

BRIGHT SCHOOL YARNS FOR DULL EVENINGS!

(INSIDE.)

The **MAGNET** 2^D



COME INTO THE OFFICE, BOYS!

Here your Editor is pleased to answer questions and discuss topics of general interest. Write to him: Editor of the "Magnet," The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, E.C.4.
A stamped and addressed envelope will ensure a reply.

I SEE another record has been made for old England. The Americans are very fond of boasting about the mighty things they have in their country, but we've beaten them so far as railway trains are concerned. England has broken the record again, and now possesses

THE FASTEST TRAIN IN THE WORLD.

It is known as "The Cheltenham Flyer," and runs on the Great Western line. It has actually touched ninety miles an hour. "Some" going, eh? I heard the other day that a rich American has made a trip on the "flyer" three times, spending five pounds on first-class fares to do it. "But it was well worth it!" he told a station official. "We've got nothing to touch it in America!" What has Fisher T. Fish to say to that?

YOU'D HARDLY BELIEVE IT!

A forest that flourished beneath the waters of a great lake! During an

earthquake in the Caraccas a portion of the land sank and left a lake a hundred feet deep. The forest of Aripao was engulfed, but for several months the trees remained green, despite the fact that they were under water!

A wire can be made so fine that it is invisible to the ordinary eye! Platinum has been made into a wire that is only one eighteen-thousandth part of an inch in thickness. It can only be seen by means of a microscope, and is used for telescopes!

Ice can be made in a red-hot furnace! Sulphuric acid, if poured into a red-hot platinum crucible will not evaporate. If a few drops of water are introduced the acid flies off in a vapour so rapidly that the water is converted into ice, which can be tipped out before it has time to re-melt!

It is possible to see stars that no longer exist! Light travels at the rate of 200,000 miles per second, but the distance of some stars from us is so great that it can take as long as a

thousand years for their light to reach us. In that thousand years some of these stars have become extinct—but their light is still travelling towards us!

A large heart is not a sign of courage! While we talk of courageous people being "lion-hearted," the curious thing is that a lion has the smallest heart of any prey-seeking animal. On the other hand, Philip II. of Spain, who was one of the most cowardly of men, possessed a larger heart than any other man known!

Well, that's enough to be going on with. Take it from me, chums, some wonderful things have happened on this old earth of ours—and are still happening. I'll see if I can dig up a few more facts for you later.

NEXT week's programme will, of course, be just as good as ever. Topping the bill comes

"FOES OF THE REMOVE!"

By Frank Richards.

But I don't intend to spoil your enjoyment by giving away some of the surprises which this popular author has up his sleeve for you in this topping tale of the Greyfriars chums. Our great serial "Oom, the Terrible!" is still going great guns, so you can look forward to another thrilling instalment. Our shorter features, too, are sure to please.

Cheerio, chums,
YOUR EDITOR.

ALL EYES ON THE SCHOOLS' SOCCER SHIELD.

School Soccer is waking up with a vengeance these days! A new League, known as the Eastwood Shield League, has recently been formed, comprising all school clubs within the vicinity of Greyfriars, Rookwood, and St. Jim's. Thanks to the generosity of Lord Eastwood, a shield is to be presented to the League champions at the end of the season.

Each week a full report of the matches played will appear in our companion paper, the "GEM"—OUT ON WEDNESDAYS—also a table shewing the positions of the various teams to date. Below will be found a commentary of the match Harry Wharton & Co. played against Highcliffe, also a list of results of other matches played this week.

FRIARS ALL AT SEA.

Greyfriars, Wednesday.

My first impression on entering the gates at Greyfriars was of a powerful voice booming "Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

I was warmly greeted by Bob Cherry and Harry Wharton, and the rest of the Famous Five, not forgetting Inky, who hoped that my honourable person had enjoyed an esteemed comfortable journey. I answered that inquiry in the affirmative, and inquired in turn what they thought of the prospects of Greyfriars finishing at the top of the tree. It appeared that a flooded pitch had somewhat retarded practice, but Harry Wharton was quickly confident, though warning me that I must not expect too much in the first important engagement.

While the Friars were changing I betook myself to Little Side and sought out Frank Courtenay, the visiting skipper.

I found Courtenay very cheerful, and

convinced that at the end of the season the winning team would be—Highcliffe. Certainly his men had shaped well at practice, and De Courcy, the slacker, had, for once, bestirred himself. Courtenay was keen to impress upon me that the fable that Highcliffe is a home for slackers is a thing of the past—and I can quite believe him. Certainly Courtenay lacks nothing in energy!

From the outset the Friars were unlucky. Peter Todd, at centre-half, slipped on a muddy patch and ricked his ankle—not seriously, but sufficient to impair his work throughout the match. The rest of the team played up manfully, but the lack of practice was a little in evidence, and Courtenay's well-oiled attack found things very much to their liking. Courtenay himself dribbled clean through, to give Highcliffe the lead, and a few minutes later De Courcy, slacking forgotten, leaped high in the air to deflect a centre well out of reach of Hazeldene, in goal.

At half-time Highcliffe deservedly led by two goals to nil. In the second period Peter Todd went to outside-left, and Vernon-Smith dropped back, Mark Linley changing to centre-half. This strengthened the defence at the expense of the attack, but kept Highcliffe in check. Hazeldene gave a dazzling display in goal; he is a fellow of fits and starts, and this was one of the starts! He was in no way to blame when Courtenay shot from point-blank range to put his side three up, with ten minutes to go. This state of affairs galvanised the Friars, and Harry Wharton went clean through with a magnificent solo effort, drew Smithson out of goal in skilful manner, and finished with a low drive into an empty net.

Frank Courtenay was the first to admit that the luck was against the home team, and that with Peter Todd uninjured the result might have been different. It is obvious, however, that Highcliffe are a more than useful side,

and that they do not mind heavy going. This, in a team that was once, before Courtenay took it in hand, noted for slackness and foul play, is sufficiently notable!

The Friars are not to be judged on this display. Every team has an "off" day, and, without adequate practice, too much could not be expected. A certain section of the crowd, however, headed by Skinner, was loud in sneers and cat-calls.

I heard on the phone that St. Jim's were in great form at Abbotsford, mopping up the local heroes to the tune of six to one! St. Jim's are a team to watch, with a vengeance. St. Frank's are also out for blood, winning by five to nothing against St. Jude's!

RESULTS.

GREYFRIARS 1. HIGHCLIFFE 3.
Wharton. Courtenay (2),
De Courcy.

Teams: GREYFRIARS: Hazeldene; Bull, Brown; Cherry, Todd, Linley; Hurree Singh, Nugent, Wharton, Penfold, Vernon-Smith. HIGHCLIFFE: Smithson; Wilkinson ma and Wilkinson mi; Roberts, Benson, Young; Yates, De Courcy, Courtenay, Jones mi, Derwent.

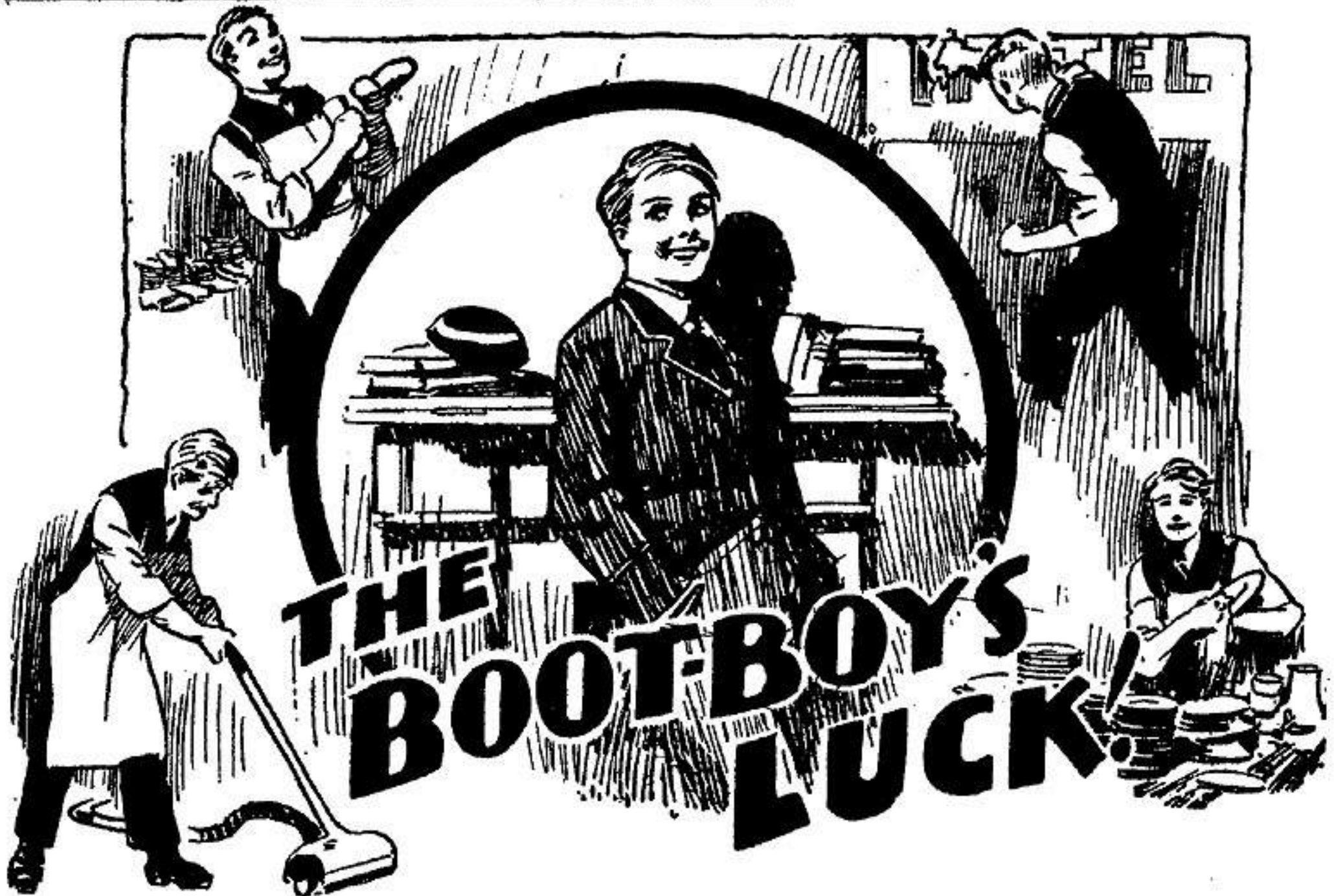
ABBOTSFORD 1. ST. JIM'S 6.
Fane. Merry (3), Blake,
Talbot, Levison.

REDCLYFFE 2. CLAREMONT 2.
Judd (2). Baxter, St. Clair.

ROOKWOOD 1. BANNINGTON
Dodd. GRAM. SCH. 0.

RYLCOMBE GRAM. SCH. 4. BAGSHOT 2.
Gay (2), Monk, Poole, Pankley,
Wootton ma.

ST. FRANK'S 5. ST. JUDE'S 0.
Tregellis-West, Nipper (2)
Gray, Pitt.



A Splendid Complete School Story of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Major and Minor I

BOB CHERRY lifted the largest foot in the Greyfriars Remove and banged it on the door of Study No. 1.

Crash!
The study door flew open.
"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" Bob inserted his cheery, ruddy face into the doorway and bawled: "Waiting for you, Franky!"

"You silly ass!" howled Frank Nugent.

"Eh?"

"Look at this exercise, you fathead!"

Bob looked at the Latin exercise and grinned.

Frank Nugent was seated at the study table, apparently at work, though it was a half-holiday at Greyfriars School. His pen had been full of ink when the door crashed open. Naturally he had jumped. There was not so much ink in his pen now. Most of it was scattered in large blots over the Latin exercise before him.

"Sorry, old bean!" said Bob.

"Fathead!"

"But what are you swotting for? Not lines for Quelch?"

"No!" grunted Nugent.

"Well, we're waiting to start for Wapshot," said Bob. "Have you forgotten that we're going to see the footer match there this afternoon?"

Nugent grunted again. He did not seem to be in his usual sunny temper that afternoon.

"You'd better cut off without me," he said. "I've got to get through this, and it will take some time."

"Oh, rot!" said Bob. "We'll wait."

Then he became aware that Frank

Nugent was not alone in the study. A Second Form fag was seated in the window, eating toffee. Dicky Nugent, of the Second Form, bestowed a cheery grin and a wink on Bob Cherry.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob.

"What's that microbe doing here?"

"Don't jaw!" said Nugent minor.

"What?"

"Don't jaw! You're interrupting Franky."

Bob Cherry gave the fag an expressive look.

It was sublime cheek for a fag of the Second to tell a Remove man not to "jaw." But as the fag happened to be

For years he dreamed of going to a school like Greyfriars. Then by luck and pluck the BIG CHANCE came his way!

Frank Nugent's young brother, Bob did not feel that he could deal with him as he deserved. He contented himself with giving Dicky an expressive look—which had no effect whatever on Richard Nugent. He grinned and sucked toffee.

"You fellows coming?" came Harry Wharton's voice along the passage.

"Not yet!" called back Bob, from the doorway.

"We shall be lato!" growled Johnny Bull.

"The lateness will be terrific!" remarked Huree Jamsot Ram Singh.

"Procrastination is the thief of a bird in the bush, as the English proverb declares."

"Franky's swotting!" answered Bob.

The three juniors came up the Remove passage to the doorway of Study No. 1. Frank Nugent glanced up at them, flushed a little, and gave his attention to his work again.

"Back up, old man," said Harry Wharton. "We haven't any too much time to get across to Wapshot for the kick-off."

"You fellows clear off," said Nugent rather gruffly. "I shall be half an hour over this."

"I didn't know you had an impot."

"It's not an impot."

"What the dickens is it, then?" asked Harry Wharton, puzzled. "You're not swotting for amusement, I suppose, when we're ready to start."

"No, ass!"

"Don't jaw, you chaps!" said Dicky Nugent, from the window. "I'm waiting for Franky to get through. I don't want to stick in here all the afternoon."

"Shut up, you young ass!" growled Nugent.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked at Dicky, looked at Nugent, and looked at one another.

"Well, can't you chuck it till after tea, Frank?" asked Wharton.

"No."

"Why not?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Twigg wants it before tea."

"Twigg!" exclaimed the four juniors together.

Mr. Twigg, the master of the Second Form, had nothing to do with the Remove, and Frank Nugent's reply rather astonished his chums.

Nugent looked up, colouring.

"I'm helping Dicky!" he jerked out.

"Twigg's waxy with him, and he's set

him an exercise that's too tough for him. So I'm helping him."

"Oh!" said Wharton.

"No need for you fellows to wait!" added Nugent. "You can get off. I'll come on later."

"Oh, we'll wait!" said Harry.

"The waitfulness will be a boonful pleasure and a stitch in time, my esteemed Franky!" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"We'll get along for the second half," said Bob amicably.

Johnny Bull grunted.

"Did you say you were helping your minor with that exercise, Frank?" he asked.

"You heard me," answered Nugent rather tartly.

"Is that what you call helping him—doing the thing yourself, while that lazy young scamp sucks toffee?"

Nugent's colour deepened.

It was not uncommon for Nugent minor to bring his little troubles along to his major's study in the Remove. Nugent's chums did not yearn for the society of Second Form fags, but they tolerated Dicky with patience and tact. Nugent had a sense of duty towards his young brother at Greyfriars, and did not realise—what was clear enough to the other fellows—that Dicky was a thoughtless, careless, ungrateful young scamp.

"Helping Dicky," was what Nugent called it; but, as a matter of fact, it often amounted to the Remove fellow doing the fag's work for him—which was good-natured, but not much to Dicky's benefit in the long run.

Nugent was, in fact, good-natured to a fault, and Dicky was the fellow to take full advantage of that amiable weakness.

"I jolly well think——" went on Johnny Bull.

"Chuck it, old man!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"I jolly well think——"

"My esteemed Johnny, the still tongue is the cracked pitcher that saves a bird in the bush from going longest to the well!" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh gently.

But Johnny Bull was not to be deterred. Johnny was a youth of solid common sense, and a direct speaker; and tact, perhaps, was not so highly developed in Johnny as in his comrades.

"I jolly well think," he repeated stolidly—"I jolly well think that old Twigg would be ratty if he knew you were doing that exercise for your minor, Frank."

"Rats!" grunted Nugent.

"And I jolly well think——" pursued Johnny Bull.

"You're wasting time, old bean!" murmured Bob.

"I jolly well think that you'd better chuck it and come out, Nugent. You've no right to help that lazy young scamp pull his Form master's leg. Helping him is one thing; doing his work for him is jolly well another, and you know it as well as I do!"

"Well, if I know it, you needn't tell me!" snapped Nugent. He rose to his feet with a flushed face. "Look here, you fellows get out and leave me to it. I don't want you to waste your half-holiday."

"Oh, we'll wait, old chap!" said Harry.

"I don't mind waiting," said Johnny Bull calmly. "I'll wait all the jolly old afternoon if you like. But you ought not to be doing Dicky's work for him, Frank."

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"Don't jaw!" came from Dicky Nugent, at the window.

Johnny Bull breathed hard and deep.

"If you want to go down the Remove staircase on your neck, young Nugent——" he began.

Frank Nugent uttered an impatient exclamation.

"You fellows clear off! Do you think I can work while you're hanging about ragging my minor?"

"Keep your wool on, old bean!" said Bob. "Come on, you men—we don't get a chance of seeing a League match every day, and Frank doesn't want us here. Ta-ta, Franky!"

Bob Cherry tramped out of the study, and after a moment's pause his friends followed him.

Frank Nugent settled down to work again. Dicky Nugent, swinging his legs on the window-seat, sucked toffee and yawned.

"Look here, Dicky, you ought to be going through this with me," said Frank.

Johnny Bull's remarks had irritated him, but they had rather touched his conscience at the same time.

"What rot!" yawned Dicky.

"Twigg will expect——"

"Oh, blow Twigg!"

"You ought——"

"Oh, don't give me Bull's blether at second-hand," implored Dicky. "Look here, Frank, I've got to hand that putrid exercise to old Twigg before I go out. Do you want to keep me stuck indoors all the afternoon?"

And Frank Nugent, yielding the point, resumed his work, and he finished the Latin exercise while Dicky finished the toffee.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Bunter to the Rescue!

"WHARTON!"

"Oh dear!" murmured Harry Wharton.

He murmured that ejaculation under his breath. It would not have been polite or judicious to let Mr. Quelch hear it.

Mr. Quelch, the Remove master, was standing at his study window, looking out into the quad as the juniors came out of the House. It was a fine, clear winter's afternoon, with cold, bright sunshine, and Mr. Quelch's rather crusty face wore a benevolent smile as he gazed from the open window. His voice was quite genial as he called to the captain of the Remove.

The Co. came to a halt, and Wharton approached the window. As he was head boy of the Remove, his time was not wholly his own; a Form captain at Greyfriars had duties as well as privileges. Harry Wharton was quite a dutiful fellow, but he wanted to get out of gates.

There was a League match at Wapshot, and the Greyfriars fellows seldom had an opportunity of seeing a League team play. And so much time had been wasted already, that the chums of the Remove had to hurry to get to Wapshot in time for the kick-off.

Wharton devoutly hoped that Henry Samuel Quelch was not going to call on him for any of those little services which a Form master had a right to expect from his head boy.

"Yes, sir!" he said mockly, as he stopped under the window.

"Ah, Wharton," said Mr. Quelch, looking down at him kindly, "I hope you have nothing particular to do this afternoon."

Wharton suppressed a groan.

"You are not playing in a football match, Wharton?"

"No, sir; there's no match to day."

"Very good!" said Mr. Quelch. "If there had been a football match, Wharton, I should have left this little matter to someone else. As it is, I shall ask you to oblige me."

Wharton suppressed another groan.

"I was going——" he murmured.

"You were going out of gates?"

"Yes, sir."

"It is a very fine afternoon for a walk," said Mr. Quelch approvingly. "But for the fact that my time is wholly taken up, I should certainly like to walk down to Friardale myself. However, that is impracticable, and I shall ask you, Wharton, to call at Friardale Station and meet the new boy who is coming this afternoon."

"Oh, my hat!"

"What? What did you say, Wharton?"

"N-n-nothing, sir!"

Mr. Quelch gave his head boy a rather severe glance.

"I trust, Wharton, that you have no objection to obliging me in this matter?" he said, in a rumbling voice.

"Oh! No, sir."

"The new boy will arrive at Friardale by the three-thirty train," said Mr. Quelch.

Wharton suppressed a third groan.

Kick-off at Wapshot was at three; so the League match was knocked on the head for the captain of the Remove. There would not even be a chance of getting along for the second half.

"His name," said Mr. Quelch, "is Carlow—Eric Carlow."

Harry Wharton did not care two straws whether the obnoxious fellow's name was Smith, Jones, or Robinson, or anything else. But he looked as interested as he could.

"It has been arranged," said Mr. Quelch, "for Carlow to enter the Remove, and I have decided to place him in your study, Wharton, as there are only two at present in Study No. 1 in the Remove."

Wharton suppressed a fourth groan.

