

This Week's **BIG BANG!** "ALL THE FUN OF THE 'FIFTH'!" Harry Wharton & Co. Celebrate Bonfire Day.

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



*The Living Guy!*





# 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.

**S**TILL they come, chums! Letters from dozens and dozens of loyal MAGNET readers, all of whom still find as much enjoyment in the pages of the old paper as they did when they first began to read it twenty odd years ago! I can tell you, it's been an "eye-opener" to me to realise how many old "Magnetites" there are!

I have written to most of these old friends of mine by post, to tell them how much I appreciate their letters and the many excellent suggestions they have made.

From London, W., comes a letter from an old reader who possesses a complete set of MAGNETS from the first copy until the present day! That's a valuable collection for you! Don't some of you wish you owned it?

A reader in Dublin, who is 32 years of age, has been a regular reader since 1909, and well remembers many of our very early stories.

From the Rhondda valley comes a letter from a reader of 40, who not only reads the MAGNET regularly himself, but also passes it on to his wife and three sons, all of whom are equally as enthusiastic about the old paper.

Then a reader in Yorkshire, who is 58 years of age, informs me that he enjoys Frank Richards' stories as much as he did when he first became a reader.

Nor must we forget

## OUR GIRL READERS.

You see, I still call them "girls," although the first is a Scottish mother of a son who is now 24 years of age. She began to buy the MAGNET for him six years ago, and he continues to read it, with unabated delight.

So, too, does a lady of Nuneston, who is 42 years of age, and who has been a reader of our paper almost since its commencement.

Now I know these old readers will forgive me if I switch off the subject for a little while—but I assure them that their wonderful letters have made me feel more proud than ever of being the Editor of the jolly old MAGNET.

**T**HE next letter on my desk comes from a younger reader, whose neat turn for writing limericks has won him a fine prize of a splendid leather pocket wallet. He is Charles Edwards, of 10, Castlands Road, Perry Hill, Catford, S.E.6, and the following is his prize-winning limerick:

The Bounder, late one night without warning,  
Woke a "blade," who sat up loudly yawning.  
He said: "While they're a-bed,  
Let us paint the town red,  
And roll home with the milk in the morning!"



THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,238.

A letter from Harry Bennett, of Chichester, asks me if I can tell him which is

## THE SMALLEST RAILWAY IN THE WORLD.

The smallest public railway is the Eskdale narrow gauge railway, with which I dealt some time ago. But the smallest private railway in the world is one which is owned by a London watchmaker. Furthermore, it is constructed of gold and silver, and the engine is only 1½ inches in length! It works by clockwork and goes round a 4½ feet track, taking two hours and a half to complete the circuit.

If you care to work this out, you will find that the speed of this tiny engine works out at three miles per—year!

Do you know which was

## THE BIGGEST ANIMAL THAT EVER LIVED?

Jack Barnes, of Walthamstow, asks me to tell him. Well, it is alleged that the largest animal that ever lived roamed this world millions of years before the first man ever appeared. It was called the Diplodocus, and was over 80 feet long. It weighed more than eighteen present-day elephants would weigh.

Those were the days of hefty monsters! The Triceratops, for instance, was twenty feet long, and possessed three horns on its head, all of which were three feet long. Then there were the Allosaurus, the Diatryma, the Smilodon, the Dinoceras, and the Stegosaurus. Perhaps it was just as well that they vanished from this earth before man came. It would be no joke to meet a Diplodocus on a dark night!

**Y**OU all know what an important part trenches play in modern warfare, but do you know the latest development in trench-digging? Soldiers don't have to "put their back into it" now. Oh, no!

## TRENCHES ARE DUG BY MACHINERY,

nowadays, and the latest "trench-digger" will dig a trench five feet deep and two feet wide at the rate of four miles an hour! That's about as quick as the average person can walk. Don't some of my old soldier-readers wish that machine had been in operation in 1914?

Trench-digging machines are not only used for warfare, however. At an exhibition recently I saw a fine trench-digging machine which is used for laying cables. A huge scoop digs out the trench as the machine goes along, dragging the cable-laying plant after it. The earth is then conveyed over the cable-laying plant, dropped back into the trench, and stamped down. So, as the machine passes, the trench is dug, the cable laid, and the trench filled up again. That's just one of the wonders of modern machinery!

Eric Carthy, of 153, Union Road, Ascot Vale, W.2, Melbourne, Victoria,

Australia, is a lucky chap, but he deserves his luck! He has sent along the following yarn, and I've forwarded a useful penknife to him for it. Here's the yarn:

Merchant (to office-boy): "How is it, Clarke, that whenever I enter the office you are idling?"

Clarke: "I don't know, sir, unless it's those soft shoes you wear!"

It may be your turn next to win a prize—so why not have a shot for it straight away?

**T**HIS week, instead of the usual "Rapid-Fire" replies, I am going to give you a selection of little items of interest that are rather unusual. I wonder how many of you know the following facts:

Darkness can be produced from two rays of light! If two violet rays are admitted into a dark chamber, and the difference in the length of the rays is 0.000157 of an inch, the rays counteract each other, and the result is darkness!

Sand Dunes that Creep! In the desert of La Joya, in Peru, the wind blows constantly in one direction, and the action of the wind has piled up sand dunes which are more mathematically perfect than any which could be constructed by human agency. So regular is the action of the wind that the dunes are made to creep forward at a rate of from fifty to sixty feet a year, and the actual passage of the years can be marked by the movement of the dunes!

A Date which is a Name. There is a family living in France which have a date instead of a surname. They call themselves "the 1792 family." There are four sons, and their names are: January 1792, February 1792, March 1792, and April 1792!

The "Holiday Annual" is the finest book of its kind on the market! It contains two hundred and eighty full pages of stories and pictures, not to mention its gorgeous colour plates. Rollicking fine yarns of Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars; Tom Merry & Co., of St. Jim's; and Jimmy Silver & Co., of Rookwood, appear in this tip-top Annual for boys and girls. Ask your newsagent to show you a copy and you'll see for yourself that this handsome volume is well worth six shillings.

**N**OUGH for the time being, otherwise I won't have space to tell you about next week's ripping yarns.

## "THE BOOT-BOYS' LUCK!"

By Frank Richards,

is a yarn which will appeal to new and old readers alike. One reader, dealing with Frank R's yarns, said: "He has such a wonderful insight into the different characters of boys, and as to the adventures and plots, it's really marvellous how he thinks of them all." You'll agree with this "Magnetite" when you read next week's tip-top story of the chums of Greyfriars!

The next instalment of "Oom, the Terrible!" is full of exciting situations and hair-raising thrills, and you'll chuckle with delight at the "Greyfriars Herald," while our other shorter features are sure to please.

So long, au revoir, adios, and anything else you like, until next week, chums.

YOUR EDITOR,





By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.  
A Hot Chase!

"STOP thief!"  
"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"  
"Stop him! Stop thief!"  
Harry Wharton & Co. jumped.

It was after class at Greyfriars, and the early November dusk was falling.

The Famous Five of the Remove were grouped in the old gateway. They were debating whether there was time to trot down to Friardale before gates were locked. And then, with dramatic suddenness, Sir Hilton Popper happened.

There was a patter of feet on the road, and a man came running from the direction of the village. He was a short, squat man, with a red nose and little black, beady eyes; and he puffed and blew as he ran, his breath steaming on the cold air. The juniors would not have given him any special heed, but a moment or two later a pursuing figure appeared in sight behind him.

The pursuer was tall and angular, dressed in riding-clothes, with an eye-glass gleaming in his eye.

"Old Popper!" remarked Harry Wharton.

It was Sir Hilton Popper, of Popper Court, a governor of Greyfriars School, lord of a great estate covered with ancient oaks and modern mortgages.

The sight of Sir Hilton Popper streaking along the road at top speed was an interesting, indeed entertaining, one.

Sir Hilton's sprinting days were long over.

"Stop thief! Stop thief! He's got my pocket-book!"

He gasped and spluttered as he ran;

his face was crimson, his hat was on the back of his head, and his scanty hair blew out in the wind.

As he spotted the five schoolboys staring from the gateway he yelled with all the breath he had left:

"Stop thief! Stop him!"

Sir Hilton was putting on a speed that was really creditable in a gentleman of his years. But he was not gaining on the little beady-eyed man; in fact, he was losing ground. The thief—if indeed he was a thief—was getting away; and but for the fact that

"Please to remember the  
Fifth of November . . ."  
And Greyfriars remembers it  
in a blaze of excitement and  
explosive mirth!

he had to pass the gates of the school, no doubt he would have got away successfully.

But Harry Wharton & Co., as soon as the baronet's yell apprised them of the state of affairs, jumped out into the road.

They did not like Sir Hilton Popper—nobody at Greyfriars liked him. But if he had been robbed they were quite ready to lend a hand in stopping the thief.

"Line up!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Collar him!" ejaculated Johnny Bull.

The fugitive was only a few yards away when the Famous Five lined up across the road to stop him. The pursuing baronet was still a good distance back.

The man with the beady eyes halted, panting. Another moment and he would have run into the arms of the juniors.

"Hold on, old bean!" said Frank Nugent politely. "You seem to be wanted by the sportsman behind."

"The hold-onfulness is the proper caper, my esteemed pickpocket!" said Hurrce Jamsset Ram Singh.

The man panted spasmodically. He had been running hard, but he was not in good condition for running, and he streamed with perspiration in spite of the cold November weather.

"You let a cove pass!" he gasped.

"Wait for Popper!" grinned Bob Cherry. "He won't keep you waiting long."

"I ain't done nothing!" gurgled the panting man.

"Old Popper seems to think you have!" grinned Bob.

"Look 'ere, you let a cove pass!"

"Bow-wow!"

Instead of letting the "cove" pass, the juniors stepped towards him to collar him and hold him till the puffing, panting baronet came up.

The man with the beady eyes jumped back.

"Ands off!" he gasped.

His eyes, like little gloaming black beads, glittered round him as if in search of a way of escape.

But the juniors were in front of him,



the panting baronet behind, on his left a high paling, and on his right the open gateway of Greyfriars School.

He was fairly cornered.

Apparently with the idea of following the line of least resistance, the pick-pocket swerved away from the juniors and dashed into the open gateway.

In an instant he was through and sprinting across the quadrangle.

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Johnny Bull.

Taken by surprise, the juniors stared after the fugitive. Sir Hilton Popper came panting up.

"Follow him!" he gasped. "Seize him! He has stolen my pocket-book; he has it on him now! Seize him!"

"Come on, you men!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

The Famous Five rushed back into the gateway.

"I say, you fellows!"

It was at an unfortunate moment for himself that Billy Bunter of the Remove arrived in the gateway.

Bunter had been looking for the Famous Five.

It was near tea-time, and tea-time was a time when William George Bunter never forgot his old pals.

Having learned from a fellow that the Famous Five had gone down to the gates, Billy Bunter rolled in that direction to seek them, to remind them that it was tea-time, and that he, William George Bunter, was ready for tea; in fact, more than ready.

Bunter sought the chums of the Remove, and he found them! He found them quite suddenly. In fact, as Hurree Singh might have remarked, the suddenness was terrific.

"I say, you fellows— Whoooooop!"

Bunter was in the way, and the Famous Five, racing in at the gates, did not even see him before they crashed.

"Yaroooooh!"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bob Cherry, as he reeled from the shock. "What's that? What—?"

"Yoooooop!"

"Only Bunter!" gasped Wharton.

"Yow-ow-ow!"

Billy Bunter was distributed on the earth. He smote the earth suddenly and emphatically, with a concussion that almost shook the county of Kent. He rolled and roared.

"Yaroooh! I say, you fellows— Whoop! Wharrer you up to? Whooooo-hoop!"

With a pick-pocket fleeing ahead in possession of a baronet's pocket-book, the Famous Five had no time to waste on Bunter.

They did not even stop to ask him if he was hurt. But such an inquiry would have been superfluous; Bunter's frantic roars told them that he was hurt without inquiry.

They recovered from the shock and rushed on, leaving Billy Bunter to roll and roar.

A few seconds later a tall, angular figure came speeding in at the gates. Bunter, rolling and roaring, was directly in the path of Sir Hilton Popper.

Even if the baronet had seen him he could hardly have stopped in time. His long legs tripped over the sprawling, fat junior, and Sir Hilton headed over Bunter in a thrilling nose-dive.

Crash!

"Good gad!"

Sir Hilton landed on hands and knees. His prominent nose dug into the earth, his eyeglass fluttered at the end

of its cord, and his voice awoke almost every echo in the ancient buildings of Greyfriars School.

"Yow-ow-ow!" spluttered Bunter.

"Good gad! Oh! Owl! What—what— Upon my word! Gad!" stuttered Sir Hilton, as he picked himself up.

He glared at the sprawling Bunter.

"You young rascal!" he roared.

Sir Hilton had a stick in his hand. He took a businesslike grip on it.

"Ow—ow! Wow!" squealed Bunter.

"How dare you play such a trick?" thundered Sir Hilton Popper.

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"You tripped me up—deliberately tripped me up!" snorted Sir Hilton. "You audacious young rascal, take that—"

"Yaroooooh!"

"And that—"

"Oh crikey! Leave off! Whoooooop!"

"And that—"

"Owl! Help! Murder! Fire! Yaroooooh!"

"And that—"

Sir Hilton's stick rang on Billy Bunter as if the old baronet fancied that he was beating carpet. Dust rose from Bunter, and a series of frantic yells.

"And that—and that!" gasped Sir Hilton.

"Yoooo-hooooop!"

Billy Bunter scrambled up and fled for his fat life. Sir Hilton landed one more lick as he fled, and a fiendish howl floated back from the Owl of the Remove. Then he vanished into space; and Sir Hilton, snorting, dashed on after the Famous Five in pursuit of the pick-pocket, who by that time had also vanished.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Ready for the Fifth!

"BLACK, but comely—what?" Cecil Reginald Temple, captain of the Fourth Form at Greyfriars, seemed in a merry mood. So did his comrades, Dabney and Fry of the Fourth. So did Wilkinson and Scott, also of that Form.

The Fourth Form fellows were gathered in Gosling's woodshed. Outside, the November dusk was approaching; inside, it was very dusky, and one of the fellows had lighted a candle.

The candlelight flickered and glimmered upon a remarkable object, on which the Fourth Form fellows were gazing, with grinning faces.

It was an effigy, life-size for a school-boy, and any fellow would have guessed at once that it was intended for use as a "guy" on the Fifth of November—a date close at hand.

Temple & Co., in fact, were pleased to remember the Fifth of November, as the old song recommends. On that date there was always some sort of a celebration among the Greyfriars juniors, at which the seniors looked on with indulgent eyes—never thinking of owning up that they liked noise and fireworks as much as the smaller fry. On this especial occasion Cecil Reginald Temple had been struck by a really brilliant idea.

"They'll be as mad as hatters!" remarked Fry, grinning at the queer figure that glimmered in the candle-light.

"It looks rather like Inky, doesn't it?" said Temple. "Black, but comely—what?"

"Oh, rather!" chuckled Dabney.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

If the figure was meant to represent Inky, otherwise Hurree Jamsset Ram

Singh, of the Remove, there was not much of a likeness. But as Hurree Singh was the only dark gentleman at Greyfriars, there was no doubt that, likeness or not, the guy would be recognised as an effigy of the Nabob of Bhanipur.

That was Temple's bright idea. "Guying" the Famous Five was one way of putting those cheeky Remove juniors in their place. Temple had first thought of guying Harry Wharton, captain of the Remove; but the artistic abilities of Temple & Co. were limited—they could not produce an effigy with any likeness to the person represented. There was the same difficulty in guying Bob Cherry, or Johnny Bull, or Frank Nugent. But Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh was easy as pie.

The effigy was not in the least like him. But it was the effigy of a black man, and Hurree Singh was a Hindu. A Hindu is not, in point of fact, a black man; but Temple did not bother about fine distinctions like that. Everybody would know whom the guy was meant to represent, and that was near enough.

The effigy was not beautiful. It was a stuffed figure in an old suit of clothes, and had a face made of cardboard fastened over an old cushion. The face was black, with a huge red mouth, and eyes with white circles painted round them; the eyes themselves being green marbles glued in place, which reflected weirdly the flicker of the candle.

Temple, Dabney & Co. surveyed their handiwork, and were more than satisfied with it.

Not often did the Fourth Form men succeed in taking a rise out of the Remove. But this time Cecil Reginald Temple was going to get away with it. On Bonfire Day that hideous effigy was going to be paraded round the school and consigned to the flames; and if the Famous Five did not like it, they could lump it. No doubt they would be mad as hatters, as Fry remarked; but the madder they were, the more Temple & Co. were going to enjoy the rag.

Guying a member of the celebrated Co. was a blow to their prestige, and Temple expected to bring down the house, as it were. Temple was not, as a rule, a fellow of brilliant ideas, but this time Temple considered that he had planned a really glorious rag on his old enemies, and he rejoiced accordingly.

"It's rippin'!" said Temple, gazing at the figure. "Just rippin'! Every man at Greyfriars will know that it's Inky, and that crew will be hoppin' mad! It will be a long time before the other fags let them forget this Fifth of November."

"What-ho!" chuckled Fry.

"But we'd better keep it dark till the Fifth," remarked Scott sagely. "Those cheeky fags would think nothing of bagging it and putting paid to it. If they got hold of our guy—"

"They won't!" said Temple. "I've tipped Gosling to let us use the woodshed, and he's given me a key to it. Those fags won't butt in here."

"Hallo, what's that?" exclaimed Dabney suddenly. There was a sound of a footfall outside the woodshed.

"Only Gosling, I expect," said Temple.

He looked out of the doorway.

There was no one in sight in the falling dusk. If anyone had been there he had dodged out of sight before Temple looked out.

But from a distance the captain of the Fourth heard a sound of shouting voices.





As Temple was putting the key into the lock, the door of the woodshed burst suddenly open, catching him on the nose. Blif! "Yaroo! Wow!" yelled the Fourth-Former. The next moment the hunted man dashed out.

He stared across towards the school buildings.

"Hallo, somethin's up!" he remarked.

His friends joined him in the doorway. From the distance came a sound of excited shouting and calling, which indicated very clearly that something unusual was going on.

"What the dooco is it?" asked Temple. "Everybody seems frightfully excited!"

"Here comes a man. It's Smithy of the Remove."

Vernon-Smith of the Remove came along at a run. He shouted to the Fourth-Formers as he sighted them. Temple hastily closed the door of the woodshed behind him. He did not want Smithy to glance into the interior.

"Seen him?" shouted Smithy.

"Seen whom, old bean?" called back Fry.

"The pickpocket!"

"The what?" yelled the Fourth-Formers.

"There's a pickpocket in the school somewhere!" gasped Vernon-Smith. "Man robbed Sir Hilton Popper, and dodged in at the gates. All the fellows are hunting him."

"Great pip!"

"I thought I saw somebody dodgin' this way! You haven't seen any sneakin' rotter dodgin' about?" asked Smithy.

"Not till we saw you, old bean," answered Temple blandly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly owl!" snapped Vernon-Smith, and he cut off; and Temple & Co. followed him at once, eager to join in the excitement of the chase. A pick-pocket at large, within the precincts of the school, was something rather new, and the Fourth-Formers did not want to miss the entertainment.

They streamed away in haste, and the woodshed was deserted.

After they were gone, a face with a red nose and black, beady eyes peered out from behind the building.

"Crimes!" murmured the beady-eyed man. "That was a narrer thing! Them young fools 'ad me as near as a toucher! Crimes!"

Owing to the brief delay caused by Billy Bunter, the pickpocket had dodged immediate pursuit. Fellows were hunting him far and wide, the alarm having spread all over Greyfriars; but the man had got out of sight, and for the moment was keeping out of sight.

But he was well aware that it was only a respite. Within the walls of the school he had little chance of escape, unless he could find a hiding-place wherein to lie low till after dark. He had dashed in at the school gates simply because no other way was open to him to avoid immediate capture, but his ultimate chance of getting away was slight.

But hope, as the poet remarks, springs eternal in the human breast. The beady-eyed man was not caught yet, and he was not going to be caught if he

could help it. He was extremely unwilling to part with the fat pocket-book he had borrowed from Sir Hilton Popper.

If he failed to escape, he hoped to find a safe hiding-place for his plunder, so that he could not be caught with the evidence on him. But he was sticking to it as long as he could.

Skulking behind the woodshed, he peered at the departing juniors, and gasped with relief when they were gone.

Then, aware that the shed was now untenanted, he crept round to the door, opened it, and stepped inside.

He closed the door behind him, and blinked round in the dusky interior of the shed. The next moment he uttered a yell of startled surprise.

"Ow! Oh crimes! Who—what—"

From a dusky corner a black face, with greenish, glimmering eyes, surrounded by white circles, stared at him.

For a moment the pickpocket stood spellbound, petrified by the unexpected sight of that hideous face.

"A blooming nigger!" he gasped. "A blooming nigger 'ere! 'Oo the thump are—"

But a second glance reassured him, and he grinned.

"Crimes! It's only a blinking guy!" he murmured. "My word, it give me a start!"

And, taking no further heed of the effigy of Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the

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beady-eyed man crouched at the little window of the woodshed, and watched and listened, palpitating.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Caught!

"SEEN him?"

"Anybody seen him?"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Anybody seen the jolly old pick-pocket?"

"Find that man!" boomed Sir Hilton Popper. "Boys, there is a thief within the precincts of the school! Search for him—find him!"

That injunction was really unnecessary. Nearly all Greyfriars was already searching for the man who had dodged in at the gates.

Greyfriars School was a rambling and extensive place, and there was plenty of space to search. But the fellows entered into the game cheerily.

Gosling, the porter, was watching at the gates, which he had closed, in case the thief should attempt to dodge out the way he had entered. The Head had come out of the House, and, under his direction, a number of Sixth Form prefects posted themselves at various points where the fugitive might have had a chance of getting away.

Crowds of fellows, of all Forms, hunted for him high and low. To the juniors it seemed rather a lark, and they entered upon the hunt with great zest.

For the present, the man had dodged out of sight, but it seemed a practical impossibility that he could escape from the school uncaptured.

Up and down and round about went crowds of fellows, calling and shouting, rooting about in all sorts of possible and impossible places.

Temple, Dabney & Co. of the Fourth joined in the hunt as heartily as the rest, forgetful of the "guy" they had left in the woodshed. But Fry remembered it, and he caught Temple by the arm.

"What about the guy, old bean?" he whispered.

"Oh, rot!" answered Cecil Reginald. "Nothin' about it now! Let's get after that jolly old pick-pocket!"

"I mean, if the fellows go rootin' in the woodshed, they'll find it," said Fry. "Did you lock the door?"

"Oh gad, no!"

"Better lock it, then," said Fry. "They'll root into the woodshed sooner or later, if it's unlocked."

Temple nodded. He cut off at once in the direction of the woodshed. As he ran towards the little building, with the key in his hand, he was quite unaware of the fact that a pair of sharp, shifty, beady eyes watched him coming from the window.

"Oh crimes!" murmured the hapless snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.

He saw the key in Temple's hand, and realised his intention. He had to get away! But he could not leave the shed without meeting Temple face to face, and a single yell from Temple would bring the whole swarm on him. The beady-eyed man realised that all was over, so far as escape with his plunder was concerned.

He groped in his pocket for the fat pocket-book that belonged to Sir Hilton Popper, and glared round the shed. If only he could find some deep recess in which to conceal his plunder there was a chance of recovering it afterwards! That was his only hope now. But there was no hiding-place in the shed.

"Crimes!" ejaculated the beady-eyed man suddenly.

He jumped towards the effigy in the corner.

That it was a guy, intended for a bonfire on the fifth of the month, he was aware. It was safe till that date. And so long as it lasted, it was surely the safest place he could have hoped for to hide his plunder. Anyhow, there was no choice in the matter, if he was to get the pocket-book out of sight at all.

The body of the effigy was stuffed with straw, and the head was joined on by means of safety-pins. In a few seconds the beady-eyed man had thrust his hand, with the pocket-book in it, deep into the straw stuffing, and he withdrew the hand, empty.

Sir Hilton Popper's well-filled notebook now reposed in the interior of the guy.

Breathing hard, the pick-pocket turned to the door.

Temple had reached it by that time.

He was putting the key into the lock to turn it, never dreaming that there was anyone inside the shed.

He made that discovery as the door burst suddenly open, catching Cecil Reginald on his nose, and hurling him backwards.

"Ow! Oh gad!" gasped Temple.

The beady-eyed man jumped out and ran.

Temple, staggering, stared at him dizzily. He realised that it was the hunted man, and that he had been hiding in the woodshed. And Temple, as he realised that, gave a roar that rang all over Greyfriars.

"This way, you men! Here he is!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"This way!" yelled Temple.

There was a pain in Temple's nose, where the door had hit it. Perhaps that made him keener on the chase. He rushed after the fleeing pick-pocket, yelling at the top of his voice.

Answering shouts came from all directions.

"Here he is!"

"After him!"

"Tally-ho!"

"This way!" roared Harry Wharton, catching sight of the man as he dodged in the falling shadows. "Follow on!"

"Collar him!" shrieked Temple.

"Come on!" came the bellow of Coker of the Fifth. "We've got him now!"

The beady-eyed man ran hard.

A crowd whooped and yelled after him. He ran for the Cloisters, perhaps still hoping to escape.

But there were a dozen fellows in the Cloisters, searching. They crowded to intercept him.

"Here he is!" yelled Vernon-Smith. "Stop him!"

"Stop thief!" roared Loder of the Sixth.

The pick-pocket swerved away, and panted off in another direction. He almost ran into Hobson of the Shell, and Hobby jumped at him, tackled, and brought him down, with a bump.

"Oooooooooogh!" gasped the wretched man, as he smote the earth.

"Got him!" shrieked Hobson of the Shell.

"Hurrah!"

"Sit on him!"

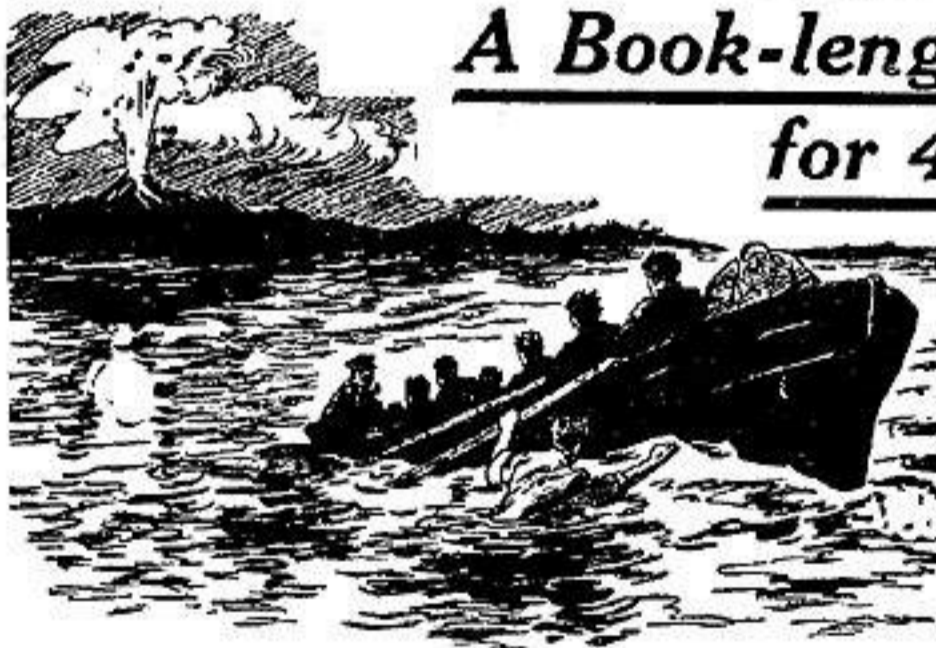
"Bag him!"

The wretched pick-pocket squirmed and spluttered under Hobby, who sprawled over him breathlessly. Another second or two and a dozen hands were upon him.

Grasped on all sides, he was dragged to his feet. He panted and squirmed in the midst of the triumphant crowd.

"Got him!" yelled a score of voices.

"Bring him along!" said Loder of the Sixth.



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"Take him to old Popper!" chuckled the Bounder.

Bob Cherry picked up the man's torn and tattered cap, and jammed it on his head.

"Come on, old bean!" he said.

"Ow! You leave a cove alone!" gasped the prisoner. "Wot's a covey done, I'd like to know? Ow!"

"You've done old Popper!" chuckled Smithy.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"This way to the jolly old baronet!" said Bob Cherry.

"You let a covey alone—"

"Bump him along," said Loder. "No need to stand on ceremony with him!"

The beady-eyed man was hustled and hustled along in a crowd of excited schoolboys. They marched him off to the House, outside which Sir Hilton Popper was standing, in company with the Head and several masters. The old baronet's eye gleamed through his eyeglass at the prisoner, as he came breathlessly up in the midst of a panting crowd.

"Gad! That is the rascal!" exclaimed Sir Hilton. "Thank you, my boys, for securing him! Scoundrel, return my property!"

And Sir Hilton, striding towards the captured pickpocket, fixed a threatening glare upon him, and brandished his stick within an inch of the red nose.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Exciting!

**H**ARRY WHARTON & CO. regarded the squat, beady-eyed man rather curiously. From his actions, in fleeing and dodging and hiding, there seemed little doubt that he was a guilty man. But there was a cool impudence in his manner, a defiant glint in his black, beady eyes, a sneering grin on his ill-favoured and foxy-featured face, rather surprising in a man who was about to be "run in" on a charge of theft. They wondered whether it was barely possible that the hasty, hot-tempered old gentleman had made a mistake. The man certainly did not look as if he had anything to fear.

He leered at the angry baronet.

"You keep that there stick orf a feller's dial, old covey!" he said. "You 'it me with that stick and I'll 'ave the law of you."

"What, what?" barked Sir Hilton.

The beady eyes glittered round at the crowd of staring Greyfriars fellows. The man grinned offensively.

"I'd like to know wot all this means," he went on. "I'm an honest man, I am, well-known at the labour exchanges all over this 'ere county. Name of Alfred Parker—Alfred 'Erbert Parker—and a carpenter by trade, and not ashamed to say so. And if a man can't walk 'ome quiet and peaceable without being set on by a fierce old gent, I'd like to know what this 'ere country is coming to, strike me!"

"Well, my hat!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Cool, if you like!" grinned Frank Nugent.

"The coolfulness is terrific," murmured Hurreo Janset Ram Singh. "But the infuriation of the esteemed Popper is still more preposterous."

There was no doubt about that. Sir Hilton Popper's crimson face had become purple, and his eyes seemed to be bulging from his wrathful face. He almost stuttered with wrath.

"You—you—you scoundrel!" he

articulated. "You—you—" He grasped his stick convulsively. Mr. Quelch, the Remove master, touched him on the arm, gently pushing him back.

"No violence, Sir Hilton," he murmured. "Pray, no violence."

"The—the—the rascal!" gurgled the baronet. "Mr. Quelch, the man has robbed me—he has my pocket-book in his possession at the present moment."

"No doubt; but—a constable had better be called in," said Mr. Quelch. "I will telephone immediately, if you so desire—"

"Call up all the blinking peelers in Kent, if you like," said Mr. Parker cheerfully. "I'd be glad to see 'em! Most of 'em know me, if you come to that!"

There was a chuckle from some of the Greyfriars fellows. The cool impudence

**WANT A POCKET-KNIFE, CHUM?**

Then send me an amusing storyette like M. Smith, of 93, Arbroath Road, Dundee, has done.



A lady entered a butcher's shop accompanied by her little daughter. Some tripe was displayed in a dish on the counter, and the little girl asked what it was.

"Tripe," replied the fond parent.

"That's funny, mummy," said the youngster. "Daddy says that's what we get over the wireless!"

**LET ME HAVE YOUR EFFORT TO-DAY!**

of Mr. Alfred Herbert Parker rather entertained them.

"Wot's the charge, I'd like to know?" pursued Mr. Parker. "I'm set on by a fierce old gent, and I says to myself, I says, this 'ere old gent's drunk, I says, and I'd better steer clear of him, I says. So I ups and 'ooks it, with him arter me like a 'owling lunatic. I could 'ave the law of him for chasing a covey like that."

Sir Hilton made a gurgling sound. He really seemed on the verge of an attack of apoplexy.

Dr. Locke gave the impudent Mr. Parker a perplexed stare, and then glanced at the almost speechless baronet.

"I—I presume there is no mistake in the matter, Sir Hilton?" he ventured. "You are assured that this man actually robbed you?"

"Mistake, sir!" gasped Sir Hilton. "I tell you, sir, I was walking along Friardale Lane when this man ran out of the hedge and collided with me. My first impression was that his action was clumsiness, or impudence, and I ordered him off. A moment later I missed my

pocket-book, and called to him to stop. He ran, and I pursued him. But for some boys stopping him at the gate he would have escaped. My pocket-book, containing a number of banknotes and currency notes, is in his possession at this moment."

"Then nothing remains but to give him into custody," said the Head. "He shall be detained while a constable is sent for."

"You dror it mild, old gent," said Mr. Parker. "You detain me 'ere, and I'll 'ave the law of you, so I tell you, old covey. I ain't touched that old gent's pocket-book, and never knowed he had one; and when he got arter me in the lane I thought he was drunk—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" exclaimed the Head. "That's wot I thought, and he looked it," said Mr. Parker, "and I 'ooked it, being a peaceable man. I didn't want no trouble with the old covey."

Mr. Quelch's eyes met the Head's. Mr. Prout and Mr. Capper exchanged a glance. Some of the Greyfriars fellows grinned, and several of them exchanged winks. More and more it seemed possible that the hasty old baronet had made a rash mistake. Certainly, if Mr. Parker had the plunder about his person, his easy self-confidence was hard to account for.

"I own up I lost my 'ead a little," went on Mr. Parker. "All these coveys setting on me, chasing a bloke, put the wind up me proper. I own up it did! But I never touched no pocket-book, and never knowed nothing about it. And I'll walk along to the p'leece station, and willing, and I'll eat all the blinking pocket-books they find on me."

"Will you hand over my property, you scoundrel?" roared Sir Hilton.

"I takes you all to witness," said Mr. Parker, "that that old gent is calling me names—actionable names. And when I sees my solicitor—"

That was too much for Sir Hilton.

He made a jump at the impudent Mr. Parker. His left hand grasped Mr. Parker's frowsy collar and swung him round, and his stick came down across Mr. Parker's shoulders with a crack like a rifle-shot.

"Whooooo!" roared Mr. Parker.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the Head. "Sir Hilton—control yourself, I beg of you—I beg you, sir—"

"Sir Hilton!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "This scene—"

"Draw it mild!" came a youthful voice from the back of the crowd—speaker unknown. And a laugh followed.

Whack, whack!

Twice again the stick came down across Mr. Parker's shoulders. He roared and wriggled frantically.

But the squat little man was powerless in the tall baronet's grasp. Sir Hilton, with an iron grip on his collar, shook him like a rat.

"Scoundrel! Hand over my property!" he boomed.

"Ow! Leggo! I'll 'ave the law of you! Wow!"

Shake, shake!

"Sir Hilton!" almost shrieked the Head. "This is not the proper method—this is high-handed, indeed illegal—it is for the police—"

Shake, shake!

"Sir Hilton, this scene must cease—boys, disperse! Bless my soul!" gasped the agitated Head.

"The man shall be searched!" boomed Sir Hilton. "Gosling—call Gosling—Gosling shall search him—"

"A constable—"



"I have no time to waste waiting for a constable to walk a mile, sir!" boomed Sir Hilton. "Gosling shall search this scoundrel!"

"Bless my soul! But——"

"Really, Sir Hilton——" said Mr. Prout.

"Gosling!" snorted Sir Hilton. "Where is Gosling?"

"Ere, sir!" said the ancient porter of Greyfriars.

"Gosling, search that man!"

"Search as much as you like!" gasped Mr. Parker. "I ain't no objection; but I takes you all to witness that that old covey accuses me of pinching, and I'll 'ave the law of 'im! He can't take away the good name of an honest man like that!"

"If—if the man is willing——" articulated the Head.

Dr. Locke was only anxious for that extraordinary and unprecedented scene in the quadrangle of Greyfriars to come to an end.

"Willing and ready, sir, me being an honest man, and 'aving nothing to be afraid of," said Mr. Parker. "I've had 'ands laid on me, I 'ave, and I takes you all to witness——"

"Silence!" boomed Sir Hilton. "Gosling, search that man, and hand me the pocket-book you will find on him!"

"Yessir!" said Gosling.

Dr. Locke had ordered the crowd to disperse, but nobody had dispersed yet. A hundred pairs of eyes and more were watching, and fellows crowded and craned to see the show. The headmaster and his staff were scandalised by such a scene in the quadrangle, but the Greyfriars fellows seemed to regard it as an entertainment.

Sir Hilton released Mr. Parker's collar, but the delinquent showed no desire to dodge. He even turned out his pocket, revealing the ragged lining, to assist Gosling in his search.

Gosling's search was quite thorough. Several things came to light—a "cutty" pipe, a packet of shag tobacco, a box of matches, a flask half-full of a fluid that was certainly not a temperance drink, several pawn-tickets—but there was no sign of a pocket-book. All the search proved was that there was no such thing as a pocket-book in the possession of Alfred Herbert Parker.

"Off-side, old bean!" called out the same voice from the back of the crowd, and again there was a laugh.

Sir Hilton snorted.

"The scoundrel must have thrown the pocket-book away when he was caught!" he exclaimed. "Where are the boys who caught him?"

"I got him first, sir," said Hobson of the Shell, "and he never threw anything away. I should have seen him."

"Nonsense!"

"I'm sure, sir——"

"Rubbish!"

"Oh, all right!" said Hobson sulkily, and he stepped back.

"I never threw any old pocket-book away. 'Cause why? I never had any old pocket-book," said Mr. Parker. "If you think I threw any pocket-book away, you can look for it—easy. And if you find it I'll eat it!"

"Really, Sir Hilton——" murmured the Head.

Snort from Sir Hilton.

"The pocket-book has been thrown away, and it is somewhere within the precincts of the school at this moment!" he exclaimed. "I request you to have a search made for it, Dr. Locke."

"A search shall certainly be made, Sir Hilton," said Dr. Locke. "A most

careful search shall be made. But now——"

"Like to give a covey into custody?" jeered Mr. Parker. "Get on with it, and I'll 'ave you up for false imprisonment. As soon as I sees my solicitor—— Yarooooooh!"

Possibly Sir Hilton was dubious about being able to sustain the charge of theft against the pickpocket in the total absence of evidence and witnesses of his guilt; or perhaps he preferred to take the law into his own hands. At all events, he made it clear that he did not intend to wait while a constable was sent for. He charged at Mr. Parker, and the stick came into play again, cracking like a machine-gun on the rogue's shoulders.

"For goodness' sake, Sir Hilton——" gasped the Head.

"Sir Hilton Popper——" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hop it, Parker!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yarooooooh! 'Elp! Keep him off!" yelled the hapless Mr. Parker, and he ran for his life.

After him rushed the angry baronet, his stick still lashing.

Whack, whack, whack!

Mr. Parker was speedy—with that lashing stick behind, he put on all the speed of which he was capable. But Sir Hilton seemed to have got his second wind now, and he also was going strong. He kept pace with the fleeing pilferer, and the stick whacked and whacked and whacked, every whack answered by a fearful yell from the fugitive.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Put it on, Parker!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go it, Parker!"

"Go it, Popper!"

The yelling Mr. Parker reached the gates, but the gates were closed and locked. He swerved and dodged, with the stick still whacking, twisted round Gosling's lodge, and ran under the elms and along the wall. After him rushed Sir Hilton, his tireless arm working like a piston, the stick whacking and whacking.

With a frantic leap Mr. Parker negotiated the school wall and scrambled over it. Yelling wildly, he dropped into the road outside. Sir Hilton, breathless, halted, puffing and blowing.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh crumbs! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Boys! Go into the House at once!" boomed Mr. Quelch.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Masters and prefects drove a hilarious mob of Greyfriars fellows into the House.

"Scandalous!" said Mr. Prout, shaking his head.

"Shocking!" said Mr. Capper.

"Unprecedented!" said Mr. Wiggins.

"Such a scene——" said Mr. Prout.

"A governor of the school, too!" said Mr. Twigg.

"Shocking!"

"Scandalous!"

In Common-room the heads of the staff wagged seriously and solemnly. But the rest of Greyfriars evidently took the exciting episode as a merry jest, and for a long, long time passages and studies echoed with laughter.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### Billy Bunter Sees It All!

"BUZZ, you fat bluebottle!"  
"Oh, really, Temple——"  
"Kick him!"

It was morning break the following day.

Temple, Dabney, and Fry of the

Fourth had strolled round to the woodshed to give a few finishing touches to the remarkable guy which was the work of their hands, and which was—they hoped—to make the Famous Five as mad as hatters on Bonfire Day.

They were far from pleased to see Billy Bunter of the Remove hanging about the spot.

No Remove man was to be allowed to see the guy till it was produced in procession on the Fifth. The Famous Five were quite capable of raiding that guy and strewing it in small fragments to the winds if they discovered that a member of the Co. was being "rotted."

The Fourth-Formers eyed Bunter suspiciously and directed him to "buzz," and the fat Owl of the Remove blinked at them indignantly.

"I say, you fellows——"

"Oh, kick him!" snapped Temple.

"Look here, if you're after it, too," exclaimed Bunter indignantly, "you can jolly well give a fellow a chance! See? I'm going to look for it!"

"Eh? What are you looking for, you fat frump?" exclaimed Temple, in alarm.

"You jolly well know!" said Bunter.

"Oh, my hat!" said Fry. "That fat bouncer has nosed it out! Kick him!"

"I say, you fellows—— Ow! Leggo!" roared Bunter, as the three angry and indignant Fourth-Formers collared him.

"You prying fat worm!" exclaimed Temple. "How did you find it out?"

"Eh? I haven't found it yet!" gasped Bunter.

"You haven't seen it?"

"No, you ass; I'm looking for it! Leggo!"

"How did you know anythin' about it, you prying, spying freak?" exclaimed Dabney.

"Eh?" Bunter blinked at Temple & Co. in astonishment. "You all heard what old Popper said about it——"

"Old Popper!" ejaculated Temple.

"Yes. You all heard him—same as I did——"

"You frabjous ass, old Popper doesn't know anythin' about it! What are you drivin' at?" howled Temple. "Have you gone off your silly rocker?"

"Kick him, anyhow!" said Fry.

"Yarooooooh!"

"It's all out now!" grunted Temple. "Now that fat frump's got hold of it——"

"I haven't got hold of it!" howled Bunter. "Leggo! I say, you fellows, if you know where it is, halves, you know!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"Halves!" said Bunter. "I bags halves! That's fair!"

Temple & Co. stared blankly at Bunter. They had taken it for granted, from his remarks, that he had discovered, or suspected, the guy hidden in the woodshed. Now it dawned upon them that it was some different object that had brought the Owl of the Remove rooting about the shed, though they did not know what that object was.

"Halves? Halves in what, you fat freak?" ejaculated Temple.

"The reward, of course."

"What reward?" shrieked Temple.

"Well, there's bound to be a reward," argued Bunter. He jerked himself away from the astonished Fourth-Formers, and blinked at them through his big spectacles. "It's valuable, so there will be a reward. If old Popper doesn't offer a reward I shall take it to the police station, and they will see that I get my rights."

"What on earth is the fat ass talking about?" asked Temple. He realised



The beam of light flashed on a hideous black face—the face of some fearful-looking negro, and Loder uttered a squeal of amazement and fright!



had excited his suspicions. Bunter was not a bright youth, but he was bright enough to see that Temple & Co. had been alarmed at finding him rooting about the woodshed, and that they were very anxious to "shoo" him off from the vicinity.

If that did not mean that they were on the track of the missing pocket-book, and wanted to clear a rival out of the way, Bunter did not know what it did mean.

"I say, you fellows, halves!" he repeated. "That's fair! I jolly well know that you know where it is."

"You silly ass, we don't know anything about it!" snapped Temple. "I don't believe it's about the school at all. Old Popper was makin' a mistake."

"Oh, really, Temple—"  
"The man never picked his pocket at all," said Fry. "The old ass dropped his pocket-book somewhere, and fancied that Parker merchant had pinched it simply because the man ran into him."

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

Bunter grinned.

"Pile it on!" he said.

"Oh, clear off!" snapped Temple.

"I'm jolly well not going to clear off and leave you to snoop that pocket-book!" said Bunter firmly. "Old Popper said there were banknotes in it, and it's law that the finder takes a percentage of the value. May be worth pounds to a chap to find that pocket-book."

"It's not here, you ass!"

Bunter winked a fat wink.

Temple & Co. glared at him. They did not care two straws about Sir Hilton's lost pocket-book, and did not, as a matter of fact, believe that it was any-

where about the school. It seemed to them, as to most of the Greyfriars fellows, much more probable that the hasty old gentleman had made a mistake and jumped to the wrong conclusion, and that the shifty Mr. Parker never had robbed him at all. They were aware, too, that the Head had ordered Gosling and Mr. Mimble and several other persons to make a search, and that the search had revealed nothing. Anyhow, they were not bothering about pocket-books, but they were deeply concerned to keep the secret of the woodshed.

Bunter, as usual, was the wrong man in the wrong place. The Peeping Tom of Greyfriars was the last fellow in the world whom Temple & Co. desired to see on the spot.

But Bunter did not mean to go if he could help it. Finding a pocket-book that contained banknotes was worth pounds to a fellow, and Bunter liked pounds. Moreover, he had been disappointed about a postal order he had been expecting. From that home of wealth and luxury, Bunter Court, no remittance had reached the fat Owl for quite a long time. Finding Sir Hilton's pocket-book would have been like corn in Egypt in one of the lean years.

He wagged a fat, admonitory finger at the exasperated Fourth-Formers.

"Now, look here, you fellows," he said. "You know where that pocket-book is. I can see that. Halves is fair. Where is it?"

"We know nothing about it, fat-head!" snapped Fry.

"Then what are you after here?" jeered Bunter. "Taking a look at the woodshed to admire it, or what? What are you trying to clear a fellow off for? See any green in my eye?"

Temple & Co. gave up the idea of giving those finishing touches to the guy

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that Bunter could not possibly be referring to the effigy of Hurree Janset Ram Singh in the woodshed. No doubt the chums of the Remove would have been glad to learn of Temple & Co.'s intended jape, but certainly there was no reward for such a discovery.

"You jolly well know!" granted Bunter. "And if you've seen it—"

"Seen what?" yelled Fry.

"The pocket-book!" snorted Bunter.

"The—the—the pip-pip-pocket-book!" stammered Temple.

"Oh, come off!" said Bunter. "Think I don't know that you're rooting after it, same as I am? If you've spotted it, I bag halves."

Temple & Co. stared blankly. Then, as they guessed what the fat Owl was after, they grinned.

It was not the hidden guy in the shed that Bunter was thinking of. He was looking for Sir Hilton Popper's lost pocket-book, which the baronet believed had been thrown away by the thief somewhere within the walls of Greyfriars School. Bunter knew nothing about the guy. Bunter, as usual, was on the make.

"Oh, gad!" said Temple. "You silly, frumpious clump, are you rooting about after old Popper's silly pocket-book? You frabjous ass, I thought—I mean, buzz off!"

But Bunter did not buzz off. He blinked suspiciously at the three. They



during morning break. They gave their attention to Bunter instead.

Three pairs of hands fell on the exasperating Owl.

"Bang his napper!" said Temple.

"Oh, rather!"

A fiendish yell rang out as Bunter's bullet head collided forcibly with the wall of the woodshed.

"Yaroooooop!"

"Now kick him out!" said Temple.

"Dribble him back to the quad!"

"Ow! Beasts! Rotters!" roared Bunter. "Oh crikey! You beasts, I jolly well know you've found that pocket-book! I'll tell Quelch! I'll tell the Head! You're jolly well not going to pinch that pocket-book!"

"What?" shrieked Temple.

"Pinch it!" roared Bunter. "That's what you're after! You're keeping it dark to pinch it! Yaroooooh!"

"Why, you—you—you—" gasped Fry.

"Kick him!" howled Dabney.

Bunter's suspicion, from his own point of view, was a reasonable one. He was convinced that the three juniors knew where to lay hands on the lost pocket-book. If they did not own up, what could it mean but that they intended to pinch it, instead of handing it over to the owner? It was as clear as daylight to Bunter.

But such a suspicion naturally had an exasperating effect on Temple & Co. They proceeded to deal with the Owl of the Remove as he deserved.

Three boots fairly crashed on Bunter's tight trousers.

Bunter yelled and ran.

After him ran the three, letting out kicks, dribbling Bunter as if he had been a fat football.

A series of agonised howls and squeals emanated from the fat junior as he fled for his life.

Bunter was no sprinter, but he put on remarkable speed now. He fairly whizzed.

"Yow! Ow! Ow! Help! Fire! I say, you fellows—Whooop! Yooooop! Yaroooooh!" roared Bunter, as he exceeded the speed limit.

"Kick him!"

"Dribble him!"

"Burst him!"

"Yaroooooh! Help! Rescue! Whooooooop-hooooop!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry, as the fat Owl came whizzing across the quad, still with Temple & Co. in hot pursuit. "What's this game?"

"Yaroooooh! I say, you fellows! Help!" yelled Bunter.

He panted up to the Famous Five. Temple & Co. ceased the pursuit and walked away to the House. They did not want to enter into a shindy with the Remove men. Scrapping in the quad was, as Temple observed, rather undignified for a Fourth Form man. There were other reasons, too, which Temple did not mention. So they walked off rather hurriedly.

Under the wing of the Famous Five Bunter was safe. He leaned on an elm and spluttered for breath.

"Ow! Ow! Ooooooh!" gurgled Bunter. "I say, you fellows! Yooch! Ooooooh! Woooooooh!"

"Is that Chinese or Esperanto?" asked Bob.

"Oooch! Groooh! Gug-gug! I say, you fellows! Ooooooooooooh!"

"What were they after you for?" asked Harry Wharton. "Have you been bagging their tuck, you fat fraud?"

"Ow! Groooh! I say, they've found old Popper's pocket-book and they're pinching it!" gasped Bunter.

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"What?" yelled the Famous Five, with one voice.

"Fact!" gasped Bunter. "They've got it! In fact, I saw it sticking out of Temple's pocket! I say, they pitched into me simply because I told them I knew they were pinching it. Ooooooh!"

"How odd!" said Johnny Bull sarcastically. "Must have sort of annoyed them or something. I wonder why?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, they've got it!" gasped Bunter. "I saw it bulging in Fry's pocket—"

"You—you—you saw it bulging in Fry's pocket?" gasped Wharton. "Was that at the same time that you saw it sticking out of Temple's pocket?"

"I—I—I mean—"

"Well, what do you mean, you fat, fibbing, fish-faced frump?" demanded the captain of the Remove.

"They've got it! I say, you fellows, do you think I'd better go to the Head and tell him they've pinched it?"

"Nunno! Not quite!" gasped Bob Cherry. "You'd better not tell anybody a fib like that, Bunter! You'd better not tell us! I'm going to kick you for telling us once, so don't tell us twice!"

"Yaroooooh!"

And once more Billy Bunter was on the run, with the biggest foot in the Remove giving him a start.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### Loder on the Track!

GERALD LODER, of the Sixth Form at Greyfriars, tramped under the elms, with his hands driven deep into his pockets.

There was a frown on Loder's brow, and his lips were tightly set.

Walker and Carne of the Sixth were his friends, but when they came along under the leafless old trees, and stopped to speak, Loder only scowled and swung on, evidently not desirous of company.

Walker and Carne stared for a moment, and then grinned as they sauntered on.

They knew what was the matter with Loder. They were aware that a "dead cert," upon whom any sportsman might have put his shirt, had finished at the tail of the field in a recent race at Wapshot.

Sixth Form men at Greyfriars were not supposed to give a thought to such things. But Sixth Form men at Greyfriars, like other people, often did that which they were not supposed to do—some of them, at least.

Loder had not exactly put his shirt on that "dead cert"; but he had put all his available cash on that elusive gee-gee; and the cert had come unstuck, as dead certs and sure snips so often do.

Gerald Loder had a little account to settle with the horsey gentleman who carried through his betting transactions for him. And how he was going to settle that account was a little problem that Loder had to solve, and he found it tougher than anything in Euclid.

Hence the scowl on his brow and the gleam in his eye. He had no politeness to waste on Walker and Carne. He had tried to "touch" each of them in turn for a loan; and in vain. So he scowled at them and turned away, and his friends walked on, grinning.

Harry Wharton & Co., sauntering under the elms after class, sighted Loder, and swiftly turned in another direction. The look on Loder's face warned those cheery youths that it was wise to give the bully of the Sixth a wide berth.

Loder scowled after them, and resumed his dismal pacing—and his problem. Gosling, the porter, came along, bent half double, peering about among the old trees, and Loder stared at him.

Gosling looked up as he came near the Sixth Form man.

"You ain't seed it, sir?" he asked.

"Seen what?" snapped Loder.

"That there pocket-book, Mr. Loder," answered Gosling.

Loder gave a grunt. He was not interested in Sir Hilton Popper's pocket-book. Certainly he would not have gone an inch out of his way to render any service to the old baronet.

"The 'Ead set us all looking for it, sir," explained Gosling. "Sir 'Ilton thinks that man Parker chucked it away while he was dodging about in the school grounds; but we ain't found it."

"Rot!" grunted Loder. "I don't suppose the man had it! Popper is a silly old ass!"

Gosling grinned.

"Jest what I thinks, sir," he agreed.

"But the 'Ead says, sir, keep an eye open for it, Gosling, he says. Course, old Sir 'Ilton may be right. If you seed anything of it, sir, I'd take it kindly if you'd mention it to me. It might mean a fiver to a man. 'Course sir, a young gentleman like you wouldn't care to touch a reward—"

"I should imagine not!" snapped Loder.

"'Course not, sir, in your position!" said Gosling. "But if I saw a chance of making a fiver, sir, why shouldn't I? You ain't seed anything of a pocket-book lying about, sir?"

"No!" grunted Loder.

Gosling shuffled away among the trees, still peering.

He doubted whether the pickpocket had brought the plunder within the walls of Greyfriars at all; still, there was a chance. The Head had directed him to find the lost pocket-book if he could and Gosling was a dutiful man—when there was a prospect of a reward ahead, at least.

Certainly Sir Hilton was bound to tip him a fiver if he found a pocket-book for him, fat with banknotes and currency notes.

Loder bestowed a scowl on Gosling's bent back, and tramped on. But another thought was working in his mind now.

What if that pocket-book, stacked with money, was lying about somewhere in the school grounds? Loder certainly would never have deigned to accept a reward for finding it. That would have been unworthy of his dignity. But another and much darker thought was working in the mind of the fellow who had fallen down so badly on his dead cert. It was a thought that made Loder colour a little and glance round furtively, as if he feared that a watching eye might read his thoughts.

He turned the matter over in his mind.

The pickpocket—if Parker was a pickpocket—had been spotted near the woodshed, and collared as he fled. If he had thrown away his plunder—granting that he had any plunder—probably he had retained it till the last moment possible.

Loder remembered that Hobson of the Shell had declared positively that Parker had not thrown anything away when he was seized. If he had tossed the plunder away, he had done so somewhere between the woodshed and the Cloisters.

Loder left the walk under the elms and strode away.

(Continued on page 12.)



# FOOTBALL FAVOURITES!

No. 3.  
**CLIFFORD  
BASTIN,**  
of the  
**Arsenal F.C.**



Known to all followers of the Arsenal Club as "Boy" Bastin, and one of the greatest forwards the famous London Club has ever had the good fortune to possess.

By "OLD REF."

### A Marvellous Memory!

**D**URING the football season before last there came from Exeter to London a youth who was tried in the first team of the Arsenal club, and so great was his performance that he has held his position ever since.

Only seventeen, Clifford Sidney Bastin looked younger than his years; moreover, he had so timid a manner and so genteel a demeanour as to suggest that the hurly-burly of First League football was the last thing in the world with which he should have anything to do. He was immediately dubbed with the nickname of "boy," and to-day he is known to all followers of the Arsenal as "Boy" Bastin.

It was just before a League game at Highbury that Chapman introduced this blushing boy—for blush he really did as he was being introduced—to his future colleagues and to me. He couldn't possibly have entered a happier family than that which is officially known as the Arsenal first team; and, after assuring him of this fact, I asked Bastin where and when we had previously met.

Young Clifford Bastin must have a marvellous memory, for he replied without the slightest hesitation: "About four years ago, when I was playing for the English Schools against those of Wales, at Aberdare. Then earlier on this afternoon, when"—and here a twinkle came into his eyes—"I was trying to enter the gate."

### A Professional at Seventeen!

**I** WILL deal with the gate incident first, because it will give an idea of how very youthful was Bastin's appearance when he first entered the Arsenal's enclosure. As most people know, there are many entrances for the public at Highbury, but only one "sacred" gate, which is clearly marked "Officials and Players Only."

I had already entered, when I heard the voice of one of the attendants. "No, my boy," he said in stern tones, "you cannot come in this way." And then, apparently wishing to be on happy terms with everybody, went on: "Perhaps two or three years later, if you become a player, you might one day be allowed in through here."

It was then that I turned and saw the laughing face of the boy, who went on to explain in low tones what I imagined to be his mistake. But I paid no attention, and proceeded on my way. I often wonder what that official thinks when he remembers how he tried to turn away one of the greatest forwards the Arsenal club has ever had the good fortune to possess.

The other occasion referred to by Bastin of my meeting him was at Aberdare, where two teams representing the schools of England and Wales fought for honours. I put up at the same place as the English boys, whose "manager" was a Mr. Yeoman—a schoolmaster friend of mine. Owing to there being a fourteen years age limit, every boy had to produce his birth certificate before the match began.

Mr. Yeoman came from Exeter, and was a master at the school where young Bastin attended, so the latter's certificate had been lodged with him on the previous day. But somehow Mr. Yeoman left the document at his house, and the telegraph wire had to be used in order that Bastin was eligible to play

in the match. And a great game he played for his side, the English boys winning by 2-1.

The following year he played for Exeter reserves, and a year later, when he was sixteen, he was given his place in the first team. But as nobody can be a professional until he is seventeen years of age, he played through the season as an amateur.

Then came his seventeenth birthday, and the signing of professional forms, with an agreement as to the amount of wages. "What am I to get?" asked the boy; and he was overjoyed to learn that the Exeter City club were willing to give him £5 a week during the football season, and £4 during the summer.

But Boy Bastin was not destined to receive much in the way of wages from the Exeter club. Herbert Chapman heard about him, went down to see him perform, and, to make assurance doubly sure, paid a second visit to the "City" ground. In the course of a few hours negotiations between the two clubs were commenced, with the result that, within a day or two, Bastin came to London.

### In Perfect Harmony!

**T**O-DAY, something like two years after his introduction into the highest class football, Boy Bastin is a leading light in the Soccer world, and with James forms one of the most formidable left wings in the country.

One day last season I was at Highbury where, after sitting in the stand for about half an hour, I wriggled my way into the centre of the "shilling" crowd.

I found myself next to that most awful nuisance—a man who, in a loud voice, kept up a running commentary of the game, something like this: "Yes, here they come. Jones has got the ball! Good old Jones! Now then, Jones—pass, my boy! Ah, that's right! See that? That was beautiful! He's passed to Smith! Ah, now he's got it again!" And so on, ad infinitum.

But this time it was a case of Boy Bastin's got it. "Crumbs! Look at the way he fooled that bloke wot tried to rob 'im! Go on, Bastin! Splendid! 'Im and James can kid any defence! Look at 'em now! They go together like yer own two feet—in perfect 'armony!"

Yes, that horrible nuisance of a man, who makes the lives of other football enthusiasts unbearable, had hit upon a phrase which fitted the methods of Bastin and Alec James. They worked together in perfect harmony, even as the feet of a human being.

In Alec James, Bastin has the finest partner in the kingdom, and one who, by example, will, without a shadow of doubt, improve the latter's game beyond all knowledge.

Two months ago I was sitting in the stand of the club whose opponents were the Arsenal. Next to me sat a member of the council of the Football Association, who, at the conclusion of a fine concerted movement by Bastin and James, remarked "What a pity it is that James isn't an Englishman." "Why?" I asked. "Do you covet him for England?" "Not for himself," replied the famous official, "but for Bastin. With those two on the left wing England would be invincible."

Boy Bastin! Boy in year, but a seasoned warrior in tactics, and a valuable asset to Herbert Chapman's wonderful team! The youngest of Chapman's happy family!



The "nuisance" gets going!



## ALL THE FUN OF THE 'FIFTH'!

(Continued from page 10.)

With an assumed air of carelessness he strolled by the old Cloisters. His footsteps led him away round the school buildings, in the direction of the out-houses, of which the woodshed was one. And as he went his eyes searched the ground and every nook and corner.

Had Loder found the old baronet's pocket-book on his way, that article would not have reached Sir Hilton Popper very soon. A fellow who was at his wits' end for money was likely to borrow the required sum from the pocket-book—when that fellow was Gerald Loder!

Certainly Loder, hard up and unscrupulous as he was, had no idea of becoming a thief. His idea was to help himself from the pocket-book, if he found it, and keep the article in hand till he was able to replace the notes. Then he would put the pocket-book in some place where it would be certain to be found by someone else.

Borrowing money without permission had a horrid resemblance to stealing; but there was a distinction, and it was enough to satisfy Loder's conscience—a rather elastic one.

However, there was no pocket-book to be found. That hope proved delusive.

But as he came in sight of the woodshed, from a distance, Loder observed three fellows nearer the building, heading for it. The three were Temple, Dabney, and Fry, of the Fourth Form.

Temple opened the door with a key, and the three juniors went in, the door closing behind them.

Loder stared. Gosling was supposed to keep the key of that shed, and though it was not precisely out of bounds, juniors were not supposed to have any business there. It was a chance for Loder to butt in and indulge his bullying proclivities. But he was too worried about his own problem to give much thought to anything else just then.

He moved on slowly, glancing about him with sharp, furtive eyes. Then Billy Bunter dawned on him suddenly.

Bunter was creeping towards the woodshed. "Creeping" was the word—his whole aspect told of stealth. His little round eyes, behind his big, round spectacles, were fixed on the shed; he trod on tiptoe, and almost suppressed his breathing in his extreme caution.

The Owl of the Remove looked neither to the right nor to the left. His attention was concentrated on the woodshed.

He did not, therefore, observe Loder of the Sixth at a little distance. But Loder observed him.

Loder fixed his eyes on the fat junior in amazement. It dawned upon him that Bunter was stalking the three juniors who had gone to the woodshed; but why he should be doing so was a mystery—unless Temple & Co. had gone there for a feed. And the woodshed was a most unlikely place for a spread on a cold November day.

Billy Bunter crept on, Loder standing and watching him, a grin dawning on his scowling face. There was something rather comic in the short-sighted Owl of the Remove displaying all this stealthy caution, while a fellow was standing only a dozen feet away watching him.

Billy Bunter reached the woodshed. His fat hand glided over the door. It was fast.

The Owl of the Remove moved away to the little window. But a piece of

sacking had been hung over the window, and he could not see within.

"Beasts!" murmured Bunter. He moved back to the door. Loder saw him bend to the keyhole. Then he heard the dulcet tones of the Owl of the Remove.

"I say, you fellows! You let me in! I know you've got it! You let me in, and we'll go halves in the reward!"

There was an angry exclamation inside the shed.

