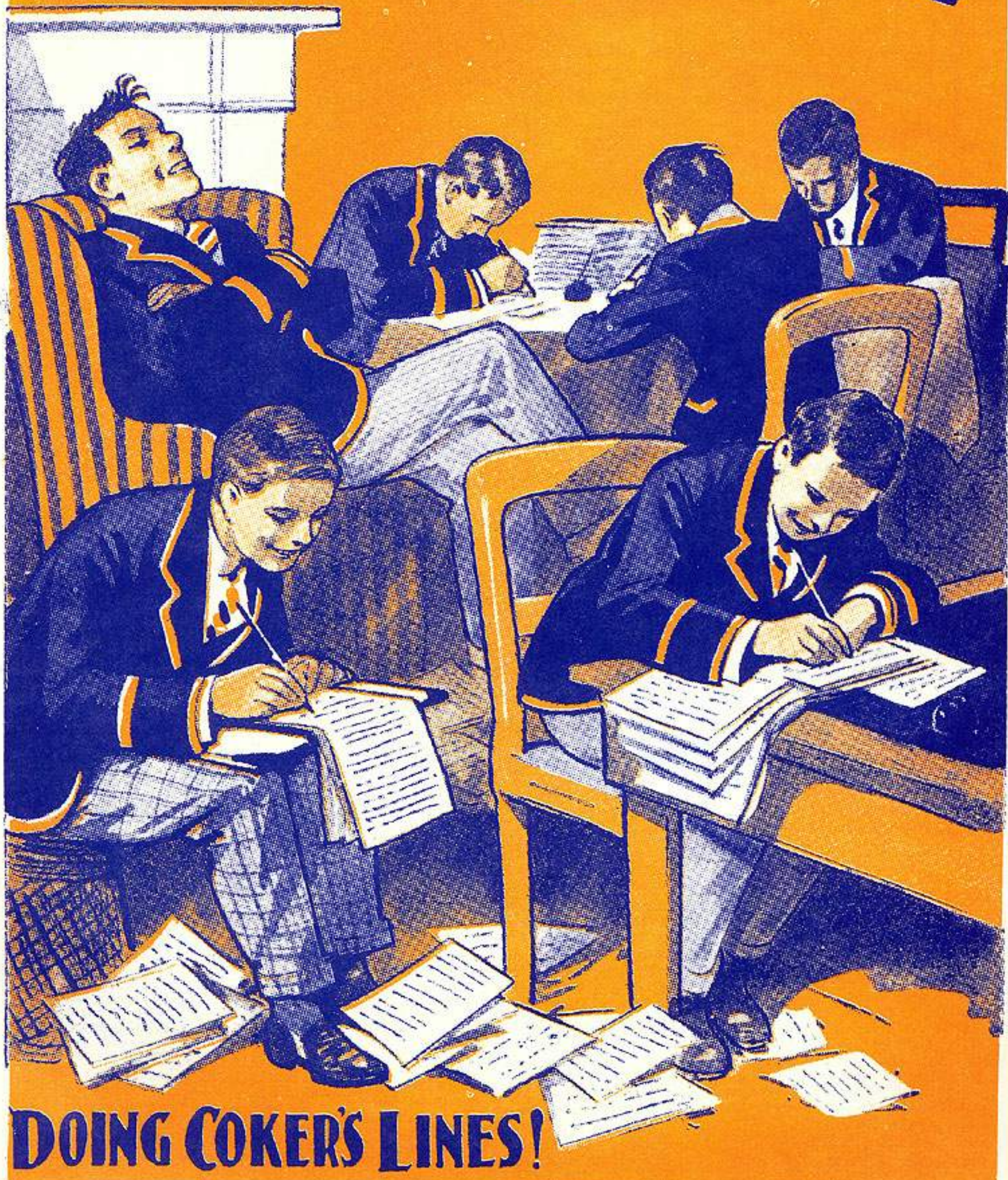


READ "THE MISCHIEF-MAKER OF THE REMOVE!" This week's stirring story of Harry Wharton & Co.

The Magnet 2^D



DOING COKER'S LINES!

THE MISCHIEF-MAKER of the REMOVE!



THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Trouble in Study No. 1:

OUTSIDE!"

"Wha-at?"

"I said outside!"

Bob Cherry, standing in the doorway of Study No. 1, in the Greyfriars Remove, stared, amazed.

Edgar Caffyn, the new boy at Greyfriars, standing by the study table, facing the door, stared back at him coolly.

Bob, whose study was No. 13 up the passage, had looked into Study No. 1, to see whether Wharton and Nugent were there.

They were not; but Caffyn, their new study-mate, was. And what he said when Bob stepped into the doorway was neither grateful nor comforting.

Bob's ruddy face reddened.

"Did you say outside?" he demanded.

"I did!" assented Caffyn.

"And what do you mean?" roared Bob.

"Just what I say! Outside, before you're put!"

Caffyn had come at the beginning of the term, and had been hardly a week at Greyfriars School. He had been "planted" in Study No. 1, where he was not popular.

Wharton and Nugent did not like him; and their special pals—Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull and Hurree Singh—did not like him, either. He was, in fact, rather a thorn in the side of the Famous Five, who had been accustomed to tearing together in that study.

But he had not, so far, ventured to dispute the right of entry of any member of the famous Co.

Now he made the venture.

BY

FRANK RICHARDS

He raised a rather bony hand and pointed to the passage.

"Outside!" he said once more.

"You worm!" said Bob. "You weedy tick! I've come here to see Wharton, not you! I'm coming in to wait for him—see?"

"You're not!" said Caffyn coolly.

"Who's going to stop me?" roared Bob.

"I am!"

Bob Cherry burst into an angry laugh. There were very few fellows in the Remove, if any, who could have "stopped" Bob. Caffyn, certainly, was not one of them.

His cousin, Coker of the Fifth, was one of the biggest and brawniest fellows at Greyfriars, but Caffyn was a striking contrast to his Fifth Form cousin. He was weedy; he was pasty, and he was far from plucky. He might, perhaps, have handled Billy Bunter; but there was no other fellow in the Remove whom he could have handled.

Yet he seemed in earnest now. He stepped away from the table and came nearer to Bob, pushing back his cuffs.

"Get out of that doorway!" he said.

"Push me out!" said Bob, as much amused as angry. "If you can do it, you weedy specimen, I'll walk up the passage on my head."

Caffyn made a rush.

Bob Cherry stood like a rock. Caffyn grasped him, and strove to whirl him out of the doorway. Bob's feet, firmly

planted on the floor, did not shift an inch.

But he gave grasp for grasp, and his strong arms encircled Caffyn's weedy frame like bands of steel.

"Oooogh!" gasped Caffyn, as the sturdy junior compressed his grasp, rather like the hug of a grizzly bear.

His face, red with exertion and rage, was only a few inches from Bob's.

Bob grinned into it.

"Get on with the pushing, old bean!" he said cheerily. "I don't seem to feel the strain yet!"

"Oooogh!" gurgled Caffyn.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob. "Sorry you started?"

Caffyn's narrow, greenish eyes glittered with rage. He could neither shift Bob from the spot where he stood, nor release himself from that bear-like hug till Bob chose to let him go.

It was really amazing that he had set himself such a task, for he could never have imagined that he was half a match for the most strenuous member of the Greyfriars Remove.

"May I come in and wait for Wharton?" grinned Bob.

"No!" panted Caffyn.

"Still going to stop me?" chuckled Bob. "Well, I'll come in, all the same, and carry you, you ass!"

With a jerk he lifted Caffyn off his feet. The new fellow's weight was nothing to Bob Cherry, and he carried him, wriggling, into the study without an effort. Caffyn wriggled and struggled, and suddenly kicked.

"Whoop!" howled Bob, in sudden anguish.

He had not been expecting that! A savage hack, right on the shin, hurt. It hurt fearfully! Bob Cherry was tough; but he gave a terrific howl

as he got the hack. He staggered back, dropping Caffyn like a hot brick.

Caffyn bumped headlong on the study carpet.

Bob Cherry stood on one leg, rather like a stork, nursing the other. The pain in his shin was too fearful for him to do anything else for a long minute.

Caffyn scrambled up and backed hurriedly round the table. From the table he grabbed up a heavy ruler, evidently as a weapon of defence. There was something like terror in his face now. Whatever had been his mysterious motive for tackling Bob Cherry, it was probable that he repented of it at that moment.

If so, repentance came too late.

Bob Cherry put down his damaged leg, pale with pain. His eyes gleamed at the kicker.

"You tick!" he gasped. "You snipe! By gum, I'll make you sorry for hacking my shin!"

He limped round the table after Caffyn. Up went the ruler, brandished over the Snipe's head.

"Hands off!" panted Caffyn. "You touch me, and—"

He struck with the ruler as Bob grasped at him. Bob caught the blow on his left arm with a loud crack. It hurt, but he did not heed it. The next moment the ruler was wrenched away from Caffyn, and the Snipe of the Remove was struggling and kicking and yelling in Bob's grasp.

Bob's eyes were gleaming.

With a big bruise forming on his shin and a trickle of crimson running down into his sock, he was not disposed to be merciful.

Thump, thump, thump!

Caffyn yelled and howled and roared.

Thump, thump!

"I say, you fellows!" A fat face looked in at the doorway, and Billy Bunter's eyes almost bulged through his big spectacles at what he saw. "Oh crikey! I say, Bob—"

Thump, thump, thump!

Caffyn shrieked.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bunter. "I say, what are you slaughtering him for?"

Thump, thump, thump!

The last thump sent Caffyn crashing into a corner, where he remained, gasping and gurgling for breath.

Bob, limping, glared at him.

"There, you rotter!" he gasped. "That'll teach you to hack a fellow's shin! Put up your hands, you cur, and have some more!"

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

Caffyn did not look like putting up his hands; and it was clear that he did not want any more. He lay crumpled, a gurgling wreck, in the corner.

Bob turned away from him with a scornful snort. He limped to the door. The damage to his shin needed attention, though he had felt bound to give Caffyn attention first.

"Hacked your shin!" said Bunter sympathetically. "Putrid snipe! I say, lean on my arm, old chap, and I'll help you to your study."

Bob Cherry, in spite of his anguish, grinned. He would have had to lean down a long way to lean on the arm of the fat Owl of the Remove.

He limped along to Study No. 13, the sympathetic Owl rolling by his side. In Study No. 13 he sat down in the arm-chair, and rolled back the trouser-leg to look at the damage. Already there was a darkened bruise, and a trickle of red from the broken skin.

Bob felt in his pocket for his handkerchief to dab away the claret. But he groped in an empty pocket. The handkerchief was not there.

"Bother!" grunted Bob. "Where's

my hanky? I must have dropped it tussling with that snipe—"

"Here's mine, old chap!" said Bunter, offering it.

Bob extended a hand—and drew it back again. The handkerchief offered by Billy Bunter was not only in need of a wash, but looked as if it had been in need of one for some weeks! It was of the grub, grubby, so to speak!

Bob grinned faintly.

"Thanks, old man, I'll find something!" he said.

Billy Bunter rolled away to tell the fellows in the Rag of the startling happenings in the Remove passage. Bob Cherry sat and doctored his bruised shin, suppressing his groans, and wishing that he had thumped Edgar Caffyn a little harder.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Coker, the Letter-Writer!

"HOW many K's in exasperating?" asked Horace Coker.

Potter and Greene of the Fifth smiled.

Coker's aunt, Miss Judith Coker, had an idea that it was up to Coker of the Fifth to help his young cousin in the Remove with his lessons!

In pursuance of his ill-natured plan to oust his cousin, Horace Coker, from rich Aunt Judy's favour, Edgar Caffyn, the new boy in the Greyfriars Remove, leaves no stone unturned to get Coker into every sort of trouble. Poor old Horace is fairly in the toils, and it is only the intervention of Harry Wharton & Co. which saves him from SERIOUS TROUBLE!

Probably, had Coker's Aunt Judy heard that question, she would have changed her ideas on that subject!

"None, old chap," said Potter gently.

"Don't be an ass, Potter!" said Coker crossly. "Do you know, Greeney? Are there one or two—single or double?"

"I wouldn't put any," said Greene, shaking his head.

"Don't be a fathead, Greene!"

Coker, sitting at a corner of the table in his study in the Fifth, was writing a letter.

Letter-writing was always rather a difficult matter for Coker.

He used much more ink than was really necessary, distributing it over the letter in smudges and over his fingers in smears. And sometimes he had orthographical troubles.

Not often, for Coker was satisfied with his spelling, original as it undoubtedly was. Coker was an original fellow in many ways, but there was nothing about him more original than his spelling, unless it was the way he played Soccer.

But "exasperating" was rather a long word, and Coker condescended to ask his study-mates. He did not want any errors to creep into his letter to his Aunt Judy.

He gave an angry grunt.

"You fellows can't spell," he said.

"You're worse than Prout. Prout can't spell, though he's a Form-master! I'm

a fool to ask you, of course. I can spell your heads off any day!"

And Coker resumed letter-writing.

Potter and Greene looked at him and exchanged glances. They knew that Coker was writing to his Aunt Judy, and they were rather worried.

Horace Coker was the darling of Aunt Judy's heart. Nearly every week in the term there came a hamper, or something equally good, for Horace from Miss Judith Coker. Aunt Judy's generous tips to her dear Horace were of an extent that made fellows open their eyes.

Such an aunt, Potter and Greene could not help feeling, deserved to be treated with tact.

Tact, however, was not Coker's shining quality. His friends admitted that Coker had good qualities, though it might have required a microscope to spot them. But the most powerful microscope would never have spotted any tact in Coker.

"Well, that's done!" said Coker, laying down the pen at last. "I can catch the post with that. I fancy that will settle it. I hope so. Aunt Judy will see from that what I think of that snipe."

"I say, old chap," murmured Potter, "I'd go easy with the old dame, if I were you. You don't want a row with your aunt."

"A fellow's bound to say what he thinks," said Coker.

"She's jolly decent to you, you know," said Greene.

"I don't need telling that," said Coker.

Potter and Greene were rather personally interested in this matter.

If Coker offended his aunt, Coker might lose quite a large fortune that was coming to him some day. But that was not the worry. Potter and Greene were not thinking of the future. They were thinking of the present. Coker might lose that series of succulent hampers. He might lose those munificent tips! Potter and Greene, who picked up the crumbs from the rich man's table, were naturally rather concerned about the continuance of the supply of crumbs!

"Look at it!" said Coker.

They looked at it. Coker's letter was worth looking at. Probably no other letter quite like that ever went out from Greyfriars School. Apart from smears, smudges, and blots, the letter ran:

"Dear Aunt Judy,—Yores received. It's no good asking me to have anything to do with that beestly little snipe Caffyn, because I just can't. He is simply an eksasperating little tode. He started calling me Horace befor the fellows, simply for cheek. I'm bownd to say that it was rather inkonsiderate to send him to my school. I don't want him heer. As for your sollycitor, Mr. Sarle, who brort him to Greyfriars, he's a wurm. It's not troo that I nocked him down at the railway station. I should have nocked him down if he had been a yung man. But I simply pushed him over because he would not get owt of the way. He was cheeky. My advice to you is to sack him. I dare say he may like that little beest Caffyn, as he's his gardian. I phancy they're burds of a fether. They're boath wurms.

"It's no good riting to me about Caffyn. I woodent tutch him with a barge poal.

"Your affectionate nephew,

"HORACE."

Potter and Greene gazed at that letter. They gazed at Coker. Coker seemed satisfied with his handiwork.

"You—you're posting that?" ejaculated Potter.

"I'm not walking to Coker Lodge to deliver it by hand!" answered Horace sarcastically.

"It will make your aunt waxy," said Greene.

"I don't see why."

"You—you don't see why!" gasped Potter and Greene together.

"No. Why should it?" Coker glanced at the letter again. "I've put it plain. Aunt Judy's been jolly good to me, and she's entitled to have it put frankly. I want to make her clearly understand that I can't stick that snipe at any price, and I fancy she'll let the matter drop."

"Well, I'm dashed if I'd write like that to a rich relation!" said Potter.

Coker stared at him.

"What's that got to do with it, you ass?" he asked. Evidently Coker did not consider that Aunt Judy's wealth had any bearing on this question.

"That kid Caffyn seems a bit of a cough-drop!" remarked Greene. "I hear that they loathe him in his Form, but—"

"An absolutely rank rotter in every way," said Coker. "I bar him."

"Well, your aunt doesn't, and I'd be a bit tactful, if I were you. I—I'd chuck that letter in the fire, old bean," urged Potter. "Your Aunt Judy is a bit of a sketch, but she's awfully good to you—"

"She's what?"

"I—I mean—"

"If you want me to bang your head on the study table, George Potter, you've only got to say that again!" roared Coker.

"I—I didn't mean—"

"Oh, shut-up!"

Coker grabbed an envelope and put the letter in it and stuck down the flap. Then he addressed the envelope to Miss Judith Coker. Having blotted it—and smudged it in the process—he shoved it into his pocket and turned to the door.

"You're really going to post that?" exclaimed Potter.

"What do you think I wrote it for?"

"Then you're an ass!"

"And a fathead!" said Greene.

They were getting angry.

The hamper Coker had brought back after the Christmas holidays was finished. Another was almost due. If it had not been dispatched before Miss Judith received that remarkable letter, Potter and Greene doubted whether it would be dispatched at all.

Coker's study, hitherto a land flowing with milk and honey, was likely to resemble the state of Egypt in the lean years! Coker did not seem to give that a thought. Potter and Greene gave it quite a lot of thought.

"Oh!" said Coker, glaring at his pals. "I'm an ass and a fathead, am I? And my aunt's a sketch! Well, I may be an ass and I may be a fathead, but I can knock your cheeky heads together, and chance it!"

Coker made a sudden grab.

Before Potter and Greene realised what he was up to, he had grabbed them and banged their heads together.

Crack!

"Oh!" yelled Potter.

"Ow!" howled Greene.

"Whooooop!"

"Yooooop!"

"There!" snapped Coker. "Now perhaps—"

Coker was interrupted.

Potter and Greene, no doubt, had asked for it! But it is quite common for fellows to dislike getting what they

ask for. Potter and Greene got quite excited.

They jumped at Coker together. They jumped as if moved by the same spring. It was a case of two souls with but a single thought: two hearts that beat as one!

They grabbed Coker and up-ended him! They banged his head on the floor. They banged it again and yet again, to an accompaniment of fearful and ferocious roars from Coker.

Then they walked down the Fifth Form passage rather quickly. Coker was left strewn on the floor.

Discretion, proverbially, is the better part of valour. Potter and Greene preferred to be somewhere else when Coker got on his feet again.

Coker sat up, rubbing his damaged head. Inside it, perhaps, there was nothing much to damage; but outside, it felt very damaged indeed.

"By gum!" gasped Coker. "I—I—I'll—"

He struggled up, still rubbing his head. He glared down the passage. Potter and Greene were gone. Fortunately, Coker remembered that he had to catch the collection in the school box with that letter to Aunt Judy. Potter and Greene would keep, the postman, of course, wouldn't! So Coker went down to post his letter.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

A Tip for Caffyn!

HARRY WHARTON set his lips hard.

Seldom had the captain of the Remove been so angry.

"The cheeky cad!" he said. "The unspeakable cheeky worm! I'll jolly well talk to him about this!"

"Same here!" said Frank Nugent.

"The ragfulness is the proper caper!" suggested Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"A jolly good ragging!" said Johnny Bull.

"Don't touch the toad!" said Bob Cherry. "I've jolly well thumped him! I think I've given him about as much as he wants! Ow!"

The Famous Five were all in Study No. 13. Bob was rubbing his bruise with embrocation. It was a dark and unpleasant bruise, and very painful. His comrades watched the process with grim faces.

"The worm," said Harry, "to order a friend of ours out of our study! I'm glad you punched him, Bob. Sure he's had enough?"

Bob grinned.

"I'm sure he thinks so!" he answered.

"Blessed if I understand the chap," said Wharton. "He's about as rotten a funk as ever funk—yellow all through! I can't understand his tackling you like that!"

"Blessed if I can, either!" admitted Bob. "He couldn't have expected to lick me, I suppose! He could hardly lick Bunter."

"Well, he's got to understand that he can't carry on like this in our study," said Frank. "Let's go and see him, Harry."

"Come on!" answered Wharton.

Wharton and Nugent went to Study No. 1. They looked in, but Caffyn was not there.

Bob Cherry, limping a little, went down to the Rag with Johnny Bull and Hurree Singh. But Wharton and Nugent looked for Caffyn.

The more they thought about the episode, the more it puzzled them. They were hardly surprised that Caffyn, once in Bob's hefty grasp, had kicked. But they were astonished that he had ever ventured into that hefty grasp.

Bob, champion fighting-man as he was, was the most peaceable fellow in the Remove, and certainly had never wanted a row with Caffyn. The Snipe had deliberately provoked it, though he must have known that he had no chance whatever of getting away with it. It was very puzzling.

But whatever the Snipe's reason was, it had to be made clear to him that he could not carry on in that style in Study No. 1. Wharton and Nugent were prepared to make that clear to him, by the most drastic measures.

"Seen Caffyn?" called out Wharton, as he sighted Vernon-Smith in the passage.

The Bounder grinned.

"No, ask Skinner!" he answered.

It was likely enough that the Snipe had gone to Skinner's study. Skinner and Snoop were the only friends he had made in the Remove. They were rather birds of a feather.

So Wharton and Nugent went along to Study No. 11 and looked in. Skinner and Snoop and Stott were there, smoking cigarettes after tea. But the Snipe was not present.

"Want anything?" drawled Skinner, blowing out a little cloud of smoke, just to make it clear that he did not care a straw what the captain of the Form thought of his manners and customs.

"I'm looking for Caffyn! Has he been here?"

"Haven't seen him."

Caffyn seemed to have disappeared. In the Remove passage the chums of Study No. 1 came on several fellows going down to the Rag after tea—Squiff and Hazeldene and Lord Mauleverer and Fisher T. Fish and Russell and Ogilvy. But none of them had seen Caffyn.