He was to miss the League match at Wapshot to meet this new tick at the station—and he was to have the tick landed on him in the study which he shared with Frank Nugent! He was conscious of a desire to punch the head of a fellow he had never seen, or heard of till that moment.

"In these circumstances," continued Mr. Quelch, "no doubt you will be pleased to meet him and make friends with him."

There was a very considerable doubt, if Mr. Quelch had only known it!

"You will meet his train at the station, and bring him to the school," said Mr. Quelch. "I am much obliged to you, Wharton."

With that, the Remove master stepped back from the window.

Harry Wharton looked at his comrades—and they walked on, judiciously getting out of their Form master's hearing before they made any remarks on the subject.

"Rotten!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"The rottenfulness is terrific."

"That ass Nugent!" said Bob. "If he hadn't wasted time over his silly minor, we should have been out of gates before Quelch spotted us. Now we're dished!"

"The dishfulness is preposterous!"

"Isn't it putrid luck?" said Wharton glumly. "Can't be helped, though. I'll walk with you men as far as Friardale, and hang on there for this new blighter while you get on to Wapshot."

"Oh, we'll stick to you!" said Bob. "Sink or swim together!"

Harry Wharton shook his head. His own afternoon was "mucked up"; but he did not intend to let his comrades share his sad fate.

"My esteemed chums," murmured

"Is this what you call helping your minor with that exercise—doing the thing yourself, while that lazy young scamp sucks toffee?" grunted Johnny Bull.



Hurree Janset Ram Singh, as the juniors walked down to the gates, "a wheezy idea has flashfully entered my absurd brain. The ludicrous Quelch stated that if there had been a football match on, the ridiculous new boy could have been left to someone else."

"But there isn't a match on, Inky."

"There is an esteemed League match on at Wapshot," said the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"That isn't what Quelch meant," said Harry, laughing.

"It is what I mean, my absurd chum! In the ridiculous circumstances, why not ask some other fellow to meet the pernicious new boy—as there is a match on?"

The chums of the Remove looked at one another.

"After all, why not?" said Johnny Bull. "Any ass can meet the silly new kid and see that he arrives at Greyfriars, and not at Highcliffe or Redclyffe, or the other end of the world. Ask another man, old bean."

Harry Wharton hesitated.

"Quelch expects——" he demurred.

"Blessed are those who don't expect—they never get disappointed," said Bob. "Here's Smithy—ask him."

Herbert Vernon-Smith was going out of gates with Tom Redwing, and Bob shouted to him.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Hold on, Smithy!"

The Bouncer glanced round.

"What's up?" he asked.

"Like to trot down to Friardale and meet a new kid?" asked Bob.

Smithy stared.

"No, ass! Blow the new kid!"

And he walked away with Redwing.

"Floored!" said Bob. "But Smithy's not the only pebble on the jolly old beach. Here's Fishy! I say, Fishy! Going out?"

"Yep!" answered Fisher T. Fish.

"There's a new kid coming this afternoon——"

"Yeh?" said Fisher T. Fish.

"Like to meet him at the station?"

"Nop!"

And Fisher T. Fish jerked away.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"No takers, old man," he said. "I'm for it."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's the jolly old barrel! Here, Bunter!" roared Bob Cherry.

Billy Bunter blinked round through his big spectacles.

"I say, you fellows, I've been looking for you!" he exclaimed, rolling up to the four. "I say, my postal order never came, you chaps. I was expecting it this morning. If you've got a pound-note you don't want——"

"Not a fiver?" asked Bob. "I've got as many fivers as pound-notes—exactly as many."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I mean a bob—if you've got a bob you don't want——"

"Well, I've got some bobs——"

"Good!"

"But I want them——"

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"Look here, Bunter can roll along to the station and meet that new animal," said Bob. "Bunter, old man, there's a new kid coming into the

Remove to-day. He's got to be met at the station—three-thirty at Friardale. You roll along and meet him, like a good porpoise."

"Look here——"

"It will make a good impression on the kid," said Bob solemnly. "Seeing you first, he will think Greyfriars no end of a place."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at," said Bunter. "The fact is, it would give the new kid a false impression. Seeing me first, he would think Greyfriars a pretty decent sort of place. But fancy his feelings afterwards, when he saw you fellows!"

"Why, you fat scoundrel——"

"Oh, come on!" said Harry. "You fellows will be late at Wapshot, at this rate!"

"I say, you fellows, I don't mind meeting the new kid if you make a point of it," said Bunter. "But one good turn deserves another, you know. I've been disappointed about a postal order—and a bob isn't much, after all I've done for you!"

"It's worth a bob!" said Johnny Bull.

Harry Wharton hesitated again. Certainly his Form master expected him to meet Eric Carlow at the station and bring that unknown youth to the school. On the other hand, even an ass like Billy Bunter was perfectly capable to perform so simple a duty. He hesitated—and it is well said that he who hesitates is lost.

A "bob" changed hands. And leaving William George Bunter to look after THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,239.

the expected new kid on his arrival at Friardale, the four juniors started at a rapid trot for Wapshot. There they arrived just in time for the kick-off, after which it is much to be feared that they completely forgot the existence of the new fellow who was expected at Greyfriars that afternoon.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Fag Wanted!

HORACE COKER, of the Fifth Form at Greyfriars, stepped from the three-thirty train at Friardale Station. Potter and Greene, of the same Form, followed him from the carriage. Coker glanced at Potter, and then at Greene, as they stepped out after him, and then remarked sarcastically:

"Leaving it to go on in the train, what?"

Apparently Coker of the Fifth was referring to some article of baggage.

"It's your parcel," said Potter tartly.

"Hand it out!" snapped Coker.

George Potter reached into the carriage, and drew therefrom a large parcel. He extended it to Coker, holding it by the string. As Coker did not accept it, Potter laid it on the platform.

Coker & Co. had been in Courtfield that afternoon. Coker had been doing some shopping. The large paper parcel was the outcome.

There had been some argument about that parcel already. Coker seemed to take it for granted that either Potter or Greene was going to carry it, or both of them in turns. Potter and Greene had mentally decided that they would see Coker's parcel, and Coker himself,

at the bottom of the deep sea before they would carry it.

Fifth Form men at Greyfriars did not carry parcels.

Coker, certainly, had no intention of carrying it. Nothing would have induced him to walk in at the school gates carrying a large brown-paper parcel. Such a proceeding would not have been in accordance with his dignity, which was an important matter in Horace Coker's eyes. But the parcel had to be carried. It could not walk. So Coker gave Potter an expressive look as he landed it on the platform.

"Not thinking of leaving it there, I suppose?" he asked.

"It's your parcel!" said Potter, for the second time.

"I know that."

"Well, carry it, then!" said Potter.

"Don't be an ass, Potter!"

"Look here, Coker," said Greene. "You should have got the people to send it home. They'd have delivered it if you'd asked them."

"Don't be a fathead, Greene."

Potter and Greene, as a rule, were tactful with Coker. Coker of the Fifth was a useful pal, if not an ornamental one.

But a line had to be drawn somewhere, and Potter and Greene drew it at carrying parcels.

"Now look here——" began Coker.

"Hallo, there's a Remove fag!" said Greene. "You might get him to carry it, Coker."

Coker glanced round.

A fat figure adorned the platform, blinking at the train, and the passengers alighting from it, through a large pair of spectacles.

Billy Bunter was watching for the new kid.

Having disposed of Harry Wharton's bob in refreshments, liquid and solid, Bunter had rolled along to the station to carry out his part of the bargain.

"Here, Bunter!" called out Coker.

The fat junior blinked round.

"Hallo! Seen him?" he asked.

"Eh? Seen whom?"

"There's a new kid coming by this train——"

"Don't be a young ass! What the thump does a new kid matter to me? I want this parcel carried to the school."

"Oh, really, Coker——"

"Pick it up!" said Coker.

Billy Bunter blinked at him through his big spectacles. It was a devastating blink.

Even a prefect in the Sixth Form had no right to fag the Remove—though sometimes they did, all the same. Coker was not in the Sixth, and he was not a prefect. He was, in fact, nobody—nobody at all—his own belief that he was the most important man at Greyfriars being only one of Coker's many little mistakes.

Billy Bunter blinked at Coker's toes, allowing his devastating blink to travel up to Coker's rugged features, and then to travel down to his extensive boots again. Having looked Coker up and down in this withering way, Bunter turned on his heel.

Coker stared after him.

He did not appear to realise that he ought to have been in a withered and devastated state after Bunter had looked him up and down.

"You young ass!" he called out. "Come here and pick up this parcel. I want it taken to the school."

"Yah!"

That reply was not elegant, but it was expressive. Having made it, Billy Bunter rolled rather hastily along the platform. Coker was simply a cheeky ass to suppose that he could fag the Remove; but Coker had a large size in boots, and Bunter did not want to sample the weight thereof.

"My hat!" exclaimed Coker wrathfully. "I'll jolly well——"

He made a stride after William George Bunter.

"For goodness' sake, don't let's have a shindy here!" exclaimed Potter peevishly. "Look here, Coker, get them to send it on from the station."

"You know jolly well that I want my new football boots this afternoon, Potter. You know jolly well that some cheeky fag filled up my footer boots with glue. What are you grinning at, you silly image? Is there anything funny in a man's footer boots being filled up with glue?" demanded Coker hotly.

"Nunno!" gasped Potter. "But——"

"Bunter!" bawled Coker.

Billy Bunter heard, but he heeded not. He was blinking at Coker from a safe distance, prepared to dodge if the great Horace charged after him.

"Bunter!" roared Coker.

His voice awoke every echo in Friardale Station.

Passengers who had alighted from the train glanced round at the Greyfriars group. Among them was a rather slim and handsome lad, in well-cut clothes, who was moving along towards the guard's van. No doubt this was the new junior for Greyfriars, though Billy Bunter at the present moment was too occupied to give any heed to the fellow he had come to meet.

Coker breathed wrath.

"I'll jolly well whop him!" he exclaimed.

"Look here, Coker——"

"Shut up, Potter!"

"But look here, old chap——" urged Greene,



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"Shut up, Greene!"

Having reduced his faithful followers to respectful silence, Horace Coker started along the platform with long strides towards Billy Bunter. Coker of the Fifth rather prided himself on having a short way with fags, and cheek from a fag was a thing that Coker would never stand—if he could help it.

Potter and Greene exchanged a glance.

Then, without a word being spoken, they started for the platform exit at a rapid walk. They did not need to compare notes. They were tired of Coker and his parcel, and they walked off and left both. It was a case of two souls with but a single thought—two hearts that beat as one. Potter and Greene vanished from Friardale Railway Station, leaving Coker in pursuit of Bunter, and the parcel containing Coker's new football boots lying on the platform.

Coker for the moment did not notice their desertion.

His eyes were on Bunter.

Bunter's eyes—and spectacles—were on Coker. As the irate Horace strode towards him, the Owl of the Remove whipped into a waiting-room and slammed the door.

Coker arrived at the door a minute later. He shoved at it. It did not stir.

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

"You fat young scoundrel—"

"Yah!"

"I'll whop you!" roared Coker.

"Rats! You couldn't whop a bunny-rabbit!" retorted Bunter cheerily.

"Why, you—you—you—" gasped Coker.

"Go and eat coke!"

"What?" roared Coker.

"Coke!"

On the safe side of the door, Bunter could afford to be cheeky. Coker gave another furious shove at the door.

But a chair-back was jammed under the door-handle, and there was no ingress.

Coker bestowed a kick on the door which he would much rather have bestowed on Bunter.

"He, he, he! I say, Coker, they'll have you up for damaging their property!" chortled Bunter. "He, he, he!"

Coker, breathing wrath, turned away. A fat chuckle followed him from the waiting-room, and Billy Bunter grinned after him from the window.

Coker returned to his parcel. It was still conspicuous where it had been dropped on the platform. But Potter and Greene were conspicuous only by their absence. Coker glared round for them, but he glared in vain.

"Well, my hat!" gasped Coker.

It really looked as if Horace Coker would have to carry that parcel himself. And then his glance fell on the slim, handsome lad who had alighted from the train, and who, after speaking to a porter about his luggage, was coming up the platform. He glanced at him, and then stared, as if recognising the boy, and then beckoned to him, his wrathful brow clearing.

"Here, kid!" he called out. "Come and carry this parcel for me, and I'll tip you a bob!"

The slim, handsome lad was the only boy who had alighted from the train excepting the Fifth-Formers, so Bunter was easily able to guess that this was the new Remove junior whom he had come to meet.

The new boy stood staring at Horace Coker.

"Did you speak to me?" he said at last.

"Eh—yes!" said Coker. He stared harder at the boy. "You're young Carlow, aren't you?"

"My name's Carlow."

"I thought so. I never forget faces," said Coker, with a nod. "You've come along just in time to make yourself useful. You can earn a tip by carrying this parcel for me."

"I don't want your tip!"

"Eh—you don't want a tip?" exclaimed Coker, in astonishment.

"No!"

"You've rather changed, then, since

**TELL A TALE
and
WIN A POCKET KNIFE**

like Robert McCaw, of Biggars Home, Prestwich, Ayrshire, who sent in the following effort:



Youngster (to man up ladder): "What are you doing?"
Man: "Painting the clouds with sunshine."
Youngster (getting ready to run): "Then, if I pull the ladder away, you'll be painting your ribs with iodine!"

"I saw you last!" said the Fifth-Former. "You were keen enough on tips at Brighton!"

The new boy started.

He looked harder at Horace Coker, as if seeking to recognise him. His handsome face paled a little.

"Brighton?" he repeated.

"Yes, you young ass! I should have fancied you'd remember me," said Coker. "I tipped you half-a-quad when I left, and I imagine you don't get a lot of half-quad tips, Carlow."

"I've never seen you before!"

"You've never seen me before?" repeated Coker.

"No. And you've never seen me."

"What the thump do you mean?" snapped Coker angrily. "I saw you often enough in the summer, and tipped you often enough, too. Look here, are you going to carry that parcel?"

"Oh, don't be a fool!"

Carlow walked on towards the platform exit, his face flushed. Coker stared after him.

From the window of the waiting-room Billy Bunter stared, too. The Owl of the Remove was fairly dumb-founded.

"Carlow!" shouted Coker.

The new boy did not turn his head.

"You young ass!" bawled Coker. "Look here, I want this parcel carried for me! I'll make it half-a-crown! There!"

The new junior quickened his footsteps. Evidently he did not want Coker's half-crown; all he wanted was to escape from the proximity of Coker of the Fifth.

But Coker was not to be escaped from so easily. He picked up the parcel, strode after Carlow with rapid strides, and grabbed him by the shoulder.

The junior was spun round in Coker's powerful grasp.

"Now, look here—" said Coker.

"Hands off, you fool!" snapped Carlow.

"Are you calling me a fool?" gasped Coker.

"Yes! Hands off, before I punch you!"

"Pip-pip-punch me!" gasped Coker.

"My hat, I'd like to see you punch me, you cheeky little tick! What's your objection to carrying this parcel, you young ass? You've carried things for me before, haven't you? And I tipped you pretty liberally, too. Now, don't be a silly little idiot, but take the parcel, and do as you're told!"

Coker shoved the parcel into Carlow's arms.

The new junior took it.

But he did not carry it out of the station, as Coker expected.

He lifted it in both hands, his eyes flashing at Coker, and brought it down with a crash on Coker's manly chest.

Crash!

It was a terrific smite.

Coker staggered backwards, stumbled over, and fell on his back on the platform with a resounding bump, and a still more resounding yell.

The parcel, bursting with the shock, flew open, and a pair of football boots—largest size—shot out across the platform. They shot in different directions and landed at a distance.

Only the paper and string remained in Carlow's hands. He pitched them down on Coker's upturned, amazed face, turned, and hurried out of the station.

"Oh!" gasped Coker. "Ow! Wow! Why, the cheeky little beast! Ow! I'll whop him! I'll smash him! I—I—I'll—"

Coker staggered to his feet.

There was a sound of laughter from two or three directions. People in the station seemed to have found the incident amusing.

A porter gathered up Coker's new boots, grinning. But Coker did not heed the porter or the boots. He dashed out of the station after the boy who had felled him with his own parcel.

He was not long behind Carlow. But when he emerged from the station he saw nothing of the new junior.

He started up and down and round about, but Carlow was not to be seen near the station, or in the old High Street of Friardale. He had vanished promptly; perhaps in dread of Coker's wrath, or perhaps for other reasons of his own. Horace Coker sought him, but he found him not.

Neither did Billy Bunter see anything of the new junior, when—considerably later—he emerged from the station. But Bunter was not particularly anxious to see him; he rolled away to the school with a wary eye open for

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THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

An Old Acquaintance!

ERIC CARLOW, the new junior for Greyfriars, stopped.

He stared at Coker.

Billy Bunter, blinking across the platform from the window of the waiting-room, stared also.

Coker of the Fifth; and Eric Carlow, wherever he was, was left to his own devices.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

All Serene!

FRANK NUGENT laid down his pen. "That's done!" he said, glancing at the yawning fag at the window.

"Thank goodness!" said Dicky.

Dicky Nugent gave another deep yawn, and rose. The toffee was finished, and Dicky was tired of waiting. He made no secret of the fact that No. 1 Study and his major's society bored him inexpressibly.

"Now I've got to copy the rot out!" he grunted. "Old Twigg's a donkey; but he would smell a rat if I took the exercise to him in your fist."

"We'd better go through it together," said Frank.

"Eh! What for?"

"It's no good taking it to Twigg, if you don't understand a word of it, you young ass!" said Frank impatiently.

"Rot!"

"I've worked the thing out—now we'll go through it together, and I'll get it into your head."

"You jolly well won't!" said Dicky emphatically. "If you think I'm sticking in this study any longer, you're making a mistake, old chap! Gatty and Myers are waiting for me all this time—"

"Never mind Gatty and Myers—"

"Give me the pen, ass!"

Dicky took the pen and sat down at the table. Grunting with irritation, he proceeded to copy out the exercise in a sprawling hand.

"Look here, Dicky—"

"Shut up, old chap!" said Dicky. "Look here, you're finished now, and there's no need for you to hang on. You're interrupting me."

Frank breathed rather hard.

"Suppose Twigg takes you through the exercise, and asks you questions?" he demanded.

"He won't! I'll chance it if he does! Shut up, old fellow."

"It's not cricket, Dick! If you don't work the thing out, you're palming off my work as your own."

"Well, that's what I want, isn't it?"

"You young sweep!"

"Cheese it, old bean."

Frank Nugent stood staring helplessly at his cheerful young brother. Really, it seemed useless to argue with Dicky; unless a fives bat was used for the argument.

The question of right and wrong in the matter was not worrying Nugent minor. What was worrying him was the fact that his pals in the Second, Gatty and Myers, were waiting for him; and that the half-holiday was going. Mr. Twigg might hold the view—common to Form masters—that fellows came to school to learn things. Dicky held the view—common to fags—that that idea was only a bee in the Form master's bonnet.

The pen scrawled rapidly in Dicky's hand. It had taken Frank a good half-hour to work out the exercise. It did not take Dicky many minutes to make a copy of it.

Having finished, the cheery Second-Former rose, and, with a grin and a nod to his brother, left the study.

"Look here, Dicky—" Frank made a last effort.

"Ta-ta, old bean!"

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And Dicky was gone.

"The young sweep!" muttered Frank. Dicky was perfectly satisfied. Frank, who was older, and whose conscience was rather more developed, could not feel so satisfied. Also, he could not help feeling that this sort of thing would not be for Dicky's good, in the long run. And Frank had his brother's good at heart; little as the careless fag understood or appreciated it. Frank could not help feeling worried.

Richard Nugent was not feeling in the least worried. He descended the Remove staircase three steps at a time, and slid down the banisters of the next flight, landing with a thump between Gatty and Myers of the Second, who were waiting for him there.

"Hallo! Got through?" asked Gatty. Dicky grinned and held up the finished exercise.

"Your major's a brick!" said Myers. "Wish I had a major here!"

"He's not a bad old bean," said Dicky tolerantly. "A bit of a solemn old prig, you know, and jaws a man. He wanted me to go through this tripe with him after he'd worked it out."

"What for?" asked Gatty, with a stare.

"Just fatheadedness! Wait at the door while I cut in and see Twigg."

"Buck up, then! We've waited half an hour already, and we shall have to scud, if we're to get to Pegg in time to go out in old Trumper's boat."

"Won't be a tick."

Richard Nugent hurried to his Form master's study.

Mr. Twigg, master of the Second, was in conversation with Mr. Prout, master of the Fifth, who had dropped in for a chat. Dicky was rather glad to see the portly master of the Fifth there. Twigg, alone, might have given that Latin exercise more attention than Dicky desired.

Mr. Twigg raised his eyebrows in some surprise, over his spectacles, as Dicky presented himself. Mr. Prout reluctantly checked his flow of conversation for a moment.

"Ah! Nugent minor!" said Mr. Twigg. "You have not finished your Latin paper already, Nugent minor?"

"Yes, sir," said Dicky meekly.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Twigg. "I must warn you, Nugent minor, that if you have not done this exercise satisfactorily, I shall have no alternative but to set you your task over again."

"I—I think it's all right, sir," murmured Dicky.

"We shall see," said Mr. Twigg, rather grimly.

