

**"THE BIG BANG AT GREYFRIARS!" —Exciting Guy Fawkes Yarn Inside!**

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

*Billy Bunter's  
Own Paper*



"GUY, GUY, GUY!" is the GREYFRIARS CRY on the occasion of—

# The "BIG BANG" at GREYFRIARS!

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### Smithy in a Rage!

"WHAT'S that game?"  
Wun Lung, the Chinese junior in the Greyfriars Remove, grinned.

"Makee plenty big bang!" he explained.

"You young ass!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Chuck it!"

"Likee makee plenty big bang!"

"Chuck it, I tell you!"

Wun Lung looked rebellious. Generally meek and mild, and looking as if butter would not melt in his mouth, the little Chinese of Greyfriars could be obstinate. Like all his countrymen of the Flowery Land, he liked the din of fireworks, and no fellow in the Remove was more pleased to remember the Fifth of November!

But it was not yet the fifth by several days, and at Greyfriars fireworks were not permitted till the due date. Fellows were not supposed to have fireworks in their possession at all until the fifth—though a good many fellows had, all the same. Certainly Wun Lung had.

It was a dim, foggy November day. The quad was thick with a heavy mist that had rolled up from the sea. Thick and damp and clammy, it hung over the leafless trees, and drifted into the House where a door or a window was open. Afternoon classes were not yet due, but even Bob Cherry was disinclined for the open spaces in such weather. Most of the Remove fellows had gathered in the Rag, where a bright fire crackled and blazed; and if any fellows were out of the House, they were few in number.

Billy Bunter, frowsting over the fire, squeaked protest when the Chinese junior opened the window. Three or four other voices were added to Bunter's. Nobody wanted the yellow mist to drift into the Rag. Wun Lung did not heed. Standing at the open window, he produced a bundle of crackers and a matchbox; whereupon the captain of the Remove weighed in. Harry Wharton had no objection to fireworks, but letting off crackers in the quad meant a row—in a double sense.

"Chuck it, you young ass!" repeated Harry. "You'll get six from Quelch if you're spotted letting off fireworks!"

"No spottee!" said Wun Lung. "No see along plenty fog! Allee light!"

"Chuck it, all the same!"

"I say, you fellows, shut that window!" squeaked Billy Bunter. "There's a draught!"

"No shuttee windee!" said Wun Lung. "Wantee makee big bang!"

Several of the juniors gathered at the window. Some of them seemed rather in favour of the big bang.

"Safe as houses!" said Bob Cherry. "Nobody will see where it comes from in this fog. If it's chucked right out into the quad—"

"Everybody will hear, fathead!" said Johnny Bull.

"The hearfulness will be terrific!" remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh, as he glanced at the big bundle of crackers in Wun Lung's hand.

There was no doubt that if those crackers all went off together, every

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From the misty quad came bang after bang, as the crackers exploded. Then through the banging came a yelling voice:

"Oh, gad! What the thump! Oh crumbs!"

inhabitant of Greyfriars School would hear the explosion.

"Well, let 'em hear, so long as they don't see!" argued Bob. "Liven 'em up a little on a dull day!"

"Better chuck it!" said Frank Nugent.

Wun Lung glanced from face to face of the Famous Five with his slanting eyes.

"You tinkee bettee chuck it?" he asked.

"Yes, you young fathead!" answered Harry Wharton.

"Allee light! Me chuckee!"

Quickly Wun Lung scratched a match and applied the same to a fuse. The next moment, as the fuse sputtered, the bundle of crackers was "chucked" far out into the foggy quad. It dropped at quite a distance from the window of the Rag.

"You young rascal!" exclaimed the captain of the Remove.

Wun Lung, apparently had misunderstood the meaning of the verb "to chuck." But Wharton was quite well aware that he hadn't!

"Whattée mattee?" asked Wun Lung innocently. "You say chuckee! Me chuckee, likee you say! This li'll Chinee always do like head boy say!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hållo, hållo, hållo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "There it goes!"

Bang, bang, bang!

From the misty quad, where the bundle of crackers had fallen, came bang after bang as the crackers exploded.

Wun Lung grinned cheerfully. He loved to hear a big bang, and he was hearing one now.

Bang, bang, bang! BANG!

Then through the banging of the crackers came a yelling voice:

"Oh gad! What the thump— Oh crumbs! What—what— Oh gad!"

It was the voice of Herbert Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars, evidently out in the quad, and equally evidently on the spot where the crackers were exploding.

"Oh clikey!" gasped Wun Lung.

"Smithy!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Sounds a bit startled," murmured Johnny Bull.

The Bounder's voice sounded more than startled; it sounded as if Smithy was jumping almost out of his skin. A bundle of crackers crashing suddenly on a fellow's knee, dropping at his feet, and going off in a series of terrific explosions, was enough to make any fellow jump.

Bang, bang, bang, bang! went the crackers merrily, unseen in the fog, but audible all over Greyfriars.

Harry Wharton hastily shut the window. It was done now, and nobody wanted that tremendous explosion traced to the Rag. It meant six of the very best for Wun Lung if he were spotted.

"Oh clikey!" repeated Wun Lung. "Me no tinkee anybody come along! Me plenty solly makee Smithy jump!"

"You'll be sorrier when Smithy gets in!" grinned Skinner. "It sounded to me as if Smithy was waxy!"

"Lucky it was only Smithy!" said Johnny Bull. "Might have been Quelch or the jolly old Head!"

"Oh clumbs!" gasped Wun Lung, horrified at the idea.

"You young ass—" began Harry Wharton.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob. "Here's comes Smithy!"

There was a tramp of feet in the passage, and the door of the Rag was hurled open, evidently by a fellow in a very bad temper.

Herbert Vernon-Smith strode—or, rather, stamped—into the room.

Some of the fellows grinned; some of them shrugged their shoulders. The Bounder was in a furious temper; and when the Bounder was in a temper, he never troubled to conceal the fact. A Greyfriars fellow was not supposed to fly into a rage, but Smithy was a law unto himself in such matters. At any rate, there was no doubt that he was in a rage now—and a towering one.

"What silly fool chucked those crackers at me?" roared the Bounder.

He clenched his fists, and stared round at the crowd of faces.

"Easy does it, old bean!" said Bob Cherry soothingly. "Nobody chucked the crackers at you; quite an accident that you got them."

"Was it you, you fool?"

Bob's eyes glinted.

"If you're asking for a thick ear, Smithy—" he began.

The Bounder came towards him, with clenched fists.

Harry Wharton hastily interposed.

"Don't be an ass, Smithy! Keep your temper!"

"Me plenty solly, Smithy!" said Wun Lung. "Me wantee makee big bang! Me no savvy you come along in fog!"

"You, was it, you potty heathen?" snarled the Bounder.

And he made an angry rush at the little Chinese.

Wun Lung promptly dodged behind the Famous Five.

Harry Wharton & Co. barred the Bounder's way. Wun Lung had acted thoughtlessly, like the young ass he was, and the Bounder certainly had cause of offence. But the chums of the Remove were not going to see him hammer the little Chinese, all the same.

"Chuck it, Smithy!" said Harry Wharton.

"Will you get out of the way?" yelled the Bounder.

"You can't punch that little ass!" said Bob. "Keep your temper, old bean! Accidents will happen—"

"Get out of the way!"

"Rats!"

"The ratfulness is terrific!"

Vernon-Smith made a rush to break through the Co.

Bob Cherry gave a yell as he got the Bounder's right; Nugent another as he got the left.

But the next moment five pairs of hands collared the Bounder, and sat him down on the floor with a heavy bump.

"Sit there till you keep cool, you dashed hooligan!" growled Johnny Bull.

And as the Bounder sat and gasped, the Famous Five walked out of the Rag, taking Wun Lung with them. And the little Chinese remained in their company till the bell rang for class, after which, it was to be hoped, the Bounder would have recovered his temper and all would be serene.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### The Foes of the Remove!

**S**KIP of the Remove gave a jump.

After class the November mist had drifted off, and most of the fellows were out of the House. But Skip, the new boy in the Remove, had gone up to his study, which was also shared by Wharton and Nugent. Skip had some hard work on hand.

His task would not have seemed very hard to any other Remove fellow—not even to Billy Bunter. Skip was beginning on the first book of Cæsar.

But Skip, though as bright and intelligent as any fellow in his Form,

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### "PLEASE TO REMEMBER THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER IS GUY FAWKES' DAY!"

But there's one fellow who  
won't be pleased to remember  
the great and glorious Fifth  
... and that's Vernon-Smith,  
the Bounder of Greyfriars!

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was far behind even Billy Bunter in most of the Form work. In his old days in Slummock's Alley, he had hardly heard of the Latin language—if he had heard of it at all. Even English presented difficulties to him. Latin almost tied him up into a knot.

"Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres," was a sentence on which Skip had to concentrate all his mental powers, with wrinkled brow and squared chin.

He was aware that it meant that all Gaul was divided into three parts, but he had to work out exactly how and why. So while other fellows punted a footer about before tea, Skip swotted at Cæsar in the study, and he was far from pleased when a sudden interruption came.

He jumped as the study door flew suddenly open, and a diminutive figure bolted breathlessly into Study No. 1.

"Smoky 'addocks!" exclaimed Skip, staring at Wun Lung. "What do you want 'ere, you young ass?"

"Oh clikey!" ejaculated Wun Lung, as his slanting eyes stared round the study. "Me tinkee fliends blong me here."

"Wharton and Nugent are down in the quad," said Skip. "What—"

He did not need to finish asking the question.

There was a tramp of feet in the Remove passage, and the angry face of the Bounder appeared in the open doorway.

He stared into the study. There was a cricket stump in his hand, and the expression on his face indicated that he intended to use it with vigour.

Wun Lung darted round the table, eyeing Smithy apprehensively.

"You keepee off!" he gasped.

"You young rotter!" The Bounder stepped in. "By gad, I'll give you such a whopping for chucking your rotten fireworks at my head!"

Skip rose from the table. Wun had bolted into the study, for protection against the vengeful Bounder. Wharton and Nugent, had they been there, would have handled Smithy fast enough. But they were not there; only Skip was there. But he was quite ready to supply their place.

"'Ands off, Smith!" he said. "You let that kid alone!"

He stepped promptly in front of the Bounder.

Vernon-Smith came to a halt. His eyes flashed at the new junior.

Ever since the waif of Slummock's Alley had been at Greyfriars, Smithy had been his enemy.

At first he had simply shared the general feeling in the Remove, of being "down" on a fellow who had been a pickpocket. But that had deepened into personal animosity, and when the rest of the Form gave up barring the peculiar new junior, the Bounder carried on with his feud more bitterly than ever. And the fact that Skip had knocked him out in a scrap added to his bitterness. He was Skip's only enemy in the school, but he was an unforgiving and unrelenting one.

"You cheeky young hooligan, get aside!" said the Bounder, between his teeth. "I'm going to whop that fool of a Chinese—"

"You ain't!" said Skip coolly. "He was a fool right enough to chuck fireworks out of winder, but he never knowed you was coming along."

"Me no savvy" gasped Wun Lung. "Me plenty solly."

"Let it drop," advised Skip. "Any other bloke would let it drop. Can't you keep your temper, like any other covey?"

"Will you let me pass?" hissed the Bounder.

"No; I won't! You ain't touching 'im!" said Skip. "You want to pitch into 'im jest to show Wharton that he can't stop you. Don't I know you? Well, Wharton stopped you in the Rag, and if he was 'ere, he'd stop you again. And as he ain't 'ere, I'll stop you—see!"

The Bounder panted. His handling by the Famous Five had exasperated him. And, as Skip easily guessed, he was carrying on, chiefly to show the famous Co. that he could do as he chose. Smithy had his good qualities, and plenty of them; but he was obstinate and arrogant, and nothing would have induced him to be dictated to, as he regarded it. It was a point of honour with him now to give Wun Lung that whopping.

"Get aside!" he said, his voice husky with rage.

"Not for you, old covey," said Skip. "And you better not try to shift me, neither. I've chucked you out of this here study once, and I'm ready to do it agin, if you ask for it."

"You rotten pincher!"

"Oh, shut it!" said Skip contemptuously. "You know I ain't no pincher since I come 'ere. The other blokes wouldn't speak to me if I was. P'r'ap' you'd 'ave been a pincher, if you'd been brought up in our alley by a

bloke like Barney the Binger. Shut it, afore I 'it you!"

The Bounder's hand went up, with the cricket stump in it. When he was enraged the Bounder of Greyfriars was utterly reckless, and his rage now was beyond his control.

"I'll knock you out of the way, if you don't shift!" he shouted. "Now, then!" And he ran at Skip, swiping with the stump.

There was a squeal of alarm from Wun Lung, staring across the table. For a moment it looked as if Skip would be knocked spinning by the swipe of the stump.

But the waif of the Remove was wary. He had been through many a wild rough-and-tumble in his former days, and he was accustomed to taking care of himself. He made a swift backward jump, and the swiping stump missed him, and, before it could rise again, he leaped forward as swiftly, and tore it from the Bounder's hand.

His right grasped the stump, and wrenched it away; his left, clenched like a lump of iron, jolted on Smithy's chest, and knocked him backwards. The Bounder staggered, and went with a bump to the floor.

Skip's grasp was on his collar the next moment. His eyes were glittering now. He had narrowly escaped a very unpleasant knock from the cricket stump, and he was as angry as the Bounder. He twisted Vernon-Smith over on the carpet, and the stump came down on the Bounder's trousers with a ringing whack.

Whack, whack, whack!

Vernon-Smith, spluttering with fury, struggled wildly. He had come there to whop the little Chinese, and he was getting the whopping from the fellow he intensely disliked and despised.

It was rather painful, but he cared nothing for that—it was the humiliation that enraged him. He struggled frantically.

Whack, whack, whack!

"Oh clikey!" gasped Wun Lung, staring on at the scene, with his slanting eyes wide open and bulging.

"That's for you, blow you!" said Skip, panting. "P'raps you won't 'andle a stump agin in a 'urry in this 'ere study."

He released the Bounder, stepped across to the fireplace, and shoved the cricket stump into the fire, jamming it down with his boot.

Vernon-Smith staggered breathless to his feet.

With burning eyes and clenched fists he rushed straight at Skip, hitting out.

Skip put up his hands swiftly, and met him with left and right. He was the better man in a scrap, as he had proved already; but so fierce was the Bounder's attack, that all he could do now was to hold his own.

There was a tramp of feet in the Remove passage.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared a voice at the door. "What's up?"

Harry Wharton & Co. had arrived for tea.

They stared at the furious fight raging in the study. In the middle of the room, Smithy and Skip were punching at a terrific rate. The sight of Wun Lung, on the other side of the study table, apprised the Famous Five what the trouble was.

Harry Wharton, frowning, ran into the study.

"Stop that!" he rapped.

"My esteemed Smithy—" exclaimed Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh.

"Stop it!" shouted Bob.

And as the infuriated Bounder did

not heed, the five grasped him together, wrenched him away from Skip, and whirled him to the door.

Skip, panting, dropped his hands. The Bounder struggled madly in the grasp of the Famous Five.

"Will you clear off, Smithy?" rapped Harry Wharton.

"You rotter—not I'll—"

"Take him home!" said Bob.

The Bounder, swung off his feet, was whirled out into the Remove passage.

A dozen fellows there burst into a laugh at the sight. Still resisting fiercely, Vernon-Smith was whirled along the passage to the door of Study No. 4—his own study. Bob Cherry kicked the door open, and the Bounder was carried bodily in.

Tom Redwing, his studymate, was there, making toast for tea at the study fire. He stared round in amazement at the sight of the struggling Bounder whirling into the study.

"What—" he gasped.

"The little man's lost his dear little temper," grinned Bob. "We've brought him home to keep him out of mischief. You'd better sit on his head, Reddy, and keep him quiet till he gets cool."

Bump!

The Bounder landed on his expensive study carpet.

Harry Wharton & Co. crowded out of Study No. 4, Bob slamming the door after him. They went down the passage to Study No. 1—quite ready to deal with the Bounder if he turned up there again.

But Smithy did not turn up. He did not want to be carried home again.

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### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Wun Lung is Too Funny!

"WHERE the dickens is my penknife?"

Harry Wharton ran his hands through his pockets.

There were seven fellows to tea in Study No. 1. The Famous Five were all there—and Skip, who was now on quite friendly terms with the chums of the Remove, and generally tea'd with them—and Wun Lung.

In the present state of the Bounder's temper, the little Chinese was anxious to give him a wide berth, and he cheerfully accepted an invitation to tea in the study. Poached eggs and toast had been disposed of, and a jar of jam, newly brought in from the school shop, stood on the table and had to be opened. For which reason Harry Wharton felt in his pocket for his penknife, to cut the string that surrounded the jar. And he did not find it.

"All right—I've got one!" said Bob Cherry.

"Yes—but where the dickens is mine?" exclaimed the captain of the Remove. "I had it this afternoon to sharpen a pencil—and I know I put it back in my pocket."

"Feel in another pocket!" suggested Nugent.

"I've felt in all of them. It's gone, blow it!"

Skip gave a little start, and coloured. And, as he did so, the eyes of the other fellows turned on him—except Wun Lung's. The little Chinese sat sedately eating toast, his slanting eyes cast on his plate.

The flush in Skip's face deepened to crimson.

"Look 'ere!" he said. "You blokes don't think—"

"Don't be an ass!" said Harry. But he looked startled.

That penknife of his was not of the common or garden variety, so to speak. It was a present from his uncle, and had a solid silver handle, and was of some value. And it had been in his jacket pocket, which contained several other articles that were still there—such as a pencil, an indiarubber, and a letter. That it could have fallen out seemed impossible—especially as nothing else had fallen out.

Wharton knew, in fact, that it had not and could not have fallen out. But it was gone.

There was a deep silence in the study for a few moments.

Skip's face was burning.

If any article was mysteriously missing from a fellow's pocket when the former pincher was present, it seemed impossible to draw any conclusion but one!

That conclusion, however, the chums of the Remove were extremely unwilling to draw—in fact, they refused to draw it.

Like the other fellows, they had hardly believed at first, that a fellow who had once been a professional pick-pocket, could, and would, change his ways completely. Even when they came to believe it, their faith had been severely shaken by the discovery that Skip had in his possession a gold locket containing a photograph which, he declared, had always been his—which it was not easy to believe.

Yet they had, at last, taken his word about that—for a rather illogical reason, certainly—he had risked his life to fish Bessie Bunter out of the river; and they were not going, if they could help it, to think badly of a fellow who had done that.

They were, in fact, irritated by the Bounder's declared belief that a leopard couldn't change its spots—and that Skip was the same pincher that he had always been—and that his reform was all humbug, from beginning to end.

But now—

Skip's crimson face paled, as he looked from one to another. He had seen that silver penknife often enough in Wharton's hand—and he knew that it was valuable. And it was missing from a pocket!

"I ain't done it!" said Skip, in a low voice. "On my davy, you blokes, I ain't! I knows what you can't 'elp thinking—but I ain't!"

Harry Wharton drew a deep breath. What it looked like, was only too clear; but he was steadfastly resolved to take no heed of what it looked like.

"We've taken your word, Skip!" he said. "I don't, and can't, believe that you've been pulling our leg all this time. Goodness knows what's become of that dashed penknife; but nobody here believes that you've touched it. Wash it out!"

"Hear, hear!" said Bob Cherry.

"I 'ope as you can believe in me," muttered Skip. "I was a pincher, right enough, when Mister Coker picked me up, and I stopped Jimmy the Rat from cracking his nut. But I promised 'im—and I promised 'is aunt, when she sent me 'ere—and I promised the 'Ead and Mr. Quelch—that I never would pinch no more—and I ain't never done it. You know that time young Smith missed his wallet, and a lot of the blokes thought it was me—and it turned up in his study arter. On my davy, I ain't touched that penknife."

"Passed unanimously!" said Bob. "It will turn up somewhere, like Smithy's wallet did. I'll open the jam—I've got a pocket-knife here."

Bob groped in his pocket for his pocket-knife.

As he did so, an extraordinary expression came over his face.

He drew from his pocket, not the big, heavy, horn-handled pocket-knife he usually kept there, but a small, handsome, silver-handled penknife.

In utter amazement, he held it up. His friends stared at it as blankly as Bob Cherry.

"That's your penknife, Wharton!" gasped Bob.

"That's mine!" agreed Harry.

"What the dooce—"

eyes dancing. "Li'll jokee 'long me—makee you laugh plentee too much."

"You bagged my penknife, and stuck it in Bob's pocket!" roared the captain of the Remove.

"What you tinkee?" grinned Wun Lung. "Velly funnee!"

"And where's my pocket-knife?" roared Bob.

"'Long pockee blong Johnnee!" chuckled Wun.

"What?" gasped Johnny Bull.

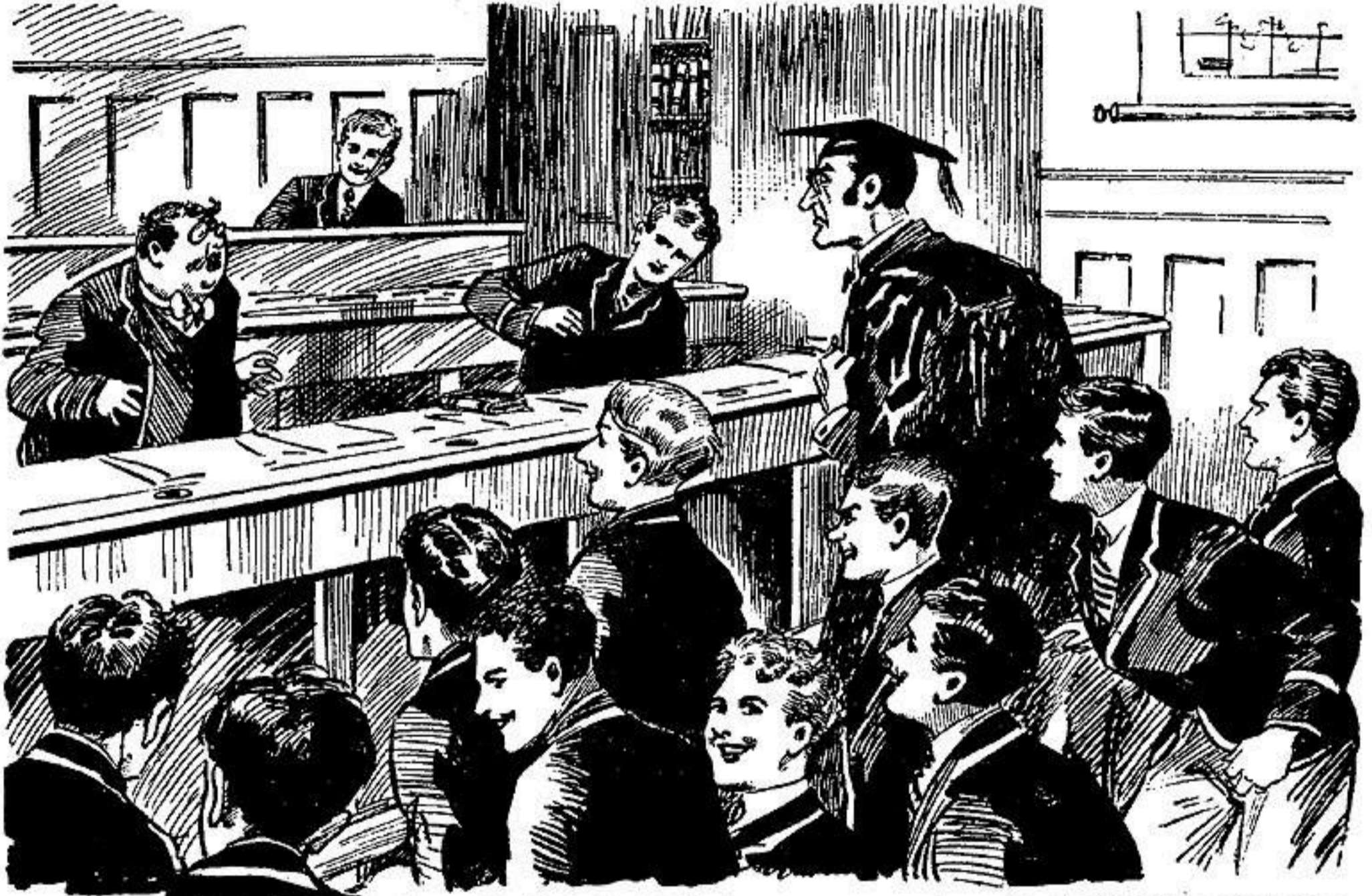
He groped in his pocket—and dragged into view Bob's well-known big pocket-knife.

Chinese!" he yelled. "Makee velly funnee jokee—"

"I'm not going to whack you, you mad young idiot!" said Johnny Bull grimly. "But I'm jolly well going to boot you—hard!"

And, with a twist of his muscular arm, Johnny Bull whirled the Chinese out of the study.

Harry Wharton half-rose—but he sat down again. Nearly—very nearly—the chums of the Remove had come to suspecting Skip of reverting to pinching. If ever an unthinking practical joker deserved to be whopped, Wun



Bunter did not step out before the Form. To the fat junior's intense annoyance and surprise, Mr. Quelch's eye turned on him. "Bunter," said the Remove master grimly, "were you present when Vernon-Smith took a banknote from his father's letter this morning?" "I—I don't remember, sir!" stuttered the fat Removeite.

"It—it—it was in my pocket!" stuttered Bob. "My pocket-knife seems to be gone—and—and your penknife was there instead!"

"Smoky 'addocks!" gasped Skip. "Somebody's been larking with you blokes!"

Bob Cherry gave a yell.

"Wun Lung!"

"What?"

"That fatheaded Chinese!" roared Bob. "This is one of his Chinese jokes!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Wun, you ass—"

"Wun, you young rascal—"

Every eye turned on Wun Lung's little yellow face—which now wore a cheery grin.

They all understood now. Wun, who was uncommonly clever at conjuring and sleight-of-hand tricks, could pick a pocket almost as skilfully as Skip himself. It was far from being the first time that he had played such tricks. It was exactly in accord with Wun's weird sense of humour to puzzle fellows by changing the penknife and the pocket-knife into different fellows' pockets.

He chuckled cheerfully.

"Allee light!" he said, his slanting

The juniors stared at it—and at Wun Lung.

Skip, whose first experience this was of the Chinese junior's trickery, blinked at him.

"My 'at!" he said. "My bloomin' 'at! Why, a feller must be batchy to play tricks like that! Blokes might set him down to be a blooming pincher!"

"Velly funnee—what you tinkee?" grinned Wun Lung.

Johnny Bull rose to his feet. Wun, with his peculiar sense of humour, might think that it was very funny. Johnny, having found another fellow's property surreptitiously introduced into his pocket, did not consider it funny at all. His face was grim.

"I don't know what you fellows think," he said; "but I think that a silly ass who plays tricks like that wants thrashing. We might have fancied that poor old Skip had been at it again—I own up I jolly nearly did. And it was that blithering heathen all the time, playing his potty practical jokes."

Wun Lung gave a yell of alarm as Johnny Bull grasped him by the collar, and jerked him off his chair.

"You no whackee this pool I'll

Lung did—and there was no doubt of that. So the Co. sat tight, while Johnny Bull swung the squealing little Chinese through the study doorway, landed him in the passage, and planted a boot on him there—hard and heavy.

Johnny's boot landed with what a novelist might have called a dull, sickening thud—and the yell that came from Wun Lung awoke all the echoes of the Remove passage, as he flew.

Johnny drew back his foot for another—but he had no time for another. Wun Lung, yelling, flew up the passage; and Johnny Bull stepped back into Study No. 1, and slammed the door.

"That's that!" he remarked.

To which his chums nodded assent.

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

### Whops for Wun Lung!

"THAT cad—that outsider—that rotter—"

Herbert Vernon-Smith seemed to bite off the words, rather than utter them. The Bounder's temper was always a little unreliable, but seldom or never had he been in so black and bitter a rage.

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Tom Redwing made no reply. His face was clouded as he sat at tea in Study No. 4, listening to the Bounder's unending tirade.

Chums as they were—and loyal chums—Redwing and Smithy agreed in few matters—on most subjects their opinions and feelings were as wide as the poles asunder. And in his bitter feud with the new junior in the Remove, Smithy had neither sympathy nor support from his studymate.

He had, in fact, no support in the Remove at all. The fact that fellows like Harry Wharton & Co. and Lord Mauleverer had taken up the waif of Slummock's Alley was enough for most of the Form. Fellows who did not specially want his company were ready to be civil to him, and to forget what he had been before he came to the school. Smithy might have done the same, but for the bitter remembrance of personal grudges. But he chose to think that he alone knew the fellow as he really was—he alone was not taken in by him.

"The cad—the rotter—the cur!" Smithy went on. And as Redwing stood silent, he glared at him aggressively across the table. He was in a mood to quarrel with friend or foe—anyone who came to hand, in fact! "You rather like that pickpocket from the slums—what?"

"I don't dislike him," said Redwing, driven to speech at last, "and I don't see why you're so down on the chap, Smithy. Why the dickens can't you keep your distance from him, and leave him alone?"

"I'm going to show him up, before I'm done with him!"

"There's nothing to show up," said Redwing. "Even if the fellow was no better than you think, he wouldn't be

fool enough to break out and get turfed out of the school. You made an idiotic mistake, accusing him that time Bunter hid your wallet in the study—that ought to be a lesson to you."

"Oh, don't be a fool!"

"The kid's civil and peaceable enough, if you'll let him be. I've heard that you got a gang of Highcliffe fellows to help you rag him, on Courtfield Common, one day last week—"

"I did!" sneered the Bounder. "And next time that old cat, Bullivant, from Cliff House, won't come barging in to help him. We were giving him a high old time when that old cat came along and—"

"If that's how you're going to speak of the games-mistress of Cliff House, Smithy—"

"That's it, exactly! Don't you like it?" sneered the Bounder.

"No, I don't; and I won't listen to it, either!" snapped Redwing, and, leaving his tea unfinished, he rose from the table and walked out of the study.

The Bounder cast a black look after him.

Undoubtedly, there would have been a "row" had not Redwing left the study; but perhaps a row would have been rather a relief to the Bounder.

Smithy was, in fact, in an extremely disgruntled state these days. Not only his feud with Skip, of which he had had the worst all along the line, but other matters combined to irritate his angry temper.

Owing to Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, picking up a note from a racing man intended for Smithy, the black sheep of the Remove had been within measurable distance of the "sack." He had recovered that note before it could be handed to his Form-

master, but he had been through a very anxious time first. Then he had set out to make "Old Pompous" sit up for what he was pleased to consider his meddling—with the result that he had bagged a Head's flogging.

Even that was not all. For that note from Bill Lodgey had contained a "tip," straight from the horse's mouth—so excellent a "tip" that the Bounder had been tempted to "put his shirt" on it! Like so many wonderful tips, it had gone wrong, and Smithy had lost his shirt!

He had gone in deep—with disastrous results. Generally the most wealthy fellow in the Remove, Smithy was now short of money.

Money bulked largely in the Bounder's mind. It was unusual and extremely disagreeable to him to be short of that necessary article.

Not only was money tight, but he owed more in certain quarters than he could conveniently settle—another new and disagreeable experience for him.

To be dunned by a shady, shifty black-guard like Bill Lodgey was really more than the Bounder could stand with patience.

But he had to stand it till new funds arrived—and he was in anxious expectation of a letter from his pater, with a special tenner in it—and if Mr. Vernon-Smith did not cough up that tenner, prospects were very unpleasant for the sporting man of the Remove.

He had been tramping in the foggy quad that day, thinking over his financial difficulties, when Wun Lung's bundle of crackers made him jump almost out of his skin. And he had not even had the satisfaction of whopping the Chinese junior. Harry Wharton & Co. had stopped him, in the Rag, and Skip had stopped him in Study No. 1—with the addition of handing him a whopping!

Now Redwing, fed up with his evil temper, had left him to himself—and his temper, which was not agreeable company.

In the blackest of moods, the Bounder kicked over his chair and paced up and down the study, his hands thrust into his pockets and a scowl on his face.

Skinner and Snoop passed the open doorway and glanced in at him—but the look on Smithy's face was enough for them, and they passed on to their own study.

Tired, at last, of his own disagreeable company, the Bounder stepped out of the study, to go down to the Rag.

Unluckily, it was just then that Wun Lung, escaping from Johnny Bull's boot, flew up the Remove passage, coming along at top speed.

Smithy stepped out just in time to meet him as he flew past Study No. 4. There was a crash as the fleeing Chinese hurtled into him.

Vernon-Smith, with a gasp, staggered two or three paces along the passage, while Wun Lung, spinning from the sudden shock, stumbled over and sat on the floor.

"Oh clikey!" gasped Wun.

"You—you—you—" gasped the Bounder.

"Me velly solly!" squealed Wun Lung. "Me no see you come out of studee—"

The Bounder's grasp was on him the next moment.

With a single swing of his arm he sent the little Chinese spinning into Study No. 4.

He followed him in. That collision in the Remove passage was a sheer accident, but the angry Bounder was not in a mood to make allowance for accidents. The reckless young ass who



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had pitched a bundle of fireworks at him in the foggy quad had rushed into him and knocked him over, and if Smithy had been disposed to forget the first offence—which he was not—the second would have been enough for him, in his present temper.

He grabbed a ruler from the table with one hand, and grabbed Wun Lung by the neck with the other.

"Now, you cheeky young cad—" he panted.

Wun Lung, yelling, was twisted over a chair.

The ruler in the Bounder's right hand rose and fell with loud and heavy swipes.

Swipe, swipe, swipe!

Wun Lung kicked, and yelled, and struggled. But he was powerless in the Bounder's strong grasp.

Pinned down on the chair in a grip he could not resist, he had to take the swiping, and it came down hard and heavy.

Swipe, swipe, swipe!

"Ow! Oooogh! Ow! You lettee go!" yelled Wun Lung. "You no whop this pool I'll Chinee! Me velly solly! Yoo-hooop!"

Swipe, swipe, swipe!

The Bounder laid on the ruler hard and fast.

Wun, who was as full of tricks as a monkey, had been whopped for them, often enough. But he had never had a whopping like this.

Swipe, swipe, swipe!

Even Loder of the Sixth had never laid on the ashplant as the angry Bounder laid on the ruler.

Wun yelled and howled frantically.

"What the dooce is goin' on here?" Lord Mauleverer looked into the study. "By gad! Smithy, you brute, stop that at once!"

Without waiting for Smithy to stop, Mauleverer caught him by the shoulders and flung him aside.

Wun Lung, yelling, squirmed loose, darted out of the study, and scuttled away up the passage.

"You cheeky fool!" roared the Bounder, as he staggered against the wall.

"You rotten bully!" retorted Mauleverer.

For a moment the Bounder looked like springing at his cool and contemptuous lordship. But even Smithy realised that he had, perhaps, laid it on a little too hard, and that it was time he was interrupted.

"Get out, you fool!" he muttered.

Lord Mauleverer stepped out into the passage, and the Bounder savagely slammed the door after him. More than half-ashamed of the outburst of evil temper, of which the hapless little Chinee had been the victim, the Bounder was left alone again—as disgruntled and dismal a fellow as any within the walls of Greyfriars School.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### Not a Treasury Note!

"I SAY, you fellows, is there one for me?"

Billy Bunter asked that question, with an anxious, fat face, in break the following morning, when a crowd of fellows gathered round the rack for letters.

"Expecting a postal order, old fat bean?" asked Bob Cherry.

"The fact is, I am!" said Bunter. "I think I mentioned to you fellows that I was expecting a postal order—"

"You did!" grinned Peter Todd.

"The didfulness was terrific!" chuckled Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"I seem to have heard something of the sort," remarked Bob Cherry thoughtfully. "It sounds sort of familiar."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, you might look if there's a letter for me," squeaked Bunter. "You know I'm a bit short-sighted. I say, is that one for me?"

"That's for Smithy, fathead!"

"Look here, are you sure it's for Smithy? Hand it down to me and I'll look."

"Ass! It's Smithy's!"

"You hand it down to me, Skinner, and—"

"My dear porpoise, I'm not going to help you pinch Smithy's remittances."

"Beast! I say, Wun Lung, you hand it down—"

"No tinkee! That lettee blong Smithy."

"You rotten heathen! I dare say it's for me all the time!" yapped Bunter. "If it's for Smithy, I'll take it to him. I know he's hard up, and he'll be glad to get it if there's a remittance in it. I say, Skip, hand that letter down to me, will you?"

"No, nor I won't!" answered Skip.

"You let another bloke's letters alone, you fat Howl!"

"Think I'd pinch it?" hooted Bunter. "I'm not a pincher, if you are!"

"If you're asking for a binge on the boko—" began Skip wrathfully.

"Beast!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! One for you, Smithy!" called out Bob Cherry, as the Bounder came along.

The Bounder nodded and took down the letter.

It was addressed to him in his father's hand, and was evidently a reply to his request for cash. There was a shade of anxiety on the Bounder's face as he slit the envelope. It was rather a serious matter for him if the expected "tenner" was not there.

But it was there. Mr. Samuel Vernon-Smith, as usual, had played up; it was very seldom that he failed to do so in such matters,—which was not, perhaps, wholly for Smithy's good, for the uses to which he put his ample supplies of cash were often far from creditable.

A good many fellows glanced at the Bounder as he drew a folded ten-pound Bank of England note from the letter.

It was like the Bounder to draw it out in the sight of anyone who might happen to look. He glanced round first to ascertain that no master was in sight—such "tips" as ten pounds at a time not being permitted in the junior Forms if the beaks became aware of them. Smithy would not have liked Mr. Quelch's eye to fall on that tenner. But he was quite willing for other eyes to fall on it—in fact, he kept the note in his hand for a moment or two so that it could be seen by less-fortunate fellows.

At which some of the fellows smiled, while Billy Bunter's eyes and spectacles fixed longingly on the ten-pound note.

"I say, Smithy, shall I come with you to change it?" asked the Owl of the Remove eagerly.

Vernon-Smith did not trouble to answer that question. He had no intention of changing his banknote at the school shop; it was due to Mr. Lodgey, at the Three Fishers. Neither would he have desired Billy Bunter's assistance in any case.

With a careless air he thrust the banknote into his jacket pocket—as

carelessly as any other fellow might have put away a halfpenny—and walked out into the quad to read the letter that had come with it.

Wun Lung's slanting eyes were on him curiously as he went; the little Chinee followed him into the quad.

"Swank!" grunted Billy Bunter. "I say, you fellows, the way that chap shows off his rotten money—"

"Wish I had a tenner to swank with!" sighed Bob Cherry. "Nothing for me, but a little note."

"Oh!" Billy Bunter was interested at once. "A pound note?"

Bob laughed.

"No fear!"

"Well, even a ten-bob note ain't so bad!" said Bunter. "Every little helps. Of course, you wouldn't expect remittances like I get as your people are poor—"

"You fat ass!"

"Oh, really, Cherry! Nothing to be ashamed of in being poor, you know," said Bunter encouragingly. "We can't all be wealthy. If everybody was as rich as my pater, where would the money come from?"

"It wouldn't need a lot," remarked Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yah!" retorted Bunter elegantly. "I say, Cherry, old chap, if you don't happen to want that note specially at the moment—"

"I don't," said Bob.

"Well, look here," said Bunter eagerly, "I was expecting a postal order for exactly ten bob. I say, old chap, suppose you let me have your note, and take the postal order when it comes? It's the same thing really."

"The samefulness is not terrific," grinned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"You shut up, Inky! I say, Cherry, old chap, my postal order will be here this afternoon, absolutely certain—"

"Sure?" asked Bob.

"Safe as houses!" declared Bunter. "It's from one of my titled relations, you know. I say, you let me have that note, and I'll hand you the postal order the minute it comes—"

"Oh, all right!" said Bob, putting his hand into his pocket.

"You blithering ass!" gasped Johnny Bull, staring at him blankly. "Are you going to chuck your note away?"

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"It's all right," said Bob. "I shan't lose on it—"

"Think that postal order will come, you fathead? Hasn't that fat ass been making out for whole terms that it's coming?"

"You shut up, Bull!" exclaimed Billy Bunter warmly. "I say, Cherry, old chap, don't you mind him—"

"I won't!" said Bob. "You can have my note, old fat man; and don't forget to hand me that postal order when it comes."

And Bob Cherry placed a paper in Bunter's eagerly outstretched fat hand. Bunter blinked at it.

"What's that?" he stuttered.

"My note!"

"That ain't a currency note?"

"Who said it was?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors, as they looked at the "note" in Billy Bunter's grubby fat paw.

It was a note; there was no doubt about that. But it bore very little resemblance to a Treasury note. It was a typewritten note, with a printed heading, and it ran:

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,551.

"Messrs. Jones & Co.  
Bootmakers,  
Courtfield.

R. Cherry, Esq.

Dear Sir,—The boots left with us for repair are now completed, and may be called for any time that is convenient to you.

Yours faithfully, JONES & Co."

Billy Bunter blinked at that note, with his little round eyes almost popping through his spectacles. The juniors howled with laughter.

"I hope that postal order will turn up this afternoon!" said Bob Cherry gravely. "Don't forget that it belongs to me when it comes, Bunter."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the Famous Five, chuckling, walked out into the quad, leaving Billy Bunter blinking at the note with an infuriated blink that might almost have cracked his spectacles.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### Matchless!

"DON'T shove!" snapped Skip.

The bell was ringing for third school, and the Remove fellows gathered at the door of their Form-room.

Vernon-Smith did not, perhaps, exactly intend to "shove" the fellow he was pleased to regard with scorn and dislike, but Skip was in his way as he came up the corridor, and the Bounder's elbow pushed him out of it.

With contemptuous indifference to Skip's remonstrance, the Bounder walked on without even looking at him.

Skip's eyes flashed. He made a step after the Bounder as he passed and barged into his back, sending him rocking towards the opposite wall.

"Ow you like it?" he jeered.

Smithy staggered against the wall; then, with a blaze in his eyes, he turned on Skip. Twice the Bounder had tried it on with his fists with Skip, and twice he had been hopelessly beaten, but he was always ready to try again.

Tom Redwing caught him by the arm and dragged him back.

"Chuck it, you fathead!" he exclaimed. "Quelch will be here in a minute—"

"Let go my arm, you fool!"

"Stop it, Smithy, you ass!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Do you want to start a scrap under Quelch's nose?"

"Do you think I'm going to let that low cad barge me over?" roared the Bounder furiously.

"You barged him first—"

"Oh, shut up! I'll jolly well—"

"Ware beaks!" called out Squiff, as the tall, angular figure of Mr. Quelch appeared at the end of the corridor.

And as the Remove master came up to the spot the Bounder controlled his temper, contenting himself with giving Skip a dark and threatening look—which did not disturb Skip's equanimity.

During third school the Bounder was looking rather less disgruntled than of late. That "tenner" from his millionaire pater solved the most pressing of his difficulties, and he was chiefly anxious to get it to Bill Lodgey, to liquidate his debt to that frowsy gentleman.

As that day was Wednesday, the afternoon was a half-holiday at Greyfriars, which gave Smithy an easy opportunity of getting out of bounds, and calling to see his sporting friend at the Three Fishers. It was true that he was

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wanted for football, but Soccer had to take a second place in the Bounder's sporting affairs.

Smithy was thinking a good deal more of those sporting affairs than he was thinking of the instruction he was receiving from Mr. Quelch. Other fellows in the Form were, perhaps, not giving their whole and concentrated attention to Roman history. The near approach of the Fifth of November, in fact, interested quite a lot of fellows more than the reigns of Nero and Claudius.

On the great and glorious Fifth there was going to be a great and glorious celebration, and preparations were already being made for the great date.

Wun Lung was far from being the only fellow in the Remove who loved a "big bang," and despite the strict rule laid down on the subject, fireworks were already in the possession of some of the juniors.

Bob Cherry, in fact, had a suspicious bulge in his jacket pocket, which his friends hoped would not catch the gimlet-eye of Mr. Quelch. They had gently, but firmly, restrained Bob from letting off crackers and squibs in break, and were prepared to restrain him as gently as possible, but quite firmly, from letting them off after third school—at all events, within the precincts of Greyfriars.

When the Remove was dismissed that morning, Harry Wharton made a sign to his friends, and they surrounded Bob as he went out into the quad.

"Come along to the Cloisters, you fellows," said Bob cheerily. "Out of sight there, you know, to let off the crackers."

"Out of hearing, too?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Oh, never mind that!"

"But we do mind, fathead! The prefects are still inquiring who let off the crackers in the fog yesterday, and if they spot that idiotic little Chinese, he will get six. Chuck it!"

"Look here—"

"Wait for the Fifth, fathead!" said Johnny Bull.

"Rats!" retorted Bob. "Let's trot out of gates, if you fellows are so fearfully nervous."

"Oh, all right!"

"Come on, Skip! Hallo, hallo, hallo! Coming, Smithy?" bawled Bob, as the Bounder came out.

"Eh, where?" asked Vernon-Smith, looking round.

"Friardale Lane—to let off some fireworks."

"Fathead!" snapped the Bounder, and he walked on.

With his sporting speculations, and the resultant worry, on his mind, Smithy was in no mood for fireworks.

"What I like about Smithy," said Bob, "is his polished manners. Chesterfield was a dud to him. Come on, you men!"

The Famous Five and Skip walked out of gates together. The fog of the previous day had cleared off, and there was a gleam of wintry sunshine in a grey sky. They walked in a cheery crowd down the lane as far as the stile, which was a safe distance from the school.

On the stile, which gave access to the footpath through Friardale Wood, a man sat, with his back to the road. The smoke of a cigarette curled up in the clear air. The man did not notice the schoolboys passing in the lane behind him; but they noticed him, and as Bob was about to halt his friends barged him onward.

"Look here, this is all right!" growled Bob. He was eager to get going.

"Do you want to make that sportsman jump, as Wun did Smithy yesterday, and fall off the stile, fathead? Come farther on!"

"Oh blow!" said Bob.

But he went on with his friends, and the stile and the man sitting on it were left behind. Then Bob at last was allowed to produce his fireworks.

Having produced them, he felt in his pocket for matches. His hand came out empty.

"Who's got a match?" he inquired.

"Haven't you, ass?"

"No, fathead! Haven't you?"

Bob had not thought of matches before he started, and his friends were not supplied with them.

"You silly asses!" hooted Bob. "Haven't you a match, Skip?"

"Not a blooming lucifer!" said Skip, shaking his head.

"Well, you fellows are a lot of silly asses, and no mistake!" exclaimed Bob, greatly exasperated. "Here we've walked half a mile, and not a match to be had. How are we going to let off crackers without a match?"

"Echo answers how!" grinned Frank Nugent.

"The howfulness is terrific!" chuckled the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Pity Smithy didn't come," said Johnny Bull. "He's always got matches, and smokes, too, if you want them. We've got neither."

"Of all the dummies!" hooted Bob. "Of all the blithering fatheads—"

"I don't think we're the fatheads," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Chap who brings the fireworks might really think of the matches."

"We could get matches easily enough in gates. If you fatheads hadn't marched out of gates, I should have got—"

"A whopping from Quelch!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I should have got some matches. Now what are we going to do?" howled Bob. "Walk half a mile with those dashed fireworks, and walk back again with them?"

"Wot about walking on to the village?" asked Skip.

"We shouldn't be back for tiffin," answered Harry. "Now, if nobody's got a match—"

"That chap on the stile was smoking; he's got matches," said Bob. "Come back, and let's ask him for one."

"Oh, all right!"

The juniors remembered that the man they had passed on the stile had been smoking a cigarette. Evidently he had matches—or, at all events, a light of some sort. So they walked back along the lane to the stile.

The man was still sitting there, his back to the road, and still smoking. He did not look round as the schoolboys came by again. But this time they halted, and Bob addressed him politely.

"Excuse me, sir! Could you let us have a match?"

The man looked round as he was addressed.

At the sight of his face the Famous Five rather regretted that they had addressed him—even Bob, keen as he was to get a match for his crackers.

From a back view they had seen only a jacket and a check cap. The man was respectably dressed, but his face was most unpleasant to look at. The loose lips, the reddened nose, the pasty cheeks, the sunken eyes with a cunning shifty glitter in them, revealed to the most casua eye a misspent life of evil self-indulgence. Indeed, as he turned his head, he breathed a whiff of spirits that reached the juniors and made them feel almost sick.

"Eh, what?" he said, staring at them. Now that he saw the man's face, Bob regretted that he had spoken to him. However, it was too late now, and he did not wish to appear uncivil, even to a man who was obviously a whisky-soaked reprobate.

"We've got some fireworks, but no matches," said Bob. "If you'd let me have a match—"

The man interrupted him. He had glanced carelessly enough at the Famous Five, but as he saw Skip his sunken, shifty eyes fixed on the new boy in the Remove with startled amazement.

"Skip!" he exclaimed.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER. Straight from the Shoulder!

**"SKIP!"**  
The man repeated the name as he jumped off the stile and stood in the lane, staring blankly at the waif of Greyfriars.

Skip made a backward step, his eyes on the evil face.

"You!" he breathed.

"You!" grinned the stranger. "You! Skip!"

Harry Wharton & Co. gazed from one to the other in astonishment. They had never seen that evil-faced man before, but clearly Skip had. He knew the

waif of the Remove, and Skip knew him.

"Barney!" muttered Skip. "Wot you doing 'ere?"

"Skip!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "What—who—?"

But he did not need to ask. The name of "Barney" enlightened him.

All the juniors had heard Skip speak of the rascally character he called "Barney the Binger"—the rogue who had trained him from his earliest days to steal. This was Skip's old acquaintance from Slummock's Alley.

The chums of the Remove exchanged

(Continued on next page.)

# LEARN TO PLAY FOOTBALL!



## OUR INTERNATIONAL COACH

### DON'T KICK WITH YOUR TOE!

**I** HOPE that since my talk on ball control last week you have all been hard at work practising and trying out the little tips I gave you. Perhaps some of you can trap a ball already. I wish I could think of a way of finding out how you have all got on. