" he groaned.

The Famous Five were sympathetic. There was a cake on the table for tea, and Wharton pointed to it. Bunter seemed to be suffering; but he found consolation in cake. He filled his large mouth to capacity before he proceeded with his tale of woe.

"Six?" asked Bob Cherry.

"No; the beast kicked me," said Bunter. "Hard!" He gobbled cake, grunted, and groaned. "Making out that I was listening to what he was saying to Walker, you know! As if I would!"

"Oh!" growled Bob. "Was that it? Serve you jolly well right, in that case?"

"Oh, really, Cherry! It was by sheer chance, of course, that I happened to hear him speaking to Walker. I happened to be on the other side of the elm, you know; sheer chance. I've a jolly good mind to tell a beak that Loder's going to break bounds to-night."

"Fathead!"

"Of course, Loder would make out that I was fibbing," said Bunter. "So it wouldn't be any use."

"You can't sneak about Loder, you fat villain."

"Well, I'm not going to; it wouldn't be any use; Loder's too cute. I say, this is good cake! Not so good as the cakes I get from Bunter Court, of course. But it's good. I'll have some more. I say, you fellows, Loder's going out of bounds at ten to-night—he told Walker so. Walker said he wouldn't go, and Loder said he was a funk. He said he had a key to the door of the lobby at the end of the Sixth Form passage, and it was as safe as houses. Walker said—"

"Don't tell us your blessed eaves-dropping!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull! I never listened to them, of course—I wasn't keeping out of sight behind the elm just to hear what they were saying. Loder saw me all of a sudden, and kicked me. Ow! He was an awful beast! I think he'd have been a worse beast if he'd known how much I'd heard! I say, you fellows, if you don't want any of this cake, I'll finish it."

"Don't mind us!" said Wharton sarcastically.

"All right, old chap; I won't!" Bunter gobbled. "I jolly well wish the Head knew about Loder; he'd sack him like a shot. Fancy a Greyfriars prefect getting out after lights out and coming home at midnight. He told Walker he was coming in at twelve."

"You seem to have heard a lot by sheer chance!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Yes; quite by chance, you know; I'm not the fellow to listen, as you know," said Bunter. "Too honourable! Not like some fellows I could name! I say, you fellows, I wish you'd glue Loder again. Look here, I'll borrow Toddy's big bottle of gum, if you'll mop it over Loder."

Bob Cherry made a grimace.

"Gluing Loder leads to trouble," he said. "The beast doesn't wait for proof that a fellow did it. Gum him yourself, if you want him gummed."

"Well, I'll get the gum, if you fellow's will gum Loder. That's fair. You could put it in his Sunday hat."

"Bow-wow!"

"Any more cake?" asked Bunter.

"No, you cormorant."

"I'll go along and see Toddy, then. Perhaps he will gum Loder," said Bunter hopefully. He rolled out of the study. As there was no more cake in

No. 1, there was naturally no more Bunter.

"My esteemed chums—" murmured Hurree Janset Ram Singh. The nabob's dusky face was thoughtful. "The worthy and disgusting Loder has been making us sit up terrifically."

"Blow him!" grunted Bob. "Well, he got the glue, anyhow! That's one comfort."

"It is now the absurd Loder's turn to sit up!" said the nabob.

"Um!" The Co. regarded Hurree Janset Ram Singh rather doubtfully. Making Loder sit up was an attractive idea; but it had its drawbacks. When Loder sat up, it seemed to be followed by a lot of sitting-up on the part of others.

"The worthy Loder is walking right into the esteemed trap!" said Hurree Janset Ram Singh, with a dusky grin. "According to the ludicrous eavesdropping Bunter, he will butt in at the lobby door at midnight. At such an hour the disgusting Loder would not dare to make a fuss—silence would be golden. And if he were collarfully seized—"

"Wha-a-at?"

"And whopped with an absurd fives bat—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"He would not dare to make a sound lest the esteemed Head should discover that he was a detestable breaker of bounds. My worthy chums, we have the esteemed Loder in the hollow of our ridiculous hands."

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

He jumped up from the table, seized the grinning nabob, and waltzed him round the study. There was a crash as a couple of chairs went over.

"Ow! Leggo!" gasped Hurree Singh. "My esteemed idiotic chum—ow!"

"It's the idea of the term—the catch of the season!" chortled Bob. "Why, Loder won't dare even to whisper—and we'll jolly well give him six! Ha, ha, ha! He's fond of handing out six—we'll jolly well see how he likes six himself! Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a roar of laughter in Study No. 1. The idea of giving Loder "six" quite took the Co. by storm. For a Sixth Form prefect to be given "six" by juniors was unheard of at Greyfriars; yet in the peculiar circumstances, it was certain that the whopping could be administered in perfect security—if Loder was caught coming in from breaking bounds at midnight.

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

"It's a go!" said Wharton. "It's a giddy go! If Bunter got it right, Loder's for it to-night!"

"What-ho!"

And it was agreed that it was a "go." Loder's heavy hand had fallen hard on the Famous Five. A chance like this was too good to be lost.

Loder of the Sixth saw lights out for the Remove that night. Before leaving the dormitory he called to Harry Wharton.

"You did not bring me your lines, Wharton."

"They're not finished, Loder."

"They're doubled again!" said Loder, "and if I don't get them by tea-time to-morrow, you're up for six."

"Very well, Loder!" said Wharton meekly.

Loder turned out the lights and went.

"Jevver see such a man for asking for it?" breathed Bob Cherry.

"The askfulness is terrific."

"Loder's got his knife into you men!" remarked Skinner, from his bed.

You'll get that six to-morrow, Wharton."

Wharton made no reply to that. It was probable that he would get "six" on the morrow; but if all went well, Loder was going to get "six" before the morrow. There was solace in that reflection.

The Remove dropped off to sleep. Billy Bunter's snore echoed through the dormitory. Harry Wharton remained awake. He waited till half-past eleven had chimed out. Then he slipped quietly out of bed and awakened his comrades.

The Famous Five dressed in the dark and slipped on felt slippers. Quietly they left the Remove dormitory. Softly and silently they traversed staircases in a sleeping House. The Sixth Form passage was still and silent when they reached it; the lobby at the end, which had a door on the quad, was silent and dark. In the darkness, the Famous Five waited—Bob Cherry with a fives-bat under his arm; waited for the chimes of midnight—and Gerald Loder!

## THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

### At His Enemy's Mercy!

**L**ANCASTER of the Sixth stood at his study window, looking out into the clear May night.

It was approaching midnight; and Greyfriars School was very shadowy and still. From the starry sky came a silvery, shimmering glimmer, reflected on windows and roofs. The chimes of midnight were not unfamiliar to the ears of the school-boy who had been, and still was, a crook. To all eyes, or almost all eyes, at Greyfriars, Lancaster of the Sixth was a senior schoolboy, with no cares in the world outside the ordinary little cares of school life. But Greyfriars men, had they seen him now, would have seen a different Lancaster.