He adjusted his spectacles, and looked at the paper. Quite a pleased expression dawned on his face.

Dicky, watching him anxiously, felt his spirits rise. It was going to be all right.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Twigg, "this is very good—very creditable indeed. I am very pleased with you, Nugent minor."

"Thank you, sir."

"I shall expect better things of you in class," said Mr. Twigg, with a touch of severity. "Obviously, Nugent minor, you are not so backward as you have led me to suppose. Your faults are those of slackness and idleness; it is clear that you have ability if you care to use it. I shall know what to expect of you in future."

"Oh!" gasped Dicky.

This was not a gratifying prospect.

"You may go!" said Mr. Twigg. Prout was already recommencing. "As I was saying, Twigg—"

Dicky left the study, and rejoined his

friends at the door of the House. His face was rather thoughtful.

"All serene?" asked Gatty.

"Right as rain; only—that ass Frank might have put in a mistake or two," grunted Nugent minor. "It seems that the rotten thing's so jolly good, that old Twigg is going to try to keep me up to the same mark in class."

"He won't have much luck!" chuckled Myers.

"Frank means well; but he can't help being a silly ass," said Dicky. "Well, let's get out."

And the three fags got out.

For about two minutes Dicky remained thoughtful, over the awful prospect of being called on, in class, to play up to a high standard he had never dreamed of attaining. After which, Dicky dismissed the matter from his mind, leaving the future to take care of itself, in the happy way of the Second Form.

The fags trotted down Friardale Lane in cheery spirits. It was a half-holiday, a bright and sunny, though cold, day, and they were going out in a boat with a fisherman at Pegg, and so, for the present at least, all was right with the universe.

"Hallo, there's old Coker!" remarked Dicky.

Coker of the Fifth came in sight, striding along from the direction of the village. There was a frown on Coker's brow, which indicated that his lofty ire had been stirred. He called to the fags.

"Seen a kid dodging about here?" he asked.

"No," answered Dicky cheerfully. "We've seen a goat!"

Gatty and Myers chuckled. Coker stared. Coker's powerful brain was not quick on the uptake and he did not realise that he was the goat to whom Richard Nugent alluded.

"Eh? Don't be a young ass," said Coker, "I mean a boy—a lad—a young scoundrel who's been cheeking me! He cleared off before I could get hold of him!"

"Greyfriars man?" asked Dicky.

"No, you young duffer, a fellow who carries parcels and things. I was going to give him a job," Coker explained indignantly, "and for some reason he bunged the parcel at me and burst it—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Why, you cheeky little sweeps!" roared Coker.

Dicky Nugent & Co. dodged round Coker and scudded off before the great man of the Fifth could get to close quarters. Coker frowned, and strode on. Coker was very anxious to lay hands on the youth who had "bunged" his parcel at him, but that youth seemed to have vanished into thin air.

"This way!" said Dicky, and the fags turned into a footpath through Friardale Wood, which was a short cut down to the sea.

"Put it on," said Gatty. "Race you as far as the Pegg road, Nugent mi!"

"I'll run you off your legs in about three ticks!" retorted Nugent minor disdainfully.

"Get on with it, then!"

And the three fags tore scampering along the footpath deep into the wood. Nugent minor was in the lead, with his comrades close behind.

At the corner where the path turned into another footpath, Nugent minor glanced back at his followers.

"Put it on!" he jeered. "You're crawling! You're— Oh crumbs! Oh crikey! Whooooop!"

Crash!



Carlow lifted the parcel in both hands and brought it down on Coker's manly chest. Crash! The parcel burst with the shock, and a pair of football boots smote Coker on his prominent nose!

It was rather unfortunate—as well as unthinking—to look back, as Dicky Nugent swept round the corner. For another pedestrian was coming along from the opposite direction, and they met at the corner with a terrific collision.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Dicky Loses His Temper!

ERIC CARLOW sat down suddenly. He hardly knew what had hit him. It seemed, for a moment, like a thunderbolt.

The crash sent him spinning backwards, and he sat down, with almost every ounce of breath knocked out of his body.

"Ow!" gasped Dicky Nugent. "Wow! Oooogh!"

He sprawled over and spluttered.

Gatty and Myers, coming on behind at top speed, were moving far too fast to stop as Dicky sprawled in their way. They sprawled over Nugent minor and piled on him.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Gatty.

"Ow! Gerroff!" shrieked Nugent minor, as Gatty sprawled over his chest, and Myers over his face, and the elbow of the latter jammed into his eye. "Ow! Ow! Oh crumbs! Gerroff!"

"You silly ass!" gasped Gatty.

"Ow! Gerroff! You fathead!" roared Nugent minor.

"Ow! Ow! My funny-bone!" moaned Myers, as he staggered to his feet. "Ow! Wow! Ow! I've jammed my funny-bone on something—wow!"

"You silly owl, it was my eye!" shrieked Dicky Nugent.

"Blow your silly eye! Ow! Ow! Wow!"

"What did you want to trip us up for, Nugent mi, you clumsy ass?" bellowed Gatty.

Nugent minor scrambled up, red with wrath, with one hand clasped to his damaged eye. Myers had jarred his funny-bone hard in that eye, and the eye felt for the moment as if it had been pushed through the back of its owner's head.

"How could I help tripping you up, you dummy, when a silly idiot barged into me?" howled Nugent minor.

He glared at Carlow, who was still sitting, gasping for breath.

"You clumsy fathead!" he roared. "What do you mean by barging into a chap?"

That was rather unjust, as Carlow had certainly not barged into Dicky. It was Dicky who had barged into Carlow. But, with a pain in his eye, and five or six bumps distributed over him, Dicky was not in the mood to be just.

Carlow panted.

"You young ass!" he gasped. "You

ran into me! What the thump did you rush into me like that for, you young idiot?"

"Couldn't you see where you were going?" hooted Dicky. "I've a jolly good mind to bang your silly head!"

"Ow! My funny-bone!" moaned Myers, caressing his elbow in anguish.

"Ow! Wow! My funny-bone—"

"Blow your silly funny-bone!" howled Dicky. "Look at my eye! You couldn't fall over without jamming your fatheaded funny-bone into my eye, could you? Look at my eye!"

"Bother your eye! My fuf-fuf-funny-bone—ow—"

"It's all that tick's fault!" exclaimed Dicky, with a glare at the breathless Carlow. "Barging into a man! Bang his napper!"

"Rot!" said Gatty. "It was all your fault, Nugent mi!"

"I tell you it was his fault!"

"And I tell you you're an ass!"

"Ow! My funny-bone—"

"I've a jolly good mind to bang his napper—"

"Wait till I get my breath," gasped Carlow, "I'll jolly well show you—"

"Will you?" said Dicky savagely. "Then I'll jolly well show you!" And he grabbed the breathless youth by the collar, rolled him backwards, and jammed his head forcibly on the earth.

"There!"

"Ow! Oh, my hat! Ow!"

"Look here, Nugent mi—" gasped Gatty.

"Oh, shut up! You'd better come on, if we're going to get to Pegg this afternoon!" snorted Nugent minor.

And he started running up the footpath.

Carlow staggered to his feet.

"Why, you—you—you—" he gasped.

He made a rush in pursuit of Nugent minor.

"Put it on, Dicky!" yelled Gatty.

"He's after you!"

"Look out, Dicky!" howled Myers.

The next moment Carlow reached Dicky Nugent. He grasped him by the shoulder and spun him round. Slim and graceful as he was in build, there was plenty of strength in his arm, and the Greyfriars fag spun round like a humming-top in his grasp.

"Oh!" gasped Dicky. "Ow! Leggo, you cad! Oh crumbs!"

Smack!

"Yaroooooh!"

Smack!

"Whooooo!" roared Dicky.

He staggered under the first hefty smack, and sat down under the second.

Carlow glared down at him.

"There, you cheeky little hooligan!" he gasped. "If you were as big as I am I'd give you the licking of your life! But that will do to go on with!"

Dicky Nugent scrambled up, red with rage. He was only a fag of the Second Form and the stranger was as big as a Remove man, but Dicky's head was not to be smacked with impunity. For the moment it did not occur to the enraged Dicky that he had asked for it, and deserved it. He fairly hurled himself at Carlow.

The latter jumped back as the fag came at him with blazing eyes and lashing fists.

"Keep off, you little idiot!" he said. "I've smacked your head for your cheek, but I don't want to hurt you!"

"You rotter!" panted Dicky, hurling himself at his enemy. "You fancy you can smack my head, you tick? I'll jolly well show you!"

Carlow grinned. He had been angry, which was not surprising, but his anger swiftly passed. Instead of hitting out in reply to Dicky's furious attack, he grasped the fag by the collar and held him at arm's length.

"What a jolly little bantam!" he remarked. "You've got plenty of pluck if you haven't much sense. Keep cool!"

"Leggo!" yelled Dicky, struggling frantically. But the grip on his collar was like iron, and he was held as easily as an infant.

"Cool down!" said Carlow laughing.

"I'll hack your shins if you don't leggo!" yelled Dicky desperately. "You rotter, I'll jolly well hack your shins! I'll—"

"Look out!" yelled Gatty. "There's a bike coming!"

Up the footpath, from the direction of Friardale Lane, came a cyclist. A bell rang loudly.

"It's your major, Dicky!" shouted Myers.

Dicky Nugent did not hear or heed.

"Leggo my collar, you rotter!" he yelled. "I'll hack your shins! There, you cad—"

"Oh!" gasped Carlow, as the exasperated fag suited the action to the word. "Oh crumbs!"

Shake! Shake! Shake!

"Ow! Ow! Woooooh!" gurgled Dicky, as he was shaken like a rat.

"Ow! Ow! Grooooooh!"

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Shake! Shake!

The hapless fag's teeth fairly rattled in his head as he was shaken. There was a crash as the cyclist jumped down, letting his machine run against the trees. Frank Nugent, with flashing eyes, grasped Carlow by the collar and wrenched him away from the fag.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Fight!

"YOU rotten bully!" panted Nugent.

Carlow whirled round in his sudden grasp, spun against a tree, and leaned there, gasping, and staring at him.

Nugent faced him, with his hands up, and his eyes flashing over them.

"Come on, you rotten bully, if you want any more!" he exclaimed. "I'm big enough to tackle you."

Dicky Nugent stood gurgling for breath. Gatty and Myers, at a little distance, looked on with cheerful interest. The affair was taking a rather exciting turn, interesting enough to the young gentlemen of the Second Form.

Nugent's face was crimson with anger.

Of what had happened before he came on the scene he knew, of course, nothing. He had come suddenly on the scene and found his minor struggling in the grasp of a stranger, who was shaking him like a rat. And that was enough for Nugent.

Neither was Frank in his usual sunny and equable temper that afternoon. His friends were at Wapshot, watching the League match; and when he was finished with Dicky it was too late for Nugent to think of joining them there. And for once he was not keen on the society of his best chums. Johnny Bull's remarks had been irritating, though just—indeed, perhaps all the more irritating because they were just. And Frank was well aware that the other fellows agreed with Johnny, though they were too tactful to say so.

He was feeling rather sore. Also, he was at a loose end for the half-holiday. He had decided to take his bike out for a spin, having nothing else to do, in a rather dissatisfied and discontented mood, quite unlike his usual good-humoured self. And he looked very unlike his usual self indeed as he glared at Carlow over his clenched fists.

Carlow detached himself from the tree, panting.

"Who the thump are you?" he exclaimed. "What the dickens are you butting in for?"

"Ooooo—ooogh—grooogh!" came from the gurgling Dicky.

"I'm butting in to stop a rotten bully pitching into a little kid!" retorted Frank scornfully. "And if you're not a funk, as well as a hooligan, put up your hands, you rotter! And take that, to begin with!"

"That" was a tap on Carlow's nose.

The next moment they were fighting.

"Go it, Nugent!" sang out Gatty, cheerily. "Give him jip!"

"Pile in, Nugent!" chortled Myers.

"I say, Dicky, your major's got his rag out, hasn't he?"

Nugent minor grinned breathlessly.

"Pitch into him, Frank, old bean!" he said encouragingly. "You're not much of a scrapper, old chap, but go it!"

Nugent was "going it" hot and strong.

He was not, as his minor disrespectfully remarked, much of a "scrapper," but he was sturdy, and he had boundless pluck. And his anger, hot enough

already, was intensified by two or three hefty raps from Carlow's knuckles. All the Famous Five were fighting men; but Nugent was the least formidable of the Co. in the scrapping line. Bob Cherry would have knocked Carlow out with little difficulty; but Frank found his hands full with him—and, in a few minutes, more than full.

Dicky Nugent, having recovered his breath after his shaking, and ceased to gurgle, stood with his hands in his pockets, watching the fight with a critical eye. Gatty and Myers joined him. All three of the fags were keenly interested, and all three hoped to see Nugent knock out the stranger. Who the fellow was, they had not the faintest idea; and it did not occur to any of them that he was a new fellow, bound for their own school, any more than it occurred to Carlow, at the moment, that the fellow he was fighting with was a Greyfriars man.

But though the fags hoped to see Nugent of the Remove victorious, their hopes were dashed with considerable doubt. They could not help seeing that Carlow was holding his own, and a little over.

Frank realised it, too, and he exerted himself to the utmost. He had asked for the combat, and it would be too bitterly humiliating to be licked, especially under the eyes of the fags.

Frank was a good boxer, but he found that his opponent was quite as good in that line, and had plenty of "beef" to back up his boxing skill—a good deal more beef than Nugent.

There was a sudden bump as Nugent went down on his back in the footpath.

"Oh crumbs!" ejaculated Dicky.

"Man down!" said Gatty.

Nugent lay gasping.

Carlow stepped back and dropped his hands. His face was flushed, and he was breathing rather hard. Nugent sat up, blinking at him.

"What about chucking it?" said Carlow. "I've had enough, if you have, whoever you are."

"You cheeky rotter!" panted Nugent, his face crimson with mortification. He realised that the other fellow considered him licked.

He scrambled to his feet savagely.

"Come on, you cad!" he said between his teeth.

And he rushed at Carlow again.

"Go it, ye cripples!" sang out Myers.

"Keep cool, Franky!" called out Dicky. "Keep cool, you ass! You're chucking it away!"

It was good advice, but Frank did not heed it. Perhaps he had a feeling that if he did not knock out his enemy at once he would never knock him out at all.

He attacked with almost savage intensity, and Carlow had to give ground. But he rallied as Nugent followed him up, and attacked in his turn, and his fists came crashing home.

Right and left, left and right, they crashed on Nugent, and the Remove man of Greyfriars staggered back and went down again heavily.

He panted on the earth, his brain swimming. Gatty and Myers exchanged a hopeless grin, and Dicky Nugent shrugged his shoulders.

Carlow looked down grimly at the panting junior.

"Now chuck it," he snapped. "You're not up to my weight, and you'd know it if you weren't a hot-headed fool! Chuck it!"

"I'll show you, you rotter!" panted Nugent.

He scrambled up again, his eyes ablaze with rage. Carlow stepped back, (Continued on page 12.)

FOOTBALL FAVOURITES!

No. 4.
F. R. GOODALL
 of
Huddersfield F.C.



Who gave up office life for football, and is now aptly described as "the world's greatest defender."

By "OLD REF."

A Terror to His Opponents!

DURING recent years the first choice of the selectors of teams to represent the English League and England has been F. R. Goodall, the wonderful Huddersfield back. He has played in so many representative games that I have lost count of them. But that doesn't matter; enough for me is the personal friendship of a great sportsman.

Goodall is a quiet fellow, who never talks about himself, and, although there are thousands who know him as a player, only a few—his intimate friends—realise the sterling qualities that lie behind that quiet and unassuming exterior.

Goodall, in spite of his tremendous amount of experience in International matches, is only about twenty-eight years of age. He was born at Dronfield Woodhouse, near Sheffield, and almost as soon as he could walk he commenced to play football.

On going to the local Council School he quickly got his place in the Soccer eleven and became a terror to his opponents, who found it a matter of impossibility to get the ball past him. But he was not only a promising young footballer; his cricket was on such a high plane that he was regarded as a certainty for county honours at some future date.

Unlike the majority of boys who are clever at games, young Goodall devoured all the lessons that were given him, and won a scholarship which entitled him to attend the Dronfield Grammar School until he was seventeen years of age. It was at this school that his versatility was properly appreciated, and the games-master got into touch with the Yorkshire County Cricket Club, recommending his pupil for a trial. Goodall needed no schoolmaster's help in the football world, for while he was still at school more than one astute manager travelled many miles to witness matches in which he excelled.

Early to Bed, Early to Rise—

ON leaving school Goodall took up a clerical post in an insurance office, and after two months of work at a desk, to his everlasting credit and to the good of football, he persuaded his father to allow him to resign. The confinement in an office was not healthy for one of his nature; he wanted to live in the open air, and, as nothing else in the shape of a job came along, he surprised his friends and acquaintances by driving a steam-wagon for a living.

He was a clean-living lad and a hard worker, believing in early hours for rising and retiring to rest. Indeed, I remember meeting him one evening while he was standing with some of his friends at the corner of the road in which he lived, and when he suddenly told them he was going home one of the youths asked "Why?" Goodall's reply was typical of him, for it gave evidence of his sense of humour and his sense of right. "First of all, because I live there, and, secondly, because I believe in going to bed early!"

During the year that he drove the steam-wagon Goodall continued to play as an amateur for his village club, about which he was extraordinarily keen. He believed in playing, not in looking on, and it is his proud boast that until he signed on for Huddersfield Town, he had witnessed only three first-class matches.

He was eighteen years old when Huddersfield snapped him up. This was in January, 1921, and he has never looked back. Only a few days ago I asked him if he would tell me about his most important matches. "They have all been important!" he replied. "And then he went on: "I never allow a Cup-tie or an International match to take precedence over an ordinary game, so far as my own play is concerned. Football is a game, and no matter how important the occasion, I play in the spirit of real enjoyment."

Praise Where Praise is Due!

WHEN one remembers the huge strain which has been put upon Goodall in important matches in which, owing to a faulty front line, he has had to undertake Titanic tasks to save his side, one is almost led to doubt if he can enjoy playing. For instance, who can forget his wonderful yet fruitless displays in the Cup Finals of 1927-28 and 1929-30, when his side were beaten at Wembley by Blackburn Rovers and Arsenal respectively?

I recall that wonderful match at Hampden Park, Glasgow, in 1927, when England beat Scotland before an immense and excited crowd. Goodall was in great measure responsible for our victory.

Last season, on the same ground and before about 130,000 spectators, Scotland beat England, our downfall being entirely due to the complete failure of our forwards. After the match there was only one man who worked hard with jest and good humour in an effort to put those forwards on good terms with themselves. And that man was Goodall, who played the fool, although with a sore heart of his own.

I remember poor Goodall's expression while the other players were not looking his way at the conclusion of the England v. Scotland match, at Wembley, in 1928, when we were so badly beaten. Half a dozen of the Scots' side rushed to him and congratulated him on his performance, as if he were on the winning, instead of the losing, side.

I recall the turning of the tables when the two teams again met in 1930. Goodall played a champion game, and that great-hearted young Scotsman, Alex Jackson, who was on the losing side, rushed into the bath-room of the English team and clasped Goodall's hand while the latter was immersed in water and steam. "Goodall," shouted Jackson, so that everybody could hear, "you played the finest football I ever saw! I don't think England would have won if you hadn't been playing!"

The opinion of a master! And the opinion of all who appreciated the work of a back who was aptly described by a prominent member of the Football Association Council as "the world's greatest defender."

The team from beyond the Tweed included Alex Jackson, now of Chelsea, and Alex James, the famous Arsenal player. These two forwards were undoubtedly the finest forwards Scotland ever had. Yet, principally owing to Goodall's wonderful tackling, neither of these great Scotsmen scored.

Eighty-seven thousand people looked on while England turned the tables on Scotland, and won by five goals to two. There were screams of delight, and the man who came in for most of the praise was Goodall. "They were all good!" said Sir Frederick Wall, when referring to the English team at the conclusion of the game. "That's where you are wrong!" shouted an enthusiast. "Not all good, but Goodall!"



"Shake, feller! You were simply great!"

THE BOOT-BOYS' LUCK!

(Continued from page 10.)

evidently unwilling to continue, but there was no eluding Nugent's furious attack. The Remove junior fairly hurled himself at his enemy, with such vim that for some moments he had the upper hand all the way, and Carlow staggered under a rain of rapid blows.

"Good man!" roared Gatty. "Go it! You've got him beat!"

"Hurrah!" chirruped Myers.

"Pile in, Franky!" yelled Nugent minor, in great excitement. "Go for his nose! That's right! Give him toco! Wallop him! Bravo!"

Carlow went spinning against a tree, and crashed to the ground.

Nugent stood panting for breath.

But Carlow was on the ground only for a few seconds. He was up with an active spring, and coming on at a rush.

Nugent faced him resolutely; but the game was up. He was knocked right and left, reeling under hefty blows that he could no longer guard, and he went down at last, breathless and beaten.

He made a fierce effort to rise, but sank back again, gasping, almost groaning for breath.

Carlow, crimson with exertion, and panting, gave him a look and turned away.

"Stop, you cad!" Nugent gasped out the words. "Hold on, you rotter! I'm not licked. Hold on, you rotten funk!"

"You're licked to the wide!" answered Carlow coolly. "I'm not going to touch you again, you silly ass!"

"Stop, I tell you!"

"Rats!"

Carlow walked away down the footpath.

Nugent struggled to his feet and started after him. But he reeled against a tree, and leaned on it, breathing almost in sobs. He was beaten, and the bitter knowledge forced itself home into his mind that he was beaten—beaten to the wide.

"Not much of a fight," said Gatty critically. "Your major ain't much of a scrapper, Nugent mi."

"Oh, you shut up!" said Dicky. "But I wish you'd licked him, Frank. You might have, if you'd kept cool."

"Man ought to keep cool when he's scrapping!" said Myers oracularly. "You chucked it away, Nugent major."

Frank Nugent did not heed the fags. He was feeling utterly rotten and humiliated. Sore in body and in mind, he leaned on the tree panting for breath, while Carlow disappeared through the wood, Nugent unable to raise a hand to stop him. Not that it would have been of much use stopping him. Frank knew that he was beaten and that he could not have gone on.

"Better get along to the pond and bathe your face, Frank," said Dicky Nugent. "You look a bit of a picture. Like me to help?"

The offer was made kindly, though half-heartedly. Dicky was anxious to get away to Pegg, and Trumper's boat.

Nugent shook his head.

"Well, come on, you men!" said Nugent minor, and he trotted off towards the Pegg road, and Catty and Myers followed him.

Frank Nugent was left alone on the footpath.

He remained there for a long time, leaning on the tree, breathing in jerks. It had been a hard fight, and he had gone on beyond his strength, and he felt sick and spent.

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But he moved at last, and, taking his bicycle, wheeled it away. He did not feel fit to ride, and slowly and wearily he wheeled the machine back to the school.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

The New Boy I

MR. QUELCH lifted his eyes from a pile of Latin papers as a tap came at his study door, and rapped out:

"Come in!"

The door opened, and Eric Carlow entered the study.

Mr. Quelch fixed his eyes on the new junior with disapproval. He disapproved for two good reasons—Carlow had arrived later than expected, and his face showed that he had recently been engaged in combat.

Carlow looked at him rather timidly. The grim expression on Henry Samuel Quelch's speaking countenance seemed to dismay the new fellow a little. That was not surprising, as it often had a dismaying effect on old hands in the Lower Fourth.

"Is this Mr. Quelch's study, please?" asked Carlow.

"I am Mr. Quelch. You may come in."

Carlow came in and closed the door.

"You are Carlow?" asked Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir."

"You are late," said the Remove master. "You came, I understand, by the three-thirty train at Friardale?"

"Yes, sir."

"It is now a quarter to five. I expected you by four o'clock."

Carlow coloured.

"I—I was rather delayed," he stammered.

"I see no reason for the delay if Wharton met you at the station as instructed. You were met at the station?"

"N-no, sir."

"What?" Mr. Quelch raised his eyebrows. "I gave Wharton, the head boy of my Form, instructions to meet you at the station and conduct you to the school. Have you not met Wharton at all?"

Carlow shifted uncomfortably.

He realised that some fellow who ought to have met him at the station was booked for a row.

"I dare say it was my fault, sir!" he exclaimed. "I ran out of the station very quickly, and if the fellow was there, he may have missed me."

"And why," said Mr. Quelch, "did you run out of the station very quickly, Carlow?"

"A fellow there started a row with me, sir," said Carlow, colouring deeply. "I—I wanted to keep clear of him."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Quelch.

He gave Carlow a very penetrating look.

"You have been fighting!" he said abruptly.

"Yes-es, sir."

"With the person you speak of at the station?"

"No, sir. Another fellow," stammered Carlow.

"Indeed!" Mr. Quelch's tone was very dry. "You seem to be very unfortunate on your first day at this school, Carlow! You have been engaged in a quarrel at the railway station, and another on your way to the school."

"I couldn't help it, sir."

"Possibly not," said Mr. Quelch, "possibly not. But it is rather unfortunate, I hope you are not a quarrelsome boy, Carlow?"

"Oh, no, sir!"

"I have, of course, received an account of you from Dr. Locke, your headmaster," said Mr. Quelch. "You were brought here to see the headmaster during the vacation, while the boys were away."

"Yes, sir."

"As Dr. Locke decided to take you into the school, I have, of course, nothing to say about that," said Mr. Quelch. "But the Head has, naturally, acquainted me with the whole matter."

Carlow's face was crimson.

"I hope, sir, that you have no objection to my coming here?" he said, in a low voice. "I don't see that I have anything to be ashamed of."

"Quite so," said Mr. Quelch. "Perfectly so! The Head acted on his own judgment, and I, naturally, have the greatest respect for his judgment. I shall be glad to welcome you into my Form, Carlow, and shall certainly treat you exactly the same as any other boy in that Form. It remains for you to prove that you are worthy of it."

"I shall do my best, sir."

"It will be advisable," said Mr. Quelch, "to say as little as possible of your personal affairs here. I do not, of course, recommend anything in the nature of secretiveness. But your own affairs are your own, and it would be judicious not to talk of them. I trust that you understand me?"

"I understand you, sir," said Carlow, in a very low voice, his cheeks burning. "I—I suppose I'm not quite the same as the others here?"

"The circumstances are unusual," said the Remove master. "I am by no means assured that it was a wise step to send you to a school like Greyfriars. But, so far as I am concerned, you will be treated exactly the same as any other boy in the Lower Fourth Form."

"Thank you, sir."

"You need not thank me for bare justice," said Mr. Quelch. "There are boys in the school of origin as humble as your own, and one of them, in my own Form, is a boy of whom any school might be proud. Nevertheless, I do not recommend you to talk too freely about your former circumstances."

"I shall say nothing, sir."

"I should be better pleased with you, Carlow, if you had arrived punctually, and without showing signs of having been engaged in fist-cuffs on your way here."

"I could not help—"

"Possibly, possibly! But I desire to impress upon your mind, Carlow, that here at Greyfriars you will be under a discipline to which, I imagine, you have been very little accustomed in your former life. Carelessness and quarrelsomeness are serious faults, and must be checked."

"Very well, sir!" said Carlow.

"And now," said Mr. Quelch, "we will proceed to other matters. You may sit at the table, Carlow."

Carlow sat down, with rather a heavy heart and a clouded face.

Mr. Quelch, in his own way, was kind; but he was crusty, and he was displeased.

A new fellow was not supposed to present himself at school with a swollen nose, a out lip, and a bruised cheek. And Carlow's former circumstances, whatever they were, did not perhaps make Henry Samuel Quelch particularly keen to receive this new member into his Form at Greyfriars. Possibly Mr. Quelch would have felt relieved had he found the new boy unsuitable for his

"Ow! Ow! Wooooh!" gurgled Nugent minor, as the stranger shook him like a rat. "Ow! Groooooogh!" Shake, shake! Dismounting from his machine, Frank Nugent, with flashing eyes, wrenched Carlow away from the fag.



Form, and had he been able to recommend the Head to place him in the Third, and thus pass him on to another Form master.

Certainly, as it was already arranged for Carlow to enter the Remove, Mr. Quelch's examination of his new pupil was rather rigorous. But the result of it was to cause the Form master's grim face to break into a sort of frosty smile.

"You have not lost time, it appears, Carlow, since the—since the—hem!—change in your circumstances," he remarked.

"I've worked pretty hard, sir."

"It seems so—it seems so!" agreed Mr. Quelch. "I shall hope that you will do my Form credit, Carlow. Now come with me."

Carlow left the study with the Form master.

He was taken to the Head, who gave him three minutes of his valuable time, accompanied by a kind and benevolent smile that cheered the new boy considerably.

Then he was taken to the House-dame; and Mrs. Kebble's cheerful, plump face had a still more cheering effect on him.

After which Mr. Quelch called to a junior who was loafing about the passages, and directed him to take the new boy to his study—No. 1 in the Remove—where, he told him, he would meet his studymates, as it was now tea-time.

Having thus washed his hands of his charge, Mr. Quelch returned to his own study and his interrupted pile of Latin

papers. The junior to whose care he had consigned Carlow—who happened to be Skinner of the Remove—led the new boy away with great politeness, so long as Mr. Quelch was in sight. As soon as Mr. Quelch was out of sight, however, Skinner's politeness dropped from him like a cloak.

"Precious old dummy!" he said.

"Eh—who?" asked Carlow, staring.

"That old ass Quelch!" growled Skinner. "Telling a man to cart a silly fat-head of a new kid about! Can't you find your way to a study without dragging a man up no end of stairs, you young tick?"

"I dare say I could," answered Carlow. "You can leave me to find it, if you like."

"Oh, don't be a young idiot!" snapped Skinner. "I've got to do as Quelch says, blow him! Silly old fossil! Come on, fathead! Don't hang about there gaping."

Carlow followed Skinner up to the Remove passage.

Skinner grunted and growled as he went. Harold Skinner was not an obliging youth, and his manners at all times left a lot to be desired.

"Here you are, fathead!" he said.

They stopped at a study door.

Skinner kicked it open; and then, suddenly and unexpectedly catching Carlow by the shoulders, spun him head-long into the study, where he landed on his hands and knees with a crash. Skinner slammed the door after him and cut off, roaring with laughter.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Nugent's New Study-mate!

"I SAY, old chap—" "Hook it!" grunted Nugent. "But I say—" persisted Billy Bunter.

"Shut up!"

"What about tea, old chap?"

"Go and eat coke!"

"When are the other fellows coming in?"

"I don't know, and I don't care! Get out!"

Billy Bunter blinked at Frank Nugent through his big spectacles, in surprise and annoyance.

Generally, Bunter found Nugent the most tolerant member of the Co., and it was quite unusual for Frank to cut up rusty like this. If he did not, as the text enjoins, suffer fools gladly, at least he was always very patient with the obtuse and troublesome Owl.

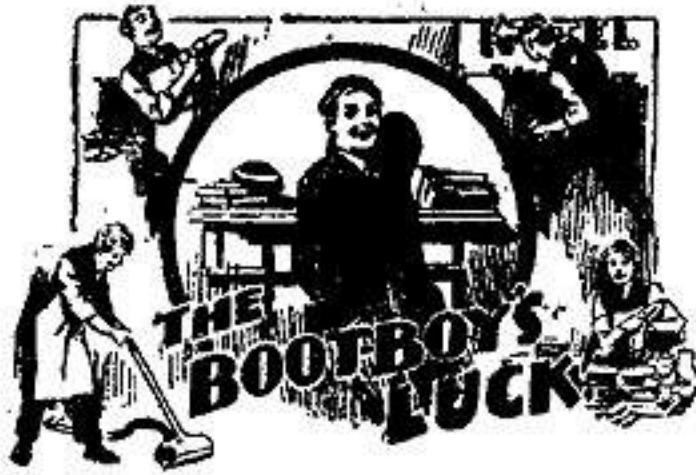
Now, both his patience and his good temper seemed to have deserted him. And Bunter was indignant.

Nugent was alone in Study No. 1 when Bunter rolled in. His friends had not yet come back from Wapshot.

It was nearly tea-time; but Frank was not thinking of tea. He had "doctored" his face as well as he could, but it showed very plain traces of the fight in the wood; and he was feeling tired and wretched. Perhaps his minor's careless indifference, after he had sustained that painful licking in defence of the fag, had hurt him, too.

(Continued on page 16.)

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(Continued from page 13.)

Nugent, at present, chiefly desired to keep out of sight and to be left alone; and it was exactly like William George Bunter to butt in at such a moment.

But it was quite useless to tell Bunter to hook it. Bunter had come to Study No. 1 to tea, and nothing short of a boot would have caused the Owl of the Remove to depart before that meal.

He sat on the corner of the table and blinked at Nugent, who was leaning back wearily in the armchair.

"I think you might be civil, Nugent," remarked the fat junior warmly. "I've come here to help you get tea."

"For goodness' sake dry up, Bunter!"

"Toddy's gone out," said Bunter. "You'd hardly believe it, old chap, but he's gone out to tea, and never asked a pal! And he doesn't care a rap whether there's any tea in the study for a fellow! He knows I've been disappointed about a postal order, too! I told him!"

"Fathead!"

"I wish the fellows would come in!" said Bunter peevishly. "You ain't good company, Nugent, I must say. You're worse-tempered than Wharton—and that's saying a lot! Have you been scrapping with Wharton?"

"You silly owl!"

"Well, you've been scrapping with somebody," said Bunter, blinking attentively at Nugent's disfigured face. "Your nose has a list to port. He, he, he! Looks as if you're going to have a black eye. Did you get licked, old chap?"

"Find out!"

Billy Bunter gave a fat chuckle.

"Not much to find out!" he remarked. "That's what makes you so jolly ratty—you've been licked. I dare say you asked for it. I say, old fellow, you've got a prize nose!"

"Do you want one to match?" asked Nugent, breathing hard.

"Oh, really, Nugent! Don't cut up rusty when a fellow's sympathising with you; it's rather ungrateful. I say, suppose we have tea without waiting for the other fellows to come in?"

"Go and eat coke!"

"Well, I'm hungry," said Bunter. "Must be silly asses to hang about on a cold day watching a silly football match! Catch me doing it! I wonder if that new chap's got in yet. Seen anything of him?"

"Haven't heard of him."

"Kid named Carlow," said Bunter. "Wharton got me to meet him at the station, as he wanted to get off to Wapshot; you know my obliging way—always taking trouble for other people. I said I'd go! It was nothing to do with him lending me a bob, of course."

"Are you wound up?"

"That new kid looked pretty decent," said Bunter. "I wouldn't mind taking him in hand and looking after him a bit, you know. I'm always kind to new kids. Only that ass Coker had to butt

in. I say, Nugent, it was jolly queer—Coker knows the new kid—"

"Blow the new kid!"

"But he knows him; called him by name," said Bunter, "and he offered him a bob to carry a parcel for him."

"The cheeky ass!"

"I heard all they said, you know! Coker seems to have met him at Brighton—in the vac, I suppose—and he said he's tipped him lots of times."

"What rot!"

"He said he tipped him half-a-quad when he left Brighton," said Bunter.

"Queer—what?"

"Rubbish!"

"The new kid bunged him over with his own parcel and bunked," said Bunter. "I haven't seen him since. It's rather rotten, as I told Wharton I'd take him in hand. I wonder if he's come."

Nugent grinned faintly. Bunter's interest in the new boy was not wholly philanthropic. Bunter liked new boys. New boys hadn't heard about his celebrated postal order; and a fellow who did not know Bunter was more likely to make him a little loan than a fellow who did know him.

"It's jolly queer," went on Bunter. "Coker talked to that kid Carlow as he might have talked to Trotter or Gosling, you know—just as if he was a servant to carry parcels. He knew his name, too; though the kid didn't seem to know Coker. I'd ask Coker about it, only he's such a beast—might kick a fellow. I say, Frank, old chap, let's have tea."

"Rats!"

"Well, look here—"

Crash!

Bunter was suddenly interrupted.

The door flew open and a junior flew into the study, landing on his hands and knees. There was a sound of laughter and retreating footsteps in the passage.

"Ow!" gasped Carlow.

Billy Bunter blinked round at him.

"It's the new chap!" he exclaimed. "Hallo, old bean! Is that the way you usually come into a study?"

Carlow picked himself up panting.

"A silly ass barged me in!" he gasped. "Mr. Quelch told him to bring me here, and he barged me in—"

"He, he, he!"

Frank Nugent rose to his feet. He was staring blankly at the new junior. He recognised him instantly as the fellow with whom he had fought in Friardale Wood.

"You!" he exclaimed.

Carlow looked at him and started.

"Oh! You!" he said.

Billy Bunter blinked at them both.

"You know Carlow, too?" he asked.

"You as well as Coker?"

Nugent did not heed Bunter. His eyes were fixed on Carlow's face.

"I didn't know you were coming to Greyfriars," he said. "But I suppose you were—as you're here."

"And I didn't know you belonged to Greyfriars," said Carlow cheerfully. "But I suppose you do—as you're here."

"What do you want in my study?"

"Is this your study?" asked Carlow.

"Yes."

"Well, it's mine, too; my Form master's sent me here."

Nugent clenched his hands.

"Quelch's planted you in this study!"

"Looks like it! Sorry if you don't want me, but I don't seem to have any choice in the matter—or you either."

Billy Bunter blinked from one to the other in amazement.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Well, I won't stand you here!" said

Nugent. "You'd better go back to Quelch and ask him to put you in another study."

Carlow laughed.

"I haven't cheek enough. You can ask him if you like."

"You cheeky rotter—"

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Carlow impatiently. "I never wanted to scrap with you—and if you got the worst of it you can't deny that you asked for it. Better forget all about it."

"Are you getting out of this study?"

"Of course I'm not, you ass!"

"Oh crikey!" ejaculated Bunter.

"Is that the fellow who licked you, Nugent?"

"Shut up, you fat fool!"

"Oh, really, Nugent! 'Tain't my fault if the new kid licked you, is it?" said Bunter warmly. "I never asked him to wallop you, did I?"

Nugent gave the fatuous Owl a fierce look. Then his eyes fixed again on the new junior inimically. He had never expected to see the fellow again, and it was a surprise to see him at Greyfriars—and a most unpleasant surprise to find him assigned to Study No. 1.

"So you're sticking here?" he asked at last.

"Like glue!" said Carlow.

"Then I'll leave you to it."

"Thanks!"

Nugent walked out of the study. Eric Carlow glanced after him and shrugged his shoulders.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

No Luck for Bunter!

BILLY BUNTER fixed his eyes and his spectacles on the new junior.

Carlow strolled across the study and stood looking out of the window into the quad, where the dusk was already falling. Lock-up was early, and Greyfriars fellows were coming in at the gates in a stream. Carlow seemed indifferent to Bunter, but the Owl of the Remove was by no means indifferent to Carlow. His curiosity had been keenly excited by the strange episode at the station—and curiosity and inquisitiveness were Bunter's besetting sins. There was, Bunter realised, something very odd and unusual about a new fellow whom a Greyfriars senior had "tipped" at a seaside resort in the holidays.

Certainly there was nothing unusual in Carlow's looks; he was a good-looking, well-dressed fellow, and seemed to know his way about, and would have passed in a Greyfriars crowd without remark; but it was pretty clear that there was something unusual in his antecedents.

"I say, Carlow—" began Bunter.

Carlow was looking with interest from the window at the crowd of Greyfriars fellows below, but he glanced round at Bunter.

"You belong to this study?" he asked. "Are you Wharton?"

Bunter grinned.

"No fear! Wharton's nothing like me; he's not what you'd call a good-looking chap."

"Oh, my hat!" said Carlow, staring at Bunter. Possibly he would not have observed that Bunter was a good-looking chap.

"Wharton's a pal of mine," said Bunter. "So's Nugent—the chap who's just gone out. Quelch sent Wharton to meet you at the station, you know, but he asked me to go, and I said I would, in my good-natured way. I'd have taken you in tow at Friardale if that beast Coker hadn't butted in."

Carlow was smiling, but the smile died off his face and he looked at the fat junior hard.

"Coker?" he repeated.
 "That big, clumsy-looking ass who wanted you to carry his parcel," said Bunter. "That's Coker."

"Were you there, then?"
 "Yes, rather! Only, you see, I got into a waiting-room to keep clear of Coker; I didn't want to row with the fellow," explained Bunter. "I saw you barge him over with his parcel. He, he, he! Serve him jolly well right for his cheek!"

Carlow's face had paled a little.
 "That big fellow—Coker, you call him—does he belong to this school?" he asked in a low voice.

"Eh? Yes, he's in the Fifth."
 "Oh crumbs!"

Bunter blinked at the new junior. He was not an observant youth, but he could see that it was a shock to Carlow to learn that Horace Coker was a member of the Greyfriars community.

"It's all right, old chap," he said. "Coker will want to whop you, but I'll look after you. I'll protect you from Coker!"

Carlow made no reply to that. It was not a "whopping" from the irate Coker that he was thinking of.

"So that fool's here!" he muttered.
 "Here—at Greyfriars! Who'd have thought it?"

"Besides, Coker ain't really a bad sort," said Bunter reassuringly. "He will forget all about it in a day or two; he's not the man to bear a grudge. Keep out of his way for a day or two and you'll be all right."

Carlow turned to the window again without replying.

His face was pale and set.
 "Had tea?" asked Bunter.

Judging by his expression, the new boy's thoughts were troubling him. The Owl of the Remove could see that much, though he was far from guessing the nature of those troublesome thoughts.

"Don't you worry about Coker," said Bunter. "I'll look after you. But I say, Carlow, what did he mean about tipping you at Brighton?"

Carlow started.

"So you heard that?" he muttered.

"Heard the whole thing!" said Bunter cheerfully. "I say, did you know Coker before you came here?"

"I've seen him before," said Carlow briefly.

"You didn't seem to know him at the station."

"I'd forgotten the ass."

"Well, he hadn't forgotten you?" grinned Bunter. "I say, what did he mean—"

"Find out!"

"Eh? That's why I'm asking you," said Bunter. "It's jolly queer, you know I don't see why you can't tell a chap."

Carlow made no reply. His back was to Bunter as he stared from the window with a dark and moody brow.