"That fat frump again!" Bunter thumped on the door.

"I say, you fellows!" "Cut off, you fat idiot!"

"Yah! I know you've got it! Look here, if you don't let me in, and go halves, I'll jolly well tell Quelch that you're pinching old Popper's pocket-book, so there!"

Loder jumped. "By gad!" came Temple's voice, in tones of concentrated fury. "I'll go out and burst that fat frog all over Greyfriars."

"Beast!" "Go away, you flabby freak!"

"Yah! Pincher! Yah!" "Good gad!" breathed Loder. He had not found the pocket-book; but he seemed to be getting news of it now.

"I say, you fellows, I mean it!" howled Bunter. "We'll go halves if you like; but if you don't do the fair thing, I'll jolly well give you away. You're jolly well not going to stick to that pocket-book. Do you call it honest? I say—Yarooooooh!"

Bunter broke off with a yelp, as the door of the woodshed burst suddenly open, and Temple, Dabney and Fry rushed out.

They did not waste words on Bunter. They hurled themselves upon him, and smote him hip and thigh. Billy Bunter hardly knew what was happening to him. He had a vague impression that it was an earthquake.

"Bump him!" "Rag him!" "Burst him!" "Kick him back to the House!"

"Yaroooh! Help! I say, you fellows, I won't give you away!" shrieked Bunter. "I won't—yaroooh!—tell anybody you've—whoop!—pinched old Popper's pocket-book! Yaroooh! I say—Yoooooooop!"

For the second time that day Billy Bunter departed from the vicinity of the woodshed, with Temple, Dabney and Fry dribbling him like a football.

The excited Fifth-Formers did not observe Loder, looking on from a distance; at all events, they did not heed him. They gave William George Bunter their whole attention.

Bunter roared and ran, letting out a frantic yell at every step. Pursued and pursuers vanished round the school buildings.

Loder stared after them till they were gone.

Then, with a very thoughtful expression on his face, Loder of the Sixth walked away. Loder was feeling pretty certain now that he knew where to look for Sir Hilton Popper's pocket-book.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### No Luck for Loder!

"TEMPLE! Dabney! Fry!" "Oh! Yes, Loder!" Temple & Co., having chased the hapless Owl of the Remove half-way to the House, and bestowed upon him more kicks than they could have counted, turned to retrace their

steps. They were satisfied that Bunter, for the present at least, would not trouble them any more with his undesired company.

But they had to stop as Loder rapped out their names.

They stopped, looking rather uneasily at the bully of the Sixth. They had dealt with Bunter as he merited, and given him only that for which he had asked. But Loder of the Sixth was a prefect, and a Sixth Form prefect did not always see eye to eye with juniors in such matters.

Loder gave them a grim look.

"You young hooligans!" he said. "Go into the House at once! Take a hundred lines each, and bring them to my study before tea."

"I—I say, Loder—" stammered Temple.

"That's enough!" snapped Loder. "Don't leave the House till your lines are done."

There was no gainsaying a command from the prefect. Temple & Co. trailed away into the House.

They gave one another furious looks as they went.

"That tears it!" growled Temple. "It's lock-up after tea, and we shan't be able to get to the woodshed again to-night."

"It's that fat brute Bunter's fault!" grunted Fry. "I don't see why Loder wanted to drop on us for kicking him. Fat lot he cares whether a Remove fag is kicked or not."

"We've left the door unlocked, too," muttered Temple.

"You've left it unlocked you mean."

"Look here, Fry—" "Well, you've got the key!" said Fry. "If that fat boulder goes nosing round the woodshed again, he will spot the guy, and those cads in the Remove will tumble, and make an end of it."

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney. "If I'd had the key, I should have locked the door," remarked Fry.

Cecil Reginald Temple gave him a glare.

"You can have the key if you like, and cut out and lock up the shed," he grunted.

"Not with Loder prowling about, thanks," said Fry. "Lines are enough for me; I don't want the ashplant."

"Oh, blow Loder!" "Well, you cut out—" suggested Fry.

"Oh, don't be an ass!"

"Well, you left the shed unlocked—"

"Shut up, for goodness' sake."

The three Fourth-Formers, in an intensely exasperated frame of mind, went to their study to do their lines. Loder of the Sixth had ordered them to remain in the House till their lines were done, and they did not want trouble with Loder. The effigy of Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh, in the woodshed, had to take its chance.

But there was, if Temple & Co. had only known it, no danger of Billy Bunter discovering that "guy."

Having taken measures with Temple & Co., Gerald Loder proceeded at once to look for Billy Bunter. He did not have to look far. A sound of gasping and grunting, of gurgling and spluttering, revealed Billy Bunter's whereabouts to any fellow who wanted to find him. The Owl of the Remove was leaning on one of the old elms, struggling for his second wind, when Loder bore down on him.

"Oooogh! Oooogh! Grooogh! Beasts!" gurgled Bunter. "Oh crikey! Owl! Ooooooch! Oooooogh!"



"Stop that row, Bunter!" snapped Loder.

Bunter blinked round at him.

"Ow! I say, Loder—"

"Have you done your lines?" demanded Loder.

"Eh! I haven't any lines."

"I gave you fifty lines," said Loder.

"I—I say, you didn't really," gasped Bunter. "It must have been some other fellow, Loder! You're always giving fellows lines, you know."

"What?"

"Honest Injun!" groaned Bunter. "You're mixing me up with some other fellow, Loder. Perhaps it was Wharton."

"Have you done the lines?"

"Nunno! You never gave me any, really—"

"That's enough! Go into the House and write them at once. If they're not handed in by tea-time, look out for six!"

"Oh crumbs!"

Loder strode away, leaving Bunter glaring after him, with a glare that almost cracked his spectacles.

"Beast!" gasped Bunter.

He rolled away dismally to the House. If Loder declared that he had given him lines, those lines had to be written; but Bunter felt that it was frightfully unjust—as indeed it was. Wrath and dismay mingled in his fat face, as he rolled into his Study, No. 7 in the Remove.

"I say, Toddy!" gasped Bunter.

"That awful beast Loder says he gave me lines, and he never did, you know."

Peter Todd grinned.

"I dare say he gave some man lines, and forgot which man it was," he remarked. "You get the benefit of it, old fat bean."

"I say, Peter, I think you might do half the lines, in the circumstances, you know."

"Think again!" suggested Peter.

"Beast!"

And Bunter sat down to lines.

Meanwhile, Gerald Loder was walking away cheerfully in the direction of the woodshed. Temple & Co. and Billy Bunter were safely off the scene; and Loder was at liberty to investigate in the shed without danger of interruption from them. If Billy Bunter was right in his suspicion that Temple & Co. had found the missing pocket-book and hidden it in the woodshed, Loder was safe to annex the little loan he so badly required to satisfy his sporting friend. Loder flattered himself that he had managed this little matter rather well.

But Loder's luck, which seemed to be in, was, after all, out. As he



Thud! Loder hit out, straight from the shoulder, with all his beef behind the drive, and Mr. Parker was hurled backwards from the window. "Crimes!" he gasped, seeing stars.

approached the shed he saw the glimmer of a candle from the window.

The doorway was open; and, halting at a distance, Loder beheld the figure of Gosling, the porter, moving in the shed.

He gritted his teeth.

It was still daylight outside, but it was deeply dusky in the shed; and Gosling had lighted a candle to see his way about there. The flickering light was moving to and fro, as if the old porter was rooting about in every corner of the little building. Apparently he was looking for something.

Loder, for a moment, wondered what it was and then he guessed. Gosling was still hunting for the lost pocket-book.

"The old fool!" breathed Loder.

He stood in the shadow of a building and waited impatiently. He had cleared the juniors away from the place; but he could not clear Gosling away, that shed being Gosling's own domain. He waited for the ancient porter to go.

But Gosling was not in a hurry to go.

Having drawn the open spaces blank, it had occurred to Gosling that the thief might have tossed the plunder into one of the outhouses he had passed in his flight; and Gosling was as keen on a reward as Billy Bunter himself.

He continued to root about the shed, Loder waiting with savage impatience. He could not approach the place while

Gosling was there; certainly he could not risk letting Gosling suspect his keen interest in Sir Hilton Popper's pocket-book. He waited, while the November dusk fell fast.

Gosling quitted the shed at last. He came out, closed the door, and Loder heard the grating of a key as he locked it.

Loder breathed hard through his nose. Temple of the Fourth had a key to the shed, he knew, but he had left the door unlocked. Gosling had another key, and he carefully locked the door for the night.

The old porter tramped away, grunting. Evidently he had made no discovery in the woodshed.

Loder waited till he disappeared in the thickening shadows, and then approached the shed himself. The door was locked and the little window fastened inside. There was no entrance for Loder without forcing either door or window.

And Gerald Loder's feelings were really too deep for words as he tramped away to the House.

**THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.**  
Up to Wharton!

"I SAY, you fellows!"  
"Prep!" said Harry Wharton.  
"Oh, blow prep!" said Billy Bunter.  
Wharton and Nugent, in Study No. 1  
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(Continued page 13.)

in the Remove passage, waved impatient hands at the fat figure in the doorway.

It was the hour of evening prep; and prep had to be done. They were quite as willing to "blow" prep as Bunter was, if it came to that. But prep was not, so to speak, blowable. Mr. Quelch had to be faced in the morning; and Quelch was not a master to be trifled with.

Bunter, however, was thinking of more important things than prep, and was apparently prepared to chance it with Quelch.

"I say, you fellows, this is rather urgent!" insisted Bunter. "Leave that tripe alone for a minute and listen to a chap."

"Fathead! Bunk! Scoot! Disappear! Vanish!"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Buzz the inkpot at him!" said Nugent.

"Oh, really, Franky—"

"Hook it, you owl!"

"I'm not bothering about prep," said Bunter. "Just chuck it, see? I tell you the matter's urgent. I can't afford to throw away five pounds simply because you fellows are keen on prep. You can't expect it."

For the moment Wharton and Nugent forgot prep as they heard that surprising statement; and they stared blankly at Bunter.

"You howling ass!" exclaimed Wharton. "What the thump do you mean, if you've got brains enough to mean anything?"

"Not that a fiver is much to me, as a rule," pursued Bunter. "As you know, I get whacking remittances from Bunter Court."

"Have you butted in on prep to tell us that?" shrieked Nugent.

"Well, you know it," said Bunter. "But the fact is, I've been disappointed about a postal order."

"Whac?"

"Did I mention to you fellows that I was expecting a postal order?" asked Bunter, blinking at the juniors seriously through his big spectacles.

"Did you?" gasped Wharton. "Yes, I think you did! I rather fancy I remember something of the sort."

"Well, it hasn't come," said Bunter. "In the circus, old Popper's fiver would come in remarkably useful. Temporarily, I'm short of money. Well, old Popper can't squeeze out less than a fiver to a chap who finds a pocket-book crammed with banknotes and things, can he?"

"Have you found Popper's pocket-book?" asked Wharton blankly. "I never believed it was inside the school at all."

"I haven't exactly found it; but I know where to put my finger on it," explained Bunter.

"You'd better get it and take it to Quelch at once, then."

"They've hidden it."

"They? Who? What?"

"Temple and his gang, you know! They found it, and they've hidden it in the woodshed somewhere. They're trying to pinch it," explained Bunter. "I told you so this morning, and you wouldn't listen to a chap."

"You frabjous ass!" said Harry. "Temple wouldn't do anything of the kind, and you'd know it if you weren't a dishonest little beast yourself and judged other fellows by your own measure."

"If you fellows were as high-principled as I am, you'd do," said Bunter calmly. "That's what I find rotten at this school—there's hardly a man here with my principles. I've often wondered whether I mightn't grow selfish and unscrupulous myself, in the long run. You know, the proverb says that 'Evil communications corrupt good manners.'"

"Ye gods!" murmured the captain of the Remove.

"They've got it," said Bunter positively. "Why do they sneak to the woodshed on the quiet for if they've got nothing to hide? Sneaking in and locking the door, and kicking a fellow if he happens to stroll around by sheer chance? They're jolly well hiding something there; and what is it if it isn't old Popper's pocket-book?"

"Ass!"

"Temple was the chap who happened on that thief Parker yesterday, too," said Bunter. "The man was actually in the woodshed, and jumped out on Temple. That was when he dropped the pocket-book, of course, and Temple saw it and snooped it. I've thought it out, and I can jolly well tell you that I see it all."

"Idiot!"

"They've got it hidden in the woodshed," continued Bunter. "That's as plain as your face—and that's saying a lot! He, he, he! I suppose they help themselves to the currency notes every now and then—they'd hardly dare to bring the thing into the House. Anyhow, they've got it."

"Dummy!"

"I'd have searched the woodshed for it, after Loder sent them in," said Bunter. "Loder gave them lines for kicking me, and sent them into the House—rather decent of Loder for once. That kept them out of the way; but that beast Loder came down on me, and pretended he'd given me lines, and sent me into the House, too. So a fellow hadn't a chance. As the matter stands, it's up to you, Wharton."

"Eh! What?"

"They know I know they've got it!" explained Bunter. "They're sure to shift it out of the woodshed as soon as they can get at it, and that will be first thing in the morning. See? Well, Temple's got a key. He must have sneaked one of Gosling's keys. The shed will be locked up for the night; Gosling sees to that. But that's all right if a fellow's got a key. You can handle Temple, Wharton."

"C-c-can I?"

"Yes, old chap! You're a splendid fighting-man—wonderful boxer—brave as a lion, and all that!"

"Great pip!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Nugent. Billy Bunter was evidently prepared to hand out "soft sawder" in any quantities required for his purpose.

"And, after all I've done for you, you're bound to stand by a chap," said

Bunter. "I suppose you haven't forgotten how I saved your life on that trip to Africa in the vac?"

"I have—if you did!"

"Oh, really, Wharton! Look here, you go to Temple's study and get that key off him. You can handle him all right. Punch him in the eye if he kicks up a fuss—see? In fact, you'd better lick him, anyhow. I owe him a licking for kicking me—"

"You'd better go and pay your debts yourself!" chuckled Wharton.

"I disdain to soil my hands on the fellow! Besides, you're a better boxer than I am, old chap."

"You don't say so!" said Wharton, with deep sarcasm.

"I do, old fellow! You haven't my pluck, perhaps, but you're a good boxer, and you can handle Temple all right. Well, get that key off him and hand it over to me. It's pretty risky getting out of the House after lock-up, but I'm prepared to take that risk, and—"

"And the pocket-book?" grinned Nugent.

"I'm not the fellow to pinch it, like Temple's doing," said Bunter. "I shall expect a reward for finding it, of course. Old Popper is bound to cough up a fiver at least. Temple's not after the reward, or he would have shown up the plunder before this. It's pretty thick for a Greyfriars man to steal a pocket-book, isn't it?"

"You howling chump!" exclaimed Wharton. "Can't you understand that if Temple found the pocket-book he would hand it over at once?"

"Rot! What's he hiding in the woodshed, then?"

"Blessed if I know, or care! Certainly not old Popper's pocket-book. Now if you've said your piece, blow away, and let's get on with prep."

"Never mind prep," said Bunter. "I want you to get that key off Temple. I shall stand a spread with the reward, and ask you fellows."

"Shut the door after you."

"If you're afraid of Temple of the Fourth, Wharton—"

"Buzz off, idiot!"

"I don't think you ought to back up Temple in pinching a pocket-book, Wharton. That's what the bobbies call confounding a felony."

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the two juniors in Study No. 1. Possibly Bunter meant compounding a felony.

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! Look here, very likely Temple may sneak out of House bounds and hide that pocket-book in some other place now he knows that I'm on the track. There's no time to be lost! I want you to go—"

"Same here. I want you to go," said Wharton; "and if you don't go, you'll get a boot to help you!"

Billy Bunter blinked suspiciously at the captain of the Remove.

"I say, have you got it?" he exclaimed.

"Wha-a-at?"

"Have you got it?" demanded Bunter. "If you've gone rooting in the woodshed and found that pocket-book—"

"I!" gasped Wharton.

"Well, it looks like it! You just hand it over, if you've got it," said Bunter warmly. "I'm surprised at you, Wharton! I thought you honest."

"You—you—you thought me honest!" stammered Wharton.

"Well, you never had my principles," said Bunter. "But I thought you were above pinching a man's pocket-book, I must say that. Look here, if you've cut



in and snooped that pocket-book, I can only say— Yaroooh! Whoop! Whoop! Help! Murder! Fire! Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

That was not what Billy Bunter had intended to say. He said it quite involuntarily as Harry Wharton jumped up, grasped him by the collar, and banged his head on the study door.

Bang, bang, bang!  
"There!" gasped Wharton. "There, you fat villain! Take that, you frowsy, frabjous, fatheaded frump! And that—and that—"

"Yaroooh! Help!"  
Bang, bang!  
Bump!  
Billy Bunter flew into the passage. He landed there with a wild roar. The door of Study No. 1 slammed after him. Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent resumed prep, and Bunter was left to roar.

**THE NINTH CHAPTER.**  
**Simply Awful!**

**L**ODER of the Sixth opened his study window, put his head out into the damp November darkness, and listened.

He listened intently, though there was nothing for him to hear, save the wail of the November wind from the sea and the rustling of leafless old branches of elms.

Greyfriars School was in darkness. Gerald Loder, probably, was the only fellow in the school who was not fast asleep. But Gerald Loder was very wide-awake indeed.

His face was a little pale, his eyes uneasy, as he peered into the dim night. All was dark, dismal, silent, deserted; not a single light gleamed from the many-windowed facade of the old House.

Loder made up his mind at last. He felt in his pocket, to ascertain that something was there, and dropped from his window-sill to the ground. He left the window an inch or so ajar, easy to push up on his return. It was not the first time by many that Loder of the Sixth had broken bounds at night, but on this occasion his object was not to prowl down to the Cross Keys or the Three Fishers to meet rowdy sporting men. And the hour was later than was usual for Loder's shady escapades; it was nearly midnight. Loder, this time, had no intention of going beyond the precincts of the school; his destination, in fact, being no farther off than the woodshed among the outhouses behind the school buildings.

Quietly, with beating heart, Loder trod away in the gloom.

There was little danger of discovery; Sixth Form prefects were trusted by the Head, and certainly no one was likely to visit Loder's room at that time of night in his absence. But Loder's heart was beating unpleasantly, all the same.

Like a shadow he flitted in the dim, damp gloom. The whole building was buried in slumber; no sound came to him but the sigh of the wind.

He reached the woodshed at last. There he stopped, crouched against the building, looking about him furtively and listening.

He told himself over and over again that there was no danger; that there could be none. But a guilty conscience was an uneasy companion in the solitude and darkness of a winter midnight.

But he took a grip on his nerve and

pulled himself together. The door of the woodshed was locked, as Gosling had left it, but it was upon the little window that Loder bestowed his attention.

It was a small casement window, fastened inside by a simple catch, and easy enough to force from outside with a chisel. Loder had a chisel in his pocket, placed there in readiness. With a hand that shook a little he forced the steel between the window and the frame. The old window was loose enough; the chisel penetrated without difficulty. Then Loder wrenched on it, and there was a sharp crack from the casement—a crack, as the wood strained under the chisel, that sounded like a pistol-shot to Loder's startled ears.

He ceased work at once, his heart thumping, and stared round him with unquiet eyes.

He had a hideous feeling of acting like a burglar; like some prowling thief of the night.

But he paused only for a moment or two. Then he wrenched on the chisel again, and there was another crack from the straining wood.

Another and another crack, and the catch within parted and the casement flew open.

Loder panted.

The window was small, but it was amply large enough for a fellow to crawl through. Loder put in his head and shoulders and clambered.

A minute more and he was within the shed.

He closed the window carefully. A piece of sacking hung from a couple of nails over the window, and Loder replaced it in position to screen the panes, though as he did so he wondered why it was there. The shed window was never curtained, but the sacking had evidently been hung up to serve as a curtain. Why, Loder did not know; but he was glad that it was there. He had to turn on a light, and he was glad that it would be screened from without, unlikely as it was that any eye would be at hand to see it.

Standing in the middle of the shed, breathing hard, Loder felt in his pocket for his electric torch.

His heart was thumping fast. But for the fact that he was in sore need of money, that some of his sporting friends were urging and threatening him, the sportsman of the Sixth certainly would not have been there at all.

Loder was a blackguard, but he had his limits, and the bare thought of theft  
*(Continued on next page.)*

**GREYFRIARS HEROES.—No. 8.**

This week the Greyfriars Rhymester pictures in verse the hero worshipped by Cecil Reginald Temple—the dude of the Fourth.

**W**HEN Temple is worshipping his little hero  
He's often been heard to declare

That school lowers all a man's spirits to zero

And makes him give way to despair.  
Says he: "I may mention I have the intention

Of taking a house up in town,  
Like Marmaduke Reginald Guy de Montmorency  
Lancelot Beverley Browne."

This Marmaduke Browne is a dandyish loafer,

Residing in Grosvenor Square;  
He owns his own valet and footman and chauffeur;

His manners are quite debonair;  
He reckons up dozens of dukes for his cousins;

In short, he's a man of renown,  
Is Marmaduke Reginald Guy de Montmorency  
Lancelot Beverley Browne.

At every reception and party in season  
You'll find him in evidence there,  
Smiling politely without any reason

And smoothing his glossy black hair.  
He never depresses the many countesses  
Who look for a smile or a frown

From Marmaduke Reginald Guy de Montmorency  
Lancelot Beverley Browne.