"Let's go down," said Frank, and they went down to the Rag.

Most of the Remove had gathered in the Rag after tea. Lock-up was early in the winter evenings. But Caffyn was not there.

"Where the thump can the fellow have got to?" growled Wharton, as they left the Rag again. "It's lock-up now; I suppose he can't be out of the House?"

"Here, you kids—" Coker of the Fifth bore down on the chums of the Remove. "Have you seen Potter and Greene?"

"No. Have you seen that cousin of yours?" asked Harry. "We're looking for Caffyn."

"Blow Caffyn!" grunted Coker. "Don't talk to me about that snipe! I haven't seen him, and don't want to. Look here, I'm looking for Potter and Greene—"

"Blow Potter and Greene!" answered Harry. "Come on, Frank!"

Coker, to judge from his expression, was looking for his chums not with chummy intentions. But the juniors were not interested in the troubles of Coker's study. They wanted to find Caffyn.

"Keeping out of sight, I suppose!" said Frank, at last, when various quarters had been rooted into in vain.

"Well, he can't keep out of sight for ever; he will have to turn up for prep!" said Harry. "Better give him a miss, I suppose, and wait!"

Wherever Caffyn was, he was not to be found. So the two juniors went back to the Rag and joined their friends there.

Bob Cherry was still feeling the effects of that cruel hack on his shin, but he was not a fellow to do a "song and dance" about an injury, and he looked much his usual self. But he could not help limping when he walked. Worst of

all, there would be no football for him for two or three days at least.

The Famous Five were gathered round the fire, discussing football in general, and the return match with Rookwood in particular, when they were interrupted by a squeak from Billy Bunter.

"I say, you fellows, here's the Snipe!"

Caffyn came into the Rag.

Apparently he was not, after all, keeping out of sight till prep. He lounged into the Rag, many of the juniors giving him expressive looks. Coker of the Fifth generally alluded to his cousin as a "snipe," and the name had stuck to him in the Remove. It was not a flattering nickname, but Caffyn did not seem to mind it.

Harry Wharton glanced round and stepped towards Caffyn. They faced

Quelch in the Form-room was evidently false. The juniors had already discovered that untruthfulness came as easily to this peculiar new fellow as breathing. But why he was lying now was hard to guess.

"Well, never mind that!" said the captain of the Remove contemptuously. "You've turned up, anyhow. I want you to understand that you're to be civil to my friends who come to my study."

"It's my study, too!" remarked Caffyn.

"That's our rotten luck!" said Harry. "If you act again as you acted an hour ago in Study No. 1, you'll get a lesson on the subject that you won't forget in a hurry."

"I shall do exactly as I like!" answered Caffyn.

Wharton set his lips. "Then you can have the lesson now!"

Caffyn's yells awoke all the echoes of the Rag.

"Whack, whack, whack!" "Owl! Ooooooh! Wow!" yelled Caffyn.

Wharton threw down the ruler and released the Snipe. Caffyn twisted round and stood panting. For a moment he looked like springing at the captain of the Remove. But he changed his mind very quickly and turned away and left the Rag, wriggling.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Tit for Tat!

HORACE COKER grunted. He was annoyed. He had found Potter and Greene in the games study, and told them what he thought of them. Ho



With a jerk, Bob Cherry lifted Caffyn off his feet and carried him into the study. Caffyn wriggled and struggled, and then suddenly kicked. "Whoop!" howled Bob, in anguish. "You tick! I'll make you sorry for that!"

one another, Wharton with knitted brows, Caffyn cool and sneering as usual.

"I've been looking for you, Caffyn!" said the captain of the Remove. "I wanted to see you—"

"Did you?" yawned Caffyn. "The want was entirely on your side, then! I didn't want to see you, and don't want to now."

"You've been keeping out of sight!"

"Not at all! I had some lines to do for Quelch."

"You weren't in the study—"

"No, I did my lines in the Form-room, as one of your friends barged into the study."

Wharton's lip curled. In their search for Caffyn, Wharton and Nugent had looked into the Remove Form-room on the chance that he might have been there. He had not been there. So his statement that he had been doing lines for

he said, and he strode at the new Removite and grasped him by the collar.

"Let go my collar!" said Caffyn between his teeth. "I'll hack your shins if you don't let go, you rotter!"

"You won't!" said Wharton grimly. "You've done enough in that line already, and you're going to learn that it's not good enough for Greyfriars. You're going to have six on your bags as a tip."

With a twist of his arm, he bent Caffyn over the edge of the long table in the Rag.

"Hand me that ruler, Bunter."

"He, he, he!"

Billy Bunter handed over the ruler. Caffyn kicked and struggled. But the left hand of the captain of the Remove held him pinned down, leaning over the table. The right hand wielded the ruler.

Whack, whack, whack!

had told them at great length and with considerable emphasis. After which he came along to his own study in the Fifth Form passage, where he had lines to do before prep.

He turned the switch as he entered, but the light did not come on.

He grunted angrily.

The light had been all right when he left the study an hour ago to post that letter to Aunt Judy. Now, evidently, it was not all right! The electric bulb apparently had gone. Electric bulbs, like watches, were made to go, and it could not be helped.

There was a spare lamp in a drawer of the bookcase, kept for just such contingencies. Coker knew where to find it, and he groped into the study in the dark. The fire was burning, and he was going to poke it to raise light enough to see his way about the room.

But he did not reach the fire grate. THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,405.

As he stepped across the dark study his feet caught in something, and he went headlong.

Crash!

Coker was taken quite by surprise.

He crashed on his hands and knees, and his nose tapped on the study carpet rather hard.

For a moment or two he lay quite dazed.

Then he sat up, gasping.

He knew what his feet had caught in! There was a cord stretched across the study in the dark, evidently placed there by some fatheaded practical joker for that very purpose!

Coker breathed fury.

His nose felt hurt. He was shaken and jarred. But his damages were a mere nothing compared with his wrath.

He realised now that the electric lamp had not "gone" of its own accord. The whole thing was a "plant."

Some cheeky fag had visited the study during his absence. The lamp had been taken out of the socket so that he could not turn on a light. In the dark he had walked into the stretched cord placed all ready for him.

Coker staggered up, boiling.

Coker of the Fifth had a short way with fags. He rather prided himself on it. Fags, of course, looked at it from quite a different point of view, and it was not uncommon for Coker to be ragged as a reward for his efforts at bringing up fags in the way they should go! But a "rag" like this was rather the limit.

"I—I—I'll smash him!" gasped Coker.

He groped for the poker and stirred the fire. A flame shot up, illumining the study. Even in that uncertain light

Coker could see that things were not as they should have been. The room was in strange disorder. Glimmering fragments on the floor showed what had become of the electric lamp.

Breathing hard and deep, Coker sorted the spare lamp out of the book-case and jammed it into the socket and turned on the light.

He stared round the study.

Studies had been ragged before this at Greyfriars. It was not exactly a new thing. But seldom or never had there been such a rag as Coker now beheld. Even the ragging of Loder's study at the time when that prefect was having bad trouble with the Remove had not been quite so bad as this.

The room was fairly wrecked and havoeked.

The table was turned over and the chairs piled on it, and books and papers had been added to the pile, and on top of the lot shovelfuls of ashes from the grate and soot from the chimney had been thrown.

Books and papers, many of them torn, were scattered right and left. The clock lay in the fender with its face knocked in.

Ink streamed over nearly everything.

Coker gazed.

His breath was taken away! He could scarcely believe the evidence of his eyes.

Who had done this?

Cheeky fags, of course! But who? Coker wanted to know! He wanted to find the ragger and slaughter him.

He stared at the looking-glass over the mantelpiece. It was starred in the centre from a hard knock. On it was an inscription traced in ink in large clumsy capitals, apparently written by

a rag dipped in ink, a duster, or a folded handkerchief:

"COKER!
SILLY ASS!
RATS!"

"I'll give him silly ass!" breathed Coker, purple with fury. "I'll give him rats! I'll—I'll—"

Coker clenched leg-of-mutton fists.

He wanted to know who had been in his study! Once he found him he was going to call on him, smash him up, and smash up his study! But who?

An inky rag lying in the fender drew his attention. It was evidently the rag with which the letters had been traced on the looking-glass. It looked like a twisted handkerchief.

That was what it was. Coker pounced on it and picked it up! It was a handkerchief twisted close and thick with ink, still wet.

Coker examined it with an enraged and attentive eye. The ragger had used his handkerchief as a sort of brush, and either from carelessness or because he did not want to put such an inky rag back in his pocket had left it there. Perhaps he had intended to throw it into the fire and it had dropped into the fender unnoticed.

Anyhow, there it was, and Coker's eyes gleamed over it. Fellows generally had some identification mark on their hankies.

This was luck! It gave Coker the clue he wanted. In the corner of the handkerchief, less inky in that spot than in other places, was a clue to the owner that was unmistakable, the initials "R. C."

"Cherry!" gasped Coker. "Bob Cherry!"

There could hardly be any mistake about it!

Whether R. Cherry had been there on his own or with his comrades Coker did not know, but that he had been there was not to be doubted when his handkerchief had been used for tracing the inscription on the looking-glass and dropped in the fender.

Coker had had little doubt that it was his old foes in the Remove who had done this! Now he had proof.

It was Robert Cherry! There was no other fellow in the Remove with the initials "R. C."; that settled it. Indeed, there was not, so far as Coker knew, any other fellow in the school at all with those initials. Carr and Chowne of the Shell had the surname initials, but not the first one. "R. C." stood for Robert Cherry—and for nobody else!

Coker tossed the crumpled, inky handkerchief away. Then he sorted a fives bat out from among the wreckage in the study.

With that useful weapon in hand, Coker went down the passage and crossed the landing to the Remove quarters.

Had he met any of the Removites there no doubt that fives bat would have been given some exercise. But it was not yet near time for prep, and nobody was about in the Remove studies.

Coker strode up the passage, with gleaming eyes under his knitted brows. Like the celebrated Alpine climber, his brow was set; his eye beneath flashed like a falchion from its sheath. Coker was on the trail of vengeance.

If R. Cherry was in his study, R. Cherry was booked for the time of his life! If he was not, Coker was going to deal with the study first, and look for R. Cherry afterwards.

He reached Study No. 13 in the Remove. He hurled open the door and

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stamped in. The study was dark. He turned on the light.

R. Cherry was not present—which was fortunate for R. Cherry!

A bottle of embrocation stood on the table, left there by Bob. Coker picked it up. He hurled it at the study looking-glass.

Crash!
The bottle dropped in fragments. So did the glass. Coker grinned. This was a beginning!

That study belonged to three other fellows as well as Bob—Hurree Singh, Mark Linley, and little Wun Lung. Coker did not bother about that.

The ragger in Coker's study had not bothered about the fact that it was shared by Potter and Greenc. What was sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander! Coker got going, and was quickly going strong.

He tipped over the table. Books and papers and inkstand streamed to the floor. A sweep of Coker's arm added all the adornments of the mantelpiece to the scattered pile. Then he tipped over the bookcase. He found some more ink and a bottle of gum. He cracked the bottles over the study. Warming to the work, he dragged up the study carpet by the corner. Various articles of furniture went crashing right and left.

An unheeded footstep came up the passage, and a startled face stared in. It was that of Fisher T. Fish of the Remove. Fishy's eyes almost started from his head at the sight of Coker wrecking Study No. 13.

"Say, big boy, what's the game?" gasped Fishy.

Coker stared round at him. He had a cake in his hand, which he had taken from the study cupboard, to add to the pile of wreckage in fragments. Seeing Fishy, he hurled it at Fishy instead.

Fishy assuredly had had no hand in ragging Coker's room; but he was a Removite, and just then the mere sight of a Removite was, to Coker, like the sight of a red rag to a bull.

"Aw! Wake snakes!" howled Fisher T. Fish, as he got the cake on his bony nose. "Aw, you pesky piccan! I'll say—Whoop!"

Fishy bolted as Coker made a stride at him.

He raced down the passage to the stairs, and went down the stairs three at a time, to carry the news that Coker of the Fifth had gone mad, and was smashing up Remove studies.

Unheeding, Coker got on with the good work. Coker was there to do as much damage as possible, and he contrived to do quite a lot. He was still going strong when there was a sound of many footsteps.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Capturing Coker!

FISHER T. FISH burst into the Rag breathlessly.

"Say, you guys!" he yelled.

He gasped with alarm and excitement.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's the row?" inquired Bob Cherry.

"Coker—" gasped Fishy.

"Oh, Coker! What's Coker's latest?" asked Harry Wharton.

"I guess he's loco!" gasped Fisher T. Fish.

"What?"

"Which?"

"Mad!" howled Fishy. "Mad as a hatter! I'll say he's smashing up a study in the Remove—smashing it to bits—"

"What?" came a yell from a score of fellows.

"And he sure handed me a cake as I looked in, and nearly knocked my nose through the back of my cabeza!" gasped Fisher T. Fish. "I guess he's gone loco!"

"Smashing up a Remove study!" exclaimed Wharton, in amazement.

"Whose?" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Yours!"

"Mine?" howled Bob.

"Yep! I guess so! And I'll tell a man, it looks as if a cyclone had struck it, and struck it bad!" said Fisher T. Fish.

Bob Cherry simply blinked. The news that Coker of the Fifth was wrecking his study was just amazing. Since knocking off Coker's hat at the station on the first day of term, Bob had not, so far as he could recall, had any trouble with the great Horace. That could hardly be the cause of Coker's present remarkable proceedings.

"But—but why?" exclaimed Mark Linley.

"Loco!" said Fishy. "I'll say the guy's loco!"

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

He led a rush from the Rag.

Twenty Removites, at least, scampered after him up the stairs. Mad or not, a Fifth Form man who was ragging Remove studies had to be dealt with, and dealt with promptly and efficaciously.

In a whooping crowd, the Removites came up the passage with a rush. Their ears told them that something was going on in Study No. 13 as they approached that study. There was a sound of crashing and smashing.

Crash! Smash! Bang! Thud!

"He's going it!" gasped Nugent.

"Come on!"

Bob Cherry, limping on his damaged leg, was left behind in the rush. Harry Wharton was the first to reach the study.

He stared in.

The room was in a terrific state. Coker was there, busy! He had a chair in his hands, and was knocking its legs off against the table. The captain of the Remove stared at him, dumb-founded.

"Coker!" he gasped.

"C-coker!" stuttered Johnny Bull.

Coker gave them a glare.

"Get out!" he roared. "I'm not finished yet!"

"Are you mad?" gasped Wharton.

"Don't be cheeky! Get out! I tell you I'm not finished—not finished by half!"

"You jolly well are!" gasped Wharton. "Back up, you men!"

He rushed into the study and hurled himself at Coker. Hurree Singh, Frank Nugent, and Johnny Bull were at his heels. The four of them grasped Coker.

Coker was not easy to handle.

His wrath was still at boiling point. He hit out right and left. The Bounder rushed in with Tom Redwing; Squiff and Tom Brown and Lord Mauleverer followed. All of them got hold of Coker.

Hefty as he was, and exasperated and warlike as he was, Horace Coker had no chance after that. He was dragged down, with the excited juniors swarming over him.

He struggled still, bellowing.

"Leggo! Gerroff! I'll smash you! Yaroooh! I'll spificate you! Wow! I'll pulverise the lot of you!"

"Hold him!"

"Sit on him!"

"Squash him!"

Bob Cherry arrived in the study. He stared round the dismantled room.

"Great pip!" he gasped. "Has that mad idiot done this? What—"

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Mark Linley. "Coker, are you out of your senses, or what? What have you done this for?"

Coker gurgled.

"I'll do a lot more yet! I haven't finished! Leggo, you young scoundrels! I'll smash the lot of you!"

"Hold him!" gasped Wharton, as the hefty Horace heaved and rocked.

"Sit on his head!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What have you done this for, Coker?" roared Bob Cherry, crimson with wrath. "If you're not mad, what do you mean?"

"You young villain!" gasped Coker. "Let me get at you! I've brought a fives bat here for you! I'll jolly well thrash you! You wait till I get my hands on you! Gerroooh! Gerroff! Leggo!"

"What on earth have you done to the potty fathead, Bob?" asked Nugent.

"Nothing that I know of," answered Bob blankly. "I've thumped his cousin, Caffyn, but that can't be the reason."

"Lot Coker cares about Caffyn! But why—"

"What have you done it for, Coker?" yelled Bob.

"You jolly well know, you young rascal!" spluttered Coker. "And I haven't finished yet! I'll jolly well wreck the room! I'll—"

"Sit on him!"

"Pin him!"

Coker heaved under the juniors like the mighty ocean in a storm. Six or seven fellows were holding him, or sitting on him, but they did not find it easy to keep him quiet.

Vernon-Smith took hold of his ears with a firm grip. They were extensive, and gave a good hold. Gripping those large ears, the Bounder proceeded to tap Coker's head on the floor.

Rap, rap, rap, rap!

Coker bellowed.

"Whoop! Leggo! Stoppit! Yooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Give him a few more!"

"I say, you fellows!" squeaked a fat voice from the passage. "I say, here comes Quelch!"

"Oh, my hat!"

There was a rustle, and a rapid foot-stop in the passage. The juniors clustered outside Study No. 13 parted to give room to Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove. And, with amazement and wrath in his speaking countenance, Henry Samuel Quelch stared into the study.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Coker All Over!

MR. QUELCH seemed bereft of speech.

He gazed at the startling scene in Study No. 13—just gazed! Silence fell on the excited crowd there. The juniors released Horace Coker, who staggered to his feet—breathless, panting, gurgling, untidy, and dishevelled from head to foot.

"What—what—what does this mean?" Mr. Quelch found his voice at last. "What—what does it mean?"

The juniors stood silent. It was for Coker of the Fifth to explain what it meant, as it was his handiwork.

"Coker—I think you are Coker of the Fifth Form—"

"Groogh! Yes, sir! Urrggh!"

"I hardly recognise you in your present disgracefully untidy state!" said Mr. Quelch crushingly. "What are you doing here in a Remove study, Coker?"

"Smashing it up!" said Coker.

"Wha-a-t?"

"I hadn't finished when these cheeky little brutes barged in. But that's what I was doing!" said Coker.

The juniors caught their breath. Such an answer to a Form-master was so astonishing, that they really began to wonder whether Horace Coker was in his right mind, or whether he was, as Fishy declared, "loco." Mr. Quelch seemed smitten with the same doubt.

"Coker, you—you say that—that—"

stuttered the Remove master.

"Tit for tat, sir!" said Coker. "Think I'm going to have my study wrecked, and take it lying down? No fear!"

"Oh!" Mr. Quelch began to understand, and so did the Remove fellows at last. "Has anything happened in your study, Coker?"

"I don't want a master to take it up, sir!" said Coker. "I can deal with the young rascals myself—"

"That is not for you to decide, Coker. Unless you are able to give me a very good explanation of your extraordinary conduct, I shall take you to your head-master, and request Dr. Locke to administer a flogging."

Coker stared.

"I hardly think the Head would flog a Fifth Form man!" he answered. "The Fifth are never whopped, sir."

Mr. Quelch breathed hard.

"Have you anything to say, Coker, before I take you to Dr. Locke?" he demanded. "If you have any excuse to make—"

"I don't know about excuses," said Horace. "But I'm willing to explain. I'd no wish whatever to bring a master into the matter. These young duffers have brought you into it by kicking up this shindy. Well, I've wrecked this study because I was going to give a lesson to the cheeky young villain who's wrecked mine. That's all, sir."

"You should never have thought of taking the law into your own hands in this manner, Coker. Stupid as you are, you should be aware of that." Mr. Quelch glanced round. Three of the fellows belonging to that study were present. "Cherry, Linley, Hurree Singh! If you have been guilty of any

foolish pranks in a Fifth Form study, I—"

"No, sir!" said the three together.

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Coker in disgust. "I never wanted to bring a beak into it, as you jolly well know. You've done that yourselves, kicking up this row. Now you'd better tell the truth!"

"The truthfulness is terrific, my esteemed Coker!" said the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"I haven't been to your study, Coker!" said Mark Linley.

"Nor I!" said Bob.

"Well, of all the rotten young rascals!" exclaimed Coker. "I don't know about the others, but I know you were there, Cherry!"

Bob blinked at him.

"Has somebody ragged your study?" he said. "If so, I don't know anything about it. I haven't been in the Fifth Form passage at all."

Snort from Coker.

The disdainful unbelief in his face was so strong and so expressive that it caused many of the fellows to look curiously at Bob. Mr. Quelch gave that junior a very sharp and searching glance. Bob's face crimsoned.

"Cherry," said Mr. Quelch, "if you have been in Coker's study—"

"I've said I haven't, sir!" snapped Bob, with rather less respect in his manner than was due to his beak.

"And I say you're lying!" roared Coker.

"You silly fathhead!"

"You lying young rascal!"

"Silence!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, in a formidable voice. "How dare you—in my presence—use such expressions! Coker, what reason have you for supposing that Cherry has been to your study?"

"It's not a matter of supposing, sir! I know it!"

"Do you mean to say you saw him there?"

"Of course not! I'd have smashed him if I'd seen him at it!" snorted Coker. "But I found out that he had done it! I tell you, sir, my study's wrecked, and that young rotter did it, so I—"

"I did not!" roared Bob.

"Oh, shut up! I wonder you ain't ashamed to stand there and tell your Form-master such lies!" said Coker contemptuously. "I never asked you to bring him into this, did I? You've brought him into it yourself. Now tell the truth, like a decent kid!"

"I've told the truth, you howling ass!" hissed Bob. "I tell you—"

"Silence, Cherry! Once for all, Coker, tell me what reason you have for believing that Cherry was guilty of the outrage in your study."

"He left his hanky there!" hooted Coker.

"His what?"

"I mean handkerchief, sir!"

"If you mean handkerchief, Coker, say handkerchief!" snapped the Remove master. "Do you mean to say that you found it in your study?"

"I jolly well did!" said Coker. "It had been dipped in ink to smear up a lot of cheek on my looking-glass. I suppose he meant to chuck it into the fire afterwards, but it fell in the fender, and I found it there! It's got his initials on it—and I'd like to know who's got initials R. C., except that young rotter!"