"Well, what about tea?" asked Bunter, coming back to a subject that was really more important. "Had your tea?"

"No." Carlow made a restive movement. "Mr. Queleh said I should find my study-mates here; but one of them seems to be out, and the other's got his silly back up. Where do you have tea here?"

"There's tea in Hall," said Bunter. "But fellows generally tea in their own studies. As Wharton asked me to look after you I'm going to stand you tea in my study, Carlow."

"Oh!" said Carlow.
 "The only difficulty is that I happen

to be short of money," explained Bunter. "I was expecting a postal order this afternoon from one of my titled relations; but there's been some delay in the post. It's happened before, as a matter of fact. But I suppose you wouldn't mind lending me the pound, and taking the postal order when it comes."

Bunter blinked hopefully at the new fellow. Carlow of the Remove was the only fellow at Greyfriars who had never heard of Billy Bunter's postal order, which was constantly expected, but never seemed to arrive. As he had never heard of it there was no reason why he should be dubious and suspicious on the subject, like most Remove fellows. Billy Bunter hoped for the best.

"I dare say you've got a pound in your pocket?" he remarked, as the new junior did not speak.

"Yes," said Carlow.

"Good!" said Bunter heartily.

"That's all right, then."

"I'm keeping it there!" added Carlow.

Bunter coughed.

"The fact is, old chap, I'd be obliged if you'd make me a little loan," he said. "What about ten bob? I'll hand you my postal order immediately it comes in the morning. What about ten bob, old fellow?"

"Nothing!"

"Well, look here," said Bunter. "I can carry on with five bob, Carlow. What about that?"

"Just the same."

"If you're too jolly mean to lend a man five bob, Carlow—"

"You've got it!" assented Carlow.

Billy Bunter blinked at him. There was not, apparently, a loan to be

extracted from Carlow; new boy as he was, he was deaf to the voice of the charmer.

Billy Bunter, greatly incensed, proceeded to look Carlow up and down, with withering scorn, as he had done with Coker at the station. Instead of withering under that scornful process, however, Carlow only looked mildly surprised.

"What are you making faces for?" he asked.

"Eh?" ejaculated Bunter.

This cheeky rotter seemed to think that Billy Bunter's look of ineffable scorn was "making faces."

"Look here," said Bunter, with a deep breath. "New kids in the Remove ain't allowed to be cheeky, Carlow! If you want me to punch your cheeky head, you'd better say so."

Carlow laughed.

"So!" he answered.

Bunter breathed hard and deep. He advanced towards the new junior, with a calculating blink. Never had Bunter been so strongly tempted to punch a fellow's head. Carlow did not look dangerous; and Bunter certainly was the bigger of the two, sideways at least. He clenched his fat hands.

Then he suddenly remembered that this new kid, quiet and amiable as he looked, had licked Nugent! If he had licked Nugent, obviously he could lick half a dozen Bunters. The fat junior unclenched his fists again.

"You're not worth licking!" he said contemptuously. "I'm not going to soil my hands on you!"

"Why not?" asked Carlow. "You seem to have soiled them on something already—a little more won't hurt."

"Why, you—you—" gasped Bunter.

(Continued on next page.)

GREYFRIARS HEROES.—No. 9.
BOB CHERRY.

Bob Cherry's ideal hero is a famous old sea-dog whose identity is revealed in our Rhymester's rousing verses below.

A T Flores, in the Azores,
 Sir Richard Grenville lay,
 And a pinnace, like a fluttered bird,
 Came flying from far away."

Bob Cherry, of the curly hair
 And sunny-tempered smile,
 Would very naturally declare
 A hero worth his while;
 You could not find in all mankind,
 Nor history record,
 A greater warrior, nobler mind,
 Than Dick, of Bideford.

Such poetry does not appeal
 To Cherry, as a rule—
 He is compelled to learn a deal
 Too much of that in school;
 But when this scrap of verse, a chap
 By chance may want to scan,
 Bob says he should remove his cap
 To a gallant gentleman.



The story of Sir Richard's fight
 Is very widely known;
 The whole day long, and through the night,
 Sir Richard held his own
 In one small boat that scarce would float,
 So battle-scarred was she;
 From every hope of aid remote
 He fought Spain's fifty-three.

With that hardy self-reliance
 Britain's subject sailed the sea,
 Flaunting insolent defiance
 To the Spaniard's majesty;
 Well, indeed, they called him "Lion,"
 Who, though wounded and in pain,
 Brave, indomitable while dying,
 Still would not give in to Spain.

Brave Sir Richard! Your adherents,
 Such as Bob, appreciate
 Dogged pluck and perseverance
 Undeterred by frowning fate;
 May the pride of Empire wide
 That Spain could not destroy,
 Spring up, undaunted, to abide
 In every British boy.

It was true that Billy Bunter's hands, as usual, were in need of a wash. But it was frightful cheek for a tick of a new kid to point it out. "You're asking for a whopping, Carlow! If you weren't a new kid, I'd mop up the study with you."

"Oh, don't worry about that, Fatty! Get on with the mopping!" suggested Carlow. "I'd be frightfully interested to see you doing it."

Bunter was strongly tempted to get on with it. But he nobly resisted the temptation. He had a feeling that if he began mopping up the study with Carlow, he would turn out not to be the mopper, but the moppee, so to speak.

"Yah!" snorted Bunter.

The retort was neither elegant nor intellectual, but it was the best Bunter could think of, in the circumstances. He turned to the door and rolled out of Study No. 1.

But in the doorway he turned. His fat brain had evolved a retort more effective than "Yah!"

"I say, what did Coker tip you for at Brighton?" he jeered. "Did you carry parcels for him, or what?"

Carlow was smiling; but at that question the smile vanished from his face, as if wiped off with a duster. His eyes glinted, and he made a swift stride towards the Owl of the Remove.

The expression on his face was quite startling. Bunter stayed only for one blink, then he rolled hurriedly out of the doorway. But hurriedly as he rolled, he was not quite quick enough.

Thud!

A boot landed on Bunter's tight trousers from behind, and he gave a sudden yell and pitched headlong into the passage.

Bump!

"Yarcoooooh!"

Slam!

The door of Study No. 1 closed on Billy Bunter.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

A Surprise for Coker!

HORACE COKER stared.

He stared so hard that his eyes seemed almost to bulge out of his head.

Coker was astonished.

In fact, he was amazed.

He could hardly believe his eyes as they rested on the face that was looking down from a window in a Remove study into the quad.

The dusk was falling on Greyfriars School; but there was plenty of light for Coker of the Fifth to recognise that face. And he jumped, and stared, as he recognised it.

"My only hat!" gasped Coker.

The eyes of the junior who was looking down from the window of Study No. 1 fell on Coker's amazed face. He started, and coloured, and stepped quickly back from the window, and vanished from sight.

"Well, my hat!" gasped Coker.

Potter and Greene had joined Coker in the quad. They had been missing for some time; but it was tea-time now, so it was time for Coker's friends to find him.

Coker was rather a troublesome fellow, in some respects, to pal with. He was overbearing, and he was dictatorial, and he had an idea of his own importance which was not justified by the facts. But Coker had heaps of money, which he spent with a lavish hand; tea in Coker's study was always a spread. Coker had his faults; but he

was a useful fellow to know, especially at tea-time.

"My hat!" repeated Coker blankly.

"Did you see him?"

"Him!" repeated Potter. "Whom?"

"That kid."

"Eh? What kid?"

"He was at a study window a moment ago."

"Was he?" said Potter indifferently.

Potter was thinking of tea, and he was not interested in kids.

"He's here!" said Coker blankly.

"Here, you know! Here at Greyfriars. What the thump is he doing here?"

"He—who?" asked Greene.

"I'll jolly well go and give him what he asked for this afternoon!" said Coker wrathfully. "Cheeky young scoundrel, you know! I gave him my parcel to carry at the station, and he bunged it on me and burst it—I was going to tip him half-a-crown, too! A kid I saw at Brighton last hols, you know, when I was staying for a few days at the Regency Boarding House there—kid who waited on the guests, you know—cleaned knives and boots, and so on—and he had the cheek to bung my parcel at me! Burst it on me, you know, and dropped my new footer boots all over the shop—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Is that anything to cackle at?" demanded Coker wrathfully, glaring at his chums, who seemed to think that it was.

"Oh! No!" gasped Potter. "Of—of course not! Cheeky young rascal! I say, though, what about tea?"

"Never mind tea now!" snapped Coker. "I can't imagine what that young scoundrel is doing at the school; but I'm jolly well going to root him out and give him a jolly good hiding, see?"

"But I say—" began Greene.

Horace Coker did not wait to hear what Greene had to say. He strode away towards the House.

Coker of the Fifth was often wrathful. The slightest affront was sufficient to rouse Coker's ready ire. But on this occasion Coker felt, like the prophet of old, that he did well to be angry! He had been prepared to tip the kid generously for performing a little service—such a service as he had tipped him for on earlier occasions at the Regency Boarding House at Brighton in the holidays. And instead of performing the service, civilly, and being grateful for the tip, the cheeky kid had floored Coker with his own parcel—conduct which was as inexplicable to Coker as it was impertinent.

It was amazing to see the kid at Greyfriars; but Coker was glad to see him. He wanted very badly to give that cheeky kid the whopping he deserved.

It was from the window of Study No. 1, in the Remove, that Carlow had been looking when Coker sighted him. What he was doing there was a mystery to Coker; but he was there, and Coker was going to round him up. Coker came up the Remove staircase two steps at a time, his long legs fairly whisking.

He strode along to Study No. 1, and hurled the door open.

With a heavy tramp, Coker of the Fifth strode into the study.

Carlow was there.

He was standing with his back to the window now, facing the door. Perhaps he expected Coker's visit.

His face was a little pale, his lips set, and he was breathing hard. But he looked steadily at the big Fifth-Former as he tramped in.

"Oh, so you're here!" hooted Coker.

"I'm here," said Carlow quietly.

"And what are you doing here?"

demanding Coker. "What the thump are you doing in a study at Greyfriars, I'd like to know? If you've got any right to be in the school at all, your place is in the boot-room."

Carlow's face crimsoned.

"What do you mean by it?" went on Coker. "Have you been taken on here as a boot-boy, or what?"

"No," muttered Carlow.

"You've not got a job here?"

"No."

"Then what are you doing in the school at all?"

Coker was angry, but he was as much puzzled as angry. How the former pageboy of the Regency Boarding House at Brighton came to be in a study at Greyfriars School was very perplexing to Coker. It was fortunate that he was there, as Coker wanted to "whop" him, but it was very perplexing, all the same.

"What are you up to here?" demanded Coker. "How the dickens did you get let into the school? Didn't Gosling see you come in?"

Carlow smiled faintly. Obviously it had not occurred to the Fifth-Former that he was a new junior in the school.

"Can't you answer?" exclaimed Coker angrily. "I'm going to whop you for your cheek at the station this afternoon, but I want to know what you're doing here first. You've no business here. What have you sneaked into the school for? Does anybody know you're here?"

"My Form master knows."

"Your—your what?"

"And my headmaster."

"Your headmaster?" repeated Coker dazedly.

"Yes," said Carlow.

Horace Coker stared at him blankly.

"Are you off your rocker?" he asked.

"If you're not, what do you mean? You're young Carlow?"

"I'm young Carlow," assented the new junior.

"You were pageboy at the Regency Boarding House in Brighton last summer?"

"I was."

"Well, then, what are you getting at?" demanded Coker. "I remember you were a civil lad—quite different from what you've been to-day. If you've got a job here—"

"I haven't."

"Well, I want to know what it means, and I want to know at once," said Coker.

Carlow drew a deep breath.

"I never dreamed that I should see anybody here who had seen me at Brighton," he said in a low voice. "I didn't know you at the station at first, and when I knew you I never guessed that you belonged to Greyfriars. I cleared off to keep out of your way—"

"Because I was jolly well going to whop you for your cheek!" said Coker wrathfully.

Carlow shook his head.

"No. I wanted to keep clear of you because you knew me. I never guessed that I should see you here. Now the game's up."

"What game?" demanded Coker.

The new boy made an impatient gesture.

"Can't you understand? I'm a new boy here."

"A—new—boy—here?" articulated Coker.

"I'm in the Remove."

"In the Remove?" gurgled Coker.

"You—a Greyfriars boy?"

"Yes."

"Great Christopher Columbus!"

Coker stared. He had been astonished to see Carlow at the study window, but he was still more astonished now. Understanding soaked slowly into Horace Coker's brain.

"You—a Greyfriars man?" he gasped. "Oh, my hat! Are you trying to pull my leg, you young sweep?"

"I'm a Greyfriars boy—or man, as you call it."

"But—you can't! It's all rot! You were a kid that waited on the guests in a Brighton boarding-house. How the thump you can be a Greyfriars man?" said Coker dazedly.

"Things have changed a little."

"They must have if you're giving it to me straight! You've got the cheek to come to this school?"

"Why not?"

"Why not!" repeated Coker. "Oh, my hat! Why not! Great pip! Mean to say the Head knows?"

"Of course!"

"And he's let you in?"

"Looks like it, doesn't it?"

"Well, my only Aunt Eliza!" said the dozed Coker. "My only Uncle Peter! This beats the band! You—"

Carlow's lips quivered.

"You're the only fellow here that knows, of course, and my Form master, Mr. Quelch—nobody else. I'm not ashamed of what I've been. I'm not a fool. But I know it won't do to have it known here.

It's just rotten bad luck for me that you happen to have come across me. I never dreamed of anything of the kind. If you choose to chatter it over the school, I can't help it."

"My hat!" repeated Coker.

Wrath had faded out of Coker's rugged face now. Only amazement was depicted there.

"So—so—so you're a Greyfriars man?" he stammered.

"Yes."

"You'd have a lively time in the Remove if they knew?"

"I know that."

"My hat! Of course, if I'd known that I shouldn't have offered to tip you half-a-crown for carrying a parcel at the station. I should have told you to carry it and whopped you if you refused. But—" Coker paused. "It's dashed queer seeing you at Greyfriars, when you were cleaning my boots a few months ago."

"I hope I cleaned them well."

"Eh, what? Oh, yes! Have your people come into money, or what?" asked Coker, mystified.

"Not exactly, but it comes to the same thing. My fees are paid here, if that's what you mean."

"Well, that's no bizney of mine," said Coker. He paused again. "I was going to give you a jolly good whopping, young Carlow, but I'll let you off. Only don't be cheeky again. I've a short way with fags, I can tell you. That's a tip!"

Coker turned to the door.

He turned back again.

"Look here, young 'un," he said kindly. "I'm no snob myself, but we've got all sorts here. Take my tip, and don't talk about Brighton and the

Bunter clenched his fat hands, only to unclench them again as he suddenly remembered that the new junior had already licked Nugent. "You're not worth licking!" he said contemptuously. "I'm not going to soil my hands on you! Yah!"



boarding-house and the boots. Keep it dark."

Carlow stared at him. His impression of Coker of the Fifth was that the great Horace was an overbearing, dictatorial, rather bullying sort of an overgrown fathead. But there was more in Horace than met the eye, as he now had evidence.

"I—I say, does that mean that you're not going to give me away?" he asked. "Don't be a silly young ass!" said Coker angrily. "Do you think I shall say a word about you?"

"Oh!" said Carlow.

"Of course I shall say nothing," said Coker. "Don't be a fool! It's no bizney of mine, I suppose, and I'm not likely to bother my head about a fag in the Remove, anyhow."

"Thanks," said Carlow in a low voice. "It's jolly good of you, Coker. It's really good!"

"Rot!" grunted Coker.

And he left the study, leaving the strange new boy at Greyfriars with a much brighter face.

Potter and Greene met Coker at the corner of the Fifth Form passage.

"Well, did you find him?" asked Potter.

"Eh! Who? Oh, never mind!" said Coker hastily. "What about tea?"

Coker was rather anxious to drop the subject now. Fortunately, Potter and Greene were equally ready to drop it, being much more interested in the more important subject of tea.

In a few minutes, Coker had dismissed the matter from his mind. Over tea he talked football to Potter and Greene; Coker being an authority on that subject as on most others. "Football jaw" from Coker was not really

grateful or comforting; but as Coker steered the tea, Potter and Greene stood the football jaw, and all was calm and bright.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Tea in Study No. 13.

"HALLO, ballo, hallo!" "Tea ready, old chap?" "Hungry as hunters, and a few over!"

"The peckfulness is terrific!" Harry Wharton & Co., in a cheery crowd, came tramping up the Remove staircase. The Co. had come back from Wapshot, cheery and ruddy after an afternoon in a keen cold wind, and more than ready for tea—for which they were rather late.

Frank Nugent was on the Remove landing, waiting for them. For the moment the clumsy of the Remove did not observe that he was not looking as usual.

"Tea's ready!" said Frank quietly. "In your study, Bob?"

"In Bob's study?" asked Wharton.

"Yes," answered Frank.

"Oh, all right! Come on, you men!"

The hungry four tramped along the passage. Tea had been arranged for Study No. 1 that day; but the change to Study No. 13 was a matter of little moment. The Co. tramped into Study No. 13, where Mark Lanley and little Wun Lang were already at tea. They sat down cheerily to the meal; and in the lighted study, Frank's comrades noted the signs of damage on his face.

"Been in the wars?" asked Bob.

"Yes, a little."

"Not scrapping with your minor?" asked Bob, with a grin.

"No, ass!"

Harry Wharton looked rather keenly at his chum.

He noted now that Frank was not looking quite his usual self, apart from the marks of combat on his face.

In the cheery crowd at Wapshot, cheering the footballers, and on the tramp home through a keen wind, the juniors had forgotten all about Nugent minor, and the slight jar in Study No. 1 before they started. Nugent had been rather ruffled then; but it was quite unlike him to nurse an offence.

"Did your minor get through all right with Twigg?" asked Wharton, with as much interest as he could muster.

"I believe so," answered Frank.

"That's all right, then!" said Harry.

"It wouldn't be all right if Twigg knew!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"My esteemed Johnny—" murmured Hurree Jamsot Ram Singh. Nugent's eyes glinted.

"I've had all that once, Bull," he said. "Don't give it to me over again, please!"

Johnny Bull, with an egg-spoon half-way to his mouth, paused, and looked at Frank steadily. Johnny was a plain speaker, in season and out of season.

"Got your back up?" he asked.

Nugent did not answer that question.

"If you have, get it down again, and don't be a fathead!" said Johnny. "I jolly well think—"

"Pass the salt, Johnny!" said Bob.

"Here you are! I jolly well think that—"

"Pass the doorsteps, old bean," said Harry Wharton.

"Here you are!" said Johnny, handing over the bread-and-butter. "I jolly well think—"

"Good game at Wapshot?" asked Mark Linley.

"Ripping!" said Wharton.

"The ripfulness was terrific," remarked Hurree Jamsot Ram Singh.

"The wishfulness is great that you could have come, my esteemed and absurd Franky."

"I jolly well think—" said Johnny Bull.

"Pass the salt, old man!" said Bob Cherry.

"I've passed it!"

"Dear me! So you have! Pass the pepper, then!"

Johnny Bull stared, then grunted, and then grinned. He did not proceed to state what he "jolly well" thought, but devoted his attention to his egg instead.

"By the way, did a new kid blow in this afternoon, Frank?" asked Harry. "Quelch wanted me to meet him at the station, and I got Bunter to go. I hope he landed all right."

The sudden flush that spread over Frank Nugent's face, made all eyes turn on him.

"He's here, if you mean Carlow," muttered Frank.

"Quelch said he was going to bung him into our study," said Harry. "It's rather rotten, but it can't be helped. You've seen him?"

"Yes."

"Like him?"

"No!"

Bob Cherry gave a sudden whistle.

"You've been scrapping, Franky. Is it the new man you've been scrapping with?" he exclaimed.

"Yes."

"I hope you licked him."

"No."

"Oh!" said Bob uncomfortably. "I say, the fellow must be a rather offensive brute, for you to pitch into him his first day here. You're hardly ever mixed up in a scrap. What did he do?"

"He was bullying my minor!" said Frank. "I came on them in Friardale Wood! The rotter was bullying Dicky, and I chipped in."

"Oh!" said Nugent's chums.

They said no more, but Nugent's flush deepened, and his eyes glinted. He was well aware that his comrades did not see eye to eye with him on the subject of his minor.

"He had Dicky by the collar and was shaking him like a rat!" he said. "I suppose even you fellows wouldn't ex-

pect me to pass on and leave him?"

"Oh, of course not!" said Harry.

"But—"

"But what?"

"Nothing, old chap! If the fellow's a bully, you were right to pitch into him. I wish Quelch hadn't planted him in our study. Is that why we're having tea here?"

"Yes."

"Well, we shall have to stand him, somehow, in the study," said the captain of the Remove. "Might get him to change out, though."

"Not likely. He's the sort of cad to stick where he's not wanted," said Nugent bitterly.

"Nice sort of chap, from your description," remarked Bob Cherry. "Who is he, and where does he come from?"

"His name's Carlow, and from what Bunter says, he comes from Brighton. Coker of the Fifth knows him, and Bunter says that Coker said—" Nugent paused abruptly. He realised that he was allowing his dislike of the new fellow to lead him into something like tattle.

"Friend of Coker's?" asked Bob.

"I imagine not!" said Frank dryly. "According to Bunter—" He broke off again.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Talk of porkers, and you hear them grunt!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, as the door opened and revealed a fat face and a large pair of spectacles.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Did anybody ask Bunter to tea?" asked Bob Cherry, glancing round.

"No fear!"

"Oh, really, you fellows! I'm not standing on ceremony with my old pals," said Bunter, rolling into the study. "I say, I've been waiting for you fellows to come in. I say, seen the new chap? He walloped Nugent—"

"You fat chump!"

"Eh? He walloped you, didn't he, Franky, old chap?" said Bunter, blinking at Nugent's crimson face. "I don't know what they rowed about, you chaps, but he whopped Nugent—"

"There's the door, Bunter," said Mark Linley.

"Eh?"

"Shut it after you."

"Certainly, old chap!" Bunter shut the door.

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

"Oh, really, Linley! I say, you fellows, that looks a decent cake! Don't trouble—I'll help myself." Billy Bunter helped himself, and proceeded, with his mouth full: "I say, that new fellow's a rotten cad!"

"You don't like him?" asked Johnny Bull.

"No, I jolly well don't!"

"Well, that's something in his favour, at least."

"Oh, really, Bull! Low cad, if you ask me," said Bunter. "I offered to stand him a spread, instead of the beast going down to Hall for tea, and he refused to lend me ten bob—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! I wish he'd met me instead of Nugent coming here. I'd have walloped him. He wouldn't have handled me so easily as he did you, Franky, old chap."

"Shut up, you silly owl!" growled Nugent savagely.

"Oh, really, Nugent! I say, you fellows, there's something queer about

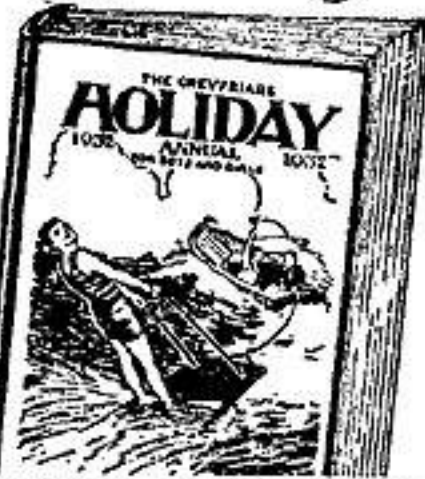


"I Say, You Fellows!"

"I say, you fellows!" says Billy Bunter, the fattest, funniest schoolboy in the world. "I say—you know lots of things about me, and know how hard I have to work to get a good square meal. Well, lads, you can read heaps more about me in the HOLIDAY ANNUAL." Don't miss this big budget of school and adventure yarns. Not only can you find out more about Bunter but you will also enjoy all the other famous schoolboy pals of Greyfriars, St. Jim's, and Rookwood Schools who are featured in many of the stories, too! Get this topping book to-day.

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that new man," said Bunter. "Coker said he tipped him half-a-quad when he left Brighton, in the hols. Jolly odd, ain't it?"

"What utter rot!" said Wharton.

"He said he'd tipped him lots of times. Must be some sort of a queer fish—Coker tipping him!" said Bunter. "I'm going to ask Coker to tell me all about it. I say, this is a good cake! Not like the cakes I get from Bunter Court, but pretty good. If you fellows don't want any, I'll finish it. I say, Bob, you could lick that new chap!"

"Ass!"

"He kicked me," said Bunter.

"Good!"

"Beast! I'd have thrashed him, only—only I thought I'd treat him with the contempt he deserved. But I think you might give him a hiding, old chap, for walloping Nugent. Man ought to back up his friends. Look at poor old Franky's face! A picture, ain't it? The fellow must have walked all over him. Look at poor old Franky's nose! Look at his eye! Skinner cackled like anything when I told him that the new man had thrashed Nugent—"

Frank Nugent rose to his feet, his face burning.

"I'll leave you fellows to listen to this, as you seem to like it!" he said, and left the study.

Bunter blinked after him.

"Poor old Franky!" he said. "He doesn't like it, of course! Bolsover laughed like anything when I told him—Yaroooo! I say, you fellows! Leggo! What's the matter? What the—Whoooooop!"

For the second time that afternoon Billy Bunter smote the Remove passage with a bump. And Harry Wharton, leaving his tea unfinished, went away to look for Nugent.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Bitter Blood!

ERIC CARLOW took his place in the Remove the following morning, receiving rather an unusual amount of attention from other members of the Form. New boys, as a rule, received little attention; they were nobodies, and generally rather shy and sheepish till they found their footing in the school. There was nothing shy or sheepish about Carlow, but he was quiet and rather reserved, and did not seem in any way out of the common. It was the fact that he had scrapped with Nugent, and licked him, on his first day at Greyfriars that drew the glances of the Removites on him; added to the fact that Frank Nugent openly "barred" him.

It was not like Nugent to nurse a grudge, or remember offences for long, but there was no doubt that the new fellow had "got his goat," as Fisher T. Fish expressed it.

It was not pleasant to be licked, and still less pleasant to have fellows like Bunter and Skinner and Snoop sniggering over his licking. And the fellow, according to Nugent's view, was a bully who had been ragging a kid in the Second when Frank intervened with such painful results to himself. And Frank's intense irritation was increased by the knowledge that his friends did not quite share his view.

They did not say so, but he knew that they did not take it for granted that Carlow was to blame. They thought it quite probable that a cheeky little sweep like Dicky had asked for what the new fellow had given him, and

that Frank, in his haste, had made rather a fool of himself.

That was the unkindest cut of all. At least, Nugent considered, his friends might have backed him up loyally.

They were quite prepared to do so; but after seeing Carlow, and seeing no offence in him, they could not quite share Nugent's feelings.

Nugent had his back up, but it did not seem quite reasonable to expect his friends to get their backs up also.

It was especially awkward for Wharton. He was indifferent to the new fellow, and did not care two straws about him, but as the fellow was placed in his study he felt that he had to be civil to him. It was soon clear, however, that Nugent had no civility to waste on Carlow.

When the Remove were dismissed for break that morning, Wharton had to remain behind a few minutes to speak to Mr. Quelch on some matter connected with the Form. When he came out of the Form-room Carlow was waiting for him in the corridor.

As the new fellow evidently intended to speak, the captain of the Remove could hardly avoid stopping. Nugent was standing at a little distance by a window also waiting for him, and Wharton was uncomfortably conscious of his fixed stare.

"Hold on a minute, Wharton," said Carlow.

"Yes," said Harry, stopping.

"About the study," said Carlow. "I've got some things to unpack, and I want to know where to put them. If you've got a few minutes—"

"That's all right."

Nugent came across the corridor.

"Coming out, Harry?" he asked.

He did not look at Carlow, and did not seem aware that he was present.

"Carlow's asked me to show him where to put his things in the study, Frank," answered the captain of the Remove.

Nugent compressed his lips.

"You're not coming out?"

Carlow broke in before Wharton could reply, after a glance at Nugent's set face.

"Another time will do," he said.

"What about after dinner?"

"Good!" said Wharton. "After dinner, then."

And he walked away with Nugent.

They went out silently into the quad. In the keen winter air some of the Remove were punting a footer about, and Wharton made a movement to join them. However, as Nugent walked on, he walked on with him.

Carlow came out of the House, and the ball, whizzing from Bob Cherry's foot, dropped close to him. Bob bawled to him.

"Send that ball back, f a t h e a d! Wake up!"

Carlow laughed, and kicked the old footer back, and the next moment was joining cheerily in the punt-about. Harry Wharton looked on for a few minutes, and then made a restive movement.

"What about joining up, Frank? It's jolly cold hauging about."

"Not with that cad!" answered Nugent.

"My dear chap—"

"You can join up if you like. I'm not stopping you."

"Look here, Frank," said Wharton quietly, "this is all rot! It's not like you to bear malice, either."

"Who's bearing malice?"

"Well, it looks as if you are! I don't see any harm in the new kid. He seems all right."

"You may like a rotten bully! I don't."

Wharton opened his lips and closed them again. A sneer came over Nugent's face.

"Of course, you think that my minor was in the wrong. You're all down on poor old Dicky. You think that I ought to have left that rotter to rag him yesterday."

"No; but I think you might have found out what the trouble was before pitching into the chap. He certainly doesn't look like a fellow to pitch into a kid for nothing."

"I saw him doing it!"

"Well, anyhow, it's over now," said Harry. "I wish you'd licked him; but a fellow can't always get the best of a scrap."

"It's not that! I wouldn't mind a licking from a decent chap," said Nugent, flushing. "That fellow's a rank outsider. There was something fishy about him before he came here. Bunter says—"

"And how long is it since you've started taking any notice of Bunter's tattle?" asked Wharton quietly. "Look here, Frank—"

Nugent's lips set hard.

"I bar him!" he said icily. "You can please yourself, but I bar him!"

"Well, I suppose I shall have to bar him, too; but it will be rotten uncomfortable, with the fellow in our study."

"If he had any decency he would change out."

"I don't see how he could! It wouldn't be much use asking Quelch to change his study on his second day here."

"Rot!"

Wharton opened his lips again, and again he closed them with the words unuttered. Frank was not in a reasonable mood, and at such a time silence was golden. The mob of juniors punting the footer came surging towards them, and Bob Cherry bawled:

"Join up, you slackers! Pass that ball, Wharton!"

"Come on, Frank!"

Wharton joined the cheery crowd. Frank Nugent turned away on his heel. The ball was skied, and came down in front of him, and there was a rush of the crowd after it. One of the rushing

(Continued on next page.)

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juniors barged into Nugent and sent him staggering.

"Sorry!" gasped Carlow. It was the new junior who had barged him.

Nugent turned on him with flashing eyes.

"You cheeky rotter!"

Smack!

His open hand came across Carlow's face with a crack like a pistol-shot.

"Oh!" gasped Carlow.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Hold on, you duffers!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, interposing between the two. "What the thump's the matter with you, Frank? Have you gone off your rocker?"

"That cheeky cad——" panted Nugent.

"Don't be a silly ass!" said Bob unceremoniously. "Keep your silly temper, and don't make a fool of yourself! Chuck it, Carlow—come after the ball."

Bob grasped the new junior's arm and rushed him on. Carlow resisted for a moment, but he gave in, and the crowd surged away. Harry Wharton dropped behind.

"Look here, Frank——" he began.

"Oh, leave me alone!" said Nugent savagely. And he turned and tramped angrily away to the House, leaving the captain of the Remove staring after him, angry, too.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

A Helping Hand!

DICKY NUGENT, the ornament of the Second Form at Greyfriars, came up the Remove staircase and stopped at the door of Study No. 1. There was a paper in Dicky's hand, and a lugubrious expression on his chubby face. Life, apparently, was not running on smooth lines for Nugent minor of the Second Form.

He kicked open the door of Study No. 1 and entered.

"Franky, old man—— Oh, isn't Frank here?" he asked.

There was only one fellow in the study, and it was neither Nugent nor Wharton. Dicky stared at him.

"You!" he said.

Erio Carlow laughed.

The new fellow had been three or four days at Greyfriars now, but it was his first meeting with the fag he had shaken in Friardale Wood. The Second and the Lower Fourth had little to do with one another; there were fellows in the Remove, like Billy Bunter, who had minors in the Second and did not see them for days together, even weeks. Richard Nugent now made the discovery that the fellow he had barged over in Friardale Wood, and whose head he had lawlessly banged on the ground, was a Greyfriars man.

"Little me!" answered Carlow.

"New man here?" asked Dicky.

"Yes."

"I didn't know! Not wild, are you?" asked Dicky, eyeing the new junior cautiously. "You jolly well shook me for banging your napper, you know, so we're even."

Carlow laughed again. There was none of the major's resentful bitterness about the cheery and happy-go-lucky minor.

"Not at all," said Carlow. "You were a cheeky little sweep. I didn't know at the time, but it seems you're Nugent's young brother. That's why he pitched into me that day."

"Franky all over!" said Dicky cheerfully. "Old Franky's a good sort, but

a bit of an ass. I say, I expected to find him here at tea-time."

"You won't find him here at tea-time. He teas along the passage since I came," answered Carlow. "I don't know whether he's in the House now."

"Oh, rotten!" said Dicky dismally.

He eyed the new junior critically and meditatively. Carlow glanced at the paper in the fag's hand. He could guess that the Second-Former was in some difficulty, and had come to his major for assistance.

"Look here, are you a whale on Latin?" asked Dicky.

"Not exactly a whale, but I keep my end up in Form."

"Busy just now?"

"Not very."

"Well, look here," said Dicky, in a burst of frankness. "I'm in a hole! I came up here for Frank, but he's out, and I've got no time to lose. Twigg will rag me bald-headed if I don't show up this paper. And—and I simply can't touch it. It's Frank's fault, really, so he ought to help me out, but of course the silly ass isn't here when he's wanted."

Carlow smiled.

"Like me to help?" he asked.

"What do you think?" said Dicky joyfully. "I say, I'm sorry I banged your napper the other day. I was waxy, you know! I say, look at this putrid thing! Fancy giving this stuff out of Virgil to a man in the Second Form! I can't tackle it to save my life! Frank's landed me in this, and now he's not here to help."

"How on earth did your brother land you in it, you young ass?"

"Well, you see, he did an exercise for me last Wednesday," explained Dicky. "Twigg was pleased; he thought I'd done it! That was all right—only the brute expects me to keep up to the same mark. He's ragged me in Form ever since, making out that I'm slack and lazy, you know, just because I can't do a Remove man's work! Thick, ain't it?"

"Awfully!" said Carlow, laughing.

"Now he's set me another corker, and promised me six if I don't wangle it!" groaned Nugent minor. "If Frank had had the sense of a bunny rabbit he would have put in a few mistakes that time! The thing was done too awfully well, you know, and it's led Twigg to expect a lot more than he will ever get from me. Poor old Frank always was an ass. Look here, you look at this paper and see if you can handle it."

Carlow looked at the paper.

Bristling with difficulties as it was to the hapless fag, it did not promise much trouble to a Remove man, especially a fellow like Carlow, who was well up in the work of the Form.

"Think you can manage it?" asked Dicky hopefully.

"On my head."

"Good! I say, you're a good chap," said Dicky. "Look here, put in a mistake or two. My idea is to let Twigg down gradually. See? Got any toffee?"

"Sorry—no."

"Well, I see you've got a 'Holiday Annual' here. I'll take a squint at it while you're doing that beastly thing."

Carlow shook his head.

"That's not good enough, kid," he said. "I'll help you with pleasure, but you'll have to work at it with me. It will only lead to more trouble in the long run if you get another man to do your work."

"That's all right. I'll chance it," said Nugent minor.

"You won't—with me."

"I say, be a sport!" urged Dicky.

"You young ass! I'll help you with the paper—that or nix."

Nugent minor gave Carlow a long look.

"Sure you don't know where Frank is?" he asked.

"Haven't the least idea."

"Oh lor'! Let's get at the rotten thing, then!" groaned Dicky.

"Let's!" said Carlow, laughing.

They sat at the study table together. Richard Nugent's attention soon wandered from the work in hand. But when his attention wandered Carlow ceased work at once. Richard soon realised that if that exercise was going to be done at all he had to take his share, and as soon as that was clear to him the young scamp set to work in earnest.

For half an hour they sat side by side at the table, Carlow elucidating and explaining, and Dicky giving him his best attention.

Dicky Nugent was quite an intelligent fellow when he chose to exert himself, which he seldom did. He found that he was making unexpected progress with that difficult exercise. Certainly, he would have preferred Carlow to do the work and leave him to copy out the result. But he had to deal with a fellow who was as good-natured as his brother, but a good deal firmer.

The task was nearly finished when there was a sound of footsteps outside the study and two juniors came in.

Wharton and Nugent had tea'd in Johnny Bull's study. They came back to Study No. 1, little dreaming of what they were to see there.

Frank Nugent stopped dead, staring blankly at his minor, sitting amicably at the table with Erio Carlow.

Wharton stared also in surprise, and then he grinned.

"I say, that's ripping!" Dicky was saying. "I rather hope old Twigg will take me through the paper. I can jolly well stand up to him, if he does! I say, you're a good chap, Carlow!"

"Dick!"

The fag looked round at his major's sharp voice. He gave the two Removites in the doorway a cool nod.

"You men coming in?" he asked.

"We're nearly finished——"

"What are you up to, Dick?"

"Carlow's helping me with a paper for Twigg!" answered Dicky cheerfully. "You weren't here but he's helping me, like a good chap."

Nugent gave the fag a black look.

"You've asked that fellow to help you—the fellow who was bullying you—the fellow who was shaking you like a oat when I stopped him——"

"Oh, rot!" said Dicky impatiently. "What's the matter with the chap? I dare say any other fellow would have ragged me for banging his head on the ground after barging him over."

"Wha-a-at?" ejaculated Nugent.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Wharton.

"So that was it, was it?"

"Yes. I say, don't interrupt; we're nearly finished," said Dicky. "I've got to take this to Twigg when he comes away from Common-room after tea. Let's get on with it, old bean!"

Frank Nugent stood rooted to the floor, with a crimson face. His minor, taking no further notice of his presence, gave his attention to finishing the Latin paper.

Wharton touched his chum's arm.

"Let's get out, Frank!"

Nugent nodded, and they left the study together. Dicky Nugent lifted his head, and glanced after them as they went.

"You friends with my major?" he asked Carlow.

"Not exactly."

"I suppose he got his rag out over that scrap. Is he keeping it up?"

"Yes, a little."

"What a silly ass!" said Dicky. "Well, let's get this done. I shall have to cut off and catch old Twigg."

Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent went down the Remove staircase together. Wharton was smiling. Dicky Nugent's cheery explanation had cleared the air, and it was evident that Dicky, at least, had no resentment towards the fellow who had ragged him in Friardale Wood. He did not, indeed, regard the incident as worth remembering or bothering about.

"Well, that's all right, Frank," said Harry.

"What is?"

"It was Dicky started the trouble, and that chap, Carlow, only gave him what he asked for. I fancied it was so, really."

"You would!" said Nugent bitterly.

Wharton gave him a quick look.

"Look here, Frank, you're not keeping up a feud against the new man, now that you know—"

"I know the fellow's a rotter, and that I bar him, and am going on barring him," answered Nugent. "You can pal with him if you like, but you can't pal with me at the same time. I bar that cad!"

"Look here, Frank—"

"Oh, rot! Give us a rest!"

And Frank Nugent, leaving his chum, walked out of the House by himself. And Wharton, with a flush of anger in his face, let him go.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

A Strange Meeting!

"FANCY meetin' you!"

Frank Nugent started.

The voice was so close, that for a moment he thought that the remark was addressed to him.

It was Saturday afternoon, and Harry Wharton & Co. had gone over to St. Jude's for a football match.

Nugent was not in the Remove Eleven, but he would have accompanied the team, as a matter of course, to watch his comrades kicking goals for Greyfriars, had matters been on their customary footing.

But matters were not quite as of old in the happy circle of the Famous Five.

Nugent's "feud" with the new junior was unchanged, and the Co. found it rather hard to be patient with him. It had turned out—Dicky had left no doubt in the matter—that Frank had

made a fool of himself in quarrelling with the new fellow at all. After that his friends considered that the sooner he let the thing drop, the better. Possibly the discovery that he had made a fool of himself did not tend to soothe Frank's irritation. At all events, he showed no sign of relenting, and he still gave Carlow the "marble eye" in the study and the passages.

A light drizzle of rain had come on as Nugent, on a rather dismal ramble by himself, loafed along the footpath in Friardale Wood, while his friends were playing football at St. Jude's.

He stopped under the shelter of a tree close by the footpath, and stood leaning on the trunk, his hands in his pockets, and a moody expression on his face.

He was feeling moody and out of sorts, perhaps beginning to realise that the uncomfortable state of affairs was his own fault, and wishing that he had gone over to St. Jude's with the footballers.

He was not aware that anyone was at hand, till he heard the voice on the footpath a few yards away. The thick carpet of dead leaves on the path had deadened the footfalls of the newcomer.

He glanced round, but the tree was between him and the path, and he could not see the speaker, and he realised that whoever the man was, he was speaking to someone else who had come up the path.

"Fancy meeting you!" repeated the

voice of the unseen speaker. "My word, you look a toff now!"

"My hat! You, Hookey!"

It was a surprised voice that answered, and it was a voice familiar to Frank Nugent's ears, the voice of Eric Carlow, the new junior at Greyfriars.

"Me, old bean!" answered Hookey. "I say, have you come into a fortune, or what, Buttons? Where did you get that clobber?"

Nugent drew a deep, silent breath.

Vaguely he had suspected that there was something "fishy" about the new fellow—something secret, something that he did not care to have known. That suspicion was founded on Billy Bunter's tattle; but it was strengthened by the fact that Carlow, since he had been at Greyfriars, had never talked about himself, about his "place" or his "people."

Certainly nobody was curious to know anything about such matters; still, it was unusual for a fellow never to mention such things and Carlow, for all that he said about himself, might have dropped form the clouds.

That suspicion, vague as it was, had perhaps scented to Nugent some justification for his dislike of the new boy.