His handsome face was cold and hard; his eyes glinted. There was a sardonic curve to his well-cut lip. At his half-open window he looked into the old quadrangle, into the glimmering starlight that lay in pools among black shadows, and he was watching and listening. And when a faint sound came through the silence the smile that crossed his set face was hard, ruthless, far from pleasant to see, had there been any eye to see it.

The Sixth Form rooms were on the ground floor of the House, but at some height from the quad outside. And the windows were well above a fellow's head in the quad. Lancaster, standing at his dark window, looked down from above on the shadowy figure that came slinking through the dusk of the old elms.

Not a single light gleamed from any window at Greyfriars. Only that faint, stealthy footfall broke the silence—and hardy broke it. Loder of the Sixth, the blackguard of Greyfriars, the breaker of bounds, was returning. Lancaster leaned a little from his window. He watched, with a cynical smile, the furtive figure emerge from the shadows of the elms, and cut across to the wall under the windows. Passing under the row of darkened windows, Loder would have reached the door of the lobby in a few more moments.

"Stop!"

It was a quiet voice over Loder's head.

The black sheep of Greyfriars started  
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convulsively. A thunderclap could hardly have startled him more than that quiet, whispering voice that came suddenly, unexpectedly, from the night.

He stopped, and swung towards the window he was passing under. He looked up, his face white as chalk.

There was always the danger of discovery, though the black sheep of the Sixth took many precautions to avoid the possibility of it. Discovery meant immediate expulsion from the school. In the case of a junior a flogging might have been the outcome; in the case of a senior, and especially of a prefect, who was trusted by the headmaster, there was no such hope. If Loder of the Sixth was discovered out of school bounds at midnight, it meant that he would leave Greyfriars by an early train on the morrow, never to return. And his heart seemed like ice in his breast as he stared up at the window above him.

For one bitter moment he supposed that he was discovered by a master, or by the Head himself. The next moment he saw the face of Richard Lancaster glimmering at the window.

He caught his gasping breath.

He did not speak. He glared at the handsome face above him, rage and hatred in his eyes. But fear was passing. He was not afraid of Lancaster, or any other man in the Sixth.

There was a brief pause. Through the silence of the starry May night came the chimes from the clock tower. Midnight!

Loder, clenching his hands, glared up at his enemy. If he had hated Dick Lancaster before, he hated him all the more now for that spasm of terror he had given him. But he did not speak. He made a movement to pass on towards the shadowed door of the lobby at a little distance.

"Hold on!" said Lancaster.

He leaned a little farther from the window.

"You may as well hold on, Loder." His voice was low, quiet, very distinct. "You will not get in at the lobby door. It is bolted on the inside."

Loder stopped again.

"Bolted!" he breathed.

"Yes."

Loder stared up at him blankly. If some beak, or over-dutiful prefect had bolted that door, it was strange enough that his enemy should have remained up late to tell him so. Loder did not understand yet.

But the expression on Lancaster's face helped to enlighten him:

"Who bolted it?" he breathed.

"I did."

"You—you cur!"

Loder clenched his hands savagely. Had he been within reach he would have dashed a clenched fist in the new senior's face, as it looked down on him. He was trembling with rage.

"So that—that is your game?" Loder's voice came thickly. "You—you hound! You've watched me—"

"I've watched you!" assented Lancaster, with a nod.

"You knew I'd gone out of bounds!"

"Yes, I knew. I made it a point to know."

"And you bolted the door after me?"

"Exactly!"

"You cur! You—you crook!" Loder spoke in a shrill whisper. "You deny that you're a crook! Who, but a crook, would have thought of a trick like that? And you think you've got me?"

"I think so."

Loder gave a savage laugh.

"Well, you're mistaken. You've not

got me, you crook. And I'll tell you why. I knew there was a chance that the lobby door might get fastened by some meddling fool, though I did not think of you, and I left my study window unfastened in case of accidents. Do you see, you cur? I can open it from the outside. It's not easy, but I can do it. You haven't got me this time, you crook!"

Loder made a movement to pass on again. But the mocking smile on Lancaster's face stopped him, and he stared up at the new senior with a lurking uneasiness.

"You call me a crook," said Lancaster lightly. "Did you expect a crook to overlook an obvious thing like that? Your study window has been fastened on the inside since you left."

Loder started, catching his breath again.

"You—you've done that?"

"I've done that," said Lancaster.

Loder stood quite still. He was at his enemy's mercy. He was shut out of the House—to remain out till the House opened in the morning. He was booked for certain discovery, and in the morning he would be expelled from Greyfriars, unless Lancaster relented; unless Lancaster had mercy on him; this fellow whom he had called a crook, whom he had hated and persecuted, and who had retaliated in this overwhelming way. What mercy had he to expect from his enemy?

"You've done this to ruin me?" Loder's voice came in a husky gasp.

"Didn't you ask for it?"

Loder panted.

"I told you you'd got to stop, or I'd make you stop! I warned you that those who live in glass-houses should not throw stones. You've made yourself my enemy, not because you know anything against me, for you do not, and cannot. You've set out to blacken my name in the school—to hurt me all you can. I told you I should stop you."

Loder breathed hard. He had shrugged his shoulders at Lancaster's threat to stop him; but he knew what it meant now. His campaign against the new man in the Sixth would be stopped, effectually enough, if he was sacked from Greyfriars, and never saw the school again. And yet, was not that ruthless retaliation for his enmity a proof that his suspicion was well founded? Who, but a crook, could have thought of dealing a blow like this? If Loder went, he would go knowing that it was a crook who had driven him out of the school to silence his tongue.

"You've got me!" he said at last. "You cur! You villain! I never dreamed of this! I might have known that—"

"I've got you in the hollow of my hand!" said Lancaster quietly. "And if you choose to give up your campaign against me, you can climb in at this window and go to your room. I'm not concerned with clearing a shady black-guard out of the school. I'm not a master or a prefect. I'd be only too glad to have nothing further to do with you. Let me alone, and I'm done with you."

"You—you'll let me in?" breathed Loder.

"On terms—yes!"

"I—I—I'll promise—"

Lancaster laughed.

"I know exactly how much your promise is worth, the promise of a fellow who betrays his headmaster's trust. I have a fountain-pen here. Before you enter you will write and sign a

paper at my dictation. I have drawn it up ready for you."

"You—you let me hear it," panted Loder.

"Listen! It is a confession that you were out of bounds at midnight, returning from the Cross Keys; that you begged me to let you into the House, giving your word to behave decently in the future, if I saved you from discovery this time. You will write this in your own hand and sign it."

Loder clenched his hands convulsively. Such a confession in Lancaster's hands meant that he would be, so long as he remained at Greyfriars, at Lancaster's mercy. His teeth would be drawn with a vengeance. Lancaster would only have to let that paper be seen at any time to ruin him. He would keep on at Greyfriars—by his enemy's favour. He would go in constant fear of the fellow he had made his enemy. His campaign against the new man must cease. He would have to curry favour with him, instead of hunting him down. And the alternative—

The alternative was to be shut out of the House, to be discovered out of bounds, and to be expelled in the morning. Lancaster had him, as he had said, in the hollow of his hand.