The end of the summer finds Marmaduke potting

The grouse as they fly through the air;

In August you'll see him at Cowes for the yachting;

Next month at his mansion in Clare;  
And then if you visit the Duke of What-Is-It

At Monte, the first man you're shown  
Is Marmaduke Reginald Guy de Montmorency

Lancelot Beverley Browne.

His valet lays out the most marvellous clothing

For his haughty highness to wear;  
For Marmaduke looks on his garments with loathing

If they are not tailored with care;  
He holds that a fellow when toggged up in yellow

Appears nothing more than a clown,  
Docs Marmaduke Reginald Guy de Montmorency

Lancelot Beverley Browne.

In spite of the fact that he's languid and sloppy--

A bird that is not very rare—  
Young Marmy's the hero that Temple would copy,

Or so we have heard him declare;  
When Temple leaves college we freely acknowledge

We have not a doubt he'll have grown  
Like Marmaduke Reginald Guy de Montmorency

Lancelot Beverley Browne.



made him shudder. He tried to think that "borrowing" a bunch of currency notes from Sir Hilton Popper's pocket-book was something quite different; that when he replaced them later, and allowed the pocket-book to be found, his conscience would be clear.

But self-deception was not easy, when all the time he had a horrid feeling of being a creeping, prowling thief. Suppose he was found there, with the pocket-book in his hand? Suppose some prying eye saw him extracting the borrowed notes? It was a shuddering thought, and it made Loder peer round in the dusky interior of the shed with fearful eyes.

But he took his nerve in both hands, as it were. He was there to get hold of the plunder, and he was going to do it.

There was little doubt in Loder's mind that the plunder was there. Those young rascals of the Fourth had found it, and concealed it, instead of giving it up at once, as they ought to have done.

Obviously, Temple & Co. had some secret in the woodshed. That was a certainty. What else could the secret be? A Remove bag had openly, in Loder's hearing, accused them of having found the pocket-book and kept it. The thing could hardly be clearer, Loder considered—the wish, perhaps, being father to the thought. Anyhow, if the plunder was there, he was going to find it.

He took out his pocket-torch, turned on the light, and flashed it round him in the gloom.

"Urrrrrrggghh!"

It was a husky ejaculation of utter terror that broke from him disjointedly, as the light flashed on a pair of greenish eyes that glared at him from the gloom.

He shut off the light instantly.

His heart beat almost to suffocation.

He was not alone in the woodshed.

There was no sound—not the slightest sound, save the thumping of his own terrified heart. But someone was there—some hidden figure that lurked in the darkness, his greenish eyes fixed on Loder!

Terror fairly over-mastered the wretched sportsman of the Sixth. He made a blundering movement towards the door, and grasped the handle. Then he remembered that the door was locked.

He stood palpitating, crouched against the door, fearful of feeling the sudden spring of the hidden man in the darkness. In those fearful moments Gerald Loder would have given all Sir Hilton's banknotes, and Popper Court thrown in, to have been safe back in his room in the House. Anywhere—anywhere but locked in the shed with that hidden, silent, eerie unknown, whose greenish eyes had glittered, for one awful moment, in the blaze of the torch.

Moments passed—minutes passed—and the wild throbbing of his heart calmed a little as there was no sound or movement.

He made a move at last towards the window. His thought was of escape before the unseen one could seize upon him.

But at the window he stopped again.

To clamber out, he had to turn his back on that awful, unseen figure, and in that case—His flesh crept at the thought of feeling the clutch of the unseen upon him from behind.

He put his back to the window; he dared not turn his back on the spot whence those greenish eyes had glared so horribly.

He listened desperately. There was no sound. It was minutes, long

minutes, since he had flashed on the light, but the unknown had not stirred.

Who was it? What was it? What could it mean? It could not be anyone belonging to the school. That was impossible. But who else could be in Gosling's woodshed at midnight? Was it a human being at all—or some grisly phantom of the night?

Suddenly a thought that came as a deep relief flashed into Loder's mind. Parker, of course!

He almost gasped with relief.

But for his terror, he would have guessed it sooner! Who could it be but the pickpocket, Alfred Herbert Parker?

He had dropped the pocket-book there, and he had come back at night to look for it! Perhaps he had not dared to come back on Monday night—so soon after the excitement in the school—or perhaps he had failed to find the place in the foggy November night. Anyhow, the intruder in the woodshed could only be Parker.

That was why he was keeping so silent—thinking, perhaps, that Loder had not seen him!

Loder was greatly relieved. He was not afraid of Parker. The thought that it could only be the shifty, squat pickpocket in the woodshed, came like a tonic to him. He braced up at once!

"So it's you, you scoundrel!" said Loder, between his teeth. "You've come back for your plunder have you, you rascal?"

There was no reply.

"I know you're there!" said Loder. "You may as well speak up, Parker! I know you're there, and I know who you are."

Silence!

Loder lifted his torch and flashed on the light—guarding with his left at the same moment, fearful of a rush.

The beam of light flashed across the shed, and picked up the figure that stood in the corner.

It scintillated on a pair of glimmering, greenish eyes, as before. But this time Loder did not shut it off. The light hung on the face to which the eyes belonged, and Loder stared at it, his own eyes almost starting from his head.

It was not Parker!

It was a hideous black face that caught the light of the torch—the face of some fearful-looking negro!

Loder uttered a squeal of amazement and fright.

The torch wavered in his shaking hand, casting strange lights and shadows round the shed. The figure in the corner did not stir. It remained absolutely motionless, its greenish eyes glimmering at Loder, its hideous black face absolutely devoid of life or expression.

Had it stirred, Loder would have hurled the torch at it, and scrambled madly through the window to escape. But it did not stir! Save for the scintillation of the greenish, glassy eyes in the light, it seemed lifeless, or, at least, unconscious.

Loder steadied his hand. He concentrated the light on the hideous black face. A strange suspicion was rising in his mind. He approached the still figure—he stared at it—he glared at it—and he gritted his teeth with fury!

His fears vanished. It was not, obviously, Parker, the pickpocket! Neither was it some savage and ferocious black man! It was not a human being at all—he saw that now! And, with feelings that were too deep for words, Loder of the Sixth stood staring at the Fourth Form guy!

## THE TENTH CHAPTER.

### Painful for Parker!

"—A—A guy!"

Loder breathed the words. It was a relief. But it was intensely exasperating and enraging. He had gone through awful spasms of terror—on account of a Fifth of November effigy! He had palpitated with fright at the proximity of a guy destined for the bonfire on the following day. The sweat of fear was still trickling down his face—exuding on account of a miserable Guy Fawkes' guy, the handiwork of some idiotic junior!

Loder breathed hard and deep. He would have liked to see the junior who had manufactured that guy, at that moment. He would have liked to thump him, and punch him, and whop him, till he howled for mercy, and was no longer pleased to remember the Fifth of November! He would have liked to make a fearful example of the young idiot who had given him those spasms of terror.

Still, it was a relief.

The tenant of the woodshed, terrifying enough when half-seen in the dark, was robbed of his terrors now.

Loder stepped closer to the guy. He gave it a swipe on the side of the head, and the figure pitched over. Then he stamped on it.

The guy did not seem to mind. Straw exuded from it in several places, as pins and buttons burst under Loder's savage stamping. Its greenish glass eyes glared up at Loder as he lay. Otherwise it took no notice of Loder.

"The silly little idiots!" snarled Loder.

He found some solace in stamping on Temple & Co.'s guy. But that amusement soon palled, and he remembered what he had come to the woodshed for.

But with that remembrance came a doubt.

The discovery of the guy let in a flood of light on Temple & Co.'s reason for visiting the woodshed so secretly.

Evidently the guy was their property and their handiwork. They must have tipped Gosling to let them have a key to the woodshed, to keep the guy there. It was on account of the guy that they had come to the place—and that young idiot Bunter had jumped to a wrong conclusion. That was dawning on Loder now.

For some reason Temple & Co. were keeping that hideous guy a secret till Bonfire Day. Bunter, knowing nothing of the guy, but knowing that they had some secret in the woodshed, suspected them of having found old Popper's pocket-book and hidden it there! It was exactly what the fat and fatuous Owl, the biggest fool at Greyfriars, would suspect—just the suspicion that would come to the silliest head in the school! Loder forgot, for the moment, that the same suspicion had been in his own silly head!

"Hang them!" muttered Loder savagely.

He shut off the light.

He had discovered the secret of the woodshed; and that secret was a Fifth of November guy! It was to make that interesting discovery that he had crept out of the house like a thief in the night and burgled the window of Gosling's shed!

Temple & Co. know nothing of the missing pocket-book. That was pretty clear now! It was that ridiculous, that idiotic guy, that had been their reason for coming to the shed!

Loder snarled with rage.

He realised now that he had come on





"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Dabney and Fry, as Temple fixed a label to the guy. "Not so much row, old beans," said Temple. "Those Remove cads are across the field!" The Fourth-Formers were unaware of the fact that Mr. Parker was watching the proceedings from the fence.

a fool's errand. He had swallowed Bunter's absurd suspicions whole; and it was only because of the streak of rascality in his own nature that he had believed the Fourth Form juniors capable of such rascality. Three young idiots had made an idiotic guy secretly; another young idiot had idiotically suspected them wrongfully; and Loder had been the biggest idiot of the lot!

In the light of this new knowledge it was useless to search the woodshed for what Temple & Co. had hidden there—as they had obviously hidden nothing but that absurd guy.

Loder turned to the window. The best thing he could do, in the circumstances, was to return to his room, which he had been an idiot to leave, and got to bed. On the morrow he would take it out of Bunter! There was some little satisfaction in that prospect.

His hand was on the burgled casement, when suddenly he let go of it, as if it had been red-hot.

Once more his heart jumped into his mouth.

In the stillness of the night there was a footfall outside. It was faint, but it was unmistakable!

Somebody was outside the woodshed! Loder stood transfixed.

Someone had seen him leave the House! Someone had followed him! How was he to explain this escapade?

Who was it? Some master—or the Head himself? Whoever it was, he was just outside the window, and there was no escape for Loder! He was cornered in the shed, booked to be discovered there; and as he heard a hand groping over the window, he cudgelled his

wretched brains for some explanation that he could give.

The casement slid open. Against the darkness of the November night a head and shoulders showed like a black shadow in the square of the window.

"Crimes!" muttered a low voice. "This 'ere is luck! The blooming winder's open! Jes' luck, this 'ere is!"

Loder suppressed a gasp. That muttering voice certainly belonged to nobody who belonged to Greyfriars! But Loder had heard it before! It was the voice of Alfred Herbert Parker!

It was the pickpocket! Had he, after all, dropped the pocket-book there? If so, it was amazing that Temple & Co. had not found it. Had they, after all, found it and hidden it, as Bunter believed?

Loder's brain was in a whirl. Anyhow, there was no doubt that it was Alfred Herbert Parker who was peering in at the window.

Loder stood silent in the shadows. Mr. Parker's bullet head and torn and tattered cap were inserted in at the window. He was peering about him as if uncertain.

"This 'ere is the place!" Loder heard the low muttering voice again. "I'll stake my davy this 'ere is the blinking shed where I saw that blinking guy! Alfred, old man, you're all right!"

A sudden beam of light shot across the shed.

It came from a pocket torch turned on by the man at the window. It was directed towards the corner of the shed where the guy had been standing.

It missed Loder, who stood well aside from the window. Obviously, Mr. Parker had no suspicion that Loder, or anyone else, was in the shed. But he certainly knew that the guy was there, for he shot the beam of light straight at the spot where it had been standing before Loder had knocked it over. And the discovery that that corner was now vacant startled Mr. Parker. He uttered a sharp exclamation

"Crimes! It's gorn!" Loder could only stand amazed. Apparently it was that idiotic guy that Parker was after! What he could possibly want with it was an insoluble mystery to Loder.

"Gorn!" repeated Mr. Parker, in dismay. "My eyes! Alfred, my boy, you're done! If you'd 'opped in last night you'd have got it! Risky it was, coming back the same night, with the coveys p'raps watching for a bloke! But 'ow was a covey to know they'd shift it? They don't want to burn a blooming guy before the fifth, and it's only the blinking fourth, so what have they shifted the blighter for? I ask you, Alfred!"

But the next moment Alfred was relieved. The shifting beam of the torch fell on the prostrate figure, lying where Loder had left it.

Mr. Parker gave a gasp of relief. "You fool, you!" he remarked, addressing himself. "It's there all right, only it's fell down! You're in luck, Alfred, old bean—you're in luck arter all!"

Mr. Parker shut off the light and began to clamber in at the window.



Loder woke to action.

What the man wanted with Temple's guy was an amazing mystery. It might have fetched a few shillings, if he had been able to sell it on the morrow for some Guy Fawkes' celebration. That seemed hardly worth the trouble and risk he was taking.

But whatever Mr. Parker was up to, Loder did not want Mr. Parker or anybody else to see him out of the House at midnight. He had come there on a fool's errand; and now all he wanted was to keep the whole thing dark. Breaking House bounds at night was an awfully serious matter.

It was quite easy to deal with Mr. Parker, as he had not the faintest suspicion that an enemy was at hand.

As the bullet head came farther through the window, and Mr. Parker grunted and clambered, Loder stepped towards him.

His right arm was drawn back.

Thud!

Loder hit out, straight from the shoulder, with all his beef behind the drive.

Mr. Parker got it in the eye!

In all the wide world there never was a more surprised gentleman than Mr. Parker at that thrilling moment.

What had hit him he did not know. But he knew—he could not help knowing—that something hard and heavy crashed into his shifty, beady eye and hurled him backwards from the window.

Crash!

Mr. Parker landed on his back outside the woodshed.

"Crimes!" he gasped. "Strike me! Crimes!"

He lay dizzily on his back, blinking up at the gloomy November sky with one eye. The other was hermetically sealed.

Loder plunged through the window. He had no time to lose. He came out headlong, and landed on Mr. Parker with a bump.

"Ow!" roared Mr. Parker. "Oooooh! Crimes! Who's that? Yawp!"

He half-rose.

But he did not quite rise, for Loder's clenched fist caught him on the jaw, and he rolled over, yelling.

Loder leaped to his feet and ran.

Mr. Parker staggered up.

One hand was pressed, in anguish, to a closed eye. With the other eye he blinked round him wildly.

"Ow! Oh crimes! 'Ands off!" gasped Mr. Parker. "Oh lummy!"

And he ran.

Who had knocked him down was a mystery to Mr. Parker. He had seen only a black shadow in the dark. But it was clear to him that his presence was known—that bang in the eye left him in no doubt on that subject. The open spaces called to Mr. Parker.

Still clasping his damaged eye, Mr. Parker stumbled away in the gloom, only anxious to get away before he was pursued and collared.

He dropped from the school wall and vanished into the night.

And while Mr. Parker—still holding his eye—was running as fast as his legs could carry him—Loder of the Sixth was clambering in at his study window.

He dropped into the study, shut the window after him, and gasped with relief. To Mr. Parker he gave no further thought—he did not care two straws whether the sneak-thief stole Temple's guy or not.

But Mr. Parker was not interested in that guy now, nor even in what was concealed inside it. In dread of pursuit and capture, Mr. Parker was hitting the open spaces—still clasping his eye!

## THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

### A Change of Quarters!

"WHAT the thump—" ejaculated Temple of the Fourth. Temple & Co. had turned out at the first clang of the rising-bell in the morning.

It was the morning of the Fifth of November, the anniversary of that ancient attempt of Mr. Fawkes to put a stop to the flow of Parliamentary eloquence by methods which, perhaps, were rather too drastic.

Temple & Co. were down early, and before prayers they cut round to the woodshed. They were anxious about their guy.

Bunter's absurd suspicion that they

had bagged Sir Hilton Popper's pocket-book and hidden it in the woodshed did not worry Temple & Co much—except that it was likely that the Owl of the Remove would go rooting about the place looking for it.

In that case, he would not discover the pocket-book, but he would discover the guy, and the jape on the Remove would be a frost. For it was quite certain that if the Famous Five learned that the Fourth-Formers were "guying" a member of the famous Co. they would take prompt and effective measures. In the circumstances, Temple & Co. had determined to remove the effigy to some safer place. That could only be done before any of the other fellows were about, and the Fourth Form trio arrived at the woodshed when the rising-bell had only stopped a few minutes.

But early as they were, they were not the first on the scene.

Gosling was there!

The ancient porter of Greyfriars was grunting emphatically as he stared at the open window and the broken catch.

He looked round as the juniors came up, and he heard Temple's exclamation.

"Look 'ere," said Gosling gruffly, "wot I says is this 'ere, Mr. Temple! This 'ere won't do, sir, and well you knows it!"

"What on earth's happened?" exclaimed Temple.

"Course you don't know!" said Gosling sarcastically. "You ain't lost the key and bunged in the winder! Oh, no!"

"Certainly not!" snapped Temple. "I've got the key in my pocket! Here it is."

Gosling stared at the key as Cecil Reginald produced it.

"Well, if you got the key, wot did you bung in the winder for?" he demanded. "Busting a winder—"

"I didn't!" howled Temple.

"Then 'oo did?" demanded Gosling.

"My hat!" exclaimed Fry. "Somebody's been after our guy, you mean! That silly idiot Bunter has been tattling, and they've got on to it."

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"By Jove, it looks like it!" said Temple, in dismay, and he hastily unlocked the door of the shed.

The three juniors ran in. Gosling followed them in, grunting.

"Here it is!" exclaimed Fry. "Somebody's been at it, though! Look at it! Knocked over and burst in two or three places."

"'Oo's been up to tricks in this 'ere shed?" exclaimed Gosling. "Busting in a winder—"

"Those Remove cads!" exclaimed Dabney.

"Must have been!" said Temple, staring blankly at the prostrate guy.

"It's been stamped on—you can see that! Some rotter has been here after lights out and handled it."

"I wonder they didn't finish it, if it was Wharton's lot!" said Fry.

"Lucky they didn't!"

"Look 'ere!" said Gosling. "Wot I says is this 'ere, this won't do! I let you keep that there guy in this 'ere woodshed, so long as no damage was done, Mr. Temple. But if them young ribs are coming busting in winders, you jest take that there guy somewhere else, see?"

"We're jolly well going to," answered Temple.

"Oh, rather!"

Tenderly the rather damaged guy was lifted from the floor. Buttons and pins had burst, and straw poked out in various places. The head sagged

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drunkenly, and straw exuded from the neck of the old jacket that enwrapped the figure. The Fourth-Formers had to take care that the effigy did not fall to pieces in their hands.

"The rotters!" said Fry indignantly. "After all the trouble we've taken with this guy, knocking it about in this style!"

"Well, I wonder they didn't finish it, if it was Wharton's lot!" said Temple. "Come on! We'll yank it along to the field and stick it out of sight. No good leaving it here for those rotters to mop up."

Carefully the rather dilapidated guy was carried out of the woodshed and borne away in the dim November morning.

Gosling grunted as the juniors departed. Some of them, Gosling had no doubt, were responsible for the damage to the window—some "dratted" boys, though which "dratted" boys Gosling did not know. Gosling had the damage to repair, and that meant work, and Gosling had a personal dislike for work. It was a thing that never had had any real appeal for him. He grunted emphatically as the juniors went.

Temple & Co. kept wary eyes about them as they carried away the black-faced effigy. But few other fellows were down yet, and none seemed to be out of the House.

The guy was hurried away to the school field, at a distance from the buildings. In that field the Greyfriars fellows had leave to light bonfires and discharge fireworks, and generally make night hideous in celebration of the great anniversary of Guy Fawkes. In the far corner of the field was a group of willows, and for that group the Fourth-Formers headed.

The effigy of Hurree Singh was deposited there. It was out of sight, and they agreed that no one was likely to visit that remote spot during the day.

"All right here!" said Temple.

"All right if it doesn't rain!" said Fry. "If it does the blessed thing won't burn to-night."

"Well, let's hope it won't; anyhow, it's safe from those Remove cads. We can get along after third school and repair it," said Temple. "We don't want it to fall to pieces in the procession. Come on—we shall be late for prayers."

Leaving the guy concealed in the willows, the Fourth-Formers hurried back to the House, and arrived just in time for prayers. At breakfast, Temple glanced across at the Remove table. He caught the glimmer of Billy Bunter's spectacles turned on him, but the Famous Five, rather to his surprise, were not giving him any special heed.

After breakfast Billy Bunter rolled out of the House, and Temple & Co. grinned as they noted that he was heading for the woodshed. Bunter was welcome to explore that building as much as he liked now.

The Owl of the Remove found the shed locked, but the window, with its broken catch, was easily opened, and Bunter clambered in to explore.

As the guy was gone, there was nothing there to explain Temple & Co.'s mysterious visits to the shed, and Bunter had no doubt that he knew the explanation—he saw it all! Up and down and round about the interior of the shed went the fat Owl, hunting for the missing pocket-book.

He did not find it.

Keen on the search, Bunter was blind to the passage of time, deaf to the distant sound of the bell for classes.

When he gave up the search at last, in despair—concluding that Temple & Co. had taken the alarm, and found a new hiding-place for the plunder—he made the interesting discovery that he was half an hour late for class.

"Oh lor'!" gasped Bunter, as that discovery dawned on him.

He ran for the House.

Class was going on in the Remove Form room when Billy Bunter arrived there. Mr. Quelch turned on him a glance that might have been envied by the basilisk of old.

