

WONDERFUL FREE GIFTS FOR YOU STARTING NEXT WEEK!

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



"I SAY  
YOU FELLOWS  
I'M ON THIS!"

101 FREE GIFTS

*Starting Next Week*



# DOWN WITH THE TYRANT!



BY FRANK RICHARDS.

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### A Rag in the Remove!

“ORDER!”  
 “Rats!”  
 “Look here——”  
 “Bosh!”  
 “Shut up, Wharton!”  
 “Pass that ball!”

There was a roar of voices in the Remove Form Room at Greyfriars. There was a trampling of feet. Harry Wharton, captain and head boy of the Form, could hardly make his voice heard.

In the other Form-rooms classes pursued the even tenor of their way. Had Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, been present, the Lower Fourth would have been as orderly and as attentive to work as any other Form—probably more so. But Mr. Quelch, who was laid up with a cold, had not yet emerged from the sanatorium. He was expected out every day, but he had not yet come out. And Walker of the Sixth, who had been assigned the care of the Remove in third school that day, had not turned up.

Having waited for Walker a good five minutes the Remove fellows perhaps felt entitled to pass the time in a more entertaining way than merely sitting on the forms waiting for Walker.

Vernon-Smith had brought in a football which even the reckless Bounder would never have ventured to do if Quelch had been anywhere in the offing. Smithy had started the ball rolling—literally. Other fellows joined in.

The Remove men were nearly all keen

on Soccer. This was the first time they had ever played Soccer in the Form-room. Perhaps they enjoyed it all the more on that account. Stolen fruits are said to be the sweetest.

It was natural that, as the game proceeded, it should wax more and more energetic, and more and more excited. Some of the fellows seemed to forget that they were in the Form-room at all. Certainly they forgot that such a terrific din must soon be heard all over Greyfriars.

Still Walker did not come! Walker of the Sixth, just then, was sprawling on his back in the armchair in his study, deep in a thrilling novel—James Walker being a great novel reader. As he was to take charge that lesson in the Remove, he was not expected in the Sixth Form Room, so he was free to finish his chapter if he liked. He was finishing it forgetful of what might be happening in the Remove.

The Removites did not mind being forgotten; in fact, they liked it. Football was ever so much more entertaining than class!

Harry Wharton, not being a model youth himself, would have been as glad as anybody to join in the game; but as head boy of the Form he had a sense of duty. He did his best to keep some order.

But he was unheeded. Even his own special chums were not very keen on backing him up on this occasion. Bob Cherry was kicking the ball, Johnny Bull was keeping goal at Mr. Quelch's desk, Frank Nugent and Hurreo Janset Ram Singh mingled with the merry crowd. Only two fellows, in fact, were

keeping out of the rag—Lord Mauleverer, who was too lazy to join in it, and Billy Bunter, who had found some toffee in another fellow's desk, and was busy disposing of it before the other fellow missed it.

“You silly asses!” roared Wharton. “You'll have the Head here in two ticks! He will hear this row from the Sixth.”

“Blow the Head!” retorted the Bounder.

“Pass that ball!” roared Peter Todd.

“Order, you duffers——”

“Rats!”

“On the ball!”

“Hurrah!”

Tramp, tramp, tramp! Crash!

“Look here——” shouted Wharton.

“Oh, shut up!”

“I tell you— Oh, my hat! Yaroooh!” spluttered the captain of the Remove, as the ball, hot from the Bounder's foot, landed in his face. He sat down.

“Man down!” chortled Skinner.

“Ha, ha, ha!”

“On the ball!” roared the Bounder. Smithy was the life and soul of the rag in the Remove-room, and for the moment he was backed up by nearly all the Form.

There was a rush after the ball, and many feet passed over the captain of the Remove as he sprawled. The football went among the desks, and a crowd of fellows scrambled after it, and books and papers went flying in all directions. A form tipped up—the one on which William George Bunter was sitting, sucking toffee. There was a heavy bump and a loud squeak.

## FREE GIFTS FOR EVERY READER OF THE “MAGNET”

### In Next Week's Record-Breaking Issue.



"Wow! I say, you fellows—Yooop! Urrrrgh!" The toffee seemed to have gone down the wrong way as the fat junior bumped on the floor. "Oooogh! I say—grooogh! I say—urrrrrgh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Pass that ball!"

"Wurrrgh! I'm chook-chook-chooking! I—urrrrrgh!"

The ball came out from the desks, and the juniors tore after it, and Bunter was left to choke at his leisure. He sat and gurgled.

"Play up!" roared Bob Cherry.

"The playfulness is terrific!" gasped Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Twenty fellows mingled in a wild scrimmage round and over the ball. The game was supposed to be Soccer, but there was a considerable admixture of Rugger, and a bit of a dog-fight about it. The Removites were hilarious and enjoying life. The voice of the head boy was as the voice of one crying in the wilderness!

And still Walker of the Sixth did not arrive, though more than half the time allotted for third school had now elapsed. Having finished his chapter Walker had started on another, regardless of considerations of duty. Walker never was a whale on duty, anyhow. And the Sixth Form studies were too far from the Form-rooms for Walker to hear even the terrific uproar that was going on.

But it was heard in other Form-rooms. Mr. Prout looked out of the Fifth Form Room several times, frowning. Capper looked out of the Fourth, Hacker out of the Shell. They exchanged glances and frowned.

"Scandalous!" said Prout.

"Shocking!" said Capper.

"Atrocious!" said Hacker.

"I shall apprise the Head!" said Mr. Prout, with dignity, and he left his Form-room and rolled away in search of Dr. Locke.

Unaware of that circumstance, the Removites went on with their game. The fun waxed fast and furious. By that time the captain of the Remove had given up all attempts to restrain the riot, and from that it was an easy step to joining in the game himself. The ball came his way and he kicked it, and then he followed it up, and that was that! Two or three forms went over, crashing. The excitement was at its height when a stately tread might have been heard in the passage without. But it was not heard in the din that was going on in the Remove-room; the juniors would hardly have heard the approaching tread of an elephant.

Bob Cherry had the ball for the moment. Half a dozen fellows were rushing him down, and he kicked in haste. The footer flew across the Form-room, and would have crashed on the door had the door remained shut.

But at that moment it opened.

It opened wide, and Dr. Locke, the headmaster of Greyfriars, gazed in on the riotous scene with a frowning brow.

He gazed for a fraction of a second only, for the ball was whizzing straight at the doorway—now wide open—and before the Head knew what was happening it landed.

The Head sat down suddenly.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### A Surprise for Walker!

**B**UMP!

"Oh!"

The riot in the Remove ceased as if by magic. Every fellow stood just where he was, as if turned to stone on the spot. They stared at the headmaster, sitting in the doorway,

with horrified eyes. Really they might have expected the Head to arrive, sooner or later; but certainly he could not have arrived at a more unfortunate moment.

In horrified silence the Removites gazed—as Priam of old might have gazed at the dread figure that drew his curtains at dead of night.

"Bless my soul!" said the Head faintly.

He rose to his feet. His face was a little flushed, and he breathed rather quickly. He adjusted his glasses and looked at the Remove.

"What does this mean?" he asked.

No reply.

"Wharton!"

"Yes, sir!"

"You are head boy of this Form, I believe?"

"Ye-es, sir."

"Then kindly tell me what this—this riot in the Form-room means."

"We—we—we—" stammered Wharton.

"Someone kicked this—this football as I opened the door. Who kicked this football?"

"I—I did, sir!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"I—I never knew you were coming, sir."

"To whom," said the Head, "does this football belong?"

"To me, sir!" said Vernon-Smith.

**James Walker, prefect and tyrant, thinks he's "tamed" the Remove. But Walker never made a bigger mistake. When the "show down" comes, it's James Walker who has been tamed!**

"Did you bring it to the Form-room?"

"Yes, sir."

"For what purpose, Vernon-Smith?"

"I thought Walker might be late, sir, and we should have to fill up the time by—"

"By playing football in the Form-room, Vernon-Smith?" asked the Head, in a terrifying voice.

"Yes, sir," answered the Bounder, with cheerful coolness. Smithy had nerve enough for any emergency. "We didn't want to waste time, sir."

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Nugent.

"Shut up, Smithy, you cheeky ass!" whispered Tom Redwing.

Dr. Locke looked hard and long at the Bounder. Then he looked over the Form. The juniors waited anxiously for the thunder to begin to roll. What was going to happen they could hardly imagine. A flogging all round was probable; the lightest possible punishment was a caning for the whole Form. Not only had the Head caught them playing football in the Form-room in lesson-time, but he had actually been floored by the football as it flew! It was a moment of awful anxiety for the Greyfriars Remove.

But when the Head spoke, it was not in a voice of thunder. His tone was quite mild.

"Take your places!" he said.

In silence, save for a shuffling of feet, the Removites took their places. They sat down, and the Head walked across to the Form master's high desk. The juniors watched him in wonder.

"Wharton! What is the lesson?"

"English literature, sir."

"Very good! We shall proceed!" said the Head quietly.

Evidently the Head was going to take the class himself! He knew, of course, that Walker of the Sixth was supposed to be in charge. But he had not sent for Walker. The Removites wondered what Walker would feel like when he arrived and found the Head taking the class. They did not envy James Walker's feelings.

With perfect calmness, as if he were quite accustomed to taking the Lower Fourth, Dr. Locke proceeded with the lesson. The Remove, lately so uproarious and riotous, were quiet and meek as lambs. Nothing had been said about punishment. They could hardly believe in their good luck. They hardly dared think of what Quelch would have done, had he barged in, instead of the Head. The Head, apparently, intended to do nothing, except impart the beauties of English literature to the Removites. It was a quiet, well-behaved, and exceedingly nervous class that sat before the Head.

A quarter of an hour later hurrying footsteps were heard in the passage. The Head gave no sign, but the juniors exchanged glances, and some of them grinned. Walker of the Sixth was coming—three-quarters of an hour late! It was rather a record, even for a slacker like Walker. But the hurrying sound of his feet showed that he realised it himself. Walker had not intended to be so late as that, and he was almost running. And, knowing the manners and customs of the Remove, as he did, Walker was relieved to hear no sound of disturbance from the Form-room as he approached it.

The door opened again, and Walker stepped in. He glanced at the Form, surprised and relieved to see them all quiet and orderly, in their places. Then he spotted the Head at Quelch's desk, and his jaw dropped.

"Oh!" gasped Walker.

He gazed at the Head as he might have gazed at a spectre. His eyes seemed to bulge. His knees almost knocked together.

The Remove looked on, breathless. The Head had passed over their offences, apparently laying the whole blame on the Sixth Form prefect, who ought to have been there, and who had not been there. So they fully expected the vials of wrath to be poured on Walker's devoted head.

Instead of which Dr. Locke rose quietly, with an unmoved countenance.

"Ah! Is it you, Walker?" he said.

"Yes, sir," gasped Walker. "I—I—I—"

"Finding no one in charge of the Remove, I have taken charge," said Dr. Locke. "I will now leave the Form to you, Walker."

"Yes, sir! I—I—I—"

"I shall be glad, Walker, to speak to you in my study after class."

"Oh! Yes, sir! I—I—I—"

Dr. Locke rustled from the Form-room. James Walker stared after him, gasping for breath. The door closed on the Head of Greyfriars, and Walker was left in charge of the Remove for the fifteen minutes that remained of third school.

## THE THIRD CHAPTER.

### Rather a Riot!

"O II, gad!" breathed Walker. He turned to the Remove, who were watching him curiously. The Head's quiet composure rather puzzled the juniors, THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,343.



but the Sixth Form man knew what it meant. Dr. Locke was not the man to "jaw" his prefects in the presence of Lower boys; but there was a "royal and imperial jaw" waiting for Walker, which was likely—like wine—to improve with keeping!

The thought of the coming interview with the Head in his study, after class, made Walker's heart sink. As likely as not, he might be deprived of his prefectship, for his neglect of duty. Probably it all depended on the way the Remove had behaved during his prolonged absence. If they had been quiet and orderly, as they were now, it might be all right. But if the Head had been called in by some disturbance it was only too likely to be all wrong! And, knowing these cheery young gentlemen as he did, Walker was deeply uneasy as to what might have happened. He was not made less uneasy by detecting covert grins on the faces of some of the Remove, and by seeing the Bounder wink at Skinner.

"Wharton!" he rapped out.

"Yes, Walker!"

"How long had the Head been here when I came?"

"About a quarter of an hour."

"What brought him here?"

"Hem!"

"Answer me, you young sweep!" snapped Walker. "Has there been a shindy here?"

"I—I think the Head may have heard a—a bit of a noise," answered the captain of the Remove.

"There must have been a thundering row if he heard it from the Sixth Form Room! What have you been up to?"

"Hem!"

"What—what's that?" exclaimed Walker, suddenly catching sight of the football on the floor.

"That's a—a football, Walker."

"You young villains! Have you been playing football here?" exclaimed Walker, in alarm. "You young rascals! Can't you keep quiet when a man's kept away for—for a few minutes? You're head boy of the Remove, Wharton! You should have kept order. Instead of that, you kick up a shindy and bring the Beak here! Stand out before the Form!"

Walker picked up the cane from Quelch's desk. The captain of the Remove came out slowly before the Form. Really, he had done his best to keep order in the absence of the prefect, but it had been a task beyond his powers. Walker, expecting something very unpleasant from the Head, was going to take it out of the Remove in advance!

"Bend over that form, you young rascal!"

"Look here, Walker——"

"I've told you to bend over!" roared Walker.

Harry Wharton hesitated. As the headmaster had passed over the riot it was not for Walker to administer punishment. But it was up to the head boy of the Form to set an example of obedience to authority. Slowly, very slowly, the captain of the Remove bent over.

The cane rose and fell six times. Every swish rang through the Form-room like a pistol-shot. Walker of the Sixth was a good deal of a bully; and now he was the bully, pure and simple. He put all his beef into those six swipes, and Wharton was quite pale when he rose after the infliction.

"Now, whose is that football?" marled Walker.

"Mine!" said the Bounder.

"Stand out before the Form!"

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Walker swished the cane. He was now rather like a tiger that had tasted blood!

The Bounder stood up in his place, but he did not come out. The prefect glared at him.

"Do you hear me, Vernon-Smith?"

"I'm not deaf!" answered the Bounder coolly.

"Stand out!"

"What for?"

"What? I'm going to give you six."

"You're not!" answered the Bounder, with perfect coolness. "The Head's let me off."

"Well, I'm not letting you off! Stand out at once!"

"Shan't!"

"What? What did you say?" gasped Walker.

"I said shan't, and I mean shan't!" retorted the Bounder. "You're not going to take it out of me, because you've been slacking, and you're booked for a row with the Head. Chuck it, Walker!"

Walker stared at him. The expression on his face was, as Bob Cherry said afterwards, worth a guinea a box! He seemed scarcely able to believe his ears.

"You—you—you cheeky young scoundrel!" he stuttered at last. "Do you want me to take you to the Head?"

"Certainly," answered the Bounder, "and I'll ask him whether I'm to be whopped after he's let me off."

"Hear, hear!" chirruped Bob Cherry.

Walker gripped the cane hard, and strode among the forms. With his left hand, he gripped Herbert Vernon-Smith by the collar.

"Let go, you bully!" yelled the Bounder.

With a swing of his arm, Walker dragged him across the desk. Then the cane in his other hand rose and fell.

Whack, whack, whack, whack!

The Bounder roared and struggled. He wrenched and kicked. But Walker held him pinned on the desk, and whacked away with the cane as if he fancied that he was beating a carpet.

Whack, whack, whack, whack!

It was more than "six": Walker seemed to find consolation in this, and he was going on. The Bounder struggled and yelled frantically.

"Ow! Wow! Yaroo! Rescue!" he yelled. "Rescue, Remove!"

All the juniors were on their feet now. A Latin grammar whizzed through the air, from a hand unknown, and caught Walker on the side of the head.

"Ow!" gasped Walker. "Wow! Who—Oh crumbs!" A volume of "English Verse Selected for the Lower Forms" followed the Latin grammar, and caught Walker on his other ear.

"Stop it!" yelled Walker. "You young ruffians—I say—Oh, my hat!" Someone perked an inkpot, and the ink flew, and as Walker's mouth was wide open to yell, quite a lot went in. "Oooooogh! Grooogh! Oooooch!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Bounder wrenched himself away, crimson with rage. Walker, spluttering ink, made a grab at him, and caught him again. This time the Bounder closed with him, and they struggled.

"Back up, you men!" yelled the Bounder.

Excitement was high on all sides now. Five or six pairs of hands, as well as Smithy's, were laid on Walker, and he went out from the forms, rolling on the floor.

"Kick him out!" shouted the Bounder.

"Hold on!" gasped Wharton. "The Head——"

"Rats to you! Kick him out!" yelled Vernon-Smith. He grabbed at the sprawling prefect, and rolled him towards the door. Five or six excited fellows rushed to his aid, the door was opened, and Walker, spluttering and gasping, and hardly knowing whether he was on his head or his heels, was hurled headlong into the passage.

He landed there with a bump and a roar.

"He, he, he!" squeaked Billy Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, gad!" ejaculated Lord Mauleverer. "There'll be a fearful row over this, you men."

"Who cares?" jeered the Bounder.

Walker sat up in the passage spluttering. He was in a shocking state. His face was streaked with ink, his collar and tie gone, and his tail-coat split up the back. He looked the wreck of a prefect.

"Ooogh!" gasped Walker. "You young—woogh—rascals—you—you—you—Grooogh—young scoundrels—ooogh!"

"Kick him down the passage!" yelled the Bounder.

"Come on!" shouted Bolsover major.

"Hurrah!"

"Look out for the Beak!" gasped Skinner.

"Blow the Beak! Come on!" shouted the Bounder, and he led a rush into the corridor.

Walker did not stay for it! Forgetful of his dignity as a prefect and a Sixth Form man, Walker scrambled up and ran. He seemed to have had enough of the Remove at close quarters.

Mr. Prout, staring out of the Fifth Form Room, blinked at Walker as he disappeared round the nearest corner, and blinked at the excited Removites crowding in the passage.

"Upon my word!" ejaculated Prout. "Scandalous! Outrageous! Unprecedented! Unexampled!"

And for the second time that morning Prout rolled away to seek the Head. A bell rang; it was the end of the third school.

There was nobody present to dismiss the Remove so they dismissed themselves. They marched out into the quad in quite an hilarious state, though some of the cooler heads were wondering what was going to happen next. According to rule, it was the "sack" for handling a Sixth Form prefect. Certainly, a whole Form could not be "sacked"—that would have been altogether too wholesale. But something was bound to happen, and the fellows wondered what it was going to be.

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

### The Chopper Comes Down I

**B**ILLY BUNTER was probably the only fellow in the Remove who really enjoyed his dinner that day.

The "chopper" had not yet come down.

Apparently the Head was considering how to deal with the Remove, and taking his time about it.

Having had time to cool down since the riot in the Form-room, the Removites were feeling rather uneasy. Even the reckless Bounder was not quite at his ease.

Obviously the matter could not be passed over. It was certain that the Head would be in a "wax." Punishment was due; and the question was, what form was it going to take—canings, floggings, or detentions, or merely lines, or what?

Walker of the Sixth, sitting at the high table with the other prefects, did



not enjoy his dinner. He had had his "jaw" from the Head—and it had left him in a state of perspiration. He had explained to the Head that, deep in Greek, he had forgotten the Remove. It was not exactly truthful, but really Walker could not explain that he had been deep in "The Mystery of the Monte Carlo Murder." So he made it Greek; but possibly the Head did not wholly believe in the Greek!

As for the riot that had wound up third school in the Remove-room, Walker attributed that to the reckless rebelliousness and general rascality of the Lower Fourth. And that did not seem to satisfy the Head either. Finally the Head told Walker that he would have to consider carefully whether he could continue to place confidence in

being ejected from a junior Form-room on his neck.

After dinner, the Remove went out, still in a state of doubt. Harry Whar-ton was probably the most worried. As football captain in the Remove, he had the games to think of. That afternoon was a half-holiday, and the date of the football fixture with Courtfield School. Detention, if the punishment was detention, was rather serious, on the date of a football match. It meant washing out the fixture, and letting the other team down at the last moment. In the excitement in the Form-room that morning, the Removites had not thought about that. But they had to think about it now—especially the captain of the Form.

"That's all right," said Bob Cherry

butter would not have melted in their mouths. The Head glanced at them and returned their salutation with his usual courtesy, his face inscrutable.

They watched him out of gates. "Well, he's gone out," said Bob, "and the jolly old thunderbolt hasn't been launched. Can he be going to overlook it?"

"Not likely!"

"The likeliness is not terrific."

"Well, we're due to start for Courtfield in half an hour," said Bob. "If nothing happens—"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Oh, roll away, Bunter!"

"I say, you fellows, I think you ought to speak to the Head!" said Billy Bunter, with an aggrieved blink at the Famous Five through his big spectacles.



As the Removites scrambled after the ball, books and papers went flying and a form tipped up—the one on which Bunter was sitting, sucking toffee. There was a heavy bump and a loud squeak. "Wow! I say, you fellows— Yooop! Urrrrrggh!" The toffee seemed to have gone down the wrong way, as the fat junior bumped on the floor.

him as a prefect—which left Walker in a painful state of anxiety and uneasiness. Prefects had many privileges; and Walker did not want to lose that lofty rank.

From the high table at dinner, Walker cast many glances at the lower table where the Remove sat—none of them pleasant. His only solace was that these mutinous young rascals were "for it." Their punishment had not been decided on yet; but he hoped it would be severe! Personally, he would have selected something lingering, with boiling oil in it!

He had little sympathy from the other prefects. Wingate and Gwynne and Sykes and North hardly concealed their contempt for a prefect who could not keep a lower Form in order. Even his bosom pals, Loder and Carne, grinned over his painful experience of

confidently, as the Famous Five discussed it in the quad. "The Head's a sportsman; he won't dish a football fixture."

"We were rather asses to kick up that shindy," remarked Johnny Bull.

"Well, it was really Walker's fault—and the Head knows that," said Frank Nugent. "There wouldn't have been any trouble if he hadn't been slacking. Prefects shouldn't slack!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There goes the Head!" murmured Bob Cherry.

Dr. Locke, in hat and coat, was seen walking down from his House to the gates. The Famous Five moved a little to catch his eye as he went and "capped" him very respectfully. This, they hoped, would have a softening effect on the Head's wrath; their manner was intensely respectful and meek, and they looked, indeed, as if

"I had nothing to do with it. I never played footer in the Form-room, and I never took a hand in ragging Walker! I'm absolutely innocent! You fellows know that! Call it justice for me to be detained as well as you?"

"Who's detained?" growled Johnny Bull.

"Eh? You are!" said Bunter. "All of you—and me, too! Haven't you seen the Head's notice on the board?"

"Oh, my hat!"

The Famous Five made a rush for the House at once. Billy Bunter blinked after them indignantly. Bunter was not thinking of the football match at Courtfield that afternoon; Bunter, as usual, was thinking of his own fat and important self.

"I say, you fellows—" he yelled.

But the fellows were gone. They were

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very anxious to see that notice on the board. They found a crowd of Remove fellows staring at it. There was a buzz of voices as they arrived.

"Oh, rotten!"

"Dished!"

"Done for!"

"All your fault, Smithy, you ass!"

Harry Wharton & Co. pushed their way through the crowd. The paper, in the well-known hand of the headmaster, was brief, but it was very much to the point.

*The Remove will be detained for all half-holidays until Mr. Quelch resumes charge of the Form. This afternoon the Remove will work with Mr. Prout.*

H. LOCKE.

Headmaster.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bob Cherry in blank dismay. This was worse than canings, and even floggings.

"I haven't worried a lot about Quelch so far," remarked Skinner, with a grin, "but I jolly well wish him a happy recovery now!"

"Work with Prout!" said Squiff, with a whistle. "Just like old Prout to butt in where he's not wanted!"

"Like his cheek!" growled Johnny Bull. "The Fifth Form beak hasn't any right to take the Remove!"

"What about ragging Prout?" suggested Hazeldene. "The Head's gone out; he won't be barging in again."

"Oh, chuck it!" said Harry Wharton. "There's been rather too much ragging, I think. This dishes the football, and there's hardly time to let the Courtfield fellows know."

"You're going to chuck the football match?" asked the Bounder, with a sneer.

"Is there any choice, fathead?" snapped the captain of the Remove.

"Lots!"

"The whole Form's detained!" snorted Johnny Bull. "Do you think we can ask the Courtfield men to come and play football in the Form-room?"

"Fellows have broken detention before now," said the Bounder. "We can bottle up Prout somehow and cut."

"Oh, chuck it, Smithy!"

"For goodness' sake, dry up!" exclaimed Harry Wharton impatiently. "The less you say the better, Vernon-Smith! It's you that's got the Form detained and the football dished. If you'd taken your six, as I did, this wouldn't have happened."

"I'm not a funk!" said the Bounder.

"You cheeky ass—"

"Oh, don't rag!" said Bob Cherry dismally. "That won't do any good. We're dished and done. How are we going to let the Courtfield fellows know? We can't leave them standing round waiting for us."

"Too late for a wire, even," said Nugent.

"We can phone," said Harry. "Old Lazarus is on the telephone, and he will give Solly a message, and he can tell Trumper and the others."

"No time to lose, then."

"Look here," exclaimed the Bounder angrily, "we're not going to cut the match! We're going to cut Prout!"

"Oh, shut up, Smithy!"

"I tell you—"

"Shut up!" roared Johnny Bull. "We've had enough of your gas, Smithy—and a little too much! You've done all the damage! Now shut up!"

"I'll go and phone," said Harry. "I can use Quelch's phone, luckily, as he's in sanny."

Wingate of the Sixth came along and

called to the crowd of juniors in front of the notice-board.

"Remove in their Form-room at two o'clock!" he rapped out. "Head's orders! Don't be late, any of you, or you'll hear of it!"

"I say, Wingate," squeaked Billy Bunter, "I never had anything to do with it—I say, don't walk away while I'm speaking to you—"

But the Greyfriars captain did walk away, Billy Bunter's indignant squeak passing him by like the idle wind which he regarded not.

"I say, you fellows, that's what they call justice!" said Bunter bitterly. "I never did anything, and I can jolly well say—Yarroooooop!"

Some unsympathetic fellow kicked Bunter, and he roared. Harry Wharton hurried away to Mr. Quelch's deserted study, where there was a telephone. It was nearly two o'clock now, and there was no time to lose. Mr. Lazarus, at Courtfield, was on the phone, and his son Solly was a member of the Courtfield County school team, so there was

**LOOK!**

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with  
Next Week's  
"Magnet."**



barely time to let the Courtfielders know that Greyfriars were not coming. To leave them expecting a team that was not going to turn up would have been rather too "thick," but there was no time to lose. Wharton, as he hurried away, did not notice that the Bounder was following him.

He went quickly into Mr. Quelch's vacant study and ran across to the telephone. He grabbed the receiver off the hooks, and was about to give Mr. Lazarus' number, when his arm was grasped, the receiver was jerked from his hand, and he turned in angry surprise to stare at the Bounder of Greyfriars.

#### THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

No Go!

"SMITHY! Let go, you dummy!" "Chuck it!" said the Bounder coolly.

"You silly ass! Let go my arm!" breathed Wharton. He did not want a scuffle with the Bounder in a master's study. Quelch certainly was

far off the scene, but there were other beaks' studies at hand. He wrenched at his arm, but the Bounder held it fast.

"You're not going to call off the match!" said Vernon-Smith. "You can't let them down at the last minute like this! Besides, we want to play the match! If you funk it, leave it to me to captain the eleven; the fellows will follow my lead if you've got cold feet—"

Wharton's face was pale with anger.

"You interfering ass! Let go my arm!"

"I tell you—"

Wharton wrenched his arm loose and turned to the telephone again. The Bounder grasped him by both shoulders and spun him violently away from the instrument. He staggered across the study, bumped into a chair, and stumbled over on the floor.

The receiver, dropping from his hand, hung at the end of its cord. Vernon-Smith coolly lifted it and replaced it on the hooks.

Wharton scrambled to his feet.

His blood was boiling now, and he forgot that he was in a master's study; and due in the Form-room in a few minutes. He forgot everything but his desire to punch the cheeky Bounder.

He jumped at him with his hands up.

The Bounder was promptly on guard; and he grinned as he faced the enraged captain of the Remove. Smithy was utterly reckless; and Wharton, in that moment of exasperation, was as reckless as Smithy. In a flash they were fighting fiercely.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! went their feet on Mr. Quelch's carpet. A chair was knocked over with a crash. Thump! Thump! Thump!

"Mon Dieu!" It was a startled ejaculation, as Monsieur Charpentier, the French master, looked in at the door. "Vat—vat—vat is zis? Ciel!"

The sight of two Remove fellows fighting in the Remove master's study fairly took Mossoo's breath away. He stared blankly. There was a ponderous tread in the passage as Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth Form, came along from his study. Prout, who was taking the Lower Fourth in detention that afternoon, was on his way to the Remove-room—but he halted, in amazement, at the sound of tramping and scuffling and panting from Quelch's study.

"Upon my word!" gasped Prout. "Remove boys—Wharton, Vernon-Smith—can I believe my eyes? Fighting—in a Form master's study! Scandalous! Unparalleled! Wharton—Vernon-Smith—how dare you? Cease this immediately."

The two combatants, panting, separated.

Prout glared at them from the doorway.

In other circumstances, it would not have been for a senior master to intervene in matters concerning the Remove. But Prout was in control of the Remove that afternoon, by order of the Head.

"So this—this is how you conduct yourself while your Form master is in the sanatorium!" exclaimed Prout. "It is of a piece with your outrageous conduct of this morning! I repeat, how dare you?"

It would have been like the Bounder to reply with cool impudence. But on this occasion Vernon-Smith chose to treat Mr. Prout with meek deference.

"Sorry, sir!" he gasped. "Very sorry indeed, sir!"

"I should imagine so, too!" boomed Prout. "I should certainly imagine so. What are you doing in this study at all? No one has a right to enter this study while Mr. Quelch is away."



"I followed Wharton here, sir."  
 "Indeed! And why did you come here, Wharton?"  
 Harry gave the Bounder a black look. The telephone call had not yet been made; and it looked as if it never would be made now.

"Answer me, Wharton!" boomed Prout.

"I came to use the telephone, sir!" admitted Wharton.

"What? What? You had the impudence—the effrontery—"

"We've got a football fixture this afternoon—"

"What! You are in detention this afternoon, Wharton!"

"I mean—we had—and I wanted to let the fellows know, and—"

"You should have asked permission! How dare you use a master's telephone without permission! I believe, Wharton, that you are the most audacious boy in an audacious Form! You will certainly not be allowed to use the telephone."

"But, sir—"

"Silence! Unheard-of effrontery!" boomed Prout. "Unparalleled! But this does not explain why you were fighting here, in a master's study. I demand an explanation this instant."

"Vernon-Smith barged in—"

"What! Express yourself in better-chosen language, Wharton! I will not listen to the slang of the junior day-room! What do you mean?"

"I mean, Smithy tried to stop me from phoning—"

"A very proper action of Vernon-Smith's—very proper indeed! Vernon-Smith apparently has a sense of propriety, Wharton, that you lack! Vernon-Smith, you are excused, and you may leave this study."

"Very well, sir!" said the Bounder meekly.

He left the study, and glancing back as he went, winked at Wharton from behind Prout. Then he went down the passage grinning.

He had effected his purpose. There was to be no telephone call to Mr. Lazarus now.

"Wharton! I am very displeased with you—distinctly displeased!" boomed Prout. "You are an audacious boy—an impudent boy! I shall cane you in the Form-room. Come with me."

"If you will allow me to telephone, sir—"

"I will allow nothing of the sort!"

"But the Courtfield fellows—"

"Enough!" Prout dropped a plump hand on the shoulder of the Remove captain. "Come!"

There was no help for it! Harry Wharton left the study with Mr. Prout, who marched him directly away to the Remove Form Room. At the door of that room, the Remove were gathering for detention. Billy Bunter, who claimed to be innocent of all part in the morning's rag, was squeaking with indignation. Lord Mauleverer, who certainly had taken no part in the rag, had no complaint to make. But Bunter complained enough for two!

Mr. Prout opened the Form-room door. He marched Wharton in by the shoulder, and the rest of the Form followed.

In the Form-room, Prout picked up a cane.

"Wharton! I am sorry to have to administer punishment in this Form-room! But you have left me no choice! Bend over that chair!"

Whack! Whack!

"Now go to your place!"

Wharton, with deep feelings, went to his place. Bob Cherry whispered to him as he passed.

"Have you let them know?"

"No—I couldn't—"

"Oh, rotten!"

"Silence in the class!" boomed Prout.

"Cherry, if you speak again, I shall cane you! Silence!"

And there was silence; and the Remove gave what attention they could to Mr. Prout and his valuable instructions on the subject of the history of Imperial Rome!

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### Trapped!

"IF you please, sir—"  
 Herbert Vernon-Smith addressed Mr. Prout in so meek a tone that the Remove fellows stared round at him. Meekness, most assuredly, was not the Bounder's long suit.

Most of the fellows, discontented with detention, annoyed at being placed under the charge of the Fifth Form beak, were in a mood to give trouble; and many of them looked to the Bounder to take the lead in a rag.

For reasons of his own, the Bounder was not thinking of ragging in the Form-room. His voice, as he addressed Prout, was as gentle as the cooing of a dove.

"What is it, Vernon-Smith?" asked Prout benevolently. He was pleased with Smithy! He had heard that Smithy was the most troublesome and mutinous fellow in the Remove; but he had not found him so. A fellow who forcibly prevented another fellow from using a master's telephone without permission was surely a fellow who had a very proper sense of law and order, and the fitness of things!

"If you please, sir, I find that I dropped my notecase while I was struggling with Wharton in Mr. Quelch's study. May I fetch it, sir?"

"Certainly, Vernon-Smith."

The Bounder left the Form-room.

Wharton glanced after him. He was quite aware, though Prout was not, that Smithy had not dropped a notecase in that scrap in Quelch's study.

Veracity, especially in dealing with a beak, had never bothered Smithy much! He was simply making a pretext for getting out of the Form-room.

The detention lesson went on without Vernon-Smith.

Suddenly, from a distance, came the echoing sound of a loud crash! Mr. Prout gave a start, and the Removes stirred. Apparently something heavy had fallen down somewhere.

A minute later the Form-room door opened, and Vernon-Smith looked in.

"Mr. Prout, sir—"

"What? What is it, Vernon-Smith?"

"Something's fallen down in your study, sir!" said the Bounder. "I heard it from the passage. I think it was the bust on the bookcase, sir."

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Prout.

"I hardly see how the bust could fall from the bookcase; it has stood there in safety for years. However, thank you for telling me." He stepped quickly towards the door. "Boys! I shall leave you for a few minutes—let order be kept in this room while I am gone."

Prout rolled hurriedly away.

The Bounder bestowed a wink on the staring juniors, and followed him—unnoticed by Prout, who, of course, had no eyes in the back of his head.

Prout was anxious to see what had happened to the bust of Shakespeare that adorned the bookcase in his study. He attached a sentimental value to that bust. It had been presented to him when he left Oxford, more years ago than Prout cared to remember. He reached his study with unusual speed, and rolled in, puffing.

On the floor lay the bust of Shakespeare!

Fortunately it was not broken! He picked it up with tender care, wondering how on earth it could have fallen, but greatly relieved to find that it was not damaged.

As he was replacing it on the bookcase his study door suddenly closed, and there was a click of a key.

Prout spun round, the bust in his plump hands.

"What—what—" he stuttered.

He placed the bust on the table and bounced to the door. He turned the handle and dragged at it.

It did not open.

The door was locked on the outside.

"Bless my soul!" said Prout faintly. He was locked in his study.

Who could possibly have come along and shut his door and locked it on the outside was an utter mystery to Prout. He stood gazing at the door for a full minute, lost in wonder, before he started tapping on it, to call attention to his predicament.

Meanwhile, the Bounder cut back to the Remove-room.

Prout had told the juniors to keep order during his brief absence—which was not destined to be so brief as Prout expected! But already a good many fellows were out of their places.

"Hallo, halla, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, as the Bounder came in.

"Where's jolly old Prout?"

"Prout won't be coming back yet!" said Vernon-Smith coolly.

"Why not?" asked Nugent.

"Somebody seems to have put his key in the outside of his door and turned it on him."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Smithy, you ass—" exclaimed Redwing.

"I say, you fellows, what a ripping wheeze!" chuckled Billy Bunter. "I say, Smithy, you're a card, and no mistake! I say, Prout can't get out of his window—he's too jolly fat! He, he, he!"

"We've got time," said Vernon-Smith.

"Time for what?" asked Harry Wharton, with a rather grim look at the Bounder.

"Time to clear before Prout can get at us," said the Bounder coolly. "Have you forgotten that we're playin' football this afternoon?"

"Oh crumbs!"

"You silly ass!" exclaimed Skinner.

"You mean—"

"I mean what I say!" said the Bounder. "And there's no time to lose. The Courtfield fellows will be on the ground. Kick-off's timed for ten minutes from now, and they'll be waiting for us. We can't keep them waiting! Who's game?"

(Continued on next page.)

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The Removites stared blankly at Vernon-Smith. Accustomed as they were to the Bounder's nerve, this rather took their breath away.

"So that's why you prevented me from phoning!" exclaimed Wharton.

"That's why!"

"You cheeky ass——"

"Cut it out!" said the Bounder tersely. "We're playing Courtfield this afternoon, and there's not a minute to lose. Prout will be hammering to be let out soon—I've got his key, but he will get out sooner or later. We've got to clear before then."

"The Head——" began Hazeldene.

"The Head's gone out for the afternoon."

"But afterwards——"

"Never mind afterwards! I'm going! Who's game?"

"It can't be done!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "It's impossible! We simply can't——"

"If our captain's got cold feet, it's up to the vice-captain," said Vernon-Smith. "I'm vice-captain! Who's man enough to follow if I lead?"

Wharton's face crimsoned.

There was a buzz from the Remove. Wild and reckless as the Bounder's scheme was, there was no doubt that it appealed to the footballers of the Form. They were keen to play footer, and certainly they were far from keen on detention and Prout! But that was not all! The Courtfield fellows would be on the ground by that time, expecting them. That was a powerful argument in favour of taking the risk.

"By gum! It's a wheeze!" exclaimed Squiff. "It means a whopping from the Head—but it's worth it."

"The worthfulness is terrific!" concurred Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"Let's!" said Bob Cherry.

"Hear, hear!"

"We're game!"

"Play up, Wharton!" exclaimed a dozen voices.

Harry Wharton looked round. As head boy of the Remove, and as a sensible fellow, he was bound to stay where he was, and to keep the Form there if he could. But to stay in safety, while the Bounder took the risk of leading the Remove, seemed to him impossible.

"Look here——" began Wharton.

"Oh, play up!"

"It's a rotten, potty, hare-brained stunt!" snapped the captain of the Remove. "It means a fearful row with the Head! If you'll take my advice you'll stay here."

"Rats!"

"Anybody else afraid?" sneered the Bounder.

Wharton's eyes flashed at him.

"I've said my say!" he snapped. "If you take my advice you'll stay where you are! But if you're going, I'm going to take the lead as captain of the Form."

"Hear, hear!"

"Hurrah!"

"Get a move on!"

"Buck up!"

"Lead on, Macduff!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "It's a lark, anyhow!"

"The larkfulness is terrific!"

Harry Wharton led the way out of the Form-room. The Remove marched after him as one man. As they went they heard a sound of knocking from the distance, and easily guessed whence it came. The imprisoned Prout was anxious to be let out!

They did not heed that distant knocking. Without the loss of a moment, the footballers hurried away to get their outfits—and they left the school by way

of the Cloister wall. Gosling, certainly, would have stopped them at the gates, knowing that the Remove were gated. But Gosling saw nothing of them. Gosling was smoking the pipe of peace in his lodge, and Mr. Prout was hammering at the inner side of his study door, while Harry Wharton & Co. were proceeding at a trot along the Courtfield road, most of the Remove following them. The Bounder had had his way, and the die was cast!

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### A Chance for Walker!

**J**AMES WALKER of the Sixth Form scowled.

Walker was in a very bad temper that afternoon.

He was seated in his study, comforting himself—perhaps—with a cigarette! He scowled over the curling smoke.

There was a senior game going on, played away; but Walker was not in Wingate's team. Loder was playing, and Carne had gone with the senior footballers; but Walker had not cared to go. With his pals absent, he was left on his lonely own; but he was not anxious for the company of his pals, in present circumstances. Loder and Carne were the kind of pals from whom a fellow got more derision than sympathy in a time of misfortune.