A long minute passed.

"Never!" said Loder at last. "Never! I know you now! I only suspected before—now I know! Never!"

Lancaster shrugged his shoulders.

"As you choose!" he answered. "Take time to think! I will remain up. Tap on my window if you change your mind."

The window closed.

Gerald Loder stood, trembling. He had refused. His rage was greater than his terror, for the moment, at least. There might be a chance of beating his enemy yet—somehow, somehow! Not till he had exhausted every chance would he tap on the window and surrender.

His brain was in a whirl as he tried to think it out. He thought of climbing to Walker or Carne's window—trying to awaken one of them. He was as likely to awaken others. That was a desperate resource. He thought of the lobby window. It had a simple catch, and he might force it with his pocket-knife. He might force the lobby door somehow. At least, he would try every chance before he surrendered, and placed himself at his enemy's mercy.

Lancaster, in his study, was waiting for the tap on his window, which he was assured—and which Loder, at the bottom of his heart, was assured—must be the end. But a chance on which neither Loder nor the schoolboy crook had reckoned was to help the black sheep of the Sixth that night.

## THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Friends in Need!

"HARK!"

"Quiet!"

There was a suppressed chuckle in the darkness of the lobby at the end of the Sixth Form passage.

Midnight had chimed out, and the Famous Five, waiting for Loder, were on the qui vive. Every moment now they expected the door on the quad to open, and a slinking figure to come creeping in. And they were ready to



There came a suppressed chuckle from the darkness as the door leading to the quad swung open to admit Loder. "Trot in, old tulip!" came a whispering voice. "Waiting for you, old bean!" Armed with a fives bat, Harry Wharton waited with his chums.

collar that slinking figure as soon as it entered, and the fives bat was ready. And there was a sound at last.

A shadow darkened the little window next to the door. Gerald Loder had returned.

In deep silence the juniors heard a hand groping over the outside of the door.

They waited breathlessly.

Moments passed. The juniors listened, in growing surprise. They had expected Loder to enter quickly when he came. But he was groping over the door instead of entering. They heard a faint creak. They heard the key turn in the lock, but the door did not open. Someone was pushing it from the outside—hard, but cautiously.

"What the thump!" breathed Bob Cherry.

"That blessed door must be jammed!" whispered Nugent. "I say, it must be Loder, I suppose! Not a giddy burglar!"

"Oh, my hat!"

Harry Wharton stepped to the little window and drew the curtain aside. Pressing his face close to the glass, he could discern the shadowy figure outside the door. It was dim and indistinct in the deep shadow, but he knew that it was Loder of the Sixth.

"It's Loder!" he whispered.

"Then why the dickens doesn't he come in?" muttered Johnny Bull.

"Goodness knows!"

The juniors stood listening to the

pressing and creaking at the door. It had not crossed their minds that the door might be bolted on the inside. They were quite unaware of Lancaster's strange proceedings that night, and never dreamed that the breaker of bounds had been bolted out.

The stealthy sounds at the door ceased. The figure outside darkened the window again.

From the darkness inside the juniors watched its strange motions. They saw a hand grope along the sash, and the blade of a pocket-knife forced between the sashes. A sharp snap followed. The blade had snapped off in an attempt to force back the catch.

"What the jolly old thump!" gasped Bob Cherry. It was amazing to see the black sheep of the Sixth seeking to enter by such means. But Wharton caught on to the meaning of it.

"The door won't open! Some giddy beak must have come along and bolted it!" he whispered.

"Oh crikey!" gurgled Bob.

The strange and mysterious movements of Loder were explained as soon as it dawned on the juniors that the door had been bolted. Loder had had to take the chance of such an happening, and apparently it had happened. The juniors chuckled breathlessly. They could guess the feelings of a breaker of bounds who was shut out of the House at midnight.

"Oh, holy smoke!" murmured Johnny

Bull. "Fancy Loder having to knock up the Head—"

"Phew!"

"Or coming in with the milk in the morning—" breathed Nugent.

"Don't!" gurgled Bob. "You'll make me shriek! We can't shriek here. I say, I suppose we're going to let the poor brute in! He's busted his pocket-knife on the window. Loder's had no training as a burglar. He's simply no good at all in the Raffles line!"

The Co. suppressed their chuckles.

They had come there to wait for Loder and "bat" him. But, as it turned out, it was the luckiest thing that could have happened for the breaker of bounds who was shut out. The batting was to come. But not to escape a hundred battings would Loder have remained out all night, if he could have helped it.

Harry Wharton & Co. had a long score against the bully of the Sixth. They could have paid off that score, with heavy interest, simply by leaving the door bolted and going back to bed. But they did not think of doing so.

Certainly no member of the Co. would have been sorry had Gerald Loder been sacked from the school. But they were not the fellows to give even an enemy a kick when he was down.

Loder, at his wits' end, was groping desperately over the door again. Even fellows who disliked him could take pity on him at that moment, knowing what his feelings must be like.

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Wharton slid back the bolt on the door. It made little sound as it moved, but in the deep silence of midnight the slightest sound seemed loud. Loder certainly heard it, for he started back from the door, and the juniors could hear his sudden gasp.

The captain of the Remove drew the door open. From the shadows outside Loder's face gleamed white.

The opening of the door fairly paralysed Loder. He could not suppose that Lancaster had come there to open it. He could not imagine who had done so, unless a beak had spotted him. His face was like chalk as he stared at the dark doorway.

"You can come in!"

It was a whispering voice—a voice Loder knew. He felt as if his head was turning round.

"Wharton!" he stuttered.

"Trot in, old tulip!" came another whispering voice.

"Is—is—is that Cherry?"

"You bet! In fact, the whole jolly old family, Loder!" chuckled Bob.

"Why don't you trot in?"

"The trotfulness in is the proper caper, my esteemed and disgusting pub-haunting Loder!" came another voice.

"Waiting for you, old bean!" said Nugent.

"Don't be shy, Loder!" chortled Johnny Bull. "Just trot in."

Loder tried to pull himself together. The "whole family," as Bob expressed it, was there—the Famous Five of the Remove. How they were there, why they were there, Loder could not imagine. But they were there. The door was open. The way in was opened to him without that hateful surrender to Lancaster of the Sixth! Amazed as he was, Loder was conscious of deep thankfulness. He did not like those cheery juniors, but at that moment he could almost have hugged them.

Five faces, glimmering in the shadows, were grinning. Loder detected the grins, but did not understand the cause—yet. He stepped into the doorway. He almost panted with relief.

"I—I—I went out for—for a stroll!" muttered Loder. "I—I couldn't sleep, and—and walked out for a bit, and—and someone must have come and fastened the door without knowing—"

He felt that he had to make some explanation. Otherwise those young rascals would guess that he had been breaking bounds!