"Bunter!" said the Remove master in a deep voice.

"Oh! Yes, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"You are thirty-three minutes late for class!"

"Oh dear! I mean, yes, sir! I—"

"What does this mean, Bunter?"

"I—I've been rather busy, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"What?"

All the Remove stared at Bunter. They had wondered why the Owl of the Remove was late, especially to such an extent. Unpunctuality to the extent of two or three minutes was sufficient to arouse the ire of Henry Samuel Quelch. Bunter was over half an hour late! The vials of wrath were all ready to be poured on his devoted head.

"You—you—you were rather busy?" articulated Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Removites had hardly expected to hear Bunter tell his Form master that he was too busy for class. That explanation really was not likely to satisfy any Form master.

"Silence!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "Bunter, I presume that this is impertinence, added to slackness and unpunctuality. Bend over that chair!"

Mr. Quelch picked up his cane.

"I—I say, sir," gasped Bunter, in dismay. "I've been looking for old Popper's pocket-book!"

"Are you referring to Sir Hilton Popper, a governor of Greyfriars, Bunter?" boomed Mr. Quelch.

"Ye-e-s, sir!"

"How dare you allude to him in such disrespectful terms?"

"I—I mean," stuttered Bunter, "I—I mean, old—I mean, Sir Hilton Popper, sir. I—I've been trying to find his pocket-book for him, sir. The Head wanted it to be found, sir, and—and I thought I knew where to look for old Popper's—I mean, Sir Hilton Popper, sir—that is, Sir Pocket's popper-book—I mean—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bend over that chair, Bunter!"

"Oh crumbs!"

Whack, whack, whack!

"Now go to your place, Bunter. You will remain in the Form-room half an hour after class. Silence!"

"Ow! Ow! Wow! Yow! Wow!"

"Silence, Bunter!"

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

"Another sound from you, Bunter, and I shall cane you again!"

And there was not another sound from Bunter.

## THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

### The Last Chance!

"LUCK!" breathed Alfred Herbert Parker. "Jest luck!"

His eye gleamed.

Only one of Mr. Parker's eyes could gleam. The other was closed, and it was as black as the ace of spades. Gerald Loder's fist had been planted in that eye not wisely but too well.

It was not the first time that Mr. Parker had had a black eye. His career as a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles earned him more kicks than halfpence. In his time Mr. Parker had collected black eyes, swollen noses, and thick ears. But the black eye that Loder had given him a real "corker." It was a record black eye. It was horrible to the view, and it was extremely painful.

But Mr. Parker, for a moment at least, forgot that black eye, and his sound eye gleamed.

Luck had been against the sneak-thief. Now it seemed to be turning in his favour.

As the November dusk deepened, on the evening of the Fifth of that month, Alfred Herbert Parker was hanging about the school.

He dared not venture within the walls. He had, he was convinced, narrowly escaped capture the previous night, when some unknown enemy had pitched into him at the woodshed and handed him that decorative eye. But the thought of the fat pocket-book hidden in the guy haunted Mr. Parker. Though lost to sight it was to memory dear.

The matter was pressing. That guy could only have been manufactured for burning on Bonfire Night. Until that time came round the interior of the guy was as safe a hiding-place as could have been desired for Mr. Parker's loot. But when that time came round the hidden pocket-book, if still in its hiding-place, was doomed to go up as a burnt offering along with the guy. That was an awful thought to Mr. Parker.

He haunted the school as the dusk fell, hoping against hope to get a chance at the black-faced effigy. He had observed that several bonfires had been stacked up in readiness in the field, though the time had not yet come for lighting them.

Already, as the dusk fell, there was a popping of crackers, let off by eager fags who were impatient for the sounds of revelry by night to begin. And at this precise moment Mr. Parker was hanging by his elbows to the fence that bordered the school field, on the side of a secluded lane, and scanning the field with his single sound eye. If that black-faced guy was brought along for burning, Alfred Herbert was prepared to

(Continued on next page.)

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take almost any desperate measures to get at it.

And there it was!

It was just luck, as Alfred Herbert said to himself.

Within a dozen feet of the fence was a group of willows that screened a corner of the field from general view, and in that corner three juniors were standing, with the guy in their midst.

Mr. Parker could scarcely believe the evidence of his sound eye.

He had hoped against hope, but he had never dreamed of luck like this. Only a dozen feet away from him was the black-faced guy, in the interior of which he had thrust Sir Hilton Popper's pocket-book. And Temple, Dabney, and Fry, who had dragged it out of the willows, had no eyes for the shifty face that was staring over the fence at them.

Temple & Co. were grinning.

Cecil Reginald Temple was speaking, and his words came clearly to the ears of Mr. Parker.

"All serene!" Temple was saying. "I can't make out who it was that butted into the woodshed after this guy and damaged it. It wasn't that Remove crowd; they haven't any suspicion. I've been pumping Wharton, and it's plain he doesn't know anything about it."

"Then who——" said Fry.

"Goodness knows. But it doesn't matter, anyhow. Those Remove sweeps won't know anything till they see the guy in the procession. We're going to march it all round the quad, and I can tell you they will be hoppin' mad. They can't rush it—the Head gives the prefects orders to see that there's no rioting or horseplay—Wingate will have his eyes open. Now to give the old bean a few finishing touches."

The guy had been repaired, and was sticking together well. Temple proceeded to jam a very ancient-looking topper on its head.

"Hurree Singh is a prince in his own country, you know!" chuckled Temple. "So we'd better make it clear with a label."

"Hear, hear!"

"We want them to know who it's meant for," said Temple. "I've got the label here."

Dabney and Fry chuckled as Temple affixed a label to the guy. On the label, in large capital letters, was inscribed:

**"PRINCE INKY JAMPOT!  
HERE'S ANOTHER GUY!"**

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Dabney and Fry.

"Not too much row, old beans," said Temple. "Those Remove cads are across the field, building their bonfire. We don't want them here till we're all ready. The procession doesn't begin for half an hour yet. Hallo! who—what—what—My hat! Oh gad!"

A squat figure slithered down the inner side of the fence.

It jumped at the Fourth-Formers.

This was Mr. Parker's chance, and he was taking it. It was his last chance of recovering the plunder he had hidden in the effigy, and Mr. Parker had to take risks.

Before the Fourth-Formers knew what was happening Alfred Herbert Parker was upon them, hitting out.

Temple captured Mr. Parker's left with his chin and went spinning. Dabney caught Mr. Parker's right with his nose and went over on his back, wondering if the skies were falling. Fry, staring blankly, received a thump on the chest that landed him two or three yards away.

While the three juniors, astounded, sprawled and spluttered, letting the guy

fall to the ground, Mr. Parker fairly pounced on the black-faced effigy.

He tore frantically at the stuffed figure with both hands.

Temple sat up dazedly.

"Oooooogh!" he gasped.

He blinked dizzily at Mr. Parker. He recognised the man; though why Alfred Herbert was grabbing the stuffing out of the effigy was a mystery to Cecil Reginald Temple.

"Ow! Oooooh! It's that thief Parker!" gasped Temple. "Stop him! Collar him! Bag him! Jump on him!"

He rushed on the pickpocket and grabbed him. Dabney and Fry scrambled up and followed.

"Ands off!" hissed Mr. Parker.

He had to relinquish the guy to defend himself. With the three angry and excited juniors clinging to him, Alfred Herbert hit out furiously right and left, and a wild and whirling combat raged in the dusky corner of the field behind the willows.

## THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Removites to the Rescue!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"  
"What the jolly old  
thump——"

Harry Wharton & Co.  
stared in surprise.

The Famous Five were in the school field, busy with the preparation of the bonfire. A stack was growing, composed of all sorts of combustible materials—old boxes and disused furniture, ancient exercises and exercise-books, faggots and logs, and all sorts of odds and ends. Fellows were bringing along contributions, and Harry Wharton & Co. added them to the pile, when the uproar from the corner of the field reached their ears.

The Famous Five had been giving no attention to Temple, Dabney & Co. That there was anything "on" among those bright youths they did not even know. Certainly they had no suspicion of Temple's deep and nefarious design of "guying" a member of the Co.—their own select and important circle. The chums of the Remove had seen Temple & Co. strolling across the field, with a casual sort of air, towards the willows in the corner, but had not taken any heed of them.

But they took heed now—as sounds of gasping, gurgling, howling, yelling, bumping, and thumping reached their startled ears.

"What the dickens?" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Those Fourth Form asses scrapping with one another?"

"The scrappfulness seems to be terrific," grinned Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"Come on!" exclaimed Wharton.

He started at a run, the rest of the Co. following him. Obviously it was not a case of the Fourth Form trio scrapping among themselves, though with whom they were scrapping the Removites could not guess. But they rushed promptly to the rescue.

As they came running round the group of willows a startling scene met their eyes in the falling dusk.

Dabney lay on his back, gasping for breath in a spasmodic manner. Fry was doubled up in anguish, apparently by a punch that had landed below the belt. Both were hors de combat.

Temple, unaided, was struggling with Alfred Herbert Parker, and even as the Famous Five arrived Mr. Parker hurled the struggling Temple away, landing him with a crash on the earth that knocked every ounce of wind out of him.

Instantly he turned back to the guy. Mr. Parker, in desperate haste to get

going, had not stood on ceremony with Temple & Co. He had knocked them right out. Had no other foes been at hand Mr. Parker undoubtedly would have got away with his plunder.

He needed only half a minute or so to grab the hidden pocket-book from the interior of the stuffed effigy. Already his thievish hands were groping and grabbing in the straw stuffing.

But luck, which had befriended Mr. Parker up to that point, turned against him now, and turned quite nastily. The Famous Five came swooping round the willows, and the next moment they were swooping on Mr. Parker.

"Crimes!" gasped Alfred Herbert, as he was collared and dragged backwards. "Oh! Oh crimes! Oh jiminy! Ooogh!"

"It's that blessed pickpocket!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "What's he up to—stealing a guy, or what? Squash him!"

Mr. Parker, in a state of goaded frenzy, put up a desperate fight. His plunder—so near, yet so far—was slipping away from him; it was going from his gaze like a beautiful dream. It was Mr. Parker's last, last chance, and he fought like a wild cat in the grasp of the Famous Five.

But it booted not, as a poet would say.

He had handled the three Fourth-Formers, but the Famous Five of the Remove were a much tougher proposition. They handled him—and they handled him efficiently.

Temple, Dabney, and Fry lay and spluttered for breath, while the Famous Five dealt faithfully with Mr. Parker.

Hitting, kicking, scratching, even biting, Alfred Herbert put up the fight of his life. Every member of the Famous Five sustained damages. But their damages, compared with Mr. Parker's, were as moonlight unto sunlight, as water unto wine.

Three minutes it lasted, and then Mr. Parker lay on the earth—beaten to the wide, without a gasp left in him.

He lay and gurgled feebly.

But he did not lie long. Why he was there, why he had attacked the Fourth-Formers, the chums of the Remove had no idea—any more than Temple & Co. had. But they knew that he was not wanted within the precincts of Greyfriars—and they proceeded to make that fact clear unto him.

They grasped Mr. Parker and hustled him along to the fence.

"Grooogh!" came feebly from Alfred Herbert; he had no breath left to say more.

"Over he goes!" said Bob Cherry. "One, two, three—and all together!"

"Good egg!" chuckled Nugent.

"Ready, Parker?" asked Bob.

"Groooooogh!"

Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry had Mr. Parker's feet; the other three members of the Co. had his head and shoulders.

Between them they swung him up. "One!" said Bob, and Mr. Parker swung. "Two!" He swung again. "Three! Go!" And Mr. Parker swung for the third and last time, and was tossed over the fence like a sack of potatoes.

There was a heavy bump on the grassy bank outside the fence.

Bump!  
"Oooooooh!"

Mr. Parker was heard to roll down the bank into the lane. He was heard to scramble dizzily to his feet.

After that no more was heard from Mr. Parker.

Once more Alfred Herbert was hitting the open spaces—and this time he went for good, giving up his last hope of recapturing the pocket-book hidden in



the guy. It was not, after all, Mr. Parker's lucky day.

"That's enough for Parker!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "Blessed if I know what he wanted here! But I fancy that what he got was what he didn't want!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Temple & Co. sat up. No doubt they were glad to be rescued from the hard hitting of the redoubtable Parker. They were distinctly pleased to see him tossed bodily over the fence. But they looked dismayed as the Famous Five gathered round the guy.

The secret was out now.

The Removites had not been intended to see that guy till it was carried in procession by the Fourth in the presence of the prefects, whose duty it was to see that there was no scrapping or ragging on Bonfire Night. But they saw it now.

They saw it—and they stared at it. Possibly the Famous Five might not have guessed that that absurd figure, with its hideous, blackened face, was intended to represent Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, an honoured member of their select company. But the inscription on the label left no doubt on the subject.

"Prince Inky Jampot! Here's another guy!" read out Harry Wharton. "Why, the cheeky rotters! Is that meant for old Inky?"

"The cheekfulness is terrific!" exclaimed the Nabob of Bhanipur indignantly. "The kickfulness is the proper caper!"

"Temple, you cheeky ass——"

"So that's what they had in the woodshed!" exclaimed Wharton, a light breaking on his mind. "That was their game, was it? Guying us!"

"Guying us!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Why, my hat——"

"Scrag them!"

"Mop up the cheeky rotters!"

"Here goes for their jolly old guy!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, and he landed a kick which lifted the hapless effigy into the air.

Temple staggered to his feet.

"Here, you let our guy alone!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, rather!" gasped Dabney.

"I don't think!" grinned Bob. "Smash it up, you men!"

"What-ho!"

"Collar those cheeky rotters!" said Harry Wharton.

The Famous Five had dealt faithfully with Mr. Parker; now they proceeded to deal faithfully with Temple & Co. The next few minutes were wild and whirling. Temple & Co. made a desperate effort to rescue their guy. But they really had no chance. They were smitten hip and thigh, and



Mr. Parker was grasped in many hands and hustled along to the fence. "Over he goes!" said Bob Cherry. "One, two, three—and all together!" "Oooooop!" gasped Mr. Parker, as he went flying over the fence like a sack of potatoes.

strewn breathless on the hard, unsympathetic ground.

Three members of the Co. sat on them to keep them there. Frank Nugent took a seat on Dabney, Johnny Bull on Fry, and Bob Cherry on Cecil Reginald Temple. And Harry Wharton and the Nabob of Bhanipur proceeded to deal with the guy, under the exasperated eyes of the Fourth-Formers.

## THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Something Like a Stunt!

"GREAT pip!"  
 "What——"  
 "Oh, my hat!"  
 "Eureka!"

The Famous Five fairly jumped. Temple's guy, fashioned with so much care for the purpose of "guying" the Famous Five, was going to pieces rapidly. It was rent limb from limb.

Straw stuffing poured out of it, as Wharton and the nabob jerked it to pieces. And in the midst of the ruins an object rolled in their sight, that made them jump as they saw it.

It was a fat, well-filled pocket-book, on the cover of which was a crest and a monogram.

They stared at it.

The monogram was "H. P.," the crest was that of the lord of Popper Court. They realised that they were staring at Sir Hilton Popper's lost pocket-book.

"Old Popper's pocket-book!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Great Christopher Columbus!" Harry Wharton picked it up.

There could be no doubt about it; it was the pocket-book lost by Sir Hilton Popper, which he had suspected the thief of throwing away somewhere within the walls of Greyfriars during the hunt.

Evidently he had not thrown it away; he had hidden it, and by sheer chance the hiding-place had come to light.

Cecil Reginald Temple's eyes almost bulged from his head as he stared at the pocket-book in Wharton's hands. Dabney and Fry fairly goggled at it.

"Oh gad!" gasped Temple. "That's why that villain was after the guy! That's what he wanted."

"Oh, rather!" gasped Dabney.

"He stuck it inside our guy!" gurgled Fry. "Stuck it there to hide it—and came after it! Oh crumbs!"

"And—and if we'd burnt the guy what——" gasped Temple.

"Lucky you didn't!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "If you'd burned that guy you'd have burned old Popper's bank-notes along with it. Old Popper was right after all—that man Parker did pinch his pocket-book, and it's been in Greyfriars all the time!"

"This will be good news for old Popper!" chuckled Johnny Bull. "Better hand that over to Quelch at once."

"I wish we'd hung on to Parker now!" remarked Wharton. "It's plain now that he did pick old Popper's pocket, and he ought to be run in. But I suppose he's far enough away by this time."

"The far-awayfulness is probably THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,238.



terrific!" said Hurrce Jamset Ram Singh.

"I say, you fellows!" Billy Bunter rolled round the willows. "I say, I've been looking for you chaps! I say, I suppose you're going to have tea before the bonfire? I say— Oh erikey!" Bunter's eyes almost bulged through his spectacles at the sight of the pocket-book. "You've got it!"

"We've got it!" assented Wharton. "I say, did you have it all the time?" gasped Bunter.

"What?" roared the captain of the Remove.

"I say, it's pretty thick pinching old Popper's pocket-book!" said Bunter. "I'm surprised at you, Wharton!"

"Why, you—you—you—" gasped Wharton.

"I say it's thick, and I think it's thick!" said Bunter warmly. "Sticking the old bean for a reward is all very well; but sticking to his pocket-book—well, I call that too thick! You'd better hand it over to me, Wharton, and I'll say nothing about it as you're a pal. But you've got to hand it over to me at once. I insist on that."

Billy Bunter held out a fat hand. Harry Wharton also stretched out a hand. But it was not the hand which held the pocket-book. It was an empty hand, which fastened on Billy Bunter's collar and slewed him round.

"Ow!" roared Bunter, in anticipation. "I say, if you kick me, you beast—"

Thud!  
"Yaroooooogh!"  
Thud! Thud!

"There," gasped Wharton, "and there—and there—and there—"

"Yow-ow-ow-woooop!"  
Billy Bunter vanished past the willows at express speed. Wild yells floated back as he vanished.

"Now," said Harry Wharton, "the sooner this pocket-book is taken to Quelch the better. Temple had better take it, as it was found in his guy."

"Dab and Fry can take it," said Bob. "We're not done with Temple yet."

"What the thump—"  
"My dear man, Temple's such a fascinating chap that I can't part with him yet! Kick those other rotters out and let them take the jolly old pocket-book with them."

Dabney and Fry were allowed to rise. Temple remained pinned to the ground, wriggling under Bob Cherry's hefty form.

"Here you are!" said Harry—and he handed the pocket-book to Fry. "Take it to Quelch or Capper! And get out."

"Look here, let Temple go—"  
"Kick them out!" said Bob Cherry; and Dabney and Fry were promptly kicked round the willows, and they vanished from the scene.

The remains of the guy were promptly scattered in minute fragments. Temple, still a prisoner, glared on in helpless wrath.

"Come on!" said Harry Wharton. "We shall have a crowd of the Fourth here in a few minutes, looking for Temple—"

"They're not going to find him," said Bob, rising and fixing a grasp of iron on Temple's collar. "Here, lend me a hand to hold him!"

"Will you let me go?" raved Temple. "No fear!" chuckled Bob.

"But what's the game, you ass?" exclaimed Wharton. "What the thump do you want Temple for?"

"We want a guy—"

"What?"  
"Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," explained Bob. "Temple was going to guy us—now we're going to guy him. It will be a lesson to him about cheeking the Remove. Those Fourth Form bounders are expecting to see a black-faced guy paraded round the quad. Well, they're going to see one. We can get hold of Gosling's tarpot—"

"Wha-a-t?"  
"And Temple will look ever so much better-looking with his features out of sight—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"A coat of tar—"  
"You rotter!" shrieked Temple, struggling wildly. "You—you—you dare—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the chums of the Remove.

"Good egg!"  
"Here's another guy!" chuckled Johnny Bull. "Temple, old man, you were really born for the part! Look at your face, you know!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"Bring him along!" chuckled Wharton.

Cecil Reginald Temple resisted frantically. But he was dragged away in the grasp of the Famous Five, still frantically resisting.

A few minutes later Dabney and Fry arrived on the spot with a crowd of the Fourth to rescue their great leader. But the spot was deserted.

The Famous Five were gone, and Temple was gone; vanished in the thickening November dusk. They concluded that Temple had been released, and had departed; little dreaming of what was happening to Cecil Reginald in those moments; or of the unusual and remarkable "guy" that was to be paraded round Greyfriars that Fifth of November.

## THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Some Guy I

"PLEASE to remember—"  
"Ow!"  
"The Fifth of November—"  
"Wow!"

"The gunpowder treason and plot! I see no reason—"  
"Rotter!"

"At this jolly season—"  
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Why you shouldn't have it hot!" concluded Bob Cherry.

"Oh, you villain!" gasped Temple. The chums of the Remove chortled joyously. Bob, while he chanted a variation of the ancient chant, was decorating the classic countenance of Cecil Reginald Temple; and the result was striking.

It struck the beholders as exorcisingly funny; though to the sufferer himself it was simply horrid. A coat of tar on the countenance was one of those things which it was more blessed to give than to receive.

Temple, in the grasp of the Philistines, was helpless. Even in the grasp of four members of the Co. he did not keep still, like the young man of Hythe, who was shaved with a scythe, he did nothing but wriggle and writhe. But he went through it all the same.

Bob Cherry had captured Gosling's tarpot, with the tarbrush therein. In a quiet corner, backed up against a fence, Temple was held and adorned.

All the Co. agreed that Temple had asked for it, begged for it, in fact, sat up and bellowed for it.

He had set out to guy the Famous

Five. Therefore he was to be gayed. He had fixed up a hideous guy with a black face to represent an honoured member of the Remove. Therefore he was to be fixed up with a black face to make the punishment fit the crime. The Fourth Form men were gleefully chuckling over the wheeze of parading a black-faced guy that evening, as a rag on the Remove. Well, they were going to have their black-faced guy—only it was going to be a live one, and that the name of it was going to be Cecil Reginald Temple.

Temple gasped and spluttered and objurgated, in vain. He would have yelled, but when he opened his mouth to yell, the tip of the tarbrush dabbed in it, and he gurgled and guggled instead.

"There!" said Bob Cherry, standing back to admire his handiwork. "I fancy that's all right! Think it's all right, Temple?"

"Oh, you rotter! Oh, you sweep! Oh crumbs! I—I—I'll—" gasped Temple.

"Fine!" chuckled Johnny Bull. "Ripping!" said Nugent heartily. "The ripfulness is terrific."

Harry Wharton laughed. "Right as rain!" he said. "Now bring him along—all the fellows are ready. I've passed the word round."

"Hold on—stick something in his mouth," said Bob. "We don't want him yelling to the Fourth. This rag will do—when I've wiped the tar off my hands with it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"Groooooogh!"

With the tarry rag stuffed in his mouth, Temple's hopes of calling the Fourth to the rescue left him.

An old cane chair had been annexed from the lumber-room, and Temple was placed on it backwards; his arms tied to the back of the chair, his legs to the chair-legs. Lifted by the Famous Five, thus enthroned, Temple was carried away.

There was already a glow of flame from the field, where the bonfire was lighted. Crackers and squibs and rockets were going strong. Juniors yelled and chanted and cheered, while big Sixth-Formers strolled about to see that order was kept—more or less.

A shouting crowd of Removites surrounded the Famous Five and their "guy." Word had been passed through the Form, and the Remove fellows knew who and what the black-faced object in the chair was, though certainly no one else was likely to guess.

Cecil Reginald Temple's nearest and dearest pal was not likely to recognise him in his present state.

Old, ragged garments had been draped on him, outside his own natty clobber. A paper hat was stuck on his tousled head. And his features had quite disappeared under the tar.

"Please to remember the Fifth of November—" chanted the Removites, as they began the procession with the guy.

"Here's another guy!"  
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Right round the quad!" roared Bob Cherry.

Temple wriggled with rage. Under its coating of tar, his face was crimson. He chewed the tarry rag and spluttered.

"Guy Fawkes guy, stick him up on high—"  
"Ha, ha, ha!"

In the quad the procession drew general attention. Masters glanced at the guy and smiled, little dreaming what it was. Mr. Capper, master of the

(Continued on page 28.)



START THIS THRILL-PACKED STORY TO-DAY.

### The Stowaway!

**R**ICK DARE had plenty to think about as he was left alone in the saloon of the wireless plane for the first hour and a half of the journey. The floor was rolled back above the plate-glass "skylight," and he could see the great mountains occasionally through the clouds, could watch the effects of the late-risen sun on the snow-clad peaks of the Andes.

Had this been but a joy-ride, he would have been glad of the experience, for the great plane seemed to glide through the air with little or no vibration, despite the fact that she was hitting up two hundred to two-fifty miles an hour without undue effort, as he could tell from the tell-tale dial fitted into the roof.

But Rick was worried. Things seemed to have gone too well, too smoothly, so far, and he more than suspected a trap. They might have thrown dust in Oom's eyes by Tom's pretended acceptance of his offer, but Rick had too high an opinion of the Flying Bandit's brains to be too certain of that.

One thing had struck him as peculiar. Oom had taken great pride in showing his brother Tom all over the plane, exhibiting the different up-to-the-minute gadgets, and even showing the young expert engineer the wonderful engines driven by wireless power. Yet the one person most deeply interested—the youngster who was now travelling as "passenger"—had not been shown.

In fact, Rick now remembered that all the time Tom was in the plane he himself had been held in conversation by their American guide, the "major-domo," whilst armed guards stood close at hand until he was "shepherded" inside, after bidding his brother farewell.

How far had their bluff succeeded with Oom? They knew that their "privacy" had been more or less of a pretence, that every word spoken could be tapped by the wireless detectaphone with which this cabin and also the shacks at the stronghold were fitted.

"Ah, well, I s'pose I shall soon find out!" sighed Rick, half-aloud. "But this bandit's a tricky proposition—"

"'E's all that an' then some!" came a croaking voice from beneath him. "Guv'nor, 'ave yer got a fag? I'm fair gaspin' for a smoke!"

"Great snakes! Who's that?" gasped Rick, as he sprang to his feet and looked under the folding settee he had been seated upon.

A round bullet head, with bright-red hair closely cropped, peeped out from underneath, and the dirty, oily face of Alf Higgs, wearing a broad smile, blinked up at him.

"'Allo! 'Ere we are ag'in!" chortled the Cockney. "Kinder surprised yer, ain't I, guv'nor? Lummy! But it's 'ot under there! Is there a drop o' anythin' wet abaht? I'm parched!"

Alf Higgs rolled out from under the low settee, coolly helped himself to a cup of coffee from the thermos jug on the table, cut a hunk of cake, and grabbed a handful of grapes which had been provided for Rick.

"Ah, better than nothin'! Me, I'm th' li'l stowaway! Says I w'en I sees yer an' Mister Tom comin' aboard this 'ere floatin' pallis: 'Them two young blighters'—beggin' yer pardin for th'

# OOM

## THE TERRIBLE

Uses all the scientific knowledge at his command to bring the world to its knees.



familiarity—" 'ave got somethin' up their sleeves, Alf 'Iggs! Nah is yer chanct to get awyo from 'tendin' hengines to give light unto th' 'eathen! Git, whilst th' goin's good! So 'ere I ham!"

"But how did you—"

"Dead heasy, sir! Th' guards were so busy leadin' yer like a baa-lamb to th' slaughter-'ouse, that they never watched t'other side o' th' plane a-tall, so I jest nips rahnd an' pops in 'ere as heasy as winkin'!"

"But, man alive, if you're discovered, you'll be dumped overboard as sure as eggs!" gasped Rick.

"Per'aps and per'aps not!" said Alf coolly. "'E can't come in wi'out my knowin', as I've wedged the door with a piece of lead pipin'!"

### HOW THE STORY STARTED.

*OOM, the TERRIBLE, a German flying ace named Baron von Annusteufer, operating from his secret mountain stronghold in South America, is determined to become master of the world. By means of a super wireless-controlled plane fitted with an ingenious sucking device he has raided at will—stealing the world's wealth and kidnapping the master craftsmen of science and engineering. Oom's latest victim is TOM DARE, inventor of the Dare Stabiliser. Resolved to rescue his brother, young RICK DARE, accompanied by ALF HIGGS, a Cockney mechanic, and HAM, a powerful negro servant, gives chase. The venture proves futile, however, and the three pals are captured and taken prisoners along with Tom to Oom's stronghold. Foreseeing a chance of ridding the world of its greatest menace, Rick, wearing a flying-cloak that would act as a parachute, if necessary, accompanies Oom on his next expedition.*

(Now read on.)

"'Ssh!" Rick glanced up at the wires under the skirting.

"It's all right, sir; they can't hear. I cut them gadgets fust thing!" said Alf, calmly blowing a smoke ring. "Besides, 'e's busy wi' 'is lootenant, forrard!"

"Alf, I think there's a trap somewhere. Oom is too affable and polite. There's something behind it all."

"'Course there is, sir. But if we lies low we shall find out an' beat 'im to it. I 'ad some converse wi' a bloke in the hengine-'ouse—'e comes from 'Ackney, w'ich I knows well—an' 'e sez as the weak point in Oom's harmour is 'is bloomin' self-conceit. 'E's so darn certain of 'imself an' 'is up-to-date gadgets that 'e 'olds heveryone helse in contempt. Nah, there ain't a man breathin' as can afford to do that an' git awyo wi' it, an' I've got an 'unch that you, me, an' Mister Tom is goin' to prove 'is Waterloo Station—'is terminus, if yer foilers me—"

Alf Higgs suddenly cocked his red ear, slid under the settee again, slipped out a deft hand like a pickpocket's, and slipped the flattened piece of lead piping from under the door, winking at Rick as he did so.

Rick heard Oom's gruff voice giving some order in German, and by the time the bandit opened the door, he was finishing Alf's "fag" and draining the coffee cup the Cockney had used.

The huge figure of the master crook  
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strode into the cabin, and his black eyes glared down at the lad as if trying to hypnotise him, whilst the thin lips were curled back from his glistening white fangs in a snarl.

"Rick Dare, I've some orders for you!" he barked. "D'you get that? Orders—and they've got to be obeyed!"

### A Golden Objective!

**R**ICK noticed one peculiar thing. The slightly-broken accent had entirely disappeared, and it was evident that Oom—or Baron Aumsteufel, to give him his correct name—could speak as good and fluent English as any Britisher.

It was but a small item, but it impressed Rick with the idea that things were coming to a head—that Oom was about to throw off all pretence of amiability and show himself in his true colours, as master of the fate of his prisoners!

Rick also remembered that he had hitherto treated the Flying Bandit with a cool contempt, and that the only sign of yielding had come from his brother.

"Orders?" he echoed. "I don't reckon any orders from you to me will be obeyed unless they happen to agree with my own ideas. What was it you were about to—request me to do?"

Oom threw back his big, square head and laughed loud and harshly.

"You young fool!" he spluttered. "You bluffing, bragging fool! Don't you realise that you are absolutely in my power, and that if you disobey me it means—death?"

"Cut it out, Oom—or whatever your name is!" replied Rick. "I seem to remember you saying to my brother that you had faced death a hundred times in various forms, and that it was a 'bogey.' Well, I've never been afraid of bogies in my life, and I don't propose to make a start now. I'd sooner face that bogey than be forced to do something against my principles just because you order it! So put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

There was an involuntary gleam of admiration in the man's dark eyes, gleaming through the enormous half-mask goggles.

"Ja, I smoke it!" he replied quietly. "But you crow too loud for a young cockerel! Listen! We are now ten thousand feet up. You are absolutely useless to me unless you obey my orders. It would be an easy matter for me just to open that trap and dump you, and no one would be any the wiser!"

Rick glanced down through the plate glass, and affected to give a shudder of horror.

"That would be a drop too much!" he murmured, with a forced laugh. "You are a brave man to threaten a youngster like me. But you hold all the cards, and have me in a cleft stick. The only thing I can do is to hear what you have to propose. But, for goodness' sake, don't ask me to do anything dishonest! I—I've always r-run straight up to now!"

Oom took one or two turns up and down the saloon, then said abruptly:

"I guess you can realise that we are not taking this trip for nothing. We have an objective, as we used to say in the Army, and a golden one!"

"Robbery?" Rick blurted out.

"Do not use so crude a term. I am an adjuster of wealth. Some men have too much—others too little. I take from

one and distribute to others more worthy—myself and my—or—friends!"

"Where do I come in?" asked Rick impatiently.

"That is up to you!" purred Oom, with a hateful grin. "If you both see reason, you and your brother will be two of my most valued aides. I have found just the—what you call?—billet that you will fill to perfection!"

"Oh, what's that?" grunted Rick.

Oom smiled again, and, as if to exasperate his young prisoner and tantalise him by delaying his information, took out a gold snuff-box, heavily encrusted with diamonds, from which he took a pinch, with the elaborate gesture of an eighteenth-century dandy.

"Zere is no hurree," he said, with exaggerated accent, as he daintily dusted some snuff grains from the lapels of his flying-suit. "In any case, I shall not require your services before to-night, and, in the meantime, I should like you to be perfectly certain that you are acting of your own free will. I should hate to have to—er—compel you to do anything against your—er—conscience!"

Rick yawned as if the subject bored him.

"Our present expedition is one of importance," continued Oom; "and you will play an important part in it, I trust. Perhaps you do not know it, but this machine—my own invention to a great extent—"

"Except what you pinched from other people!" interrupted Rick.

"Is practically invisible at less than a thousand feet up. By the use of wireless power I have solved the problem of remaining in the air for an unlimited period without the necessity of landing for refuelling. By the same power I extract the limit of speed from the very smallest engine, hence the absence of noise and vibration. I have, as you said, 'pinched' other people's inventions as they were of use to me, including your brother's Dare Stabilising Auto-Gyro, which enables me to hover, perhaps, for an hour or more over one particular spot—"

"Aw, cut the cackle!" yawned Rick.

"I s'pose you haven't got me here to give me a lecture on aviation, which I dare say I've forgotten more about than you'll ever know. If you want to brag, why don't you pick up someone who'd be interested? I dare say you're a little tin wonder and have all the brains in the world, but I just look on you as a robber and a braggart, so what's the use of trying to impress me—"

For a moment Rick thought the man was going to strike him, for Oom's eyes were almost bolting out of his head with fury at the youngster's defiance. Then, with an effort, he gained command of himself, and said coldly:

"You are hot headed, hot blooded, and impetuous, and maybe I shall have to find a way to cool you down ere I make use of you in the manner I have planned. You say I have wished to impress you. In a way you are right, but not in the way you mean! Now, I always endeavour to find some work of interest to my new colleagues—something of such a nature that they will find it to their interest to remain with me of their own accord—for ever!"

"H'm! I reckon you'll find it mighty difficult to find me a job that'd reconcile me to entering the service of a robber and kidnapper!" said Rick heatedly.

"So? We will see, then!" was the cool reply. "Listen! To-night we again visit the shores of Lake Titicaca. This time, though, on the other shore; in fact, a hundred and fifty miles from your island, where there is a beautiful lakeside mansion, the residence of Silas Merger, the hated, skinflint 'boss' for whom your brother has been slaving, as he told you himself, for a pittance! Now we are going to make him pay!"

There was a malevolent gleam in Oom's eyes, rendered more uncanny by the huge lenses of the goggles that masked the upper part of his face.

Rick was at a loss. He knew that his captor was quoting Tom's own words, spoken because his brother knew that they were overheard. But the question was—did this crafty scoundrel know that those words had been spoken merely as a blind; had he been setting a trap for the brothers to fall into, that he might use their words afterwards to induce them to fall in with his foul designs? It was impossible to tell. He was prepared to meet cunning with cunning.

"P-pay?" he repeated stammeringly. "I don't quite understand! Of course, Tom never got anything like the salary he was worth when he was with the Merger Corporation, but he seemed happy enough, and—and, anyway, just exactly what do you mean?"

Oom grinned.

"Perhaps you do not know that Silas Merger has a beautiful daughter, the apple of his eye, as you English put it. To-day is her birthday, and her millionaire father has invited many guests to his gorgeous lakeside home. They are all of his calibre, wealthy, ostentatious, grasping—millionaires who have accumulated their hoards by the sweat and brains of their servants. Amongst themselves there is nothing they will not do to display their vulgar wealth.

"With the lavish display of their kind the girl herself will be loaded with rich presents, whilst the womenfolk of these vulgar millionaires will vie with each other in showing off the riches of their dress, the beauty and value of the gems with which their husbands have loaded them—diamonds, pearls, rubies, precious stones of all kinds, worth a king's or a queen's ransom!"

The villain's voice had become harsher, and his eyes more glittering as he hissed out the words. It was evident that hatred of the wealthy was a mania with Oom, the Terrible.

"What's all this got to do with me?" demanded Rick.

"Ah, yes, 'vat?" chuckled Oom. "I tell you! I mention a queen's ransom, h'm? Silas' daughter Beryl is a queen—of so-called Society. Her ransom should be a ve-ry handsome one—eh?"

"Good heavens, you—you're never thinking of kidnapping her?" gasped Rick.

"Indeed, yes!" laughed Oom. "And, moreover, I have selected you, the brother of the man that has been squeezed for years under the grindstone of her father, for the honour of carrying out the little job. It is a wise choice, don't you think?"

"You—you dare to suggest that I should take a hand in your dastardly schemes?" stuttered Rick.

"It is not a suggestion—it is a command!" Oom's voice dropped to a deep growl as his head was thrust forward and his eyes glowed through the goggles in a hypnotic gleam. "You scum! It is for this that I have brought you—"



It was too tempting. The evil face thrust so close to his own, the knowledge of what this sneering devil was contemplating, that he had his brother in his power, that he would try to force himself to carry out his dastardly work—all rushed over Rick in one overwhelming flame. Like lightning the youngster crashed his fist into the Flying Bandit's face, following the blow up by an uppercut that fairly lifted the bulky form from the folding seat on to the floor.

"Good on yer, Rick—give 'im anuvver!" yelled Alf Higgs, as he rolled from under the settee and jumped on the big man's prostrate form. "'Ere, I'll sit on 'is 'ead whilst yer 'ammers the blinkin' stuffin' out o' 'im!"

Rick and Alf, however, were no match for the bull-like strength of the bandit. For a few seconds there was a rough and tumble, then Rick was crashed senseless against the wall of the cabin, whilst Alf Higgs ran into a hamlike fist, which dropped him like a log into a corner. Then the sliding door of the cabin opened, and Oom darted through, sliding it back into position with a click, and locking it behind him.

### Nothing Doing!

**R**ICK DARE sat up, feeling as if his head was coming off, whilst Alf Higgs poured the contents of a jug of water over him. He gave a crooked smile at the little Cockney, and shook his aching head.

"I'm sorry, Alf, old chap," he said. "I'm afraid I've done for us both this time!"

"Doncher worry abaht that, Master Rick," said Alf. "It was well worth it jest to 'ave that one crack at th' stinkin' 'ound. Blow me, but 'e ain't 'arf strong, tho'! 'E lifted me across th' room like I was a shuttlecock. But wot's goin' to 'appen now?"

"Not much doubt about that, I'm afraid," answered Rick. "He'll just dump us overboard, and let it go at that. He'll never give us another chance after what's happened. Not that I want a chance! You heard what he was proposing?"

"Yus, my oath, I 'eard, an' if it 'ud been me I should 'ave pertended to do as 'e said, an' then put Silas Merger wide. Yer wants to be as cunnin' as a fox wi' fellers like this Oom. Ah, well, if 'e's goin' to spill us over, it won't make much difference wot 'appens afterwards. But I'd like to 'ave one cut at 'im an' queer 'is blinkin' pitch! 'Ere, Mister Rick—"

Alf Higgs had picked up the peculiar "angel's wings" cloak which Rick had discarded in the cabin, and held it out to the lad.

"Shove it hon!" he whispered. "If 'e spills yer overboard it may save yer life, an' then yer kin get word to Silas, and—"

"No; I brought this trouble about, and I'll see it out," said Rick. "You put the cloak on, though I don't s'pose it'll be much use."

"Shove it hon! 'E's comin' back!" urged Alf, "ing the cloak forcibly round Rick, rapidly fastening the straps to th' waist and under his legs. "I'll git out of it some'ow!"

The sliding panel opened, and Oom entered, followed by two of his crew, one of whom carried a long coil of wire rope, and the other a peculiar little drum-like affair attached to a stand with a handle on one side.

Oom proceeded to fasten the weird contraption to staples in the floor of the

cabin just at the edge of the plate-glass floor. Then the rope was coiled around the drum and wound up. One of the men went out again, returning in a few moments with two sets of straps fastened to stout canvas jackets.

These, in turn, were affixed to the coiled rope, and at a sign from Oom the men left the cabin.

For a few seconds the Flying Bandit stood regarding his two prisoners with an unwinking stare, then gradually his face creased into a broad grin, and he threw back his head and laughed loudly.

"I have always admired pluck," he said at last, "and for you two microbes to attack me in mid-air, with everything against you—it was bravery indeed! How did you both get here? I gave no orders—"

"Horders, be sugared!" Alf blurted out. "D'yer think I was goin' to stay in yer stinkin' hengine-'ouse w'en I see a chance of 'oppin' it? Not blinkin' likely! Fresh air for me, I says. So w'en I sees my hoppportunity I bunks an' joins me boss. Well, yer big bully, wot are yer goin' to do abaht it?"

"I am going to give you both all the fresh air you require," said Oom grimly, pointing his toe at the windlass apparatus. "I will give you until sunset to make up your mind, Rick Dare. By that time we shall be somewhere in the region of Lake Titicaca. Then, if you still refuse to fall in with my plans, you and your servant will be attached to this rope and streamed out under the plane until you either come to your senses or lose them altogether. It is immaterial to me which!"

Alf's words came back to Rick, and he made up his mind to pretend to fall in with the man's scheme, and trust to luck to find some means of warning Silas Merger. Glancing down at the plate-glass floor under which the mountain-tops were scurrying past, he gave an affected shudder.

"L-look here!" he stuttered. "It's not myself I'm worried about—but—now Alf's in this I—I can't see him sacrificed. What is it you want me to do?"

Oom gave the youngster a keen glance, and a grim smile came to his thin lips.

"You will take on the work which was hitherto done by the dwarf Maleze. That is, to operate that scientific vacuum suction-pipe by means of which you, your brother, and your two men were—er—captured. But that will not come into operation until after you have performed other work of a delicate nature."

"What is that?" asked Rick.

"You will be lowered to a balcony, where you will find all the valuable birthday presents for Miss Beryl displayed on a table. They will be guarded by a detective, but he will not be on watch when you enter, as he happens to be a valued satellite of my own!"

He gave a chuckle, as if gloating over his own cunning in introducing his own base tool into the unsuspecting household.

"After you have made a selection of the presents you will make a tour of the guests' rooms, and bring away all the jewels you can find. You need have no fear of their waking, for they will have partaken of liquid refreshment which will have been—attended to—according to my orders."

Again Oom grinned meaningly.

"But—let me warn you of one thing. If it should enter your head to double-cross me, and give warning so as to arouse the sleepers, remember that you will be a burglar, caught red-handed. I

have provided for that. Furthermore, if by any chance my plans should fail, this plane is provided with bombs of such destructive power that house and inmates, including yourself, would be wiped out. Now, I will leave you to think things over—until sunset!"

Ho vanished through the sliding panel, leaving Rick and Alf Higgs staring at each other.

Alf Higgs squatted down on the floor and carefully examined the rope on the windlass and the harness canvas jacket apparatus. Then he turned to Rick, and ran his eye over the angel's wings cloak, examining the texture and the strength of the straps, etc., with which it was fitted.

"I 'elped Mister Tom design this 'ere, an' made 'is first model," he said. "'E never tested it 'imself, but I did. Mister Rick, if yer game to tiko a 'undred to one chance risk—"

Ho put his mouth close to the lad's ear and whispered for some minutes.

"By hokey, it's about the only chance there is, Alf!" exclaimed Rick, seizing the Cockney's hand. "It's neck or nothing. But anything to circumvent this brute! Now, let's have a sleep until sunset, for we may not get another for some time!"

Curiously enough, the two chums slept soundly until Oom again entered the cabin, followed by his two men. Ho gave a curious glance at the sleeping forms, then shrugged his shoulders, and smiled grimly.

"I see you can sleep, so I take it you have made up your mind to fall in with my plans?" he said, as Rick opened his eyes. "Dat is so, eh? Now, listen—"

"Listen yourself, you thieving skunk!" cried Rick. "You think you can bully us into obeying your commands for fear of what's coming to us? Well, you've got another guess coming! I'd sooner die than play your dirty game, you disgrace to humanity! Do what you like to me. I'll see you to blazes before I give in!"

With a quick movement he brought his open hand across the man's sneering mouth, then followed up quickly with the other, leaving a mark on the sallow cheek.

With a snarl of rage, Oom signed to his men, and in a trice Rick and Alf were seized and fastened into the jackets.

Oom then pressed down a switch, and the plate glass slid away, the wind coming shrieking through the opening as the plane forged ahead over the mountains.

"Perhaps in an hour's time you will have changed your mind," sneered Oom—"if you survive! I am going to slow the plane down a trifle as we are nearing our destination, so there is a chance for you—but a ve-ry slight one. Au 'voir! Heave them over, men!"

Down into the open space Rick and Alf were lowered until they were both streaming out behind the giant plane like the tail of a kite, whilst the terrific wind tore at their bodies and threatened to tear the very breath from their lungs.

Rick gave one glance upwards and saw the glass flooring returning to its position; then the light was blotted out, and he could see nothing but the shadow as of a huge bird far, far above him.

*(Rick and his companion are hooked for a rough journey by the look of things, aren't they, chums? What's going to be the outcome of it all? Get next Saturday's MAGNET for another instalment of this remarkable serial!)*



**ALL THE FUN OF THE "FIFTH"!**  
(Continued from page 24.)

Fourth, laughed quite heartily, without the remotest suspicion that the hideous object was a member of his Form.

Outside the House Mr. Quelch came in sight, with a tall, angular gentleman by his side. It was Sir Hilton Popper, and both of them glanced at the procession: Quelch with a crusty smile, the old baronet with a faint grin. Sir Hilton was in an unusually good temper. Mr. Quelch had telephoned him that his pocket-book was found, and Sir Hilton had rushed over in his car at once, and the fat pocket-book now reposed safely in Sir Hilton's pocket. For which good reason, the testy old gentleman was, for once, in quite a good humour.

"Good gad!" said Sir Hilton, turning his eyeglass on the "guy" borne high in the chair by the Removites. "What—what is this?"

"I think the boys call it a guy!" said Mr. Quelch, with a smile. "I must say it is a particularly hideous one."

"Very life-like—very life-like!" said Sir Hilton. "It's eyes actually appear to be moving! Good gad! I could almost swear that the thing was alive."

Mr. Quelch laughed good-humouredly at the idea!

Undoubtedly that guy looked strangely life-like. There was no doubt that its eyes were rolling horribly.

"Guy Fawkes guy! Stick him up on high!"

"Here's another guy!"

"Hurrah!"

The Removites rather hurried on their march; they were a little uneasy under the gimlet eyes of Henry Samuel Quelch. But Mr. Quelch only smiled indulgently as he glanced after them.

On swept the procession round the quad.

"They've got our guy!" shouted Wilkinson of the Fourth. "You men, those Remove rotters have got our guy!"

"Oh, rather!" exclaimed Dabney. "I thought they'd smashed it up; but that's our guy all right!"

"Hand over that guy, you cheeky fags!" shouted Fry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Stand back, you Fourth Form rotters!"

"Guy Fawkes guy——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

A crowd of the Fourth gathered round the procession. They were excited and wrathful. They had been looking for Temple, wondering what on earth had become of their great chief and leader, when the procession dawned on them. And at the sight of a black-faced guy, borne high in the midst of a yelling mob of Removites, they had no doubt that it was Temple's guy that had been annexed. Instead of destroying it, as Dabney and Fry had supposed, the Removites had bagged it; at least, that was what it looked like to the Fourth. And they crowded round wrathfully.

"Give us our guy!" roared Dabney.

"Mop them up and collar it!" shouted Fry.

"Hands off!"

"Rally round, you men!" bawled Bob Cherry. "They're not having our guy! Give them jip!"

The procession came to a halt. The guy swayed precariously, and Cecil Reginald Temple almost forgot his fury in his terror of pitching headlong to the ground.

Shoves and pushes and punches were freely exchanged on all sides. There was a roar of excited voices.

"Give us our guy!"

"Now, then!" Wingate pushed in. "If you've bagged that idiotic thing, you fags, hand it over! Wharton, does that guy belong to the Fourth?"

Harry Wharton chuckled.

"Well, I suppose it belongs to the Fourth," he admitted; and there was a yell of laughter from the Remove.

"Then hand it over!" said Wingate.

"Oh, all right! After all, we've processed it round the quad, and we weren't really going to burn it!" chortled Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The burnfulness would not have been terrific."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Dabney and Fry, and several more of the Fourth grabbed the chair away, with the guy tied on it. They bumped it on the ground. There was a sudden howl of startled fright from Fry.

"Why, it's alive!"

"What?" gasped Dabney.

"Look! Oh crumbs, 'tain't a guy—it's a chap! It—it—who—what——" stuttered Fry.

Bob Cherry jerked the tarry rag from Temple's mouth.

"Speak up, old bean," he said

encouragingly. "Tell the fellows all about it."

"Groooogh!"

"Who—who—what——" gurgled Dabney.

"Get me out of this!" shrieked Temple. "Get me loose, you dunny! Untie me, you idiot! Can't you move, you fathead?"

"It's Temple!" yelled Fry.

"Oh crumbs!"

"Temple!"

"Will you get me loose?" raved Temple. "What are you laughing at, you ass? What are you sniggering at, you dummy? What——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Here's another guy——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Temple, old man," gurgled Fry.

"Ha, ha, ha! Oh, my hat! Temple—— Ha, ha! Get him loose, you men! Ha, ha, ha! Temple—— Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's your guy!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "But you can put it on our bonfire if you like! Bring it along!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Guy Fawkes guy——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, Temple, old man, please to remember the Fifth of November——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Guy Fawkes Night was duly celebrated at Greyfriars, amid the banging of crackers, the fizzing of squibs, the rattling of rockets, and the buzzing of catherine wheels. But Temple of the Fourth took no part in the celebration. While that merry celebration was going on, Temple of the Fourth was in a bath-room, with steaming hot water and plenty of soap, trying to get off the tar. Temple's part in the celebration was over, but it had been a conspicuous part while it lasted.

And for days and days afterwards Cecil Reginald Temple could not appear in public without some fellow howling "Here's another guy!" evoking roars of laughter. Everybody but Temple seemed to think the thing funny; but Cecil Reginald, at least, was not pleased to remember the Fifth of November!

THE END.

(Next week's MAGNET is better than ever, chums! It contains another grand long story of Harry Wharton & Co., entitled: "THE BOOT-BOY'S LUCK!" Make a point of ordering your copy in advance!)

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**BLUSHING,** Shyness, "Nerves," Self-consciousness cured or money back! Complete Treatment, 5/-. Details, striking testimonials. Free.—**L. A. STEBBING, 28, Dean Road, LONDON, N.W.2.**

**HEIGHT INCREASED IN 10 DAYS. 3 to 6 INCHES. ASTOUNDING COURSE, 1/6. WHY PAY MORE FOR LESS RESULTS?** Particulars, stamp.—**A. ANDERSON, 185, Fleet Street, E.C.4.**

**CODOGRAM FOR BOY DETECTIVES: ZZZ32.**

U-4) [36 c8=1 +/4] c'3] . . 6 748 "6" c' // 565@64" //c't  
 [36 c8. . 1. // "3" )c' +)c'64/4] // - + ) // + //c6 7cU  
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 .) "36" // 7" . @ // t - ] 01" 46"67413 U)401] //4

**GROW TALLER!** ADD INCHES to your height. Details free.—**JEDISON, 39, BOND STREET, BLACKPOOL.**

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention This Paper. 7-11-31



**BOOK REVIEWS.**

**Candid Criticisms.**

"In Chains of Iron," (Well bound.)

"One Per Cent," (Very little interest.)

"Four Days—Three Days," (A little weak in parts.)

"The Murderer's Fate," (Finely executed.)

"Mystery of the Three Apples," (Too bad.)

"The Dried-Up Spring," (Well finished.)



# Greyfriars Herald

LAUGH AND GROW FAT.

November 7th, 1931.

**LATEST EXTRA GOOD EDITION**

**GUYS! GUYS! GUYS!**

Schoolboys! Buy your Guy already made for NOVEMBER 5th.

Large Stock of First-class Guys.

Virgil . . . . . 5/-

Horace . . . . . 5/-

Euclid . . . . . 5/6

Schoolmasters, any design, 7/6 each.

Ribs and Spinal Columns made of Cracker.

BUY NOW!

KATHERINE WEILL & SONS, Manufacturers.

## SCENES IN PARLIAMENT

### CABINET DEALS WITH OPPOSITION

A special meeting of the Greyfriars Parliament was held yesterday in the Reg for the purpose of hearing the Chancellor of the Exchequer on his chin. The Chancellor (Mr. Frank Nugent) is proposing to put up the subscriptions of the Removoe Football Club by one shilling, in order to meet heavy expenses for tackle, etc.

The Opposition, which was led by Mr. Peter Todd, the Solicitor-General, were unanimously of the opinion that this measure was nothing short of monstrous—or, in other words, it wouldn't wash.

The Prime Minister, Mr. Wharton, began the debate, with a good deal of foisting rof.

"It's all very well, you know," he said, "to reckon that the treasurer can run the club without money. Dash it all, there are still several subscribers now, and they're jolly well got to be paid." (P. T. Fish and Snoot left the House at this point.) "I shall now call upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer to read the balance sheet."

Mr. Todd (rising): "One moment—"

The Solicitor-General was, as usual, accompanied by a hefty book of law, to which he always referred.

The Prime Minister: "Will the Honourable Member please sit down and not give us any chin until we've finished?" (Members of the Cabinet forced Todd into his seat.)

The Chancellor said that the funds were in a bad way. He had been forced to pay a great sum for re-decorating the pavilion, and—

Mr. Todd (rising): "One moment. Greyfriars Statutes, Rule 133a. The school shall maintain and keep in repair all necessary sports grounds and apartments thereof, which monies shall be paid by the Foundation."

The Chancellor: "Bless Rule 133a."

Mr. Todd: "Not so much of it. The school pays for the pavilion, and you jolly well know it." (Loud cheers from the Opposition.)

The Chancellor: "Well, anyway, we have had very heavy expenses for new logs—slats and shorts, and all the rest of it—and that has—"

Mr. Todd (rising): "One moment! Greyfriars Statutes, Rule 56."

"Oh, confound Rule 56!"

"Rule 56," continued Mr. Todd. "All necessary clothing, whether for ordinary wear or for sports wear, shall be provided by parents and or guardians, at their own expense."

The Prime Minister: "Oh, for goodness' sake, hoot that faded out. We shall never get finished at this rate." (Mr. Todd and his Law Book were accordingly booted out by the Sergeant-at-Arms. The Opposition raised feeble bleats of protest at this measure.)

The Chancellor: "We'll now take the vote. Those, agreeing to the extra, bob on the subs, go to the right and those against it, to the left."

The House accordingly divided, and it was found that the Opposition had won by 27 votes to 24.

The Prime Minister: "Is that so? Well, just bring out four of the Opposition, and we'll take the vote again."

The Sergeant-at-Arms accordingly flung out Messrs. Bunter, Ogilvy, Morgan, and Kake (who were nearest the door), and the votes were counted again. It

was then found that the Government had won a great victory by a single vote—24 for to 23 against. The cheers that greeted this result were well merited by a piece of scolding statesmanship on the part of the Prime Minister.

**Company Advertisement.**

**TRANSATLANTIC ASSURANCE CO.'S GENERAL MEETING**

An extraordinary general meeting of the above company was held in the Reg last night, Fisher T. Fish, Esq., taking the chair. The Shareholders present were Messrs. Bolsover, Morgan, Kake, Desmond, Vivian, Ogilvy, and Newland.

The Chairman, in delivering his report, regretted that business had suffered by the attitude of a bunch of stab-sided jays who did not know enough to mosey in out of the rain. The Chairman calculated that he had advertised the company right and left, but owing to the suspicious attitude of a group of prunes, the business instituted in the Removoe was dead. The Transatlantic Insurance Co., advertised that they would insure galleons against fires or hickings for a premium of twenty-four cents, cash down. Mr. Fish added that there were so many clauses on the policies that there was ample room for the directors to crawl out of paying any compensation whatever, thus leaving the premiums as so much clear profit. It would seem that this business precaution had reached the ears of the prospective clients, and they refused, with a certain all-fired abruptness, to pay their shillings and take their policies.

Mr. Fish then presented the following balance sheet to the shareholders:

**TRANSATLANTIC ASSURANCE CO.**

*Chairman, Manager, Director, Treasurer, Secretary: FISHER T. FISH.*

**Receipts—**

7 Shares, fully paid, at 5s. . . . .	£ 5. 0
1 Premium (R. Nugent) . . . . .	1 15 0
<b>Total</b> . . . . .	<b>6 15 0</b>

**Expenditure—**

Compensation to R. Nugent . . . . .	0 5 0
Advertising, etc. . . . .	0 15 0
Printing, Letgers, etc. . . . .	0 10 0
<b>Total</b> . . . . .	<b>1 10 0</b>

**NET PROFIT** . . . . . **5 5 0**

**TOTAL DEFICIT** . . . . . **5 17 0**

Upon receiving this awful document, the staff of the "Herald" fell into a fit of trembling some minutes, and no sound to be heard, save the knocking of journalistic knees. After the first terror had worn off, however, we proceeded to search the file to find out what possible cause of complaint Horace James Cobb of the Fifth Form, could have against us.

In so doing we find that we have written nothing whatsoever in our paper which could possibly give Coker the least cause for offence.

It is true that we have called him a chicken-hearted inguenum.

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## "HERALD" AND LABEL ACTION

### GROUNDLESS CHARGE

The Editor of this paper has just been served with a summons by an officer from Joland Yard. The summons is worded as follows:

Central Greyfriars Criminal Court. OYEZ! OYEZ! OYEZ! OYEZ! HOITY-TOITY! TUT-TUT! BE IT KNOWN that Harry Wharton, Editor of the "Greyfriars Herald," and Thomas Brown, Manager of the Removoe Publishing Company, are hereby summoned to attend and be represented at the Common Room Sessions of the Greyfriars Criminal Court on Wednesday next to answer a charge of criminal libel, instigated by Horace James Coker, Esq., Fifth Form.

**HEBEY FALL NOT AT YOUR PERIL.**

or your nappies shall be knotted off and all your goods and chattels sold for the benefit of the poor. Hear, hear!

Peter Todd, Clerk of the Court.

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## WHAT WON'T HAPPEN TO-DAY

### DIARY OF UNLIKELY EVENTS

7.30 a.m. (Rising bell.) Bunter will get up.

7.35 a.m. A fag will wash himself.

8 a.m. Bunter refuses breakfast, with scorn.

9.15 a.m. Quetch proposes a day's holiday. Rejected unanimously.

9.30 a.m. Snoot constructs a Virgil without mistakes.

10 a.m. Quetch goes to sleep in class.

10.01 a.m. Remove wakes him up, and pleads for History.

10.45 a.m. (Break.) Remove remains in class.

12 noon Gossling rings bell sharp to time.

12.30 p.m. Fisher T. Fish lends Bunter 10s.

1 p.m. Bunter eats only one dinner.

1.45 p.m. Prout refuses to speak to the other masters.

2 p.m. Coker playing for the First Eleven versus St. Jim's.

2.01 p.m. (And every minute afterwards.) Coker postal order arrives.

3 p.m. Postal order arrives for Bunter.

3.01 p.m. Postal order still in Bunter's possession.

4 p.m. St. Jim's beat Greyfriars.

5 p.m. A fag refuses a herring for tea.

5.15 p.m. Fag makes toast for Loder without burning it.

6 p.m. Wharton pays me for writing this diary.

9 p.m. Each Remove man has done his prep.

9.30 p.m. Prefect forgets to see the Remove to the dorm.

Mr. Quetch was looking very bucked with life as he entered the Masters' Common-room the other evening. Something seemed to give him satisfaction, and it was easy to guess what this "something" was directly one entered the Common-room.

A deep, almost reverent peace, hung over that celebrated apartment. Hardly a sound disturbed the solemn stillness.

Prout wasn't there.

"Ah, Quetch!" said Larry Lascelles cordially. "The common-room seems strangely quiet to-night."

"Between ourselves, Lascelles," said Quetch, "I am glad of it. I respect Prout, of course. But really, I feel inclined to say that he is too addicted to conversation. Now that he has gone up to London for the evening, between ourselves—"

"Exactly! Between ourselves—"

"We are none the worse for it. I have heard Prout's experiences in the Rockies so many times. I know the exact point at which Prout's bullet enters the head of the ferret on his grizzly bear. I can tell you almost the exact words which Prout will be using. And it tends between ourselves to grow more and more interesting."

"Oh, of course!"

"They chat for a moment, then Larry said:

**TRAGEDY In Three Notices**

No. 1.—The school authorities have granted the request for a new piano to replace the existing instrument. The new polished oak piano is now installed in the Music Room.

H. H. Locke, M.A., D.D.

No. 2.—To-night at 8 p.m., CLAUDE HOSKINS will give a pianoforte recital in the Music Room. Everybody welcome. Roll up!

**FOR SALE,**

No. 3. Quantity of polished oak firewood. Apply at the woodshed.

**A SHOCK FOR QUELCH**

**"SOMEWHERE A VOICE IS CALLING"**

"You have not, I think, heard my new wireless set, Quetch. Would you care to accompany me to my room and hear this evening's broadcast?"

"By all means! I should be delighted. Some very interesting and instructive talks are often broadcast from London, and I sometimes regret that I do not own a receiving set."

The two masters adjourned to Mr. Lascelles' room, and Larry switched on his wireless set. Soon the announcer's voice rang out, loud and clear.

"London calling. Continuing our weekly series of talks on the subject of Big Game Hunting, we are now to have a short address by Paul Prout, M.A., a celebrated hunter of some years ago."

There was a grating sound. Quetch and Lascelles stared at each other, almost petrified. Then the rolling voice of Paul Prout boomed out.

"Ahem! When I was in the Rockies in the year 1898—no, let me see, it must have been the spring of '99, I fancy—I happened to have a very singular encounter with a grizzly bear. I encountered the creature—"

Lascelles switched the set off with a swift movement, and he and Quetch exchanged glances.

"Prout is perfectly ubiquitous," growled Larry. "Thank you for your hospitality, Lascelles," he said in a cutting voice. "I regret I cannot stay any longer. I do not care for the wireless. I regard it as the most destructive and diabolical invention of the age." Good evening."

And Quetch called away, his good humour absolutely dashed.

**OUR ADVERTISEMENT CORNER**

**FAG WANTED.** Must produce evidence that he changes his collar once a year. 6d. per week to smart kid.—**GEORGE WIN-GATE, Sixth Form.**

**A GOOD OPENING FOR TUCK-RAIDERS.**—My study window. Take warning.—**VERNON-SMITH, Study 4.**

**FAGG WANTED.**—No salary. Form Passages, but fagg would be offered.

**FISHY'S FAG AGENCY.**—First-class fags for all occasions. Booking fee, 48 cents.—**FISHIEK T. FISH, Study 14.**

**FAG WANTED—URGENT!**—Gerald Loder (Sixth Form) requires a fag immediately. The fag he requires is the one who left a booby-trap on his study door. Apply as quickly as possible to G. Loder, Ploggen Hall, Sixth Form Passages.

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