"Where is your handkerchief, Cherry?"

"In my pocket, sir!" said Bob. "But—but—he stammered a little—"I had to get another, because I—I lost one this afternoon."

"Oh, my hat!" murmured the Bounder. He winked at Redwing. Smithy, at least, had no doubt where Bob had "lost" his handkerchief.

All eyes were on Bob's flushed face. His admission that he had lost a handkerchief, when Coker had found one in his study, was rather startling.

Mr. Quelch gave him a very penetrating look.

"You lost a handkerchief to-day, Cherry?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"I don't know, sir, but I think in this passage. I think it must have dropped from my pocket while I was—was—"

"While you were what?"

"I—I was scrapping with a fellow, sir," stammered Bob. "I missed the hanky afterwards when I wanted it."

"Did you not look for it?"

"No, sir! I forgot about it."

"You should not have forgotten about it, Cherry!"

Bob was silent. He did not want to tell the story of the hacking of his shin by Edward Caffyn. That hack, and the effect of it, had quite driven the trifling matter of a lost handkerchief from his mind.

Coker gave a grunt.

"You may as well tell Mr. Quelch that you lost it in my study, Cherry!" he snapped. "He knows it as well as I do!"

"I didn't lose it there, you fathhead! I haven't been anywhere near your study!" roared Bob.

"Do not raise your voice in my presence, Cherry!"

"Oh! No, sir! Sorry!"

"I accept your word absolutely, Cherry!" said Mr. Quelch, rather to the surprise of the Removites. "If you were speaking untruthfully, obviously you would not have mentioned the lost handkerchief at all."

"Oh! Thank you, sir!" gasped Bob. "I found it in my study!" hooted Coker.

"I never left it there, you ass!"

"You did, you young rotter! It was used to daub ink on my looking-glass, and it's there now, inky all over—"

"Coker! Has it not occurred to you that some other boy may have picked up the handkerchief that Cherry lost and used it for the purpose you describe?" snapped Mr. Quelch.

"Oh!" ejaculated Coker.

Evidently that obvious consideration had not occurred to Coker's mighty brain.

"If, as you say, the handkerchief was used for smearing ink, probably the person concerned would have preferred not to use his own."

"Oh!" repeated Coker.

"Have you not thought of that possibility, Coker?"

"N-n-n-no!" stammered Coker.

"You are a very unthinking and foolish boy, Coker! Now tell me precisely when this ragging took place in your study?"

"I don't know exactly, sir; but it was since I was in the study about an hour ago."

"Where have you been during the last hour, Cherry?"

"In the Rag, sir," answered Bob. "I've been there more than an hour, and twenty or thirty fellows can tell you so."

"We've been there with him, sir!" said Harry Wharton.

"Yes, rather!" said Nugent.

"The ratherfulness is terrific."

A dozen voices concurred at once! Coker simply blinked. Even on



In spite of Billy Bunter's strenuous resistance, his trouser leg was rolled back and the fearful bruise revealed. It looked remarkably like a terrible black bruise from a little distance. But, on a closer inspection, it was revealed as a daub of black ink! "You fat fraud!" roared Bob Cherry.

Coker's solid brain it was borne in that he had made a mistake!

If Bob had been in the Rag during the past hour he certainly could not have been in Coker's study, too. Even Coker could understand that.

Coker's jaw dropped. Somebody had wrecked his study. That somebody had picked up a lost handkerchief to use in daubing inky letters on his glass. But whoever it was, it was not Bob Cherry.

That fact, at long last, was clear unto Coker. He stared round the study he had wrecked in retaliation for the wreck of his own. He wished now that he hadn't!

"Oh!" gasped Coker. "Oh, my hat!"

"Are you satisfied now, Coker, that it was not this boy of my Form who ragged your study?" demanded Mr. Quelch, in a grinding voice.

"Oh! Ah! Yes! Quite!" stammered the unhappy Horace.

"Very good! I shall now take you to your Form-master, Coker, and request him to deal with you."

"I—I say, sir!" gasped Bob. "I—I don't mind what Coker's done, sir! It was all a mistake—he can't help being a fool, sir."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Cherry!" thundered Mr. Quelch. "I—I mean, nobody expects Coker to have any sense, sir!" stammered Bob. "I—I don't mind what he's done, sir—and the other fellows will say the same."

"Certainly, sir!" said Mark Linley.

"The sayfulness of the same is preposterous, esteemed sahib!" declared Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Mr. Quelch paused. But he shook his head.

"I regret that it is impossible for me

to overlook such an outrageous thing as this!" he said. "Coker, I shall report your conduct to Mr. Prout, and you will come with me to him at once."

"Yes, sir," mumbled the wretched Coker.

And in the lowest of spirits he followed the Remove-master down the passage.

"Well, my hat!" said Harry Wharton when they were gone. "Coker is the prize idiot, and no mistake! But it seems that somebody has ragged his study. Who the dickens was it?"

"Nobody in the Remove, said Nugent. "May have been some Fourth Form men. Temple and his lot, very likely."

"Might have been anybody," said Smithy. "Coker's rowed with nearly everybody in the Lower School. Poor old Coker! I wonder what he will get from Prout?"

"Well, whatever he gets will serve him right!" said Bob. "Look what he's done to my study! Who's going to lend a hand setting it to rights?"

"All hands on deck!" said Bull.

Everybody lent a hand, and many hands made light work. Meanwhile, Coker, rewarded with a terrific impot of a thousand lines from Mr. Prout, was gazing round his dismantled study, and wondering who on earth had wrecked it and left Bob's hanky there. But he came nowhere near guessing.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Benefit of the Doubt!

HURREE JAMSET RAM SINGH came along the Remove passage, after prep that evening, tapped at the door of Study No. 1, and entered.

Three juniors sat round the table in that study, working in silence.

Study No. 1 did not seem quite so cheery as of old. The presence of the new fellow, Edgar Caffyn, did not have an inspiring effect.

If Wharton or Nugent spoke they addressed one another. Neither of them had anything to say to Caffyn.

Caffyn did not seem to mind. He had made friends in Skinner's study, and did not want to make friends in his own. His manners and customs were so utterly unlike those of the chums of the Remove, that friendship would hardly have been possible.

Wharton and Nugent rose from the table as the Nabob of Bhanipur came in. They had just finished prep, and were rather keen to get out of the study and away from their obnoxious study-mate.

"Finished?" asked Hurree Singh.

"Just!" answered Harry.

"Let's go down," added Nugent.

But, rather to the surprise of his chums, the dusky nabob shut the door and stood leaning his back on it.

Caffyn glanced at him, with a sneer. And Wharton glanced at Caffyn with a gleam in his eyes.

If the Snipe was thinking of repeating his performance of the afternoon Wharton was ready to deal with him.

But Caffyn, after a sneering glance, took no further heed of the nabob. He went on with his prep, in his usual slack and perfunctory manner. The Snipe did not play games; but he had not the excuse of being a "swot" or a "sap"—he did barely enough work to scrape through in the Form-room.

"What's up, Inky?" asked Nugent. "Aren't you coming down?"

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"I have a few remarks to make, my esteemed chums, before we go down-fully," said the nabob.

"Not here!" said Wharton, with a gesture towards Caffyn.

"Yes, here, my absurd Wharton! I desire the esteemed and ridiculous Caffyn to hear."

Caffyn looked up again.

"If you fellows are going to jaw, you may as well get out!" he said. "I haven't finished my prep."

"You'd have finished same time as we did, if you hadn't dawdled over it," answered Nugent; "and we shall talk in our own study if we like!"

"But what the thump—" asked Wharton, puzzled.

He could not imagine what the nabob had to say for Caffyn to hear.

Hurree Janset Ram Singh smiled a dusky smile.

"I have been thoughtfully reflecting, my absurd friends," he said. "It has not yet transpirefully come out who ragged the idiotic Coker study."

Caffyn gave a slight start, which did not escape the keen eyes of the nabob. But the new fellow kept his eyes on his books now.

"What does it matter?" asked Harry. "It's pretty certain that it wasn't a Remove man. Most of us were in the Rag at the time."

"But not all," said the nabob gently. "And you will remember that the esteemed Bob lost his absurd hanky in this passage. If it was picked up here, who but a Remove man could have picked it up?"

"Well, that's so," said Harry, with a nod. "But, whoever the fellow was, he was a silly fool. He might have known that that hanky would be spotted, if it was left in Coker's study, and lead that fathead to think that Bob had been there."

"I do not think the fellow was a fool, my esteemed Wharton."

"Well, he acted like one," said Harry. "If he meant to chuck the hanky into Coker's fire, he should have seen that it went in. As it was, he set that fathead Coker raging after Bob, with the result that Bob's study was

wrecked, and Coker got into a fearful row with his beak."

"Absolute idiot!" said Nugent.

"I thoughtfully opine that he was more rogue than fool, and that the morefulness is terrific!" said Hurree Singh.

"Suppose he is a fellow who dislikes Coker, and does not like the esteemed Cherry—"

Wharton started.

"Inky, you don't imagine—"

"I do!" said the nabob calmly. "The esteemed Bob missed the hanky, after he had scrapped with the absurd Caffyn in this study—"

"Caffyn!" repeated Wharton.

"Exactly!"

Caffyn rose from the table. His work was still unfinished, but he seemed to have decided to leave it so. He went to the door.

Hurree Janset Ram Singh did not stir. Wharton and Nugent understood now why he had shut the door, and put his back to it. Their faces were growing grim.

"Let me pass!" snapped Caffyn.

Hurree Janset Ram Singh shook his dusky head.

"You silly fool, I want to get out of the study!" snarled Caffyn. "Stand away from that door!"

"You will not get out of the study yetfully, my esteemed treacherous snipe!" said the Nabob of Bhanipur calmly. "I have not finished yet! I am going to ask you a question—"

"I shan't answer it."

"You picked a row with the esteemed Cherry this afternoon," went on the nabob, unmoved. "Did you do it so that you could sneakfully purloin his ridiculous handkerchief from his absurd pocket while you were tussling with him?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Wharton.

Caffyn's pasty face was paler.

"Nothing of the kind!" he snarled.

"I never touched his silly hanky!"

"By gum!" breathed Nugent. "Is that it? I wondered how that cur found the nerve to tackle a fellow like Bob. He got the hanky away while they were tussling without Bob noticing it."

"I did nothing of the kind!" panted Caffyn. "Let me get out of this study!"

"You're not going yet!" said the captain of the Remove. "We're having this out first. Where were you after that row with Bob? Nugent and I looked for you everywhere, and couldn't find you!"

"I told you that I was in the Form-room, doing lines for Quelch."

"Yes, and I knew you were lying, at the time, though I didn't then guess why!" said Harry contemptuously. "As it happened, we looked in the Form-room, and you weren't there."

Caffyn caught his breath.

"My hat!" said Nugent. "He was in Coker's study—he ragged the room and left Bob's hanky there on purpose."

"Looks pretty clear now!" said Harry.

"I—I did not!" panted Caffyn.

"Then where were you at the time?" demanded Wharton. "You weren't in the Form-room as you said. We know that! Where were you when somebody was ragging Coker's study in the Fifth?"

Caffyn did not answer.

"You'll answer that before you leave this study, you cur!" said Frank.

"I—I—I was out of the House!" stammered Caffyn at last. "As it was after lock-up, I didn't want to say so. That's all. It's lines for going out after lock-up. That's why—"

"You've just thought of that!" said Wharton contemptuously.

"It's true!"

"I don't believe you could tell the truth, if you tried. You miserable rotter, if you wanted to rag your cousin in the Fifth, why couldn't you do it without landing it on Bob?"

"I didn't!" panted Caffyn. "I—I— Let me get out of this study! I'll yell for a prefect if you keep me here!"

Wharton set his lips.

"If you leave this study without owing up to what you've done, Caffyn, you'll go straight to Quelch and I'll take you to him!" he said. "You won't be allowed to get away with treacherous tricks like this in the Remove. Stand away from the door, Inky! Let him go—and we'll see that he goes to Quelch."

The Nabob of Bhanipur stood away from the study door.

The way was free to Caffyn now.

But he did not take advantage of it. He did not make a step towards the door. He looked at the chums of the Remove, with a hunted expression on his face. Evidently he did not want to go to Quelch.

"Well?" snapped Wharton.

Caffyn licked his dry lips.

"I—I don't mind telling you!" he muttered. "You know how my cousin has treated me ever since I came. Why shouldn't I rag him? As for the hanky, I saw it on the floor and—and picked it up. I never noticed that it was Cherry's. I threw it at the fire in Coker's study after I'd used it for the ink—I never noticed it dropped in the fender. I—I heard somebody in the passage, and—and had to get away quick. That's all."

The juniors looked at him.

How much falsehood was mixed with the truth in his confession it was impossible to say. He had owned up; and it was possible, at least, that the happening had been as he said. The juniors did not believe so, but the fellow was entitled to the benefit of the doubt, such as it was.

Wharton broke the silence at last.

"Let it go at that!" he said. "If anything of the kind happens again, we shall know what to think, and you won't get off so cheaply. Let's get out



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of this, you men—that fellow makes me sick."

The three juniors left the study. Caffyn breathed deep with relief. They had given him the benefit of the doubt; which he had hardly expected. He shrugged his shoulders and sat down to finish his prep.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Bunter, Too!

"NO footer to-day!" said Bob Cherry, with a grimace. It was the following afternoon, and most of the Remove had gathered in the changing-room.

As it was a compulsory practice, all the Form had to turn up; most of them willingly enough, for a game in the clear cold frosty air; some of them unwillingly.

Skinner & Co. would have preferred to smoke in their study, and Caffyn undoubtedly would have preferred to share their cigarettes. Billy Bunter's taste ran in the direction of frowsting over the fire in the Rag, and devouring toffee if he could find any in any fellow's study.

But it was the duty of the captain of the Form to see that every fellow turned up, or else report his absence to the Head of the Games; so willing or unwilling, they came in to change. Billy Bunter came last, lingering at the door; not like the Peri at the gate of Paradise, for he did not want to enter. Bob Cherry, who was keenest of all, had to make up his mind to cut; his damaged leg was simply no use to him. He was tempted to use the other foot, on Caffyn, who was changing with a sulky, sullen face.

"Rotten, old chap!" said Harry Wharton.

"The rottenfulness is terrific!" said Hurree Janset Ram Singh, with deep sympathy.

"Bruise bad?" asked Smithy. "Beastly!" said Bob. "Black as ink! Leg's no good! Can't hop at footer on one leg."

Billy Bunter, at the doorway, blinked in—and then, as if struck by a sudden thought, he rolled hastily away.

It was some minutes later that Bunter presented himself in the changing-room.

"Oh, here you are!" exclaimed Wharton. "I was going to look for you, you fat slacker! Why, what on earth's the matter with you?"

Bunter limped in. Hitherto, Bob Cherry had been the only limper. Now William George Bunter was afflicted in the same way. The juniors stared at him.

"What's the name of that game?" inquired Vernon-Smith.

Groan! "Hurt your leg?" asked Wharton. "Ow! Yes! No footer to-day!" groaned Bunter. "I say, you fellows, I've got a beastly bruise—black as ink."

Some of the juniors grinned. Billy Bunter's excuses for dodging games practice on compulsory days were as numerous as the sands on the sea-shore.

Without being unduly suspicious, the Removites thought it probable that Bob's limp had put that idea into Bunter's head!

"How did you get it?" demanded Wharton.

"You know how that snipe Caffyn hacks a fellow's shins," said Bunter. "He kicked me, you know, same as he did Bob Cherry."

The short-sighted Owl of the Remove

did not notice that Caffyn was there, standing within a dozen feet of him.

The Snipe stared round in angry surprise. His misdeeds were many; but hacking Bunter's shins was certainly not numbered among them.

"Why, you lying little fat toad!" shouted Caffyn. "I haven't touched you."

Bunter jumped.

"Oh! I—I didn't see you there, Caffyn! I—I say, you fellows, I didn't mean that it was Caffyn hacked my shin! It—it was another chap!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

GREYFRIARS CARTOONS

By Harold Skinner.

No. 29.—HAROLD SKINNER
(the cartoonist and practical joker of the Remove.)

Harold Skinner is the sort of humorist who spares nobody—not even himself. What proof is there that he drew this cartoon from his reflection in a mirror? See below.



Behold my handsome, manly face
So deep in thought on Livy
(They tell me in this rotten place,
I've got a camel's chivvy).

Instead of doing Latin prose
I draw cartoons of fellows
Until I'm caught, then—"touch your
toes!"
(The artist bends and bellows).

Did you spot the mistake? Skinner
is really right-handed, but the mirror,
of course, changes things round.

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle
at! I'm in fearful pain—frightful!" ex-
claimed Bunter indignantly. "You
seem to sympathise a lot with Bob—I
think you might sympathise with me a
little."

"So we will—when we've seen the
bruise!" chuckled Nugent.

"Oh, really, Nugent—"
"But we haven't heard yet who did
it!" grinned the Bounder.

"It—it was Fishy—"
"Me!" yelled Fisher T. Fish.

"Oh crikey! I didn't see you,
Fishy—"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I mean, it was a Fourth Form
man!" gasped Bunter. That seemed a
fairly safe venture, as none of the

Fourth were present. "I say, he landed
me a fearful hack, and I've got a bruise
as—as black as ink."

"If you've done your funny turn, get
changed," suggested the captain of the
Remove. "Can't wait for you."

"Oh, really, Wharton! I say, I can't
play footer this afternoon!" howled
Bunter. "Not with this bruise! It's
rough on me! You know how keen I
am on the game!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"But there's nothing doing. With
this fearful bruise—"

"Let's see the bruise," said Harry.
"If you've got a fearful bruise on your
leg, you're let off, you fat frowster!"

Grinning glances turned on the fat
Owl of the Remove from all sides. No-
body expected him to display the bruise,
which everybody supposed to exist only
in his fat imagination.

To the general surprise Bunter
turned up his trouser leg, and there on
his fat shin was a huge black patch—
black as ink.

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Wharton.
"Has Bunter told the truth, for
once?" ejaculated Peter Todd, in
amazement.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Well, that looks like a bruise, and
no mistake!" said Johnny Bull. "How
did you get it, Bunter?"

"Caffyn—I mean, a Fourth Form
chap. I—I mean, I—I fell down the
stairs," stammered Bunter. "I—I gave
my shin a fearful crack. I—I'm
awfully sorry I shall have to stand out
to-day, Wharton."

"Let's look at that a bit closer," said
the Bounder; and he moved towards
the fat Owl.

Bunter put back the trouser leg at
once.

"Don't touch it!" he gasped. "It's
fearfully painful! Like—like red-hot
needles, and—and burning daggers!"

"Let's see it!"
"You've seen it, haven't you?"
hooted Bunter. "You mind your own
biznev, Smithy! You've seen that it's
as black as ink."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Bounder.
"No wonder, when you got it out of an
inkpot!"

"Oh, really, Smithy—"
"What!" shouted the captain of the
Remove.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the footballers.
"Why, you—you beast, Smithy!"
gasped Bunter. "How could I get a
bruise out of an inkpot, you silly ass?"

I—I say, you fellows, I—I think I—I'll
go and lie down a bit! With this
awful bruise—"

Harry Wharton caught the fat Owl
by the neck.

"Hold on!" he said.
"Beast! Leggo!"
"Now let's have a look at that fear-
ful bruise!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Two or three fellows rolled back the
trouser leg, in spite of Billy Bunter's
strenuous resistance.

The fearful bruise was revealed once
more.

From a little distance it looked re-
markably like a terribly black bruise.
On a closer inspection, however, it was
revealed as a daub of black ink on an
otherwise undamaged shin.

There was a howl of laughter in the
changing-room.

"You fat fraud!" roared Bob Cherry.
"Beast!" gasped Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Smithy took a sponge, and rubbed
the fearful bruise. It disappeared as
if by magic, leaving only an inky
smudge.

"Cured it, old' bōan!" grinned the Bounder. "Feel better?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now get changed, you fat villain!" said Harry Wharton, laughing.

"I—I say, I—I've got a—a pain!" gasped Bunter. "Not that bruise—I don't mean that—but a pain in my—my shoulder! I think it's a touch of plumbāgo!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Or pneumonia," said Bunter. "There's a lot of pneumonia in our family. My grandfather was absolutely lame with it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Which shoulder?" asked Wharton. "The—the—" Bunter did not seem to have decided which shoulder the pain was in. "Oh, the left!"

"Well, I'll give you one to match it, in the right," said the captain of the Remove.

Smack!

"Yaroooh!" roared Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Smack!

"Whoop! Leave off thumping me, you beast!" shrieked Bunter. "Wharther you pitching into a chap for, I'd like to know? Wow!"

"It's the homeopathic cure," explained Wharton. "Like curses like—that's the idea! I'm going to give you a pain in your right shoulder till the pain's gone from your left."

"Why, you beast!" gasped Bunter.

Smack!

"Yoo-hoop!"

"Pain gone?" asked Wharton.

"Ow! No! It's worse!"

Smack!

"Yarooop!"

"Gone now?"

"Ow! Wow! Quite gone!" shrieked Bunter. "Leave off banging me, you beast! It's quite gone—quite! Every bit of it! Wow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, the bruise being cured, and the pains all gone, get changed for footer!" said the captain of the Remove.

And Billy Bunter, suppressing his feelings, which really could not have been expressed in words, got changed for footer.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Something for Sammy!

SAMMY BUNTER of the Second Form blinked at Bob Cherry through the big glasses that made him look so like his major, Billy of the Remove.

Sammy seemed rather amused. He grinned.

Really, there was nothing very amusing in seeing a fellow limping on one leg; but Sammy seemed to think it funny.

It did not seem so to Bob Cherry.

Twenty-four hours seemed to have made that painful bruise on Bob's leg worse instead of better. He hated limping, which seemed to him like making a fuss about an injury. But he really could not help it. When he rested his weight on that leg it gave him such a severe pain that he very hastily took his weight off it again.