Walker's thoughts and feelings were bitter. He was in danger of losing his prefectship, which was an extremely serious matter. Fellows whom he had ordered about, and sometimes bullied, while he had the powers and privileges of a prefect, were rather likely to get some of their own back if he lost that rank. Coker of the Fifth, for example—a burly, beefy fellow, who could have made rings round Walker with his fists! Coker had barely been restrained from punching Walker many a time and oft by the fact that it was the sack for punching a prefect. If Walker ceased to be a prefect, there was little doubt that Horace Coker would gratify his intense desire to punch Walker!

Even fags—measly little fags who trembled at his frown—would be cheeky when the power of the ashplant was gone. Remove fellows would check him in open quad—tip his hat off, as likely as not!

A fellow who was once appointed prefect really could not afford to lose that high and mighty position. His fall would be like that of Lucifer, Son of the Morning, who fell from his high estate, and great was the fall thereof!

And a prefect's privileges were wide and extensive. He was trusted by the Head, and had a key to Masters' Gate, and could cut call-over if the spirit moved him so to do. Walker, like Loder and Carne, had made uses of these privileges of which his headmaster never dreamed. It was quite rotten to reflect that if he wanted to pay a surreptitious visit to the Cross Keys, or the Three Fishers, he would have to sneak out of a back window, like some disreputable fag!

Altogether, Walker's thoughts were distinctly unpleasant, and his feelings towards the Remove were almost homicidal! He would have been glad to be placed in charge of them that afternoon—he would certainly have made them sit up! But the Head declined to trust him with the charge of the Remove any more, after the happenings of that morning! Other prefects did not have such hectic experiences in the Remove-room—which looked as if Walker was not suitable to be a prefect at all!

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Somehow or other he had to set himself right with the Head—before Dr. Locke decided to take away his prefectship! Some dutiful performance—some striking example of keenness—if only a chance turned up! If he could catch some young rascal up to something—especially some young rascal of the Remove—and thus demonstrate to the Head what a zealous and dutiful prefect he was!

Thinking all sorts of troublesome and disagreeable thoughts, Walker was annoyed by a sound of knocking and hammering in the distance. He took no heed of it at first, except to grunt with annoyance.

Some young scoundrel was kicking up a shindy somewhere. The sound did not come from the Form-rooms—it was nearer than that—so it was not the Remove! Besides, the Remove were

The noise was growing louder and more annoying. Walker rose from his armchair at last, with an angry snort. He threw away the stump of his cigarette, and picked up his ashplant. He was still a prefect, for the present, at least, and he resolved to give the fellow who was kicking up that shindy the stiffest six he had ever administered.

He strode into Masters' Passage, scowling.

Knock, knock, knock!

The knocking came from Prout's study. Somebody was there, kicking up a row while Prout was with the Remove. It was rather puzzling, but there was no doubt about it. James Walker strode along to Prout's door, turned the handle and shoved, and strode on to enter the study with the opening door.

Bang!

thought it was some fag in your study, and—and came along—

"Oh! I understand! Kindly unlock the door at once, Walker!"

"Where's the key, sir?"

"The key! The key is in the lock, I presume! Have you no eyes, Walker? Where should the key be, excepting in the lock?"

"There's no key here, sir!"

"Upon my word! Is not the key outside the lock, Walker?"

"No, sir! Isn't it inside?"

"Do not be absurd, Walker! If the key were here, do you imagine that I should remain a prisoner in my study? Are you stupid, Walker?"

"N-n-no, sir! But—but where's the key, then?" gasped Walker.

"I have no idea! The—the person who locked me in must have removed it! Find him at once, Walker!"

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with Prout, and they would hardly venture to rag Prout! The noise seemed to come from Masters' Studies.

Nearly everybody was out of the House that afternoon. It was a November day, but wonderfully fine for November—a beautiful autumn day. Crowds of seniors had gone over to see Wingate and his men playing at Redclyffe. Probably Walker was the only Sixth Form man in the House at the moment.

Except for fellows under detention, no fags were likely to be indoors. Who the dickens was kicking up that row? It was somebody in Masters' Passage—some of the beaks ought to have put a stop to it. But the beaks, of course, had all gone out that fine afternoon. From his window Walker had seen Capper and Hacker walking off together, and then Twigg and Wiggins. Lascelles had gone on his motor-bike, and he could see Monsieur Charpentier sauntering under the elms across the quad. Probably not a single beak was in his study.

Knock, knock, knock, knock!

His nose collided with a door that did not open.

It had not occurred to him that the door was locked! It occurred to him now, as his nose banged on it.

"Ow!" gasped Walker, in anguish. "Ow! Wow!"

Knock, knock!

"You noisy rotter, open that door at once!" roared Walker. "By gum, I'll give you the thrashing of your life! Do you hear? Open that door this instant, you sweep!"

"What, what?" came a boom from within the study, and Walker almost fell down as he recognised Prout's voice. "What? Who is speaking? Who dares to address such words to me? Who—who—"

"Oh crikey!"

"Who is there?" boomed Prout. "Whoever you are, open this door at once! You hear me? Unlock this door!"

"Is—is—is that you, Mr. Prout?" gasped Walker.

"What? Yes! Who is that?"

"Walker of the Sixth, sir! I—I—I

"Who was it, sir?"

"What? Do not stand there asking me foolish questions, Walker!" boomed Prout. "Do you imagine that I know who it was? I have not the slightest idea who it was. Do not be so dense, Walker."

"But—but was it a Remove kid, sir?" stammered Walker. If Mr. Prout did not know who it was, Walker really did not see how he was to find the unknown practical joker, with two or three hundred fellows to choose from.

"No! I think not! The Remove are in their Form-room," said Mr. Prout, blissfully ignorant of what was happening in the Lower Fourth. "I came here, Walker, from the Form-room, that very well-behaved boy, Vernon-Smith, having told me that a bust had fallen in my study. I have no doubt that the Remove are keeping good order in their Form-room—I specially commanded them to do so. Some person—I cannot guess who—must have seen me enter my study, and closed the door and locked

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it—indeed he must have placed the key on the outside of the door in readiness for—"

Walker grinned.

"That looks as if he knew you were coming here, sir!"

"What, what? He cannot have known I was coming, Walker! Do not be absurd! Go at once and find who locked me in, Walker. Lose no time—leave no stone unturned. I must return to the Remove."

"I'll do my best, sir."

The prefect walked away—and he took the direction of the Remove-room. Obviously to Walker, if not to Prout, the fellow who had put the key outside the door had expected Prout there—and it was a Remove fellow, Vernon-Smith, who had told him about the accident in the study. So James Walker had not the slightest doubt that it was Smithy who had done the trick.

This was a chance for him to show his keenness and capacity as a dutiful prefect—spotting a reckless offender, and releasing a Form master from a most uncomfortable and undignified situation! And there would be a whopping for one, at least, of the Remove! Walker was feeling quite bucked as he walked off to the Remove Form Room, and marched in.

"Vernon-Smith——" he began.

Then he stopped dead, and stared round him in amazement.

The Form-room was empty.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### Out of Bounds!

**H**ARRY WHARTON'S face was rather grim as he tramped along the Courtfield road with a crowd of Remove fellows.

He was as keen as any fellow there to play football; but he could not help thinking of the consequences of this wild and reckless adventure. Against his better judgment, against his will, he had been dragged into one of the Bounder's escapades—the wildest escapade of the term. Yet it seemed that there was no help for it. How could he, the captain of the Fourth, have stayed behind when the other fellows were taking the risk? But he was troubled and uneasy, and feeling strongly inclined to knock the grin off the Bounder's face with a hefty thump.

Vernon-Smith was grinning cheerily. This adventure was after his own heart. He was enjoying it, regardless of results, and enjoying having dragged more law-abiding fellows into it. Thoughtful fellows, like Mark Linley, shared Wharton's worry. Still, they were for it now, and they made the best of it. Anyhow, as Bob Cherry remarked, they were going to get the football match, and that was so much to the good.

All the Remove had cleared off. Nobody was anxious to wait for Prout, considering the temper he was likely to be in when he got out of the locked study. Most of the fellows followed on to see the match; others scattered once they were safe outside the walls of the school.

Billy Bunter, having extracted a small loan from Lord Mauleverer, boarded the motor-bus on the Courtfield road, to expend his funds at the bun-shop in the High Street. Kipps and Wibley walked into the town to go to the pictures. Skinner and Snoop and Stott wandered away towards the river.

"All right for us," Skinner remarked sagely. "The ringleaders will get it in the neck. And they can't say we're ringleaders—what?"

"Hardly," grinned Snoop.

"Prout left us on our own, and head



boy set the example of leaving the Form-room," said Skinner. "What could we do but follow?"

"What, indeed?" chuckled Snoop. "We shall get lines from the beak, but lines are no worse than detention—not so bad, in fact," said Skinner. "We're all right."

"Right as rain," agreed Stott. "But what will Wharton get?" grinned Snoop.

"A Head's whopping," said Skinner. "I hope so, at any rate. He can't very well say that Smithy rushed him into it, and he wanted to be a good boy and obey the rules, and so on. The Eric game doesn't really pay. He will have to take his gruel. And there will be a lot of dry eyes when he gets it, my beloved 'earers."

And Skinner & Co., in quite a cheery humour, went down the towpath to the Three Fishers, where they had the happiness to meet Ponsonby and Gadsby and Monson of Highcliffe School; and billiards was the order of the day. It was quite a pleasant time to Skinner & Co., though not so pleasant after they had played billiards, and Pon & Co. had won their pocket-money.

Meanwhile, the footballers and their numerous followers had reached Courtfield Common. There, on the football ground near the town, they found Dick Trumper and his men waiting for them. The Courtfield Rangers were a junior team, mostly composed of fellows belonging to the local County Council school. They were by no means expensively fitted up; but they played a good game of Soccer, and that was all the Removeites cared about. Their ground was roped off from the common; the dressing accommodation was a small tent. They had been waiting some little time, wondering what had become of the visiting team, when the Greyfriars crowd came along.

"Oh, here you are!" said Dick Trumper, the captain of the Rangers, as he shook hands with Harry Wharton. "Better late than never."

"We've been rather delayed," said Harry, a little uncomfortably.

"All serene—now you're here!" "The lateness is terrifically superior to the neverfulness, my esteemed Trumper," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Dick Trumper grinned. "Right-ho!" he agreed. "So long as the lateness is followed by the terrific playfulness—what?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Hallo, hallo, hallo! There's a Greyfriars man!" murmured Bob Cherry. "We're spotted, old beans!"

"Only Coker," said Nugent. "He knows we're supposed to be detained," remarked Peter Todd. "Still, Coker's every kind of an idiot, but he's no sneak."

Horace Coker of the Fifth Form, strolling across the common that fine afternoon, was on his lonesome own. His chum Potter had the good luck to be playing in the First Eleven at Redcliffe, and his other pal Greene had gone over to see Potter do it. Coker disdained to go. A first-class footballer like Coker had no time to watch duds fumbling about with a ball—at least, that was what Coker told Potter and Greene, whereat Potter and Greene had smiled. Coker, rather at a loose end, had gone for a stroll, and so he came on the Rangers and their visitors, and he stared at the sight of a crowd of the Remove.

"My hat!" ejaculated Coker. He came striding up. "Here, you kids!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, old bean!" answered Bob Cherry affably.

"Aren't you detained this afternoon?" demanded Coker.

"Do we look detained?" asked Bob. "Look here! I jolly well know you're under detention, as my beak's in charge of you!" exclaimed Coker.

"You've cut!" He pointed an accusing finger at the Removeites. "Don't deny it! You've cut detention!"

"What a brain!" remarked the Bounder. "Coker knows we're detained, and he sees us here, and he guesses that we've cut detention. Shows what getting into the Fifth will do for a chap's intellect."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't want any cheek!" said Coker. "This won't do! You hear me?" It

jolly well see you back, too! Now, then, get a move on!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Remove footballers, quite entertained at the idea of being ordered about by the ineffable Coker.

"What are you sniggering at?" demanded Coker.

"Your little joke, old man," answered Bob.

"I'm not joking, you young ass!"

"Your mistake—you are! Now you've done your funny turn, travel!" said Bob. "You can stand around and cheer our goals if you like, and pick up some tips how to play Soccer."

"The tipfulness will be valuable, my esteemed ridiculous Coker!"

Coker glared.

"That's enough!" he said. "Get going! This way, Wharton, and the rest of you follow me at once!"

And Horace Coker caught the captain of the Remove by the shoulder, to march him off—the Courtfield fellows staring on blankly.

What happened next surprised Coker. He hardly knew what happened. It seemed like several earthquakes and a few volcanic eruptions rolled into one.

For two wild and whirling minutes things happened to Coker with dizzying swiftness.

Then he found himself in the ditch by the edge of the common, hardly knowing how he had got there, but knowing that he was in a wildly ruffled and dishevelled and breathless state.

"Gurgh!" gurgled Coker. "Urrgh! Wurrgh!"

The footballers walked back to the field, and changed for the game. Coker crawled out of the ditch, and blinked at them.

The whistle went, and the football match started. Coker still blinked. Forgetful of Coker's existence the footballers went it, hot and strong. And Coker blinked and blinked and blinked, and wondered what things were coming to, when a Fifth Form man was handled like this by Lower Fourth fags. But he did not chip in again. He was feeling altogether too ruffled and wrecked to deal with the Remove any more. Leaving the merry juniors to their game, Coker of the Fifth limped away, a sadder, if not wiser, Coker.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Walker on the Warpath I

"GREAT gad!" ejaculated Walker of the Sixth.

He stared round the deserted Form-room.

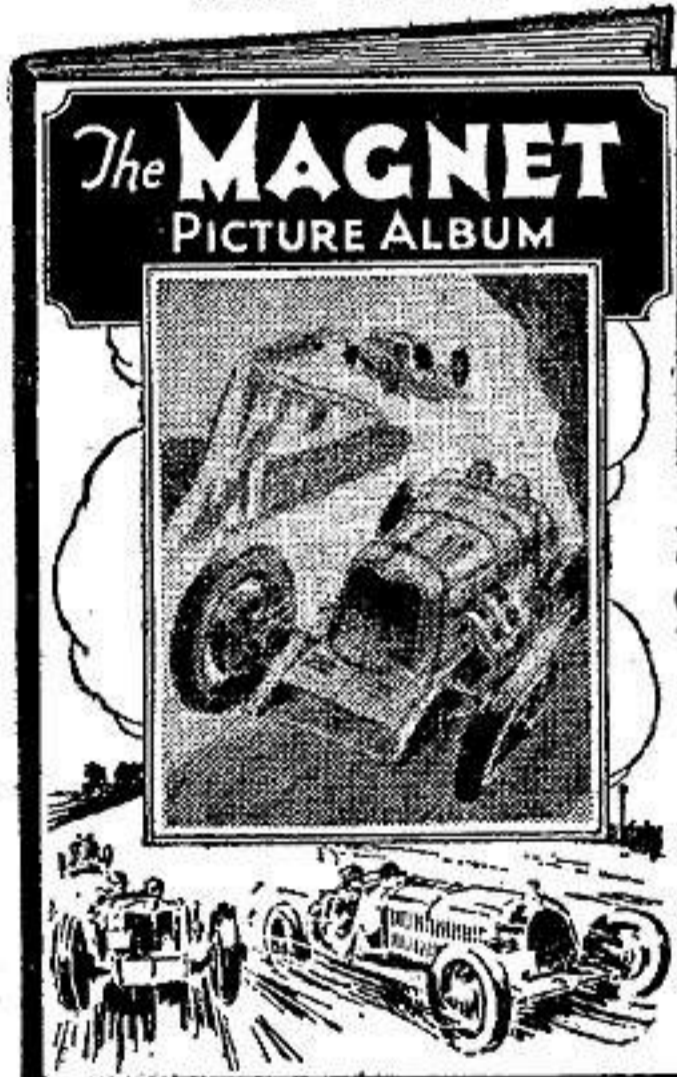
Of all the Remove—a rather numerous Form—not a man remained. There were books on the desks, just as they had been left. There were plenty of signs of the Remove; but there was no Remove. Like a Hunter of the Snark beholding the fatal Boojum, they had suddenly, silently, vanished away.

"My hat!" said James Walker.

He was beginning to understand now. It was not merely a "lark," locking Prout in his study. Prout had been locked in his study, while the Remove cut detention—the whole Form—every man jack of them. It was a wholesale act of rebellion. The Head had declined to trust Walker with the detention class, on the ground that he could not keep order in a lower Form. Walker grinned as he thought of it. He could not have had much worse luck than Prout. They had not, at all events, locked him in a study as they had done with Prout, and bolted.

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won't do! Get back to the school at once!"

The juniors grinned. Had Coker been a Sixth Form man and a prefect, the position would have been rather a difficult one, though, having gone so far, it was probable that the Remove rebels would have declined to obey even a Sixth Form prefect at that juncture. Coker, fortunately, was nothing of the sort. Coker, as usual, was barging in where he had no concern—owing to his constitutional inability to mind his own business.

"Get back to the school!" repeated Wharton.

"Yes; and at once!" said Coker, in his most magisterial manner. "I'll



"My only hat!" said Walker; and he whistled.

Walker was feeling bucked when he recovered from his amazement at finding the room deserted. This meant a severe punishment for the rebels; and Walker was simply yearning to see the whole Form flogged. The hotter they got it from the Head, the more Walker was going to be pleased. But where were they? They could not be still within the walls of the school—that would only mean being rounded up again as soon as Prout was released. They must have cleared off out of Greyfriars. Where? This was a chance for Walker—the chance he had longed for, to set himself right with the Head. It was an unprecedented state of affairs—and Walker was the man who was going to deal with it.

He walked back to Prout's study. Now that his painful situation was known, Prout had ceased to hammer at the door. Walker could hear him pacing the study, rather like a lion in a den. He tapped on the door, and the pacing ceased.

"Is that you, Walker?"

"Yes, sir. I—"

"You have the key?"

"No, sir. I—"

"Why have you returned without the key? Find the key at once, and release me! Do you imagine, sir, that I can remain a prisoner in this study the whole afternoon?" boomed Prout.

"The Remove are gone, sir!"

"What? What?"

"There's nobody in the Remove Form Room, sir."

"Do not talk nonsense, Walker!"

"I've been there, sir, and the whole Form have cut."

"Bless my soul!"

"That's why one of them locked you in, sir," said Walker cheerfully. "The fellow who did it has got your key in his pocket, of course."

"Go to the Head, Walker—he has a duplicate key to the studies—"

"The Head's in Courtfield this afternoon, sir!"

"Bless my soul! I remember now—so he is!" gasped Prout. "This is—is intolerable! I cannot remain here! On the other hand, I cannot leave by the window! It would be altogether too—too undignified—"

Walker grinned at the idea of the plump and portly Prout clambering down from a study window like a fag. Fortunately, the shut door hid the grin from Prout. Prout, at least, was in no grinning mood.

"Are the boys still in the school, Walker?"

"No, sir; I fancy they've all gone out. They had a football match on for this afternoon—"

"Yes, I remember Wharton was saying something to that effect—is it possible, Walker, that they have had the audacity, the impudence, to leave detention in order to play football?"

"I've no doubt of it, sir."

"Scandalous!" gasped Prout. "Unprecedented!"

"Oh, quite, sir!"

"Walker, this must be put a stop to! They must not be allowed to carry out their audacious intention. Call Wingate and—"

"Wingate's at Redclyffe with the First Eleven, sir."

"Bless my soul! So he is! You must deal with this matter, Walker, as a prefect! Find those rebellious young rascals—"

"I'll do my best, sir!"

"But first, Walker, I must be released from this—this incarceration."

Perhaps Gosling had better be called to force the lock— Walker! Walker! Are you there, Walker?"

Walker was gone!

Walker, in point of fact, had no special desire to release Mr. Prout from his predicament. Walker was on the warpath, and he preferred to be the man who dealt with the rebellious Remove. Walker was going to gain the good opinion of the Head by handling this extraordinary situation!

"Bless my soul!" gasped Prout, and he resumed the lion-in-the-den act, pacing his study with unresting footsteps.

Walker hurried away. He knew that the Remove had a football match on that afternoon, and he had not the slightest doubt that that was why they had cut detention. To interrupt that match, and march them disappointed and disconsolate back to Greyfriars was a happy prospect to Walker. Perhaps the young scoundrels would be sorry then that they had ejected him from their Form-room that morning on his neck.

He called to Temple of the Fourth in the quad.

"Do you know where the Remove were playing football this afternoon, Temple?"

"Eh! Yes," answered Temple. "They had a fixture with Courtfield Rangers—but it must be washed out now they're in detention, Walker."

That was all that James Walker needed to know. He hurried down to the bike-shed and wheeled out his machine. He mounted it, and pedalled swiftly away on the Courtfield road.