Nobody at Greyfriars knew anything about Carlow, unless Coker, of the Fifth, did, and, from what Bunter had reported, whatever Coker knew was not to the new fellow's credit.

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"You hadn't a bean when I saw you last," said Hookey, with a sneer. "Six months ago you were a page-boy; now you're dressed up to the nines! Mean to say you come by it all honest?" Sheltering from the rain beneath the tree, Nugent could not help but hear every word.

Now, evidently, he was meeting an old acquaintance, who addressed him by a queer nickname, and was surprised to find him well dressed. What sort of a fellow was he, and where did he come from?

"My word, ain't we toffy!" went on Hookey's voice, with a derisive note in it. "What a change! Been robbing a bank?"

"Don't be a fool, Hookey!"

Carlow's voice was sharp and angry. Nugent did not need telling that the Greyfriars junior was far from pleased by this unexpected meeting with "Hookey," whoever Hookey was.

Nugent made a movement to go. Neither of the speakers knew that he was there, and Frank was no eaves-dropper. But he set his lips, and stayed where he was. The rain was still falling, and he was not obliged to go out into the rain simply because that rank outsider was meeting some disreputable acquaintance on the footpath.

"Well, look 'ere, Buttons," went on Hookey, "you're in luck. Anybody could see that with half an eye. Got a job about here or what?"

"No."

"You don't seem pleased to see an old pal, Buttons."

"I'm not pleased to see you, Hookey, and you never were a pal, so don't talk rot!"

"That's a blooming school cap you've got on your 'ead, Buttons! Did you pinch it?"

"You rotter!"

Hookey chuckled.

"Well, you ain't at school, I s'pose?" he said. "And that's a school cap. You must 'ave pinched it! Pinched your clobber too, I fancy! Or 'ow did you come by it? Last time I saw you, you was in buttons."

Nugent started.

"No bizney of yours!" muttered Carlow.

"P'raps not!" sneered Hookey. "But it might be somebody else's business—the police, f'rinstance! What?"

Nugent, moving a little, looked round the trunk of the tree at the two figures on the footpath through the wet bushes.

Carlow was standing with a black look on his face, his eyes glinting at Hookey. Obviously, the meeting was as disagreeable as it was unexpected to the new junior of Greyfriars.

But it was upon Hookey that Nugent's eyes were fixed curiously. He saw a squat man, with an oily face and shifty eyes, shabbily dressed, with a dingy bowler-hat cocked on one side of a bullet head. Mr. Hookey was not a prepossessing gentleman to look at.

"Well, you hadn't a bean when I saw you last!" said Hookey, with a sneer. "What did they pay you at the Regency Boarding House for cleaning the boots? Ten bob a week and your grub! Six months ago you was a page-boy; now you're dressed up to the nines! Mean to tell me you come by it all honest?"

"I don't mean to tell you anything!"

"I'm on tramp," went on Hookey. "I ain't had a job since I was sacked at Brighton, when they made out that I knew something about that bag that was missing. If you've got a good job around here, Buttons, you might put in a word for an old pal."

"I'm likely to put in a word for a man who was sacked for stealing!" said Carlow contemptuously.

"And what have you been doing?" sneered Hookey. "Like me to believe that you've come into a fortune?"

"You can believe what you like!"

"Look here, young Buttons—"

Hookey broke off as Frank Nugent,

coming round the tree that sheltered him, stepped into the footpath.

He stared at Nugent. Carlow gave a violent start, and his face paled.

"You—Nugent!" he muttered.

Nugent gave him a sarcastic glance.

"I was sheltering from the rain," he said. "But I don't want to hear your talk with your friend—Buttons!"

And he passed Carlow and walked on towards Friardale Lane, without waiting for a reply.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Ordered Out!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry. "We've beaten them, Bunter, old fat man—beaten them to a jolly old frazzle!"

The Remove footballers had returned. They had returned in high spirits, having beaten St. Jude's by a margin of three goals to one. That was a matter of great interest to most of the Remove, but it did not interest William George Bunter very much. Much more important matters than Soccer occupied the fat Owl's powerful intellect.

A cheery crowd came tramping into the Remove passage. They were rather late for tea, and more than ready for it after football in a keen wind.

"I say, you fellows, I've been waiting for you!" said Billy Bunter reproachfully. "I had to have tea in Hall to go on with. I've had nothing since but a cake and a bag of jam-tarts!"

"Whose cake?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"And whose tarts?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

Frank Nugent looked out of the doorway of Study No. 1. A cheery fire glowed in that study, and the table was laid. For the past half-hour Billy Bunter had been hovering round the door of that study like a fat Peri at the gate of paradise.

"Tea's ready, you men!" said Nugent.

"Oh, good!" said Wharton, a little surprised.

It was the first time Frank had "tea'd" in his own study since Carlow had come to Greyfriars. Carlow generally tea'd in the study, and Nugent had carefully and ostentatiously avoided the company of the fellow he barred.

"Good egg!" said Bob Cherry heartily. "We're ready, old bean! I'm as hungry as a hunter—or a Bunter!"

The Co. tramped cheerily into the study. Billy Bunter rolled in after them. The fact that he was not asked to tea did not worry William George Bunter in the slightest degree. That was a trifle light as air to the Owl of the Remove.

Harry Wharton glanced round, but Carlow was not present. Still, as Nugent was tea-ing in the study, he concluded that his chum was getting over the "feud." Carlow might come in any minute to tea in his own study, and he would have to join the tea-party there.

Poached eggs and a pile of toast were ready, and Nugent handed them up from the fender. A cheery party sat down round the table, and poached eggs and toast disappeared at a rapid rate.

The chums of the Remove talked football, giving Nugent a description of the game at St. Jude's. Nugent said little, however, and Billy Bunter said nothing, devoting his whole attention to the food-stuffs. With four hungry footballers to compete with, Billy Bunter had no time

to waste in conversation. It was a case of the race to the swift, and the Owl of the Remove did not lose a moment.

Harry Wharton looked at his chum several times curiously. Nugent, evidently, was not thinking of the topic under discussion. He glanced towards the door at times, with an expression on his face that Wharton did not quite understand and did not quite like. He wondered rather impatiently whether his chum had had more trouble with Carlow during the absence of the footballers that afternoon.

"Anything up, Frank?" he asked at last.

"Eh—no!"

"Is Carlow coming up?" asked Wharton directly.

Nugent's lip curled.

"I hardly think he'll have the cheek," he answered.

Wharton looked at him steadily.

"The cheek to come into his own study! What do you mean, Frank?"

"I mean what I say!" answered Nugent coolly. "I don't think even that rank rotter will have the cheek to butt in here! If he does—"

"My esteemed Franky—" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"I say, you fellows—" Bunter filled his mouth and spoke—"I say, I saw that new chap mooching about in the quad. He looked frightfully down in the mouth. He came in soon after Nugent—"

"You haven't been rowing again, have you, Frank?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Not at all."

"The rowfulness is not the proper caper, my absurd Franky," murmured the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here he is!"

There was a step in the Remove passage, and Eric Carlow appeared in the doorway of Study No. 1.

All eyes turned on him.

He was not looking so cheerful as usual. There was a cloud on his brow, and he seemed to hesitate a moment before he entered the study. Then, as if making up his mind, he stepped in.

He coloured under Nugent's fixed stare. Frank rose to his feet, his eyes fixed on the new fellow across the table. The other juniors exchanged uncomfortable glances. It was evident that the "feud" was not over, and equally evident that something had happened that afternoon of which as yet they knew nothing.

Wharton broke a rather tense silence.

"Hallo, Carlow, old bean! Buck up if you want to get a look-in before Bunter scoffs the last crumb."

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"We've had a ripping game at St. Jude's, kid," said Bob Cherry. "You should have come over and watched."

"I wish I had," said Carlow.

"The ripfulness was preposterous," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "We bagged three absurd goals, and St. Jude's were beaten widefully."

Carlow smiled faintly.

His eyes were on Nugent. The colour deepened in his face till his cheeks were burning.

"Here's a seat," said Johnny Bull, pulling a chair to the table for the new junior. "Make room, Bunter."

"Oh, really, Bull! I say, pass the jam!"

Frank Nugent spoke at last. His voice was very clear and distinct.

"Carlow—if his name's Carlow—is not tea-ing here," he said deliberately. "Shut the door after you, will you?"

Carlow stood very still.

Harry Wharton & Co. stared. Billy Bunter, who was lading out jam in

(Continued on page 26.)

OOM, The Terrible!

(Opening chapters retold on page 26.)

The Flying-Bandit has his wings clipped when he tries his tricks on Rick Dare.



Alf Higgs allowed himself to drop to the full extent of the severed rope. Then he clutched at Rick's feet and hung suspended below him like a pendulum!

Any Port in a Storm!

FOR the first few delirious moments of that headlong rush through the air Rick Dare's senses seemed to leave him.

It was as if he and Alf Higgs had been suspended on the end of a line in a rushing stream of water that tore at limbs and throat, choking them and taking their breath away.

Only by tucking his head down into the shelter of the "Angel's Wings" flying cloak was Rick able to gasp at all. Then there came a respite as the great plane was slowed down, though they still streamed out at the end of the long line beyond the stern of the hull.

The two lines were much of a length, and after a while Alf and Rick collided. Keeping his head, Rick clutched the Cockney and managed to hold on to him so that the billowing cloak enfolded them both, and he was able to shelter the little Cockney from the worst of the cruel blast and also howl a few words into his ear.

"Alf, I'm going to take a chance!" he yelled. "Can you get on to my rope and tie yourself on to me?"

"Right-ho!" yelled Alf in return, and, as if guessing what the other required, managed to squirm right under the cloak and cling like a limpet to Rick's waist.

The latter had had the foresight to attach a keen hunting-knife under the waistband of his trousers, and with this he sliced through the rope, which supported the Cockney, some six feet above his head.

With the bight of the rope he bound the slim form securely to himself under the cloak, so that the two formed, as it were, one figure. A few deft movements of his nimble fingers, and Rick set the attachments of the Angel's Wings, so that the parachute would take the strain of their combined weights directly they dropped.

A beam of light from about suddenly attracted Rick's attention, and he could see that the flooring and plate glass of the plane had been slid back, and could also discern two or three black heads peering over the edge. At the same

time the severed rope to which Alf had formerly been attached was rapidly wound upwards, and Rick chuckled to himself as he surmised the reason.

He could imagine the dismay of Oom and his men when they found that they had lost one of the expert engineers whom they had made prisoners, for he was certain that the Flying-Bandit had had no intention of actually sending them to their death when he gave the order for them to be streamed out beneath the plane. All he had intended was to terrify them in a submission, so that they would gladly take on his foul work and become abject tools of his will.

"There's a surprise in store for you, old bean!" Rick chuckled to himself, as he felt his own rope strain under the pull of the windlass above. "I reckon you've made a bloomer this time! I only hope old Tom's 'chute works O.K. We'll soon know. Hold tight, Alf! Down we go!"

Reaching to the full extent of his arm, Rick cut the taut rope through. For the flash of a second he thought he had failed to sever it, for the suction of the great plane kept them in position for an appreciable time.

Then the force of gravity took a hand, and they fell like a plummet, whirling round and round like a leaf in the terrific blast of the rushing machine above them. Once out of its influence, however, they fell with tremendous speed.

Rick remembered his brother's advice, and stiffened himself out like a diver, straining every muscle against the pull of the line, concealed wires which ran from the "ribs" of the parachute cloak to his belt. With the double weight the strain was terrific, and he thought he would never be able to stand it.

Rick pulled the rip-cord, and the great cloak opened out to its fullest extent. So delicately had it been made, so cunningly

had the folds of fine silk balloon fabric been "accordion pleated," that it had looked something like a riding cloak, which covers man and horse. When fully extended, however, the Angel's Wings opened out to the size of a big bell tent, every seam stiffened into ribs, which in turn were attached by thin wires to a belt at the wearer's waist.

Even so, they were falling at a disconcerting speed, more especially as Rick had no idea what height they had been flying at when they dropped. Suddenly he realised that the parachute was swaying in an uncanny manner and that Alf's weight had gone from his back.

With a sick sensation, Rick thought that his servant and pal had dropped into the void, perhaps intentionally, thinking that the parachute would not bear the double weight, and willing to

sacrifice himself for the "young boss." Then he felt something clutching at his legs, and, glancing downwards, he saw that Alf Higgs had allowed himself to drop to the full extent of the severed rope, and was now hanging suspended below him like the pendulum of a grandfather clock.

The little Cockney had realised that something was needed to steady the parachute, and that both their weights underneath the cloak had tended to make it drop sideways, with the risk of ripping the delicate fabric. He was hanging on to Rick's ankles, and thus steadying the falling "umbrella" like a plummet.

Alf Higgs had acted as gunner and observer in many a flight in France, and more than once had been compelled to "get to earth" as swiftly as possible in some makeshift parachute such as the Angel's Wings represented. Alf never lost his head under any circumstances. He had been in so many tight corners, had had so many hairbreadth escapes in his time, that he always accepted the inevitable and trusted to what he called "the luck of the 'Iggs'!"

Neither he nor Rick had the least idea of where they were when they had been "shot" through the opening at the bottom of the plane, though Rick had surmised that the great sheet of water he had glimpsed below them might be Titicaca.

Alf, dangling at the end of his rope, spotted a great beam of light which shot up into the sky some distance away, and he let out a yell which was torn away on the wind so that it reached Rick's ears but as an echo.

"Geeroosalem! It's the Trans-Con. flyin' ground!" he bellowed. "If we c'ud on'y git to that tower we'd be better off! 'Ere, cawn't yer steer this blinkin' broolly a bit more sou'-sou'-west-by-sou'? If I ou'd honly get an 'old o' that—"

Alf broke off as a current of wind, sweeping over the great lake from a cleft in the mountains behind, took the light 'chute and wafted it in the required direction as it fell earthwards.

But Alf gave a groan as a sharp twang coming from above his head, indicated that one of the wires had given under the strain. Almost immediately it was followed by another, and he felt the 'chute sway and jerk as the wind ripped at the flapping corners which had come adrift.

"Golly wars! I'll 'ave to cut loose an' give th' kid a chanst!" he muttered. "Th' blinkin' broolly won't 'old the two of us much longer, an' 'e's too plucky a young— Great gadzooks! Wot's that?"

Something banged against the Cockney's foot with force enough to paralyse it, and at the same time the parachute slewed sideways. A terrific light shining in Alf's face nearly blinded him, but he just caught sight of a criss-cross of ironwork beneath him, and he realised that the errant draught of wind had blown them clean across to the sky lighthouse which formed a guiding light to the great South American air line planes.

Another blast of wind would blow them away from that haven, and Alf could hear the wires snapping in all directions above him.

With a mighty effort he swung on the end of his rope and managed to clutch one of the steel girders. Hanging on with all his strength, the Cockney formed an anchor that brought

the parachute up all standing, flattening the silk against the great steel mast and Rick with it.

"'Ang on, Mister Rick!" Alf bellowed.

Hauling himself up to another girder, he cut the parachute wires loose from the spread-eagled youngster. A moment later, and another gust of wind had sent the Angel's Wings flying away into the darkness.

With rapidly working fingers Alf twined his length of rope round Rick's body and bound him securely to the girder whilst he braced himself against the howling blast.

"Stop 'ere! I'm goin' for 'elp!" he bawled in Rick's ear.

Next moment he was swarming like a monkey across the criss-cross framework of the huge lantern.

Orphans of the Storm!

TEN minutes later a very scared and puzzled Spanish watchman and wireless-operator listened to Alf Higgs' explanation of how he came to be at the top of the lighthouse.

Alf's Spanish was more vigorous than fluent, but he had made up in action what he lacked in language, and soon had that operator hopping around in double quick time, procuring what he required to rescue Rick from his spread-eagled position on the outside of the great lantern.

Alf discovered that some of the glasses of the lantern opened, and, with a twenty-foot rope in his hand, he managed to crawl out and get the end firmly fixed to the lad's waist.

Rick was half-frozen, and terribly cramped, but once inside the operator's comfortable room he rapidly thawed out. Alf unceremoniously commandeered the gaping Spaniard's hot coffee and his steaming supper, with which he fed his young "boss" whilst "tucking in" himself.

By means of the phone the operator got on to the big hangars below, and in a little while the commandant of the flying ground came up in the lift and confronted the two derelicts.

Luckily he was an American—a well-known "ace," who had been drafted from the States to teach the South American flying men their business. At first he could hardly credit Rick's story, but the remnants of the wires of the parachute bore out his statement, and luckily the lad also had papers on him which proved his identity.

"I know your brother's name well,

HOW THE STORY STARTED.

Determined to become Master of the World, Oom, the Terrible, has raided at will—stealing the world's wealth and kidnapping the master craftsmen of science and engineering. By means of his super wireless-controlled plane, fitted with an ingenious sucking device, he captures 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, along with Tom, to Oom's secret mountain stronghold in South America. Foreseeing a chance of ridding the world of its greatest menace, Rick, wearing a flying-cloak that will act as a parachute, if necessary accompanies Oom on his next expedition. He refuses to do the Flying Bandit's bidding, however, and as a punishment, both he and Alf are attached to a rope and left to stream behind the plane like the tail of a kite.

(Now read on.)

of course," the commandant said; "but, by gum, it takes a bit of swallowing your yarn about Oom and his wireless machine. Droppin' from a plane with a 'chute that hadn't even been tested! Shucks, it sounds like a fairy tale!"

"It may do, but if you'd been in the same position, in the clutches of that ruthless devil, and had seen what we've seen at his stronghold, you'd have taken any chances to get free, just as we did!" Rick cried hotly. "It was a case of neck or nothing, and we'd sooner take the risk of being dashed to bits than stay there to be compelled to join his band and help him to rob our old boss. Look here, sir, there's but precious little time to waste. Will you lend us a machine to fly across to Merger's place and put him wise as to what Oom's intentions are?"

The cautious American shook his head.

"Only got one machine in the place, and that's a two-seater De Hay Tiger bomber that belongs to the Peruvian Flying Corps. It only arrived a week ago, and we haven't tried her out yet, as we've been waiting for 'em to send a pilot—"

"Let me have it and Silas Merger will pay any price you like—buy the machine if that's all!" cried Rick eagerly. "I can fly her, I'll bet!"

"No, sir, it's as much as my job's worth!" replied the commandant decisively. "I'll wireless Merger and let him know—"

"And let Oom know at the same time!" Rick fumed. "Don't you see, it's a matter of life and death, and that that scoundrel's got us absolutely bunkered so far as wirelissing is concerned? If he gets an inkling that we've escaped and are warning Merger, he'll skip right across and the damage'll be done before ever we can get help to the house. Have a heart, man, and let's have the plane. Merger will foot the bill, whatever it is!"

"Cain't be done, boyee!" replied the American. "I don't say but what if you put down what the plane cost we might not do a deal; otherwise—nit!"

"But I haven't got a bean on me—"

Rick began.

"'Old 'ard!" came from Alf Higgs. "We ain't got no brass, but we got something jest as good, an' if this 'ere young gent knows di'monds when 'e sees 'em—clap yer hoptics on that there bauble, captin'! That's worth 'arf a dozen bloomin' dago hairyplanes, I'm gamblin'!"

He placed something on the table, something which gleamed dazzlingly in the strong light of the lantern, winking back variegated flashes from a thousand facets.

Rick recognised it instantly, and before Alf could warn him exclaimed:

"Gee-whiz, Oom's snuff-box! How did you—"

"Shurrup!" hissed Alf.

He saw the American shoot them a swift glance, and he mentally cursed Rick for being so outspoken. But the commandant said nothing, picked up the diamond snuff-box, and examined it under the light.

It was a beautiful and unique example of antique jewellery, and as it happened the American was a connoisseur of such work. His eyes sparkled like the stones themselves as

he turned the delicately chased gold box this way and that and admired the flashing jewels.

Alf watched him like a lynx, gradually stealing nearer to the man without attracting attention.

"H'm, this is, as you say, very valuable indeed," said the commandant slowly. "But I can hardly accept it as a deposit on a Government machine, seeing that, according to your own account, it is probably stolen property. As a matter of fact, I shall be compelled to confiscate it and hold you both until we can a—"

"Sez you!" hissed Alf; and with a lightning movement he snatched the commandant's own revolver from the holster at his belt and bored the muzzle into his ribs. "Git that dago, Rick!"

Rick was taken by surprise, but he was used to jumping to it on a snapped order. He reached the operator just as he was grabbing for another six-gun hanging up on the wall. A deft left swing under the ear sent the man limply to the floor, and in a flash Rick had lashed his arms and legs securely with the very rope which had been used in his own rescue.

"Stuff to gi' 'em!" said Alf approvingly. "Nah then you, Mister Man, jest listen whilst I tells yer somethink for yer good. If yer'd be'aved 'arfwee decent we'd 'ave tret yer fair, but seein' as yer thought fit to tret us like plurry thieves—we're goin' to do th' simo by you. Listen! We're goin' to 'ave that there plane, an' you are goin' to give th' necessary horders for it, see? If yer don't—there's six good reasons 'ere why yer won't never give no more horders! Git me, Steve?"

"Would you murder me?" stammered the man, looking at the Cockney's lean, determined face, with its ice-blue eyes glaring evilly.

"Not 'arf I wouldn't!" declared Alf decisively. "You and 'arf an 'undred more like yer, without blinkin'! I ain't got no use for you flyin' blokes wot assists th' S'American dagoes. I know wot yer 'ore for, hall right; and, as a matter o' fact, I know w'y you in partieler lef' th' States, so 'old that one, Mister Commandant! Nah then, are yer goin' to be sensible, or will yer 'ave one o' them lead pills?"

The man's face flushed deeply at the Cockney's hinted accusation, and then paled.

"O.K. I'll let you have the plane," he said hurriedly. "But we'll have to rouse out the watch. Er—don't let them see that you are—er—forcing me to—"

"Doncher worry abaht that. I can shoot from me pocket jest as heasy, and I'll 'ave yer covered hall the time," replied Alf easily. "But don't yer try any monkey business, or two secs arter yer'll be feelin' wings sproutin' be'ind yer shoulder blades. Mister Rick, keep that shooter 'andy, but out o' sight, see? 'This gent's goin' to 'elp th' two pore Horphans o' th' Storm to fly awyo 'ome, out o' th' kindness of 'is 'eart!"

Rick took the precaution of disconnecting some of the wires and gadgets of the wireless plant in case any of the staff should send through messages telling of their exploits, or of Oom's proximity, and thus warning the Flying-Bandit.

They watched the commandant carefully; but that worthy had evidently been cowed by either Alf's threats or the Cockney's uncanny reference to a knowledge of his past. In any case, he walked straight to the hangar from the bottom of the light tower, rousing out the watch with a shout, and giving them crisp orders in Spanish, which Rick

listened to intently in case of any attempt at double-crossing.

In a few minutes the little bombing plane had been wheeled out into the flying ground, with its tanks filled, whilst in addition one of the men dropped in a couple of night-flying suits and helmets.

"Just cast yer heye hover th' gadgets to see that they ain't twistin' us, Mister Rick!" whispered Alf. "I've got to watch this 'ere American, or 'e'll mebbe start some funny businay; 'e's keepin' too quiet for my likin'!"

Rick climbed into the machine and inspected it, so far as he could, until the commandant growled:

"You need have no fear, she is perfectly ready for service, and the quicker you take off the better. One of the Trans. fliers may arrive at any moment."

"Now, wot's your blinkin' 'urry?" muttered Alf.

The Cockney was keeping a wary eye skinned for any treacherous move on the part of the American, who he thought would bear them no particular good will for the manner in which they had compelled his services. He scanned the man carefully out of the corner of his eye, and suddenly began to chuckle to himself, shaking with suppressed laughter as he realised the man's reason for desiring their quick departure.

"'E's still got th' blinkin' snuff-box, and 'e thinks we've forgot it!" he chuckled to himself. "Fellows of his kidney'll do hanythink for dollars; but I reckon I'll 'ave to show 'im that we ain't so blamed slow dahn 'Ackney wye. If my 'and 'asn't lorst its cunning—"

He muttered something to the commandant in so low a tone that the man had to bend towards him in order to catch what he said. As he did so, there was a swift movement of the Cockney's right hand, and something gleamed for a split second e'er it was transferred from the American's pocket to Alf's. Then a shout came from Rick, and the Cockney hastened towards the plane.

"So-long, sir!" he said, with an elaborate salute to the commandant. "We're dooly grateful for hall yer've done us for—I means hall yer've done for hus. Remember me to th' wife an' little 'uns, an' leave 'em that snuff-box in yer will—if yer can find it! Contact, Mister Rick, an' give it the gun!"

A Timely Warning!

THE drawback to the tiny De Hay Tiger bomber in comparison to Oom's wireless wonder was—noise!

The little machine was very fast and extraordinary easy to handle, as Rick could tell as they fairly tore through the dark night with his light touch on the joystick. The machine was well fitted, and Alf, in the observer's seat, was inspecting a rolled map whilst he unconsciously fingered the little Lewis gun, which was attached to a swivel alongside him, with loving hands.

"If I can on'y git close enuff to Mister Plurry Oom an' 'is horrible crew, I'll fill 'em as full of 'oles as a pepper-pot!" he muttered. "But with this noisy, chatterin' li'l plane, 'e c'ud 'ear us comin' from Piccadilly to 'Ounsditch. She can 'op it, though, and young Rick 'andles 'er a fair treat. Yessir?"

"How far now?" came Rick's voice through the phone.

Alf took a rapid measurement with a pair of dividers.

"Best part o' eighty mile, sir. Best easy hup a bit, 'adn't yer, sir? Tho'

we don't rightly know wot time Oom's gettin' to work, do we, sir?"

"No; wish I did," answered Rick. "But I reckon it'll be some time just before dawn, when it's darkest."

"Most like, sir. Wot's th' plan o' campaign? We've gotter remember that Oom threatened that if any warnin' was given to the 'ouse 'e'd bomb it; and strike me 'andsome—I b'leve 'e'd do it, too, the 'ound!"

"Yes; we'll have to land somewhere at the side of the lake a good way from the house; then I'll creep through the trees. I ought to be able to get in quite easily, as I know the run of the place so well—"

"Don't forget that double-twistin' dectective wot Oom's got planted there. 'E's got horders to warn Oom if things don't go right. And—er—look 'ere, Mister Rick, I'm more used to a spot o' burglary than you are—'adn't I best go, an' you stay in charge of—"

"Rats!" laughed Rick. "If anything went wrong, you'd have mighty difficult work in explaining that you weren't a burglar; but I'm a friend of the family. Besides, I'm dead anxious to give that double-twisting detective a bump on his coconut, and I wouldn't miss that little treat for anything!"

Every few minutes Rick shut off the engine, and the two pals listened with all their ears for any sign of the great wireless machine. But though they tried at different heights, they could get no indication of Oom's whereabouts.

At last Rick made a perfect landing, and, leaving Alf in charge of the bomber, he stole up towards the house as silently as an Indian stalker. Fifteen minutes later he was standing like a statue on the small balcony of a first-floor room in Merger's palatial lakeside house.

Thus far he had come without interruption or the least difficulty, but the trickiest part of his job was now before him. He wanted to come upon the detective, if possible, unawares, though if the worst came to the worst he reckoned on being able to spoof the man that he was the messenger Oom had sent—as he would have been if the Flying-Bandit's first plan had been carried out!

Gently Rick pushed his knee against the french window, and to his relief it opened slowly inwards on well-oiled hinges. Evidently Oom's satellite, the crook detective, had done his work well, and the way was made easy for whoever should come to rob the sleeping household—dropped from the ingenious vacuum tube in mid-air!

The lad stepped cautiously through on to the thick pile carpet, and after standing for a second listening, with bated breath, he switched on his electric torch and surveyed the apartment. Its rays were reflected from a large baize-covered table, which was literally covered with jewel cases, the contents of which fully bore out Oom's sarcastic remarks about the wealthy guest's love of display. It was enough to make the mouth of any thief water, and Rick had a momentary feeling of anger that such temptation should be put in the way of any chance nightbird.

"A cat could have got through that window, and any burglar who could open a child's money-box could get into this room!" he muttered. "Hallo! I'm not so sure, though!"

Turning his light behind him, Rick saw that every other window was tightly shuttered with great steel burglar-proof shades, whilst over each showed the wires of a burglar alarm, now severed,

(Continued on page 28.)

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THE BOOT-BOY'S LUCK!

(Continued from page 24.)

large quantities, almost forgot the jam in his astonishment.

There was a brief silence that seemed very long to every fellow in the study. Nugent's words had fallen like a bomb-shell. Wharton, with compressed lips, broke the silence at length.

"Are you off your rocker, Frank? What have you got against the chap now? What do you mean—if his name's Carlow? You know his name's Carlow."

"How should I know?" said Nugent coolly. "I've heard him called by another name this afternoon."

"What utter rot!"

"His name may be Carlow, or Smith, or Jones, or Robinson, for anything I know," continued Nugent. "All I know about him is that he isn't what he makes himself out to be, and that he's some sort of a spoofing humbug and impostor. I know that much."

"My esteemed Franky—"

"I know that much!" repeated Nugent. "How he got into this school I don't know, but he must have done a lot of spoofing and trickery to manage it. The Head can't know the facts about him, and Quelch can't know. I'm not saying that it's my business, so long as he keeps his distance. But he's got to keep his distance."

Nugent pointed to the door.

"There's the door, Carlow—if your name's Carlow," he said. "I dare say you don't want me to call you by the other name I heard this afternoon."

"Oh crikey!" gasped Billy Bunter. Bunter had quite forgotten the jam now. His little round eyes bulged with curiosity behind his big round spectacles. "Oh crumbs! Tell a chap all about it, Franky, old man!"

"Look here, what does all this rubbish mean?" broke out Bob Cherry. "You're down on that chap for nothing, Nugent—and you're jolly well making a fool of yourself."

"Hear, hear!" growled Johnny Bull.

Nugent shrugged his shoulders.

"What does all this mean, Carlow?" asked Harry Wharton.

The juniors were all on their feet now, tea forgotten. Even Bunter did not heed

the large spoon that was full of jam in his fat hand.

Carlow drew a deep, hard breath. The deep flush faded from his face.

"It means"—he paused—"it means that that eavesdropper can tell you, if he likes, what he found out by spying."

Nugent crimsoned.

"That's enough from you," he said, between his teeth. "I've no intention of repeating what I heard by accident; but what I heard proves that you're a swindling impostor, and you've got into this school under false pretences. You'll keep out of this study, and if you don't, I'll jolly well turn you out, and let all Greyfriars know the reason why!"

There was a moment's tense pause. Then, quietly and without a word, Eric Carlow turned and walked out of the study.

Nugent's lip curled.

Carlow's footsteps died away down the Remove passage. And a dead silence reigned in Study No. 1 when he was gone.

THE END.

(Carlow seems booked for a rough passage—as far as Frank Nugent's concerned, anyway. Will he succeed in holding his own, or—Boys, the next yarn in this new series: "POES OF THE REMOVE!" is a real corker! Don't miss it on any account!)

OOM, THE TERRIBLE!

(Continued from previous page.)

doubtless by the "detective" who had been on duty.

"I want just two minutes with that 'tee chap, and I'll give him a headache that'll last him a month!" murmured Rick. "Where is the son of a gun?"

"Put your hands up and don't move, or I'll perforate you!" growled a voice from the shadows, as a powerful beam of light poured into Rick's eyes, completely blinding him.

Rick complied with the order.

"Aw, so yer thar, are yer?" he said in a hoarse whisper. "It's O.K., brother, so yer kin cut out th' jazz stuff. Yer know who I am an' I know you. Oom's on th' job up above!"

"Oh, he is—is he?" sneered the voice. "Too good of him, but s'long as we know! You say I know who you are—I don't, but I'm mighty soon going to—so take your hands down far enough to take off that helmet and goggles, and don't try anything more."

There was nothing for it but to obey, and as Rick took off the concealing leather helmet and flying-goggles he wondered at the detective's curiously cautious method.

"Rick Dare—by all that's horrible!"

There was a click as a switch was depressed and the room blazed with light. Then, following the other's astonished cry came Rick's own:

"Great guns—Silas Merger!"

"Yes, it's Silas Merger, and it's terrible sorry I am to see it's you, Rick Dare!" came in stern tones from the millionaire. "We got yours and your brother's note to say that you were both going away into the bush on a hunting expedition, and then the mysterious warning that you were planning—this! You, the lad I would have trusted with my life, ay—or my daughter's—a common thief, a house-breaker!"

(Rick Dare's jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire by the look of things. Still, come what may, he's determined to do his utmost to save Beryl Merger from the clutches of Oom. Watch out, then, for next week's gripping instalment, boys!)

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is all you pay for a charming Portable Model. Many other bargains in Horn, Hornless, Upright, Grand, and Consoles, with which I give AN ALBUM OF FREE RECORDS. Approval, Carriage Paid. Monthly terms. Write for my Free Lists NOW.

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All applications for Advertisement Space in this publication should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, **UNION JACK SERIES, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.**

FRESH HAIR!

Coker's skill on a moustache-rearing racket. The guy has kept his upper lip in a forcing frame since Feb., and the hairs are so thick a gelatin can see 'em in a strong light. If Coker's beard wasn't as vacant as his upper lip, he'd side along and get his moustache round a bottle of FISHER'S HAIR-RESTORER, 2s. 3d., the box. Guaranteed to raise whiskers on a Spanish onion.

Greyfriars Herald

Edited by HARRY WHARTON, F.G.R.

LAUGH AND GROW FAT.
November 14th, 1931.

LATEST EXTRA GOOD EDITION

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN!
ARE YOU IN A HURRY?
DO YOU WANT A COMFORTABLE JOURNEY?
DO YOU WANT COURTESY AND EFFICIENCY?
DO YOU WANT TO FEEL THAT YOU ARE SAFE?
Then GO BY RAIL!
The Friarville Omnibus Co., Friarville.

BUNTER PUTS HIS FOOT IN IT BORN WITHOUT BRAINS

It seems almost incredible that any fellow can be such an ass as William George Bunter. And yet, Billy Bunter has brains, too; and he can think out some very deep schemes at times. But, when he does this, he always spoils all his good work by some fast-headed action or remark.

Last week he barged into Study No. 1 and began to wag his chin.

"I say, you fellows," he remarked, pinching the last doughnut. "I say, I kept goal all right in the pick-ups yesterday—what?"

In our last practice match, Wharton had good-naturedly allowed Bunter to keep goal against Smithy's team. And, as a matter of fact, Bunter wasn't half so bad as you would think.

Wharton grinned.

"You let two in," he reminded him.

"That was your fault," snorted the Owl. "You shouldn't have got in the way. I can't keep goal with a crowd of foolish idiots blocking up my view. It's not to be expected. Wo woa, any-how."

"We did. What about it?"

"Well, I put it to you men," urged Bunter. "I put up a good show in the pick-ups, and I think I'm entitled to a game in a Form match."

"No harm in your thinking."

"Look at it sensibly, you know," proceeded Bunter. "Squiff is crooked, and Hazel isn't keen. That means you will play Bunterdo in goal against Temple's lot to-morrow—and Bunterdo's really a back. Why not give me a show? I put it to you as a sportsman," said Bunter loftily.



Wharton looked at me, with a slight grin.

"Well, why not?" I remarked. "We're not likely to let the Upper Fourth get anywhere near our goal, and even Bunter can stop any shots they'll put in. Besides, it will be rather a lark on Temple."

Wharton nodded thoughtfully.

"It's a go, old barrel," he said. "You can keep goal for us, if you like. And mind you play up."

"Leave that to me," said Bunter, vastly pleased. "I fancy I shall pull the game out of the fire for you. Mind," he added, "I'm not going to let any goals in on purpose."

"I haven't made any bet with Angel of the Fourth," said Bunter. "I never even knew he was offering ten to one on the Remove, and if you men think I should dream of backing the

PROUT CHANGES HIS MIND A COMEDY OF LETTERS

(1st Letter, Horace Coker to Mr. Prout.)

Dear Sir,—As we have been working extra hard this week, I should be much obliged if you will kindly let me miss 3rd school next Wednesday, as I am going over to Lantham. Thanking you, Yours faithfully,
HORACE COKER.

(Coker to Mr. Prout.)

Dear Sir,—With reference to 3rd school on Wednesday next, which I kindly hope you'll excuse me coming to, I want to pop over to Lantham on my motor-bike and meet my Aunt Judith, who will be in Lantham during the afternoon. I am now rather well up in Form-work, and I feel sure I shouldn't miss 3rd school on Wednesday.

HORACE COKER.

(Mr. Prout to Coker—grudgingly sarcastic.)

Dear Coker,—When you say that you feel sure you will not miss third school on Wednesday next, I entirely agree with you. In fact, I am quite positive you will not miss it. You will be there with the rest of the Form. I am relieved to hear that you are now "rather well up in Form-work." You ought, however, to mention which Form; but, doubtless, you are referring to the work of the Second Form, in which case, I once more express my congratulations. You would be a very promising scholar in Mr. Twigg's Form.

DAVID PORTER PROUT, M.A.

Brief Advertisements

SOAP FOR SALE.—Overs having no use for it, GEORGE GATTRY, Second Form, are a splendid worm, and a happy ending. Don't you wish you knew who put this advert in? Yah! Beast! I despise you with a great despise, and if you look me again for pinching your back, I'll jolly well complain to the Head, so there.

REMOVE DRAMATIC SOCIETY.—Notice is hereby given that the Fir. rehearsal of the new play, "Terror of the Shalings Death," by W. Whibley, will take place in the school hall at 8 p.m. Members are requested to be present; but if Fifth-Form louts or other outsiders need special in.

SKINNER'S COMPLAINT

(NOTE)—After we had discovered that Skinner was raising the wind by letting out his column to the village tradesmen for advertisements, we flew Skinner from the staff, and gave him a sound bumping. We have now rectified the impression of course printed below.)

I often think Wharton's abusing his Editor's duty by using this rubbish his puns are producing; which really is dull and confusing; and also consistently refusing to further his cause by refusing my articles bright and amusing. Without such an action excusing, Well, well! I've got over the bumping and now, when this rag isn't running, a piggy awpa into my running. For the chances the faithful is losing.

MICKY DESMOND—PEACEMAKER

Micky Desmond, with his warm Irish blood, is rather more fond of a row than not; but last Thursday he took it upon himself to try to stop a quarrel instead of starting one. He had just been reading a moving article in a paper about the joy of living in friendliness with all and sundry, and it so happened to the organ that Micky uses for a brain, that he decided right away he would chuck fighting and become a peacemaker.

This is how he did it:

His opportunity came very early. He observed Peter Todd and Delaney having a few words in the quad, and he rushed up to them.

"Hello! Saw you now? Arrah, fighting is at it?" inquired Micky. "Bogger! Why not shake hands and be friends?"

"Totally told him to boil his head," Delaney recommended the frying of his face as a useful measure.

"Look here, Micky," said Peter Todd indignantly. "This fairhead says that the Victoria Falls in Africa are the highest in the world. What row! The Niagara Falls are no highest, aren't they?"

"Sure they are!" agreed Micky heartily. "So now shake hands and be—"

"Don't be a queequee," snorted Delaney, who comes from Africa. "The Victoria Falls are over twice as high as the Niagara. Aren't they, Micky?"

"They are so, intirophy. So now shake—"

"Then the Niagara Falls are at least 401 feet high," replied Todd. "Micky can tell you that."

"Yero quite right, Todd, darlint. So now just—"

"The Niagara is—"

"Aren't the Victoria highest, Micky? I'm right, aren't I?"

"Quite right, beggerah!"

"Then I'm wrong?" demanded Todd.

"Eh? Nummo! Yero right—quite right."

"No can't both be right," roared Delaney.

As a matter of fact, neither of them was right, seeing that the highest falls are the Kaieteur, in Guiana; but Micky answered cheerfully:

"Saw, yo are, Yere both as right as ninny. So now just shake—"

"You silly owl!"

"Eh? You jabbed Micky?"

"You bumping queequee!"

"What?"

"Bump him!"

"Squash him!"

In the process of bumping and squashing Micky Desmond, Todd and Delaney forgot their differences, and became friends. Thus Micky had done what he set out to do. Unfortunately, though, he spoilt the good work by hauling himself on the two juniors, and a wild and whirling battle began at once.

As a peacemaker, Micky is not a success.

At this moment the cat which was lying upon the floor of the Court raised its head and said:

"Hoo, I am, your lordship. It was Detective Penfold in disguise."

Penfold deposed that upon the night of the 9th, he was in the Rag, and saw the prisoner strike the knight with his elbow, knocking him to the floor. He then trod all over him.

The Judge: "A very serious matter. Has the prisoner any excuse to make?"

Prisoner: "Yes, rabber, your lordship. I did it accidentally."

The Judge: "A piece of accident cannot be entered in a case of assault and battery, my eye! It's all a lot of nonsense from Joldand Yard. The knight was made of wood. I knocked it off the chessboard with my elbow while I was playing chess with him."

The Judge (furiously): "Put Detective Penfold in the dock this instant. I'll teach him to pull this Court's leg with his fool jokes."

But Detective Penfold was found to have beaten it.

Immediately William was put in the dock.

The Judge: "What's the villain been up to?"

Mr. Vernon-Smith: "This



REPORTS FROM THE COURT

Knocking Down a Knight

Before Mr. Justice Redwing, in the Romano County Court, Montague Newland was charged with assault and battery of no less a person than a knight.

Mr. Johnny Bull, prosecuting, said that the prisoner had borne a good character for many moons; but on the 9th inst., at 8.13 p.m., he deliberately knocked down and trod upon a member of the aristocracy—in fact, a knight.

The Judge: "What is

the name of the assaulted knight? Sir Jimmy Viviani?"

Mr. Bull: "That is what we cannot discover, your lordship. Joldand Yard have instituted the prosecution. It seems that the Greyfriars Herald and other papers have been complaining of Joldand Yard's inefficiency, and so Detective Penfold immediately got to work and arrested the prisoner."

The Judge: "Well, we must have the evidence of

Joldand Yard. Is Detective Penfold present? I cannot see him."

At this moment the cat which was lying upon the floor of the Court raised its head and said:

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