

HARRY WHARTON & Co. in a Grand "GUYED ON THE FIFTH!" .. Inside!  
"Fifth of November" Yarn . . . .

# The Magnet



Bang Goes  
Bunter's "Toffee!"



# GUYED on the FIFTH!

By FRANK RICHARDS



## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### Nipped in the Bud!

"YOU can't—"  
 "Rot!"  
 "You shan't, then!"  
 "Who's going to stop me?" demanded Horace Coker, of the Fifth Form at Greyfriars.  
 "Look here—"  
 "Rats!"

Bob Cherry winked at Harry Wharton, who laughed. The two Remove juniors were coming across the quad towards the House, when they heard the argument going on. It was close on time for class; the bell for third school was ringing through the misty November morning. They did not want to be late for class; Mr. Quelch, their Form-master, was strict in such matters. But they paused a moment to give Coker and Warren a glance.

Coker of the Fifth was looking angry and excited. Jim Warren was alarmed and uneasy—evidently on Coker's account.

It was clear at a glance that the obstreperous, bull-headed Coker was hunting trouble; and that his friend was trying to restrain him, and make him see reason.

But that was not an easy task. Sweet reasonableness was not counted among Horace Coker's many gifts.

"There'll be a fearful row, if you do!" urged Warren.

"There generally is a row when fireworks go off!" said Coker.

And Coker laughed.  
 "It's not a joking matter," said Warren.

"Isn't it?" said Coker. "Looks to me

as if it will be rather a joke on Prout! Fancy his face when a bag of crackers explodes under his desk in the Form-room."

Wharton and Bob Cherry gasped simultaneously.

In November days, naturally, lots of fellows were thinking about fireworks. In spite of the strict rule, that such explosive articles should not be brought into the school before bonfire day, the cracking of crackers, and the squibbing of squibs had already been heard here and there.

But though a good many fellows had let off fireworks in secluded spots, it was safe to say that no fellow but Coker had thought of letting them off in a Form-room—especially under a master's desk.

Such a stunt as that could only occur to a brain like Horace Coker's.

It was no wonder that Warren was trying to restrain him. What would happen to Coker, if he carried on with that amazing scheme, would hardly bear thinking of.

"The blithering idiot!" murmured Bob.

"The dangerous ass!" gasped Wharton.

Coker did not heed or even see the two juniors. He had his back to them, as he stood by the leafless old elms, talking to Warren.

Warren's handsome face was worried and distressed. Coker's rugged features were set in an expression of grim determination.

"For goodness' sake—" urged Warren.

"Chuck it!" said Coker. "Nothing to be alarmed about! Prout won't know I

did it! I'm not going to mention it to him!" added Coker, with sarcasm.

"But—"

"I thought you'd be keen on it, or I wouldn't have told you!" said Coker. "Old Pompous is giving you the rough stuff, same as me. He's been down on both of us ever since you did that Latin paper for me last week. I'm fed-up with Prout! The worm will turn!"

"But—"

"It's easy as pie!" explained Coker, who had evidently thought out his scheme and was satisfied therewith. "Prout's always late for class—you know how he stops in the passage to jaw. Lots of time to park this packet of crackers under his desk."

"But—"

"You keep on butting, like a billy-goat! I've got a long fuse. I shall set it all ready for Prout—"

"But—"

"There you go again! As soon as I hear him coming, I touch off the fuse! It will take a minute to burn."

"But—"

"You're like a parrot, Warren! A minute will give Prout time to get to his desk! Then the bag of crackers goes off—bang!"

"But—" gasped Warren.

"I thought you'd be keen! Anyhow, I'm going to do it! Fancy old Pompous with the crackers exploding under his jolly old feet! Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker laughed again.

Jim Warren did not laugh. He looked fearfully serious. He could easily fancy "old Pompous," otherwise Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth Form at Greyfriars, with the exploding crackers under him. He could also fancy what would

follow—which Coker seemed to have left out of his calculations.

Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry stood rooted, heedless of the bell. For that ass Coker's own sake, they hoped that Warren would succeed in dissuading him. If he tried restraining him by force, the two juniors were ready to lend him a hand.

Coker fancied that he was going to carry out this astounding stunt without getting spotted. It was certain, of course, that he would be spotted. And he might be sacked for it.

"Coker, old man—" urged Warren. "That's the bell," said Coker. "We'd better be moving, old bean."

"But I tell you—" "Don't jaw, old chap! I've had it all from Potter and Greene already!" Coker chuckled. "You should have seen their faces when I told them! Looked as if they were going to faint!"

"No wonder," said Jim, "Coker, you can't do it—" "Can't I?" grinned Coker. "You'll see!"

"You may be spotted with fireworks on you!" said Warren. "It's against the rules! Any beak spotting the fireworks—or a prefect—" Coker chuckled.

"I'm up to that!" he said. "Look here! Think anybody would guess that was fireworks, if they saw it?"

Coker held up a packet to view. Warren stared at it; Wharton and Cherry stared at it. Certainly they would not have guessed that it was a packet of fireworks on its looks.

The packet was wrapped and tied in a thick paper bag, which bore the inscription:

"Blunt's Superior Toffee."

"See?" grinned Coker. "Rather cute, what? The fact is, this packet has been seen already, more than once. Potter and Greene saw it on the study table, and fancied it was toffee till I told them. I happened to drop it in the quad a little while ago, right under the nose of Loder of the Sixth, and he saw it—ha, ha! That cad Loder would jump at a chance of reporting a man for getting in fireworks before bonfire day. But he can't report a man for having a bag of toffees—ha, ha! Bit strategic, what?"

"Oh!" gasped Warren. Evidently, Coker's powerful brain had been hard at work. He had taken precautions against being spotted in possession of fireworks.

"Right as rain, what?" grinned Coker. "I dare say three or four fellows have seen this packet—but nobody knows I've got any fireworks. Prout won't have the faintest idea who planted them under his desk."

"Prout won't rest till he's found out who did it, even if you're not spotted on the spot, which is most likely—" "Rubbish!"

"Coker, old man, do listen to reason!" "Bosh! Let's get in," said Coker, "the bell will stop in a tick."

"Look here," exclaimed Jim Warren, "will you chuck up this silly, idiotic, fat-headed idea?"

"That's simply cheek, Warren! I don't want to punch your head, but—" "Then I'll jolly well stop you!"

Warren made a step towards Coker, with the plain intention of grabbing the bag of crackers.

Coker promptly put his hand behind him with the bag in it, and pushed Warren back with the other.

"No you don't!" he said. "Look here, Coker—" "Go and eat coke!"

Warren paused. Coker, holding the bag behind him, grinned at his dissuasive friend. Warren could not get

at that bag of fireworks without assault and battery first—and knocking Coker down, for his own sake, was rather a drastic measure to take.

It was at that moment that Bob Cherry weighed in.

He closed one eye at Wharton, and then, on tiptoe, stepped closer to Coker from behind. With a sudden snatch he annexed the bag of crackers from the hand behind Coker.

He jumped away with it swiftly. "Why—what—what—" gasped Coker in amazement.

Having no eyes, of course, in the back of his head, Coker had not seen the two Removites in the rear. The sudden snatching of the bag of crackers made him jump.

He spun round. "Cherry! You cheeky young sweep! Why, I'll—"

Words failed Coker. He rushed at Bob Cherry like a charging buffalo.

Bob's arm swung in the air. The packet of crackers shot away over the treetops.

Where it fell no one could see—but it was at a distance, somewhere among the old elms. If Coker was going to find it, the search was likely to occupy him a very considerable time.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Warren. He seemed amused by that sudden and unexpected solution of the problem.

"Ha, ha, ha!" echoed Wharton and Bob, as they scampered for the House a yard ahead of the enraged Coker.

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**More than once danger has threatened Jim Warren, who is at Greyfriars in another's name, and he has eluded it. But he'll for ever remember his narrow shave on the Fifth of November!**

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Warren was left laughing.

Coker, bursting with fury, chased the two juniors right up to the House steps.

They bolted in, barely avoiding, in their haste, a portly figure within. Mr. Prout stared after them, as they flew, with disapproval. Prout did not approve of lower Form boys bolting about the place at top speed.

But the next moment his eyes turned on Coker, bolting in after the juniors. He waved an angry fat hand.

"Coker," he boomed, "stop!" "Oh!" gasped Coker, halting.

"Coker, have you no sense of the dignity of a senior boy—a member of a senior Form?" boomed Prout. "How dare you enter into this ridiculous horse-play with boys of a lower Form? How dare you scamper about with Remove juniors? Go to your Form-room at once! Go quietly—sedately—as if you had some sense of decorum, sir! Go!"

Coker, suppressing his feelings with difficulty, went. That great jape on Prout which Coker had so carefully planned was not going to be carried out in the Fifth Form Room, after all! It had been nipped in the bud! Which, undoubtedly, was all the better for Horace Coker!

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Bunter Causes Bangs!

"Y AROOOOOH!" roared Billy Bunter.

Bunter jumped clear of the ground.

He was startled—and not merely

startled, but surprised almost out of his fat wits.

Bunter's first impression was that the skies were falling. What was a fellow to think when suddenly, without warning, something dropped out of space and banged on his head, like a bolt from the blue?

It really was an extraordinary happening.

Billy Bunter, at the moment, was leaning on the old stone wall, screened from general view by the old elms of Greyfriars.

He heard the bell ringing for class, but did not for the moment give it attention. Other and more important matters occupied Billy Bunter's attention.

Bunter was consuming bullseyes. Bunter had been in luck in break that morning. A casual glance into Hazel-

dene's study had revealed a bag of bullseyes on the study table. They might have belonged to either Hazel or Tom Brown, who shared Study No. 2 in the Remove. But two seconds after Billy Bunter's eyes, and spectacles, lighted on them they belonged to Billy Bunter.

Morning break was intended as a breathing-space, a chance for a little fresh air and exercise between classes. Other Remove fellows punted a footer, or played leap-frog, or walked and talked—but Billy Bunter, like Gallio of old, cared for none of these things. Having retired to a quiet spot to devour his prey, the fat Owl of the Remove chewed bullseyes—and was still chewing the same when the bell rang. But there still remained three or four bullseyes, and Bunter had to dispose of them before he honoured Mr. Quelch with his presence in the Form-room.

He accelerated, and the last of the bullseyes was on the downward path when the unexpected happened.

Something—Bunter could not imagine what, unless the skies were falling—shot out of space above and banged on his head.

It landed on Bunter's fat head with quite a bang—and he roared. It dropped to the ground by his side.

"Ow! Yaroooh!" roared Bunter. "Ooooh!"

He clapped a sticky hand to his head. His cap had been knocked off by the concussion.

"Ow! Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter. "Ooooh!"

He realised that he was not much hurt. The "something" that had dropped on him had come from the upper air with considerable force, but it was neither hard nor heavy.

"Beast!" howled Bunter. "Shying things at a chap! Beast!"

He could see, even without the aid of his big spectacles, that the skies had not fallen! His next impression was that somebody, some practical joker among the elms, had shied a missile at him—which was really more probable!

He blinked round through his spectacles. The school bell was giving its final clang. No one was to be seen. Most fellows were scudding for the Form-rooms by that time. Certainly there was nobody anywhere near Bunter.

The fat junior stooped to pick up his cap. Then he blinked at the object that had fallen after smiting him on the head.

It was a thick paper bag, evidently packed full of something. Bunter stared at it.

Then his little round eyes gleamed behind his big, round spectacles as he read the magic word "TOFFEE."

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bunter. He grabbed up the bag.

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He was more amazed than ever. It was surprising for something to drop on his head out of space. It was still more astonishing to discover that it was a bag of toffees!

Some fellow, it seemed, must have thrown that bag of toffees over the treetops—why, Bunter could not begin to guess.

But one thing was certain. Whoever had landed that bag accidentally on Bunter's head was never going to see it again. Bunter liked toffee. This was a windfall for Bunter!

How any fellow, being in possession of a bag of toffees, could be such an ass as to chuck it about over treetops was a mystery to Bunter. But he wasted no time on solving that mystery. He shoved the bag hastily under his jacket and rolled away from the spot.

The bell had ceased to ring now. As Bunter rolled away from the elms he sighted only one fellow going into the House—Warren of the Fifth. All the rest had already gone in.

Bunter rolled in after Warren with the thick paper bag carefully concealed under his jacket.

He was due—overdue—in the Form-room; the rest of the Remove was already in. Third lesson in the Remove was Roman history, to which Billy Bunter had not been looking forward at all. But now he had rather happy anticipations of third school. With that bag of toffees out of sight under his desk he would be able to help himself to toffee after toffee whenever Mr. Quelch's back was turned, or his attention occupied elsewhere. Often and often had Bunter smuggled tuck into the Form-room—but a fellow had to be very wary under Quelch's gimlet eye.

The bag under Bunter's jacket made rather a bulge. Bunter's garments were all rather on the tight side. He could only hope that Quelch would not spot it as he went to his place.

He was a minute late for class. The Remove were all in their places—Wharton and Bob Cherry looking a little breathless after their hurried scamper across the quad. Mr. Quelch was leaning over the fender, poking the Form-room fire into a blaze, and had his back to the door, much to Bunter's satisfaction, as he rolled in. It was a dull November day, cold and misty, and the bright glow of the fire made the Form-room look quite cosy and attractive.

"Bunter!"

Mr. Quelch laid down the poker and turned his head.

"Oh! Yes, sir!" stammered Bunter.

He had hoped to steal into his place unnoticed, but that was a very faint hope where a gimlet-eyed beak like Henry Samuel Quelch was concerned.

"You are late!" rapped Mr. Quelch, standing with his back to the fire, for the genial warmth, while he addressed the fat Owl.

"Oh! Sorry, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"I—I didn't hear the bell, sir!"

"Have you become deaf, Bunter?"

"Yes, sir! I—I mean, no, sir!" stammered Bunter. "I mean, I—I came at once when I heard the bell, sir, but I—I fell over—"

"Then you did hear the bell?" said Mr. Quelch grimly.

"No, sir! That is, yes, sir! I mean, sir—"

"What is that under your jacket, Bunter?"

"Oh, nothing, sir!" gasped Bunter, in dismay.

As a matter of fact, the paper bag had slipped a little, and Bunter had to clap his fat hand to the spot to prevent it

from slipping into view. A slighter clue than that would have drawn Mr. Quelch's gimlet eye to it.

"Nothing!" repeated Mr. Quelch, in a very deep voice. "Did you say nothing, Bunter? You have nothing under your jacket?"

"Oh! Yes, sir! Mum-mum-my waistcoat!" stammered Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came from the Remove.

"Silence!" rapped Mr. Quelch. "Bunter, you absurd boy, I am not making reference to your garments. You have something under your jacket as well as your waistcoat. What is it?"

"My—my braces, sir!"

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

"Will you be silent?" roared Mr. Quelch. "This boy's prevarication is not a laughing matter. Bunter, I command you to show me at once what it is you have concealed under your jacket! I have no doubt that it is comestibles of some kind. I have had to punish you on previous occasions for introducing foodstuffs into the Form-room. Produce it at once!"

"Oh lor!" groaned Bunter.

Unwillingly the fat Owl of the Remove produced the thick paper bag, which was inscribed on the outside "Blunt's Superior Toffee."

Mr. Quelch stared at it and sniffed.

He had suspected tuck, and now he was sure. No more than Bunter did he doubt that there were toffees packed in that bag. Nor did the Removes, as they sat grinning.

But Bob Cherry gave a little start, and touched Wharton on the arm.

"I say," he whispered. "That looks like—"

"Lots of toffee packets like that," answered Harry.

"Well, yes; but—"

"Silence in the class! Bunter, how dare you bring a bag of toffees into the Form-room! I repeat—how dare you! You will not be allowed to guzzle sweetstuffs during class, Bunter! Throw that bag of toffee into the fire!"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter.

He blinked at the Form-master in utter dismay.

Bunter did not like the cane; but had he been caned and allowed to retain the bag of toffees, he would have preferred it to this.

"Did you hear me, Bunter?" snapped Mr. Quelch.

"Oh dear! Yes, sir! I—I say, sir—"

"Throw that bag of toffees into the fire at once, Bunter, or I shall cane you!" hooted Mr. Quelch. "Obey me instantly, sir!"

"Oh lor!"

There was no help for it! Billy Bunter rolled dismally towards the fire-grate.

That delightful vision of chewing toffees while Quelch expounded Roman history faded from his fat mind like a beautiful dream. As a matter of fact, it never would have been realised, as that bag did not contain toffees at all, but something very different indeed. Bunter, unaware of that circumstance, could have groaned aloud as he approached the fire with the bag in his fat hand.

Mr. Quelch stood aside for him, with gimlet eyes gleaming at him inexorably.

Bunter paused.

"If—if you please, sir," he stammered, "I—I gave two shillings for—for this bag of toffees, sir!"

"Then it will be a lesson to you, Bunter, not to introduce foodstuffs into the Form-room!"

"I—I—I mean, these—these toffees ain't mine, sir! I—I was looking for the fellow they belonged to—"

"What?" almost roared Mr. Quelch.

After Bunter's first statement, he was not likely to believe the second.

"I—I'd like to keep them till—till after class, sir, to—to look for the—the fellow who dropped them, sir—"

"I will listen to no more of your prevarications, Bunter!" gasped the Remove master. "Throw that bag into the fire at once, or— Hand me the cane from my desk."

"Oh, yes, sir! I—I was just going to throw the bag into the fire!" stammered Bunter; and he did!

The toffee-bag shot from his fat hand and landed in the very midst of the glowing coals.

"Now, Bunter—"

Mr. Quelch was suddenly interrupted.

Had that toffee-bag really contained toffees, no doubt its contents would have been quietly and peaceably consumed in the Form-room fire. As it contained Coker's fireworks, its fate was, naturally, neither quiet nor peaceable.

Bang!

Mr. Quelch jumped! Bunter jumped!

All the Remove jumped!

"Bang, bang!"

"What—" shrieked Mr. Quelch.

Bang!

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter.

Bang, bang, bang!

"I—I thought that was Coker's bag!"

gasped Bob Cherry. "Oh scissors!"

Bang, bang, bang, bang!

"Yaroooooh!" roared Billy Bunter, as a banging cracker jumped out of the fire and caught him under his fat chin. The Owl of the Remove went over backwards as if a cannon-ball had hit him.

Bang, bang!

"Upon my word! Fireworks!" yelled

Mr. Quelch. "Fuf-fuf-fuf-fireworks!

You young rascal—"

"Yooop!"

Bang, bang!

Fragments of coal and cinders hurtled from the fire under the force of the explosion. Cracker after cracker banged and roared—sometimes singly, sometimes in twos and threes, sometimes half a dozen together! Noise and smoke and the smell of gunpowder filled the Remove Form-room.

Bang! Crack! Whiz! Bang!

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

Bang, bang!

"Oh lor!" Yaroooooh!"

Three or four crackers whizzed and banged round the bewildered Remove master. He jumped wildly away from the fire, shaking fireworks and embers from his gown. Bang, bang, bang!

BANG!

## THE THIRD CHAPTER.

### The Vials of Wrath!

"HA, ha, ha!" yelled the Removes.

The last of Coker's crackers banged away. Smoke eddied in the Form-room. Mr. Quelch stood bewildered and gasping, apparently unaware whether he was on his head or his heels. Bunter lay on the floor, squealing. And the whole Remove roared with merriment. This was much more entertaining than Roman history.

"Bless my soul!" gasped Mr. Quelch.

"Ow! Yow!" wailed Bunter.

"Wow!"

"What larks!" chuckled Herbert Vernon-Smith. "Fancy Bunter having the nerve to pull a stunt like that in the Form-room!"

"The blithering idiot!" murmured Johnny Bull. "Quelch will skin him!"

"The skinfulness will be terrific!"

grinned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Bunter must have gone potty!"

said Frank Nugent, in amazement.

"Quelch will scalp him bald-headed!"



"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Quelch recovered himself. Alarm and bewilderment, in his speaking countenance, gave place to wrath—deadly wrath. He whipped to his desk, and grabbed up the cane that lay there.

"Silence in the class!" he roared. "The next boy that laughs will be caned!"

Sudden gravity descended on the Remove.

"Now, Bunter—"

"Yaroooh!"

"Get up from the floor at once, Bunter."

"I—I can't! Ow! I'm blown to pieces!" howled Bunter. "I—I think my head's blown off—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

wasn't going to eat fireworks in class! Oh lor'!"

Mr. Quelch paused. He was rather excited at the moment, and deeply incensed. But he was a just gentleman. It did indeed seem rather improbable that Bunter would have thrown the bag on the fire, if he had known that it contained explosives.

"If that bag was yours, Bunter, you must have known what it contained!" he exclaimed.

"I—I didn't, sir! It—it wasn't mine—"

"You told me that you gave two shillings for it!" hooted Mr. Quelch.