The town was in sight when he spotted a dusty, untidy, tousled figure limping along the road. Coker of the Fifth blinked at him as he jumped off his bicycle.

"Have you seen any of the Remove this way, Coker?" called out Walker.

"The Remove!" repeated Coker.

"Yes, yes, quick! They've cut detention, and I'm after them!" exclaimed Walker impatiently.

Coker blinked at him. Coker had taken it upon himself to order the Remove back to the school. He had been rather severely handled in consequence. But, as Toddy had remarked, Coker, though every kind of idiot, was no sneak. He had not the slightest intention of giving information to authority.

"Can't you answer?" snapped Walker.

"You've got it!" assented Coker coolly.

"What do you mean, you fathead?"

"Guess!" suggested Coker. And he walked on, leaving the prefect staring.

Walker breathed hard as he remounted his machine. But he had no doubt that he was on the right track. Anyhow, the Rangers' ground lay near the road outside the town, and if the Removites were there he could not fail to spot them.

"Goal!"

That roar reached Walker's ears as he rode on within view of the goalposts of the Rangers' ground. Slowing down, he stared in the direction of the football field. A crowd of Courtfield fellows were there watching a game, among them a number of Greyfriars juniors. Walker had a view of the field from the road, and he discerned running figures in blue and white.

"Goal!"

"Bravo, the Bounder!"

"Good old Smithy!"

"Goal! Goal! Hurrah!"

That was proof positive! The Remove

were there, the game had started, and Vernon-Smith had kicked a goal for his side. Walker dismounted.

He made a stride towards the football ground—but only one! The rebels were out of bounds—playing football! How were they likely to deal with him? Certainly Lower boys were supposed to obey the orders of a Sixth Form prefect with meekness and promptness. But fellows already in a rebellious mood and in the excitement of a football match were very likely to be lacking in meekness—very likely indeed! Certainly they had not been very meek in the Form-room that morning when they had pitched Walker headlong out into the passage.

"Um!" murmured Walker thoughtfully.

He did not want to leave the football ground as he had left the Form-room—on his neck; leaving the rebellious young rascals to finish their game while he crawled home in a wrecked condition. Walker did not want that at all—especially as it would be another proof for the Head that he was not a prefect capable of handling a junior Form.

Walker, in fact, knew a trick worth two of that.

He turned back to his machine, remounted it, and rode on into Courtfield. He knew where to find Dr. Locke; he was aware that the Head was calling that afternoon at the establishment that supplied books to the school. Once in a bookshop Dr. Locke was rather given to forgetting time and space—and no doubt he was spending a pleasant hour or two rooting over books! That pleasant occupation was going to be ruthlessly interrupted! And so was the Remove football match—by an authority that even those reckless young rascals would not dare to resist. Walker of the Sixth smiled and hummed a tune as he pedalled into Courtfield, and the shouts on the football ground died away behind him.

## THE TENTH CHAPTER.

### An Unfinished Match!

"GOAL!"

"Bravo, Smithy!"

The Bounder grinned in sheer elation. It was his second goal, taken just on half-time. Trumper & Co. of Courtfield were playing a good game. Solly Lazarus had put the ball in once. The Remove had scored two—both from the Bounder's foot. Never had the Bounder's game been so good. He was enjoying that afternoon—the recklessness of the whole affair, the knowledge that there would be a terrific row to follow, were like meat and drink to the scapegrace of Greyfriars. In that state of exhilaration he could hardly have played a poor game if he had tried. And he was playing a brilliant one.

"Good old Bounder!" shouted the Remove fellows.

"Bravo, Smithy!" yelled Redwing, who was looking on with sparkling eyes, delighted at his chum's success.

The whistle went for the interval after a slogging first half. By that time there were few of the footballers who had not forgotten that they were out of bounds, and booked for bad trouble later. But they were destined to be reminded of it.

"Smithy's great!" remarked Bob Cherry, as he sucked a lemon. "Never seen him in better form."

"Terrific!" agreed Hurreo Jamsel Ram Singh.





Dr. Locke's glance was like ice as it rested on the captain of the Remove. "Wharton!" he said sternly. "I am aware of the disrespectful trick that has been played on Mr. Prout. You and your companions will change immediately and return to Greyfriars. I shall deal with you later!" "Very well, sir!" said Wharton quietly.

"We're going to pull it off, anyhow, whatever happens afterwards!" said the Bounder. "Sorry you came, Wharton?" he added, with a mocking look at the captain of the Remove.

"Not much use crying over spilt milk," said Squiff. "Poor old Prout—I wonder if he's got out of quod yet!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Great Christopher Columbus!" yelled Bob Cherry, in sudden overwhelming consternation.

"What—"

"Look!" gasped Bob.

He pointed.

"Oh crumbs!"

"The Head!"

All eyes turned on the figure that had alighted from a taxicab on the road, and was advancing, with slow and stately pace, towards the football field.

It was the Head of Greyfriars!

The juniors gazed at him spellbound. There was dismay even in the Bounder's reckless face.

"The Head!" he muttered. "Oh, gun! How the thump has the Head got on to it?"

Harry Wharton compressed his lips. He had been fully conscious of the reckless folly of the whole proceeding—though he had rather forgotten it in the excitement and keenness of the game. Certainly, it had never crossed his mind that the headmaster might appear on the scene. The Remove rebels had been glad that Dr. Locke was gone out that afternoon—where he had gone, they neither knew nor cared. Apparently he had not been very far away!

The Bounder, with all his wary astuteness had never counted on anything like this! He was as utterly taken aback as the rest.

"The Head!" murmured Toddy.

"Oh crumbs! All the fat's in the fire now!"

"The fatfulness in the esteemed fire is terrific!" murmured the Nabob of Bhanipur dismally.

Slowly the Head came up. The dismayed juniors gazed at him. Trumper and his men exchanged curious glances. Dick Trumper came over to Wharton.

"That's your Beak, isn't it?" he asked.

"Yes," said Harry, in a low voice.

"Is he after you?"

"Looks like it."

"That fellow Coker was saying you were out of bounds—"

"So we are!"

Trumper whistled.

"Think the old bean will stop the game?"

"Yes. Sorry," said the captain of the Remove. "We oughtn't to have come—the game ought never to have been started. It's pretty rotten, letting you fellows down like this."

"Oh, that's all right—you can't help it," said Trumper. "We'll play it out again another day! I say, you fellows were rather asses to cut out and get your Beak after you."

"Yeth; thilly athes, if you ask me!" remarked Solly Lazarus.

Wharton smiled faintly.

"We don't need telling that—now," he said. He glanced round as the Bounder touched him on the arm. "Well, what?"

Vernon-Smith's teeth were set.

"Look here, we're going on," he said. "We're not chucking the game at half-time!"

"What the thump do you mean, you fool!" Wharton was in no humour to pick his words. "Can we handle the Head as we did Walker this morning?"

"He can't barge into a football match! Let's get going, and take no notice of the old goat!" said the Bounder savagely. "I'm ready to tell him to go and eat coke, if you fellows are game to keep on."

Wharton's eyes flashed.

"You speak one syllable of impudence to the Head, Vernon-Smith, and I'll knock you spinning!" he said, between his teeth. "Mind, I mean that! There's a limit, whether you understand it or not!"

"Look here—"

"Shut up! I've had enough from you!"

Wharton turned his back on the Bounder, and moved towards the Head, who had now reached the field. Dr. Locke's face was sternly set. His glance was like ice, as it rested on the captain of the Remove. The juniors stood silent, the Courtfield fellows backing away uncomfortably.

"Wharton!"

"Yes, sir!"

"I find you here," said the Head. "I could scarcely credit it when I was informed by a prefect that the Remove were out of detention and playing football. Yet I find you here."

Wharton made no reply. There was no reply to make. The Bounder came forward; he was not beaten yet, or fancied that he was not.

"May I speak, sir?" said Smithy coolly.

"If you have anything to say, Vernon-Smith, you may speak," said the Head coldly.

"Mr. Prout was kind enough to let us off detention, sir!" said the Bounder, with cool hardihood. "As we had a

(Continued on page 16.)





(Continued from page 13.)

football fixture, and it was too late to let the Courtfield men know, Mr. Prout very kindly gave us leave to play the match, sir."

The Removites almost gasped. Some of them, perhaps, hoped that the Bounder would "get away" with that audacious untruth. Had the Head come on the scene by chance, it was possible that he might have believed the statement, and allowed the juniors to play the match out. Smithy, of course, knew nothing of Walker's activities.

Dr. Locke's brow became as dark as thunder.

"Vernon-Smith!" he ejaculated. "How dare you tell me such an impudent falsehood? I am aware of the disrespectful trick that has been played on Mr. Prout, and I have little doubt that you are the boy who locked him in his study."

"Oh!" gasped the Bounder.

He saw now that all was known. The game was up, with a vengeance.

"Wharton! You and your companions will change immediately, and return to Greyfriars," said Dr. Locke sternly.

"If you'd let us finish the game, sir—" ventured Bob Cherry.

"Silence!" exclaimed the Head. "How dare you make such a suggestion! You will return to the school immediately, and I shall deal with you later. The boy who has the key of Mr. Prout's study will hand it to me."

"Very well, sir!" said Harry quietly. "Sorry, old chap!" murmured Trumper, as Wharton passed him, going to the dressing-tent.

Wharton nodded. Dr. Locke stood like a majestic statue, waiting. The Courtfielders eyed him curiously. The Removites were not long in changing. This scene was rather too painful to be prolonged unnecessarily. The Bounder, white with rage and chagrin, was in a snarling temper.

When he had changed, he took a key from his pocket and threw it on the ground.

"Is that Prout's key?" asked Wharton quietly.

"Yes, you dolt! I'm not handing it to the Head."

"Then I will!"

Wharton picked up the key. The dismal crowd went out, and Wharton handed over the key to Dr. Locke, who received it in silence.

With glum faces, the Removites started for Greyfriars—some of the Courtfield crowd looking sympathetic, and some of them grinning, as they went.

Dr. Locke saw them started for the school, and then stepped back into his taxi, and drove on to Greyfriars. He passed the dismal crowd trailing along to the school, without a glance at them.

The Bounder halted.

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"The old goat's gone now! Let's get back and finish the game!" he said.

"Shut up, you ass!" growled Squiff. The other fellows tramped on without even answering. Vernon-Smith was left standing alone in the road. He shrugged his shoulders, sneered, and followed on to the school.

## THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Very Nice for Walker!

WALKER grinned. Walker was the prefect on duty that evening, with an official eye on the Remove, in prep.

Generally, James Walker was not a whale on duty. But he was very pleased to do his duty that evening.

He walked along the Remove passage, with his ashplant under his arm and a cheery grin on his face.

Not a fellow was out of his study—which was rather unusual in the Remove. Certainly, it was a strict rule that, in prep, the juniors did not leave their studies. But that was a rule more honoured in the breach than the observance, especially when a slacker like Walker was in charge.

Fellows—with an eye open for the prefect—would stroll out, and chat at study doors. There would be a football "jaw" at one doorway—discussion of some jape at another. Billy Bunter would roll from study to study, in search of toffee or butterscotch, or anything in the eatable line.

Now every fellow was in his study—as if the Lower Fourth of Greyfriars had suddenly become a model Form, bent on setting a shining example to the whole school!

But it was doubtful whether they were giving much attention to prep, all the same. Voices were audible in most studies, as Walker of the Sixth sauntered up the passage.

"Ow! Ow! Wow!" came from Study No. 1.

"Yow-ow-ow!" came from Study No. 2.

"Oh crumbs! Wow! Blow! Wow!" came from Study No. 3.

"Oh hang!" growled the Bounder, in Study No. 4.

Groan, from Study No. 5. Mumble, from Study No. 6. Groan again, from Study No. 7. That was Billy Bunter's deep groan. His fat voice followed:

"I say, you fellows! It's awful!"

"I've had it worse than you, fatty!" growled Peter Todd.

"Ow! Beast! Wow!"

Walker, grinning, walked on!

"Oh crikey! Oh lor'!" came from Study No. 8.

The sounds of woe seemed to be music to the ears of James Walker of the Sixth Form.

"Oooooogh!" from Study No. 9.

"Oh, blow prep!" came Bolsover major's growl, from Study No. 10. "A fellow can't do prep after such a whopping! Ow!"

"C'est affreuse! Wow, wow!" came the voice of Napoleon Dupont, the French fellow in the Remove.

From Study No. 11 there was quite a chorus from Skinner, Snoop, and Stott.

Walker chuckled.

"Oh gad!" came Lord Mauleverer's plaintive tones, in Study No. 12. "Where does the Beak pack the muscle? Oh gad!"

Walker paused, grinning, outside Study 13. That study belonged to Bob Cherry, Hurree Singh, Mark Linley, and little Wun Lung. All four fellows were

speaking together, and their remarks were nearly all, "Ow! Wow, wow!"

From Study No. 14—the last study in the passage—came the nasal tones of Fisher T. Fish:

"Aw, wake snakes! I guess this is the bee's knees! I'll surely say this is the camel's whiskers! Ow!"

"We've all had the same!" groaned Squiff.

"Worse!" mumbled Johnny Bull. "Twelve each for the fellows who played football, and six each for the rest! Wow!"

"I guess I wish I'd froze on to the Form-room! Wow! Catch me cutting detention again! Yow-ow! This surely gets my goat! Urrgh!"

James Walker, greatly amused, strolled back down the passage.

All through the Remove there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth!

It had been a tremendous execution! The Head had dealt with the Lower Fourth in Hall, in the presence of the assembled school. The opinion of the school generally was that it served them jolly well right!

As Hobson of the Shell remarked, what the dickens did they jolly well expect? Temple of the Fourth expressed a charitable hope that it would do them good. Coker of the Fifth declared that it was exactly what they wanted, only they really wanted a little more.

Greyfriars generally had little sympathy to waste on the rebel Form. Indeed, most fellows thought that they were lucky to get through without any "bunkings."

Still, it had been a terrific execution. Where the Head packed the muscle was rather a mystery. Obviously, he was more athletic than he looked.

Caning a whole Form, especially to such an extent, was a big order—quite a wholesale order! And that was what Dr. Locke had done.

Every man in the Remove had had to bend over in Hall and take what was coming to him!

Nobody escaped! Skinner's hope that the lesser lights would get off with lines had proved woefully unfounded. Every fellow who had cut detention got six, and every fellow who had played football got twice that number! So it was no wonder that as Walker strolled up and down the Remove passage he heard sounds of woe and lamentation in the studies.

Arriving again at Study No. 1, Walker threw the door open, without the politeness of knocking. Wharton and Nugent were there—not busy at prep, as they ought to have been. They were standing and wriggling. They looked round at Walker in silence.

At any other time Wharton might have inquired whether Walker had been brought up in a slum where fellows did not knock at doors. Now he made no such inquiry. Twelve of the best from the Head had, for the present at least, impressed upon him the value of silence.

"What about prep?" asked Walker agreeably.

"Just going to begin, Walker!" mumbled Nugent.

"You'd better!" said Walker. "Don't scowl at me, Wharton!"

"I wasn't scowling!"

"Don't contradict me!"

Wharton was silent again.

"You've had rather a lesson—what?"

Walker seemed to enjoy rubbing it in.

That was rather undignified on the part of a Sixth Form prefect. But Walker was not thinking about dignity. Walker was thinking about the still doubtful outlook for his prefectship.



for which he laid the whole blame on the Remove, and none at all on his own slackness.

"Yes, thank you, Walker!" said Nugent meekly.

"It was I that spotted you out of bounds, and reported you to the Head," said Walker.

"I guessed that one, Walker!" said Wharton.

"You won't lock a beak in his study again in a hurry."

"No, Walker."

"Or cut detention—what?"

"No, Walker."

"You'll toe the line, and behave yourselves after this—what?"

"Yes, Walker."

This meekness from the juniors ought to have pleased Walker. But he seemed disappointed, somehow. In fact, it was a case of the wolf and the lamb over again! But the lambs were very wary, and the wolf had to give it up.

There was absolutely no excuse for Walker to handle his ashplant, or hand out lines, or take a report to the Head! He swung out of the study, and slammed the door, and Wharton and Nugent exchanged a faint grin.

"That rotten bully's looking for a chance at us!" said Frank.

"And we jolly well won't give him one!" said Wharton.

"No fear!"

Walker went along to Study No. 4. He found Tom Redwing and the Bounder in that study when he pitched the door open. Redwing, with a set and serious face, was getting on with prep. Vernon-Smith was roaming about the study like a caged tiger, muttering and scowling. He gave Walker a baleful look. Walker smiled, expecting better luck in No. 4 Study than in Study No. 1.

"You've not started prep, Vernon-Smith."

"No!" growled the Bounder.

"Do you fancy you can do as you like while your Form master's in sanny?"

No answer.

"I asked you a question, Vernon-Smith!"

"Oh, go and eat coke!" snarled the Bounder.

Walker slipped his ashplant down into his hand. This time the wolf had got away with it, so to speak, and the lamb was delivered into his hands—not that the Bounder was very lamb-like!

"That isn't the way to speak to a prefect, Vernon-Smith," he said. "You know that as well as I do! Bend over that chair!"

The Bounder eyed him savagely, and clenched his hands. Redwing gave him an appealing look. Walker was in the right, from the official point of view. No Lower boy was allowed to tell a Sixth Form prefect to go and eat coke. The Bounder was thinking savagely of resistance. But twelve of the best had had their effect on him, and the danger of the sack loomed in the distance, if that lesson failed in effect!

It was not good enough, and Smithy knew it! With a face that was almost demoniac in its expression, Vernon-Smith bent slowly, very slowly, over the chair.

Walker cheerfully administered a full six. The Bounder uttered no word. Only that morning he had refused to be caned by Walker, and had led in chucking him out of the Form-room. But the Head had weighed in since then!

Walker tucked his ashplant under his arm again, and strolled out of the study smiling. He was getting his own back on the Remove now, with interest added. Later, in Loder's study in the Sixth, he told Loder and Carne that he had the little blighters feeding from his

hand! He was putting the Remove through it, and he was not done with them yet! And, as it happened, the Remove were not yet done with him!

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Too Much Walker!

"HOW'S Quelch?"

"Better, I hope!"

"Poor old Queleh! I wish he'd buck up and get well!"

Those remarks, and many more like them, were made frequently in the Remove the next day.

Had Mr. Quelch, in the sanatorium, been able to overhear his Form, he would probably have felt flattered, and a little touched, by the general solicitude for his health and the hearty hopes expressed for his prompt recovery.

Certainly the Removites were thinking a good deal about their absent Form master, and wishing that he had never caught that cold.

For, by order of the Head, all holidays for the Remove were cancelled till Mr. Quelch resumed control! No doubt the juniors sympathised with Quelch; but there was still less doubt that they sympathised with their hapless selves. Detentions on this scale were likely to play havoc with the games; and even the Bounder did not suggest cutting detention to play football any more. The dismal outcome of the Court-field match was enough for even Smithy.

But the loss of holidays was not the only cloud on the Remove horizon. They were suffering severely from Walker of the Sixth.

Walker was on the warpath.

Generally, James Walker had been a slacker, and had performed his prefectorial duties in a very perfunctory manner. Now he was quite a new Walker—zealous, watchful, wary, always on the go.

Partly, Walker's object was to show what a useful and dutiful prefect he was for the Head's behoof. But mainly he was bent on "taking it out" of the Remove for the dire offences they had given. In the prefects' room Walker was made to feel very keenly what the other great men thought of a prefect who had been chucked, neck and crop, out of a junior Form-room, and he was very sore about it. It was not easy to recover his lost prestige in the Sixth, but it was at least easy to make the Remove sit up. Walker seemed to find great solace in that. And the most reckless fellow in the Form did not think of "handling" Walker again. The consequences of that were altogether too serious.

The Remove were far from a perfect Form, and a zealous prefect who devoted time and attention to the job found no

great difficulty in catching them out again and again.

A sudden descent by Walker on the Bounder's study revealed cigarettes there, and Smithy was taken before the Head, with painful results. Another descent on Study No. 14 discovered evidence that Fisher T. Fish was lending money at interest among the fags, which earned Fishy a well-deserved Head's licking. After which Skinner thoughtfully concealed his pack of cards and his latest "Sporting Tips" in the box-room. But the watchful Walker tracked him there, and found a game of banker going on with Skinner, Snoop, and Stott, and there was more woe and lamentation.

All these, perhaps, were instances of just zeal on the part of a prefect. But Walker did not stop there. He had, as Bob Cherry expressed it, his knife into the Remove. Billy Bunter was caught raiding a cake from Coker's study, which Bunter certainly ought not to have been doing—and whopped. Bob Cherry, sliding down the banisters, landed almost into Walker's arms, and Bob was whopped. Bolsover major was caught out of his study in prep; Johnny Bull was spotted knocking off a Shell fellow's hat in quad; Squiff was caught whistling in the passages. All offences, large or small, were good enough for Walker.

In two or three days the Remove wished that they hadn't laid so much as a little finger on Walker of the Sixth, and at the same time were yearning to lay a fives bat on him, hard.

"We're getting too much Walker!" Bob Cherry remarked dolorously in Study No. 1 at tea-time.

"The too-muchfulness is terrific!" agreed Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh.

"He's got his back up, and no mistake!" said Harry Wharton. "The rotter might be satisfied with dishing our football match. But I believe they chip him a lot in the Sixth."

"I've got a hundred lines for siding

(Continued on next page.)

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in the quad!" said Nugent. "Me, you know! As if I ever side!"

"Anything's good enough for Walker!" growled Johnny Bull. "Any stick will do to beat a dog with. I'm fed-up, for one!"

"Smithy's getting near boiling-point," grinned Bob. "Smithy gets it worst. Well, Smithy's the man to ask for it."

"Thanks!" said a sarcastic voice at the door, as the Bounder looked into Study No. 1.

"Not at all!" answered Bob Cherry cheerfully. "You are the man to ask for it, Smithy, as you jolly well know."

The Bounder came in and shut the door.

"I've had enough from Walker," he announced. "I'm going to let him have a little back. I want some help."

"Wash it out!" said the captain of the Remove at once. "This study has had enough of your stunts, Smithy, and a bit over."

"Hear, hear!"

The Bounder sneered.

"I'm not asking you to take any risk. I'm doing that. But I can't carry on without Inky."

"My esteemed self!" ejaculated the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Yes. Will you back me up?"

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh looked dubious. All the Famous Five, and all the Remove for that matter, were keen to get back on Walker. But they had no desire to be led into disaster again by the headstrong Bounder.

"Look here, what's the game?" asked Bob. "You're not going to land old Inky with a flogging or the sack."

"Give it a name," said Harry. "What do you want Inky to do?"

"Nothing frightfully dangerous," answered the Bounder. "I want him to go to Mossoo and ask for some extra French."

"What the thump—" exclaimed the Famous Five in an astonished chorus.

"Mossoo will say yes—or, rather, oui," said the Bounder. "He likes a fellow to show keenness on his blessed lingo. He will give Inky an hour extra if Inky asks for it."

"Yes, but—"

"But the askfulness is a boot on the other leg," objected the nabob. "I do not desirefully yearn for extra French with the esteemed Mossoo."

"How's it going to help against Walker, anyhow?" asked Nugent.

"That's my secret at present," answered the Bounder coolly. "Will you do it, Inky? If you'll stick in Mossoo's study from six till seven, I can make Walker look the biggest fool at Greyfriars, as well as taking it out of his side."

"Blessed if I see—" said Bob.

"Do you ever see anything?"

"Look here, Smithy—"

"Will you do it, Inky?" demanded the Bounder impatiently. "You'd better, for your own sake, if you come to that. Being with a master is an libi—and you'll need one. Will you do it?"

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh still looked dubious, but he nodded.

"The answer is in the esteemed affirmative," he said.

"Good man! Then cut off and speak to Mossoo at once."

What the Bounder's intention was was a deep mystery to the chums of the Remove. He refused to explain, and they could not help guessing that he had some utterly reckless scheme in mind. Still, it was scarcely possible for the nabob to be dragged into it if the part he had to play was doing extra French with Monsieur Charpentier from

six to seven. After tea they kept an eye on Smithy, and were more mystified than ever.

He borrowed a dark cloak from Wibley, who had one among his theatrical properties. He borrowed a Guy Fawkes mask, left over from the Fifth, from Peter Todd. And from Hurree Singh's study he took a curved Oriental dagger, which the nabob had brought from India, and which decorated the wall over the fireplace in Study No. 13. What Smithy was going to do with these weird things was unknown, and the Remove fellows could only wait and wonder. At six o'clock Hurree Jamset Ram Singh was sitting in Monsieur Charpentier's study, deep in extra French with that obliging gentleman, and the Bounder had disappeared from sight. And Harry Wharton & Co., and a good many other Remove fellows, wondered where he was and what he was up to, without being able even to guess.

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## MAGNET.



### Don't Forget—

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## THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

### A Whopping for Walker!

WALKER of the Sixth came into his study and turned on the light, and shut the door with a slam.

Walker had been to tea with Loder and Carne, but he did not seem to have enjoyed the function. He was scowling. His dear friends had been chipping him a little. Loder had taken the Remove for a class that afternoon, but he had not, as he pointed out, been chucked out on his neck. Carne had remarked on a rumour that the Head was looking for a new prefect.

Walker had left his dear friends in a very bad temper, and come back to his own study, scowling, feeling that he would like to kick Loder and Carne, which was impracticable, and that he would like to make matters warm for those cheeky young scoundrels in the Remove, which was practicable. He sat down to solace himself with a cigarette and to consult a notebook, in which he

had notes of lines due from the Removeites. Nugent had a hundred, to be handed in before prep, and if they were not handed in on time, Walker promised himself the pleasure of administering six of the best.

Suddenly he gave a start.

There was a sound of movement in the study. He was not alone!

Sixth Form-rooms at Greyfriars were bed-rooms as well as studies. Walker's bed was in an alcove, screened by a curtain. The curtain moved as someone moved behind it.

Walker stared at it, and his eyes gleamed. There was someone in the study—no doubt some young rascal who had come there in his absence to play some trick, and had darted out of sight when he entered.

He smiled grimly. He was exactly in the mood to whop somebody, and here was somebody asking for it! He rose quickly from the armchair, and made a step towards the bed-alcove.

"You can come out, you young sweep!" grinned Walker. "I know you're there. Come out of it!"

The curtain was thrown aside, and a figure stepped out.

Walker stared at it in blank astonishment.

It was a strange figure.

The whole form was concealed by a black cloak, with a hood over the head. The face was entirely hidden by a grotesque Guy Fawkes mask, revealing only a pair of eyes that glinted through the eyeholes. Only from the height could Walker tell that it was a boy and not a man; but what boy it was he had not the remotest idea. As he stared in blank amazement at that extraordinary apparition, the figure crossed the study with a jump to the door, and turned the key in the lock.

"My only hat!" ejaculated the amazed Walker.

Having locked the door, the masked and cloaked figure put its back to it, facing the prefect.

"You cheeky young scoundrel!" gasped Walker. "What does this mean? I don't know who you are, but I will jolly soon! Take that Guy Fawkes mask off!"

The masked figure did not obey or answer.

"By Jove! I'll have it off fast enough, and give you the hiding of your life for japing like this in a prefect's study!" exclaimed Walker wrathfully. And he made a stride at the unknown japer.

Then he started back with a cry of alarm.

A hand flashed from under the black cloak, and in the hand was grasped a curved Oriental dagger that flashed in the light.

"Wha-a-t!" gasped Walker.

The figure advanced on him. Walker backed away, his face growing white. That curved dagger looked frightfully dangerous.

"Esteemed and ridiculous bully," came a voice from under the mask, "prepare to perish with terrific suddenness!"

"You—you mad young idiot!" gasped Walker, jumping round the table. "Keep off! Put that dagger down! I'll yell for help!"

"The utterance of a single yell will be the signal for stabfulness to the ridiculous heart!"

Walker did not utter a yell.

He kept the table between him and the cloaked figure, gazing at it in terror.

"Hurree Singh! Don't be a young ass! Are you mad?" gasped Walker.

He could not recognise the disguised junior, for he could see nothing of him but his disguise. But there was only one fellow at Greyfriars who spoke in





As Walker made a stride at the masked figure, a hand fl shed from under the black cloak, grasping a curved Oriental dagger that flashed in the light. "Wha—a-t!" gasped the prefect. The figure advanced and Walker backed away, his face growing white.

such remarkable English. He could not doubt that it was the dusky Nabob of Bhanipar who confronted him, dagger in hand.

"The madfulness is not terrific, my esteemed Walker!" came the answer from under the mask. "Yesterdayfully you whopped me with your ridiculous cane. The fed-upfulness is preposterous."

"You mad young idiot!" gasped Walker. "Keep off!"

He jumped away as the figure bounded round the table and flourished the curved dagger. He bounded to the door and grabbed at the lock. But the key had been taken out. Walker was a prisoner in his study with that terrifying visitor.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Walker. "I say, Hurree Singh, I—I'm sorry I—I whopped you! I—I really am!"

Wingate or Gwynne of the Sixth, in such a peculiar position, might have been puzzled how to handle the situation, but certainly they would not have handled it like Walker. But there was rather a "yellow" streak in Walker, and he was scared almost out of his wits. It was no joke to be locked up in a study with an excitable Oriental with a dagger in his hand. From the bottom of his heart Walker wished that he had not included Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh in his persecution of the Remove.

"Is the sorrowfulness terrific?" demanded the voice under the mask.

"Eh? Oh, yes!"

"The whopfulness is going to be a boot on the other leg, my esteemed and absurd Walker!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"I am going to whop you terrifically with your own ridiculous cane. Otherwise I shall bestow the stabfulness

to the esteemed heart. You may take your ridiculous choice."

"I—I—I—" gasped Walker. "Oh crumbs! The Head ought never to let these mad niggers into the school! I—I say, I—I—"

The cloaked figure approached him. The dagger shone and flashed in the light. The eyes gleamed from the eye-holes of the mask. Walker shrank back against the door. His knees knocked together. He dared not yell for help. Help could not have reached him in time through a locked door, if that mad young villain really used the dagger. And Walker, with his yellow streak predominating now, felt that there was no telling what an excitable Oriental, who had been unjustly licked, might do.

"Keep off!" panted the bully of the Sixth. "I—I say, I—I'm sorry!"

"Bend over that chair!"

"I—I—I—" stuttered Walker.

"The bendoverfulness is the proper caper, my esteemed Walker, or the suddenfulness of death will be terrific."

"I—I—I— Oh, all right!" gasped Walker, as the dagger flashed in a horrid circle before his eyes.

In sheer funk Walker staggered to the chair and bent over it—or, rather, fell across it. The masked junior changed the dagger to his left hand and picked up Walker's ashplant with his right.

Whack, whack, whack, whack!

Walker panted with anguish, but he dared not yell.

Whack, whack, whack!

Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh was a sturdy fellow, but Walker would never have expected so much beef from him. It was a strong and sinewy arm that wielded the ashplant, and the lashes came down with terrific vim,

Whack, whack, whack!

"Oh crikey! I say— Ow! Wow! Oh, my hat! Oooooogh!" gasped Walker.

Whack, whack, whack!

"That is an esteemed dozen!" said the masked junior. "Now, if you are sorry for your esteemed rascality I will let you off, my disgusting Walker."

"Ow! I'm sorry! Wow!"

The masked junior pushed the ashplant into the study fire, where it began to smoulder. Then he turned off the light. Walker shuddered with dread. What fearful deed of darkness was about to be done?

None, as it happened. He heard the window open, and the masked junior slip out into the dark, foggy quad.

He was gone. Something whizzed in at the open window, and dropped on the floor. It was the study key.

Walker palpitated. He hardly dared move till he was assured that the enemy was gone. But he moved at last, jumped to the window, slammed it shut, and fastened it. He felt safer then. He turned on the light and wiped the perspiration from his streaming brow.

"Oh, gad!" groaned Walker.

He stared over the floor for the key, found it, and unlocked the study door. He was still trembling when he staggered out into the passage. Wingate, in the doorway of his study, stared at his white face.

"Walker! What's the matter? What—"

Walker did not answer. He hurried away to the Head's study. Dr. Locke had to know of this at once. That desperate young villain had to be seized and placed in security, to be sent away immediately from Greyfriars School.



Walker lost no time in getting to the Head.

And Herbert Vernon-Smith, clambering in at the Remove box-room window, slipped off a Guy Fawkes mask and a black cloak, and strolled, grinning, into the Remove passage.

## THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

### A Little Excitement!

"HURREE SINGH!"

"Where's Hurree Singh?"

"He's wanted at once!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "What's the jolly old rumpus?"

"I say, you fellows, something's up!"

It was very plain that something was up. There were a good many Remove fellows in the studies and in the passage, among them Herbert Vernon-Smith, when three prefects of the Sixth came up. Wingate, Gwynne, and Sykes, of the Sixth, had extremely serious faces as they inquired for Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh. Prout, master of the Fifth, followed them up—more slowly, as Prout had more weight to carry.

"Secure the boy at once!" called out Prout, from the Remove staircase. "But take care—take care!"

"Where's Hurree Singh?" snapped Wingate.

"Not in the study," said Mark Linley. "Is anything the matter, Wingate?"

"Yes. Anybody know where he is?"

"Has Inky done anything, Wingate?" asked the Bounder. "I thought he was at French with Mossoo."

"Well, he wasn't and isn't! Cherry, do you know where Hurree Singh is?" exclaimed the Greyfriars captain impatiently.

"I thought he was at French in Mossoo's study," answered Bob.

"Nonsense! He may have told you so. Do you know where Hurree Singh is, Nugent?"

"Isn't he with Mossoo?" asked Frank.

"No!" hooted Wingate. "Bull, have you seen Hurree Singh?"

"Yes, I had tea with him and the other fellows in Wharton's study," answered Johnny Bull. "I haven't seen him since he went to Mossoo's study for extra French."

"He never went there, you young ass! He has been in the Sixth!" snapped Wingate. "Well, he's got to be found."

"But I'm sure he went to Mossoo, Wingate," said Vernon-Smith. "I saw him going there—"

"Nonsense! Can he still be in the quad?" asked Wingate. "Walker says he scuttled out of the window."

"He must be found!" boomed Prout. "He must be found at once! Obviously, he is out of his mind!"

Harry Wharton & Co. looked at the Bounder. They could see that this extraordinary disturbance was some outcome of Smithy's secret scheme. He had fixed up an indubitable "alibi" for Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh in readiness for this inquiry for the nabob. That much was clear to the chums of the Remove, though nothing else was clear as yet. The Bounder gave them a cheery wink.

From downstairs there came a buzz of excited voices. Excitement, evidently, was spreading in the House! There was a sudden shout from Coker of the Fifth.

"Here he is! Here's Inky!"

"Oh! He's downstairs!" exclaimed Gwynne. "Come on, you men."

The three prefects hurried down, passing the portly Prout on the stairs. Prout puffed after them.

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"Take care—take care!" boomed Prout. "The boy is out of his senses, and he has a weapon—a deadly weapon—"

Wingate & Co. did not heed. Deadly weapon or not, they were not likely to show funk. Walker had his yellow streak all to himself in the Greyfriars Sixth.

"Come on!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, and the Removites crowded down the stairs after the prefects. The excitement was intense now, and growing more so. Something, evidently, had happened of an alarming nature; the Remove fellows did not yet know what, but some of them more than suspected that the Bounder was at the bottom of it. Smithy went down with the crowd, with a cheery grin on his face, plainly in great spirits.

At the foot of the staircase Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh was standing, with a surprised expression on his dusky face.

A crowd surrounded him.

At seven o'clock, his extra French with Mossoo being finished, the Nabob of Bhanipur had left Monsieur Charpentier's study, to return to the Remove passage. He was quite surprised to find himself surrounded by an excited, buzzing crowd on his way there.

"Here he is!" roared Coker.

"Here I am, my esteemed and ridiculous Coker!" assented Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh. "What is the absurd matterfulness?"

"Here he is, Wingate!"

"Secure him!" boomed Prout.

The Nabob of Bhanipur blinked in astonishment. Wingate grasped one of his arms, Gwynne the other.

"Come to the Head!" rapped Wingate.

"But whyfully?" exclaimed Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh. "What have I done?"

"You don't know!" grinned Coker.

"Not at allfully."

"Come!" rapped Wingate, and the nabob was marched off between the two prefects, leaving a buzzing crowd behind him.

"What on earth's the row?" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Has anybody been doing anything to Walker?"

"Looks like it," said Wharton.

"Smithy—"

"It does look like it, doesn't it?" drawled the Bounder. "Still, it can't have been Inky, if he was with Mossoo."

"He was with Mossoo all right," said Johnny Bull. "But—"

"I say, you fellows," squeaked Billy Bunter. "I say, Walker's been murdered in his study—"

"Wha-a-at!"

"He went to the Head to tell him—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I mean, not quite murdered—"

"No—probably not quite, if he went to tell the Head about it," agreed Vernon-Smith.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"This isn't a laughing matter, you young sweeps!" exclaimed Coker of the Fifth. "The young villain will be sacked for this. Attacking a prefect—"

A crowd surged after the prefects and Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh. Head's Corridor, usually a sacred and silent spot, was crowded.

All eyes followed the Nabob of Bhanipur and his conductors, till the Head's door closed on them. The wildest rumours passed from mouth to mouth. Walker of the Sixth had been attacked in his study—that much seemed certain. It was also certain that Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh had done it. There had been a dagger, or, according to other accounts, a revolver, in the affair. Some fellows said that Walker had narrowly escaped with his life—others,

that he hadn't quite escaped, being fearfully wounded—fatally or not was a matter of choice. Some fellows knew, or, at least, thought, that the police had been telephoned for.

It was considered very hard lines that the Head's door was shut, after the prefects had taken Hurree Singh into that dreaded apartment. Fellows were feverishly anxious to know what was going on there. Billy Bunter was in an agony of curiosity. But the solid oak door was shut; not a murmur of a voice was heard from within; and the eager crowd could only wait and watch.

## THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Not Guilty!

DR. LOCKE fixed his eyes sternly and grimly on the Nabob of Bhanipur, as that dusky youth stood before him.

Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh was doubtless the most bewildered fellow at Greyfriars at that moment. But he was quite cool and calm. Nothing could have surpassed his dusky equanimity. Wingate and Gwynne continued to hold his arms, after he was in the study; but the Head made them a gesture to release the junior, and they let him go and stood back. Walker of the Sixth was in the study, in a very perturbed and shaky state; and he moved farther away from the nabob as the prefects released him.

"Had—hadn't they better hold him, sir?" he stammered.

"Nonsense!" said Dr. Locke.

"If—if he's got it about him now, sir—"

"Nonsense!"

Dr. Locke did not seem in the best of tempers. He was, in fact, extremely annoyed and irritated. The matter was serious—frightfully serious—but it did not seem quite so tragic to the Head as it did to Walker. A flourished dagger, or a battery of cannon would not have frightened the headmaster of Greyfriars. He had little doubt—or rather, no doubt at all—that that flourished dagger had been intended to play on Walker's fears, and had been intended for no other use. Still, it was undoubtedly a fearfully serious matter, and the delinquent was sure of one thing—immediate expulsion from the school.

"Hurree Singh! You are aware, of course, of what Walker has reported to me?" said the Head, with grim sternness.

"Not in the leastfully, honoured sahib."

"I do not believe for one moment," said the Head, "that you intended to do anything with the weapon you displayed, but to cause Walker a foolish alarm. But such an action calls for the most condign punishment. You will be expelled from Greyfriars, Hurree Singh."

"Whyfully, sir?"

"For what you have done!"

"But what have I done?"

"Do you deny, Hurree Singh, that you concealed yourself in Walker's study, only a short time ago, threatened him with a weapon, and thus caused him to submit to an outrageous attack?"

"The denyfulness is terrific!"

"You deny it?" exclaimed the Head.

"Certainly! I have not been in the esteemed Walker's absurd study at all, honoured sahib."

The Head stared at him blankly. Then he turned a very grim look on Walker.

"Walker! You informed me that your assailant was this boy—"

"He was, sir!" said Walker.

"You recognised him?"



"I could not recognise him, sir, as he was disguised in a Guy Fawkes mask and a cloak, as I told you! but I knew his voice—he speaks English like no other fellow in the school."

"That is certainly the case!" said the Head. "Hurree Singh, if you persist in denial—"

"I am speaking with terrific truthfulness, sir! I have been nowhere near the esteemed Walker's study this evening."

Walker gave him a bitter look. There was no shadow of doubt in James Walker's mind! How could there be?

Certainly, he had seen nothing of his assailant under the disguise. But the fellow had spoken—unconsciously, of course—in the remarkable English which distinguished the Nabob of Bhanipur. There was absolutely no room for doubt in the matter.

"The fellow is lying, sir!" said

Walker. "He attacked me in my study—threatened my life—"

The nabob smiled gently. He knew now why Smithy had landed him on Monsieur Charpentier for that extra hour of French!

"If I have your esteemed permission to speak, honoured sahib," murmured Hurree Janset Ram Singh, gently, "I have been in the estimable company of Monsieur Charpentier since six o'clock, and—"

"That is false!" said Walker.

"The esteemed monsieur will bear out my statement, sir!" said the nabob meekly.

Walker started, and stared at him. He did not believe a word of it; but it seemed amazing that the dusky junior should make a statement so easily disproved by calling in the French master.

Dr. Locke looked perplexed.

"Do you seriously tell me, Hurree Singh, that you have been with

Monsieur Charpentier since six o'clock?" he ejaculated.

"Certainly, sir."

"I shall request Monsieur Charpentier to confirm your statement, Hurree Singh."

"I am terrifically sure that he will do so, sir," said the nabob. "I had only just left him when the excellent and execrable Wingate brought me to your illustrious presence."

"Wingate! Will you have the kindness to request Monsieur Charpentier to step here?"

The Greyfriars captain left the study. He passed through a buzzing, staring crowd, fellows of all forms, gathered at the corner of Head's Corridor. A dozen voices called to him, but he made no reply, hurrying away to fetch the French master. In a few minutes he came back, with the little French gentleman at his side; and the Bounder

(Continued on next page.)



Each week our Soccer expert, "Linesman," disposes of perplexing problems. Write to him, c/o The MAGNET, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, and watch for his reply in this weekly feature.

**A TIMELY HINT!**

**I**N some of our talks I have discussed the advisability of young players watching the star performers. This week I want to mention that some big football clubs are encouraging boys to attend their matches. The Sheffield Wednesday officials have just decided to issue every week to the schoolboys of the district one thousand free admission tickets to their matches. That's splendid news, and I hope to hear in due course from some of the many readers I have in the Sheffield area that they have been able to avail themselves of this privilege. I want you to write and tell me your impressions when you go to see these big matches.

At Liverpool, Blackburn, and a few other big football centres the same idea has been adopted.

*But I wonder if, without preaching unduly, I may drop a hint to the lads who are favoured with these free tickets. It is expected that they will go to watch; to cheer maybe, but not to criticise unduly the efforts of either their favourite team or the visitors.*

The enthusiasm of some of the boys of Blackburn, so I am told, rather outran their discretion. In their natural desire to see the Rovers win they went to the length of "booing" the players of the opposing side. This won't do. I know that grown-up spectators sometimes do this, but wouldn't it be nice if the watchers in the boys' "pens" set a good example to their elders? The boys of Blackburn who got a bit too excited had to be told about it.

**LEAGUE TABLE QUESTIONS!**

**A** "PUZZLED" reader of Wolverhampton sends me two questions concerning the make-up of the League tables, and asks for information. In the first place the positions of the clubs, provided the number of points are equal, are determined

by goal-average, of course. Now the way the decision as to which club has the better goal-average is obtained by a perfectly simple process. You can do it yourself. All you have to do is to divide the goals for by the goals against, and the bigger figures returned shows the side which has the better goal-average.

The other League table question in which my friend is interested concerns the "placings" of clubs whose points are equal, but who have played a different number of matches.

*The argument is that if two teams have each, say, fourteen points, and one has played ten matches and the other eleven matches, then the one which has only played ten matches should be placed above the club which has played eleven matches, irrespective of goal-average.*

It is a fact that some of the newspapers, in making up the League tables do this, the assumption being, I take it, that the side which has a match, or possibly two matches, in hand, is pretty sure to get at least one point. This does not necessarily follow, of course.

The trouble on this head is that there is no official ruling on the point. Strictly speaking, there is only one League table with which the authorities are concerned; that is the League table as it is made up at the end of the season, when all the teams have played the same number of matches. There is no official ruling on the way teams, level on points, should be placed during the course of the season when the number of matches played differs. And after all, it is the position at the end which matters, not in the middle, isn't it?

**A LESSON FROM THE SCOTS!**

**I**N a letter from a Scottish reader I sense some real patriotism. "I think you will have to admit," he says, "that Scottish football is better than English football." Well, I

have to give it to my Scottish correspondent that he has something to crow about. On two occasions this season—once in Glasgow and once in London—Glasgow Rangers and Arsenal have met. On the first occasion the Rangers won by two goals to nothing, and on the second occasion they won by three goals to one.

As the Rangers hold the title of Scottish champions, and Arsenal are English League champions, it is clear that, so far as the results of the duels show, the Rangers are the better side.

Not for a moment would I quarrel with this summary of the situation.

*I saw those matches, and have to agree that the Rangers were the more efficient footballers in the individual sense, and that they also made up a better team. A point which I am not going to argue about is whether Scottish football in general—that is, right through the Scottish League—is of a higher standard than English football.*

What really matters is that we should learn something from the Scots, and they can teach us things. Do you know what impressed me most when I saw Glasgow Rangers play? It was the fact that very rarely did a player kick the ball merely for the sake of getting rid of it. They didn't play trust-to-luck football. If the player in possession of the ball could not see one of his own men to whom he could pass with advantage, he hung on to the ball, trying to beat an opponent. That's real football!

Another thing which impressed me was that the Rangers players controlled the ball better than the average Arsenal player. Therein is the secret of success in football. Why the Scots should possess this secret to a greater extent than the English players is difficult to explain. Perhaps they get down to the fundamentals at an earlier age.

Let me tell a story of Bobby Walker which illustrates my point. You may remember that Walker was a great forward who played for Scotland twenty-nine times. When Walker was quite a lad, and before he joined any football team, he used to dribble a rag ball up and down certain streets in his native Edinburgh. And as he did so, he used to chant to himself: "One day I'll play for Hearts." He did play for Hearts, and for Scotland in due course! I don't need to point at the moral of that story: it is perfectly obvious. We can sum it up by using the old saying which you have perhaps written in your copy book. I certainly have written it. "Where there's a will there's a way."

"LINESMAN."



gave Harry Wharton & Co. a cheery wink!

In the Head's study there was silence—a grim silence—while they waited for Mossoo. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh was perfectly cool and calm, and Walker could see that he was confident. A feeling of uneasiness was growing up in Walker's breast. His assailant had been Hurree Singh—there could be no doubt about that! And if Hurree Singh had attacked him in his study at half-past six, obviously, Hurree Singh could not have been with the French master from six to seven! Yet what did his cool confidence mean?

The door opened to admit Wingate and the French master. Monsieur Charpentier made the Head his little polite Gallic bow.

"You wish to see me, *sair*, *n'est-ce pas?*" he said.

"Yes, Monsieur Charpentier. I desire to know whether this boy, Hurree Singh, has done any extra French with you since classes."

"Mais oui! Yes, *sair!*"

"At what time, *sir?*"

"He come to me at six hours—"

"At six o'clock?"

"Mais oui, *monsieur!* Six heures juste!"

"And when did he leave you, Monsieur Charpentier?"

"Sept heures—seven o'clock, *sair.*"

"You are sure of that, *monsieur?*"

"Mais tout-à-fait!" said the wondering French master. "J'en suis sûr, *sair!* Of zat I am ze most certain."

It seemed to Walker of the Sixth that his head was turning round and round. The statement of the French master, of course, was not to be doubted. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh had been with him for an hour, from six till seven. Obviously, therefore, Hurree Jamset Ram Singh had not been in Walker's study! What did it all mean?

Dr. Locke's face was very grim as he turned to the hapless prefect.

"Walker!"

"Oh! Yes, *sir!*" gasped Walker.

"At what time precisely was it that you were assailed in your study?"

"It was soon after half-past six, *sir.*"

"At that time, Walker, Hurree Singh was at a French lesson with Monsieur Charpentier, as you have just heard."

"Mais oui, *certainement!*" said Mossoo, with a nod.

"I—I—I—" stammered Walker.

"Obviously, it cannot have been Hurree Singh who was concealed in your study, and who frightened you, Walker," said the Head, putting it rather unpleasantly.

"I—I can't understand it, *sir!*" gasped Walker. "Nobody else at Greyfriars speaks queerly, like Hurree Singh, and—and—"

"In your alarm, Walker, you appear to have made a very serious mistake!" said the Head grimly.

"I—I am certain, *sir*, it was Hurree Singh. I—I mean, at least, the fellow spoke like Hurree Singh, and I—I naturally supposed—"

Walker stammered hopelessly.

Wingate and Gwynne exchanged glances. They were trying not to grin. "If I may make a suggestion, *sir*—" said Wingate.

"Certainly, Wingate, if you can throw any light on this extraordinary matter."

"The junior who whopped—I—I mean attacked—Walker, *sir*, was disguised, so that he could not be recognised, and I fancy he must have imitated Hurree Singh's manner of speaking, to throw Walker on the

wrong track, and give himself time to get clear."

Walker jumped. That explanation, simple as it was, had not occurred to him for a moment. But now that it was suggested he realised at once that Wingate had put his finger on the facts.

"Oh!" gasped Walker. "I—I see now! Oh!"

"I think you are right, Wingate," said the Head. "It was some other boy who played this prank on Walker. He deliberately led Walker to believe that he was Hurree Singh, while he made his own escape. After so much waste of time, I fear that it may be difficult to discover him, but you must use every endeavour."

"Oh, certainly, *sir!*"

"Hurree Singh, you may go! I am sorry that this unfounded accusation has been brought. You are, of course, completely cleared. You may go!"

"Thank you, *sir!*" said the nabob demurely; and he went.

Wingate and Gwynne followed him from the study, and Monsieur Charpentier—all smiling! Walker would have been glad to follow, also, but the Head had something to say to Walker.

The next ten minutes were horrid for Walker, as the Head talked to him, in such cutting tones as Dr. Locke seldom used. Obviously, the Head pointed out, his fears had been played upon by a practical joker. It was not a wildly-excitabile Oriental with a dagger, but a young rascal, laughing in his sleeve, who had frightened him in his study! He had not been in the slightest danger, as he would have known had he possessed the courage naturally to be expected of a Greyfriars man, and a Sixth-Former! He had submitted to a beating at the hands of a junior, in that state of unjustifiable terror, and had thus brought disgrace upon himself and upon the whole body of prefects! And the Head wound up—which was the unkindest cut of all—by informing Walker that he was no longer a prefect! Next term, the Head mentioned, he would consider reinstating him in that rank. For the present, he was no longer a prefect—and that was that!

Walker almost crawled from the study when the Head had done with him!

## THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

### The Fall of the Mighty!

"I SAY, you fellows—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say—" yelled Billy Bunter.

The Remove passage rocked with merriment. There were sounds of laughter all over Greyfriars; but in the Remove they roared and howled! Wingate and other prefects were still searching and inquiring, more or less, for the young rascal who had whopped Walker in his study. They were not likely to find him! All they could learn for certain was that it had not been Hurree Jamset Ram Singh! It might have been anybody else—and they had plenty of fellows to choose from to find the culprit! Certainly, a good many Removites could have enlightened them, but they were not likely to do so.

"Smithy's a nut!" chortled Bob Cherry. "Oh, Smithy! Fancy Walker whacked with his own ashplant—"

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

"And thinking it was Inky—and Inky mugging French with Mossoo all the time—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If we could only have seen Walker's face!" said Peter Todd. "Must have been in a blue funk to let a fellow whop him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good old Bounder!" chuckled Johnny Bull.

Smithy was the hero of the hour! Smithy had brought it off! Certainly, if he was spotted, it was likely to be the "long jump" for Smithy. But he was not going to be spotted! He had been too wary for that!

"Walker will never be able to hold his giddy head up in the prefects'-room after this!" said Harry Wharton.

"No fear! The Sixth will be down on him to a man!" chortled Bob Cherry. "The prefects are the jolly old Palladium of the school, you know—and the jolly old Palladium has been let down—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But I say, Walker will be on the warpath more than ever now!" remarked Skinner. "He will lead us a dog's life after this. He jolly well knows it was one of the Remove whopped him, though it wasn't Inky."

"The knowfulness is terrific!" agreed Hurree Singh. "The esteemed Walker will be preposterously infuriated."

"And a prefect can make fellows sit up if he likes!" said Snoop.

"I say, you fellows!" yelled Bunter. Billy Bunter had rolled up to the Remove passage, bursting with news.

"I guess Walker's come out at the little end of the horn this time!" remarked Fisher T. Fish. "But he will surely make us sit up and howl for it!"

"What's the odds, so long as you're 'appy?" said Bob Cherry.

"That's all very well," said Skinner. "But he will be simply ferocious after this—and a prefect has a lot of power."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Oh, shut up, Bunter!"

"Beast! I say, you haven't heard?" yelled Bunter, in great excitement. "I say, Walker—"

"More about Walker?" asked Nugent. "What's the latest about Walker?"

"He's not a prefect any longer!" yelled Bunter.

"Oh, my hat!"

"I've just heard it—he's not a prefect. The Head's pushed him out—"

"Hurrah!"

That was the finishing touch! Greatly as the Remove rejoiced in the discomfiture of the enemy, every fellow knew that it was a dangerous game to score over a prefect of the Sixth! Walker, who had been on the warpath before, might be expected to be worse than ever after such a score! He might be expected to strain his prefectorial powers to breaking-point in order to make the Remove suffer for their sins! But if Walker was no longer a prefect, the power was gone from his hands! No longer a prefect, he was simply a senior—of no more importance, officially, than any other senior in the school! This was great news!

"I say, you fellows, it's true—I heard Wingate say so! The Head's in a wax with him—"

"Hurrah!"

"And now we can jolly well tell Walker what we think of him!" grinned Billy Bunter. "I'm jolly well going to!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"By gum!" said Skinner. "We'll make him sorry for himself now."

"The sorrowfulness will be terrific!"

During prep that evening there was great glee in the Remove studies. Every fellow in the Form had suffered from Walker! Every fellow in the Form was thinking of getting his own back now that Walker was no longer a member of the august body of prefects. The Removites anticipated the morrow with glee.





“Urrrrrgh!” gurgled Walker, as the ink and soot clothed him as in a garment. “Urrgh! I’ll—yurrrgggggh!” “Are you sorry you’ve been a bad boy, Walker?” asked Wharton. “Ow! Keep off! Yes! Ow! Yes! Anything you like!” raved the prefect. “Stop it! Ow!”

At prayers in the morning every eye in the Remove turned on Walker. He was in his place with the Sixth; but not with the prefects. At breakfast he was no longer at the high table! Sixth Form men who were not prefects sat lower down, and Walker now sat with them. He sat with his eyes on his plate and a flush in his cheeks. It was observed that, when he made a remark to Loder, Loder did not seem to hear, but went on talking to Carne. After which Walker sat in dismal silence. Prefects were great men, and made that fact clear to lesser mortals. Loder and Carne were Walker’s pals; but if their palliness continued at all, it was certain to run on very lofty and patronising lines.

After brekker, when Walker went out into the quad, he went by himself. He glanced at Loder and Carne, but they walked away in another direction. He passed Bob Cherry in the quad, who was whistling. Whistling in the quad was “side” in a junior. It was not easy for Walker to remember and realise all at once that he was shorn of his mighty powers. Without thinking, he rapped out at Bob:

“Stop that! Take fifty lines, Cherry!”

Bob looked at him. “Hallo, hallo, hallo! Did you speak to me, fathead?” he asked.

“Wha-a-at?”  
“Fathead!”

Walker gasped! Calling a prefect a fathead meant six at least—and the previous day Walker would have ordered Bob to bend over and would have laid on the six with a will! But now—

Bob Cherry continued to whistle. Walker gave him a look and turned away. He had to remember that he was

no longer a prefect! Bob’s shrill and far from melodious whistle followed him as he went—till Sykes of the Sixth happened to come along, when a sharp kick stopped Bob’s whistle quite suddenly! Sykes was a prefect!

Hobson of the Shell, strolling in the quad, bore down on Walker! Hobby had had some experience of Walker “throwing his weight about” in his prefectorial days! Hobson did not speak, but, with a cheery grin, he knocked Walker’s hat off, and out. Walker plunged after his hat.

“He, he, he!” came a fat chuckle from Billy Bunter, who had watched Hobby’s action with great amusement. “He, he, he!”

Walker, goaded, spun round on the fat Owl of the Remove. He was no longer a prefect; but he was a Sixth Form man, not to be cackled at with impunity by a fat and fatuous Lower Fourth fellow! He made a stride at William George Bunter, and grasped him by a fat ear.

Bunter ceased to cackle quite suddenly! He roared instead.

“Yaroooh! Leggo my ear, you beast! Wow!”

Walker twisted that fat ear! Finding solace in the proceeding, he twisted it again! Billy Bunter’s frantic yells rang across the quad.

“Yow-ow-ow! Leggo! Beast! You’re not a prefect! Yah! Rotter! Leggo! Oh lor! I say, you fellows! Rescue! Whoooooop!”

Herbert Vernon-Smith came up at a run. After him came Bolsover major, Skinner, Squiff, Toddy, and three or four more Removites. They hurled themselves at James Walker. They could handle Walker now. And they did!

“Oh, my hat!” gasped Walker. “You

young scoundrels—yaroooh!—let go— Oh crumbs! Ow!”

Bump! Walker smote the quad with a mighty smite!

“Mop him up!” yelled Bolsover major.

“Hurrah!”  
“Bump him!”  
“Give him jip!”  
“Roll him over!”  
“Ha, ha, ha!”

“I say, you fellows, give a fellow a chance! I’m going to kick him! I say, make room for a chap!”

Bump, bump, bump! Thrice Walker of the Sixth smote the quad. He struggled and roared wildly.

“Give him beans!” yelled the Bounder.

“Ha, ha, ha!”

Walker was getting “beans.” He would have got many more beans had not Wingate of the Sixth spotted the scene and arrived with his ashplant! It was a dusty and dishevelled Walker that limped back to the House—wishing from the bottom of his heart that he had never gone on the warpath, and had let that troublesome Form, the Remove, severely alone!

## THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Queleh Blows In!

“NO football to-day!” sighed Bob Cherry.

“Rotten!” granted Johnny Bull.

“The rottenfulness is terrific!”

“We’ll take it out of Walker!” said the Bounder.

“Yes—there’s always Walker!” said Harry Wharton, laughing.



It was Saturday afternoon. Fortunately no fixture fell due that day. But it was a fine, clear day, and a half-holiday, and naturally the Remove men wanted to play Soccer. But there was no Soccer for the Remove. The Head's stern edict was still in force—detention every half-holiday for the whole Form till Mr. Quelch came back. Quelch, in sanny, was no doubt longing to be restored to his usual health and to resume his duties in the Lower Fourth. But probably even Quelch did not long so heartily as his Form did!

"I say, you fellows, I've heard that Quelch is coming out of sanny to-day," said Billy Bunter. "I heard Prout say so!"

"Not in time for us, though!" groaned Bob.

Promptly at two o'clock the Remove collected dutifully at the door of their Form-room, waiting for Mr. Lascelles to come and "take" them. Lascelles was detention master that afternoon, and he was going to give the Remove extra doses of geometry and algebra—two subjects which were far from popular with most of the form.

Still, after detention, they could "take it out" of Walker! That was a comfort! Walker, shorn of his prefectorial powers, would gladly have done with the Remove. But the Remove were not done with Walker! That was not to be expected! They had too many old scores to pay off—and the slate was by no means yet wiped clean! And that weary detention was largely Walker's fault! The Bounder found many willing hearers when he propounded a jape on Walker to follow detention. It was something to look forward to, while suffering under geometry and algebra!

Up to the last moment, before Larry Lascelles came to let them into the Form-room, the Removites hoped to see the angular figure of Mr. Quelch in the offing. But Quelch did not appear—and Lascelles did! If Quelch was coming out of sanny that day, he had not yet come! But the mathematics master was punctual—a virtue which the Remove did not appreciate in the very least! They would really have preferred Larry to slack like Walker, and would not have minded how long they had to wait for him! But, prompt to the minute, Mr. Lascelles arrived and let them into the Form-room—and geometry was the order of the day!

But even detention, like all things, comes to an end at last. At long, long last came the welcome word:

"Dismiss!"

Mr. Lascelles departed. The Removites, after he had gone, went back into the Form-room. They had business there, following detention—not unconnected with Walker of the Sixth. Only Vernon-Smith strolled away to the Sixth Form studies.

James Walker—no longer having the sight of admittance to the prefects' room—was in his study, and Smithy heard his voice as he came up the passage. Walker was talking to his fag—and, judging by the sound of his voice, the second Form "man" who fagged for Walker was getting the benefit of Walker's bad temper.

The Bounder threw the door carelessly open.

Walker stared round at him.

"You cheeky young sweep!" he exclaimed. "What—"

"I've got this for you, Walker!" said Vernon-Smith. He held up his hand. There was a ripe, red tomato in it.

"What the thump do you mean? What the— Whoooooop!" roared Walker, as the tomato flew, and squashed on his nose.

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"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Bounder.

Walker dabbed furiously at the tomato. His face was almost as red as that tomato, with rage. He made a spring across the study. Walker was no longer a prefect, and had lost the power of the ashplant! But he was a Sixth-Former, and could thrash any junior who cheeked him—unofficially! And he jumped at the Bounder, with the intention of collaring him, and giving him the thrashing of his life.

Vernon-Smith promptly bolted down the passage. After him rushed Walker, in fierce pursuit. He turned into another passage, and another, with the Sixth-Former panting vengefully at his heels. He scudded down the Form-room passage, with Walker's outstretched hand almost touching his shoulder, and bolted into the Remove-room like a rabbit into a burrow.

After him rushed Walker, happy in the knowledge that he had cornered the cheeky young rascal, where he could not escape. It did not occur to Walker—till it was too late—that the astute Bounder had deliberately led him there, into a trap already laid—at a safe distance from the Sixth. Walker made that interesting discovery when the door was slammed, and a crowd of grinning juniors surrounded him.

"Oh!" gasped Walker, halting suddenly. He made a jump back to the door—but half a dozen Removites already had their backs to it.

"No exit!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"You young sweeps!" gasped Walker. He realised that he was in the hands of the Philistines. "You—you young villains—hands off! Oh, my hat! I—I—I'll— Whoooooop!"

The juniors closed in on Walker like the waves of the sea. Hands innumerable grasped him on all sides. Walker, desperate, hit out, and struggled frantically. But it availed not! He was swept off his feet, and rolled on the floor of the Form-room.

"Where's your ashplant, Walker? Going to give us six?" chirped Skinner.

"Going to give us lines, Walker?" giggled Snoop.

"Going to report us to the Head?" chuckled Peter Todd.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oooooogh!" gurgled Walker. Never had he realised so clearly how he had fallen from his high estate. Only a short time ago he had walked in state, his official ashplant under his arm, and fags had trembled at his frown! Now he was a fellow who could be ragged—and who, evidently, was going to be ragged!

"Ink!" roared the Bounder.

Ink was speedily forthcoming! Ink-wells galore were up-ended over Walker! He streamed with ink! He was drenched with ink! He lived, moved, and had his being in ink! He was of the ink, inky!

He gurgled and gasped and roared! But there was no help for him! Nobody was about the Form-rooms on a half-holiday, and there were no ears to hear!

"Soot!" howled Smithy.

"Oh, my hat! Ha, ha, ha!"

Skinner shovelled down soot from the chimney. The juniors backed away from Walker as it was scattered over him. They did not want any.

Walker was welcome to all of it—and he got it! He got it in showers. He was clothed in soot as in a garment, and it stuck to the ink—all over Walker he was inky or sooty or both!

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Is that enough? Do you think you've had enough, Walker?"

"Urrrrgh!" gurgled Walker. "You young demons—urrrrgh!—I'll—urrgh!—I'll—yurrrgggh!"

"A little more soot, Walker?"

"Ooogh! Keep off! Oooooogh!"

"Are you sorry you've been a bad boy, Walker?"

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

"Ow! Keep off! Yes! Ow! Anything you like! Stoppit!" raved Walker. "Oh crumbs! Oh crikey! Ow!"

"He's sorry!" chuckled the Bounder. "Shall we let him off with that, or make him sorrier?"

"Let him off!" said Harry Wharton, laughing. "I think that will do! Line up by the door and kick him as he goes! Every fellow to take one kick."

"Hear, hear!"

"Open the door! Now, Walker!"

The Form-room door was flung wide open. The Removites lined up, in a double row, on either side of the doorway. Walker, inky, sooty, breathless, dragged, dishevelled, staggered to his feet. He was anxious to escape—but he hesitated to charge through that waiting double row of grinning juniors—every fellow with his right foot drawn back.

"Hook it, Walker!"

"Run for it, old bean!"

"Put it on!"

"Get Quelch's cane and start him."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bolsover major got Quelch's cane from the desk and started Walker with a terrific swipe. In sheer desperation he ran. There was surging and kicking on both sides of him as he charged towards the door—and loud howls as some of the kicks landed at the wrong addresses. But plenty of them landed on Walker—and he bounded for the doorway in a desperate burst of speed—just as a tall, angular figure coming up the passage reached it from the outside.

Mr. Quelch—out of sanny at last and newly restored to his Form—looked in at the doorway. He had arrived at a rather unfortunate moment for everybody concerned.

Quelch looked in and had a brief vision of an inky, sooty Sixth-Former charging between rows of juniors lunging with their boots—and then Walker crashed.

"Oh!" ejaculated Mr. Quelch, as he sat down.

"Oh, my hat! Quelch!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Oh lor'!"

"What—what—what—" Quelch was gurgling under Walker. "What—what—what—upon my word! What—"

"Yurrrgh! Urrrrgh!"

Walker rolled, as Mr. Quelch hurled him off. Quelch rose to his feet—terrible in his wrath. A considerable quantity of soot had been transferred from Walker to Quelch—the Remove master was daubed with it. His gimlet eyes gleamed at his Form. The Remove were silent now. Only a few seconds ago they had been roaring with laughter. But nobody was laughing now!

"What—what—who is that?" Mr. Quelch gazed at Walker, who was quite unrecognisable. "Who are you? What—what—"

Walker did not stay to answer. The way of escape was open, and Walker took it. Leaving a trail of soot behind him, he fled.

Mr. Quelch looked at his Form.

"This, I presume, is what you would call a rag?" he inquired coldly.

"Hem!"

"It appears," said Mr. Quelch, "that my Form has got very considerably out of hand during my absence."

"Hem!"

"It will be necessary," said Mr.

(Continued on page 23.)



# UMZUGAAN, THE MIGHTY!

By  
ROLAND HUNTER.

## Meeting Cunning with Cunning!

**U**MZUGAAN, the Mighty, skirted the kopje and paused by a rippling stream of clear water that ran down to the valley. The day was hot, and the dust of the veld seemed to be thick in his dry throat and lining his parched mouth.

He went down on all fours and set his eager mouth to the cool water to drink. But as he drank a strange expression crept into his eyes. He listened intently, then turned his head and set one ear close to the surface of the running water.

He heard voices. Umzugaan did not know what a telephone was, but he knew all there was to know about the native means of communication, of which there are many. He knew the language of the throbbing drums, and the speech of the smoke of fires. He also knew that one could whisper close to the surface of running water, and the sound of the voice would be carried downstream to be heard many miles away by those waiting at the right spot and at the right time.

Now he heard his own name mentioned in a voice which he recognised as the voice of Masasi, the witch-doctor! He listened intently.

"Masasi speaks to Intali. Behold, Umzugaan hath passed by the kopje of the Three Stones. In one hour he will be at the Klierdorp huts. Now remember the cup I spoke of, O Intali, and do as I instructed thee. So shall we rid ourselves of this peril!"

The voice ceased, and Umzugaan straightened himself. He had lost the trail of Masasi, the devil-man, because feet leave no marks on the rocks of the kopjes. When his father had come to an untimely end under the claws of Masasi's black lion, Umzugaan swore to avenge his death. He had guessed from the first that the death of his father had been arranged by Intali, now headman at Klierdorp, who had bribed Masasi to bring his black lion for the purpose.

Six moons leave of absence had been granted Umzugaan in order that he might pursue the black lion and slay it in accordance with his vow. He had slain the lion, and he also knew that Intali had plotted the whole thing with Masasi. Now Intali must die and Masasi must die.

Umzugaan had trailed Masasi southward from the tropical forest north of the Zambesi, only to lose the trail amongst the rocks of the veld. He guessed that the devil-man would hasten to Klierdorp to warn Intali of the vengeance that was coming, and he had been right. Masasi was somewhere up the rocky hillside by the rippling stream that ran down the valley within a mile of Klierdorp, while somewhere below Intali was listening for news.

Umzugaan hesitated. Should he retrace his steps, following the course of the stream, and slay Masasi before he entered the huts of his father, or should he continue on and slay Intali first? He made up his mind to go to Klierdorp. If he went after Masasi he would lose time finding the lair of the devil-man. Intali had been warned of his coming. He would see what Intali was preparing



Masasi fought madly, but Umzugaan held him in a vice-like grip. To and fro they struggled until, with a scream, the devil-man lost his footing, and both slithered off the edge of the precipice!

for him by way of reception. Besides, his six moons leave of absence expired at sunset, and he must not lose his status as a member of the kraal by overstaying that leave.

He scorned concealment after that and followed the beaten trail over the rocky veld to the huts of Klierdorp. For a mile or more he climbed the ridge until he stood on the crest and gazed down at the kraal where by rights he should have been headman, and where his father had been done to death by the cunning of Intali.

He drew in his breath sharply and, grasping his spears, advanced down the path to the kraal. He saw that within the palisade around the clustered huts there was something unusual going on. And as he watched he saw the warriors streaming out on to the open veld.

He paused, wondering what was afoot. He saw the warriors line up as if to charge the foe—a long line fully a quarter of a mile from end to end. Every man was in warlike array, with plumes on their heads and at their knees, their great war shields of rhinoceros hide held before them, their spears brandished aloft.

Their battle cry echoed and thundered over the wide veld as they charged for a hundred yards or more, then suddenly stopped. Every man crouched down behind his shield, and at a signal from their leader, whom Umzugaan recognised even at that distance as his treacherous uncle Intali, they rose as one man, raised their spears, thundered their battle cry, and charged onwards.

There was no foe in sight. Umzugaan alone stood there facing them. The whole thing puzzled him, for Intali had no cause to welcome him home. But he remembered the voice of Masasi

whispering on the surface of the stream, and he decided to meet cunning with cunning.

He stood there like a bronze statue while the Zulu impi charged madly towards him, their spears levelled at his breast. Then, as one man, they halted, the spears were raised, pointing to the sky, and a thundering roar of welcome set the rocks ringing.

Intali faced Umzugaan, a smile of welcome on his crafty face.

"We greet thee, O Umzugaan," he said. "Behold, thou hast slain the black lion of Masasi and fulfilled thy vow. The ring of rhinoceros hair awaits thee at the hands of Zwengu, the Wise One. Behold, thou hast proved thyself a warrior!"

Umzugaan frowned at his uncle.

"Who told thee I slew the black lion?" he asked sharply.

Intali was not to be caught easily, and he had his answer ready.

"The smoke of many fires carried the story," he said. "Thus we knew that the black lion of Masasi was found dead in a cave. Who else could have slain the animal, but Umzugaan, the Mighty? We saw thee coming home over the ridge and we are here to greet thee."

Umzugaan said nothing, and there was no expression on his face. The impi formed up around him and they marched down towards the huts, singing his praises as they went.

"Umzugaan, the Mighty! Who can stand against him? Hath he not slain the black lion of Masasi? Here is Umzugaan, the son of Umzugaan!"

They passed through the gate in the palisade, and the youths and the women were there to greet the new warrior, singing and beating the drums. The



party marched to the centre of the village where the greybeards waited.

Zwengu set on Umzugaan's head the ring of rhinoceros hair that would mark him as a full-fledged Zulu warrior. The people shouted and the drums throbbed louder.

Intali led Umzugaan into his hut and sat him down on the couch and brought him a gourd of native beer.

"It is the law," he said. "Drink, Umzugaan, and taste my hospitality!"

Umzugaan remembered the voice of Masasi that had whispered along the stream, and a strange light came into his eyes.

"So be it," he said. "But first fetch the wise men of the kraal that I may thank them."

Intali was not sure what to make of that, but he could not refuse the request. He turned his back on Umzugaan, and went to the door of the hut to call for Zwengu.

Umzugaan set down the gourd of beer behind the couch and picked up an empty gourd. When Intali returned with the greybeards he saw Umzugaan seated there with an empty gourd in his hand, and his brows came down over his eyes in a puzzled frown.

Umzugaan flung the gourd aside, and rose to his feet.

"For the welcome home, I thank thee!" he said, in his booming voice. "Behold, I slew the black lion that slew my father. But the killing was plotted by Intali. He shall fight me!"

Instantly there was an uproar, and Intali noisily protested his innocence.

"Masasi hath bewitched him!" he cried. "I say I know nothing of the business!"

"Thou liest!" roared Umzugaan, and from under the hide of the black lion which he wore across his shoulders he took the god of his fathers, which Masasi had given to the Voodoo worshippers, and which Umzugaan had taken from them. "This have I brought him!" Umzugaan continued. "Now, tell me, O Intali, thou father of falsehood, how did Masasi get the family god from my father's hut? Hear me—I accuse thee! I speak the truth!"

Intali sneered in his face. "Masasi hath bewitched thee! Thou art mad! Thou shalt be imprisoned outside the village, thou madman!"

The taunt stung Umzugaan, and he forgot himself. With a cry of rage, he hurled himself at Intali, took him by the throat, and proceeded to shake the life out of him.

Zwengu, the wise one, cried out hoarsely, and half a dozen stalwart warriors seized Umzugaan and hauled him off Intali, who collapsed in a heap on the ground, quivering with fear.

"Thou wert wrong to attack Intali!" said Zwengu sternly. "The god of thy father which thou hast brought home is not sufficient proof against Intali. Let the wise men judge for thee. We have heard thy voice against Intali. Behold, thou shalt go unarmed to the Valley of Truth, and pass the night there. If thou art alive in the morning then shall we know that thou speakest nothing save the truth!"

Umzugaan stood very erect, and faced them all. He knew he had made a mistake in losing his temper. It would have been better to have forced Intali to drink of the beer in the gourd. But it was too late now. He must stand the test of his tribe.

"So be it," he said. "The sun sinks in an hour. I go."

Umzugaan walked out of the village

unarmed, and away over the veld to the hills. Some distance behind him walked half a dozen warriors whose duty it was to make sure he entered the Valley of Truth before sunset, and did not come out until sunrise.

### A Clever Ruse!

UMZUGAAN knew what was before him, but he did not flinch. He never once looked back, but continued on his way until he came to the deep kloof between the rocky hills. On either side of him the cliffs rose, almost impossible to climb. And the floor of the valley was teeming with snakes of all kinds and sizes.

They hissed at him as he walked, and raised their venomous heads to glare at the intruder with beady eyes. If he trod on one it would mean death. And when the sun sank he would not be able to see where he was setting his feet.

Umzugaan moved carefully, leaping this way and that way as snakes struck at him, until he came to a spot where the reptiles were not so thick. He walked on and on into the gloomy valley, until it wound round, and a buttress of rock hid him from the view of the six warriors, who remained out on the veld to make sure he stood the test of truth.

Umzugaan knew that this was no real test at all, for no man could remain all night in that valley and live. Umzugaan cared nothing for such things, nor for the so-called magic of Masasi, the witch-doctor. But he had to pass the test in order to influence Zwengu and the people of his village, and keep the vow he had made to his father.

He suspected that the beer Intali had given him to drink was poisoned, and no doubt Intali, thinking he had consumed the beer, was even now wondering why he had not dropped dead. If he had done so, Intali would have blamed the magic of Masasi; but Umzugaan still lived!

The young Zulu made up his mind what to do. He began to run, although

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the light was fading. Here, in the centre of the Valley of Truth, the snakes were thicker than ever. He leapt over them. He kicked at their striking heads with his bare feet, darting this way and that.

The sun was almost below the horizon of the veld now, and in the depths of the Valley of Truth was gloom and darkness.

Still Umzugaan ran, and eventually he came out at the far end. He was the first man, as far as he knew, to pass through the whole length of that awful valley.

He gazed now over the veld, with the forest barely two miles away. Within half a mile of the valley grazed a herd of wild buffaloes. Umzugaan watched them, and moved off to one side.

He was out of the valley, but he had to return there and stay for the night!

Far away a lion roared, and the buffaloes stirred uneasily, nosing the air. Umzugaan crept round to the far side of the herd, so that the buffaloes were between him and the Valley of Truth. The sun was half its bulk below the horizon. It would soon be dark.

Umzugaan drew the skin of the black lion over his head, and remained there on all fours. The nearest buffalo was only fifty yards from him. He crept even nearer, greatly daring, and suddenly raised his head to roar like a lion. Often he had heard lions roar, and he knew the sound. He was grunting like a hunting lion, then roaring and snarling.

The buffaloes had not suspected the presence of a lion so close to them. They reared, and fled away madly towards the Valley of Truth. The leader saw the rocks and veered aside, but Umzugaan was on his feet now and running to head him off, waving the lion's skin madly around his head. He threw small rocks, too, and the leader, stricken with panic at something he could not understand, headed for the only means of escape he saw—the entrance of the Valley of Truth.

Umzugaan was running as close on the heels of the herd as he could, roaring and shouting, and waving his lion's skin. The setting sun made him appear a grotesque figure, and the short-sighted buffaloes did not stop to investigate. They followed their leader in a rush down the winding length of the valley.

They covered the floor of the valley from side to side, and a great hissing went up and echoed amongst the rocks, mingling with the echoing thunder of the charging herd.

They vanished down the gloomy kloof, and the sound of their hoofs rumbled away in the distance as a great cloud of dust rose high above the hill-tops.

Umzugaan paused to rest. The sun was sinking in the west. The young Zulu sniffed the air. He smelt man—he smelt water. He wanted water most of all, and found the stream where it left the rocks to wind round the hills to the valley on the far side.

He stooped and drank. And then he remembered how he had heard the voice of Masasi whisper to Intali. This must be the same stream, but higher up. Masasi must be here somewhere!

Umzugaan was cautious. He looked about him, and something swaying in the evening breeze high up the cliff caught his eyes. It hung outside a cave. It was the skin of a dead monkey, and it meant that the cave was the dwelling of a medicine-man!

Umzugaan's eyes narrowed, then he dived in amongst the rocks, and, passing



cautiously from cover to cover, began to climb up the slope, following the course of the rippling stream.

Higher and higher he went until he reached the ledge where the cave was, with the floor of the Valley of Truth far below him. In the fast fading light he crept towards the mouth of the cave. The scent of man was strong now. Masasi was there! He felt sure it must be Masasi!

And he was right, for the devil-man himself suddenly charged out of the cave, a knife in his hand.

Umzugaan dodged aside, then leapt in and grasped the devil-man's knife-wrist, and the next second the two were locked in a deadly embrace. Tighter and tighter Umzugaan gripped that wrist until the bones cracked under his fingers, and the knife fell tinkling on the rocks, while Masasi cried out with pain.

"Spare me!" pleaded Masasi. "And I will speak the truth. Intali paid me to bring the black lion to Klierdorp."

"To slay my father?" queried Umzugaan.

"Even so!" panted Masasi, in terror. "He paid in cowry shells and mealies, and his golden gourd. They are even now in the cave!"

Umzugaan arose, anger in his eyes, and went towards the cave. Before he could reach it, however, a faint sound behind him made him dart aside. He was only just in time, for Masasi had snatched another knife from his belt and had tried to stab him in the back.

Umzugaan closed with the devil-man, and this time there was no mercy in his heart. The treachery of the act made him cold with rage. Masasi saw his end coming and strove to avert it. He fought madly, but Umzugaan held him in a vice-like grip, one hand on his knife wrist, the other on his throat.

To and fro they thrashed as the sun sank, knocking against the rocks and recoiling until, with a scream, Masasi lost his footing, and they both slithered off the ledge over the precipice.

Umzugaan let go of Masasi and clutched at the face of the cliff. His hands grasped the tough plants that grew from the crevices and he hung on, while the devil-man went hurtling down into the shadows below.

Inch by inch Umzugaan drew himself up again to the ledge, and when he rolled over to safety, he lay there panting until his strength returned. Then he arose and entered the cave of Masasi. In one dark corner, under a heap of hides, he found the shells, some of the mealies, and the gold cup that every man in Klierdorp would know at once belonged to Intali.

Here was proof that could not be denied. Intali had never told a soul that his gold cup no longer rested in his own hut. But when Umzugaan returned with it, who could doubt then?

Umzugaan took only the gold cup, fastened it to his belt, and then clambered down the side of the hill, and entered the Valley of Truth as the moon rose over the hill-tops.

He found the dead body of Masasi, and, raising it on his broad shoulders, carried it into the valley with him. The snakes were still there, but the great majority of them had been pounded to death under the hoofs of the panic-stricken buffaloes, just as Umzugaan had planned.

The young Zulu went to the centre of the valley, and seeing a ridge in the cliff face, he laid the body of Masasi on a boulder, and climbed to the ridge. Although the buffaloes had killed thousands of snakes, there were still some left alive, and it was not wise to run risks. Umzugaan laid down on the

narrow ledge and slept out of their reach, while the rock rabbits ran over his still body, and the vultures waited on the hill-top for dawn, believing him dead.

Umzugaan was weary and weak from loss of blood, but when the sun rose he felt as strong as ever. He clambered down to the floor of the valley.

Umzugaan had no fears, yet he walked warily. The gold cup of Intali was hidden under the skin of the black lion he wore, and he carried the dead body of Masasi over his shoulders.

**Victory at Last!**

**T**HE six waiting warriors watched him with bulging eyes when he emerged from the Valley of Truth!

They were too amazed to speak, and Umzugaan said not a word to them. He just trudged along with his burden, down to the kraal, where the wise men and the warriors waited in the centre of the clustered huts.

A deathly silence fell over Klierdorp. Intali stood at the door of his hut, quivering with fear, his beady eyes roving this way and that. Umzugaan advanced without a word, and deposited the dead body of Masasi at his feet.

"Here is thy ally, O Intali!" he said hoarsely. "Here is the man thou didst bribe to bring about the death of my father. His magic can aid thee no longer!"

Intali recoiled, terror in his eyes. "It's a lie!" he cried. "If Masasi could speak he would tell thee so!"

"Masasi cannot speak," retorted Umzugaan. "But see thy gold cup which was in his cave!"

The young Zulu took the vessel from under the lion's skin and flung it down at Intali's feet.

The effect was amazing. Intali went

back against his own doorpost in fear and trembling, while Umzugaan advanced towards him menacingly.

"To be headman of Klierdorp thou didst plot this thing. Thou didst let me go to fulfil my vow of vengeance, hoping I should perish by the way. Yet I returned, O Intali, and Masasi told thee how to kill me when I arrived."

"'Tis a lie!" gasped Intali.

Umzugaan thrust him aside and darted into his hut. He went to the couch, which was set close to the wall of the hut. He stretched over with his hand and found the gourd of beer still there. He picked it up and brought it outside, thrusting it under Intali's nose.

"Here is the beer thou gavest me to drink. Now, if I lie, drink it thyself, O Intali! Drink, I say!"

His voice was raised to a shout. Intali retreated before him out into the centre of the village.

"W-why should I drink?" stammered Intali.

"Thou shalt drink of the greeting prepared for me!" cried Umzugaan, and reaching out with one hand he grasped the treacherous headman by the arm.

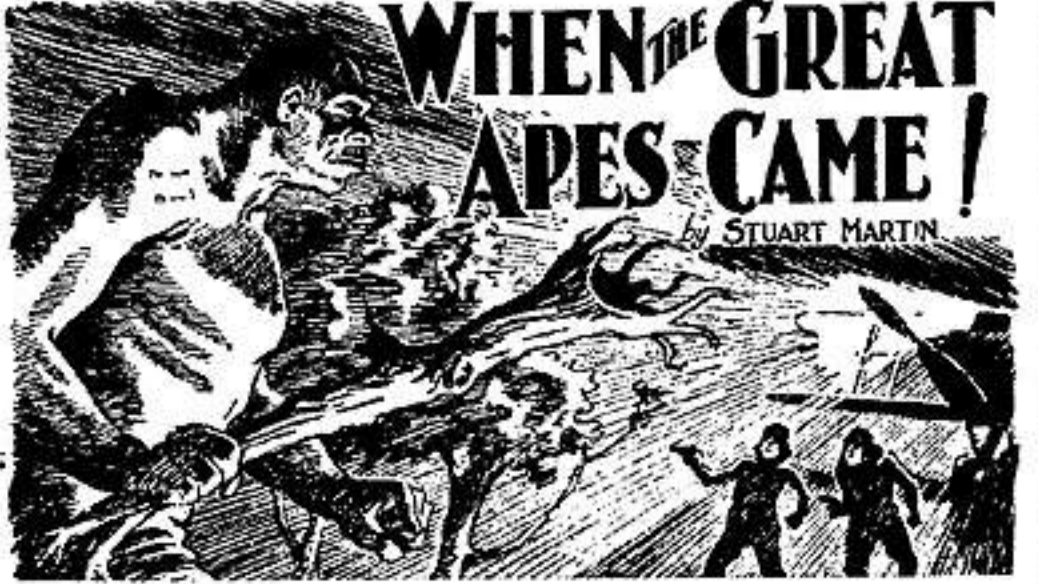
But Intali was desperate. He dashed the gourd from Umzugaan's hand, and, snatching a spear from a warrior standing near by, he lunged with it at his tormentor.

Umzugaan swerved sharply so that the blade of the spear passed harmlessly over his shoulder; then he, too, snatched a spear. In a flash he was fighting Intali. Foot to foot they fought, and Umzugaan forced his adversary back, wounding him in the arm, and driving him back ruthlessly.

"Where are my kinsmen?" cried Intali hoarsely. "Is there none to help me?"

*(Continued on next page.)*

**Thrilling Story of Amazing Adventure  
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**Commencing in Next Week's BUMPER FREE GIFT ISSUE of  
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Six stalwart warriors rushed to the rescue—the relations of Intali who had profited by Intali's evil schemes. Umzugaan dropped back, planted his back against the wall of the hut and fought madly. The greybeards squatted down to watch. The other warriors were too amazed to interfere.

Umzugaan fought furiously against overwhelming odds, while a dog came and licked up the beer that had been spilled from the gourd.

So gallantly and cleverly did Umzugaan fight that three men went down before his thrusting spear, and a fourth reeled back sorely wounded. Intali was in the background, but Umzugaan never once lost sight of him.

The young Zulu was wounded, but he felt no pain. Yet another man staggered back, stricken so that he would not engage in that fight again. Umzugaan had his spear knocked from his hand, but with a wild charge he scattered his foes, seized one man in his strong hands, raised him over his head, and flung him at the nearest opponent. Both fell, stunned and bruised, in a heap on the ground. Umzugaan snatched at a fallen spear and with a leap was upon Intali.

The headman strove to defend himself, but as he lunged he seemed to fall on Umzugaan's spear. A great cry went up, and Umzugaan stepped back. Intali lay dying on the ground, and close by was the dog that had been licking up the beer spilled from the gourd.

The greybeards of Kliecorp were on their feet, pressing forward, with the warriors close behind them. The dog was lying on its side, trying to raise its head, yet sinking lower and lower. And as the whole village watched, the animal slumped down in a limp heap, stretched out its limbs, and died.

The beer had been poisoned!

"Have I lied, O Intali?" cried Umzugaan.

The stricken Intali gazed up at him and shook his head.

"Thou hast spoken truth," he said, almost in a whisper. "I have failed."

That was all. His head drooped, and he died there before his own hut.

Zwengu, the Wise One, came forward and saluted Umzugaan with upraised spear.

"Behold—the headman of Kliecorp—Umzugaan, the Mighty! Thou hast passed the test of truth, and proved thyself a warrior. Thou hast crushed falsehood and evil under thy heel. Henceforth, Umzugaan, the son of Umzugaan, is headman in Kliecorp!"

And the assembled warriors saluted him with wild shouts.

"Umzugaan, the son of Umzugaan! Umzugaan, the Mighty!"

They escorted Umzugaan to the council hut and sat him on the raised seat covered with a lion's skin, but the skin of the black lion was about Umzugaan's shoulders. As his father had sat there before him, so Umzugaan sat there now, and the shadow of Masasi, the devil-man, no longer hung over Kliecorp.

There was little fighting in Kliecorp after that. The kraal was wisely ruled by Umzugaan, the Mighty, and prospered, and no medicine-man dared go near the place. For Umzugaan cared nothing for magic. All was peace now!

THE END.

(Whatever you do, chums, don't miss the opening chapters of: "WHEN THE GREAT APES CAME"—a stirring story telling of the amazing activities of Big Ling, the super-ape-man, and his jungle army—which will appear in next week's special Free Gift Number of the MAGNET.)

**DOWN WITH THE TYRANT!**

(Continued from page 24.)

Quelch, "for order to be restored in this Form. Is that my cane, Bolsover?"

"Ye-e-es!"

"Hand it to me, please!"

Mr. Quelch took the cane. He swished it in the air.

"You will leave the Form-room one by one and bend over as you go!" he remarked cheerily. "Place a chair there. Wharton! Thank you! Now—"

It was a painful procession! For some time the sound of swishing was incessant. It was clear that Quelch had lost none of his old vigour in the sanatorium. Indeed, he seemed to be packed with energy. The Removites had been eager to hear that Quelch was out of sanny. Now they rather wished that he had stayed there a little longer.

When they had recovered, the Remove were glad that they had Quelch back again. Detentions, at all events, were over. Walker of the Sixth was glad, too—it gave him a rest from the Remove. Walker had had enough—more than enough—much more than enough—of that Form, and it was probable that, even when he got his prefectship back the heroes of the Remove would be troubled no more by Walker the Tyrant.

THE END.

(Now watch out for next week's **Bumper FREE GIFT NUMBER** of the **MAGNET** which will contain the first of a grand new series of Greyfriars yarns, entitled: "THE GREYFRIARS STRONG MAN!" and the **FIRST SET of SUPER PICTURE STAMPS**, together with a **HANDSOME ALBUM** in which to put them. Be sure to order your copy **EARLY!**)

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**SKINNER'S DANCING CLASS**  
Members are specially requested to make a point of turning up next Monday evening. Microphones have been installed to enable Messrs. Chunkley's to make a gramophone record of an earthquake.

**FIRST AID OUTFIT WANTED**  
Take it to the Fourth Passage at once. Now that the Remove have won their first footer match against the Fourth, we hear that Temple's frightfully cut up!

# THE NEW Greyfriars Herald



**INHALE SNEEZO**  
One spot on your hanky makes you sneeze for ten minutes and gets you excused lessons for the rest of the morning. Neyer fails!—“SNEEZO MANUFACTURING CO.,” Study No. 11, Remove.

**FREAKISH FOOTBALLER**  
Seeks place in mental home team or other seawtable club. Pitiful at inside-right and worse still in any other position. Good at hopscotch and marbles.—HORACE COKER, Fifth Form.

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## MY WORST & BEST EXPERIENCES!



If I live to the age of one hundred I shall always recall the dreadful incident which happened to me one bright summer vacation. I had been practising scales in the music-room at home for twelve hours without a break. The scene comes back to me as I write—the cool, shady music-room looking out on to the twilight garden through the French windows, which were opened wide so that the neighbours should be able to enjoy the harmony. It was a scene of sublime serenity.

Then came the bolt from the blue. A wild-eyed man with an axe in his hand and a positively demonic look on his face leaped over the garden wall and rushed towards me. It was our next-door neighbour!

I could see that he was in the grip of some mad, frenzied impulse. To have remonstrated with him would have been worse than useless. I fled. From behind the door I watched him. And what should the demented

### If Billy Bunter—

will kindly return the box of chocolates he purloined from me five minutes ago, he'll be spared the painful process of eating the mustard that's inside them.—R. CHERRY, Study No. 13, Remove.

N.B.—Judging by the yells coming from his study, this warning comes too late!

creature do, but deliberately set about my piano with his axe till he had well-nigh reduced it to matchwood! What could have induced him to act in such a manner puzzles me to this day. He had never previously displayed signs of insanity, and on this particular day he had acted in a perfectly normal way, apart from the fact that he had sent in half a dozen messages requesting me to stop practising.

Whatever the explanation, I trust that I shall never again undergo such a terrifying ordeal.

My best experience was when Count Erpoint's Philharmonic Orchestra played my unfinished symphony at the Albert Hall—and I conducted! It was a great occasion, and no mistake. A sea of faces looked up at me, ten thousand voices cheered deafeningly, and the great orchestra responded nobly to my every gesture.

The worst of it was that before I had got half-way through the symphony I woke up!

(Next week's Experiences are by Cecil Reginald Temple.)

### Dicky Nugent's

**Weekly Wisdom**

When my majer told me he was about to give me a peecce of his mind, I was quite serprized to receive a lekture.

What I had eggspected to get was a portion of sawdust!

## “POCKET” PREFECT'S PLAINT

### Caned by Own Brother

A Greyfriars prefect caned by his own brother in public! It's incredible—grotesque—fantastic! BUT IT'S TRUE!

We need hardly tell you that the prefect was Coker minor, the midget of the Sixth. Nor is it necessary to add that the incident has added considerably to the resentment already felt throughout the school at Coker minor's promotion to the rank of a school prefect.

The way it came about was rather funny. Coker minor stopped Bunter in the quad and reminded him that he hadn't delivered an impot he had ordered Bunter to do.

Even Bunter feels no fear of Coker minor. His response to Coker minor's inquiry was: “Call yourself a prefect? Why, I'd make a jolly sight better prefect than you myself, any day! Yah!”

After that Bunter deemed it expedient to roll away. But he hadn't got far before somebody's thumb and forefinger closed over his fat ear and somebody roared: “Checking a prefect, you fat freak, eh? I'll show you!”

It was Coker major of the Fifth! Coker major, who has been his minor's guardian angel since the appointment was made, was furious. Apparently, he regarded Bunter's remark as a blot on the family escutcheon. At any rate, he came down on Bunter like a ton of bricks.

Before Bunter quite realised what was happening he was being dribbled all round the quad—with Coker major's big boots doing the dribbling stuff!

Naturally, Bunter yelled. Naturally, a crowd gathered. As for Coker minor, his jaw dropped. Coker minor has always loathed the limelight, and this

## HUMANE EXPULSION

### Kind-hearted Removite's Plea

A preliminary meeting of the newly-formed Expelled Removites' Aid Society was held in the Rag on Tuesday.

Skinner, Esq., who took the chair, said it was high time the barbarous treatment at present meted out to fellows who got bunked saw place to something more enlightened and humane. (Cheers.)

The punishment-room, where expelled fellows passed their last hours at Greyfriars, was a disgrace to civilisation, with its barred windows, scanty furniture, and dingy appearance. The foul dungeons of Devil's Island were palaces in comparison. (Cries of “Great pip!” and “Draw it mild, old bean!”)

Well, anyway, there was room for considerable improvement. To begin with, he suggested the provision of luxurious furnishings, a refrigerator packed with tuck of every description and a radio-gram. (Cheers.) The telephone should, of course, be installed and a page-boy posted on the door to attend to the prisoners' requirements. Visitors should be allowed to drop in for a chat whenever they liked. (“Phew!”)

On his last night at the school the prisoner should be allowed to invite all his friends to a sing-song and whoopee party. Surely the powers that were had no objection to reviving the drooping spirits of the doomed man in this innocent fashion? (Laughter and cheers.)

In conclusion, Mr. Skinner said he hoped that these long-overdue reforms would be effected without delay. Confidentially, he had, at the moment, a keen personal interest in the matter, as during an inspection of studies that morning the Head had discovered a pink sporting paper and a packet of cigarettes in his desk, and he was quite anticipating joining the ranks of the Bunked within the next few hours!

The meeting unanimously passed a resolution deploring the present inhuman method of expulsion and calling for drastic reform in the whole system.

But we ought to add that the Expelled Removites' Aid Society has since dissolved. Skinner was let off with a flogging, after all, and he has transferred his allegiance to the Association for Abolition of the Birch!

## ANIMALS THAT TALKED

### Strange Zoo Adventure

Some quite unanticipated discoveries in the zoological world were made when the Remove paid an official visit to Wapshot Zoo last Monday. The trip, which was conducted during school hours by Mr. Quelch, led to the astounding revelation that there are certain times when animals can actually talk!

We weren't altogether surprised when we passed through the parrot house, though we must confess we were rather taken aback when one of them said: “What a silly ass that chap Wharton looks!”

It was a little more surprising when one of the monkeys remarked: “What a weird-looking lot of scarecrows! The only good-looking chap among them is Bunter!”

We frankly admit that we were startled when a wild-eyed puma turned his head in our direction and asked us the time.

“For goodness' sake, take away that frightful specimen of a schoolmaster—he gives me a pain in the neck!”

The Remove giggled. Mr. Quelch had a kind of spasm pass across his face.

“Why the dickens didn't you leave him behind in the monkey-house?” went on the elephant.

“He'd have remained there for the rest of his life—they'd never have known the difference. Or you might have thrown him to the lions, if it comes to that!”

“Ha, ha, ha!” came in an irrepressible yell from the Remove.

“Silence!”

It was a roar from Mr. Quelch. The beak's expression was almost homicidal. He eyed us one by one with eyes that fairly blazed.

Eventually he came to Bunter. And then, much to Bunter's dismay, he rapped out: “BUNTER!”

“Ow! Ye-e-es, sir!”

“Whilst restrained within the limits of legitimate amusement,” said Mr. Quelch in a grinding voice, “ventriloquial tricks are quite a permissible



We felt ourselves go dizzy when a stately lion called out: “I wish one of you fellows would hop across and tell the keeper I'm jolly hungry!”

But it was when we came to the elephants that the real shock came. No sooner had we arrived than one of them whisked his trunk across at us and bellowed:

form of recreation. It is for that reason that I have allowed you this afternoon to indulge your peculiar gift to the extent of making animals appear to speak with human voices. But there is a point where liberty becomes licence. You seem to have reached that point now!”

“Ow! It wasn't me, sir!” moaned Bunter. “I wouldn't dream of saying you're like a monkey, sir, even if you are!”

“Wha-a-t!”

“It must have been the elephant speaking, sir! You know how clever they are at training them nowadays! Besides, any of my friends will tell you I can't do ventriloquism for nuts. You ask Wharton!”

“Oh crikey!!” murmured Wharton.

Mr. Quelch pointed to the gates of the Zoo.

“Go, Bunter! You will catch the first train back to Greyfriars, report on arrival to a prefect, asking him to note the time, and wait for me in my study. On my return I will punish you severely!”

“Ow-wow-ow!” was all Bunter managed to say.

“Go!” thundered Mr. Quelch.

Bunter went. And up to the time of going to press he's still lamenting that he ever conceived the brilliant notion of making animals talk!

## 'Lonzy's Little Letters

Dear Editor,—While not unmindful of the honorific nature of my collegiate colleague Wibley's recent proffer to me of a histrionic assignation in his forthcoming theatrical performance, the exigencies and unavoidable requirements of the inordinately preoccupied existence of a humanitarian juvenile of my particular inclinations render the fulfilment of such an obligation a matter of extreme impracticability, nay, almost, I dare asseverate, of impossibility.

In point of fact, I am far too busily occupied at the moment in the formulation of woollen garments for the protection of the pedal extremities of deserving African aborigines to undertake even minor assistance in the origination of any enterprise of a Thespian character.

Faithfully yours,  
ALONZO TODD.

## OH, “EYE” SAY!

There was keen competition among members to speak at the reopening of the Remove Mock Parliament last week, and the Speaker had to overlook many would-be orators.

It was noticed, however, that Tom Brown, who was armed with a ripe tomato, managed to catch the Speaker's eye quite easily!

## Strange!

Arriving back late the other night, Vernon-Smith lost his way in the dark.

This is surprising, considering that Smithy's one of the leading “lights” in the Remove!

## WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?



Coker claims that on a flight last vac, he looped the loop. Potter and Greene, his chums, take the statement that he was supervising the controls, with a grain of salt!

Bunter is always trying to borrow a bike—which he invariably returns the worse for wear! His own languishes in the bike-shed—beyond repair!

Tom Dutton, who is a little hard of hearing, bought an ultra-low wireless set for Study No. 4. His study-mates insist on switching it off during prep, however.

The Remove XI has a rock-like defence—and S. Q. I. Field in wireless set for Study No. 4. His study-mates insist on switching it off during prep, however.

When W. G. Bunter tried to bluff the school doctor that he was ill, the doctor diagnosed appendicitis, and suggested an operation. “W. G. B.” recovered instantaneously!

Coker was once ordered to “bend over” for a prefect's licking, having “cbeeked” Wingate in public. The matter was settled in private—and Coker never refers to it!

## GREYFRIARS FACTS WHILE YOU WAIT!

(All that the above means, dear readers, is: “Sorry I can't accept Wib's offer of a part in his play, as I'm at present knitting socks for savages.” Good old 'Lonzy!—Ed.)

## THE WIBLEY WAY!

When breaking bounds, travel in safety the WIBLEY WAY. For the inclusive sum of 2/6d. we leave a life-like model in your bed, disguise you as a master, and supply three guaranteed smoke-screen bombs for use in emergencies. You simply can't go wrong if you break bounds the WIBLEY WAY!—NIGHT-LIFE SERVICES (W. Wibley, propr.), Remove Dormitory.