There was a soft chuckling in the dark.

"Did you stroll as far as the Cross Keys, Loder?" murmured Bob Cherry, and there was a gurgle of suppressed merriment.

"Don't be cheeky!" snapped Loder.

He shut the door, and bolted it again. He was on the safe side of it; almost giddy with the relief of his escape. Lancaster could do nothing now—Lancaster did not even know that he was in the House—Lancaster was waiting in his study for a tap at the window that would never come. Loder, elated, grinned as he thought of that.

But Loder was always Loder! He was safe now, and he did not know how much the juniors knew. He peered at them in the darkness of the lobby.

"You young sweeps! What are you doing out of your dormitory at this time of night?" he demanded.

"My esteemed Loder—"

"Cut off to your dormitory at once! I'll deal with you in the morning for this!" said Loder. "And don't make a row."

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"You'll deal with us in the morning?" repeated Harry Wharton.

The juniors had not thought of expecting gratitude from Gerald Loder, but this was rather "thick."

"Yes; now cut off, and be quiet."

"After we've saved you from the sack?" gasped Nugent.

"You cheeky young rascal—"

"You frowy, pub-haunting, black-guardly rotter!" said Johnny Bull in a deep voice. "You'd have been sacked if we hadn't let you in! You'd like to make out that you'd stepped out for a stroll in the quad—you shady rotter, we knew you'd gone out of bounds, and we've been waiting half an hour for you to come in!"

"And you smell of smoke horrid!" said Nugent.

Loder started. He realised that the juniors knew more than he had supposed.

"Cut off!" he said, and his tone was not bullying now. "I'll say nothing about this—"

"You can say all you like about it!" retorted Harry Wharton contemptuously. "You can shout it out all over Greyfriars, if you like! You can wake up all the beaks, if you want to—including the Head—and explain to Dr. Locke what you were doing out of Greyfriars from ten to twelve!"

"Quiet!" hissed Loder.

Wharton had not subdued his voice, and Loder felt a palpitation of terror.

"It's for you to be quiet—or to kick up a row, just as you choose! We don't care a twopenny rap either way!" said Bob Cherry. "You'd have been bunked, if we hadn't let you in, and you know it! You'd be bunked now if we made a row and woke the masters, and you know that, too!"

"Quiet!" breathed Loder, almost in agony.

"Collar the cad!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Why—what—what— Oh! Ow! What—" Loder spluttered in surprise and rage, as the Famous Five grasped him.

There was a bump as Gerald Loder went down on the floor.

## THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Batting a Bully!

"H OLD him!"

"Turn him over!"

"Where's that bat?"

"Here you are!"

"Sit on his head!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Loder struggled furiously for a moment or two in the grasp of the Removites. But his struggles ceased suddenly. It was not only that the five Removites were too strong for him, though there was no doubt that they were, but the noise of a struggle would have betrayed him. It would have awakened every man in the Sixth; it might have awakened the masters—indeed, it certainly would have done so had it been prolonged. Gerald Loder realised that he had to take this quietly, whatever it was. Anything was better than facing the Head at midnight!

Whether Loder resisted or not mattered little to the heroes of the Remove. They had him, anyhow.

If Loder liked to waken the House, that was his look-out. But they were pretty sure that he did not want to—and they were right. The noise that had already been made had frightened Loder.

"Let me go!" He breathed the words. "I'll overlook this—I'll say nothing about it—I'll let you off your

lines, Wharton—I—I—I'll do anything you like—go back to your dorm and be quiet—"

"And you'll always be nice and kind to us for ever afterwards?" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Yes, yes! Yes!"

"I can see you doing it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Quiet, quiet—oh, do be quiet!" groaned Loder.

Every chuckle from the merry Removites was a terror to him.

"Ready with that bat, Bob?"

"What-ho! Stand clear—I don't want to get the wrong man!"

"You're going to have six, Loder! Better take it calmly!" said the captain of the Remove. "But please yourself, of course!"

"What!" hissed Loder. "You—you dare—if you dare—"

"Go it, Bob!"

Four of the Co. held Loder face down on the floor of the lobby. They had an arm or a leg each. And they kept well away from the fives bat. It was dark, and difficult to see in the dark. Nobody wanted to stop a swipe of that fives bat in Bob's hefty hand.

Whack!

Loder panted. Almost he uttered a yell as he caught the swipe. But he suppressed the yell in time.

Whack!

Loder wriggled spasmodically. "Put your beef into it, old bean!" said Johnny Bull.

"I think I am," grinned Bob. "Do you think I'm putting enough beef into it, Loder? You're the fellow who knows."

"Let me go! Let me— Ooooooh!" gurgled Loder, as the fives bat came down again—undoubtedly with plenty of beef behind it.

Whack!

It was a hefty swipe. Loder writhed under it. Yet his chief feeling was one of alarm lest the sound of the whack should reach sleeping ears, and awaken them.

Whack!

Often and often had Loder handed out "six." He had handed out sixes not wisely but too well. Now a six was coming home to roost, as it were. It was a long time since Loder had been a fag in the Lower School, and he had forgotten what it was like to be given six. Now he was reminded, and the reminder was frightfully unpleasant.

Whack!

Bob was exerting himself. The chance of giving a bullying prefect six had never come his way before, and it was never likely to come his way again. Naturally he felt disposed to make the most of it while it lasted.

Whack!

The last swipe came down—and it was some swipe! In spite of the stern necessity for keeping quiet Loder gave a yelp.

"Ooooooh!"

Bob Cherry lowered the bat rather regretfully.

"That's six!" he said. "Now you know what your last six made me feel like, Loder! Horrid, isn't it?"

"You—you young scoundrel— Oooooh!"

"What about making it a dozen?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Let's ask Loder! What do you think about it, Loder?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Let—let—let me go!" gurgled Loder. "I'll make you pay for this—I'll—I'll—"

"You'll what?"

"I—I—I mean, I—I—I'll say nothing

(Continued on page 27.)

# The ISLAND of SLAVES!

BY STANTON HOPE.

## THE OPENING CHAPTERS RETOLD.

LIEUTENANT GUY EASTON, SUB-LIEUTENANT DUNN, and CHOTAJEE, a Bengali interpreter, of H.M.S. Falcon, are cut adrift during a storm in the Red Sea, and cast ashore on the Island of Khoof. Gathering information that slave-trading is being carried on between Sheikh Haji of Khoof and Ras Dhin, a giant Abyssinian, the trio, disguised as Arabs, board a mahalla bound for Aden. The mahalla is attacked by a villainous crew of cut-throats in the pay of the slave-traders, but Guy proves equal to the occasion and the enemy are made prisoners and handed over to Captain Knox of the Falcon. Subsequently Guy is put in charge of the Vixen, the fastest submarine in commission. Anxious to bag Ras Dhin and Sheikh Haji and to break up the organisation of slave-traders, Guy and a party of armed seamen land on Khoof, send a leader stream of death among the slavers, and force them to surrender. Keeping his weather-eye open for signs of treachery, Guy scouts round for Sheikh Haji and the yellow-eyed Abyssinian.

(Now read on.)

### The Unshackled Slave!

THE surrender was genuine enough. The Arabs had had a skinful of fighting for one day. They laid down their arms, and stretcher-bearers from the Falcon, under the direction of naval surgeons, gave attention to the wounded.

"See who the johnny with the flag is, Chota?" exclaimed Lieutenant Guy Easton. "It's old Whiskers himself!"

"Indeed it is the debased Haji!" Chotajee exclaimed. "Like Napoleon Sahib of old, he has met his Bakerloo!"

A senior officer from H.M.S. Falcon arrived to take the sheikh's surrender, but the captive denied that he had fired the shot which had killed Commander Saunders.

"Probably it was Ras Dhin," Guy remarked. "I don't see him littering the scenery anywhere."

Obtaining permission from Captain Knox to seek the Abyssinian, the young naval officer returned to the coast.

With the tide ebbing fast, in the afternoon he took an armed party of seamen across the ledge of rock, and they moved in a long file up that crevice in the cliffs. The weather had changed for the worse, and a combination of heat haze and dust-clouds made all work difficult.

Reaching the door of rock deep within the cliffs, Guy thumped on it with a rifle-butt, and the Arab guards opened the portal in the belief that it was some of their own comrades. Immediately Guy thrust the rifle in the opening and used it as a lever.

Too late, the Arab guards within knew that the British had found their secret lair. One raised his rifle, and a bullet whanged past the young naval officer's head, while the report echoed and re-echoed through the rocky tunnel. Then Guy hurled himself through the opening, crashed a fist against the Arab's mouth, and sent him reeling headlong. Behind him followed the cheering British bluejackets into the great fetid cavern packed with humanity and ammunition-boxes.

From the tail of the British file came the shrill voice of the interpreter, Chotajee, doing his job.

"Surrender, pig-dogs!" he shrieked shrilly in Arabic.

To a clanking of chains and guttural chatterings of fear, the slaves cringed among the stacks of ammunition-boxes. Two or three of the guards flung down their rifles, but one whipped out a wicked curved knife and made a swift slash with it at Guy's head. The naval officer nimbly leaped aside, avoiding the blade by a hair's breadth, and an indignant bluejacket who had followed him closely instantly shot the Arab with his Service automatic!

By the uncertain light of the suspended lanterns, Guy and his men set to work to make a thorough search of the grim, skull-adorned place directly after they had handcuffed the Arabs. So far as Guy could discover, there was no sign either of Ras Dhin or of any other secret entrance into this underground lair.

The Arabs were taken out first through that noisome tunnel and handed over to an armed guard from the Falcon, and the slaves, with shackled hands behind them, followed in a long file. It would need a ship's armourer to get those chains off them.

The submarine Vixen had come close

## TRAPPED IN A SUNKEN SUBMARINE—and the oxygen fast giving out!

in, and both Arabs and slaves gazed in amazement through the swirling dust at that strange shape on the water. A boat came ashore with a message from Tony, who had received it by wireless from the Falcon lying off the far side of the island.

"Hallo!" Guy exclaimed, as he read the signal. "Haji has been spilling the beans! Ras Dhin was the treacherous fiend who shot down Commander Saunders in cold blood."

"Unspeakable dog!" Chotajee muttered. "May he wear chokeful rope necklace and dance on air!"

The hot dust swirled over the island along that rocky coast. Guy rubbed his smarting eyes, and for once envied Chotajee his big round spectacles, which afforded him some protection.

He turned to watch the tragic procession of slaves stumbling along with heads down, hands behind them, and shackles clanging. Now and then some unfortunate negro, dragged ruthlessly from his home in Africa, stumbled headlong, and a genial bluejacket helped him up with strong and kindly hands.

Guy looked towards a powerful negro who, like several more in the stumbling file, wore iron shackles on his hands, which were behind him. Then suddenly the slave staggered

over a treacherous, weed-grown rock and, regaining his balance, lifted his eyes which had been cast down. For one fraction of a second Guy looked full into a dust-smudged face set with two discs as cold and inhuman as pale brass. He would have known them among a million others. They were the tigerish eyes of Ras Dhin!

"Great fish-hooks!" he gulped.

Down went his hand to his pistol, and he leaped forward across the rocks. Instantly the shackles dropped with a clank from the Abyssinian's wrists. He sprang sideways from the file and bounded away like a black buck over the rocks.

"Seize that man!" Guy roared. "Stop him at all costs!"

He himself did not dare to use his pistol for fear of hitting either some of the bluejackets or slaves. As he rushed in pursuit, he felt like kicking himself for not having thought of this ingenious trick whereby Ras Dhin had got out of the catacombs when all the Arab guards had been captured.

At the head of two or three men, he gave chase along that rocky coast for a distance of fully two miles, but lost all trace of the fugitive. Then suddenly the cliffs vibrated with a muffled roar.

"A motor-boat!" Guy panted.

He ran in the direction of the sound, and was just in time to see a squat motor-boat dart away from the shore with a feathery white wake streaking away behind it. Crouched at the wheel was the Abyssinian!

The swirling veil of dust closed down upon the craft, and the hum of the engine died away as the boat raced for the open sea.

"Hang!" Guy exploded. "The swab's got the windward of us, after all!"

How Ras Dhin had managed to get hold of a motor-boat was a mystery, but looking round, Guy found a sloping ledge of rock with a wide-mouthed cave above the high-water level. The door hacked out of wood was wide open, a door so cunningly painted that it resembled the surrounding rocks. That secret hiding-place for a motor-boat could never have been recognised from the sea.

There was nothing for Guy to do but to collect the two or three men who had followed him and return along the shore.

Then, after receiving permission from Captain Knox, he handed over the slaves to ratings from the Falcon and embarked for the Vixen.

Shortly afterwards the submarine was speeding out to sea in search of Ras Dhin the slave-trader!

### Collision!

THAT evening, in the red dusk, the submarine stealthily tracked down a dhow off the Arabian mainland, north of Khoof.

Without difficulty they effected her capture, and discovered on board the self-same motor-boat used by Ras Dhin. From slaves whom they released they discovered that Ras Dhin himself had exchanged the motor-boat for a sailing bellum, and had gone off down the coast toward Akhab.

Getting in touch with H.M.S. Hawk by wireless, Guy turned over the dhow to her, and himself hurried down to Akhab.

Because of the darkness and the danger from shipping if the Vixen was submerged, he came into the harbour without attempt at concealment. A small, white-painted steam-yacht with a brass funnel was weighing anchor, and as the other craft got under way, Guy altered course to starboard.

"Where the blazes does that hooker think she's steaming?" Guy muttered to the petty officer with him on the bridge. "We'll give her a wider berth."

"That's the Wotan," the P.O. remarked. "I saw her once at Aden. She belongs to—"

"Good heavens!" Guy exclaimed.