"Oh! I—I mean— Oh! That—that—that was—was only a figure of speech, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

I—I thought it was toffees! I—I hope you can take my word, sir!"

"It is possible, Bunter, that you are telling the truth, and that some other boy introduced these fireworks into the school, concealed in a toffee-bag! If that is so, tell me at once how it came into your possession!"

"It dropped on my head, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"What?"

"Head, sir!"

"Upon my word! I will listen to no more of this, Bunter! Bend over that desk at once!"

Mr. Quelch swished the cane. "But it really did, sir!" howled Bunter. "Dropped right on my napper, sir—"

"Absurd! Bend over that desk!"



As Coker stood talking to Warren, holding the bag of fireworks behind him, Bob Cherry crept up. With a sudden snatch, he annexed the bag and raced away with it. "Why—what—what—" gasped Coker in amazement.

"Silence!" shrieked Mr. Quelch. "Bunter, if you do not get on your feet at once, I shall cane you where you lie."

"Ow! I—I can't! I'm killed—I mean, nearly killed! I— Yaroooh!" roared Bunter, as the exasperated Form-master brought down the cane, with a sounding whack, across his sprawling fat legs.

It seemed that Bunter could, after all, get up. He leaped to his feet. He fairly bounded. In a split second Bunter changed the horizontal for the perpendicular.

"Now, Bunter, you have dared to bring fireworks, not only into the school, but into this Form-room! You—"

"Ow! I didn't!" howled Bunter. "I—I wouldn't! I thought it was toffee! So did you, sir! It said toffee on the bag! Oh dear!"

"I shall cane you most severely, Bunter—"

"But I didn't," wailed Bunter—"I wasn't—I mean, never! Oh lor'! I never knew it was fireworks, sir! I

"Will you be silent!" roared Mr. Quelch. "Bull, you are laughing! Take fifty lines! Skinner, Snoop, Fish, Mauleverer, take fifty lines each! I will have order in this class! Vernou-Smith, you were laughing! Take a hundred lines! Redwing, take a hundred lines!"

The Remove became grave again. Hilarity was too dearly purchased, at this rate. They strove to suppress their feelings.

Mr. Quelch turned to Bunter again. The fat Owl of the Remove was edging away.

"M-m-m-m-may I go to my place, sir?" stammered Bunter.

"You may not!"

"Oh lor'!"

"You have deliberately exploded fireworks in the Form-room—"

"Oh, no, sir!" groaned Bunter. "I never knew—it wasn't my bag, sir—I—I picked it up in the quad— Oh dear! I—I give you my word, sir, I never knew it had any crackers in it!"

Bob Cherry exchanged a glance with Wharton, and jumped to his feet. It was not exactly safe to draw Mr. Quelch's attention to himself; but Bob felt that he had to put in a word for the unfortunate Owl.

"If you please, sir—" gasped Bob.

"You may sit down, Cherry!"

"But I ought to tell you, sir—"

"If you know anything about this matter, Cherry—"

"Yes, sir!" gasped Bob. "It's true, sir, what Bunter says! I—I chucked that bag over the elms, sir, so that's how it came to fall on Bunter."

"Oh!" Mr. Quelch's eyes gleamed at Bob. "Bunter, you may go to your place! Cherry, stand out before the Form!"

Gladly the fat Owl rolled to his place. It was a great comfort to him to see Quelch's wrath turn in a new direction.

Bob Cherry stood out before the class.

"So it was you, Cherry," rumbled "THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,447.

Mr. Quelch, "who introduced forbidden fireworks into the school! No doubt you feared detection, and threw them away, and thus caused Bunter—"

"Oh, no, sir! I—"

"Bend over that desk, Cherry!"

The cane swished again.

"But the fireworks weren't mine, sir!" gasped Bob. "I grabbed them away from another chap, sir, and chucked them away!"

"Then to what boy in this Form did they belong, Cherry?"

"Nobody in the Remove, sir; it was a Fifth Form chap."

"Do you consider it the duty of a Remove boy, Cherry, to exercise supervision over the Fifth Form?"

"Oh, no, sir! But—"

"Do you consider it a sensible action, Cherry, to hurl a bag of fireworks over the treetops, to fall on anyone's head—"

"You see, sir—"

"It appears that the bag fell on Bunter's head! It might have fallen on anyone's head! It might have fallen on MY head!"

"Oh crikely!" gasped Bob, quite overcome at the idea of landing the bag on his Form-master's majestic head.

"It might have fallen on Dr. Locke's head!" hooted Mr. Quelch. "Cherry, you are an utterly reckless and thoughtless boy! You must learn, Cherry, to think before you act! Possibly a caning will help you to do so!"

"I—I'd rather try without that, sir, if—you don't mind!" gasped Bob.

"What—what! Bend over that desk at once, Cherry!"

There was no help for it. Rather wishing that he had not been so kind to Coker of the Fifth, Bob bent over the desk.

Whack, whack, whack!

"Now go back to your place, Cherry!" Mr. Quelch glanced at the Form-room clock. "We have lost a quarter of an hour."

Some of the Remove smiled. That loss was considered, in some quarters, in the light of a gain! A little Roman history went a long way with most of the Lower Fourth!

"The Form will be kept in a quarter of an hour, to make up for lost time!" added Mr. Quelch.

The Remove ceased to smile!

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

### James Looks In!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"  
"What's the matter with Price?"

"What the dickens—"

The Famous Five of the Remove stared. They were strolling in the quad after class, and they had stopped near Gosling's lodge, to exchange a few pleasant words with the ancient porter of Greyfriars School.

Gosling was standing in the doorway, viewing the world with a disgruntled eye. November damps brought twinges of rheumatism to Gosling's ancient limbs.

Gosling had what he considered an infallible specific for rheumatism—whisky-and-water. In mixing this wonderful cure, Gosling was very economical with the water. As whisky is practically rheumatism in a liquid form, that wonderful cure was not likely to do Gosling much good—and it didn't!

Hence the frown with which Gosling viewed Greyfriars and the world in general. The more whisky he took for

his rheumatism, the more his rheumatism twinged, which was very annoying.

Harry Wharton & Co. perhaps intended to cheer Gosling up with a few genial remarks. Bob Cherry asked him why he had lighted a bonfire before the Fifth of November—and then pretended to discover that what he saw was not a bonfire, but only Gosling's nose! Certainly, Gosling's cure for rheumatism had reddened it considerably.

Gosling snorted.

Frank Nugent asked him whether he remembered the original Fifth of November, and what Guy Fawkes looked like. Which was sheer humbug, for even Gosling, ancient as he was, did not date from the reign of James the First!

Gosling retired into his lodge and slammed the door. He seemed to have had enough of light and genial conversation from the chums of the Remove.

As the juniors turned away, with smiling faces, they spotted Price of the Fifth Form. Stephen Price had been standing in the gateway, looking out into the road.

All of a sudden he turned round and bolted into the quad, panting and running like a deer; and the juniors had to jump out of his way.

They stared at him in amazement. Price fairly flew, vanishing across the quad.

"What the jolly old dickens!" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "Is there a bull loose in the road, or what—"

It was really startling. Something outside the gates, it was clear, had caused Price of the Fifth to take sudden alarm and bolt. The Famous Five, wondering what it was, sauntered towards the gates.

A figure came in sight there, stopping, and staring in.

It was that of a big, burly, hulking youth, with a square jaw, a pug nose, and a discoloured eye. That eye had recently been black—but it was on the mend, and was now a mingled shade of purple-and-blue. It was not pretty, and certainly did not improve a face naturally rather ill-favoured.

The burly fellow was well-dressed, and he had an air of self-sufficiency that amounted to insolence. He looked like a fellow who thought a great deal of himself, and not much of anybody else.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked at him rather blankly. His appearance at the school gates startled them. For they knew that impudent, ungainly youth—knew him only too well.

"James!" breathed Wharton.

"The esteemed and execrable James Warren!" murmured Hurroo Jamsset Ram Singh.

Standing in the gateway, his hands in his overcoat-pockets, his hat a little on the side of his head, James Warren stared in. There was an unpleasant, sardonic grin on his face.

He did not observe the group of juniors near Gosling's lodge. His glance was on the fellows in the quad, and the school buildings beyond.

Harry Wharton glanced round anxiously.

He wondered whether Jim Warren of the Fifth Form was in the quad. He knew that Jim Warren was at Greyfriars, in the name of James Warren—the unpleasant, insolent fellow who was staring in at the gate. All the Famous Five knew it.

They had been aware for some time that James was staying in the neighbourhood of the school, to which his father had intended to send him that term.

# STAR READING FOR THIS MONTH



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How it was that James had not come, but that another fellow had come in his name and place, they did not know, and could not guess.

But they liked Jim, and trusted him; though they were, perhaps, a little uneasy about keeping such a secret.

Now, however, it looked as if the secret would not be a secret much longer. For here was the genuine James!

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Wharton. "There's Warren!"

Jim Warren of the Fifth was walking in the quad with Coker. Coker was talking, and Jim was listening—or, at least, politely appeared to listen. He was in full view of the fellow at the gate.

"Poor old Warren!" murmured Frank Nugent. "His game's up now!"

"The upfulness is terrific!"

Johnny Bull gave a grunt. "Well, he ought not to be playing such a game!" he said. "I believe the chap's straight, same as you fellows do; but—"

"That brute's seen him!" said Harry, in a low voice. "I suppose he's found out that Warren's at Greyfriars, and has come to show him up!"

James, standing in the gateway, bawled:

"Hallo, Jim!"

Jim Warren gave a start, and spun round, staring. His handsome face went white as chalk at the sight of the fellow in the gateway.

Coker stared at James.

"That cousin of yours, Warren!" he said. "The fellow whose eye Price blacked—you remember? He's been hanging about watching for Price ever since. Has he got the nerve to come here after him?"

Jim did not answer.

He seemed scarcely to breathe, as he stood, rooted to the ground, staring at his namesake—the fellow whose name was the same as his own, but who was utterly unlike him, in looks, and in everything else.

Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged glances, as they heard Coker's words. They had not been aware that James was Jim's cousin! They would never have guessed that fellows so utterly unlike were relations.

"That's the chap," went on Coker. "You remember, we met him the other day, and you said he was your cousin. If he's got the cheek to come here after Price, I'll jolly well punch him! I let him off the other day because you said he was your cousin; but if he's come back here to kick up a shindy—"

"Jim!" shouted James, from the gate. He did not enter, but stood in the gateway, grinning a most unpleasant grin.

"He's calling you, old chap!" said Coker. "I say, what's the matter, Warren? You're looking quite sick."

Other fellows, as well as the Famous Five, took note of the aggressive-looking fellow in the gateway. Wingate of the Sixth came along, and glanced at him far from approvingly. He did not seem to like James' looks much. Few people did.

"Do you want anything here?" asked Wingate.

James gave him an impudent stare. "I suppose a fellow can look in to speak to his cousin?" he retorted.

"Oh, yes, I suppose so!" said Wingate. "If you've got a relation here!"

"Well, I have! Jim!" shouted James. "Getting deaf, Jim?"

Jim Warren seemed to come to himself. His face was still pale, set, and bitter, as he came towards the gates.

James grinned at him rather like an ogre.

"I thought I'd give you a look-in, Cousin Jim!" said James Warren.

"Glad to see me, what?"

"No!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared James, apparently amused by that reply.

"Come in, you rotter, and get it over!" said Jim, in a low voice. "I've been expecting this for days—ever since I thrashed you in Popper Court Woods, in fact! You told me you'd come—"

"You're still here?" grinned James.

"You can see I'm still here!"

"You've got a nerve! That fellow I was kicking when you barged in—Price his name is—he heard what I said to you. He knows. Hasn't he told all the school?"

"No!"

"Then it's still a secret?"

"Yes."

"Ha, ha, ha!" bawled James. Jim Warren set his lips hard.

"Have you come here just to make a scene, James?" he breathed. "You've got fifty fellows staring at you—"

"Let 'em!" grinned James.

"Have you come here to see the Head?"

"No; I've come to see you!" said James coolly. "If it's still a secret, I'm not sure I shall give you away. I'm going to think it over. I thought I'd look in. I knew how jolly glad you would be to see me about. Ha, ha, ha!" Again James' unpleasant laugh roared out. "Later on, I'll drop in again. I dare say you'd be pleased to stand me tea in your study some day, what?"

Jim panted.

"What's your game, you rotter? I'm asking no favours at your hands! You can go ahead, and do as you like!"

"That's what I mean to do!" retorted James. "And what I like, just at present, is to keep you on tenterhooks, my dear, spoofing cousin, as a punishment for your dashed cheek! That's all! Ta-ta!"

James, grinning, turned away from the gates, and walked up the road towards Courtfield. Jim was left standing alone.

He gazed after the retreating figure of his cousin and namesake. He understood now. James did not intend to give him away at the school—it suited James not to do so. His visit was intended purely and simply to torment him—to make him sorry for handling James on the occasion when he had chipped in to save Price from the bully.

Jim set his teeth hard. He turned from the gateway—his handsome face scarlet, as he met the gaze of fifty pairs of curious eyes.

What the Greyfriars fellows thought of that strange scene at the gate, he could hardly imagine. James was making things as awkward as he could for the fellow who was at the school in his name. That was James' amiable intention.

With a scarlet face, Jim walked away to the House. Coker of the Fifth stared after him.

"Well, my hat!" he said.

"I say, you fellows." Billy Bunter rolled up to the Famous Five. "I say, I know that chap—that's the beast who kicked me one day on Courtfield Common. I say, I've a jolly good mind to go after him and give him a thrashing!"

"Do!" said Bob. "We'll come and see fair play!"

"Like his cheek to butt in here," said Bunter. "Faucy his being Warren's cousin! He's not a bit like him. I say, you fellows, if you'll come with me and

hold him, I'll jolly well kick him, same as he did me."

"Fathead!" said Harry Wharton. The Famous Five walked away.

"Poor old Warren!" murmured Nugent.

"Well, after all, a chap shouldn't be here in false colours," said Johnny Bull. "I can't make out why that fellow doesn't give him away—you can see that he doesn't like Warren. Why is he keeping it dark?"

"Goodness knows!"

The chums of the Remove had to give that one up. James' motives were a mystery to them. Though one thing, at least, was certain—it was not from any good motive that James was allowing his cousin to carry on at Greyfriars.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### Eggs for Coker!

**H**ORACE COKER frowned. It was the sight of Bob Cherry's cheery face that called the frown to the rugged countenance of Coker of the Fifth.

Coker was in Uncle Clogg's little shop in the High Street at Friardale. Mr. Clogg sold all sorts of things in that little shop, and in the early days of November, naturally, he had laid in a large stock of fireworks. It was for that reason that Coker had dropped in.

Coker had been prevented from carrying out his great stunt. But Coker was a stickler. He had walked down to the village for a fresh supply of crackers for the behoof of Mr. Prout.

He was looking over the stock when Bob came in. Bob Cherry, it seemed, was on the same game. Forgetting or disregarding the rule that fireworks must not be taken into the school before Guy Fawkes' Day, Bob was there to buy crackers. Coker frowned at him, and Bob gave him a genial grin and nod in response, which deepened and intensified Coker's frown.

It was Bob who had thrown away Coker's bag of crackers and nipped his stunt in the bud. That alone was enough to make Coker wrathful. He was not in the least grateful for having been saved from himself. Still more serious was the fact that Bob Cherry, right under Coker's eyes, was breaking a strict rule of the school.

It was the same rule that Horace Coker had come there to break. But that mattered nothing to Coker. Coker of the Fifth was—in his own estimation, at least—far above rules; a law unto himself.

Bob selected crackers. He had five shillings to expend, and he was going to expend it on the largest possible amount of noise.

"Look here, you cheeky young sweep," said Coker sternly, "you know jolly well that you're not allowed fireworks before the Fifth!"

"Go hon!" remarked Bob.

"You're supposed to get your fireworks on the Fifth," persisted Coker.

"Mrs. Mimble will have a stock at the school shop then. You're breaking the rules, Cherry!"

"Well, I like that from you!" said Bob, staring. "Didn't you have a bag of crackers in the quad yesterday?"

"I don't want any cheek from a fag!" said Coker. "Get out of this, Cherry! You're not going to buy fireworks here!"

"Has the Head make you a prefect, Coker?" inquired Bob.

"He might do worse!" said Coker.

"I've a short way with fags; and if

the Head had sense enough to make me a prefect, I'd jolly well keep you cheeky young sweeps in order! It's no good expecting sense from a head-master! But I'm not going to see a fag breaking rules right and left! Get out!"

Mr. Clegg, behind the counter, blinked at Coker. Bob had laid two half-crowns on the counter, and Mr. Clegg did not want to lose his custom.

Neither had Bob any intention of letting Mr. Clegg lose it. He was there for crackers, and he was going to have crackers.

"Five bob's worth, Mr. Clegg!" he said cheerily, unheeding Coker. "Put them in that old cardboard box, if you don't want it."

"Yes, Master Cherry!" said Uncle Clegg.

The cardboard box was marked with a label, "Chocolate Cream." Bob had got this tip from Coker, who had taken in his crackers the day before in a toffee-bag. Fireworks, until the great day, were contraband at Greyfriars; but a fellow could take in a box of chocolate creams.

Mr. Clegg packed the crackers in the box, and tied a string round it. Coker

viewed these proceedings with grim and stern disapproval.

"You heard what I said, Cherry?" he said.

"My dear chap, I could have heard you across the street!" answered Bob affably. "You've got a voice like a megaphone, old bean!"

"I'm not going to allow you to take fireworks into the school!"

"Ever tried minding your own business, Coker?" asked Bob. "It's a great idea! You should try it some time!"

Coker knitted his brows. Minding his own business had never been one of Coker's weaknesses. Besides, Horace had it firmly fixed in his head that it was his bounden duty to bring up Greyfriars fags in the way they should go.

"I mean it!" he said grimly.

"So do I!" assented Bob. He kept a wary eye on Coker. There was a large box of eggs standing slanting against the counter, marked "Best Fresh." Coker was on one side of it, Bob on the other, as they stood at the counter. Coker moved to come round the egg-box.

Bob picked up his parcel by the string. He was prepared to use it as a weapon if Coker came to close quarters, as the great Horace evidently intended to do.

"Now, then," said Coker—he interposed between Bob and the door—"put that parcel down, Cherry! You can have it on the Fifth, if you like! Now, put it down!"

"Fathead!" said Bob.

"If you want me to handle you—" roared Coker.

"Go it!" suggested Bob.

Coker did not need telling twice.

He went it!

He came at Bob, with hands outstretched to grab him. Bob swung the parcel round on the string.

Crack!

It caught Horace Coker on the side of the head with a crack like a pistol-shot. There was a roar from Coker as he staggered.

Bob shot past him, heading for the door.

Coker, breathing fury, lurched after him and grabbed. His grasp descended on Bob's shoulder from behind before he could reach the door.

Bob was jerked back.

"Now, you cheeky young rascal!" roared Coker.

Up went the parcel again.

Bang!

This time it landed on Coker's

features. Coker, feeling as if his prominent nose had been driven through the back of his head, relaxed his hold and staggered back.

The egg-box was behind him. Coker's calves, as he staggered, came in contact with the lower edge.

Naturally, Coker sat down!

Squelch!

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bob.

"Urrrrgh!" spluttered Coker. There was a fearful, awful, horrible squealing as Horace Coker sat in the box of eggs. Best fresh cracked and burst all round him and all over him, and the scent that arose from the broken eggs made it very doubtful whether Uncle Clegg had put the right ticket on that box. They certainly smelt neither best nor fresh.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Bob, as Coker sat in eggs, squealing.

"Gurrrrrgh!"

Bob, yelling, darted out of the shop and scudded down Friardale High Street.

Coker sat and squelched.

"My heggs!" roared Uncle Clegg, in consternation. "Them heggs—"

"Grooogh! Oh crumbs! Oooogh!"

"You're smashing all my heggs!"

"Urrrrgh! Help me out, you old fool!" shrieked Coker. "Ow! I'm suffocated! I'm poisoned! Urrrrgh!"

The egg-box overturned as Coker struggled out of it. It rolled, and Coker rolled—in eggs! The scent in Uncle Clegg's shop could almost have been cut with a knife.

"Yurrrrrgh!" gurgled Coker.

Streaming eggs, he staggered into the street. Uncle Clegg, crimson with wrath, roared after him.

"You'll pay for them heggs! Do you 'ear? You come back and pay for them heggs! I'll send a bill up to the school! You 'ear me? 'Undreds of heggs—"

Coker had come for crackers. He had not got the crackers; he had got the eggs! He did not heed Uncle Clegg. He tottered away; and it was a sticky and highly scented Coker that spent the next hour or so wearily scraping off egg and eggshell.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### Coker's Way!

JIM WARREN came into his study—No. 4 in the Fifth—with a clouded brow.