Bob had limped down to Little Side to see the junior practice. But watching practice in which he could not join had palled on him as an entertainment.

He strolled, or rather limped, off the football field. Now he was loafing about the quad, not in the best of spirits.

All his friends were occupied with football, and he was left on his own.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,405.

He was looking forward rather eagerly to the end of games practice.

He could have gone in and found a chair by a fire, and a book. Or he could have put in a little extra swotting at Latin, a subject in which he did not shine. That resource, however, did not occur to him. So long as the daylight lasted he wanted to be out of doors—especially as the air was keen and frosty, fresh, and invigorating. But he had to admit that, at the moment, he was not enjoying life.

In that mood he was not exhilarated in the least, by the grinning stare of Sammy Bunter. He glared at the fat fag.

"He, he, he!" cackled Sammy.

Bob breathed hard.

"What are you cackling at, you fat freak?" he demanded.

He pondered whether he could stand on his damaged leg long enough to kick Sammy with his sound one.

"I say, you look awfully funny, dot-and-carry-one, you know," grinned Sammy. "I say, I've heard that a Remove man hacked your shin yesterday! Is it bad?"

"Yes!" growled Bob.

Sammy came a little nearer.

"Hard cheese, old chap!" he said.

"Does it hurt you when you walk on it?"

"Yes."

"That why you ain't at footer?"

Bob nodded.

Sammy Bunter had ceased to grin, and was regarding Bob in a rather thoughtful way. He seemed to be calculating something.

"I say, couldn't you run?" he asked.

"Of course I couldn't, you young ass!"

"I mean, suppose a mad bull was after you?" suggested Sammy.

Bob Cherry laughed. It needed rather a stretch of the imagination to suppose that there might be a mad bull in the Greyfriars quadrangle.

"Or suppose a fellow came up to you and pulled your nose?" said Sammy. "Mean to say you couldn't run after him?"

Bob shook his head.

Sammy came a little closer. His eyes were glimmering behind his spectacles. Sammy of the Second had never pulled the nose of a Remove man—yet. He was thinking now that it would be rather a lark.

"Is it really so bad as all that, poor old chap?" asked the fat fag.

"Yes!" grunted Bob.

"I mean"—Sammy wanted to be sure—"suppose Temple of the Fourth came over to you this minute and pulled your nose?"

"Why should he, you young fat-head?"

"Well, suppose he did, mean to say your game leg would stop you from chasing him if he cut off?" asked Sammy.

"Yes!" grunted Bob.

"Oh!" said Sammy.

What happened next came as a surprise to Bob Cherry!

Sammy of the Second made a sudden jump forward, and Bob's nose was nipped between a fat finger and thumb!

"Tweak!"

Sammy bounded back out of reach before Bob quite knew what was happening.

"He, he, he!" chortled Sammy.

He cut off!

For an instant Bob glared after him. Then he made a bound in pursuit. But he made only one bound.

He had forgotten his game leg! He was instantly reminded of it! The pain that shot through it as he bounded after

Sammy was a swift and unpleasant reminder.

"Ow!" gasped Bob.

He came to an instant halt on his sound leg.

"He, he, he!" cackled Sammy.

He blinked back over his shoulder at a safe distance. Then he stopped, seeing that he was safe, and put a fat thumb to a fat little nose and extended his fingers.

"Yah!" yelled Sammy. "Remove tick! Yah!"

And having delivered that defiance, Sammy of the Second turned once more and rushed away as Bob hobbled towards him.

Crash!

Sammy rushed right into Coker of the Fifth, seeing him in the way too late!

"Oh!" gasped Sammy. "I say—Ow!"

"What the thump!" roared Coker, in great wrath. "You cheeky little sweep, what the dooce do you mean by barging a Fifth Form man over? What?"

"I—I—" gasped Sammy. "Leggo! Oh crikey! Leggo! Wow!"

Coker of the Fifth did not let go! Coker of the Fifth was not to be barged with impunity by a fag of the Second Form! Not Coker!

Coker grasped Sammy of the Second with one hand and smacked with the other. He smacked, or, rather, banged, and Sammy roared.

Bang, bang, bang!

"Yoo-hoo—Whoop!"

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

Bang, bang!

"There!" said Coker. "That'll teach you to rush about the quad like a wild elephant and barge over Fifth Form men!"

And Coker marched on leaving Sammy yelling.

Sammy was so busy yelling and rubbing the places where Coker's hefty smites had fallen that he did not observe Bob Cherry hobbling closer and closer. Bob balanced himself with great care on his game leg and shot out his sound one.

Thud!

"Yoo-hoop!" bellowed Sammy.

He fled.

"Stop and have another!" gasped Bob.

Sammy did not stop!

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

The Good Samaritans!

"RAIN!" grunted Johnny Bull. "Rain! Bound to rain on a half-holiday, of course!"

"The rainfulness is terrific!" sighed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Rotten!" said Bob Cherry. "Why couldn't it rain while I had a game leg?"

The group of juniors stood at a window in the Rag, looking out into a weeping quad. Even Bob was not tempted out of doors that afternoon.

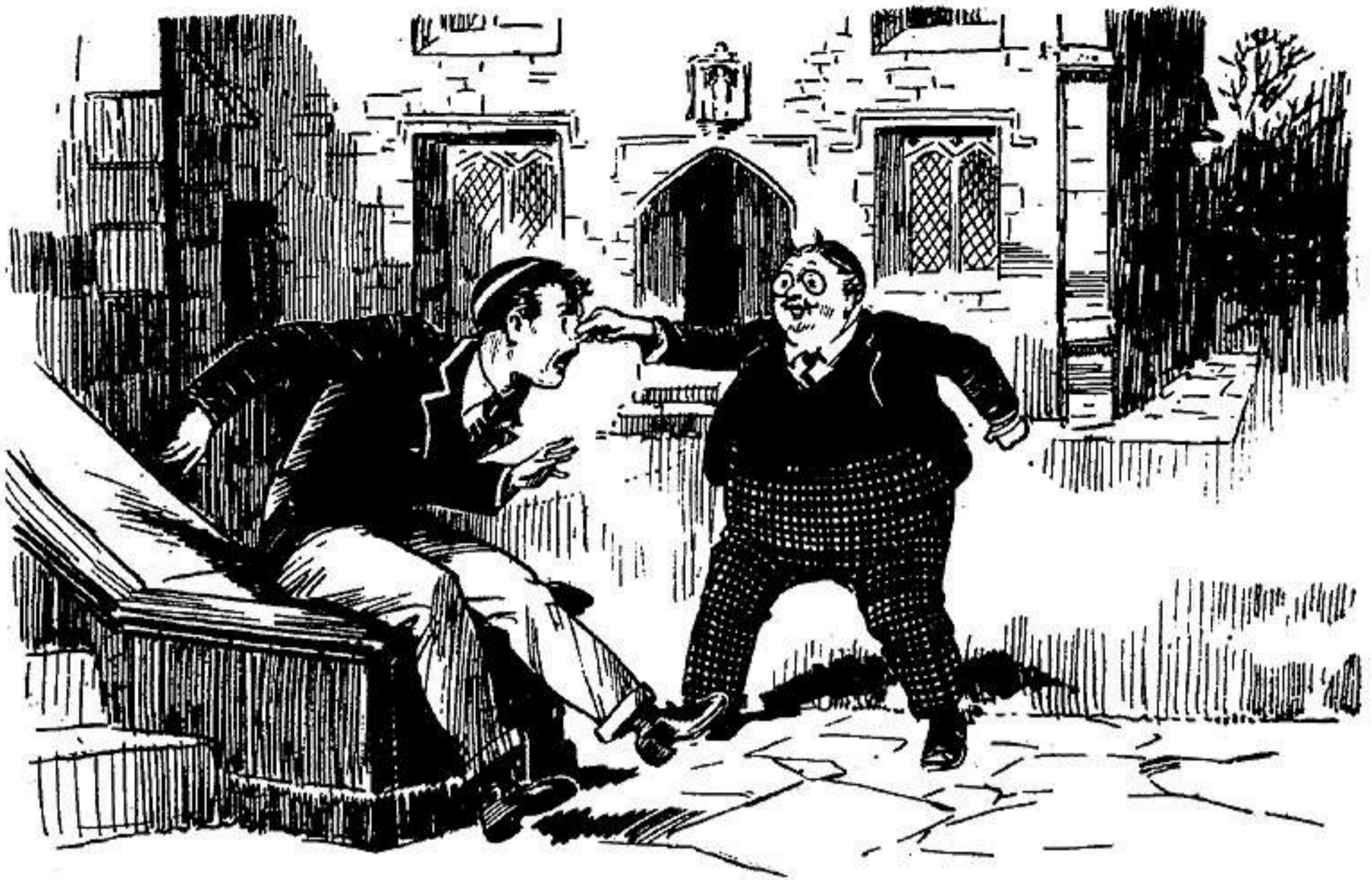
A few days had passed since the damage to Bob's leg, and now it was sufficiently mended for football. So it really seemed that Fate was rather malicious in sending a heavy downpour that half-holiday.

"Blow the weather!" said Harry Wharton.

"Bless it!" said Nugent.

Caffyn, frowsting in an armchair by the fire in the Rag, glanced round at the Famous Five with a sneer on his face.

The rain made no difference to Caffyn, who was not keen on the open spaces at any time. Rain or shine, he would have spent his half-holiday



"Do you mean to say that if a fellow pulled your nose your game leg would stop you from chasing him?" asked Sammy Bunter. "Yes," grunted Bob Cherry. "Then, here goes!" said Bunter minor, suddenly jumping forward and nipping Bob's nose between a fat finger and thumb. Tweak! "Ow!" gasped Bob Cherry.

frowsting over the fire in the Rag, or smoking cigarettes in Skinner's study.

"There goes old Prout!" remarked Nugent, as a portly figure with umbrella up loomed through the rain in the quad.

The Fifth Form master disappeared in rainy mist towards the gate. The juniors at the window had a glimpse of his face, and discerned a frown thereon, before he disappeared. Something had affected Prout's temper—perhaps the weather!

"Anybody like a walk?" asked Bob, but not very heartily.

"Thanks, no!" said Harry.

"Old Prout's gone out in it."

"He's got an appointment somewhere, I should think! He can't be trotting out for pleasure on a putrid day like this."

"I say, you fellows!" Billy Bunter rolled into the Rag, blinked round through his big spectacles, and joined the group at the window. There was a fat grin on Bunter's podgy countenance. "I say, poor old Coker— He, he, he!"

There was a general brightening of visages! The mere mention of Coker of the Fifth was enough to make a fellow smile.

"Oh! Coker!" said Bob. "What's Coker's latest? Ragging studies again?"

"I hear that he's been asking Wingate for a show in the First Eleven!" remarked Wharton.

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

"Let's go along and ask him to tell us something about Soccer!" suggested Bob. "It will cheer us up on a day like this!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, poor old Coker's fearfully down in the mouth!" grinned Bunter. "I heard old Prout slanging him—"

"Has he been teaching Prout to spell? I've heard that he has a lot of disagreements with Prout about spelling."

"It's his lines," grinned Bunter. "Prout gave him a thousand lines for ragging in the Remove the other day. Coker hasn't done them! He told Prout he hadn't had time! Prout was waxy! Yelled at him!"

"Fathead!"

"Bawled!" said Bunter impressively. "Roared, in fact! I heard him! You fellows know I wouldn't listen—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"But he fairly bellowed!" said Bunter. "He told Coker that if the lines aren't on his table when he comes back from the vicarage after tea he will take him to the Head!"

"Poor old Coker!" sighed Bob. "Always asking for it! And always getting it! Why hasn't he done his lines, the ass?"

"Well, a thousand lines is pretty steep!" remarked Wharton. "His pals might help him out, I should think. Prout wouldn't notice the difference in the fist. All he wants is lines."

"That's what Coker thinks!" chuckled Bunter. "But Potter and Greene don't seem to see it! I heard Potter tell him that if he wanted fellows to do lines for him he shouldn't bang fellows' heads."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, if you want anything from the tuckshop I'll cut off through the rain!" said Bunter. "I'm not afraid of getting wet."

The Famous Five chuckled.

"Sure you'd bring back the tuck?" asked Bob.

"Yes, old chap."

"Inside?"

"Oh, really, Cherry!"

"The insidefulness would be terrific!" chuckled the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"I say, you fellows! I mentioned to you that I was expecting a postal order," said Bunter. "For some reason or other it hasn't come! If one of you fellows like to lend me the ten bob and take the postal order when it comes—"

I say, don't walk away while a fellow's talking to you!" roared Bunter.

But the chums of the Remove did walk away. Bunter's conversation seemed to have palled on them.

"Come up to the Remove!" said Harry, as they left the Rag. "I've got an idea."

"Something to do this beastly afternoon?" asked Bob.

"That's it."

"Well, why can't you tell us here, fathead?"

"I don't want the Snipe to hear."

"Oh, all right!"

The juniors went up to the Remove passage. On the landing, Wharton came to a halt, and his comrades waited to hear what was the idea for occupying that rainy, dismal afternoon.

"Passage football?" asked Bob.

"That's against the rules, old bean."

"Blow the rules!"

"Well, that's not it, anyhow! Coker—"

"A rag on Coker?" asked Bob.

"Well, I'm always ready to rag jolly old Coker, if it comes to that! But—now he's down on his luck, don't you think we might give the silly fathead a rest?"

"It's not a rag, ass!"

"What the thump is it, then?"

"You've heard of the Good Samaritan?"

Wharton's chums stared at him. Whatever they had expected him to mention, it was not that excellent character of ancient times.

"Wandering in your mind, old chap?" asked Johnny Bull.

"That's the idea! We're going to be Good Samaritans for the afternoon!" said the captain of the Remove. "Poor old Coker is landed with a thousand lines! He's going up before the Head if Prout doesn't find them in his study after tea. Coker's a born idiot, but he's



(Continued from page 13.)

not a bad sort in his own way. Billions of times better than that cousin of his, anyhow. Let's go and help him with his lines!"

"You—you—you blithering idiot!" gasped Johnny Bull. "Is that your idea of filling up a rainy afternoon—writing lines for a Fifth Form man who never sees us without kicking up a shindy?"

Harry Wharton nodded.

"That's the idea!" he said firmly. "And that's what we're going to do."

"We're not!" roared Johnny.

"We are, old chap! We shall have to keep it dark, of course—that's why I didn't want Caffyn to hear. Prout would be waxy if he knew! But he won't know, so that's all right. We can do the lines—it's only necessary to make the writing like inky spiders, and to spell like a backward fag in the Second Form, and it will look like a twin to Coker's own work—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, it's rot!" grunted Johnny Bull. "Coker's as likely as not to meet us with his boot if we go to his study."

"I shouldn't wonder!" said Harry, laughing. "But we'll go, all the same. Look here, Coker will never get his lines done in time, and if he goes up to the Head on a complaint from his Form-master, it may mean a flogging!"

"Serve him right!"

"Oh rats! Put it to the vote!" said Harry. "Hands up for helping that blithering idiot Coker out of his scrape!"

His own hand went up, and three more followed it. Then Johnny Bull grunted, and put up a hand also. And that being settled, the Good Samaritans of the Remove went up the Fifth Form passage to Coker's study.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Merely a Misunderstanding!

HORACE COKER dipped his pen in the ink, grunted, and almost groaned.

Coker was not happy that afternoon.

Trouble and perplexity sat on the rugged brow of Coker of the Fifth.

It was not only the lines—though they were bad enough! Coker had had a shot at that overwhelming imposition several times since Prout had handed it out. So far, he had accumulated a stock of about three hundred lines, out of a thousand. About seven hundred remained to be written—something like a tough task for a single afternoon. Bad as it was, however, that was not all.

Trouble seemed to have fallen heavily on Coker that term. It was true that Coker was a hunter of trouble. He always barged into any that might be lying around loose.

But things were worse than usual this term—Coker did not know why. The

term was hardly a couple of weeks old, but a regular mountain of trouble seemed to be packed into it already.

There was that snipe, Caffyn, who had come to Coker's school. There was Aunt Judy, angry with him because he loathed Caffyn, and jolly well wasn't going to pretend that he didn't!

But apart from Caffyn and Aunt Judy, other troubles had accrued. There was that mistake about Bob Cherry—which Coker did not even dream that he owed to Caffyn. That had led to trouble with Quelch, through him, to trouble with Prout, and to the heavy impot that hung over Coker like a black cloud. Now Prout was wild with him, and it was clear that he was going to have trouble with his beak that term.

Even Potter and Greene, his bosom pals, were letting him down. They made out that it was his fault that they had had a row—made a fuss about having had their heads banged together. As if that mattered!

Instead of wiring in and helping him with those putrid lines, as good pals should, they had actually turned their backs on him and told him to go and eat coke! They didn't want to sit in the study that afternoon writing lines, that was the truth of it.

It was all the more unfortunate because Coker had rather counted on help in getting those lines done. It was true that he was careless in such matters, but he would hardly have left them so late had he not expected assistance.

There was no danger from Prout! Prout hardly looked at a fellow's lines. Fellows often helped one another with impots. It was considered a pally thing to do.

But there was no help for Coker this time! And having left it so late, the prospect was black.

Prout had asked for the lines. He had been angry. Prout was annoyed with Coker for ragging among the juniors, annoyed at having received a complaint from another beak. Now he was waxy because the lines weren't done. Coker had told him that he hadn't been able to find the time to get them done; but that, somehow, had only seemed to make Prout waxier.

It was pretty serious if Coker went up before the Head. He had enough trouble on hand without some more added with his headmaster. Altogether, it looked like being a rotten term.

Coker wrote one line and paused and grunted!

He loathed writing lines! Even a hundred lines made Coker groan. And a thousand! Who ever heard of such an impot! Of course, Prout had been wild when Quelch took Coker to him. Still, he might have stopped short of a thousand lines! It was altogether too thick.

Coker wrote another line.

Then he got up to look at the weather. Rain dashed on the window-panes. Prout had gone down to the vicarage—as likely as not he would have twinges of his old rheumatism when he came in, and be in a worse temper than ever. It behoved Coker to get those lines done.

He turned to the table again, with a dismal groan.

Tap! It was a knock on the door.

"Oh, come in!" called out Coker.

He had no hope that it was Potter and Greene coming to help. They would not have tapped. But any caller was welcome to break the dismal monotony. Even that lackadaisical ass Hilton, or that smoky blighter Price—any man in the Fifth, in fact!

The door opened, and five cheery juniors of the Remove presented themselves. Coker's eyes gleamed at them.

It was not a Fifth Form man dropping

in out of sympathy. It was a gang of fags, no doubt coming there for a rag.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry cheerily.

Coker was doing lines from Virgil. Virgil was propped up against his inkstand. He reached out, grasped the volume, and hurled it.

Crash! Bump!

The missile caught Bob under the chin. It sat him down on the floor as if he had been shot.

"Yoop!" roared Bob.

"Coker!" gasped Wharton.

"Look out!" yelled Nugent.

Coker, of course, did not know why the juniors had come there. He had not the faintest idea of a Good Samaritan stunt. He took it for granted that it was a rag; and Coker was in no patient humour.

He followed up Virgil by a charge, right at the enemy!

"You cheeky young scoundrels!" roared Coker, as he charged. "I'll teach you to come ragging in my study!"

"Look out!"

"Oh crikey!"

"Collar him!"

"Oh, my hat!"

Coker's hefty charge drove the juniors through the doorway. He trampled over Bob Cherry as he went. Wild yells came from Bob.

In the doorway, however, the Removites rallied. They clutched Coker on all sides and hurled him back into the study.

Bob was scrambling up. Coker stumbled backwards over him, and they rolled over together.

Bob was quickest on the uptake. In a moment, or a little more, he was on Coker, punching.

Punch, punch, punch, punch!

This, of course, was not Good Samaritan work! But Bob had forgotten for the moment that he was a Good Samaritan! He had had a bang on the chin. He had been trodden on. For the moment he remembered only one thing—that he wanted to punch Coker, and punch him hard! And he did!

Punch, punch, punch!

Coker roared and raved and heaved! Up he came to his feet, with Bob clinging to him, still punching wildly.

"Hold on, Bob!" gasped Wharton.

"Collar that idiot!" howled Johnny Bull.

The Co. rushed in. Coker was grasped again, dragged away from Bob, and hurled into a corner.

"Bump him!" yelled Bob.

"Hold on—"

"Bump him, I tell you! Rag the silly fathead bald-headed!"

Coker staggered up. He glared with wrath, clenched his hands, and rushed to the attack again.

"I'll smash you!" he roared.

"Stand back—"

"Look here—"

"Oh crumbs!"

There was no time to explain. Coker was charging and hitting out. The Famous Five collared him, wrestled with him, and brought him with a terrific crash to the carpet.

There they sat on him.

"Now listen to me, you silly idiot!" gasped Wharton.

"I'll smash you!"

"I tell you—" shrieked Wharton.

"I'll spificate you!"

"We've come here—"

"I'll pulverise you!"

"To help you with your lines!" yelled Wharton in Coker's ear.

Coker blinked.

"Wha-at?" he gasped.

"Got it now, you silly ass?" howled Johnny Bull.

"Oh!" gasped Coker. "Isn't it a rag?"

"No, you ass! No, you fathead! No, you blithering, blethering bandersnatch! No, you frabjous frump!"

"Oh! I thought—"

"You thought!" snorted Johnny Bull. "I'd like to know what you did it with! Catch you thinking!"

Coker was released. He staggered to his feet.

He eyed the juniors rather uncertainly. It was not, after all, a rag! He understood that. Even Coker could understand a thing that was shouted in words of one syllable.

Still, he was disposed to tell the juniors that it was like their thundering cheek to come to a Fifth Form study to help a Fifth Form man with his lines!

"Oh!" he said. "So that's it!"

"Yes, that's it!" gasped Wharton.

"If you let a fellow speak, you ass—"

"Don't be cheeky—"

"You frabjous fathead—"

"I said don't be cheeky!" said Coker darkly.

"Oh, let's get out!" growled Johnny Bull. "We were fools to come here! For goodness' sake, let's get out!"

"You'd better!" grunted Coker. "Think I want a crew of fags in my study!"

"My esteemed idiotic Coker—"

"Oh, get out!" said Coker.

The Famous Five gave Coker a look! Then they turned to the door! The Good Samaritan stunt had lost its attractions—if any! Really, they were not frightfully keen on sitting in Coker's study, writing Coker's lines for him.

But as they went to the door and Coker's glance fell on the heap of impot paper on his table, still beautifully blank, his expression changed. Those lines had to be done!

"Hold on!" said Coker.

"Rats!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Hold on, I tell you! Look here, you kids, I—I—I'd be glad if you'd lend me a hand!" said Coker, with a great effort. "There!"

Harry Wharton looked at him—and laughed!

"Oh, all right! Hold on, you men—let's!"

And it was so!

**THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.
A Chance for Calfyn!**

SCRATCH, scratch, scratch! Five pens were going strong in Coker's study in the Fifth. Sitting round Coker's table, the Famous Five of the Remove worked hard. Each of them took a section of the lines that Coker had to do. The work was not easy! They could not write the lines as they would have (Continued on next page.)



"Linesman" is always ready to answer intricate soccer problems for MAGNET readers. If you want an expert opinion, write to "Linesman," c/o The MAGNET, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, and then watch for his reply in this paper.

HAT-TRICKS!

ONE of my readers who lives at West Worthing, and who is kind enough to say that he has been helped in his football by the hints he has read in the MAGNET, is often taken by his father to watch Portsmouth and Southampton play. And I suppose it is natural that he should be interested in the wonderful scoring feats this season which are to the credit of Edward Drake, the centre-forward who went from Southampton to Arsenal.

I am afraid it is impossible for me to lay my finger on any one feature of Drake's play and say that therein lies the secret of his success. Good footballers are not made with merely one quality; they must have several, especially if they play in the centre-forward position.

In my view Drake is ideally built for the centre-forward position.

He has broad shoulders, a strong frame, and can shoot with either foot. Perhaps more important than these things, however, is the fact that he is so quick off the mark.

This point about the play of Drake has surprised a lot of people who saw him at Southampton, where he appeared to be somewhat slow when a sprint was necessary. But the player set himself to cure this weakness, and if he has the good luck to escape injury he may manage to beat the record for the number of goals scored by a first-class player in one season.

That number was sixty, scored by Dean, the Everton centre-forward, during the 1927-28 season. He only just beat the previous best figures, and would have failed to do this if he had not managed the hat-trick in the last match of the season. There were wild scenes of enthusiasm on the Everton ground when Dean set up the new figures.

Talking of hat-tricks, Drake has still a

long way to go to beat the season's record in this connection.

In replying to another reader I can give the information that in the season when Camsell scored 59 League goals—there were nine games in which he obtained at least three goals. We have got into the habit of calling three goals by one player a hat-trick even though there are other goals intervening. One of my readers wants to know whether this is correct. There is no official ruling on such a point, of course. What I will say is that if I managed to get three goals in a first-class match I shouldn't care whether people called it a hat-trick or not. I should be quite happy.

ANTICIPATION!

ANOTHER reader who keeps goal for his school team asks me for a few hints on the job, and perhaps others will be interested if I pass on some tips in a very brief way. First and foremost, the goalkeeper must play for safety. There is nobody behind him to remedy his mistakes, and he must, therefore, refuse to take unnecessary risks. Under this heading comes the high shots. It is often safer to tip the ball over the bar than try to catch it, especially if opponents are in the vicinity. I remember an international match at Stamford Bridge between England and Scotland when the Scottish goalkeeper, catching the ball, was bundled over the line before he could get rid of it, and Scotland lost the match by that goal.

Anticipation is a very necessary quality in a successful goalkeeper. The best goalkeepers are usually those who make the job look easy. They are able to do this because, using their powers of anticipation, they get in the right place for the shot even before it comes.

Not long ago I was chatting to Harry

Hibbs, the famous England goalkeeper, about this anticipation business. He has the art of anticipation highly developed, and I asked him to what he attributed it. Hibbs gave me a tip which I pass on gladly to my readers.

"During mid-week practice," he said, "I don't always play under the bar. Sometimes, I go out among the forwards, and do some shooting in at goal. I don't do this because I have ideas of becoming a goalscorer rather than a goal-stopper, but all the same I think it helps my goal-keeping. It enables me to form a better opinion of where a player in possession of the ball is likely to shoot in given circumstances." In any case, it can't do any harm for a young goalkeeper to take a turn at shooting-in, occasionally.

SHIN-GUARDS!

THERE is a reason for most things in football, as in other walks of life. That remark is drawn from me by a most unusual question to hand from a reader at Swansea. He says that he has often noticed that footballers, during a match, have trouble with the shin-guards which they put inside their stockings, because they slip about. This reader asks why it is that the makers of these guards don't put straps and buckles on them so that they can be worn outside the stockings.

The reason is an interesting one. Many years ago all the shin-guards used by footballers were made in the manner my correspondent now suggests. They were fastened on the outside of the stocking with straps and buckles. Alas, the buckles were the cause of several players being injured, so a rule was passed forbidding this type of shin-guard.

So now you know why the footballers wear them inside the stockings.

Not long ago I put in my talk a few words about the size of football pitches. Evidently these escaped the eye of J. Bryce, of Whetstone, who asks me what is the recognised size. His friend suggests 115 yards by 80 yards. As a matter of fact, this is, roughly, the size of most first-class pitches, but the rules give a lot of margin, and there is no standard size. The maximum length of a football pitch is 130 yards and the minimum 100. The minimum breadth is 50 yards, and the maximum 100 yards. This means, in effect, it would be possible—and within the rules—to play on an absolutely square pitch, but I have never seen one, have you?

"LINESMAN."

written them for Quelch! They had to write in a scrawling round-hand, if the job had to pass muster. They had to put some spelling into Virgil that would have made P. Vergilius Maro jump, had he been able to see it! The job had to be properly done if it was to satisfy Prout!

Prout, it was true, hardly looked at a man's lines. That was well known. If he had the right number, it was all right for Prout.

Still, if he had noticed anything like a civilised handwriting, or too much correct spelling, it would have made even Prout suspicious!

So the Good Samaritans had to be careful—or, perhaps it would be more accurate to say, they had to be careless! Coker smiled.

It was almost his first smile since Caffyn had come to Greyfriars.

Coker was feeling bucked.

He did some lines himself! Not very many, because he loathed lines, and with so many helpers it was not necessary for Coker to exert himself.

Still, he put in some. Three hundred were already done—which was a good start. Coker added about another fifty.

With all necessary care—or carelessness—the juniors got on ever so much faster than Coker.

The lines grew and grew, like the little peach in the orchard!

A thousand lines was a tremendous impot; but many hands make light work! It was not so tremendous for half a dozen fellows working together.

At this rate the impot would be done well before tea-time, and Coker could walk it off to Prout's study, and leave it there for his Form-master, and have it off his worried mind.

Prout's wrath, which had seemed only too certain to fall on Coker's devoted head, would be averted. Whether he came back in the rain with, or without, twinges of rheumatism, he could find no fault with Coker if he found the completed impot ready for him on his study table.

Scratch, scratch, scratch! went the busy pens.

It was weary work! Had it been a fine afternoon it is doubtful whether the kind, good nature of the Removites would have been equal to the strain.

But the rain was coming down hard! It dashed on the window-panes, it splashed in the quad, it flooded the leafless old trees. The Good Samaritans of the Lower Fourth were equal to giving up that wet, dismal afternoon in a good cause!

Scratch, scratch, scratch!

Coker finished fifty lines by the time the juniors had done a hundred each. Then he took a much-needed rest.

They glanced at him, perhaps rather expressively. Coker strolled round the study with his hands in his pockets.

Johnny Bull opened his lips and closed them again.

The chums of the Remove had come there to help Coker! They really hadn't come there to write his lines while he strolled round the study.

But they were near the finish now, and they scratched on.

Scratch, scratch, scratch!

"Don't hurry, you kids!" said Coker kindly. "Lots of time before tea."

The juniors scribbled on in silence. Coker made himself comfortable in the armchair, occasionally glancing over their work.

"Look here, Cherry——"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"You've spelt 'acquabat' with an E!" said Coker.

"That's how Virgil spells it!" said

Bob sarcastically. "Still, Prout won't expect you to spell like Virgil! I'll drop a blot over the E."

And he did.

The lines were finished at last. Coker looked over them—not very approvingly. Still, he was glad to see them done. He realised that, on his own, he would have got nowhere through that impot by tea-time. He gathered up the sheets.

"Look here, you kids, this is jolly decent of you!" said Coker. "I'm really obliged!"

Coker made that statement in his most condescending tone.

"The obligefulness of the esteemed Coker is a boonful blessing to our ridiculous selves!" declared Hurrec Jamsset Ram Singh solemnly.

"Eh! Oh, yes!" said Coker. "I'd like to ask you fags to tea, after what you've done, only I shall have some Fifth Form men here, and I can't very well have a crew of scrubby fags about the study!"

The Famous Five gazed at Coker.

"Go on, Coker!" gasped Bob. "It's a pleasure to listen to you!"

"The pleasurefulness is terrific!"

"But I'll tell you what," said Coker.

"There's a cake in the cupboard, and you can take it away with you and scoff it among yourselves."

Harry Wharton looked fixedly at Coker of the Fifth. Coker, of course,

was always Coker, and could not be expected to be anything but Cokerish, so to speak. Still, there was a limit.

The captain of the Remove stepped to the cupboard and lifted out the cake indicated by Coker.

"We can do what we like with this cake, Coker?" he asked.

"Certainly!" said Coker graciously.

"Good! Collar him, you men, and we'll bung it down the back of his neck!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What the thump—Gone mad?"

yelled Coker, as the juniors grasped him and up-ended him on his study carpet. "Why, I'll smash you! I—I—I—I—I—Yaroooh! Keep that cake away from my neck! Yurrrrggghhh!"

Four pairs of hands held Coker on the carpet, wriggling wildly, while Wharton jammed the cake, in sections, down the back of his neck.

Then the Famous Five left the study.

Coker sat up, gurgling!

The juniors were gone. Coker was left to extract the cake from his neck. For quite a long time Coker struggled with crumbled cake.

He was still feeling very crumby down the back when he picked up his lines to convey them to Prout's study. Had he come on the Famous Five again, it is probable that gratitude for services rendered would not have restrained Coker from assault and battery.

But the Famous Five had gone to tea with Lord Mauloverer in the Remove, and were, fortunately, out of Coker's way.

With a frowning brow, Horace marched down to Masters' Passage, impot in hand.

At the corner of that passage a Remove junior was lounging by a window, looking out into the rainy quad, but keeping one eye on the passage.

It was Caffyn.

Coker gave him an inimical glare in passing, but did not speak to him. He had no use for his cousin in the Remove.

As he marched up the passage Caffyn's eyes glinted after him. He had noted the impot in Coker's hand.

It did not even occur to Coker that Caffyn was hanging about there to see whether he took in his impot or not. He did not dream that the Snipe took the slightest interest in the matter.

Coker marched on to Prout's study and laid his completed impot on his Form-master's table, where it could not fail to catch Prout's eye when he came in.

When he left the study Caffyn was no longer to be seen in the passage. Coker did not give him a thought.

Much relieved to have done with his impot, Coker went up to the Fifth Form games study for a little company and conversation till tea-time.

Caffyn, however, had not gone far.

After Coker was off the scene, the Snipe of the Remove emerged from a doorway and stepped along quietly to Prout's study.

He dodged swiftly into that study.

Coker's impot lay on the table. It did not lie there long. In a few moments Caffyn had stuffed it out of sight under his waistcoat.

Then he left Prout's study as swiftly and quietly as he had entered it. Five minutes later Caffyn was taking a walk in the rain—to drop Coker's thousand lines into a rainwater-butt by the gardener's shed.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Catastrophic for Coker!

"UPON my word!" said Mr. Prout.

Prout had come in; he had had his tea with the other beaks, and now he was in his study—remembering Coker.

He looked over his table for the lines that he had ordered Coker to leave there for his inspection.

No lines were visible.

Prout ejaculated "Upon my word!" but he looked as if he was thinking something much more expressive and emphatic.

He frowned darkly.

Coker had directly disobeyed his commands. Having already had ample time to write out that impot, heavy as it was, he had been given till tea-time this afternoon—a last chance!

And he had not done it!

Prout breathed wrath. He was fed-up with Coker. An incessant trouble in the Form-room, as obstinate as he was obtuse, Coker was always a worry to Prout. If to obstinacy and obtuseness he was adding direct disobedience to his Form-master's orders, it was time for Coker to be dealt with severely.

Prout intended to be severe. He felt it his duty to be severe. He felt also some rheumatic twinges, due to the rain, that added a little to his sense of duty towards Coker.

He left the study and proceeded to the quarters of the Fifth. He looked into the games study at the end of that passage, but Coker was not there. Several Fifth Form men were there, and they had a misgiving that Prout had dropped in for one of his little chats. Prout was a chatty gentleman, and believed in those frank, hearty talks between pupil and master.

But on this occasion there was no ground for alarm. Prout had not come there to chat.

"Can you tell me where Coker is, Blundell?" he asked.

"In his study, I think, sir," answered the captain of the Fifth.

"Thank you, Blundell."

Prout rolled on up the passage, to the relief of the men in the games study. He stopped at the door of Coker's study up the passage, where a cheery



"Caffyn and that solicitor-Johnny are trying to make Aunt Judy fed up with Coker—after her money, you know!" said Bunter. "I heard 'em talking about it. Old Sarle said that if Coker kept on getting into trouble the old dame would get fed up—" "You lying rotter!" yelled Caffyn, starting to his feet.

buzz of voices told that Horace was at home and had company.

Prout knocked at the door and opened it.

Tea was still going on there. Coker had, as he had told the juniors, some Fifth Form men to tea. Fitzgerald and Tomlinson and Hilton were there, and Potter and Greene. The latter pair had made it up with Coker—in time for tea; a little soft sawder would always bring Coker round.

The whole party jumped up at the sight of Prout. The set of his plump lips, the glint in his eyes, boded trouble.

"Coker!" boomed Prout.

"Yes, sir!"

"Follow me!"

Coker blinked at him.

"I haven't finished tea, sir!" he pointed out.

Prout breathed hard and deep.

"I have told you, Coker, to follow me!" he said. "I shall not repeat my command, Coker!"

Prout rolled out. Coker stood staring.

"What on earth's the matter with him now?" he asked, in wonder.

"After your lines!" suggested Fitzgerald.

"I've done my lines."

"Well, you'd better get after him; he looks fearfully shirty!"

Coker snorted.

But even Coker realised that he had better get after Prout. He left the study and got after him, and the tea-party sat down again to finish Coker's good things without Coker's company.

"Mr. Prout!" exclaimed Coker, as he overtook his Form-master on the landing.

"Follow me!" boomed Prout.

"But what, sir—"

"Enough!"

Prout rolled on, with Coker in his wake. He led the way downstairs. Coker followed on, bewildered. Caffyn, leaning over the Remove banisters, watched him go, with a sarcastic grin on his face. But Coker did not heed Caffyn or even see him.

He was wondering what was up with Prout. The old ass might be dissatisfied with his lines, but that was no cause for all his wrath and solemnity.

Besides, he was heading for the Head's study. Why, Coker could not begin to guess.

But it was no use asking Prout. Prout rolled on, in dignified wrath, and Coker followed.

Prout knocked at the Head's study door.

"Come in!" called the quiet tones of Dr. Locke.

The Fifth Form master rolled in, followed by Coker. Dr. Locke and Mr. Quelch were in the study, engaged in conversation—which was suspended as Prout came in with Coker.

"What—" began the Head.

"Dr. Locke"—Mr. Prout's voice almost trembled—"I have brought this boy to you! He is beyond me! Sir, I request you to deal with this boy for an act of wilful disobedience!"

"I shall certainly do so!" said Dr. Locke. "But what—"

"Some days ago, sir, Coker was engaged in a foolish prank in a Remove study, for which I gave him a thousand lines, on Mr. Quelch's complaint. These lines he failed to bring to me. This afternoon, sir, I warned him that, unless I found the lines in my study after tea, I should bring him to you for judgment. This warning he has treated with flagrant disregard! I have brought him to you, sir!"

Dr. Locke knitted his brows.

"Coker! Have you anything to say?"

Coker looked at him. He looked at Prout. Coker felt as if his head was turning round, he was so bewildered.

"Eh! Oh! Yes, sir!" he gasped. "I—I don't quite understand, sir! I—I suppose Mr. Prout found the lines in his study."

"What?" boomed Prout.

"You did not find the lines in your study, Mr. Prout?" asked the Head.

"No, sir! I did not, sir! That's why I have brought this reckless and disobedient boy to you, sir!"

"Coker!"

"Have you looked for them, sir?" asked Coker blankly. "If you have, you must have seen them."

"What?"

"I left them on your table, sir!" gasped Coker. "I put them there quite plain for you to see. They're there all right, sir."

Prout gazed at Coker. He knew perfectly well that there were no lines in his study. His plump face reddened and reddened with warmth.

"I trust," said the Head mildly, "that there is no error—no oversight in this matter! You are sure, Mr. Prout—"

"I could hardly overlook such an imposition as a thousand lines, sir! The lines are not in my study."

"They are, sir!" said Coker.

"Boy, do you dare to contradict me?" roared Prout.

"Well, sir, I'm bound to, when I know I put the lines there," said Coker warmly. "If you haven't found them, sir, I can't account for it. They were plain enough for anybody to see—right on the table."

Prout choked.

"Dr. Locke! There are no lines on my table! There is not a single line written by Coker in my study! Sir, this boy is adding deliberate falsehood to deliberate disobedience! Sir, I leave the matter in your hands. I will not bandy words with this boy!"

Prout rolled out of the study, purple. Coker stared after him blankly. He was wondering whether Prout had gone mad!

"Coker!" said Dr. Locke, in a deep voice. "As you have disobeyed your Form-master—"

"I haven't, sir!" gasped Coker. "I—I can't understand why Prout—I mean, Mr. Prout—hasn't found the lines, sir! They're there."

"Do you still assert that you placed them there, Coker?"

The Head could not help being a little impressed by Coker's almost frantic earnestness.

"Yes, rather, sir! Of course! A thousand lines, right in the middle of his table—"

"Mr. Quelch, will you have the kindness to step to Mr. Prout's study, and ascertain the facts beyond the shadow of a doubt?"

"Certainly, sir!" said the Remove-master, with a very curious glance at Coker.

He went out, and the Head and Coker waited for him to return. He was not many minutes gone.

Mr. Quelch's face was very grave when he re-entered the Head's study. Coker giving him a bewildered blink, read the verdict in his face.

"Well, sir?" asked the Head.

"There is certainly no imposition written by Coker in his Form-master's study, sir!" said Mr. Quelch.

"Coker—"

"I put it there, sir!" gasped Coker.

"Silence! How dare you make such a statement?" rapped the Head. "Coker, unwilling as I am to inflict corporal punishment upon a senior boy, you have left me no other resource. You will be publicly caned in Hall, after prayers to-morrow morning, Coker."

"But, sir—!" howled Coker.

"Silence!"

"But—"

"Leave my study!" said the Head in a voice of thunder.

And the hapless Coker, wondering whether he was on his head or his heels, left it.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Right Thing!

"I SAY, you fellows—"

"Prep!" interrupted Harry Wharton.

"But I say—Coker—"

"Oh, Coker! What about Coker?" asked Wharton and Nugent together; and Caffyn looked up quickly.

It was prep in the Remove, and Wharton, Nugent, and Caffyn had sat down to it in Study No. 1 when Bunter looked in. Bunter, of course, ought to have been in Study No. 7 at prep also; but other matters seemed to be occupying the fat mind of the Owl of the Remove.

His face was wreathed in grins.

"Old Coker's going it!" chuckled Bunter. "He says he won't stand it! He says Prout's mad! He, he, he!"

"Won't stand what?" asked Harry.

"He's up for a Beak's whopping."

"Poor old Coker!" sighed Nugent. "He's always up to something, or up

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for something! Has he been telling Prout what he thinks of him?"

"It's something about his lines, I think," said Bunter. "You fellows remember what I told you in the Rag this afternoon—"

Wharton's face became grave.

"Coker's lines!" he ejaculated.

And Nugent became grave also. The immediate suspicion occurred to their minds that Prout had detected something fishy about those lines!

If he had found out that that impôt was the work of many hands, it was bound to lead to trouble. Prout, of course, would have taken a view of the matter quite different from that of the Good Samaritans of the Remove.

"He's roaring!" said Bunter impressively. "You can hear him yards

knows what he will do! Might punch the Head! He, he, he!"

"He should have done his lines," remarked Caffyn.

"According to what he was yelling out in the games study, he did do them," said Bunter. "I suppose Prout wasn't satisfied with them. Perhaps he spelled cat with too many k's! He, he, he!"

Wharton and Nugent, of course, knew that the lines had been done and taken to Prout's study. That they had mysteriously disappeared from that study the juniors had not the remotest idea. They could only conclude that Prout had discovered that many hands had helped—and that that was the cause of the trouble.

It was rather dismaying. They had meant well. But it looked as if their well-meant help had landed Coker in worse trouble than before.

"So he's up for a Head's licking, is he?" said Caffyn, with his unpleasant grin.

"Yes—in Hall!" grinned Bunter. "All right for you, Caffyn! He, he, he! You can tell that guardian of yours that Coker's in trouble again. He, he, he! It will interest him, what?"

Caffyn gave a violent start.

"What do you mean, you fat dummy!" he snarled.

Bunter winked a fat wink.

"I fancy you know what I mean!" he chuckled. "I heard that solicitor-jolnny, Sarle, talking to you the day you came. He, he, he!"

Caffyn's face whitened. Wharton and Nugent looked at him, and looked at Bunter.

"What on earth do you mean, you fat ass?" asked Nugent.

"Caffyn knows what I mean!" grinned Bunter. "They're trying to make that old sketch, Aunt Judy, fed-up with Coker—after her money, you know! I heard 'em talking about it! He, he, he! Old Sarle said that if Coker kept on getting into trouble at school the old dame would get fed-up—"

"You lying rotter!" yelled Caffyn, starting to his feet. "You never heard anything of the kind!"

"I jolly well did!" retorted Bunter. "And I'd have tipped Coker, too, only the silly idiot whopped me when I went to his study, thinking I'd come there for his measly spread—as if I care for a spread! I say, Caffyn, you can tell Sarle that Coker's in trouble again, to tell old Judy! He, he, he! Yaroooh!" added Bunter, in a roar, as the enraged Caffyn hurled a Latin grammar across the table, catching him under his fat chin.

Bump!

Bunter sat down in the doorway.

There was a step in the passage. Wingate of the Sixth, who was on duty in prep that evening, came along, grasped the fat Owl by the neck, and jerked him to his feet.

"Ow! Let go, Bolsover, you beast!" roared Bunter. "You rotter—ow! Oh, is it you, Wingate? I thought it was that other beast—"

"Why aren't you at prep?" demanded the captain of Greyfriars.

"I—I—I'm just going!" gasped Bunter.

"Take that to help you along!"

"Whoooooop!" roared Bunter, as he took a gentle lick from Wingate's ash-plant, and he bolted along the Remove passage and into Study No. 7 like a fat rabbit into its burrow.

"Wingate!" Harry Wharton stepped to the door as the prefect was turning

PENKNIVES FOR LAUGHS!

F. G. Clare, of 78, Purrett Road, Plumstead, S.E.10, has caught the judge's eye with the following rousing ribtickler:—



Lad (to shopkeeper): "Do you re-cover umbrellas?"

Shopkeeper: "Yes, my young man."

Lad: "Well, please come and recover dad's, I've dropped it in the river!"

Note.—All Jokes and Greyfriars Limericks should be addressed to: "Jokes and Limericks" Editor, 5, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

from the games study. Telling the Fifth all about it! He, he, he!"

"But what—"

"Something about his lines," said Bunter. "I heard him say it was the lines two or three times over! I wasn't listening, of course—"

"Cut that bit out!"

"Oh, really, Wharton! But a fellow couldn't help hearing—I tell you he's simply yelling!" grinned Bunter. "He's up for a Head's whopping in the morning—caning in Hall before all the school—"

"They never cane the Fifth!" gasped Nugent. "My hat! Prout must be wild, if he's got the Head to cane a man in his Form."

"Coker says he won't stand it!" said Bunter. "Of course, he'll have to stand it. But he's such a silly ass! Goodness

away. "Have you heard anything about Coker?"

"Coker? Yes! He's in a row with his Form-master."

"What about?" asked Harry anxiously.

Wingate stared at him. He did not see how affairs in the Fifth Form concerned the Remove. However, he answered.

"It's something about some lines he had to do for Prout, from what I've heard. It seems he never did them."

"I—I—I think the lines were done," said Harry. "It can't be that."

"I don't see how you know anything about it," said the Sixth Former. "But if the lines were done, Prout can't have been satisfied with them, for he took Coker to the Head, and the silly ass is up for a whopping from Dr. Locke. Now get to your prep."

Wingate put his ashplant under his arm and walked away.

Wharton and Nugent sat down to prep again in a worried mood.

Caffyn eyed them stealthily. But they were not thinking of Caffyn, or of the mysterious hints Billy Bunter had given. They were worried about Horace Coker.

However, prep had to be done, and they gave it their attention. It was over at last, and they were able to get out.

They went along, at once to Bob Cherry's study. They had to consult their friends about this troublesome matter, and they did not want to talk in the presence of Caffyn.

Caffyn kicked the door shut after them, and sat down at the table to write a letter. There was a sour grin on the face of the Snipe of the Remove. He had quite interesting information to send to Mr. Sarle!

Forgetful of Caffyn's existence, Wharton and Nugent arrived at Study No. 13. Bob Cherry and Hurree Janset Ram Singh were called out into the passage, and then Johnny Bull from Study No. 14.

There were long faces in the famous Co. as Wharton explained what had been heard from Bunter and Wingate.

"How utterly rotten!" said Bob.

"The rottenfulness is terrific!" said the nabob dismally. "Instead of helping the esteemed and idiotic Coker, it is a boot on the other leg."

"I told you it was a rotten idea at the time," said Johnny Bull.

"Fathead!" said Harry.

"Well, I did tell you so——"

"Dry up, ass!" said Bob.

"Well, I did!"

"My esteemed Johnny," murmured Hurree Singh, "speechfulness is silvery, but golden silence is the cracked pitcher that goes longest to the well."

Johnny Bull grunted.

"Look here," said Wharton rather sharply, "the question is, what's going to be done? It's pretty clear that Prout's spotted that Coker never did the lines—at least, not more than about a quarter of them. I suppose the old ass, being shirty, looked over them carefully for once. Well, look here, Coker never asked us to help him—we barged in and offered, and even Prout will understand that poor old Coker couldn't be expected to refuse such an offer. It may make it better for Coker if——"

Bob Cherry sighed.

"If we go to Prout and tell him," he said.

"Well, yes. Only we won't go to Prout. Let's go to our own beak, and own up fair and square."

"Quelch will give us a detention, at least, for doing another fellow's lines for him," said Johnny Bull.

"I know that."

"You like detentions?" inquired Johnny sarcastically.

"Oh, don't be an ass! We meant to help Coker, and if we've landed him with a Head's whopping instead, it's up to us to get him off, if we can!" exclaimed the captain of the Remove. "Prout can't be keen on having a man in his Form caned, and if Quelch tells him that boys in his Form were as much to blame as Coker, or more——"

"Oh, let's!" said Bob. "We've made a bloomer, and we can't leave Coker to take all the gruel! Let's! It's the right thing!"

Johnny Bull grunted again, but he grunted assent. And the Famous Five went down together to their Form-master's study—not in the happiest of moods, but prepared to face their just share of the music!

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Quite a Surprise!

HENRY SAMUEL QUELCH was busy correcting a pile of Latin papers for his Form.

He suspended that occupation as five members of the Form presented themselves in his study. A severe expression immediately overspread the Remove master's countenance. He did not know what the five had come to say, but their looks were the looks of delinquents.

"Well?" said Mr. Quelch, shooting that monosyllable at the Famous Five rather like a bullet.

"We—we've come, sir——" stammered Wharton. It was rather difficult to explain. He paused.

"I am aware of that, Wharton, as I see you standing before me!" said the Remove master, a little acidly. "Kindly explain why you have come here and interrupted me."

"It's about Coker, sir!" Wharton took the plunge.

Mr. Quelch raised his eyebrows.

"Coker of the Fifth Form? I trust, Wharton, that you have not been concerned in any further disturbance with that troublesome boy?"

"Oh, no, sir! It isn't that. But—but—but he's up for a whopping, sir——"

"A what?"

"I mean a Head's caning in Hall, sir, and—and we thought we ought to come and—and own up, sir."

Mr. Quelch gazed at them.

"I entirely fail to see how you are concerned in the matter, Wharton, or your friends," he said. "Explain yourself."

"We helped, sir!" stammered Wharton. "We—we—we thought it would be decent, sir, to help poor old Coker, as—as he'd never have got the lines done in time."

"You helped a Fifth Form boy write lines imposed on him by his Form-master. Is that your meaning, Wharton?"

"Yes, sir. We—we thought——"

"Whatever you thought, Wharton, you are perfectly well aware that no boy is allowed to give another boy assistance in writing an imposition. Were you, or were you not, aware of that?"

"Of—of course, sir. But——"

"The absurd Coker was terrifically down on his luck, sir," said Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "The sympathise was preposterous."

"And it was partly through me, sir, that Coker got that awful impot," said Bob. "Mr. Prout gave it him for ragging in my study, sir. You remember the——"

"I have no doubt," snapped Mr. Quelch, "that you imagine that all kinds of excuses exist for such conduct. Nevertheless, such conduct is inexcusable."

"We—we're not exactly excusing ourselves, sir," murmured Wharton. "But Coker being up for a caning, we—we thought—that—— He never asked us to help him. Mr. Prout may think he got fellows to help him write the lines, and never meant to write them himself. But that's not the case, sir. We went to his study this afternoon of our own accord and offered. So we're as much to blame as Coker is."

"We didn't do all the lines, either, sir," ventured Nugent. "Mr. Prout may think that Coker never touched them. But he did at least three hundred and fifty."

"If—if you'd speak to Mr. Prout, sir," went on Wharton, "I—I'm sure he'd be glad to hear anything in Coker's favour——"

Amazement was growing in the countenance of Henry Samuel Quelch. He looked at the five juniors one after another, more and more amazed. He made Wharton a sign to be silent.

"I cannot understand this," said Mr. Quelch.

"Well, sir, we knew it was against the rules, of course, but Coker was down on his luck, and—and—and——"

"Are you aware, Wharton, why Coker of the Fifth Form is sentenced to a caning from the headmaster?"

"I—I suppose because Mr. Prout found out that he had had help with his lines, sir. But if he thinks that Coker never did any of them, that's quite a mistake. He did a third of them, anyhow——"

"This is extraordinary!" said Mr. Quelch. "I can scarcely believe that you boys have come here to tell an absurd story to no purpose. Is it your belief, Wharton, that Coker is to be punished because his Form-master is dissatisfied with his lines?"

"Oh! Yes, sir! Isn't that so?" ejaculated Wharton. "It's about the lines, sir, we know that for certain; so we supposed——"

"Certainly it is about the lines, Wharton; I was present when Mr. Prout brought Coker to the Head's study and am quite aware of the

(Continued on next page.)

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circumstances. But Mr. Prout's complaint was that Coker had not written the lines at all."

It was the turn of the Famous Five to stare amazed.

A thunderbolt in the study could hardly have astonished them more than that statement from Mr. Quelch.

They stood dumbfounded.

"It is clear," said Mr. Quelch, "that there is some extraordinary mistake in this matter. I understand that Coker of the Fifth Form was ordered to leave the lines in his Form-master's study by tea-time. As Mr. Prout did not find them there he took Coker to the headmaster, when Coker asserted that the lines had, in fact, been placed in Mr. Prout's study."

"So they had, sir!" gasped Wharton.

"Must have been!" said Bob blankly.

"Coker's a fool, but he's not fool enough to forget to take in the lines after they were done."

"Mr. Prout certainly found no such lines in his study," said the Remove master. "To make all sure, I looked in the study myself, at Dr. Locke's request, and no such lines were there. Coker's assertion that he had placed them there, and that they had been written at all, was considered a false statement."

"My hat!" gasped Nugent.

"What you tell me, however, lets in a new light on the matter," said Mr. Quelch. "I will not, for the moment, refer to your wrongdoing, in helping another boy with his lines. Let me know exactly how the matter stands. Is it within your knowledge that the lines were written, no matter by whom?"

"Certainly, sir!" gasped Wharton in bewilderment. "We were in Coker's study, and saw him count them and put the sheets together."

"A thousand lines, sir!" said Johnny Bull. "Coker did about three hundred and fifty and we did the rest. He had about three hundred done, when we went in to help."

"Did you see Coker take them to his Form-master's study?"

"No, sir; we went to tea in the Remove. But he must have taken them in. They were all written; we know that. A thousand lines—"

"Coker is not, I fear, a very intelligent boy," said Mr. Quelch. "He may have forgotten to take in the lines. In that case, they are still in his study."

The juniors looked blank. It was almost unimaginable that even Coker had forgotten to take in the lines, once they were done. And it was quite unimaginable that, if they were still in his study, such a stack of lines could have been overlooked there, by Coker and Potter and Greene.

Mr. Quelch pursed his lips.

"There is no doubt, from what you say, that the lines were actually written," he said. "As they were written, it is scarcely possible to doubt that Coker did, as he asserted to the Head, place them on his Form-master's table. His punishment is for disobedience, and for making a false statement to his headmaster. It would appear that he was not, in fact, guilty of disobedience or of a false statement."

The Remove master rose to his feet. "We—we never even dreamed that Mr. Prout hadn't found the lines, sir," said Harry. "We couldn't guess that, knowing that they'd been done. I—I thought—"

"I understand! I am glad you have come here so frankly and told me this," said Mr. Quelch. "It is clear that some accident must have happened to Coker's imposition, in his Form-master's study,

and that the unfortunate boy has been condemned without cause."

"Mr. Prout will be glad to know, sir!"

"I am sure of it! Please follow me to his study!"

The juniors followed their Form-master, feeling deeply thankful that they had come to him. They knew now that the matter was much more serious than they had supposed. It was not for getting help with his lines, as they had taken for granted, that Coker was in trouble. It was for a supposed defiance of authority, and a supposed falsehood to his headmaster! They could clear Coker of that, at all events!

Mr. Quelch tapped at Prout's door and entered, followed by his flock.

The Fifth Form master blinked at him in surprise.

Prout was not in a happy mood.

He was feeling as rigorous as ever towards Coker. But he was feeling, also, the indignity of the public caning of a Fifth Form man. He loathed the idea of the scene in Hall next morning; and the more he loathed it the more bitter he felt towards the hapless Coker.

"Mr. Quelch!" boomed Prout.

"What—"

Concisely the Remove master explained.

Prout listened, in gathering astonishment. Having heard what Mr. Quelch

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as Daniel Poole, of 11, Grainger Street, Dudley, Worcs, has done, and make up a Greystriars limerick. If it's worth

A POCKET WALLET

you'll get one. Here's his winning effort:—

To a big dinner-party one night,
Billy Bunter received an invite.
Three or four of the guests
Left with very loose vests,
While the Owl's was abnormally tight!

Step in and win one of these useful prizes to-day!

had to tell him, he stared at the juniors. Then he stared round the study.

"But the lines are not here!" he gasped.

"That is certainly true," said Mr. Quelch. "Some accident—"

"What accident, sir, can have happened to lines placed on my table? There are many other papers there, to which no accident has happened."

"Then the lines must have been removed!" said Mr. Quelch. "Some utterly foolish and inconsiderate boy must have removed the lines, after Coker placed them here, doubtless as an insensate practical joke."

Prout started.

"Surely no boy could be so foolish, so inconsiderate, so unfeeling—" He broke off. "Yet that is what must have happened, Mr. Quelch. Coker, stupid as he is, has always appeared to me a truthful boy, and I was amazed—shocked—astounded—when I heard him make, as I believed, a false statement to Dr. Locke on the subject."

Prout passed a hand over his podgy brow.

"Certainly he should not have allowed these juniors to help him write the lines! But that is a very slight fault, in comparison with defiance of his Form-master, and uttering falsehoods! Mr.

Quelch, these boys in your Form have prevented an act of inadvertent injustice, and I—I trust that you will not deal with them severely for what they have confessed to having done."

Prout rolled out of his chair.

"I must go to the Head," he said. "I must see Dr. Locke at once! The sentence on Coker must be rescinded without delay."

Prout rolled off to see the Head! Mr. Quelch returned to his own study, followed meekly by the five juniors.

They were glad that Coker was getting off! They were glad that they had got him off! But they were a little worried about what was going to happen to themselves!

Mr. Quelch eyed them long and thoughtfully. Then he said suddenly and rather unexpectedly:

"You may go!"

And the Famous Five went—re-joining!

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

No Thanks!

"YOU young asses!"

Thus Horace Coker!

It was the following morning in break.

A bright and sunny morning followed a rainy day; and the Famous Five walked in the quad in break feeling satisfied with themselves and things generally. And when Coker of the Fifth bore down on them, they greeted him with polite smiles, supposing that he was coming along to tender grateful acknowledgments.

Coker, of course, had not been caned! The sentence had been rescinded. That awful humiliation the great Horace had escaped! Prout was almost as pleased as Coker!

What had become of Coker's lines was a mystery. But it was established that they had been written—though by rather unlawful methods. They had been placed on Prout's table, as commanded. Coker had not been guilty of disobedience and defiance. He had not been guilty of telling crammers! So all was, in a manner of speaking, calm and bright!

A little grateful acknowledgment from Coker would not have been out of place. The Famous Five had saved Coker, by their confession to Quelch—and had risked a licking or detention. True, they had escaped; but they had risked it.

But grateful acknowledgment did not seem to be in Coker's mind, judging by his style of address.

"You blithering little idiots!" went on Coker, while the chums of the Remove gazed at him blankly. "What sort of silly little asses do you call yourselves?"

"This," said Bob Cherry, "is Coker's way of expressing thanks!"

Coker snorted.

"I suppose you meant well," he said. "If I didn't think that, I'd jolly well whop you all round. But look what you've done."

"What we've done!" gasped Harry Wharton. "You howling fathead, we've got you off a Head's whopping in Hall, and we might have got whopped ourselves."

"Oh, don't be a young ass!" grunted Coker. "The Head would think twice before he whopped a Fifth Form man. I told the fellows in the games-study last night that I shouldn't have stood it; and I shouldn't. Prout's admitted now that I put the lines in his study."

"Only because we told Quelch!"

"I did put them there, didn't I?"



The Famous Five jumped at Horace Coker, and before the Fifth-Former knew what was happening, he was down in the quad, his features reposing in a puddle. "Gurrrrgh!" gurgled Coker. The Famous Five each delivered a hefty smack in turn. Smack, smack, smack, smack, smack!

snapped Coker. "If Prout couldn't find them, staring him in the face on his table, that's his look-out, not mine! I dare say he laid some books on them, or something—he's ass enough for that or anything else! He was bound to find them sooner or later!"

"He never found them!" shrieked Bob Cherry.

"Well, whether he found them or not, he knew I'd put them there, because I told him so!" snorted Coker. "Making out a fellow to be a liar! Of course, he couldn't have kept that up!"

"He jolly well did——"

"And if we hadn't owned up——"

"And got you off——"

"Don't jaw at me!" said Coker. "I don't like fags jawing at me! Look what you've done! Prout knows now that you've helped me with the lines! You've given the whole thing away!"

"If we hadn't, you'd have got whopped in Hall this morn'g!" yelled Johnny Bull.

"Don't shout at me! I don't like it! What do you think's happened now?" demanded Coker wrathfully. "Prout's had me up and jawed me! He seems to think I've been lucky——"

"So you have been, you howling ass, jolly lucky!"

"The luckfulness has been terrific!"

"And he's given me the lines to do again!" roared Coker. "Understand that, you young idiots! I've got that thousand lines to do again!"

"Serve you jolly well right!" said Harry. "You silly ass, you'd have been whopped by the Head, and set down as a liar, if we hadn't——"

"Don't jaw! This is what comes of letting fags bargo in!" snorted Coker. "I dare say you meant well! Little idiots! Well, now I've got a thousand lines on hand again! And next time Prout will put on his specs and jolly well look them over to see if I did them

myself. No good letting you kids do them for me again!"

The Famous Five just gasped. They could see, if Coker could not, that he had got off remarkably luckily in only having his imposition to write over again. But most assuredly they were not thinking of writing it for him. Coker's method of acknowledging favours had completely cured them of Good Samaritan proclivities.

"No good at all!" went on Coker, in a deeply aggrieved tone. "Now you see what you've done! If only you hadn't barged in, it would have been all right! When Prout found the lines, he——"

"He never found them!" roared Bob. "Rot! Even a blinking old ass like Prout couldn't overlook them for ever!"

"Quelch looked for them, too——"

"He's another blinking old ass!"

"You shrieking fathead!" hooted Bob. "The lines weren't in the study! Some fellow took them away after you'd put them there."

"Don't be a silly ass, young Cherry! As if any fellow would do anything of the kind!"

"Do you think they're still there?" gasped Wharton.

"Eh? Of course they are!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Where else could they be, after I put them there?" snapped Coker.

"They were taken away, of course!"

"Oh, don't talk rot!"

"Look here, you born idiot!" said Harry. "Somebody lifted those lines to land you in a row with Prout! You ought to find out who it was. Can you remember whether anybody saw you taking the lines to Prout's study?"

"Eh? That snipe Caffyn was hanging about Masters' Studies. I remember passing him!"

"Caffyn!" exclaimed all the Co. together.

"Yes; he was loafing about, as usual, the frowsting little snipe! What about it?" grunted Coker.

"Lots, I think!" said Harry. "Somebody lifted your lines from Prout's study, and if Caffyn saw you taking them there——"

"Oh, don't talk piffle!" said Coker. "Prout will find my lines, if he hasn't found them already, when he picks up the books, or something, that he's laid on them! And I've got a thousand more to do! I'll take jolly good care that you don't help me this time!"

"You can leave us to take care of that, Coker!" grinned Nugent.

"The carefulness will be terrific!"

"Gentlemen, chaps, and sportsmen," said Bob Cherry, "we've got Coker out of a fearful scrape! We've got him off a whopping! He's not satisfied! As he's not satisfied, what about giving him the whopping?"

"Good egg!"

"Hear, hear!"

As if moved by the same spring, the Famous Five jumped at Horace Coker. Before Coker knew what was happening, he was down in the quad, his features reposing in a puddle left by the previous day's rain.

"Gurrrrgh!" gurgled Coker.

Smack, smack, smack, smack, smack!

With his face in the puddle, Coker was nicely placed for smacking. Each member of the Co. delivered a smack—a hefty smack! The five smacks rang like five pistol-shots.

Then they walked off the scene.

Coker sat up, with dirty water running down his face. He dabbed at the mud and the water, scrambled to his feet, and glared round for the juniors. He spotted them in the distance, and rushed towards them.

A deep voice stopped him.

"Coker!"

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"Oh! Yes, sir!" gasped Coker. It was Prout.

"Coker! Are you not ashamed to be seen in the quadrangle with such a dirty face?" boomed Prout. "I repeat, sir, are you not ashamed? Go in and wash yourself at once, Coker!"

"I—I—I—"

"Dirty!" snorted Prout. "Unclean! Go and wash yourself immediately!"

"I—I—I—"

"Go!" thundered Prout. "I refuse to allow a boy of my Form to be seen in public with a dirty face! Go!"

Coker almost staggered away. Prout snorted and stalked on. Coker, sent in to wash his face, like a naughty little fag in the Second Form, was red with fury under the mud. No words could have expressed Coker's feelings as he washed his face.

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

Called to Account!

EDGAR CAFFYN looked round, with a scowl, as Harry Wharton & Co. came into the study after class that day.

The Famous Five were looking serious.

Wharton closed the door when they were all inside. Caffyn looked a little uneasy as he noted that proceeding.

"I've got something to ask you, Caffyn," said the captain of the Remove quietly.

"I shan't answer!"

"We shall see about that. Did you lift Coker's lines from Prout's study yesterday afternoon?"

Caffyn started.

"No!" he said, gritting his teeth.

"We've got to have this out, and have it plain!" said Wharton, in the same quiet tone. "You had to own up to that rotten trick with Bob's hanky, which landed Coker in trouble in the first place—and it looks to me as if you've been at the same game again."

Caffyn breathed hard.

"If you mean that you're taking any notice of that nonsense Bunter was talking in the study last night, you're a fool for your pains," he said. "Bunter knows nothing about my affairs."

"I'm not taking any notice of what Bunter said, though I can't help thinking that there may be something in it,

from the way you've acted since you've been here," said Harry.

"No bizney of yours that I can see," sneered Caffyn. "Coker's no friend of yours, any more than of mine. You're always rowing with him."

"We can row with a fellow without letting a treacherous rotter get away with dirty tricks," said Wharton. "You were in the Rag yesterday when Bunter came in and told us about Coker and Prout. You knew all about it. You knew that Coker would get into a fearful row if Prout did not find the lines in his study when he came in."

"I never gave it a thought."

"Gammon!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Did you get on the watch to see whether Coker took the lines to Prout's study or not?" demanded Wharton.

"No," snarled Caffyn. "I never thought anything about it, and never knew anything about it till Bunter came here and told us Coker was up for a caning."

"What did you do, then, after we left you in the Rag?"

"Stayed there."

"Not all the afternoon, I suppose?"

"Yes, all the afternoon, if you're so keen to know what doesn't concern you!" sneered Caffyn. "It was too wet to go out. I stayed in the Rag till the tea-bell went, and then went to Hall to tea. Anything more you'd like to know?"

"You stayed in the Rag till tea-bell?" repeated Wharton. "If you did that, you couldn't have seen Coker take his lines to Prout's study. He took them before the bell went for tea in Hall, a good time before."

The Famous Five looked fixedly at Caffyn. They had not forgotten what Coker had said.

"Well, what about it?" snapped Caffyn. "Do you fancy I'm interested in everything that fool Coker does? I never saw him yesterday afternoon at all."

"That settles it," said Nugent.

"Glad you're satisfied," sneered Caffyn. "Like your cheek to cross-examine a fellow like this!"

"It settles it that you're lying!" said Nugent contemptuously. "You see, you worm, we happen to know for a fact that you saw Coker going to Prout's study."

Caffyn caught his breath. Falsehood came easily to him; but it was by no

means the useful resource that he fancied it was.

"I never—"

"You weren't hanging about Masters' Passage when Coker went there with his impot?" asked Wharton contemptuously.

"No!" said Caffyn doggedly.

"Coker saw you!"

"He did not!" panted Caffyn desperately. "If he says so, it's untrue! He wants to land this on me, and get me into a row!"

"You miserable worm!" said Harry. "Coker doesn't want anything of the kind. He doesn't even believe that his lines were taken from Prout's study—he's idiot enough to believe that they're still there, and that Prout has overlooked them."

"Oh!" gasped Caffyn.

"It's clear enough," said Johnny Bull. "That crawling worm has set out to make all the trouble for Coker that he can! No bizney of ours, if he played the game. But he's not getting away with this sort of trickery."

Caffyn made a jump for the door.

Wharton's grasp on his collar swept him back, and he was sent staggering across the study.

He stood panting, with clenched hands, fear and rage mingled in his face.

"You—you rotters!" he panted. "Are you setting yourselves up to look after Coker? What does he matter to you? Do you think he's got sense enough to understand what you've done for him already?"

"Nobody expects Coker to have any sense," said Bob Cherry, with a grin. "But I fancy any man would rather be a fool like Coker than a rascal like you, Caffyn."

"The ratherfulness would be terrific!"

"All the more because he's a silly fool, you won't be allowed to play sneaking, rotten treacherous tricks like this," said Harry Wharton. "You'd be kicked out of the school if the Head knew. How would you like this to be put before the Head?"

Caffyn's face became quite white.

"You—you wouldn't!" he stammered.

"No," said the captain of the Remove. "We wouldn't. I jolly well wish the Head knew the kind of worm you are, you'd be turfed out of Greyfriars; but we can't tell him. But so long as you're in the Remove, you're going to keep from playing dirty tricks like this. Put him across the table!"

Caffyn panted.

"I'll yell for a prefect! I—I—I—"

"Do! I'd just as soon that a prefect dealt with you—rather, in fact! Yell for a prefect, if you like! Otherwise, you're going to have six from a fives bat, and jolly hard!"

Caffyn did not yell for a prefect. He did not yell at all, even when he was pitched across the study table, and six hefty swipes were laid on from a fives bat, in the hand of the captain of the Remove. Evidently he did not want a prefect on the scene.

"More where that came from, if you don't chuck that sort of game, Caffyn," said Wharton, as he threw down the fives bat. "We shall keep an eye on you after this, and you'd better mind your step. Let's go out, you men. I want some fresh air after talking to that toad."

And the Famous Five got out, leaving Caffyn wriggling.

THE END.

(The next yarn in this magnificent series is entitled: "DOWN ON HIS LUCK!" and it's one of Frank Richards' masterpieces. Avoid disappointment by ordering your copy in good time, chums!)

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CAPTAIN CRIMSON!

By
MORTON PIKE.

~~~~~  
**WHAT'S GONE BEFORE!**

Following the activities of Excise-officer Dan Hickerman and Captain Crimson, a mysterious highwayman, news reaches Widewater that Prince Charles Edward, the Young Pretender, has landed in Scotland and is making for London. In consequence of this, Jack Lennard and Billy Jepp, two boy chums, join the Dragoons as gentlemen volunteers. They are trapped by a rebel pack under the command of Lord Trimmingham, but manage to escape, thanks to the aid of Major Dugdale, who is none other than Captain Crimson, from whom the rebel leader has filched his title. Despite some magnificent valour, the Jacobites fight a losing battle, in which Captain Crimson succeeds in saving Lennard's uncle, a wounded Jacobite, from the scaffold. Then Captain Crimson and the boys hatch a plot to get Squire Lashwood out of Newgate Prison.

(Now Read On.)

Out of the Shadow of Death!

**J**ACK LENNARD and Billy Jepp, looking down at the bustle below them, leaned on the oaken rail of the gallery surrounding the yard of the Bull and Mouth, the well-known posting inn at the lower end of Aldersgate Street.

Chaises came and went, clattering in and out over the noisy cobbles; stage-wagons with huge canvas tilts and eight stout horses harnessed two and two were loading and unloading, and every one got under shelter as quickly as they could, for it was raining heavily.

"Here he comes," said Jack in a low voice, as a hackney carriage rumbled into the yard and drew up at the foot of the steps leading to the gallery.

If the red-cloaked figure that alighted from the vehicle was the man they were expecting, then their action was curious, for both lads stepped quickly across the gallery and vanished into the bed-room immediately behind them, leaving the door ajar, with something stealthy in their manner as they stood, listening eagerly.

Presently there was the thud of heavy feet on the wooden stair, and the cloaked figure paused on the threshold of the room.

"Place it inside here," said the man to an inn porter who carried a large bundle wrapped in a cloth.

When the man had deposited his burden the newcomer handed him a shilling, and closed the door.

"At last!" said "Captain Crimson," peering through the window to assure himself that the porter had taken himself off. "It was not until I had ransacked Monmouth Street rag fair from end to end that I secured everything needful. The chief difficulty was to light upon four cloaks of the same regiment and such that are in fit condition for us to appear in them in public; but at last I succeeded, and unless we are unlucky enough to encounter one of Ligonier's Horse on the way all should be well."



Billy Jepp got busy on the leg-irons while Jack Lennard untied the folded mantle from his own waist!

Ready fingers untied the bundle, and the lads examined the contents with wild curiosity, knowing that four lives depended upon those disguises!

"If indeed there were anything of mirth in this business we are engaged on, my choice of garb for our friend Dashwood might make you smile," said the chief conspirator, laying out a suit of clergyman's attire, complete with bag-wig and buckled shoes, on the bed. "At any rate, it should carry him to Widewater unmolested; even the gentlemen of the road respect the cloth as a rule."

"And yet 'tis not many months since our rector was eased of fifteen guineas—in broad daylight, too!" said Jack slyly, unable to repress his laughter.

"You young dog! Are my sins destined to follow me through life, then?" exclaimed the ex-highwayman, vainly trying to keep a straight face. "Let me tell you, Master Lennard, that since dire necessity no longer compels me to the life of High-Toby my first case will be to make restitution of those sums I borrowed in the past, and I intend to begin with my very good friend the rector. But time flies, so try on these garments that must pass you into Newgate prison within the next hour."

"And pass us out again, I trust, with the poor squire in our midst!" said Billy Jepp, setting a gold-laced hat on his head which had been pomatummed and powdered for the occasion.

Then over the scarlet-and-yellow of Cobham's Dragoons he drew one of the second-hand cloaks that had belonged to Ligonier's Regiment, and made vain attempts to see himself in the tiny

shaving mirror on the chest of drawers.

"Stand erect, sirrah, and deport yourself as though the whole street belonged to you," said Major Dugdale, eyeing Billy critically, with a serious look on his own face. "Remember, all the while, that the gentlemen of the Horse fancy themselves exceedingly, and you must enact the part without a flaw. Good! And you, Jack, have a care that your scabbard does not lift the skirt sufficient to reveal the facings underneath. Excellent! Another turn along the room. Bravo! Done to the life! And now, which of you will carry the mantle for Mr. Dashwood?"

Folded with great care, after several attempts to make it small enough, the extra cloak was wrapped round Jack's middle under his own, and while Billy took charge of the spare hat, Major Dugdale hid their belts in the bed.

"'Tis a week since I took him the files and the oil with which to work through the leg-irons," said the major in a low voice. "If he has done his part we will do ours, and it wants exactly twenty minutes before noon when they change the turnkey on the prison gate!"

For a moment Captain Crimson, as the lads always called Major Dugdale between themselves, stood with his fingers on the door-knob, making sure that nothing had been overlooked. Then he drew a curtain over the window, followed Jack and Billy into the gallery with its long row of doors, locked the door behind him, and pocketed the key.

The first stage of that very desperate adventure had been taken, and there was no going back now!

A burly gaoler, whose square jaw would have been all the better for a shave, rose from the stool on which he sat as a bell jangled above his head, and, with a muttered oath, slid back the cover of the iron grating in the door of Newgate gaol.

"There's no peace for a man since these cursed Scotch knaves came here!" he growled. "I'll be mortal glad when they've all gone to the gallows!"

Seeing the group of gold-laced hats without, the gaoler turned an enormous key in the massive lock and opened the iron-bound door grudgingly, although his manner changed somewhat at sight of a paper thrust under his nose by the tallest of the party.

On the paper were the following words:

"This will admit the four under-mentioned officers of Sir John Ligonier's Regiment of Horse to an interview with Mr. Lancelot Dashwood in his Majesty's Prison of Newgate."

"(Signed) CHESTERFIELD."

The names of the officers were purely fictitious, and had been written by Captain Crimson himself, but the signature of the Secretary of State was genuine enough, though how Major Dugdale had procured it the boys never knew. It was sufficient, anyway, to satisfy the gaoler, and he opened the door wide.

Jack and Billy stamped boldly in.

"A moment, my good fellow," said Captain Crimson coolly, pausing with the heel of his jack-boot on the worn step and affecting to look along the street in search of someone. "One of our party has not arrived—you will see from the order that there should be four of us—however, if the gentleman comes in the next few minutes doubtless you will let him in to join us?"

So saying, he placed a guinea in the man's ready hand.

"Tis always a pleasure to oblige the quality, your honour," he leered, and the massive door closed behind them with a dull bang that found an echo in the lads' hearts. "When you return, sir, there will be another warder on the gate, for I go off duty on the stroke o' twelve," he explained. "This paper goes to the clerks' office here, where you will recover it when you wish to leave the prison," and he pointed to a room at one side of the grim stone passage. Then, beckoning to a guide, he said: "Jem, conduct these gentlemen to the cell where the batch for trial to-morrow are confined."

The corridors along which the guide led the trio seemed never ending. Jack lost count of the barred doors that were opened to let them through, and the whole place reeked with the foul gaol smell as they penetrated deeper and deeper into the building from which light and air, sunshine and hope seemed to have been purposely excluded.

At last the man stopped before a low door, and three enormous bolts creaked as he drew them back.

"I must lock your honours in," he grinned. "Will you be making a long stay?"

"No; such farewells should be brief, in my opinion," replied Captain Crimson gravely. "Come for us in half an hour, or even less, and there will be a couple of guineas for your pains."

Major Dugdale had already been in the prison twice before to coach the

prisoner for the attempt. But it was the boys' first visit, and they were not prepared for the change in Dashing Dashwood as the once rollicking Squire of Widewater rose from the stone bench to greet them.

"Egad, Jack, my old friend, this is indeed good of you, and you, too, Billy!" he cried, holding out both hands. The clank of fetters made the two chums start to see that the squire was wearing leg-irons round the ankles of his riding boots, which still had the mud of Culloden upon them. "Christopher Dugdale, I shall never forget all you are risking for me!" And the quiver in the prisoner's whisper found an answering tear in Jack Lennard's eye.

"No time for pretty speeches, Lancelot," said Major Dugdale, with a slight inclination of his head towards the other unfortunate rebels who shared the evil-smelling cell. "Are these unhappy gentlemen to be trusted?"

"So much so, that they have taken turns with the files," replied Dashwood, "and it wants but a last wrench to snap the gyves asunder."

"Then to it, Billy!" said the major.

Billy Jepp, producing the pincers he had brought in his boot-top, knelt down, while Jack untied the folded mantle from his own waist.

The tinkle of iron on the floor shortly afterwards told that the squire was rid of his bonds, and one of his fellow-sufferers wormed his way along the stone bench towards them.

"Put those things behind me," he said, "and I will take Mr. Dashwood's place on the seat here; our coats are of a colour, should the turnkey look in upon us when you go!"

He smiled, a little wistfully, and Jack felt a lump rise in his own throat, knowing the hideous fate that awaited the speaker two days hence; for Dugdale, who had witnessed the execution of Townley and the officers of the Manchester Regiment at Kennington the previous week, had told them of those disgusting barbarities which the law inflicted for high treason.

The scarlet cloak lined with black shalloon, with a high collar of the same sable hue that has given the regiment the title of "The Black Horse" to our own day, fell in ample folds almost to the squire's feet, hiding the fact that he was not jack-booted like the rest.

"Stamp heavy on your heels, and we will make noise enough for twenty," said Major Dugdale, pulling the collar well up about his ears. "This thing must be carried off with a bold front, or it may fail even yet! Take this key—it belongs to the third bed-chamber on the gallery upon your left hand when you have mounted the steps, and once there, lock yourself in, and open to nobody. Thrust your clothes beneath the bed, and carry the key away with you. I had another key made this morning for our own use."

"My good friend," murmured Lancelot Dashwood, "is there, indeed, anything you have overlooked?"

"We shall soon know, for here comes our gaoler!" said the major, with a warning look at the boys as the door opened noiselessly and the turnkey thrust his head inside.

"Your honour said half an hour, but if you should be in the mind to stay longer—" began the man.

"No, we are ready," interrupted the major, looming very large in the doorway. "Ready for the nearest tavern where a tankard will wash away the foul

flavour of this place. Faugh! I do not know how you endure it!" and he slipped the promised coins into the man's hand.

There were four half-guineas, one of which the major let drop on the floor, and as the turnkey stooped to recover it, the three red cloaks stepped into the passage.

The man threw a careless glance at the weeping figure on the stone bench, bent forward with his head in his hands in the dim light, and suspecting nothing, slid the bolts back into their sockets.

Another stage of that daring business had been safely passed. But the number of doors to be locked and unlocked seemed to multiply, and Jack afterwards confessed that he walked as if in a dreadful nightmare from which he thought he would never awake.

"Courage, sir!" whispered Billy, seeing the squire falter and sway a little as they waited at the last gate. And the man, weak and ill from his close confinement without exercise, pulled himself up with a grateful nod at his encourager.

The turnkey, having obligingly procured my Lord Chesterfield's order from the office—and what an age it was as they stood awaiting his return—handed it to the new warder on the outer door, who read it slowly over, and eyed them sourly, no doubt wondering how he could extract a fee for himself, until the major said sharply:

"How much longer must we stand here, fellow? Ligonier's Horse are not used to waiting any man's pleasure."

Grudgingly the heavy portal opened and closed behind them, and for a moment nobody spoke as Captain Crimson gave a warning tug at Lancelot Dashwood's cloak.

"No hurry for a few yards!" he whispered. "The rogue is watching us through the grid. Wait until we are out of sight—such good fortune as this does not come to a man twice in his lifetime!"

A few yards eastward of the dread prison a tap fell on Dugdale's shoulder, and he sprang round with an oath, his hand on his sword. But it fell away again the next moment, and his eyes sparkled at the sight of Donald Murray.

"What!" he exclaimed. "You here?"

"Yes, I saw you enter, but I was too late to have a word with you," said Jack's uncle. "I have endured agonies of suspense, I assure you; but now the squire shall have company on his journey. What say you, Dashwood?"

"I say thank Heaven for everything!" muttered the rescued prisoner, in a choking voice.

Major Dugdale and the two chums watched the pair cross the street in the direction of the Bull and Mouth, and only then did the anxious cloud lift from Captain Crimson's brow.

"In less than half an hour a post-chaise will be carrying them on their way to Essex, where we shall join them and pack the rascals off to France," he said. "Your week's leave of absence from the regiment has begun well, and I know you are both itching for home. Nevertheless, I still want your help—this time on my own business. May I count upon it?"

The eager look in the faces of Jack Lennard and Billy Jepp was sufficient answer.

"After all you have dared and done



for our friends, sir," cried Jack, "we would go to the other end of the earth to serve you!"

"Nay, 'tis but to the other end of the town!" laughed Captain Crimson. "And as this hackney-coach will carry us there, I can tell you all about it on the way."

**Captain Crimson Comes Into His Own!**

THREE wide stone steps led up to the splendid doorway of the Trimmingham town house in St. James's Square, and on the top-most one stood Mr. Joshua Smuggins, the hall porter, in the Trimmingham livery of flame-coloured velvet covered with gold lace that was dazzling because there was so much of it.

The rain having ceased, and the sun burst out in all his glory, Mr. Smuggins had come out in a glory all his own,

quite eclipsing the drum major of the Foot Guards' detachment that had just marched by, and he was arching his silken calves and taking snuff with a lordly air, when he saw three gentlemen in scarlet cloaks and black facings making straight for the mansion.

It being quite beneath the dignity of Mr. Joshua Smuggins to turn pale, he went a kind of pasty colour instead, for it was no secret in the household that his master had been concerned in the late rebellion, though up to the present, the fact had escaped public notice, and the rebellion itself was at an end.

Still, there was something in the brisk gait of the three officers that made him quiver like a jelly, and the foremost had mounted the steps before he could collect his wits.

"Lord Trimmingham is at home, I am informed," said the speaker.

"The heart is his, sir," faltered Mr. Smuggins. "But 'is lordship is still abed."

"No matter. Tell him his cousin is here, and will take no denial. The business is immediately urgent!"

During the few minutes that elapsed between a footman's departure upstairs and his speedy return, my lord's cousin looked about him at the wealth displayed on every side, with a visible tightening of his lips, and especially was he interested in a huge portrait of the First Earl of Trimmingham on the staircase wall.

Jack and Billy were both struck with the strong likeness between the two, and Jack was wondering why the faces were somehow so familiar.

He was convinced in his own mind  
(Continued on next page.)

**COME INTO THE OFFICE, BOYS!**

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

THERE are quite a number of readers' letters on my desk this week, so the best thing I can do is to start answering them straight away. The very first one I picked up comes from an "old chum," James W. Allen, of Radford, who has been reading the MAGNET regularly since 1908, save for two years during the War. This is what he thinks of the good old paper: "I raise my hat to Frank Richards and his clean, healthy stories! Keep the good work going!"

That's the kind of letter I like to receive, and I can assure my old chum that I will certainly send on his remarks to Frank Richards. It does an author good to know that his work is appreciated, and if ever a boy's author was appreciated, Frank Richards is.

Our famous author comes in for  
**MORE BOUQUETS**

from other readers who have written to me this week. For instance, "A Loyal Magnetite," of Newcastle-on-Tyne, thinks he is the finest author who ever wrote a boy's story. This reader also tells me that he would like to start a sort of "MAGNET Club" amongst his chums. It is a very interesting suggestion, but I am afraid that neither Mr. Richards nor myself could undertake the official positions which he would like us to accept. All our time is taken up getting out your favourite paper. But the idea of "MAGNET Clubs" is certainly one that a number of readers could run on their own, and I must thank this reader for his kind suggestions.

The question dealing with photography, which this reader asks me, is not stated sufficiently clearly. The reason why some object does not show on the developed film can be one of many. It is necessary to send full particulars with such queries as this.

taking an unknown soldier who had died on the battlefield, and interring him in Westminster Abbey, was originally conceived in this country. Exactly who the soldier is, no one knows, and in paying homage to him, we pay homage to all our soldiers who died on the field of battle. Other countries followed our example, with the result that there is an "Unknown Soldier" buried in a place of honour in the capital cities of almost every country which was represented in the Great War.

What is Dickens' Best and Most Popular Work? That depends on exactly what type of story you like. Every Dickens enthusiast has his own opinion.

Are Historical Novels Always Correct? No, not always! Sometimes authors take slight liberties with history in order to make a better story.

Why is the Irish Free State Still Coloured Red on Maps of the British Empire? At the time of writing the position of the Irish Free State is that it is still a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations, and is a self-governing dominion, according to the act of 1922.

Are There Diamond Mines in North America? Many single diamonds have been discovered in North America, but there is only one actual diamond mine. This is situated in the state of Arkansas, and more than ten thousand diamonds have been taken from it.

What is a Decibel? A ratio which is used for measuring sound. It does not in itself represent a volume of sound, but is used for purposes of comparison. For instance, if you double the volume of a loudspeaker, you turn it up three decibels.

Is There an Animal Which Cannot Swim? Yes. The pig is unable to swim. It slashes its throat with its forelegs when it tries to do so.

NOW let me see what other readers have to ask. Here is the old

"TO SMOKE OR NOT TO SMOKE" question cropping up again. "D. S.," who does not give his address, asks

me if smoking is detrimental to a boy of thirteen. I should say it is! If my chum takes my advice, he'll leave it severely alone. In any case, it is definitely against the law of this country for a boy of that age to smoke, or to be supplied with cigarettes by a tobacconist. My chum admits that he has smoked. Well, he ought to know for himself what effect it has upon his "wind." Don't do it, "D. S.," until you are a good deal older—that is my advice to you.

**HOW OLD IS RICHARD NUGENT?**

is the question which "Magnetite," of St. Heliers, Jersey, asks me. "Dicky" is twelve, and a remarkably cheeky youngster for his age. I am afraid that I can't tell this reader how much pocket money Nugent minor gets. I should say as much as he can manage to wrangle from his parents—as most youngsters of that age do.

In reply to this reader's second query: "Did Wingate & Co. go to war in 1914-1918," the answer is "No." The Greysfriars stories of that period still dealt with the chums' adventures at the good old school.

I am afraid my space is running short now, so I will have to hold over a number of other replies to readers' queries. I will, however, deal with them at the first possible moment. So if your particular letter has not been dealt with this week, don't be disappointed. Whenever you need an especially quick reply, I will always be pleased to answer by post if a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed.

Now let us have a look at what is in store for MAGNET readers next week. Just to start the ball rolling, Frank Richards kicks off with:

**"DOWN ON HIS LUCK!"**

one of the finest yarns of the chums of Greysfriars I have ever read. But, of course, you know that you can always rely on a Frank Richards' story to give you just that proper balance of fun and dramatic situations which makes for a real, rattling fine school yarn.

There will be further developments in Morton Pike's olden-time adventure yarn, and plenty of chuckles in the "Greysfriars Herald" supplement.

"Linesman" will supply another batch of "answers to readers" queries, while I will do my best to squeeze myself in somewhere to have another little chat with you.

YOUR EDITOR,

NOW for a few  
**RAPID-FIRE REPLIES**

to various queries which readers have sent me.

Information Wanted Regarding the "Unknown Soldier."—The idea of

that he had met this mysterious man whom they knew as Major Dugdale and "Captain Crimson" alike, but where, he could not recall. And while he was still pondering, the flunkey came back to conduct them above stairs.

Marmaduke Dugdale, whom the world had called Earl of Trimmingham for the last five years, sat up on his elbow in the enormous four-posted bed, which was like a room within a room, with its hangings of flame-coloured damask, and a gilt coronet on top of all. There was a curious mixture of hatred, anger, and fear in the blanched face.

The footman had announced his lordship's cousin only, and Marmaduke started as the trio came round the high screen in single file.

"Sink me, I was not prepared for the entire army!" he cried haughtily. "What does this mean?"

"That you and I are going to have a reckoning at long last, and these gentlemen are my witnesses," said Dugdale. "To be precise, both hail from a little town called Widewater. Ah, I see you remember it! And you will have cause to do so still more before we part to-day, my dear Marmaduke Dugdale!" And the speaker laughed strangely.

"Zounds! You shall not bully me! Is it money you want?"

"I have enough for my present needs. 'Tis something more than that that brings me here. I have come for the title of which you robbed me by forgery and fraud!"

"A foul lie!" exclaimed the man on the bed. "Am I not my father's son?"

"Undoubtedly. And were not your father and mine brothers who died oddly enough on the same day? Let me make this thing quite clear, when you have done biting your nails." And the major leaned against the silken coverlet, his arms folded across his chest. "You see, my sweet cousin, our grandmother, being a Dashwood, of Widewater, it entered into my thick skull that something might be learned in that quarter, and the register of St. Mary's Church there has told me more than I could have hoped."

"Well!"

"Yes; 'tis mighty well—for me—for there I found the entry of my sire's baptism, but it has been tampered with. Held sideways to the light there is no doubt that a figure six has been deliberately altered into a figure eight, which, you will understand, would make my father two years younger than your own—hence you inherited the earldom. Do you follow me, Cousin Marmaduke?"

The face of the man on the bed was ghastly in its pallor, but the bad mouth curled into a sneer.

"I hear you, Cousin Christopher; but others may report very differently on your wonderful discovery," he snarled.

"Besides, the next time you are in the mind to search the register, the entry itself might have disappeared altogether."

"To avoid which, having anticipated such a possibility, I took the precaution of removing the entire leaf. It is in my pocket now, you bungling fool!" And his tormentor laughed quite merrily. "You see, we have been living in dangerous days of late. Our cousin, the Squire of Dashwood Hall, could tell you that!"

Major Dugdale threw a strange meaning into the words.

"Have you seen Lancelot, then? Did he tell you how he was robbed of the family jewels by a gallow's-fruit, who calls himself Captain Crimson? I have offered a reward of five thousand guineas for the scoundrel's capture."

Again his visitor laughed aloud.

"I and these gentlemen procured Lancelot's escape from Newgate Prison. You are wondrous liberal with my money, Marmaduke, but 'twill be long ere anyone claims it. As for the jewels, I deemed the family had a better right than the pretender for whom you intended them. I am your mysterious Captain Crimson, and the Trimmingham heirlooms are in my safe keeping."

Marmaduke Dugdale sprang to his knees, stretching out an arm to the bell-pull on the wall.

"Ecod, 'tis my turn to laugh, I think," he cried. "Self-confessed highwayman and common thief—what is there to stay me having you seized and bound by my fellows?"

"Only this!" Major Dugdale drew out a silver-mounted pistol and covered him. "One finger on that rope, and you die where you lie!"

Marmaduke Dugdale sank back among the pillows, reading his fate in those remorseless eyes.

"Enough of this!" Major Dugdale's voice rang cold and hard. "Our family was ever famed for loyalty to the King—God bless him! You are the first traitorous worm of us all! You have wallowed too long in the riches of which you robbed me! 'Twas your knavery forced me to leave the Army, and made me a play-actor for bread. If I later turned highwayman, it was with an object—for to fight you in the courts of law meant money. Now with the forged register in my possession my course is simple, and yours is run. Even then I might have spared you and been generous, but there is another reckoning that shall be settled here."

Major Dugdale gripped his cousin's shoulder, and the worm writhed with pain.

"You are hurting me!" he squealed. "I have a wounded foot."

"Got in the rebel ranks at Culloden, you cur! Listen! I spared you once—in a lonely farm near Derby, when

Cobham's dragoons would have taken you. I would not have men say that I came into my own by compassing your death on the scaffold. But, hold! Turn your memory back to a hovel on a blood-drenched moor, where three men risked their lives to save one worse wounded than yourself, yet you, to preserve your own worthless hide, stole the horse we had brought for him, and escaped in the darkness, leaving your Cousin Lancelot to a hideous fate, for all you cared!"

"Lancelot!" gasped the astonished coward. "I did not know it!"

"And if you had, it would have made no difference to a selfish hound!"

"Mercy!" moaned Marmaduke Dugdale. "What do you wish of me?"

"France, and exile for ever! You start in half an hour, and I shall accompany you to Dover. Refuse, and I hand you over to justice, to be hanged, drawn, and quartered on Kennington Common! Make your choice now!"

Marmaduke Dugdale crawled out of bed, sobbing like a beaten child.

With trembling knees and swollen face buried in a handkerchief, the usurper passed down that noble staircase for the last time, between the six powdered footmen drawn up in a double row.

"A chaise and four at once!" said Christopher, Second Earl of Trimmingham, in a voice of command. "In future I am master here, as you will learn more fully when I return to-morrow. In the meantime, Mr. Dugdale will take a glass of sherry with me in this room before his journey."

Jack and Billy followed the earl into a beautiful chamber overlooking the square.

"Drive to the Bull and Mouth, and get rid of the disguises that have served us so well," said the earl in a low voice, drawing them aside. "In three days we shall meet again at Widewater. For the present, mum's the word, remember! And here is the chaise already."

The door closed with a bang, the whips cracked, and the group of gold-laced flunkies watched, spellbound, from the top step.

"Dash my wig!" exclaimed Mr. Joshua Smuggins, scratching it with uncertain fingers as the two scarlet cloaks fluttered out of sight, flaunting as though the whole square belonged to them. "New master or no, that's wot I calls a fine figure of a man! 'T'other one worn't a patch on 'im!"

(Look out for further exciting situations in next week's chapters of this popular story of adventure in the "good old days.")



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**ARE YOU A BIG BREAKFAST FAN?**

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**THE NEW Greyfriars Herald**



No. 120 (New Series).

EDITED BY HARRY WHARTON.

January 19th, 1935.

**GRATE STUDY-WARMING OFFER!**

Fellows planning study feeds for the New Term are invited to book Mr. W. G. Bunter to do the cooking. The most economical cook in the skool! Give him cnuft raw grub for a duzzen and Mr. Bunter guarantees to prepare a good meal for two!—For further partiks., write: W. G. BUNTER, ESQ., Study No. 7—Remove.

**THE HEAD IN A HURRY!**

By Dicky Nugent

Clang, clang, clang! "That's the tellyphone bell," said Frank Fearless, jumping up from the armchair in his "den" at Fearless Towers. "I eggspect someone wants to speak to my pater before he leaves for the Continong. Shan't be a jiffy, you chaps!" Frank was as good as his word. In less than a jiffy he was back in the room again. For some reason, he was grinning all over his dile. "It's not for the pater, after all," he said. "It's Lickham, wanting the Head. The funniest thing you ever herd has happened, chaps. It's the first day of the New Term—and we've all forgotten to go back to skool—the Head included!"

book at Fearless Towers, struck them as awfully funny. Frank Fearless looked at the door and poked his head into the room. "Sorry to interrupt you, sir," he said, "but you're wanted on the tellyphone." Dr. Birchermall sighed wearily from within the study. "Really, Fearless, I wish you wouldn't bust into my privacy like this!" he eggsclaimed, without looking up from his bludthirsty book. "As you see, I am busy studying. Despite the fact that this room is decorated in green, I am in a brown study."

"But it's urgent, sir," said Frank Fearless. "It's Mr. Lickham, and he says it's the First Day of New Term, and nobody can get into the skool, because the key's in your trowais-pocket!" "Crash! Bang! Wallop! It was as though that announcement had electrified the Head! He herled his book into one corner of the room, his spectacles into another, the chair into another, and stood upright, with earspricked and nostrils distended. "By hokey! He's right!"

he cried horsely. "The First Day of Term, and I'd forgotten it! This is disgraceing—I mean disgustful! Stand aside!" And the Head farely leaped out of Mr. Fearless' study! "That you, Lickham?" he cride, as he grabbed the tellyphone reseever. "Awfully sorry, and all that, but I'd completely forgotten about the skool re-opening to-day!" "Sorry, indeed!" hooted Mr. Lickham, from the other end. "I'd have you know, sir, that we're all waiting here to get in. I'm foning



from the tuckshop. There are two hundred boys outside, and they're all jolly cold, hanging about in the frozen quad. A fat lot of good your sorrow is, sir!" "It duzzent cut much ice, certainly!" acknowledged the Head. "But never fear, Lickham—I will join you at the earliest possible moment. In the meantime, I suggest that you organize games to keep the boys warm and cheerful. Hopscotch and ring-o'-roses are eggscellent for the purpuss, I believe."

"You—you—" gasped Mr. Lickham. "Anyway, we mustn't stand here arguing the toss," went on Dr. Birchermall briskly. "I'll get going at once. Hold the fort till I arrive!" And the Head rang off hurriedly. His skollerly fizz was quite pail with emotion when he turned round. "This is a sad moment in my life, boys," he mermered. "In the past, I've often forgotten to have my hair cut or to wash my face; but never have I forgotten to open the skool on First Day of Term! I must away, at once—if not sooner! And you boys must come with me!" "But how are we going?" asked Frank Fearless. "If we go by car, we'll probably finish up in a snowdrift—and the next train duzzent leave for hours!"

"Bust me! I hadn't thought of that!" eggsclaimed Dr. Birchermall in dismay. Then Mr. Fearless, who had been standing fifth, stood fourth. "I've got an idea," he said. "I'm just starting off for a trip to the Continong in my privit airoplane. Why not let me drop you all at St. Sam's by parachute?" "You mean we should all have to jump out of the airoplane into the skool?" asked Dr. Birchermall. "Really, Mr. Fearless, I hardly know what to say. Parachute-jumping is new to me; I have never descended to it before."

Mr. Fearless shrugged. "If you are in a hurry, my dear sir—" Dr. Birchermall made a jesture of resignation. "That remark settles it!" he cride. "I am indeed in a hurry—the greatest hurry I've ever been in since I axidentally ran into my tailor, the other day! Pack your bags, boys—we go by air!" Five minnits later, Dr.

Birchermall, at the juniors were seated at the saloon cabin of Mr. Fearless' airoplane. Bang! Ooter! Crash! Wallop! With a menical roar, the machine lurched lightly across the starting field. Soon, it was rattling and banging through the air on its way to St. Sam's. Half-an-hour later, the okkupants saw how them the spires and tasts and chimbleys of St. Sam's. "Well, this is where you get out," said Mr. Fearless. "Just open the door and jump out, count five, and pull the record. Good-bye, all!" "I'll go first," said Frank Fearless. "No; let me!" eggsclaimed Jack Jolly. "Now, be!" said the Head. "It's no good you falling out, although you've got to jump! To settle the matter, I go first myself!"

With that, he opened the door of the airoplane, closed his eyes, and jumped. Never in his natcheral had the Head so nervuss as he felt in the next few seconds. That thing that struck him as a stray sparrow, and his little incident almost made him forget the rip-cord. At forchunintly he remembered in time, and the parachute opened out just before he read the level of the old clostwer. From that hite, he slid down easily, and had safely in the lily-pond in front of the Skool House.

Jack Jolly and Frank Fearless followed soon after, and within a short time they were all help to drag the Head out of hole he had made through the ice. "Groood! This is the most uncomfortable burn to skool I have ever experienced!"

cride Dr. Birchermall. "Believe me, boys, I should never have consented to it, but for the urgent need for re-opening the skool. Which reminds me—where is everybody?" "Why, the skool's open, after all!" eggsclaimed Frank Fearless. A minnit later, Mr. Lickham came running up, grinning cheerfully. "It's all right, sir," he said. "There was no hurry, if only I'd known it. Fossil, the porter, had a duplicate key to the front door all the time; so we were able to get in, you see, and—wooop! Yaroooo! Wharrer you doing of, sir?" The Head didn't trubble to eggsplain what he was doing. He just did it—and before he knew what was happening, Mr. Lickham found himself sitting in the lily-pond in the space that Dr. Birchermall had just vakated!

After that, the Head, feeling a little Molly-fied, tramped into the House to begin the Term's werk!

**"COFFEE AND CREAM"**  
By Dick Penfold  
The above yarn may be obtained from the author for 4d. a copy (Printed by the Fish Hektograph Service). Mr. Penfold asks us to say something about it. Unfortunately, we haven't had time to read it, but, judging by the title, it's a STIRRING story.

**"I CAN'T MAKE IT OUT!"**



Says Bolsover Major

I can't make it out! It simply beats me! It should have been the jape of the holiday. But it wasn't! Why it wasn't has been puzzling me ever since. As soon as my Uncle Nat gave me a Detective's Make-up and Disguising Outfit for Christmas, I saw the possibilities of a jape on Skinner and Snoop in it. For some days, I turned the matter over in my mind, and at last I decided on my plan of campaign. I would first warn Skinner and Snoop, who were staying at my place, that an aged and eccentric uncle of mine was expected on a visit, and that if he turned up in my absence, he would have to be treated with great respect and humoured in his little peculiarities. Then I would proceed to disguise myself, with the aid of the make-up outfit, as an old codger answering the description I had given of my imaginary uncle. I couldn't help chuckling to myself, when I thought of the larks I could have with Skinner and Snoop. It would be a scream to get them on the jump! I could just imagine their faces when I started giving them a taste of my walking-cane, and making things unpleasant generally! Well, I duly warned them of the imminent arrival of an entirely fictional "Uncle Her-

bert," who would have to be handled carefully and whose eccentricities would have to be respected. Then, in the privacy of my bed-room, I got ready for the jape. Following the directions on the box with particular care, I proceeded to disguise myself as an old and dodderly man. I stuck on white whiskers and beetling eyebrows, painted some most realistic lines on my face, and with the aid of artistic shadow-patches, made myself look hollow-cheeked. I suppose it's hard for an amateur to judge his own efforts at disguising, but I couldn't help feeling I'd made a success of it in my case. Knowing what I really looked like underneath, I wasn't able to judge how much like an old and dodderly man I actually looked; but I'd followed out the directions faithfully enough, so there was no reason to doubt that I looked the part to perfection. I sneaked out of the house while Skinner and Snoop weren't looking, then returned and marched right round the side of the house to the garden at the back. "Huh!" I snorted, in the gruff tones of an old gentle-

man. "Peroy's friends, I presume! Huh! Good-after-noon!" Skinner and Snoop looked round, and on seeing me, jumped. "My nephew about?" I barked, as they stared at me. Skinner seemed to blink, in a puzzled sort of way. "Your nephew? I didn't know you had a nephew!" he said. "But how do you know who I am?" I snorted. "Do you know who I am? Answer me, boy!" Skinner and Snoop seemed to exchange glances, and I thought I saw Skinner touch his forehead—why, I still don't know! "Yes, we know you, Bolsy, old chap," Skinner then said, to my utter astonishment. "Just keep quiet, old bean, and you'll soon be all right again!" "W-w-what made you put on those funny bits of hair, and all those streaks of paint, Bolsy?" asked Snoop, who seemed to be a little nervous. "I wish you hadn't done it, old chap. It gives you a peculiar kind of look!" "Ye gods!! I cried disgustedly. And that's about all there is to tell you! The jape had flopped—flopped, good and proper! Skinner and Snoop, by some strange means, had seen through my disguise at once! I can't make it out!

**HARRY WHARTON on— OUR POTTY REPORTER**

S. Q. I. Field, our new reporter, seems to be completely potty. He's certainly bringing in the most incredible news. Cast your optics over this little lot, for instance: MR. "LARRY" LASCELLES, who is a champion boxer as well as a keen mathematician, recently played the piano for five hours without stopping. CLAUDE HOSKINS, the musical genius of the Shell, on being waylaid recently by three gigantic footpads, knocked them all senseless. LORD MAULEVERER, on being asked whether he intended to do much swot this Term, answered: "The swotfulness will be terrific, my esteemed and reportful chum!" HURREE SINGH distinguished himself in the first lesson of the year by answering the question: "When did William the Conqueror land in England?" with a sleepy "Yaas!"—and then falling straight into the arms of Morpheus! PETER TODD has made a resolution to pay back all his old debts, this year—on receiving his first postal-order from a titled relation! BILLY BUNTER gets up at six in the morning to study law, and can go till dinner-time on a breakfast of one cup of tea and a thin slice of toast. We simply can't believe all this. We shall have to send for Squiff, and ask him whether there isn't a mistake somewhere or other. PERHAPS HE HAS GOT THE NAMES IN THE WRONG PLACES?

**WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?**



Bob Cherry says there is a joy in breaking the ice in the wash-basin first thing on a frosty morning. Bob is invariably first astr—he dropped a piece of ice in Bunter's open mouth the other day. Bunter "thawed" he had better get up!

Harry Wharton says the best thing to keep fit in the winter is to swim a length or two in the school swimming bath first thing every morning. Wharton takes his own advice with unflinching regularity—and Bob Cherry invariably accompanys him!

When Bunter asked for increased river Kippis, the conjurer of the rations from Mr. Quelch, stating, however, that he was wasting away to a shadow, Mr. Quelch told Bunter Wharton & Co. by showing acidly that the only thing known a radio cabinet from which was wasting was his time—produced in rapid succession and gave him some extra wot sea eggs, paper flags—and a for his pains! A "tough diet"!

By joining hands and forming a human chain, the Famous Five were able to save the life of a Pegg inhabitant, who had been drawn into a rough sea. Though battered by the waves, the "Co." were as right as rain after a "rub down"!

Marjorie Hazeldens and the Cliff House girls have made up a racing "eight," and challenged the Remove to a race on the Sark. Harry Wharton and Co. held their own fairly easily—but they were the first to admit that the girls showed fine form!

**GREYFRIARS FACTS WHILE YOU WAIT!**

**WHO WOULDN'T GO BACK?**

Asks S. Q. I. Field  
To hear some chaps talk about school, you'd think it compared very unfavourably with home life. Yet, when you come to think about it, it's just as good in most cases, and in some cases a good deal better. You all know how fed-up you become with the Christmas-putting and mince pies and iced cakes you get at home. How pleasant it is to get back to the health-giving door-steps and scrape they serve up for tea in Hall! You get a nice rising-bell to wake you up in the morning; such a change from the dismal silence of the early morning at home! As for amusement—well, listening to Lascelles teaching Bunter maths, is as good as any panto you saw this vac! And if you lament the lack of opportunity for going to the pictures, you can always trot down to the footer-field and watch Coker, can't you? No picture I ever saw compared with Coker playing footer! In all sorts of ways, and on all sorts of days, school beats home-life. WHO WOULDN'T GO BACK? (Don't all shout at once!—Ed.)