The vessels had closed fast, for the Wotan had gathered full speed. Guy was looking straight at the small bridge, where the Arab skipper stood to the port side. In the wheel-house he could faintly make out the figure of the steersman, and saw him suddenly crumple up and a shadowy figure reach towards the wheel. Next moment the wheel must have gone spinning hard, for the bow of the fast-moving Wotan came threshing round, full toward the submarine!

In a lightning flash Guy realised that this was no mistake of navigation. It was a deliberately murderous attempt to ram the thin-shelled submarine. Whether he gave the order, port, starboard, astern, or stop her, it would make no difference. The speeding steam-yacht would get him!

He heard the dismayed yelp of his petty officer coincide with the gruff roar of the Arab on the Wotan's small bridge. There was but one chance of saving his command and the lives of those on board; he sized up the situation and acted instantly.

Bellowing an order, he leaped through the conning-tower hatch after his petty officer and slammed shut the rubber-lined, circular cover over his head.

"Dive!"

The ratings on watch, keenly disciplined and alert for any emergency in the frail craft in which they served, smartly carried out the various duties to send the Vixen deep under the water.

The nose of the submarine dipped sharply, and down she went in an emergency crash-dive! There was a grinding thud, and slowly, like some stricken sea-beast, the Vixen settled on the bed of the harbour five fathoms down. Every electric light filament in the vessel was broken and she was plunged into inky darkness.

Reeling to a voice-pipe, Guy rasped an order.

"Close all water-tight doors!"

Without hesitation he adopted the emergency expedient of letting go the heavy detachable keel weighing several tons. The submarine refused to rise.

Someone lighted a lantern, and by its light the faces of those in the control-room were revealed as anxious and haggard. A faint acrid odour stole into the compartment; it was the deadly chlorine gas, generated by sea-water getting to the batteries—most deadly and terrible of all enemies to those who serve in submarines!

Guy ordered all those with whom he could get in touch in the ship to don the patent gas-masks.

Worse off than anyone in the ship apparently, was Tony Dunn, in a small compartment aft where the steel doors had been shut automatically.

At the first shock of the collision he had been thrown down violently, and had known nothing more until conscious of a cold and wet feeling. When he staggered to his feet, his head was throbbing painfully, and he could feel cold water swishing about his legs in the inky darkness and hear a thunderous cataract flowing through a big rent in the hull.

Tony knew nothing about the Wotan, but he knew his case was mighty bad when he switched on a small electric torch and found the water-tight doors shut.

"Tony old sport," he told himself, "you can make ready to 'coil up your ropes.'"

The sea was thundering into his compartment, and the circular hatch above was shut and clamped. Death in battle was one thing, but to die by drowning like a rat in a steel trap was enough to try the nerve of the bravest!

Thrusting aside the despair which threatened his power to think clearly, he rapidly went over the technical details of that compartment. Then, with a sudden idea, he clambered on to the grating over a pump so that he was directly underneath that circular hatch.

Reaching upward he removed the clamps one at a time, feeling rather like a man on the edge of a volcano which might erupt at any moment. The water was rising, and Tony knew that as surely as it rose, so it was compressing the air in that compartment. That compressed air might well burst the hatch open, and, if he were lucky he would go shooting out with precisely the same action as a torpedo out of its tube! The chances were, however, that if he were forced upward he would get his skull fractured against the edge of that circular hatch instead of going clean through.

A cold sweat mingled with the brine on his face. The water was rising and the pressure was increasing against the hatch above. Still it did not move. Perhaps, after all, he would be drowned like a trapped rat.

Inch by inch the water rose, and then suddenly there was a mighty

explosion, and he felt as if an invisible hand had gripped him and yanked him sharply upward.

The hatch had burst, and torpedo-like he went shooting out!

The force by which he was expelled brought Tony swiftly to the surface. Half-dazed, he found himself under the Arabian stars with a white steam-yacht hove-to near by, and several small craft round that area of the harbour patched with crude oil which had escaped from the sunken submarine.

A voice bellowed in the English language, a boat drew alongside, and he was dragged out and revived.

His rescuer, he found, was Third Officer Higgs from a small tramp steamer, the Sirdar, and from Higgs he learnt that it was the consul's steam-yacht, Wotan, which had run down the Vixen.

"To us aboard the Sirdar," Higgs said, "it looked like a deliberate attempt to ram your boat. There was some sort of struggle on the Wotan's bridge, and an Arab pitched forward on his face. The helm was put hard-over, and a bit later a burly negro went beating it for the shore in a small boat."

"Good heavens!" Tony exclaimed. "We came here after a black swab called Ras Dhin. He might have made an attack on the steersman and altered the steam-yacht's course. That fellow would be up to any devilry. Has a wireless warning been broadcast, do you know? The Hawk can't be far along the coast, and there may be hope for the fellows in the Vixen if she came round to Akhab quickly enough."

"We haven't been able to broadcast anything from the Sirdar," Higgs replied. "Our operator, Dickson, is ashore in search of some gadget to replace something broken."

A boat was hailed from the Wotan, and Tony was put aboard the consul's steam-yacht, where he found Major Gundath pacing the deck, clasping and unclasping his hands behind him, and showing every other sign of intense distress.

The consul recognised Tony, and congratulated him on his escape.

"It is terrible—terrible, Dunn!" he muttered hoarsely. "There was a tragedy aboard here, too. The Arab who was at the wheel was attacked from behind—stabbed in the back, and apparently killed almost instantly. Before my Arab skipper interfered, the miscreant turned the spokes of the wheel and caused this appalling collision."

"We ourselves suffered no more harm than a crumpled bow, and the engineers report no immediate danger. Is there any hope for those poor fellows down there in the Vixen?"

"I can't say for certain, sir," Tony answered. "I'm afraid some good chaps must have gone west."

(Don't fail to read the concluding chapters of this powerful serial in next week's MAGNET!)



**FOES OF THE SIXTH!**

(Continued from page 24.)

about it—nothing at all!" gasped Loder. "Let me go, you young demons! If anybody should come—"

"You'll make us pay for it if you can—but you couldn't be a worse bully than you are already," said Bob cheerfully, "and we'll jolly well keep our end up, Loder! How would you like us to tell the Sixth that we gave you six?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Better cut!" murmured Harry Wharton. "We don't want to wake the House—if Loder doesn't! Good-night, Loder!"

"Sleep well, old bean—if that six will let you," chuckled Bob.

There was a chortle in the darkness, and a sound of retreating footsteps. The Removites were gone.

Loder staggered up.

He was white with rage. He would have given a great deal to rush after the juniors, hitting out right and left. Instead of which, he crept along to his study on tiptoe.

Harry Wharton & Co. were asleep in the Remove dormitory long before Loder. With the happy consciences of good work well done, they slept the sleep of the just!

"I say, you fellows!"  
"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"Loder's in a beastly temper this morning."

"Go hon!" "He kicked me—" said Billy Bunter. "Kicked me—hard! Just like he did yesterday, you know, when he made out that I was listening behind that elm. I say, you fellows, it's getting too thick!"

"Your cavedropping always was too thick, old fat bean," said Bob Cherry, shaking his head. "Why not chuck it?"

"I don't mean that, you silly ass—I mean Loder's getting too thick! Kicking a man for nothing!" said Bunter indignantly. "As if I wanted to hear what he was saying to Lancaster of the Sixth—"

"I hope he kicked you hard, old bean," said Harry Wharton.

"Beast! I say, you fellows, it was jolly queer," said Bunter. "Loder was saying to Lancaster—"

"Rats!"

"He was saying that he got in, after all, and that he would make Lancaster sit up for shutting him out," said Bunter. "I say, you fellows, wasn't that queer? What do you think Loder could have meant?"

Harry Wharton & Co. jumped, and stared at Bunter.

"What?" ejaculated Wharton blankly.

"I say, I believe Loder was out of bounds last night," said Bunter. "I heard him telling Walker, as I told you yesterday— But do you think anybody

shut him out? Think Lancaster would? Besides, if he was shut out, how could he have got in? What do you fellows think?"

"I think you'd better chuck up cavedropping," answered Wharton, "and I think I'll kick you to help you remember that."

"Beast!" Billy Bunter rolled away without waiting for the kick. Harry Wharton & Co. looked at one another.

"Loder's an ass!" said Bob. "Some beak came along and bolted that door, of course."

"Of course," said Wharton slowly.

"We'd better keep our weather-eye on Loder to-day!" chuckled Bob. "He won't forget that batting in a hurry."

But Loder, rather to the surprise—and certainly to the relief—of the Co., did not give them any special attention. Probably he was anxious that the affair should not be talked about. Certainly he was not likely to forget the batting—but from Loder's point of view the least said was the soonest mended, and for the present, at least, he gave the cheery chums of the Remove a wide berth. For which Harry Wharton & Co. were duly thankful.

THE END.

(Now look out for the next yarn in this sparkling new series. It's entitled: "THE SCHOOLBOY CRACKSMAN!" You'll enjoy it? Why, of course you will!)

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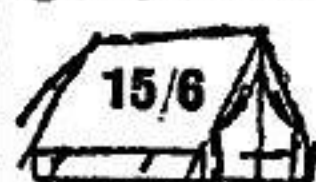
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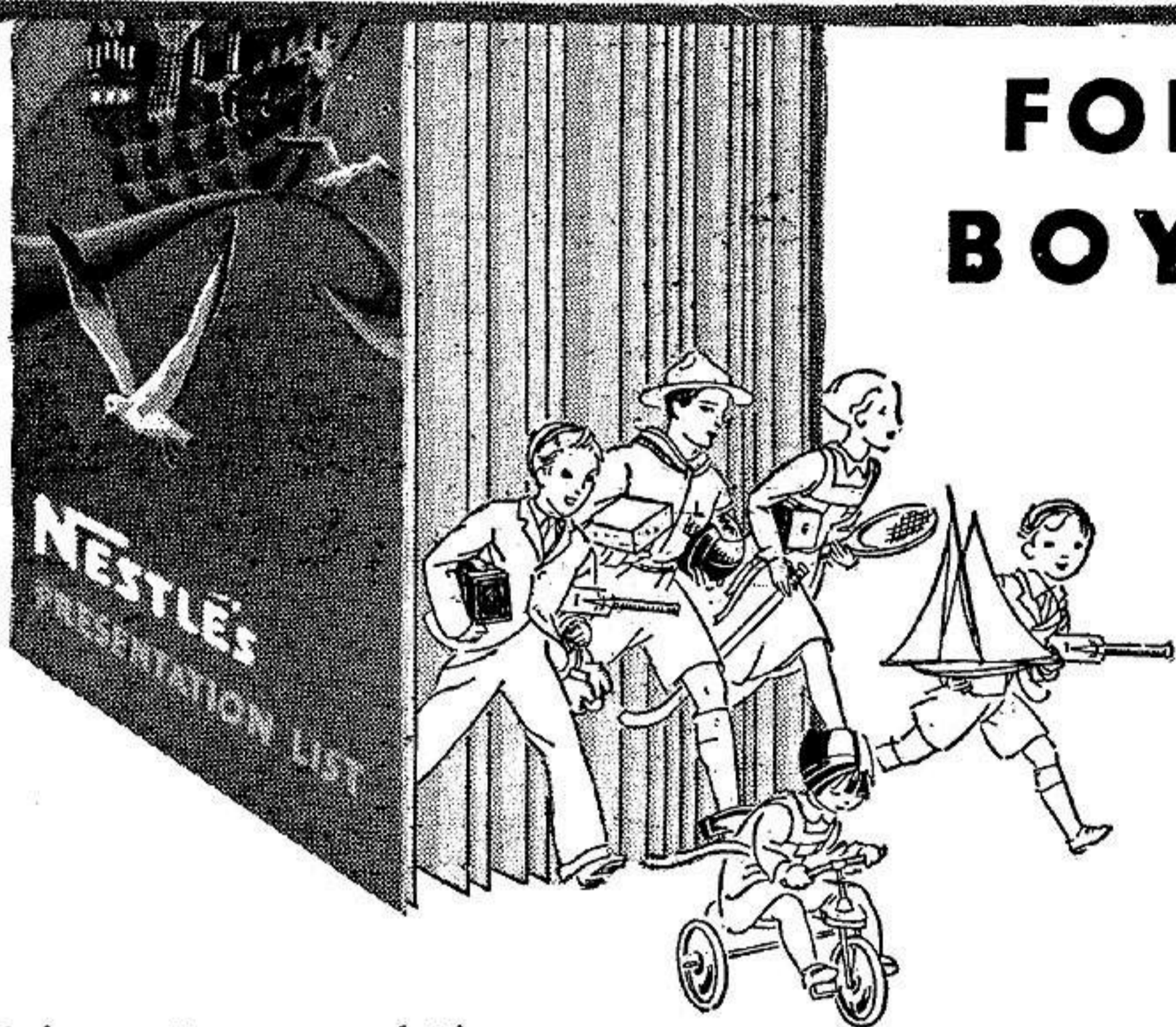
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# Greyfriars Herald

No. 44.

LAUGH AND GROW FAT.

Edited by  
**HARRY WHARTON, R.G.R.**

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May 9th, 1931.

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## BADBOY BOLSOVER TURNS OVER NEW LEAF

**Bully's Amazing Reformation—and the Reason SUNSTROKE?**

Remarkable scenes occurred in the quad, in the early part of this week. Bolsover Major, the celebrated pugilist and leg-terrorist, strolled over to a group of lags, as he sometimes does, and the lags, as they always do, then, to everybody's astonishment, Bolsover smiled a sugary sort of smile, instead of giving his usual ferocious scowl, and called after them to stop!

"The lags stopped and blinked.

"I was just going to ask you youngsters to have ice-creams on me," said Bolsover, in honeyed accents. "Coming across to the tuckshop?"

"Great pip!"

"My treat, you know!" said Bolsover reassuringly. "Nothing to pay as far as you're concerned."

"My hat!"

It was a staggering surprise; but a very pleasant one. Quite an army of lags marched across to the tuckshop in response to the invitation and sampled ice-creams—at Bolsover's expense!

After this little interlude, Bolsover continued his walk, and ran into Trubb of the Third. Much to Trubb's surprise, he gave him a cheery nod.

"Nice day!" he remarked.

"Eh, what?" gasped Trubb.

"Nice day! Looks like being fine to-morrow," too! How's cricket going in the Third, young Trubb?"

"My only Aunt Sempronia!" was all that Trubb could say.

Shortly after that, Bolsover ran into Dieky Nugent of the Second, and presented him with a fifty-penny-piece. He left Dieky fanning himself!

To finish up, he went down to the cricket nets, on Little Side, and started cheering Wharton and one or two others who were filling in the dinner-hour with a little net-practice.

## DRESS REFORM

**What May Happen in the Future**

When Ettons were abolished at Greyfriars some time ago, the die-hards thought it was time for the skies to fall. The fact that the skies haven't fallen, makes one wonder what other revolutionary changes the future has in store for us. After a profound thought on the subject of present-day tendencies for lighter and healthier clothing, combined with a study of Old Moore, we now give our considered forecast of what may happen.

July, 1931. Plus-fours and low-necked shirts adopted.

November, 1931. Kilts and footer jerseys allowed.

1932. Bath-towels and footer shorts allowed for informal occasions.

1933. Roman togas and mufflers recommended.



## SPEED-KING COKER SPEAKS

**Motor-Cycling Made Easy REPORTER FACES FIRE**

"Well played, Wharton!" he yelled. "Bowled, Inky! Caught, that man!"

"Good heavens! The sun's affected Bolsey's brain!" said Wharton, naturally enough. "We must get him under control, and take him into the House till the doctor can be called!"

The cricketers abandoned the game instantly, and fell on the wildly-protesting ex-hully of the Remove, and rushed him into the House.

There they met Wingate, of the Sixth.

"What's on—a riot?" inquired Wingate.

"No; it's Bolsover, gone off his rocker!"

At the mention of Bolsover's name, Wingate's look became rather grim.

"Bolsover, eh? Well, I'm not surprised to hear he's potty. The silly ass has actually had the cheek to oppose me for the cricket captaincy!"

"What?"

"Fact!" said Wingate grimly. "His name has been sent in, nominated by Skinner and seconded by Snoop!"

The juniors gasped at first. Then they roared. It was only too clear, now, why Boley had suddenly become so agreeable to everybody. He wanted to be elected Cricket Captain of Greyfriars!

"So that's it!" chuckled Wharton. "Bolsover's not cracked, after all; he's just out vote-snatching! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

So that was that; and in the circumstances, the doctor was not summoned.



**STOP PRESS.**

**ELECTION RESULT:**

Bolsover—1 vote.

We understand that the minority consisted of Bolsover himself, Messrs. Skinner and Snoop judicially stayed away from the election meeting!

1934. Official school dress approved by the Governors:

In class: Swimming - costume and sandals.

Outdoors: Loin-cloth, top-boots, and a straw-hat.

After further researches, we may be able to indicate the fashions for 1935 and after. On the other hand, we may not!

## CHEERY CHIN-WAG

A rumour is going the rounds that Bunter has started "slimming" treatment. The yarn, if nothing else, sounds a trifle "thin," to us.

Ferris Locke, the famous 'tee, and cousin of our worthy Head, visited Greyfriars for a couple of days last week. There was a sigh of relief from Harold Skinner, Aubrey Angel, and others with uneasy consciences, when it was learned that

## SCULL LIKE A PERFECT GENTLEMAN

**Reginald Temple Will Show You How SENSATIONS ON THE SILVERY SARK**

The river season opened in a modest way, last Saturday afternoon. The same cannot be said of Cecil Reginald Temple, of the Upper Fourth, who engaged Wharton, of the Remove, in a rowing-match. Cecil Reginald may be all sorts of things—but he's not modest!

The match was the result of a warm argument in the Rag, the night before. Temple and some of his cronies had been putting the Remove "in their place" with a few well-chosen remarks given forth on the loud pedal.

The Remove had responded by recalling in even louder tones, the numerous occasions when they had licked the Fourth at footer and oarlock. Not to be outdone, Temple had started talking about rowing. Rowing was "what he described as a 'sport for gentlemen.'" The immaculate leader of the Fourth apparently thought that that would automatically exclude the Remove. But it didn't! The Remove were quite willing to talk about rowing, too.

Net result: At 2.30 p.m. on the following day, Wharton and Temple trooped down to the silvery Sark, to row from the bridge to the Highcliffe Boat-house.

And now, in the approved



## HISTORIC SPOTS AT GREYFRIARS

**Where King Alfred Burned The Cakes?**

Next time you're down at the gates, have a look at the wall on the right-hand side. With the aid of a magnifying-glass, you may discover a little mosaic-covered niche. You will then have the satisfaction of knowing that you've seen the identical spot where Boadicea's chariot bumped, when that celebrated lady visited Greyfriars.

Greyfriars simply teems with historic spots of this kind! For instance, there's a mark on the third step as you go up into the House. This is the spot where Henry VIII. tripped-up on his first trip to the School. Another famous spot is to be found inside the gas-stove in the kitchen, at the back of the tuckshop; this spot is said to indicate where King Alfred burned the cakes. Dame Mimsible says she remembers the incident perfectly well, so there's no deception!

One of the best-known spots, of course, is the pin-prick on the wall at the side of the chapel, where Drake was playing darts, prior to wiping out the Armada. The spot in question proves conclusively that the only time he missed the board was when he looked round to see the Spanish fleet sailing up the Channel.

A spot known to only a few is a mark on one of the flagstones in the Cloisters. The mark was made by Wellington's charger pawing the ground, while the Iron Duke made his famous statement about the Battle of Waterloo being won on the playing-fields of Greyfriars.

When we have the space we'll tell you a lot more about the historic spots of Greyfriars. (All space booked for the next five years!—Ed.)

## DAILY WANTS

Inventors! Get busy on these! They're urgently needed at Greyfriars, and the fellows who supply them will earn the gratitude of suffering humanity, if nothing else!

1. A cricket bat from which Coker can score a run or two.
2. A tabloid meal to satisfy Bunter.
3. A cigarette that Snoop can smoke without turning green.
4. A non-stinging sandplant for Loder.
5. An inaudible piano for Hoskins.

When these requirements have been met, we'll publish a second list!

**GENERAL HELP WANTED.**

To help me generally, because I am generally helpless! Must be an expert cook, butler, chauffeur, footman, bottle-washer, and man-of-all-work. If he works hard and rises early, he may expect an early rise.—Apply Lord MAULVERBEN, No. 12, REMOVE PASSAGE.