A scent of cigarette-smoke greeted him as he entered, and he coughed, and stared at Price of the Fifth, who was sprawling in the arm-chair, smoking.

"For goodness' sake, chuck that, Price!" exclaimed Warren irritably.

Price did not "chuck" it. Smoking in the study had always been one of his ways, but it was a way he had rather dropped of late. He had two reasons for that—Mr. Prout had had a suspicious eye on the study, and Jim Warren was liable to cut up rusty when he found Study No. 4 reeking with smoke. And, Hilton, the third member of the study, always backed up Jim on this subject—which was quite a change from Cedric Hilton's old ways.

Now, however, Price was letting himself go again. Prout, who was never suspicious for long, had ceased to drop in at Study No. 4, and Jim was no longer in a position to dictate to Price.

Price, dingy black sheep as he was, was by no means all bad, and he was grateful in his own way to Jim Warren for saving him from a terrific handling from James. Jim had returned good for evil, which was surprising to a fellow like Price, and made him rather

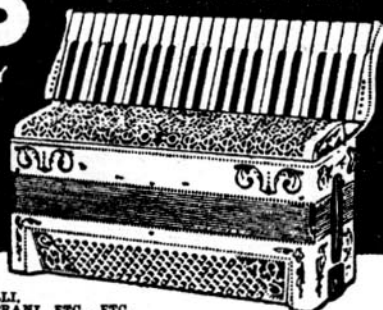
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Bob Cherry swung the parcel round, and it caught Coker, sending him staggering backwards. There was a fearful, awful, horrible squelching sound, as the Fifth Former sat in the box of eggs. "Oh crikey!" gasped Bob. "Urrrgh!" spluttered Coker.

ashamed of his enmity to the new man in the Fifth.

That did not alter the fact that Price now knew the whole secret!

Had he still been the new senior's relentless enemy, the power was in his hands to give Warren away utterly. He had only to reveal what he knew—that the real James Warren was staying at Popper Court, a few miles from Greyfriars.

But Price, who still shivered at the thought of what he would have received from James, had not Jim intervened, had no intention of carrying on the feud.

Warren had stood up to an aggressive bully, and received some very hard knocks in his defence. By doing so, he had risked James' vengeance—and, indeed, for several days both Jim and Price had fully expected James to give the whole show away.

Even Price could not persist in hating a fellow who, forgetting that he was an enemy, had stood up in his defence without counting the cost.

Since that day he had said no word against Warren of the Fifth. He intended to say nothing.

But it was like Price to "spread" himself, now that he felt that Jim was not in a position to deal with him.

So, instead of "chucking" it, Price only grinned.

"My dear chap," he drawled. "I used to smoke in this study before you came to Greyfriars this term. So did Hilton! You've turned Hilton pi—but I'm not goin' to be pi! See?"

Jim gave him a dark look. He was generally one of the happiest and cheeriest fellows in the Fifth Form. He had a happy and easy-going nature, and never met troubles halfway. But troubles seemed to be accumulating on him now.

James' visit, and his uncertain intentions, kept him in a worried mood. And he was in hot water with his Form-master, too.

Mr. Prout had always been kind and gracious to Warren, who worked in Form as hard as he played on the football field. He was, as Mr. Prout had often told the other beaks in Common-room, a credit to Greyfriars. Prout had been greatly pleased with him.

But that was all washed out by the episode of Coker's Latin paper. Jim, too easy-going as usual, had done that paper for Coker to copy out. And Jim's paper, which Coker had duly copied, had come under Prout's astonished and angry eyes.

A report to the Head was threatened, but Prout had not yet made that threatened report. He seemed to be taking his time to consider what to do in the matter. Meanwhile, the culprits were kept in a state of extremely uncomfortable suspense.

Coker, like the fathead he was, planned to "get his own back" on Prout. Jim was thinking of nothing of that kind. Indeed, his chief worry was that he realised that Prout was right, and that he ought not to have done what he had thoughtlessly done.

Altogether, Jim Warren was not in his usual cheery mood or good temper, and at the present moment he was strongly inclined to hook Price out of the armchair and ram the cigarettes down his back.

Price, reading that thought in his face, laughed.

Jim, his brow darkening still more, made a step towards him.

"Will you chuck it?" he snapped.

"No!" said Price coolly. "I won't!"

"You're asking me to handle you!" growled Warren.

"You won't do that!"

Jim drew a hard, deep breath.

"You mean that you could give me away if I did. You heard what that brute said the day I thrashed him at Popper Court. You could give the whole show away. And you'd do it if I handled you!" His eyes flashed.

"Well, I'll show you exactly how much I funk you, you worm! I'll—"

"Keep cool, old bean!" said Price lightly. "Even if you handle me, a—you could do easily enough, I shan't give you away."

"Oh!" said Warren, rather taken aback.

"You did me a good turn, after I'd been an absolute beast to you," said Price. "You saved me from being battered by that hulking bully. I don't set up to be pi, but I can't forget that. I said I'd keep your secret—and I'm keeping my word. That's that!"

Jim eyed him—and stepped away again. A threat would have roused him to action, but the soft answer turned away wrath.

"Oh, do as you like, and be blown to you!" he said. "Look here, Price, you're not such a worm as I thought. Why don't you chuck up that rot, and take up footer? Hilton's done it—why not you?"

"Not in my line!" yawned Price.

He blew out a cloud of smoke. But the next moment he snatched the cigarette suddenly from his mouth as there came a knock at the study door, and it opened.

To his relief it was only Coker who appeared in the doorway. He had dreaded for one moment a surprise call from Prout.

"Oh!" said Price, and he put the cigarette back into his mouth. "You!"

Coker snorted.

"I came to speak to you, Warren! Look here, a fellow's study oughtn't to be like a putrid tap-room! You used to stop that slacker smoking here! Why don't you stop him now?"

"Oh, let him rip!" grunted Warren. "Rot!" said Coker. "If you won't stop him, I will!"

Coker, as per usual, was afflicted with a total inability to mind his own business. It was, indeed, rather remarkable that Coker ever found any time to attend to his own affairs, so much time and attention did he expend on the affairs of others.

He made a stride across the study at Price.

"Look here, you meddling fool—" exclaimed Price, jumping up in alarm. "Look here—leggo—oooooh!"

Horace Coker grabbed him by the neck.

"Drop that cigarette!" he ordered.

"I won't!" gurgled Price.

Bang!

His head tapped on the table, and he dropped the cigarette as suddenly as if it had become red-hot.

"Ooooooh!" howled Price. "Leggo! Owl! Oooooh!"

"You want a lesson!" remarked Coker. "I'll give you one! I'll—You ass, Warren, what are you up to?"

Jim did not explain what he was up to. He grasped Horace Coker with both hands and jerked him away from Price.

"Look here—" roared Coker, in great wrath.

"Chuck it, old man!" said Jim amicably.

"You cheeky ass!" roared Coker.

Price, gasping and gurgling, hurried out of the study. He did not want any more from Coker.

Horace glared at Warren.

"Do you want me to mop up this study with you?" he bawled.

"No, old chap!" said Warren. "What did you come to see me about? No more papers for Prout, I hope?"

Coker glared at him, rather uncertainly. But he allowed himself to be placated.

"Well, you're a silly ass!" he grunted. "I was going to give that tick a jolly good lesson. But never mind him. I say, come with me! I'm going up to the Remove, and if those cheeky young scoundrels happen to be there, I may want a fellow to lend me a hand. I told Potter and Greene, but they seem to have disappeared somehow—what are you grinning at, you ass?"

"Oh! Nothing! What's on in the Remove?"

"You remember that cheeky young rotter Cherry chucking away my crackers yesterday? Well, I spotted him this afternoon, getting in a lot for himself! I'm going to bag them!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Five bob's worth, same as mine!" explained Coker. "I suppose he's parked them in his study. He owes me five bob's worth of crackers—and I'm going to bag that lot to square, seo?"

"Oh!"

"But if he's there he may have the cheek to kick up a shindy," explained Coker further. "You know the cheek of these Remove kids! I may have to deal with a gang of them. Come on!"

"But, I say—" gasped Warren.

"Look here, are you coming?" hooted Coker.

Warren shook his head.

"You're safer without crackers, old chap!" he said. "If you're going to thank young Cherry for what he did yesterday, I'll come with pleasure. But—"

"You silly ass!"

"But—"

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"You burbling dummy!"

"You see—"

"You gabbling idiot!"

Having thus stated his opinion of his friend, Horace Coker stamped out of Study No. 4 and slammed the door after him with a terrific slam. Jim Warren was left laughing. Coker had, at least, had the effect of chasing the clouds from his brow.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Just Like Coker!

**H**ORACE COKER walked up the Remove passage to Study No. 13.

Coker's brow was grim. His friends, Potter and Greene, had mysteriously disappeared, instead of accompanying him on that punitive expedition. Jim Warren had let him down. But Coker was a stickler! He went on his own.

But, much as he despised the Remove as adversaries, Coker had picked his time with some caution. He had noted that the Remove were at football practice. That meant that all the more hefty members of the Form were far from the studies. He was not going to run into the Famous Five, or Squiff, or Tom Brown, or the Bounder, or Redwing, or Peter Todd, or Russell, or Ogilvy, or any of the more strenuous Removites.

He was prepared to encounter, and reduce to wreck and ruin, any number of Skinners or Snoops and Bunters and Fishes.

And so it came to pass that Coker, striding loftily up the Remove passage, with an air of being monarch of all he surveyed, strode undisputed.

Fisher T. Fish looked out of the door of Study No. 14, as Coker's heavy tread approached; but Fishy promptly closed that door, keeping on the safe side of it. Fishy guessed, reckoned, and calculated, that he did not want any trouble with a hefty guy like Coker.

Coker reached Study No. 13, which was Bob Cherry's study. He flung open the door and marched in.

Though Coker feared no foe, it was just as well for him that he had picked a time when the fighting-men of the Remove were off the scene. Had Bob Cherry, Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, and Mark Linley been at home Coker would have left Study No. 13 much more quickly than he entered it, and his last state would have been worse than his first.

But Bob and Mark and Inky were at the football. Even little Wun Lung, the Chinese, was out, so Study No. 13 was absolutely untenanted when Coker arrived.

Coker gave a grunt. Secretly, he was glad of it; but he was not going to admit that even to himself. He preferred to think that he would rather have found the cheeky young sweeps at home, and knocked them right and left before he bagged Bob's crackers.

However, the study was empty, and there was no one to dispute Horace's proceedings. He crossed to the study cupboard and looked in.

He grinned. There, under his eyes, lay the box labelled "Chocolate Creams," in which he had seen Uncle Clegg stack the crackers for Bob.

It was still tied with string, just as when Bob had brought it away from the village shop. He had gone down to games practice immediately after coming in.

Coker lifted it, by the string. Then he paused. The grin widened on his

face, till it extended almost from ear to ear.

There was a humorous vein in Horace Coker. Sometimes, in his study in the Fifth he cracked his little joke, and laughed uproariously at the same—though Potter and Greene generally looked puzzled, if not pained.

Quite a bright idea had flashed into Coker's powerful brain.

Instead of carrying off the cardboard box bodily, with the crackers in it, Coker untied the string and opened the lid.

Bundles of crackers were stacked inside. Coker glanced round and selected a paper bag, which had contained cake, and still contained a slice of the same.

That slice he pitched out, among the odds and ends in the lower part of the cupboard. He packed the bundles of crackers into the bag.

Then he picked up a couple of small slippers that lay on the rug. They were rather decorative slippers, and belonged to Wun Lung, the Chinese junior.

He packed them in the cardboard box, in the place of the crackers, and tied the string again carefully.

He chuckled.

When Bob Cherry came to use those crackers he would meet with rather a surprise. Coker had no doubt that he was going to set those crackers off, in some secluded spot, such as the Cloisters, or the School Field, for the entertainment of himself and his friends. When the time arrived so to do, and Bob opened the box, he would find the Chinese junior's slippers therein—and not a single firework of any description.

This seemed fearfully funny to Coker. He chuckled, and he chortled. They were always japing in the Remove—they had often dared to jape even Coker. Now they would learn that Coker, too, could pull off a jape, on occasion.

Leaving the cardboard box in the cupboard, and closing the door on it, Coker left the study, the paper bag of crackers under his arm. He was grinning as he went down the Remove passage to the landing.

The Removites had not yet come in, and he went on his way unchallenged. Grinning, he strolled across the landing to the Fifth Form quarters.

He had the happy feeling of having scored all along the line. Bob Cherry had deprived him of five shillings' worth of crackers—and Coker had bagged five shillings' worth of crackers from Bob. And now he was provided with the necessary articles for his jape on Prout.

Prout was going to jump when Horace carried out that tremendous stunt in the Fifth Form Room. Prout was going to learn that he couldn't keep on persecuting a fellow like Coker without getting something back.

The door of the games-study was partly open, and he spotted Potter inside, and a number of other Fifth Form men. So, instead of going on to his own study, Coker pushed open the door of the games-study—which was a sort of Common-room for the Fifth.

He looked in, grinning. Some of the fellows glanced at him, but they seemed unusually quiet.

"Potter! Greene! Look here!" Coker held up the bag, grinning. "You know that cheeky young cad Cherry chuckled my fireworks away yesterday. Well, I've bagged a lot—"

Coker paused.

Potter and Greene did not speak—they gazed at him with something like horror in their faces.



So did the other Fifth Form fellows. Not a word was spoken—but there was a gasp or two. Blundell, the captain of the Fifth, Bland, Fitzgerald, Hilton, Smith major—a dozen fellows, in fact, all stared at Coker with startled stares. Even Coker left off talking. He was amazed, startled. Why his announcement caused the Fifth Formers to regard him with such startled looks, he could not guess. There was a silence that could be felt in the games-study. Coker's eyes, wandering round in search of an explanation of this strange state of affairs, landed on a portly figure that stood by the fireplace—regarding him and his bag of crackers with fixed eyes.

It was Mr. Prout. Coker gazed at him. Prout gazed at Coker. The Fifth Form men stood petrified. "Oh crikey!" gasped Coker. He understood now the horrified looks of the Fifth. Coker had forgotten—though really he might have remembered—that Mr. Prout often dropped into the games-study for a chat with members of his Form. Prout was keen on these friendly, chatty talks, which established confidence between master and boy—which the Fifth enjoyed as much as Prout did—so, at least, Mr. Prout fondly believed.

Prout had paused for breath when Coker arrived. Otherwise Coker would have heard him booming and taken warning. Coker, almost petrified by the sight of Prout, stood in the doorway, his uplifted hand still holding the bag of crackers.

But under Prout's fixed, Gorgon-like gaze, his hold relaxed on the bag, and it dropped to the floor. Striking the floor, the paper bag burst, and bundles of crackers were distributed all over the floor.

Potter and Greene exchanged a hopeless look. Coker had done it now—done it, with a vengeance! Mr. Prout found his voice.

"Coker!" "Oh!" gasped Coker. "Yes, sir! I—I—I didn't know you were here, sir! I—I—I—" Coker stammered helplessly.

He had one thing to be thankful for. He had been cut short before he had made any reference to his intended jape on Prout. Prout, fortunately, knew nothing of that. All Prout knew was that Coker, a Fifth Form boy, was in possession of forbidden fireworks. But that was serious—very serious, from the Fifth Form beak's point of view.

"Coker! What—what are these articles? Fireworks—explosives—Coker! I find you in possession of fireworks in the House—against the very strict rule on the subject, Coker—you, a senior boy! It would be a serious offence in a thoughtless junior—but you, a boy of my Form—the Fifth Form—"

"Oh crumbs!" groaned Coker. "You will take those—those explosives to my study!" said Prout. "You will leave them there on my table! They are confiscated, Coker! And you will take three hundred lines of Virgil, Coker! Go!"

Coker did not answer. He could not. In deep silence he gathered up the scattered crackers and carried them away. Prout watched him, with the eye of a basilisk. Coker went.

He went with deep, deep feelings. That jape on Prout was off now.

Even Coker realised that, having been seen by Prout in possession of fireworks, he could hardly hope to escape undetected if fireworks exploded under Prout's desk in the Form-room! When a thing was absolutely obvious, even Coker could see it—and he saw that. Instead of getting his own back on Prout, he had got three hundred lines—and it would have been difficult to find words in which Coker's feelings could have been expressed. It was not, after all, Horace's lucky day!

**THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.**

**Bunter Talks Too Much!**

**L**ODER of the Sixth glanced round quietly, almost stealthily, with a gleam in his eyes.

He was seated in the inner room at the school shop—sacred to seniors; juniors having to be satisfied with the outer shop. Loder was not in a good temper. His friend, Walker, was with him—and Walker was smiling—and Loder knew why. From the outer shop the cheery voices of a crowd of juniors floated in—a group of Removites who were discussing the next First Eleven fixture—that with Rockwood School.

They were finding entertainment, as juniors often did, in making up the First Eleven for Wingate. Among the names mentioned as either certainties or probabilities, that of

*(Continued on next page.)*



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Gerald Loder did not occur. But all the juniors agreed that Warren of the Fifth was a "cert."

Jim Warren's name, indeed, was continually recurring in the discussion. Which was excessively annoying to Loder, who had had his little troubles with Warren, and disliked him; and who nourished a faint hope of figuring in the Rookwood match himself. That was why Walker was smiling. The more Loder scowled, the more Walker smiled. "Warren simply couldn't be left out!" came Bob Cherry's voice. "Wingate's not such an ass as to pass over Warren! It was rotten luck that he had to be left out of the St. Jim's match—he's sure to play against Rookwood."

Loder considered whether it would be feasible to come down on the juniors in the outer shop, for making so much noise. But, really, they weren't making much noise—and even the bully of the Sixth had to have some sort of pretext for exercising his prefect's authority.

"I say, you fellows!"  
A fat voice interrupted the football "jaw." Two or three voices answered together.

"Shut up, Bunter!"  
"Oh, really, you know! I say, is Bob Cherry here? Oh, here you are, Cherry! I say, you're a mean beast!"  
"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's biting you, fatty?" asked Bob.

"Stingy!" said Bunter. "Horrid mean! Talk about Fishy being stingy! You're worse than Fishy!"  
"Why, you podgy toad—"  
"What do you mean, you fat idiot?" came Harry Wharton's voice.

"I'll jolly well tell you," squeaked Billy Bunter. "I'll tell all you fellows! Fancy a fellow having pounds and pounds of tuck, and keeping it all to himself! What?"  
"Talking about yourself, as usual?" asked the Bounder.

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"Beast! I'm talking about Cherry! Pounds and pounds of chocolate creams, you know, and hiding it away like a dog hiding a bone! Yah!"  
"You silly ass!" roared Bob Cherry.

"I say, you fellows, I saw him bring in the box of chocolate creams, just before you went down to games practice!" hooted Bunter. "I asked him to let me have just one, and he wouldn't! Not one, you know, out of pounds and pounds! What do you fellows think of that?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! I call it mean and stingy!" hooted Bunter. "Hiding away tuck like a dog with a bone—"

"You blithering bloater!" hooted Bob. "I told you it wasn't tuck in that chocolate box."

"Yah!"  
"You howling ass, it was nothing of the kind!"  
"Gammon!" said Bunter. "Of course it was chocolate creams in a chocolate cream box! You can't stuff me!"

It was at this point that Loder of the Sixth glanced round towards the doorway of the inner shop, with a stealthy look on his face. Loder had been, hitherto, annoyed by the talk of the juniors. Now he was getting interested.

He listened keenly.  
"It was a two or three pound box," went on Billy Bunter indignantly. "If I had two or three pounds of chocolates I'd jolly well whack 'em out with my friends. I call it mean—stingy—rotten—"

"I tell you, you fat idiot, that there was nothing to eat in that box!" hooted Bob Cherry. "And if you don't

shut up, I'll tap your silly nose on the counter."

"Yah! What was in it, then?" jeered Bunter. "Like me to believe that you went out to buy a new pair of football boots and brought them home in a chocolate box? Yah!"

"Oh, kick him!" said Frank Nugent. "The kickfulness is the proper caper!" declared Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "The jawfulness of the esteemed Bunter is terrific."

"I say, you fellows—"  
Loder of the Sixth rose from his chair in the inner shop, and stepped to the doorway. He had heard enough.

If Bob had told Bunter that the chocolate box did not contain tuck, it did not contain tuck, that was a sure thing. But he had a very keen suspicion on the subject—several fellows had been spotted with forbidden fireworks, and Bob was exactly the fellow to forget the rule on that subject.

That rule was very strict at Greyfriars. There had once been an outbreak of fire in a Remove study, caused by fireworks parked in the cupboard. Breaking that rule meant "six" for the offender.

Loder was a prefect, and it was his duty to see that rules were observed. He was not fearfully keen on duty, most times. But he was very keen now—after listening to Bob's opinion of his rival, Warren of the Fifth, as a footballer, and a certain selection for the Rookwood match.

"Ware prefects!" murmured Vernon-Smith, as Loder appeared in the doorway from the inner shop.

The buzz of talk died away as Loder stepped out. The expression on the face of the bully of the Sixth showed that trouble was coming.

"Cherry!" rapped Loder.  
"Yes, Loder."

"Have you been bringing fireworks into the school?"

"Fireworks!" repeated Bob, to gain time.

"Answer me! What was in that chocolate box that Bunter saw you with?"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Billy Bunter. It dawned on his fat mind, as Loder spoke what had really been in that chocolate box that he had seen Bob bring in from the village.

Bob Cherry's eye glinted.  
"I didn't know you were listening in the next room, Loder," he said very distinctly. "Aro prefects supposed to listen round corners, when fellows are talking?"

Loder crimsoned.  
"Where's that box?" he snapped.

"In my study."  
"What is in it?"

"Find out!"  
The other fellows looked on in grim silence. That really was not the way for a Lower Fourth junior to talk to a prefect of the Sixth Form. But Bob was angry and rather reckless.

He had broken a rule, and if a prefect spotted him he expected to get what came to a fellow who broke rules; but he did not expect a prefect to listen surreptitiously to unguarded talk in the school shop and derive information from it. That was not cricket.

"Will you tell me what is in that box, Cherry?" asked Loder.

"No, I won't."  
"That means that there are fireworks in it," said Loder.

That, indeed, was an easy one to guess. From the looks on the faces of the Co., Loder could see how the matter stood. They all knew what was in the chocolate box, and knew that the bully of the Sixth "had" the hapless Bob.

"Very well," said Loder, as Bob did

not speak. "That box will be taken to your Form-master, Cherry—you will take it in my presence. Come with me."

Bob breathed hard, and in silence followed Loder from the school shop. They went across to the House.

"Poor old Bob!" murmured Nugent. "Silly ass to smuggle in crackers!" said Johnny Bull. "There was a fire once because—"

"Loder's a rotten worm to listen behind a door!" growled Wharton. "No other prefect at Greyfriars would do it. But he's got Bob this time, owing to that fat idiot chattering. Let's kick Bunter!"

"Hear, hear!"  
"I say, you fellows— Yaroooooh!" roared Bunter. "I say, I never knew— Whoop! I never— Yaroooooh! I mean to say— Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

Having dealt faithfully with Bunter, the chums of the Remove crossed to the House, where they arrived in time to see Bob Cherry heading for Mr. Quelch's study, carrying a cardboard box, by the string, in his hand, and escorted by Loder of the Sixth.

Loder grinned at the sight of their glum faces. In quite a cheery mood, the bully of the Sixth marched Bob up Masters' Passage to Mr. Quelch's study.

## THE NINTH CHAPTER.

### Not Explosive!

HENRY SAMUEL QUELCH glanced up from a pile of papers not very cordially. He was busy—and when he was busy he did not like interruptions.

"What is it, Loder?" he asked frostily.

"I have to report this junior, sir, for smuggling fireworks into the House," said Loder smoothly.

Mr. Quelch frowned portentously.  
"Put that box on the table, Cherry," said Loder.

Bob, in silence, placed the box on Mr. Quelch's table. The Remove-master glanced at it.

"What is this? This is a box of chocolates, Loder."

"It is a chocolate box, sir," said Loder, "but I have reason to think that it contains fireworks. I thought it had better be opened in your presence, sir, as it was brought into the House by a boy in your Form."

"Quite so!" said Mr. Quelch. "But—" He paused. "Cherry!"

"Yes, sir?"  
"Did you bring this box into the House?"

"Yes, sir."

"It is labelled 'Chocolate creams.' If it contains chocolate creams no offence has been committed. I am prepared to take your word on the subject, Cherry. Does this box contain chocolate creams, as the label states?"

Loder's eyes glittered.

He was not a very truthful fellow himself, and in consequence had very little faith in the word of others. Bob had only to answer untruthfully for the matter to end on the spot. Loder quite expected him to do so. His opinion of Quelch was that he was an old ass. In point of fact, however, Mr. Quelch knew perfectly well when a fellow's word was to be taken—and, as it proved, Quelch was right, and Loder was wrong; for Bob's answer came at once:

"No, sir."

"It does not?" said Mr. Quelch. "Very well, I shall open the box, Cherry, and ascertain what it does contain."

Loder took comfort again.

Mr. Quelch picked up a penknife and





"On what grounds do you accuse Cherry of smuggling fireworks into the school, Loder?" asked Mr. Quelch, sternly. "They're in that box, sir!" said Loder. "Wha-a-at?" roared the Form-master. "Where—?" Amazed and angry, Loder stepped forward and looked into the box. All that met his gaze was a pair of slippers!

cut the string. Bob waited, glum and silent, for the bundles of crackers to be revealed. As soon as the contraband goods were discovered, the next proceeding would be "bending over" and taking six from the Remove-master's cane.

That was not a happy prospect to Bob, and he did not look cheerful. It was quite a happy prospect to Loder, who smiled.

Mr. Quelch raised the lid of the cardboard box and glanced into the interior. The lifted lid hid that interior from Bob and Loder—though neither of them, of course, had any doubt what Quelch beheld there.

They saw an expression of surprise dawn on Mr. Quelch's face.

Then he uttered a sound remarkably like a snort.

"Absurd!" he snapped.

Loder stared—so did Bob!

"Pish!" snapped Mr. Quelch.

He did not direct a wrathful frown at Bob Cherry; he directed an extremely irritated look at Loder of the Sixth.

"Really, Loder, this is ridiculous!" he exclaimed sharply. "I must say, Loder, that I strongly object to having my time wasted on nonsense like this! My time is of value, Loder!"

Loder blinked at him—so did Bob! "I don't quite follow, sir," said Loder blankly. "A prefect is bound to report a junior for breaking the rules of the school—"

"I am aware of that, Loder. But as no rule has been broken, the question does not arise in the present case!" snapped Mr. Quelch.

Loder stared blankly. Bob wondered whether he was dreaming.

"Mr. Quelch," exclaimed Loder hotly, "any boy smuggling fireworks into the House before the Fifth is breaking the

rules—even a boy in your Form, sir!" added Loder, his annoyance getting the better of his discretion.

Mr. Quelch gave him a glare.

"Loder, are you implying that I should condone an offence because it was committed by a boy in my Form?" he hooted.

"Cherry has smuggled in fireworks—"

"On what grounds do you make that statement, Loder?"

Loder blinked at him, bewildered.

"You've got them under your eyes, sir, in that box—"

"There are no fireworks in this box, Loder."

"Wha-a-at?"

Loder had been certain of it—so had Bob!

Loder stared at the master of the Remove in complete bewilderment—so did Bob!

Cherry had left that box in his study cupboard full of bundles of crackers. He had found it there, tied up, just as he had left it. Yet Mr. Quelch stated that there were no fireworks in the box. Bob was as bewildered as Loder. Unless those crackers had taken unto themselves wings and flown away, Bob could not imagine what had become of them.

Loder, amazed and angry, stepped forward and leaned over the Form-master's table, then he was able to look into the box.

He had to believe his eyes. There were no fireworks in it—there was a pair of slippers!

Loder blinked at those slippers.

Slippers!

If hard staring could have changed slippers into fireworks, Loder's amazed and concentrated stare would have done it, but it couldn't. The mysterious box

contained a pair of slippers—merely that, and nothing more.

Mr. Quelch with an angry gesture pushed the box across the table to Bob, then Bob was able to see into it—and he nearly fell down at the sight of the slippers. He recognised them as belonging to Wun Lung. But how they had got into the cardboard box in place of the fireworks was a deep mystery to him. It seemed like black magic to Bob Cherry.

"Cherry, you may take your box. You should have told Loder that a pair of slippers had been packed in it."

"Oh!" gasped Bob. "I—I— Oh—ah!—yes, sir—" Bob hardly knew what he was saying in his bewilderment.

"You may take your box and leave my study," said Mr. Quelch—which Bob Cherry was exceedingly glad to do. "Loder!"

Loder gasped.

"For what reason," said Mr. Quelch, "you supposed that that box contained fireworks, I cannot guess. But it is evident that you were mistaken—a mistake, Loder, that no prefect ought to have made. It is a serious matter to report a junior without cause, Loder. You appear to have jumped to a groundless conclusion, Loder—a very foolish and absurd conclusion. A boy buys himself a pair of slippers, and merely because Bonfire Day is at hand you jump to the conclusion that he is smuggling fireworks into the House. You have wasted my time, Loder, with your absurdity. Really, Loder, a Sixth Form prefect is expected to have a little more circumspection, a little more judgment, a little more common sense."

Loder faded out of the study before Quelch had finished. Mr. Quelch, with

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## GUYED on the FIFTH!



(Continued from page 13.)

an irritated sniff, returned to his interrupted pile of papers.

Bob Cherry, still bewildered, joined his friends at the corner of the passage, box in hand.

"Not licked?" asked Harry Wharton. The chums of the Remove could see that there had been no whopping, and they wondered why.

Bob shook his head. "Look!" he said. He held up the box.

They looked. "Slippers!" ejaculated Wharton. "I thought—"

"So did I!" gasped Bob. "So did Loder! It's like jolly old magic! Somebody's bagged my crackers, and shoved Wun Lung's slippers into the box! I—I suppose it was meant as a joke. Jolly lucky joke for me!"

"The luckfulness was terrific!" grinned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Bob chuckled. "You should have seen Loder's face!" he said.

"Ha, ha, ha!" The juniors roared. They could imagine Loder's face when the slippers came to light, instead of the expected fireworks.

They were chortling when Loder of the Sixth came away from Mr. Quelch's study. He gave them the blackest of black looks in passing.

But there was nothing that Loder could do. There was no penalty for a fellow buying slippers, even if he brought them home packed in a chocolate box! That, it appeared, was all that had happened, after all!

The bully of the Sixth tramped by, with a face like a thundercloud. And the Famous Five, in great spirits, went chuckling up to the Remove passage to tea.

### THE TENTH CHAPTER.

#### Being Kind To Coker!

"GATED!" said Coker. "Can't be helped!" said Jim Warren.

"Gated for a fortnight!" "You've got off cheap, old man!" said Potter.

"Don't be an ass, Potter!" "Prout might have taken you to the head," said Greene.

"Don't be a fathead, Greene!" "But look here, Coker—" said Warren.

"Don't be an idiot, Warren!" Coker's friends, thus reduced to silence, gazed at the great Horace rather expressively.

They were in Coker's study. Coker and Warren had been to Prout.

Mr. Prout at long last had decided how to deal with the two culprits in the matter of the Latin paper. It had been undecided quite a long time, while Prout was making up his mind. Now

it was settled, and they were sentenced to gating for a fortnight, and Coker, in addition, had another Latin paper to do.

Coker was breathing indignation. Jim Warren, on the other hand, was relieved, and rather grateful to Prout. Potter and Greene agreed that they had got off cheaply; and there was no doubt that Potter and Greene were right.

"Gated!" repeated Coker. "I've got another stinker to do, and Prout's made it tougher than ever this time. And gated! Prout thinks he can gate me and get away with it. Well, he can't!"

"Now, look here, Coker," said Jim Warren quietly. "Have a little sense! I did your Latin paper for you, and I ought not to have done it. Prout's quite right to be shirty about it. I was an ass—and you were an ass—and Prout's jolly good-natured to let us off with a gating! He was going to report us to the Head; and if he had, you can bet that Dr. Locke wouldn't have let us off so easily. Prout's a good old bean, really, and—"

"That will do, Warren!" said Coker. "Don't try to make Coker see sense, Warren, old man!" said Potter. "We've tried often enough—and there's nothing doing."

"Not a thing!" agreed Greene. "I've stood a lot from Prout," said Coker, glaring at his chums—"as much as I'm going to stand. He can gate me, but if he does, I can get my own back. I'm not going to work that firework stunt in the Form-room—that would be a bit too palpable now. But there's more than one way of killing a cat, see?"

"Look here, Coker—" "I'd like you to back me up," said Coker. "He's gated you as well as me. If you don't, though, I shall do it alone. I'm getting my own back on Prout! I've got it all cut and dried."

"And what's the latest?" asked Potter.

Coker stooped, and drew a bag out from under the study table. His friends stared at it. It was a large bag, containing flour. There were seven pounds of it.

"Flour!" said Potter blankly. "What on earth's that for?"

"Prout!" said Coker.

"Prout?" repeated Greene, almost dazedly.

"Yes. You see—" "Coker, for goodness' sake—" gasped Warren.

"I've asked you not to jaw," said Coker. "It's as easy as falling off a form, and you can back me up or not, just as you jolly well like! I suppose you've noticed that it gets dusk early now—"

"Sort of!" said Greene. "It generally does in November, doesn't it?"

"Prout takes his trot on the Elm Walk just the same," said Coker.

"Being pretty dark after class, he would hardly spot a fellow under the trees, what? I wait for him there—"

"You—you wait for him there?" stuttered Greene.

"Yes; and when he comes along I pop out from behind a tree—"

"You—you pop out from behind a tree?" gasped Potter.

"And land this bag of flour right on his napper—"

"On—on—on Prout's napper?" articulated Jim Warren.

"Yes; and it bursts—"

"Bib-bib-bib-bursts!" stuttered Potter.

"All over Prout!" said Coker triumphantly. "Now, what do you think of that for a stunt?"

Coker's friends did not tell him what they thought of that for a stunt. They

just gazed at Coker. He seemed to have taken their breath away.

"Make him sit up a bit, what?" grinned Coker. "He will feel rather sorry for himself, eh? Sorry he goes about gating fellows, what?"

"And what will happen to you afterwards?" shrieked Potter.

"Nothing," said Coker calmly. "I shan't tell Prout I did it, and he won't see me in the dark!"

"You'll get flour all over you!" yelled Warren.

"I shall be careful, of course! I'm not a clumsy ass like you, old chap," Coker pointed out.

"You—you idiot! Where did you get that bag of flour? Think Prout won't inquire after a Greyfriars man who's been buying seven-pound bags of flour? Is it the sort of thing a chap buys every day? You silly owl, you'll be spotted—"

"Rot!" "You can't do it, Coker!" howled Greene.

"Can't I! You'll jolly well see, and this very evening, too!"

Jim Warren drew a deep breath. "Coker, old man," said Jim, "I tell you Prout's treated us jolly decently, and we ought to thank him, not think of japing him—"

"Don't be a silly chump, Warren!" "And, anyhow, you'd be spotted and sacked—"

"Don't be a blithering idiot!"

Warren rose to his feet. He was absolutely determined that Horace Coker should not get on with this remarkable stunt. Coker, if he could help it, was not going to beg for the sack.

"Now, look here, Coker," said Warren. "I tell you, if you keep on with this wheeze, you'll be smothered with that flour—"

"Rubbish!" "Are you keeping on with it?"

"Yes, rather!" "That does it!" said Warren.

He jerked the bag of flour suddenly from Coker's hands. Potter and Greene, guessing what was coming, grinned and backed away—out of range! Coker, not guessing at all, glared at Warren wrathfully.

"Give me that flour, you cheeky ass!" he roared.

"I'm going to!"

And Warren did.

Lifting the bag in both hands, he brought it down on Horace Coker's head with a loud bang.

The bag burst at the shock—as Coker expected it to do when it landed on Prout's napper. The only difference was that it was Coker's napper that it burst on!

Warren had told him that if he kept on with that stunt he would be smothered by the flour. And he was! There was no doubt about that. Not a shadow of doubt. He was smothered—from head to foot. He was clothed in flour as in a garment. He disappeared under streaming, smothering flour.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Potter and Greene.

"Urrrgh!" came a horrible gurgle from the midst of the flour. "Wurrgh! Yurrgh! Groooogh! Gug-gug-gug!"

"Sorry, old chap!" said Warren.

"But it's better for you to have it than Prout!"

"Gurrngh!"

Coker stood, a pillar of flour. Flour floated through the air in clouds. The atmosphere of the study was of the flour, flour!

"Urrrgh! I'll—gurrgh—smash you—wurrgh!"

Warren stepped out of the study, grinning. Potter and Greene followed



him, yelling. Coker, grabbing flour from his face, staggered after them.

"Groogh! I'll smash you—I—I—urrgh—I'll spifficate you—I'll—ooogh! Ooooh! Woooogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Coker grabbed frantically at smothering flour. Warren and Potter and Greene retreated down the passage and left him to it. Coker's gasps and gurgles followed them. But not Coker himself—he was too busy with the flour. That bag of flour, at all events, Coker would never use in a jape on Prout. And his friends hoped that, by the time he got back to normal, he would be tired of japing with flour.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Fat in the Fire!

"ONE for you, Wharton!" "Good!" said Harry. It was morning break, and some of the fellows had come along to the rack for letters.

Harry Wharton was quite pleased to see one for himself, addressed in the hand of his uncle, Colonel James Wharton.

It was the morning of the great and glorious Fifth of November. It was probable that Colonel Wharton, who had been a boy himself in his time, remembered that great date, and was aware that on such an occasion an extra "tip" would come in useful for the purchase of fireworks.

On the fifth, Mrs. Mimble's shop, in the corner of the quad, displayed a great variety of fireworks of all sorts and descriptions. There was going to be a rush of custom at the school shop that day. After dark, there was going to be a bonfire in the school field—there was going to be a procession with a "guy," which was going to be duly burned amid a roar of detonations—and most of the Greyfriars fellows were looking forward to it.

Cash was particularly welcome on such a day. Harry Wharton opened the letter from his uncle, and there was general approval on the faces of the Co. when he turned out a pound note.

"A whole quid!" said Bob Cherry. "Good!"

"The goodness is terrific!"

The Famous Five went out into the quad, Harry reading the letter as he went. His face, as he read it, expressed first satisfaction, and then a rather startled alarm.

"Oh, my hat!" he ejaculated. "Anything up?" inquired Nugent. Wharton whistled.

"My uncle says he's coming down to Greyfriars to see the show!" he said. "He's knows we rather keep it up on bonfire night, of course."

"Nothing to worry about in that, is there?" asked Johnny Bull. "We'll all be glad to see the old scout!"

"Oh, yes, rather!" said Harry. "But—"

"Is the butfulness terrific?" asked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"He mentions Warren—"

"Warren?" repeated the Co. "Warren of the Fifth!" Wharton whistled again. "Here, look at the letter. Goodness knows what's going to happen when he sees Warren!"

The faces of the Co. became grave at once. They remembered that Colonel Wharton was an old friend of Sir Arthur Warren, now on his way to China to take up a diplomatic post there. Naturally, he was interested in Sir

Arthur's son at Greyfriars! In the holidays he had taken Harry specially to Warren Croft to make James' acquaintance.

James, on that occasion, had coolly walked out before the visitors arrived, not choosing to meet either of them.

But Harry had met him in the grounds, where James had ducked him in Sir Arthur's lake! It was from that meeting that Wharton had known, at the beginning of the term, that Warren of the Fifth was not—as he was supposed to be—Sir Arthur Warren's son.

But, so far as the old colonel was aware, Sir Arthur's son was at the school. Harry had kept the Fifth Former's secret; and naturally had not mentioned him at all in his letters home.

The Co. read the letter together! It ran:

"Dear Harry,—I have been intending for some time to run down to the school and see you; and I shall come on the Fifth. I should like to see you and your friends celebrating the Fifth of November in the school field—as we used to do, more years ago than I care to remember.

"I shall take the opportunity of seeing Sir Arthur Warren's son. As you have never mentioned him in your letters, I gather that you are not on friendly terms with him—as both Sir Arthur and myself wished you to be.

"Do not think that I blame you, my (Continued on next page.)

GREYFRIARS INTERVIEWS

Continuing his series of interviews, our clever Greyfriars Rhymester supplies us with another snappy poem. This time his subject is

RICHARD HILARY. of Study No. 5, in the Remove Form.

(1) When terms ago, Hilary came To Greyfriars, he was well-connected, And swiftly made a bid for fame, But in a manner unexpected; He held the view that force and might Can never settle what is right, And so, to any kind of fight, He conscientiously objected!

(2) He would not join in any scrap, If he himself had been assaulted! He'd never, never strike a chap, His viewpoint being so exalted. When pillow fights were raging, or When as a Form we went to war, We'd call the roll, and we were sure To find Hilary had defaulted!

(4) Then one fine day there came a change, He ceased to be so altruistic! We found his manner very strange, He turned completely pugilistic! He'd had sufficient peace, perhaps; At any rate, he rolled in scraps, He liked to argue with the chaps, And all his arguments were fistic!

(5) Deciding then to "look alive," I paid this warlike whelk a visit, And greeted him in Study Five With smiles that really were exquisite! Like What's-his-name (whom I forget), His brow was wet with honest sweat, He'd got some lines to do, and yet He asked in kindly tones, "What is it?"

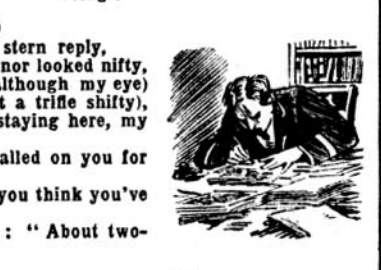
(7) Undaunted by his stern reply, I neither scatted nor looked nifty, But smiled again (although my eye) Perhaps, was just a trifle snifty), And said: "I'm staying here, my son! D'you think I've called on you for fun? How many lines d'you think you've done?" He answered me: "About two-fifty!"

(8) "Then what's your hurry?" I inquired. "You've time to give me an audition! I'll help you if you're feeling tired, And you can talk—that's one condition!" I stumbled forward, and I think My elbow must have knocked the ink, Which fell, before a chap could blink, Upon Hilary's imposition!

(3) This state of things, as you may guess, Afforded him no satisfaction; The bullies filled him with distress, In fact, he proved a great attraction! When Bunter calmly tweaked his nose, And Skinner kicked him, in the Close, And Fishy stamped upon his toes, He still maintained complete inaction!



(6) "My dear old chap—" He raised his hand. "All right! I know what you're pursuing! An interview—I understand! Buzz off, or there'll be trouble brewing! D'you think I've time to talk with you, Or give a beastly interview, When I've three hundred lines to do? Now scat! Look nifty! Nothing doing!"



(9) "You've blotted out two hundred lines!" He shrieked, in accents that were biting, And e'er I saw his base designs, He'd collared me and started smiting! Though bruised and breathless when he ceased, I'm very glad to think, at least, That at this very hour the beast Is writing, writing, writing, writing!

boy. From all that I have heard of James Warren, he is very far from being an agreeable or friendly fellow; and what you told me of your meeting with him in the holidays showed that you were not likely to be friends with him at school.

"I have seen him only once, on the occasion when he threw a clod in the car at your head, and as you will remember, I was quite surprised afterwards when you told me that that ill-mannered young sweep was Sir Arthur's son. But though you cannot be friends with him, I hope you have avoided quarrels—which should be easy, as he is in the Upper School, and you are in the Lower.

"I hope to learn that he is getting on better at Greyfriars than, as I hear, he did at his former school, Oakshott. In any case, I must see him, as I must refer to him in writing to his father in China. It is not likely that I shall have another opportunity of coming down to the school this term.

"Your affectionate uncle,  
"JAMES WHARTON."

"Enclosure."

It was a rather long letter for the colonel, whose missives generally had a military brevity. It was easy to read between the lines that the colonel was concerned for his old friend's son, and at the same time, disliked the necessity of having anything to do with so unpleasant a fellow as James.

The Famous Five looked at one another.

It was not James that Colonel Wharton would see at Greyfriars when he looked for Warren of the Fifth! It was Jim!

The chums knew now that Jim was James' cousin! But that did not improve matters.

Cousin or not, Jim was not James! James was a guest staying with Clarence Cook, at Popper Court. Jim was in his place at Greyfriars School.

The colonel, of course, knew nothing of that. He would make the discovery when he came—this very day! And though Harry Wharton, in his fixed belief that Jim was "straight," and honest as the day, had kept his secret, it was impossible to hope for one moment that the old colonel would keep it.

If Colonel Wharton found a fellow at Greyfriars passing under another fellow's name, it was absolutely certain what he would do! He would march that fellow in to the headmaster's presence to explain himself.

"Well!" said Bob Cherry, with a deep breath. "All the fat's in the fire now!"

"The fatfulness in the absurd fire is preposterous!" said Harree Jamset Ram Singh. "The gamelfulness is up for the ridiculous Warren!"

Grant from Johnny Bull.

"I think that's all the better!" he said. "I like Warren, but we can't make out that he's not sailing under false colours here—because he jolly well is!"

"He's straight!" said Harry Wharton curly. "I can't make it all out—but he's straight as a die! If he wasn't I shouldn't have kept his secret for him."

"I know. Anybody can see he's straight. But he isn't James Warren—that brute at Popper Court is."

"I believe he's Jim Warren right enough. We know now that they are cousins—and they seem to have the same name. That's not uncommon."

"Very likely; but Jim Warren or not, he's not James, the son of Sir Arthur Warren, as he's supposed to be here," said Johnny, "and he jolly well ought not to make out that he is."

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Wharton was silent.

Johnny Bull was right as far as that went. But Harry was convinced that there was some explanation of the strange affair which was not to Jim's discredit.

"Anyhow, the game's up now!" said Bob. "Colonel Wharton will spot him at once, and that does it! It would be rather rotten for him to be taken by surprise—it would be only good-natured, old chap, to give him a tip what to expect."

Harry Wharton nodded. He was already thinking of that. Right or wrong, he believed in Warren, and wanted to help him all he could. But there was nothing that he could do now. If the crash was coming, however, that very day, he could at least let the mysterious Fifth Former know what to expect.

And, leaving his chums, the captain of the Remove went to look for Warren of the Fifth. He found him in the quad with Hilton.

The latter strolled away as Wharton came up to speak to Warren. Jim gave the junior a smile. His look showed that he knew nothing of what was coming.

"What is it, kid?" he asked.

"I've had a letter from my uncle, Colonel Wharton—"

Warren stared at him.

"Very interesting no doubt," he remarked. "But what the dickens have you come along to tell me for? I don't know your uncle."

"My uncle knows James Warren!" said Harry quietly.

Jim started.

The carelessness faded out of his face. His lips set, and a glint came into his eyes.

"What do you mean, Wharton?" he said very quietly. "I don't care to discuss my affairs with you, as you know, but you seem to have got mixed up with them and it can't quite be helped. I know that Colonel Wharton was a friend of old Sir Arthur, but he never met his son."

"He saw him in the holidays," said Harry. "Inky and I had a row with the brute, and he chucked a clod of earth at my head when I was in the car with my uncle. He didn't know then who the brute was; but he knew afterwards."

Warren stood silent.

"My uncle's coming here to-day, and he is going to see James Warren while he's here!" said Harry. "You know what that must mean! I thought I'd tell you."

Without waiting for an answer, the captain of the Remove walked away.

Jim Warren stared after him for a few moments, and then walked away in another direction, his brow corrugated by thought.

## THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

### The Only Way!

PROUT boomed.

"Certainly not!"

Prout was pink with wrath.

Jim Warren stood before his Form-master, in Prout's study, with a flush in his face. He was not in Prout's good graces these days.

All that term, until of late, Prout had regarded the new fellow in his Form with a kind and benevolent eye. But the affair of Coker's Latin paper had made a very great difference. That Latin paper—that fearful "stinker"—had been awarded Coker as a special punishment. Warren had done the paper for him, and that fact had come

to Prout's knowledge. Jim had done it, from easy-going good nature; but from Prout's point of view it was an act of disrespectful disregard of his authority. Since that occurrence Prout had a cold and marble eye for Warren. "You are gated!" went on Prout, booming. "You are perfectly well aware, Warren, that you have been treated leniently, considering the extent of your offence."

"I know, sir! But—"

"Say no more!" boomed Prout. "I refuse to give you leave out of gates for any reason whatsoever!"

Jim compressed his lips.

Prout eyed him with majestic anger. He cut him short without ceremony. That was disagreeable enough, and it was made all the more disagreeable by the fact that another master was present.

Mr. Hacker, the master of the Shell, was in Prout's study, in conversation with Mr. Prout, when Jim came to ask for leave. Hacker eyed Jim rather curiously.

He had nothing to do with the Fifth, and was not interested in Prout's Form. But he had heard that there were queer rumours afloat in the school concerning that especial member of Prout's Form!

Price of the Fifth was no longer carrying on his feud, but the story he had set afloat had been talked up and down the school, and it had reached the ears of some of the beaks and had been mentioned in Common-room.

"Very well, sir!" said Jim quietly, and he backed to the door, followed by Prout's indignant stare and feeling uncomfortably the keen, penetrating eyes of Mr. Hacker fixed on him.

He closed Prout's door and went slowly down the passage.

Harry Wharton had warned him that the old colonel was coming so that he would not be taken utterly by surprise when the crash came, which seemed inevitable now.

But to the fellow who was passing under another fellow's name at Greyfriars it did not seem so inevitable, as it seemed to Harry.

He was aware that, on the occasion in the holidays, when old Sir Arthur had specially asked the colonel and his nephew to Warren Croft to meet James that unpleasant youth had deliberately gone out to avoid them.

If the same thing happened over again it would be set down to James' usual bad manners, and there would be an end.

But for a fellow to get out after gates were locked special leave had to be obtained, and Warren was gated owing to that unfortunate affair of Coker's Latin paper.

He could not even go out of gates before they were closed, let alone after. But for the fact that he was in Prout's black books he could have obtained that leave.

But, in the circumstances, asking for it had been a rather forlorn hope. Prout was angry with him, and like the prophet of old, he felt that he did well to be angry. And really it was rather hopeless for a fellow already under sentence of gating to ask for special leave. He had asked—and he had been refused. And that was that!

But he had to get out, or meet Colonel Wharton face to face. That meant the end of his Greyfriars career.

He had given Harry Wharton his word that there was no wrongdoing involved in his peculiar position at the school. Wharton believed him, and trusted him, and kept his secret. But he knew that he had nothing of the kind to hope for from a stern old military





Lifting the bag of flour in both hands, Jim Warren brought it down on Horace Coker's head. The bag burst at the shock, smothering the great Horace from head to foot. "Urrrh!" came in a horrible gurgle from the midst of the flour. "Wurrh! Grooogh! Gug-gug-gug!"

gentleman, who was also a governor of the school.

As he went slowly down the passage he passed the open door of Mr. Hacker's study. His eyes fell on the telephone there.

There was no one in the passage. Hacker was safe with Prout—and Prout, when he was chatting, seldom let his victims off early.

Jim paused—sidestepped into Hacker's study and closed the door softly.

Quietly he stepped to the telephone and gave a number, that of Warren Croft, in Surrey.

He had to wait for some minutes; then a voice came through, that of a manservant at Warren Croft.

Jim spoke quickly and quietly into the transmitter.

"Jim speaking from Greyfriars. Ask Captain Warren to come to the telephone as quickly as possible."

"Very good, sir."

There was another wait. Jim stood with the receiver in his hand and one eye on the door. If Hacker came—

A voice came through at last, the rather deep voice of Captain Warren, younger brother of Sir Arthur, who was in charge at Warren Croft during the baronet's absence abroad.

"That you, Jim?"

"Yes! I can't go into details now—but it's urgent! Will you ring up Mr. Prout and ask him for leave for me to come home this afternoon and evening?"

"Yes!"

The answer came concisely; no questions asked. Jim put the receiver back on the hooks, with a breath of relief.

The next instant he spun round from the telephone with a gasp. The study

door was wide open, and in the doorway stood Mr. Hacker, his eyes fixed on the startled Fifth Former with a grim, sardonic stare.

## THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

### The Heavy Hand!

**J**IM WARREN stood panting. His face was crimson, under the steady, ironic stare of the master of the Shell. He was taken utterly by surprise. Mr. Hacker had a quiet, cat-like way of moving about—as the Shell fellows well knew. Jim had not heard him in the passage; but no doubt Mr. Hacker had heard a sound from his study, and knew that someone was there, and had opened the door softly, to spot him. He had spotted Warren, at all events.

Hacker's face, always sardonic, was more sardonic than ever now. It was clear that he had heard what Warren had said on the phone.

He was in no hurry to speak. In a cold, cat-like way, he was rather amused by the Fifth Former's confusion. But as Jim stood in dismayed silence, Mr. Hacker spoke at last.

"Well, Warren, what does this mean?" he asked.

"I—I apologise for using your telephone without leave, sir!" stammered Jim.

"Oh! Not at all!" said Mr. Hacker, with the icy sarcasm that made the Shell fellows sometimes want to lynch him in the Form-room. "A mere nothing! I gather, from what I heard you say, that you were telephoning home."

"Ye-es, sir!"

"Your parents, or relatives, must be

excessively obliging, if they are prepared to aid you in a scheme for obtaining leave from school, against the express desire of your Form-master."

Jim said nothing.

"I regret," said Mr. Hacker, "that it is my duty to acquaint Mr. Prout with what I have heard, Warren."

Jim drew a deep breath. He could, of course, hardly expect anything else from a master in the school.

"I will not tell you," went on Mr. Hacker acidly, "what I think of this, Warren, as you are not in my Form. No doubt Mr. Prout will express his opinion. In the meantime, kindly leave my study."

He stood aside, and the Fifth Former, crimson and dumb with confusion, passed him into the passage.

Hacker closed the study door. Jim went down the passage, and the master of the Shell went back to Mr. Prout's study.

Jim Warren went out into the quad. "Break" was nearly over. Harry Wharton & Co were coming to the House, and they glanced at Warren, as they passed him, rather curiously.

The Fifth Former did not heed them. He tramped across the quad with his hands in his pockets. Coker of the Fifth met him, and gave him a glare, instead of his usual friendly grin.

Coker had been very pally with him; but his palliness had been damped down by the incident of the flour-bag. But Warren did not even see Coker or his glare.

He was thinking of the "row" that was bound to follow Hacker's report to Prout, and expecting to be called to Prout's study.

That call did not come, however. The bell rang for third school, and Warren went in with the Fifth.

Mr. Prout was often—very often—late with his class. But on this occasion Prout was prompt to time. And the portentous expression on Prout's fruity face warned all the Form that something was "up." Only Warren knew what it was.

Seldom had Prout been so wrathful and indignant. He stood by his desk, facing his Form, and there was quite a thrill in the Fifth. Price felt a sinking of the heart, wondering whether Prout had learned something of his manners and customs, and was about to pour the vials of his wrath upon his devoted head. Coker wondered, rather uneasily, whether Prout had caught any of the many remarks he had lately been making on the subject of old asses and fatheaded Form-masters! All the Fifth could see that something portentous was coming.

"Warren!"

It was a relief to everybody but Warren when Prout boomed that name.

Warren stood up, with a flushed face. "Warren! This morning you asked me for special leave!" boomed Prout. "I refused it! I imagined, Warren, that the matter was at an end! I was deceived! I did not think, Warren, that having been refused leave by your Form-master, you would resort to trickery to obtain it!"

Jim's face burned. "I could scarcely believe my ears," resumed Prout, booming, "when Mr. Hacker informed me of what had occurred in his study."

Jim stood silent; the eyes of all the Fifth fixed on him. All of them were wondering what on earth Warren could have been doing.

"It appears," went on Prout, "that you used Mr. Hacker's telephone to call up someone at your home, and request that he should ring me up, and obtain leave for you. Do you deny this, Warren?"

"No, sir!"

"To whom?" boomed Prout, "did you speak on the telephone?"

Jim hesitated.

"I warn you, Warren, to be frank. I warn you that you are in danger of being taken before your headmaster. Answer me at once!"

"I spoke to Captain Warren, sir."

"Very good!" said Mr. Prout, in a tone that implied that it was very far from good; in fact, very bad indeed. "Very good! If I receive a telephone call from Captain Warren to-day, I shall know how to answer it. I can scarcely believe that Captain Warren will think of acceding to your outrageous request! Should he do so, I shall know how to answer him."

Jim stood silent.

"Under no circumstances whatever, Warren, will you be given leave!" went on Mr. Prout. "Under no circumstances whatever, sir! Do I make myself clear!"

"Very well, sir!"

"What may be your reason, Warren, for desiring so very urgently to circumvent my authority I do not profess to know. But I warn you, Warren, that my authority is not to be lightly disregarded."

Prout paused for breath.

"You have endeavoured, by a device that I can only characterise as trickery, to obtain leave, in spite of my authority. Your next step, perhaps, will be to take French leave!"

Prout's brow grew thunderous.

"Now, understand me, Warren! I

will not be defied by a boy in my Form! I shall take measures to ascertain whether you go out of gates to-day or not. I shall speak to the prefects on the subject. Understand me. If it should transpire, Warren, that you have left the school for a single hour, for a single minute, I shall place the matter before your headmaster. I shall request Dr. Locke to expel you from Greyfriars as a recklessly disobedient boy beyond my control."

The Fifth Form caught their breath. Prout was going it strong. The flush faded from Jim's face, leaving him pale.

"Bear this in mind, Warren!" said Mr. Prout grimly. "Disobey me in this, and it will be your last act of disobedience in this school! I have no more to say!"

Which was a relief, at least. Jim Warren sat down, and third school went on, with rather an electric atmosphere, in the Fifth Form Room.

When the Fifth were dismissed, Jim Warren hurried away by himself. He tramped to and fro in the secluded Cloisters till the dinner-bell rang, trying to think it out.

But there was no way out. Prout meant every word he said—he was deeply incensed, and it was certain that he would keep his word. Leave could not be obtained; and taking French leave meant the "sack." Jim Warren had to be within gates when Colonel Wharton came—and when Colonel Wharton came, his strange game at Greyfriars would be up! More than once danger had threatened the fellow who was at school in another fellow's name, and he had eluded it—his luck had always held good.

This time it was not to be eluded. Unless something like a miracle happened, Jim Warren of the Fifth could count the hours that still remained to him at Greyfriars School!

## THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Tit for Tat!

"SMOTHERED—with flour!"

Harry Wharton & Co. smiled as they heard the deep, indignant voice of Horace Coker of the Fifth.

"They were in Gosling's woodshed after dinner."

Gosling—rendered amiable and obliging by a tip—had allowed the juniors the run of that building for making their preparations for the evening's celebrations. Quite an imposing "guy" had come into existence, under the busy hands of the Famous Five.

It really was a tiptop effigy. It was life-size—built on the foundation of a stuffed back. It was an old coat and an ancient pair of trousers, and a large pair of disused boots, which some enterprising fellow had felled from a refuse-heap in the vicinity.

Its face was a cushion, covered by a Guy Fawkes mask. It leered horribly as it sat in the old chair, to which it was to be tied for carrying in the procession. Its chief drawback was that it was a little liable to fall to pieces if carelessly handled. But the juniors were strengthening it with bits of string, knotted here and there, and a liberal allowance of safety-pins.

The door was wide open, to let in what light there was on a misty November day. Through the open doorway came the dulcet tones of Horace Coker.

Why Coker of the Fifth was there the

juniors did not know. Neither did they care. They did not expect the great man of the Fifth to be interested in their Guy Fawkes proceedings.

But they smiled as they heard him. Coker, it was clear, was feeling a deep resentment concerning the flour-bag episode.

That episode had caused much hilarity in the House. Dozens of fellows had seen Coker smothered with flour. They had agreed nem. con. that he looked extremely funny thus.

It was agreed also that Jim Warren had done him a good turn in bursting his flour-bag on his own fat head instead of letting him get on with his hare-brained jape on Prout. But Coker was far from seeing this. In fact, his wrath seemed to have turned entirely from Prout to Warren.

"Smothered!" went on Coker. "You saw me—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If you think it's a thing to cackle over, you ass, Potter—you silly idiot, Greene—"

"Oh, no!" came Potter's voice in gasping tones. "No! Not at all, old man! Ha, ha! I mean—"

"It's not going to be a laughing matter for Warren!" said Coker gloomily. "I'm not the fellow to stand that sort of thing, I fancy! He made me look a fool—"

"Not much making required!" murmured Bob Cherry. "Nature did all that!"

And the juniors chuckled.

"Made me look an utter ass!" went on Coker, with rising indignation. "Well, I'm going to make him look a bigger fool! He guyed me, and I'm going to guy him—see—only more so! Come into the shed! Some fags have been fixing up a guy here. I'm going to use it!"

The Famous Five jumped as they heard that. Coker, it seemed, was, after all, interested in their guy.

But the idea of Coker bagging it, for whatever purpose, made them look very grim. If Coker laid hands on their guy, Coker's last state was likely to be worse than his first.

"What on earth," gasped Potter, "do you want to use the fags' guy for?"

"Warren!" said Coker.

"W-W-Warren!" stuttered Greene. "That's it! I shall want you fellows to help! I'll tell you the idea."

Coker came to a halt outside the doorway as he explained to his friends.

"But what the dickens—"

"Don't jaw, Potter! Just listen! I shall get Warren here after tea, and you fellows will be on hand. We collar him—"

"Kik-kik-collar him!"

"Stuff something into his mouth, so that he can't yell, tie up his fins, and then rig him up in the fixings of that guy—"

"Oh crikey!"

"And then," said Coker, with superb coolness, "we parade him round the quad. The fellows will think it's a real guy. Ha, ha! Fancy his feelings, guyed like that before all Greyfriars! What! Tit for tat, you know! Ha, ha!"

"Oh scissors!"

"When we let him loose he will be laughed to death! I rather fancy he will look a bigger fool got up as a guy than I did smothered with flour! Ha, ha!"

Coker laughed. Potter and Greene did not. They only gazed at Coker, open-mouthed.

"I shall want your help!" went on Coker. "The fellow's pretty hefty, and he may resist."



"May" gasped Greene. "Ye-e-es, I—I think he may! I—I think it's quite likely that he may!"

"That's where you fellows will come in," explained Coker. "I'm the brains and you're the hands, in a way of speaking—see? Now come into the shed, and look at the things we shall fix him up in."

Harry Wharton & Co. looked at one another. They were prepared to deal with Horace Coker, faithfully and drastically, as soon as he came in. They were ready—more than ready—to show Coker of the Fifth whether he could bag their guy or not.

But Coker did not, after all, come in. His voice was heard again in tones of angry surprise.

"Where are you going, Potter? Where are you off to, Greene? You silly asses, I told you to come into the woodshed! Potter! Greene!"

Potter and Greene, it seemed, were gone. They seemed to lack enthusiasm for Coker's remarkable stunt for making Jim Warren suffer for his sins.

Instead of coming into the woodshed, they were clearing off, and Coker, puzzled and angry, rushed after them. Horace had had a narrow escape—without knowing it.

The chums of the Remove, smiling, continued their labours on the guy.

When the bell rang for classes they left the woodshed.

On their way to the Form-rooms they sighted Horace Coker. He seemed to be in search of somebody.

"Here, you fags," called out Coker, "seen Potter and Greene?"

"Lost them?" grinned Bob.

"Well, they cleared off while I was talking to them a little while ago, and I can't find where they've got to," said Coker. "It's odd how they can have disappeared like this!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Famous Five.

They did not think it odd, in the circumstances.

Coker glared at them, and stalked away. He did not see Potter and Greene again till Prout let his Form into the Fifth Form Room.

And, strange to relate, when the Fifth were dismissed again after class, Potter and Greene disappeared again.

On Bonfire Night lock-up was late, and most of the fellows were out of the House when the November dusk set in deep and dark. Potter and Greene had vanished in that friendly dusk. Horace Coker sought them, but he found them not.

It was intensely annoying to Coker.

Unaided, he could not carry out that remarkable stunt. Even Coker did not imagine that he could collar a fellow like Jim Warren and tie him up without assistance. It really looked as

if Coker's amazing stunt was off—unless indeed, he received assistance from an unexpected quarter.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Inky's Idea!

COLONEL WHARTON sat in the armchair in Study No. 1, with a kind smile on his old bronzed face.

November dusk and mist lay on the quadrangle; but in Study No. 1 all was bright and cosy. The fire crackled in the grate; the table gleamed with an unusually imposing array of crockery—borrowed up and down the Remove passage in honour of a distinguished visitor. There were good things on the table; the hospitality of the study was unbounded. But the colonel left most of them untouched.

The old military gentleman had "toa'd" with his nephew and his friends—a pleasant reminder of the time, long past, when he had been Jim Wharton of the Remove, and had occupied that very study. But he was rather past the time of life when plum cake and jam roll had an appeal.

From the dark outside came the popping of crackers and the squibbing of squibs. The great celebration was not yet due, but eager fags were already letting off fireworks. Streams of sparks lighted the gloom of the skies. Pop, pop, pop! Bang! came every few minutes.

"You'll come down to the field, uncle?" asked Harry Wharton. "We've got a tremendous bonfire piled up—stacks and stacks—"

"The stackfulness is terrific, honoured sahib!" said Hurreo Jamsset Ram Singh.

The old colonel smiled genially. "Certainly!" he answered. "It will remind me of old times, by gad! I have to catch the seven-thirty at Courtfield, but that will be time."

"Oh, lots!" said Bob Cherry. "We have prep after the celebrations, you know. You must see the procession, too! We've got no end of a guy!"

"Certainly I shall see it," said the colonel. He glanced at his watch. "I have to see Warren—"

The Famous Five exchanged glances. Colonel Wharton had not mentioned Warren till now. But he had not forgotten him.

"I have mentioned to Mr. Prout that I desire to see Warren," went on the colonel. "I must have a talk with the boy, but it will probably not detain me long. Mr. Prout told me he would instruct Warren to be in the visitors' room after tea, and I shall find him there."

The chums of the Remove were silent. They could not help thinking of the

startling discovery the colonel was to make when he saw Warren of the Fifth in the visitors'-room.

It was probable, in the circumstances, that his talk with the boy would detain him longer than he expected.

But they said nothing.

It was not for them to give Warren away, and Colonel Wharton would know the facts soon enough.

"I am seeing Warren at six," went on the colonel. "That is another quarter of an hour. But if you boys have business on hand—and I suppose you have—don't mind me. Cut off as soon as you like."

"Well, we'd better be seeing about the jolly old guy!" said Johnny Bull. "Come on, you men!"

The Co. left the study, leaving Harry Wharton with his uncle.

To Harry's relief the old gentleman did not talk about Warren. He was more interested in his nephew than in Sir Arthur Warren's son—whom he was going to see simply from a sense of duty.

But while the colonel talked of other matters, Wharton's mind ran on the hapless fellow in the Fifth. He could not help thinking, with deep concern, of the painful ordeal that lay before him. But there was nothing that he could do.

Meanwhile, the Co. went down the Remove staircase.

Billy Bunter met them on the stairs with a fat grin on his face.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's another guy!" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry! I say, have you seen Potter and Greene?" chuckled Bunter. "Coker's hunting them all over the shop! He, he, he!"

"I fancy he won't find them!" grinned Bob.

"Something's on, you know," said Bunter sagely. "Coker wants them awfully particularly—he's asked about fifty fellows if they've seen them! He, he, he! They're dodging him, of course! I say, Coker's just gone stamping off to his study looking like a bear with a sore head! He, he, he!"

The chums of the Remove chuckled as they went on their way. They were aware why Horace wanted his pals—and they were quite certain that Potter and Greene would not turn up. Handling Jim Warren and parading him as a "guy" round the quad, seemed a wonderful wheeze to Horace Coker, "tit for tat" for the episode of the flour bag! But it did not strike Potter and Greene in the same light—far from it!

"Oh, my esteemed hat!" ejaculated Hurreo Jamsset Ram Singh suddenly. He came to a sudden halt.

The Co. looked at him.

(Continued on next page.)

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"What's up, Inky?" asked Bob. The nabob's dark eyes glistened. "My absurd chums," he murmured. "A wheezy idea has suddenly penetrated into my ridiculous brain. Let us go and see the esteemed Coker."

"What on earth for?" asked Nugent blankly. "Coker's not the guy we want."

"The worthy Potter and Greene have let him down. Let us offer him our absurd assistance—"

"What?" howled the Co.

"With our ridiculous aid, the idiotic Coker will be able to carry out his ludicrous stunt," explained the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"You howling ass!" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "Think we're going to help that ass Coker to play fool tricks on Warren?"

"Yes, my absurd Johnny."

"Well, we're jolly well not, see?" hooted Johnny Bull.

"Dash it all, Inky, old man, don't be an ass!" said Bob. "Poor old Warren's got enough on hand, seeing what's going to happen when Wharton's uncle spots him, without our playing the goat with him."

"I should think so!" said Frank Nugent. "I must say you're a fathead, Inky!"

The nabob smiled, a dusky smile. "You do not perceive the inwardness of the absurd idea!" he explained gently. "The esteemed Warren has to be in the visitors'-room to see the excellent old colonel. If he keeps away, he—"

"He can't keep away!" said Bob, staring. "Prout's pretty stuffy with him now, from what I've heard. If he doesn't turn up to see the colonel, Prout will round him up fast enough."

"But if he cannot be found—"

"You're talking out of your hat, fathead! Of course he will be found. Why, old Prout would set all the prefects looking for him."

"But they would not see him if—"

"If what, ass?" grunted Johnny Bull.

"If he was dressed up as a guy, with a Guy Fawkes' mask over his absurd countenance, as the idiotic Coker proposes!"

Bob and Nugent and Johnny Bull stared blankly at the Nabob of Bhanipur for a moment. Then Bob gave a yell.

"Great pip! Inky, old man, you're a jolly old genius!"

"But—," gasped Nugent.

"Blow the butts!" said Bob, his eyes dancing. "If we can give old Warren a chance, let's!"

"But—," said Johnny Bull.

"Chuck it, fathead! Come on, and see Coker!"

"But—," said Johnny Bull and Nugent together.

"Come on!" roared Bob.

He started for the Fifth Form passage at once. Hurree Janset Ram Singh went with him. And Johnny Bull and Frank Nugent, after a moment's hesitation, followed.

Bob hurled open the door of Coker's study.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, old Horace!" he bawled.

Coker glared at him.

He had retired to his study, like a bear with a sore head to his lair, in a state of irritation and wrath and exasperation. He was in no mood to take any cheek from the Remove.

"You cheeky young tick!" roared Coker. "Wharrer you mean? Wait till I get hold of a cricket stump—"

"Pax, old bean!" grinned Bob. "Look here, we were in the woodshed when you were jawing to Potter and Greene this afternoon. Your pals have let you down—we've come to offer our jolly old services."

Coker stared.

His hand was already on the cricket stump. But he let it go.

"What?" he ejaculated.

"Yours to command!" said Bob solemnly. "It's a terrific stunt, Coker—worthy of you! We're backing you up all along the line, if you want help! See? Four of us can handle Warren all right—with your help! Got that?"

"If you mean that—," said Coker suspiciously.

"Honest Injun!"

"Well, I don't suppose a crew of fags

will be much use," said Coker, disparagingly. "Still, if you do exactly as I tell you—"

"The heartfulness is the obeyfulness, my esteemed and idiotic Coker!" said the Nabob of Bhanipur.

Coker thawed considerably. It was like Coker, of course, to treat the unexpected proffer of help with lofty disdain. Still, there was no doubt that he was glad of it! He became almost genial.

"Well, come on!" he said. "I saw Warren in the quad not long ago—he was looking fearfully worried. I dare say he knows I shall drop on him pretty heavy for playing that rotten trick on me with the flour yesterday."

"Oh! Ah! Yes!" gasped Bob.

"Come on, then!"

And Coker, at the head of his new and unexpected allies, sallied forth to look for Jim Warren in the dusky quad.

## THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

### "Another Guy!"

JIM WARREN, tramping to and fro in the deep dusk by the elms, his hands driven deep into his pockets, was plunged in dark and gloomy thought.

The popping and banging of fireworks from the November dusk passed him unheeded; he had forgotten that it was Bonfire Night—he had forgotten everything but that the climax of his own fate was at hand.

At six he was to be in the visitors'-room to meet Colonel Wharton. Mr. Prout had told him so, coldly and sharply. And he knew that he could not face Colonel Wharton, who would know at a glance that he was not the fellow he was supposed to be.

But to break bounds, to get out of the school and avoid the interview, was a hopeless idea. That meant definite disobedience to Prout's direct order; with the consequences to follow—for the incensed master of the Fifth was certain to keep his word! It meant the "sack!"

In either case, it was the finish for him at Greyfriars School!

And so the thought came into his mind to go, as he had to go—to get out of the school, and not come back. It would be taking the bull by the horns, as it were—avoiding, at least, an unpleasant scene before he went!

It seemed the best thing that he could do in the circumstances; yet he was still pacing by the shadowy elms, in troubled thought, undecided.

A lingering hope was in his breast that, if Colonel Wharton was told the whole circumstances of the case, he might take a lenient view. For, strange as the whole affair was, mysterious as it was, he had done no wrong. He had given Harry Wharton his word on that, and he had told the truth. If the old colonel knew exactly how the matter stood—

But he shook his head. Colonel Wharton might be lenient, kind, compassionate, if he was made to understand the facts of the case; but he could not, and would not, allow a fellow to pass at Greyfriars under the name of another-fellow. That was impossible.

Jim Warren realised that. If only nobody at Greyfriars had known the real James by sight, as he had believed when he came— But it was useless to think of that. What was he to do?

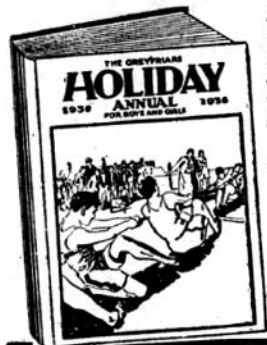
He had not yet made up his mind when shadowy figures loomed in the dusk round him. He heard Coker's voice:

"Here he is!"

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Helpless in the chair, Warren was hoisted up by the Removites and carried out into the open quad. In a few minutes, he was in the midst of a crowd—where shouts and cheers greeted the arrival of the "guy." "Here's another guy!" "Hurrah!" "Ha, ha, ha!" Nobody, except Warren's bearers, knew that there was a Greyfriars fellow inside the guy's outfit!

Coker came tramping up, in the shadows. After Coker came four other figures.

"Got you!" grinned Coker. He grabbed Warren by the arm.

Jim uttered an impatient exclamation.

"Don't play the goat now, Coker!"

He jerked his arm away. "Leave me alone, and don't be an ass!"

Generally he was very patient with the egregious Horace. But he was too troubled and worried, with his fate in the balance, to have any patience with him now.

Coker grinned at him.

"You've got it coming, Warren!" he chuckled. "Smothering a fellow with flour—"

"Oh, get out!" snapped Jim.

"Making a fellow look a fool—"

"Will you clear off, you ass?"

"You're going to look a bigger fool than you made me look, you cheeky sweep—"

Jim swung away angrily.

Coker made another grasp at him, and caught him by the shoulder.

"Will you leave me alone?" shouted Warren angrily.

"No!" said Coker. "I jolly well won't!"

And he grasped Warren hard, and the Fifth Former, his anger blazing out, grasped him in turn, and whirled him off his feet.

Bump!

Horace Coker landed on the ground hard. He roared as he landed. It was clear that, in handling Warren, Coker required help.

Help, however, was at hand. To Warren's utter amazement, four juniors rushed out of the gloom, and collared him.

He was up-ended in a moment, and went sprawling beside Coker.

The Removites pinned him down, struggling. He was not easy to hold, even with four pairs of hands on him. But they held him.

"Buck up, Coker!" gasped Bob.

"Don't jaw, Cherry! Don't have the cheek to give me orders!" spluttered Coker, picking himself up dizzily.

"You silly ass!" hooted Nugent.

"Lend a hand! He's as strong as a horse!"

"Shut up, Nugent!"

Coker, however, lent a hand. Warren, amazed and enraged, was struggling fiercely, and looked like getting loose. But when Coker's beef and brawn were added to the odds against him, he had no chance.

He struggled and panted furiously.

"Will you let me go? You fools!"

Let me go at once! I'll shout if you don't let me go!"

"Will you?" grinned Coker, and he jammed a folded duster into Jim's open mouth, effectually cutting short any shouting.

"Gurrggh!" came a choked gurgle from Warren.

"Got the rope, Coker?" gasped Bob.

"Don't gabble, Cherry!"

Coker had a box rope. To Jim's almost stupefied amazement, he knotted it round his arms and legs.

It seemed like some extraordinary dream to Warren. He was collared, bound, and gagged in the Greyfriars quad—within sound of shouting voices and popping fireworks—in sight of glimmering, lighted windows! He knew who his assailants were, and that astonished him still more. He could understand Coker cutting up rusty over the affair of the flour-bag; but he could not begin to guess why Bob Cherry, Nugent, Johnny Bull, and the Nabob of Bhanipur, were backing up Coker.

In wild wrath he struggled, but it was hopeless. Lifted in the grasp of many hands he was borne away in the gloom.

He heard six boom out from the clock-tower. It reminded him that he was due in the visitors'-room to meet Colonel Wharton. But he was not likely to go anywhere near the visitors'-room.

He was set down in a secluded spot hidden by the old trees. Frank Nugent turned on an electric torch. Bob Cherry cut away in the dark, and returned in a few minutes, with a bundle in his arms. Warren was not aware that Bob had stripped the guy in the wood-shed—he knew nothing of the guy. But he saw what Bob had brought—an ancient coat, a still more ancient pair of baggy trousers, a large pair of tattered boots, and a mouldy old hat!

In utter amazement, Warren found himself draped in those extraordinary garments, which completely concealed him from head to foot!

Then a Guy Fawkes' mask was put over his face and carefully tied there.

Johnny Bull appeared from the shadows carrying an old chair. Warren was placed in the chair, and tied to it with another length of box rope.

Coker grinned at him in the gleam of the electric torch.

"Here's another guy!" chortled Coker.

Then it dawned on Warren.

He was to be "guyed"! This was Coker's tit for tat for the affair of the flour-bag.

With a burst of fury, he struggled so desperately that the chair almost overturned. But it was in vain.

"Come on!" grinned Coker.

Four juniors lifted the chair, with Warren helpless in it. They carried

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him away into the open quad. In a few minutes he was in the midst of a crowd—and shouts and cheers greeted the arrival of the "guy."

"Here's another guy!"

"Hurrah!"

"Please to remember the Fifth of November—"

Nobody, except Warren's bearers, knew that there was a Greyfriars fellow inside the guy's outfit. Nobody, looking at him, could possibly have guessed it.

## THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Where is Warren?

COLONEL WHARTON tugged at his grizzled moustache, grunted, and grunted again. He stood at the window of the visitors' room, staring out into the dusky quad.

Punctual to the minute, he had been there at six. Warren of the Fifth was not there. He waited. Warren of the Fifth did not come.

Standing at the window, he watched a procession in the quad. Scores of fellows were parading, some of them carrying torches, others letting off crackers and squibs, most of them shouting, cheering and singing. High over the crowd the guy sat aloft in a chair, borne on sturdy shoulders—an extraordinary figure that made the colonel, in spite of his anger, smile.

The procession headed for the school field at last. There the bonfire was already lighted, flaming against the November dark. Harry Wharton was waiting for his uncle, and the colonel determined to wait no longer for James Warren.

With a knitted brow, he left the visitors' room. He tapped at the door of Mr. Prout's study.

Mr. Prout rose from his armchair. "My dear colonel, pray come in!" boomed Prout.

"My nephew is waiting for me, sir, and I must join him," said Colonel Wharton. "I have to leave at seven to catch my train. I desire very much to see Warren before I go—"

"Have you not seen him?" ejaculated Mr. Prout, in surprise.

"I have not!"

"I instructed him, sir, to be in the visitors' room at six—"

"I have seen nothing of him."

"Upon my word!" gasped Prout, his fruity face crimson with wrath. "Can he have dared, after all, to disobey my commands? Can he have dared to absent himself? Upon my word!"

"If he can be found, sir—"

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"He shall be searched for!" boomed Prout. "He shall be found, if he is within the walls of Greyfriars. If he is not, he shall take the consequences."

Colonel Wharton joined Harry, who was waiting for him at the House door, wondering what had happened in the visitors' room.

He gave his uncle a quick look.

"You've seen Warren, uncle?"

"No," said the colonel. "He did not choose to come to see me. Unless he is found within the next half-hour, I must leave without seeing him. But come, my boy—we must not miss the celebrations."

Wharton, in silence, followed his uncle from the House.

They joined the crowd in the School field.

The celebrations were proceeding according to programme—except in one respect: The "guy" was not put on the fire.

The "guy" sat in the old chair, at a safe distance from the fire, with four juniors, and Coker of the Fifth, standing by it, on guard.

Colonel Wharton came up, with Harry by his side, and looked at the "guy" with a smile.

"Like our guy, sir?" asked Bob.

"An extraordinary effigy!" said the colonel, with a laugh. "Very effective indeed! But are you not going to burn it on the bonfire?"

"Shove it on, you fellows!" said Harry. He was unaware of the proceedings of his chums that eventful evening. "We don't want to keep it after Bonfire Day. Stick it on the fire!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Coker of the Fifth.

"The fact is, we don't want to burn this guy!" said Bob. "It's really too good to burn!"

"The too-goodfulness is terrific!"

The celebrations went on, with great vim and uproar. Meanwhile, Sixth-Form prefects, instructed by a very angry Prout, were searching all over the place for Warren of the Fifth.

They did not find him.

At seven o'clock the colonel had to step into his taxi. He had to leave without having seen Warren.

Mr. Prout was left in a boiling state.

He had no doubt—he could have no doubt—that Warren had defied his commands, and deliberately gone out of gates. And Prout's mind was grimly made up—Warren was going to the Head to be "sacked."

But there was a surprise in store for Mr. Prout.

Soon after the departure of Colonel Wharton, the bonfire burned down, and the celebrations came to an end. Then the "guy" was lifted and carried back to the quad. In sight of a hundred fellows, Coker of the Fifth jerked the mask from its face.

"Here's another guy!" roared Coker. "Look!"

There was a yell of astonishment as Warren's face was seen, under the mouldy old hat.

"Warren!" gasped Harry Wharton. "Warren!" stuttered a dozen fellows.

Wingate of the Sixth came up. He, like the other prefects, had been hunting high and low for Warren of the Fifth.

"Warren!" he roared. "You ass! Is that where you've been? Playing the fool like that, when—"

Bob Cherry jerked the duster from Warren's mouth.

"Sorry, old man," he whispered, as he did so, "we've done you a good turn, you know."

Warren glared at him. He was in no mood, at the moment, to realise that a good turn had been done him.

"You silly ass!" exclaimed Wingate. "Making a fool of yourself like that, when Prout—"

"You fathead!" roared Jim Warren. "Do you think I did it on purpose? I'll jolly well smash those cheeky rotters for fixing me up like this!"

"Mean to say—" gasped Wingate.

"Ass! Fathead! That blithering idiot Coker did this! I'll—I'll—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Coker. "Tit for tat, old bean! This is as funny as smothering a fellow with flour, what?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What is this—what—what?" It was Prout's boom. "Is that Warren? Can that possibly be a boy of my Form? What—what? Warren, have you not been out of bounds—"

"Do I look like it?" yelled Warren. "What—what?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Coker. "Warren's been our guy, sir!" said Bob Cherry meekly.

"Upon my word!" gasped Prout.

"This—this is—is outrageous! Who has done this? How dare you treat a boy of my Form in this manner?"

"I'll smash them!"

"Control your temper, Warren—though I admit that you have cause to be annoyed! This is—is shocking—outrageous—scandalous! Colonel Wharton has had to leave without seeing you, because of this—this stupid prank! I was under the impression that you had broken bounds—I was intending to report you to the Head—and now I find—Release Warren at once! Do you hear me?" boomed Prout. "Release him!"

Warren was released.

Immediately he was at liberty, heedless of Prout's majestic presence, he hurled himself at Coker of the Fifth.

"Warren!" gasped Prout.

"Yaroo!" roared Coker, as he went over backwards.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Warren—restrain yourself—I can understand your annoyance, but restrain yourself!" gasped Prout.

And he grasped Jim Warren by the shoulder, and led him into the House; followed by a roar of laughter from the Greyfriars crowd.

Coker had scored—and was pleased. And—on reflection—Jim Warren was as pleased as Coker.

Having scored, and handed out tit for tat, Coker was prepared to be friendly again. And he was rather relieved to find that Jim—after he had cooled down—was quite friendly. Nothing, indeed, could have been more fortunate for Warren, though he had naturally been rather too excited to realise it at the time.

Colonel Wharton had gone without seeing him—except in his guise of a guy! Prout not only admitted that it was not Warren's fault that he had been missing, but was quite sympathetic towards the victim of so outrageous and unheard-of a practical joke. All was well that ended well!

So Jim Warren was pleased to remember the Fifth of November—though, for the next few days, fellows who met him in the quad and the passages would grin and ejaculate "Here's another guy!"

THE END.

(Once again Jim Warren has escaped detection by the narrowest of margins! Can his luck hold out much longer? What ever you do, chums, be sure and read: "FOOTBALL FOES!" the next year in this grand series!)



# DAN of the DOGGER BANK!

By **DAVID GOODWIN.**

**The Lucky Mascot!**

**T**HROWN overboard by enemies of his father—Donald Graham, a millionaire shipowner—young Kenneth Graham is picked up off the Dogger Bank by the Lowestoft sailing trawler, Grey Seal.

Having been knocked on the head by a piece of floating timber, the youngster's past life is blotted from his brain.

Given the name of "Dogger Dan," he is signed on as fifth hand under Skipper Atheling, Finn Macoul, Wat Griffiths and Buck Atheling.

Aware of his nephew's fate, and knowing that he will be heir to the shipowner's money when his brother dies, Dudley Graham conceives a plan to get Kenneth out of the way.

Engaging the services of Jake Rebow, head and commander of the Black Squadron, a fleet manned by men whom no honest trawler would take on board, he pays over a hundred pounds, and promises a further four hundred pounds on receiving proof of Kenneth's death.

Meanwhile, Dogger Dan makes friends with his fellow smacksmen, and before retiring at night, is acclaimed mascot of the Grey Seal.

The morning broke clear and bright, with a fine, cool breeze kissing the wave-tops and ruffling the smooth swells. The Grey Seal had sailed into an outlying wing of the fleet, for a dozen smacks were curtsying to the heave of the seas, all within half a mile, and cheerfully they greeted the Seal.

"There isn't one of 'em can beat us," confided Buck to Dan, as they got the trawl ready. "They're smart craft, too. But dad can smell the fish out when nobody else can find 'em. Don't fancy we'll get many this morning, though. None of 'em have taken much."

"Your father does know his way about," said Dan, looking with admiration at John Atheling, who was steering the Seal as though he were part of her.

"Oh, oh!" chuckled Macoul, as the trawl was shot outboard. "You t'ink dere vill be nod moor fish, Buck? You see ven she cooms in!"

"There ain't likely to be very much this tide," said Atheling, rolling his keen eye over the heaving sea. "But what there is I reckon I can find."

"More than you think," said Macoul mysteriously. "Der liddle mascot, he helped shoot der trawl."

"Skittle!" said Buck, who, in the full light of the sun, was less inclined to put faith in Dan's luck.

"Up she comes!" said Atheling. The handy little donkey-engine began to puff and hiss, winding in the great wet ropes. Slower and slower worked the engine, and the rope quivered with the strain.

"Trawl's foul!" said Buck. "She's foul o' the bottom or else she's picked up something precious heavy! Not a dead bullock, I hope. The cattle-boats sometimes loses 'em hereabouts."

Dan, looking over the rail of the counter, gave a shout.

"Snakes alive!" he said. "Here's a mass of fish that would load a coal wagon!"



**The huge steamer struck the trawler with a splitting crash!**

"Easy on her, boys!" cried Atheling. "She's topping full!"

A few seconds later the huge pocket of the net, full to bursting, was heaved on deck, and a mighty cascade of white and silver followed. There were big soles by the hundred, fat codling, John Dories as big as meat plates, silvery whiting, dark green plaice, turbot, and strange, crawling beasts of the sea-bottom by the bucketful.

"Snatch 'em, lads!" cried the skipper, his face alight with joy. "By the Bull o' Barney, it's the finest catch this year! Over with her!"

"Aha, I tell you so!" ejaculated Finn Macoul, giving Dan a sounding slap on the back. "He vas der mascot! Look at der oder boats—dey gets nodings!"

The crews of the trawlers within hail were staring at the Grey Seal and her catch open-eyed. One of them flew past within ten yards.

"Seal ahoy!" cried her skipper. "Is that the cub ye picked up? Why, sink me, he's got a face and hands like a girl's! How are you, missy?"

"That's how we are!" retorted Dan, pointing to the load of fish. "An' there's more coming up. Twenty pounds a haul!"

"He's the crew's mascot, Johnny Barling!" cried Buck irreverently to the smack's skipper. "You go back an' ketch shrimps, an' don't worry your betters!"

"Great herrings and halibut!" exclaimed the man, as the Seal's trawl came up again, fuller than ever. "Can't you loan him over here for a week? We could do with some luck for a change."

"Well, you go a quarter-mile to leeward, an' try there," put in John Atheling. "'Tain't no use trawlin' along the edge o' the Kettle Bottom where you've been."

"So I will, mate," said Captain Barling, turning his vessel about. "I ain't no chicken at sea myself, but I can't find fish with my ears, like you can."

"Ye might, for they're long enough," murmured Buck, under his breath, as the smack danced off down-wind. "Up we come agen!"

All day the Grey Seal worked in the piping breeze, her crew stiff-backed and aching, but happy as kings, for a mighty pile of fish grew in the hold, packed with broken ice.

While the trawl was down, Buck taught Dan his ropes, and gave him his

first lessons in seamanship, which the boy picked up with a quickness that astonished all the crew, except the old Finn, who watched him as a cat does a mouse, his black eyes twinkling knowingly.

The dusk began to fall, and the Seal, having pretty well worked the ground out, laid herself head to wind, after which supper was prepared.

It was then that a vessel came up from the westward—a long, black trawler, with raking sails. A man sat in her cross-trees, his figure cut out sharp and black against the sunset. As the day died out in crimson and orange, the stranger came creeping up closer and closer through the twilight.

The Seal's crew stared at her in silence, and then John Atheling spoke:

"The Banshee," he said, "an' Jake Rebaw at her helm. I'd like his room better than his company!"

The black trawler shot up into the wind and hove-to smartly, within two hundred yards of the Grey Seal.

Then night shut down upon the sea.

## COME INTO THE OFFICE, BOYS AND GIRLS!

Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his readers. Write to him: Editor of the MAGNET, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. A stamped, addressed envelope will ensure a reply.

**W**HEN it comes to eating, our old friend Billy Bunter takes some beating. But I've just been reading about someone who can give him a run for his money in

### THE "BILLY BUNTER" STAKES!

(Perhaps I should have written "steaks"!)

For a wager, a Pennsylvania barber at the following dinner: He started off with six plates of hors-d'œuvre, then had four pounds of spaghetti and tomato sauce, two loaves of bread, twelve spring chickens, two large sirloin steaks, and seven pounds of beef. He drank two gallons of liquid refreshment with it!

Next day he felt slightly peckish, so he had three pounds of spaghetti, some sausage, a steak, several dishes of green salad, and one or two other little odds and ends. Another of this particular barber's accomplishments was to eat two hundred and forty green cooking apples in an hour and fifty-six minutes! I should think that even Billy Bunter would find this record hard to beat!

Would you believe it possible to travel at a speed of

### 10,000 MILES PER HOUR?

Seems incredible, doesn't it? But an aeroplane expert has just claimed that when we get rocket stratosphere planes perfected they will be able to travel at anything between 5,000 and 10,000 miles an hour! Even at the lowest of these speeds it will be possible to go from London to New York in about half an hour! Between ten and fifty miles above the earth there is no fog, snow, lightning, clouds or storms. The sun is visible all the time, and once rocket machines are

### A Vile Plan!

"**N**A," growled Jake Rebaw, staring into the dark; "there's over many smacks about. If we could get her alone, an' a couple o' the Black Squadron to help, I'd settle her out o' hand!"

Dennis, his chin on his hand, sat on the cabin-top smoking.

"Put a bit knife into them, an' scuttle her, d'ye mean?" he said.

"Just that."

"Aweel, this is no the Jutland coast, it's the Dogger, an' it wud be ill wark if a vessel happened on us while we did it," returned Dennis.

"There's four hundred pounds goin' begging, an' no time to waste. We'll ha' to tak' the risk; and I'll e'en get twa o' the squadron up to-morrow."

"Fair an' soft. It's a dark night, an' Ah've a wee bit sheath-knife at my waist. What more d'ye want?" said the boy.

"Dennis, ye're a fool for your age! D'ye think to stick a whole smack's crew wi' your bit bodkin? An' the

practicable they will be able to fly any where—even to Mars!

**F**ROM Jack Vincent, of Morecambe, comes

### A CURIOUS COIN QUERY.

He asks me what I would do if I wanted to measure a foot in length exactly and had no ruler, but only a pocketful of coppers? That's an easy one to answer. I'd arrange ten pennies side by side in a straight line. As a penny has a diameter of slightly over three centimetres, ten of them measure exactly one foot. Twelve halfpennies would do as well, for each halfpenny measures one inch in diameter. A six-penny-piece is three-quarters of an inch in diameter. If you can remember these measurements, you don't need a ruler.

Here's another thing about coins. If you've got a pair of scales but no weights for them, you can use coins for weights, providing the coins are new. Three new pennies or five new halfpennies will weigh an ounce. Two new halfpennies and a farthing weigh half an ounce, and one new halfpenny and a threepenny-bit weigh a quarter of an ounce.

Before drawing my little chat to a close I must run the rule over next week's programme. Frank Richards is at the top of his form in—

### "FOOTBALL FOES!"

which is certainly one of the best Greyfriars yarns I have had the pleasure of reading. Having got the better of Stephen Price, Jim Warren is up against a bigger enemy in Gerald Loder, a scheming rascal who is after his place in the first eleven. Whether Loder succeeds in his purpose I won't say. But, believe me, the yarn's bang up to standard with just the right proportion of dramatic situations and humour. So don't miss it—and tell your chums not to miss it, either.

There will be more gripping chapters of our great new adventure yarn, "Dan of the Dogger Bank!" and you'll find plenty to make you smile in the "Greyfriars Herald" supplement. In addition, there will be another Greyfriars Interview in verse by our clever rhymester.

YOUR EDITOR.

Grey Seal, tae! They'd catch ye, an' flog ye round the fleet!"

"Who said anythin' about stickin'?" The Seal has rope shroud-lanyards. A knife through two strands o' them wad finish her off. There'll be a breeze the morn'."

"Ay," said his father, breathing deep, "I see. Ye're a guid lad, Denny!"

"She'll mak' a berth tae the norrad at dawn, an' at the first strong puff o' wind the lanyards'll snap where they're cut, an' her mast'll go by the board. Then we've got her! Ye can whistle up the Adder, an' we'll mak' a job o' it. Dead men tell no tales, they say. It's better than waitin' a chance tae kidnap the cub. That mightn't come for a month, an' we've a lang grudge agin the Seal an' her lot. An' ye ken fine we'll never catch her, fair sailin'."

Jake Rebaw rose to his feet.

"Laddie," he said, "do your best. Your plan's a guid one. Go, and dinna forget there's four hundred pounds hangin' tae the haft o' your knife!"

Five minutes later a white form, knife between teeth, slipped over the side of the Banshee, and struck out silently into the darkness.

"Dan, it's our watch on deck. Get a move on! We've got to stump up an' down while these swabs below take it easy!" said Buck Atheling.

"Don't see what harm she can tak'," said Dan grumpily. "Might as well all be below."

"That's all you know! D'you hear that?"

A faint hoot, far away, broke the stillness.

"That's a Norway packet, comin' slap through the fleet at fifteen knots, an' if she hit us she'd slice us in two like a rotten biscuit! She'll pass half a mile wide; but there's many like her, an' many a fine smack's moulderin' among the seaweed now that would still be afloat, but for the likes o' her!"

The boys tramped the decks from stern to bows and back, chatting as they went. The wind had dropped again, as it generally does on warm summer nights at sea, and the Seal lay motionless, hove-to, her head in the eye of what little breeze there was.

A ring of ripples broke the oily surface just by the smack's channels, abreast the mast. A head bobbed up, noiselessly as a seal—a white face, and a mop of lank, wet hair. A pair of sullen eyes watched the boys keenly.

As Dan and Buck turned at the stern to walk back again, the head sank till only the nostrils were above water, and it lay close against the trawler's side. When the boys turned again, a sinewy white arm stretched up from the water, grasped the channel, and pulled the body up, a knife gleaming in the other hand.

Snick!

The steel blade touched one of the shroud-lanyards—the ropes that fastened down the ends of the big wire stays that lead from the mast to channels on a vessel's side. These stays—called shrouds—bear the strain of the mast when the sails are set. Without them, the pull of the great mainsail would snap the mast like a carrot if there was any weight in the wind. The shrouds, in their turn, depend on the lanyards, by which they can be tautened or slacked. And the keen edge of the swimmer's knife cut through two turns of each lanyard, the good hemp parting with a slight sound,



as of a tight cord suddenly frayed through.

The boys turned once more, and the white form slipped down and disappeared.

The swimmer dived right under the smack, and came up on her starboard side. The knife was raised again, but the Seal gave a little kick on the crest of a swell, and the blade struck one of the wooden dead-eyes with a sharp tap.

Buck Atheling turned round quickly, and in a second his trained eye told him what was happening.

Like a panther, he sprang upon the white figure. It relaxed its grip, to drop back into the sea.

But Buck seized it by the shoulder, and hung on with all his might.

Dan was at his side in a moment. "Dennis Rebow, by George!" exclaimed Buck; and then a gasp escaped him.

The knife flashed like lightning, just missing his body, but gashing his wrist badly. Then, with a sudden twist, the slippery, wet skin of Dennis was wrenched from Buck's grasp, upsetting his balance.

"I've got him!" cried Dan. "Bear a hand!"

With a dexterous grab he caught the arm of the attacker before Dennis could slip back, and, putting out all his strength, hauled him inwards.

Up went the knife again, with a fierce oath from its wielder, and descended with vicious force.

But Dan caught the wrist that held it, and turned the blow aside. As he did so, his eyes met those of the swimmer, and a strange flash of recognition shot through his brain.

For the fraction of a second it put him off his guard, and the next thing he knew he was toppling headlong into the sea.

Dennis Rebow, bracing his feet against the side of the smack, had pulled his captor in head-first, just as Buck picked himself up and sprang to the rescue.

The noise had brought the Grey Seal's crew tumbling up from the cabin in a body.

Down went the two strugglers, and up they came again.

With all his native pluck to the fore, Dan stuck to his opponent like wax, and held him in his grip.

"Let me go, ye devil—let me go!" screeched Dennis, wild with the fear of being captured red-handed by the Seal's crew. "Loose me, or I'll cut ye to pieces!"

He wrenched his hand free and stabbed furiously at Dan, who stopped the blow with difficulty. Again the knife was raised, and again it failed. Realising that his adversary was out of breath, Dan saved himself from the cold steel by diving with him. He was a strong swimmer, and he dragged Dennis down as a heron drowns a rat.

Into the black, choking darkness the two went, the water roaring in their ears; and Dennis, wild with terror, struggled madly. The knife was forgotten; all he wanted to do was to reach the surface.

With a strong kick, Dan shot upwards, leaving go his enemy, and gained the top. He took a long breath, and Dennis bobbed up beside him. In an instant, before he could move or turn, Dan had him tight, his arms to his sides, the knife useless. A wild shout greeted him.

"Out with 'em, boys!" cried John Atheling. "Hold him tight, Dan! Now we've got 'em! Take his sticker away! Why, if it ain't Dennis Rebow! I thought no good would come o' having the crew o' thieves next us!"

"Here's four o' the shroud-lanyards

cut!" said Buck, binding a scarf round his wrist, that was bleeding freely. "He swam off an' put his knife through 'em. Wanted to dismast us, the skulkin' varmint!"

White-faced and sullen, his arms pinned behind him by Wat Griffiths, Dennis Rebow stood silent, his eyes bent upon the deck.

"Why, I've seen this fellow before!" exclaimed Dan, peering into the captive's face.

"Have you?" said Griffiths, with interest. "I reckon it did you no good, then! Where was it?"

The crew paused for a reply. Dennis' face turned leaden-grey with fear, but he said nothing.

"I can't remember," muttered Dan, passing his hand over his forehead.

"It's all at the back of my head somewhere, but I can't recollect anything about it, except that harm came of it. But he's a scoundrel, if ever there was one!"

"I could ha' told you that," said Atheling. "This is Jake Rebow's cub, o' the Banshee, chief o' the Black Squadron, and he came of as poisonous a nest of vipers as ever cursed the sea!" He turned to the prisoner. "What did you board my craft for?"

Dennis maintained a sullen silence.

"Ye won't reply? Ye shall answer to the fleet for this! They shall try you, fair and square, for cuttin' my shroud-lanyards—the blackest crime of the seas. E'en dagoes don't do it!"

Still no answer from Dennis.

"And you may think yourself lucky if you get off with a flogging. Put some clothes on him, lads, and tie him safe!"

Buck fetched some old clothes from the cabin and made Dennis put them on. Then the prisoner's wrists were bound behind him with rope-yarn, and he was taken into the bows, where he was dropped down by the windlass.

Dennis Rebow uttered no sound, but only glowered at his captors with his savage, sullen eyes.

The boys went below, and Griffiths and the Finn took the middle watch, and rove new and strong shroud-lanyards in place of the cut ones.

When Buck and Dan came on deck again, it was the black hour before the dawn. The prisoner in the bows seemed to be asleep. A slow stertorous breathing was audible.

But neither the older watch nor the boys noticed something that had continued steadily for four hours—a slight, hardly perceptible movement of the arms and shoulders of Dennis, regular as the tick of a clock. He was lying propped up against the windlass.

Suddenly a huge, dark shadow loomed out of the night. The boys shouted warningly, and the shadow—a large, brown-sailed trawler—luffed up close alongside. It was the Banshee!

#### A Fatal Mistake!

**D**EAD silence reigned on board the Banshee! Quietly the crew of the Seal came on deck, and the two vessels rocked side by side with scarcely ten foot of salt water between them.

"Well, Jake Rebow," said Atheling grimly, "what are you between me an' the wind for? Ain't the Dogger wide enough?"

There was a pause as the prisoner wriggled.

"What's that in your bows, John Atheling?" cried Jake Rebow in a deep voice.

"Ah," said Atheling ironically, "ye may well ask! It's a dirty longshore thief I caught puttin' a knife through

my lanyards. To-morrow he'll be handed over to the fleet!"

"I warn ye, put a curb on your tongue," said the skipper of the Banshee hotly, "for well ye ken 'tis my son Dennis!"

"I shouldn't wonder!" said Atheling grimly. "Like father, like son, they say!"

The Banshee came closer, and the huge figure of Rebow leaned forward, his face working with passion.

"Ye ken me!" he cried. "I'm Jake Rebow, o' the Black Fleet, an' I'll ha' my son or sink ye, ye deevils! Better for you if ye'd never been born than to cross my hawser, John Atheling!"

A deep-chested laugh came from the Seal's skipper. The next moment an order rang out on the Banshee.

"Jump for it, lads! Lay 'em out!"

Three dark forms leaped from the Banshee's side like wildcats. But even as he heard the order leave Rebow's lips the quick-witted Welshman at the Seal's helm jammed his tiller hard up, and the Seal fell away from her rival a couple of feet or more.

The attackers leaped short—all but one—and fell into the water with a sounding splash. The third landed on the edge of the Seal's rail, saved himself by gripping the runner, and then hurled himself at Atheling. Though the men of the Black Fleet were toughs, they were no cowards.

Leaping forward, the skipper of the Seal sent the knife spinning out of the attacker's grasp with a single blow on the wrist, and then seized him with a grip so tremendous that the man yelled aloud. Whirling him off his feet, Atheling heaved the man above his head and shook him like a rat.

Dan stared in amazement at the magnificent strength of the descendant of the grim Norsemen.

Laughing in his beard, Atheling hurled the man outwards. He sailed through the air, struck the Banshee's deck with a splitting crash, and lay silent and stunned.

"There, you lowland thief," said the Seal's skipper to Jake, "take your lubber back again, an' remember there isn't a man in your fleet that can pull a knife on me!"

"Say ye so, John Atheling?" said Rebow hoarsely. "I give ye the lie in your teeth! Before ye see the dry land your bones will be among the kelpie-weed, an' the fish will play follow-my-leader through your ribs! Ye've won the first trick, but the pool will be mine. Let her come round, there!"

The Banshee's boom swung over; she stood away into the gloom.

"An' that's all right!" said Buck, looking after her. A slight plunge sounded by the Seal's bows, but no one heard it. "Don't let that clappermaclaw scare ye, Dan. The old Seal can outmatch any craft in the Black Fleet, man for man, or sail for sail. Hallo! She's come round agen! What's she pickin' up there? Those two swabs that jumped short got aboard 'fore she went, didn't they?"

"Hi!" shouted Wat, springing forward. "Where's the cub we caught? He's gone!"

The bows were empty. Where the captive had lain were a few shreds of frayed spun-yarn. By working diligently, and having plenty of time to do it in, Dennis Rebow had fretted through the yarn that bound his wrists by rubbing it against the rough edges of the windlass cogs. Then, when the crew's backs were turned, he had slipped quietly overboard.

"That's him they're picking up!"

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shouted Atheling. "They've got him, after all. Up helm, after them!"

Round came the Seal, and laid her nose down on the track of the flying Banshee. But a stronger power interposed—a power known and feared by all those who use the wide waters.

"No good—no good!" cried the Finn, pointing to windward. "For dis time wo lose her!"

A chilly air, like the touch of a damp hand, played on the faces of the Seal's crew. A billowy, wool-white mist swept down upon them, rolled, and thickened. It was the wind-fog of the North Sea, and it blotted out all things—a wet, dewy vapour.

"Bad luck!" growled Atheling. "Let her come to the wind again, boys. Might as well look for a needle in a haystack!"

The Seal lay to again, baffled, and a mocking laugh far ahead was borne to her crew through the mist.

The light of day began to shine dimly through the murk, and soon they were alone in the midst of a white emptiness, with plenty of light, but no chance of seeing farther than ten yards away.

All day the trawler lay motionless, and the sound of faint hoots and fog-bells from far-away smacks was incessant, with now and then the distant blare of a steamer feeling her way along.

A great fish cleaning and packing filled in the Seal's time. It finished at last, and the boys began to look for amusement.

In the evening the fog cleared to windward, though on the leeward side it still lay thick.

"Dad," said Buck, "can Dan an' me take the foot-boat an' go cod-hookin'?" It's clear to windward, an' we can't hook from the deck now the offal has scared off the fish."

"Yes," said Atheling; "go on with ye. Teach Dan how to bait an' lead—an' mind ye, keep close by."

"Come on, Dan!" cried Buck. "We'll hook a few big 'uns for supper. Put that can o' bait in, an' the lines. Off we go!"

They launched the foot-boat and pulled a hundred yards or so to windward.

So fast did the cod come up that the boys forgot time and tide till the distant tolling of the Seal's fog bell aroused them.

They looked up. The fog had come up again thicker than ever.

"Great Scott!" said Buck, darting to the bows. "The anchor's foul. We've been draggin' goodness knows how long, an' we'll have to find our way back

by sound. There goes the bell—on the starboard quarter!"

"No, no; it's right ahead!" said Dan, hauling in the grapnel. "Unless there are two."

"Ain't two bells cast wi' the same note once in twenty years?" said Buck.

The clamour of the bell now became continuous.

"Here she is, Buck!" cried Dan. "Pull your side!"

A big black hull showed through the fog, and the rigging of the trawler appeared. Running the foot-boat alongside, Buck shipped his oars smartly and jumped aboard, painter in hand. Dan followed him a second later.

Like a flash two brawny arms shot out from behind the rail and seized Buck by the throat. He was felled to the deck by a heavy blow, and pinioned as he lay. Half a dozen evil-looking ruffians gathered round, and above him, through the fog, Buck saw the dark face of Jake Rebow.

"Great heavens, Dan," said Buck hoarsely, "we've boarded the Banshee!"

**A Collision in the Dark!**

**Y**E'VE guessed right, yo whelp!" said Jake Rebow, with a grin. "Ye've boarded the Banshee, an' fine ye shall ken it. Hold him fast, Denny!"

Before Denny could carry out the instructions, however, Buck sent a clear, loud hail ringing through the fog:

"Seal, aboy! Help! Help!"

Rebow dashed his fist into the boy's face, and Buck's head drooped upon his shoulder. He was half-stunned by the cowardly blow, and the blood trickled from his mouth.

Buck revived slowly and opened his eyes. Around him he saw the leering faces of the crew watching him, and his heart sank. Even then he did not know the full significance of the position. Neither did Dan. They knew nothing of Rebow's compact with the owner of the black steam yacht, nor that four hundred pounds in gold was ready for their captor on the day that Dogger Dan—one time Kenneth Graham, and son of a millionaire—should be flung to the fishes.

Through the fog, as if in mockery, the Grey Seal's bell tolled clearly, ringing to guide back the lost boys. In the face of Jake, as he glowered at the captives, was rank, fierce triumph and avarice—the greed of gold. But in the eyes of Dennis shone sheer hatred. He was hungering to avenge his capture of the night before, and to wreak his wrath on the prisoners.

"What are ye waitin' for, dad?" he whispered eagerly in his father's ear. "Heave them over the side!"

Dan, who was nearest, caught the whisper, and breathed hard. What could they mean? Would these men dare commit murder—and for nothing more than a fishermen's quarrel? He could not believe his ears.

"Haud your whist!" growled Jake to his son. "I'm considerin'."

"But the fog may lift at any moment!" persisted Dennis. "There's four hundred pounds gaun beggin'. I'd be fine an' glad ta pay the score myself."

His voice rose with passion, and both boys heard his words.

Buck found his tongue. "You dogs!" he said hotly. "Give me the use o' my arms, an' I'll take on any one o' you!"

For answer, Dennis picked up a rope's-end and dealt Buck a slash across the face.

"Enow o' this!" said Rebow. "Knock 'em on the head an' heave them over the side! Tak' the twa cubs an' hold 'em down on the taffrail. Bind their arms behind 'em first!"

Through the fog, not far away, sounded the blare of a steam siren. Some giant liner was rushing across the banks, hooting, that all might get out of her way; for might is right when a fog binds the seas blind.

"Hark ye to that, ye deevil's whelp!" he said to Buck. "'Tis the last sound ye'll ever hear!"

Again the siren blared. The crew took little notice. Nothing could be seen an oar's length outboard, and the liner was passing wide, by the sound.

Then a yell arose from the crew—a shout of warning and terror. The roar of torn water sounded close upon the Banshee's side. Far overhead, and reaching down through the waves, towered the iron bows of a huge steamer, a plume of white spray leaping before her cutwater. Before the first frightened shriek of the crew had reached its height her thirty-foot stem struck the trawler with a spitting crash.

The shock hurled the smack's crew aside like pebbles from a drum-head, and the Banshee, cut clean in halves, filled in a few seconds and plunged down to the floor of the North Sea.

*(Dan and Buck have fallen out of the frying-pan into the fire—for what? Will they come their way, or will they—Look out for further gripping chapters of this adventure yarn in next week's MAGNET.)*

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**WILLIAM GREENE Tells the World**  
**HOW COKER BECAME FIREWORKS M.C.**

Here's what you're waiting for, boys—the inside story of how Coker became Master of the Ceremonies at the Guy Fawkes' Revels at Greyfriars!

A month ago, the great man decided to start a private fire brigade of his own. Since that time he has been devoting all his terrific energies to training fags as firemen. All volunteers got frequent free feeds. So Coker has had his work cut out, believe me!

By the time Guy Fawkes' Day drew near, Coker felt that his fire brigade was a really efficient affair. The only thing he needed to make the picture look real was a jolly good fire! But fires don't break out to order, and Coker began to wonder impatiently how long he'd have to wait before he got a chance to show what his brigade could really do!

Then he woke up suddenly to the fact that Guy Fawkes' Day was in the offing—and hope came to him with a rush. Fireworks and bonfires held out the promise of an accidental outbreak or two. Coker's fire brigade might come into its own in a regular blaze of glory!

So Coker told Wingate that he was going to give orders for the brigade to stand by, ready for any emergency!

It says lots for Wingate's savvy, that he jolly soon saw the red light. Failing the unlikely event of the school catching fire, Coker might decide that every bonfire was an emergency calling for the attention of the brigade! Guy Fawkes' Night at Greyfriars looked like ending up in jets of water and clouds of steam, if Coker had his way. Wingate saw that in a flash, and thought things over.

The result of that think was that a few hours later Coker had the gratifying experience of being asked to accept the post of M.C. for Guy Fawkes' Night!

It was a master-stroke on Wingate's part. Coker would have sacrificed a dozen fire brigades for such an honour. He promptly gave his firemen a week's holiday, and started organising fires with the same energy as he had previously devoted to putting them out.

And that's the complete history of how Coker became Firework M.C. at Greyfriars!

**WHY DID WE ALL LIKE LODER?**  
 Asks **GEORGE TUBB**

Loder had jolly good reason to feel pleased with himself just before Guy Fawkes' Day. Third and Second Form chaps would run a mile to miss him in the usual way; but they suddenly started going out of their way to run into him!

Loder's surprise at this sudden change gave place to utter amazement when they started asking him for his photo. He recently had himself photographed at

(Continued at foot of extreme right-hand column)



**The GREYFRIARS HERALD**

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**GUY FAWKES CELEBRATIONS**

The headmaster wishes it to be clearly understood that the following articles must not be taken for use in the Procession of Guys:

- Masters' caps and gowns.
- Seniors' tailed coats.
- Birchrods and canes.
- School desks, chairs, stools, or forms.

BY ORDER.

H. H. LOCKE, D.D., M.A.

**GUNPOWDER PLOT AT ST. SAM'S!**

By **DICKY NUGENT**

"Please to remember the Fifth of November! Gunpowder treason and plot. I see no reason in this jolly season, Why I can't make a lot—"

Crash! Bang! Wallop! Dr. Birchmell, the revered and majestic headmaster of St. Sam's, broke off his light-hearted singing as the timid nock sounded on the door of his study.

"Trot in, fathead!" he called out, in his refined, skollary voice.

Three juniors obeyed the invitation. They were Jolly and Morry and Bright, of the Fourth, and, for once in a way, they weren't looking a bit like their names. Jolly looked jaded, Morry looked morose, and Bright looked blue!

"Please, sir," spoke up Jolly, "something terrible has happened. Nearly all the fireworks in the skool have vanished!"

The cheery smile left the Head's face. A hard, steeley look came into his features, and a crafty gleam into his greenish eyes.

"Vanished?" he cried. "Impossible!"

"Unfortunatly, sir, it's only too true," said the leader of the Fourth. "They've gone just as if the earth had opened and swallowed them up!"

"I can hardly swallow that!" exclaimed the Head.



"Who the dickens can have taken them?"

"That's just what we want you to help us find out!" Jolly sank his voice to a moor wisper. "Sir, there are dark rumours going round the skool that a mysterious stranger has been seen lately at night-time. He wears a black cloak and a big black hat, and he carries a sack on his back. Some say he's the Ghost of Guy Fawkes—come back to hawnt those who sellybrate the Gunpowder Plot!"

Dr. Birchmell larked heartily. "Stuff and nonsense!" he cried. "I should think they must be seeing things—suffering from deloosinations!"

"A lot of fellows sware they've seen this spektral figure, sir, anyway," said Jolly seriously. "And as fireworks seem to disappear every time he is seen, we're wondering if, perchance, he's responsible for this latest loss."

"A fantom who filches fire-

works, eh?" grinned the Head. "Grate jumping crackers! That's the funniest bit I've heard for a long time! Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's not so funny to the fellows who've lost their fireworks, sir!" remarked Jolly, rather tartly. "They want to find out the guilty party and, if possibul, recover their property. We came here to suggest that you organise a watch-out for the thief to-nite."

Dr. Birchmell stopped larking suddenly, and a somewhat pekuliar eggsspression came into his fizza.

"A—a watch-out? Certainly not, Jolly! I forbid the banns—I mean, I forbid anything of the kind! I can't think of allowing St. Sam's juniors to lose their bewty sleep when they need it so badly! But I tell you what I will do, Jolly. As you seem so suspishus of this mystery-man in black, I'll sit up myself to-nite, and keep an eye out for him. How about that?"

"All right, I suppose, sir," grinned Jolly. "But don't you think an ugly old fogey like yourself needs more bewty sleep than any of us?"

"WHAT!"

"I mean, right-ho, sir—that'll do fine!" corrected the Fourth Form kaptin, hurriedly, as the Head reached out for his birch. "Thanks for helping, sir!"

"So I should think!" snorted Dr. Birchmell. "You leave it to me, Jolly, and don't worry your fat about it any more!"

The Head then jerked his thumb in the direckshun of the door, signifying that the interview was at an end, and Jack Jolly & Co. went.

Outside, they looked at each other rather rewfully. "Evidently the Head duz-

zent go a lark the idea of this Guy Fawkes chap being gilt'y," barked Merry. "Think was trust him to keep watch!"

"I'm jallure we can't," said Jolly seriously. "It strikes me for some reason he want want to catch the Head. In spite of the Head's, I vote we stay up the and look out ourselves. Do all agreed?"

"Yes, sir!" grinned Merry and the others.

The school to this little conflagration that nite, as the morn' hour of midnite drew nigh, the three intrepid just crept out of the Fourth Form dormitory—determined to solve the mystery of Guy Fawkes or perrish in the attempt!

Stealthily they sneaked down the pass—cautiously they crept through the corridors—quietly they quivered into the Form quarters. There, in the shadows, they began their long, weary vigil. A min passed—two!

Bang! Bang! Bang!

What was that? Was it merely the chinking of the autumn breeze down a chimney or the whirring of a mouse in the wainscotting? No, it was other of these. In actual fact it was the padding of stealthy footsteps in the Fourth Form pass-side!

The watcher's hearts beat faster. To saw the now-comer appearing a patch of moonlight that streamed across the passage from a window. He was—a black-garbed figure in a cloak and hat like those of the sellybrate of Fawkes—and with an empty sack trailing behind him!

The Colonel him brotherly. They him go from study to study, and they

noticed his sack grow bulkier as he did so.

At last he finished his task and slung the sack over his back. Then he prosceeded downstairs—and this time Jack Jolly & Co. were following him! He led them down into the hall, out of the Skool House, and then across the quad.

"Grate pip! He's going down into the cript!" mer-

mered Jolly. "Let's go down by the other entrance!"

"It looks to me as if we've stumbled across a modern Gunpowder Plot here!" said Merry, as they hurried along. "What's his purpuss in carrying fireworks into the cript, unless it's to blow up St. Sam's?"

"We'll soon find out!" said Jolly grimly. "Follow me, you fellows!"

They hurried down into the cript. When they arrived there, they fairly gasped. It really did look for a moment as if Merry's forecast was correct.

There stood Guy Fawkes the Second, in the flickering light of a torch, fairly surrounded by barrels which were filled to overflowing with crackers, squibs, roman candles, et setera. There was no longer any need to ask what had happened to the missing fireworks. This sinnister stranger had taken the lot—and, by the look of it, he had secured enuff to blow St. Sam's sky-high!

While Jack Jolly & Co. pawssed, fascinated, their quarry pinned a catherine wheel to one of the pillars in the cript, and put his torch to it, setting it on the go immediately. That was all the Co. needed to set them on the go, too! With ringing war-whoops on their lips, they charged!

Guy Fawkes the Second uttered a yell of fear and serprize. Before they could reach him, he had dodged behind a pillar. After that, it was a case of chasing him from pillar to post, and it wasn't long before the juniors found they were dealing with a very cloosive customer. Evenchally he was swallowed up completely in the darkness. Then Jack Jolly grow desprit.

"Collar him before he gets away!" he cried, and all three charged blindly—and, gratefully to their joy, found themselves grabbing a yow-man shap at last!

"Got him!" cried Jolly triumphantly. "Now bring him into the light and have a look at him!"

They dragged forth their prisoner into the light. Then they received the biggest shock of the evening—for the

prisoner's face was a very familiar one.

"The Head!" they cried, in amazement.

"Yes, it's me!" snapped Dr. Birchmell. "Lemme go, you yung idjuts! A fine mess you've made of things, I must say! But for you, I should have secured that scoundrell!"

"Wha-a-at!"

"I was just grappling with him when you butted in, but I had to leave go under your onslaught. I marnidged to retain his cloak and hat. Here they are!"

"G-g-grate pip!"

"Anyway, boys," grinned the Head, "there's no harm done. It is evident to me that his object in taking the fireworks was quite an innocent one—namely, to have a grand display down here all to himself! What say we carry out his programme instead, eh?"

"Nothing doing, sir!" said Jolly, giving Dr. Birchmell a very eggsspressive look. "My idea is that we shift them all to the jimjynasium and lock them up there for the nite."

"Oh, well, all right—have it your own way," growled the Head. "I've no objection whatever, of course—bust you!" he added, sotto voccy.

So the fireworks were duly stored in the jimjynasium for the nite, and the Fifth of November turned out to be a grate success, after all.

As for Guy Fawkes the Second, he was never heard of again. But Jack Jolly & Co. had a pretty good idea as to the real eydentity of that mysterious person!

(Look out for the first instalment of a sensational new serial by the irrepressible Dicky Nugent in next week's "Herald." Note the title: "The Skoolboy Eggsplorers!")

(Continued from foot of column 1).

Courtfield and he had half a dozen copies lying spare in his study. It hadn't struck him that Greyfriars juniors would start asking for them. But that was just what did happen, all the same!

Loder was puzzled at first—and then pleased. The only possible inference seemed to be that he had suddenly become popular—and even Loder likes being popular!

He started handing out photographs of himself to all applicants. He fairly basked in his surprising popularity.

And then came November the Fifth—and Loder, with a fearful shock, got the answer to the question: "Why did we all like Loder?"

The reason was that nearly everybody in the Lower School was taking him as a model for their guys—and Loder's photograph was just the thing they had all needed for that purpose!

**WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?**



Dicky Nugent & Co. are planning to carry an effigy of Horace Coker round the quad on the Fifth. Though most juniors are aware of their intention, Coker himself refuses to believe such "cheek" possible. If he looked in the woodshed, though, he would see himself—as the fags see him! No "fairy light"!

Mr. Prout remembers last Guy Fawkes' Day very well by the fact that he was just telling Mr. Quelch how he shot a "grizzly" at point blank range, out in the Rockies, when a mischievous fag dropped a cannon cracker down the chimney into "Prouty's" fireplace! Mr. Prout's story finished with a "bang"!

Alonzo Todd caused much same blaze involving £1,000 worth were a luxury, and suggested fireworks at Courtfield attracted enjoyed the free "display" they returned to Greyfriars after Fawkes celebrations to his "show" an hour late for for sending woollen socks back-up—but as it was so near South Sea Islanders. "Long" the Fifth, the Head magnanim-heart is in the right place. Dicky his suggestion did not "about said, the Head is a great "guy"!

The only reason why Loder of the Sixth ate his breakfast in peace the other morning was because the squib Rake tossed in at his window failed to go off. However, Rake had better luck with the jumping cracker which he tied to Loder's bicycle. As Loder mounted, Rake lit the cracker—and Loder "went off" with a "jump"!

Bunter startled Removites by emitting a wild whoop. Something was whizzing round and round on his back and scattering sparks. It "turned" out that Skinner had affixed a catherine wheel to Bunter's jacket! Question: When the "wheel" whizzed off, and caught Skinner on the nose, was Skinner sorry he spoke?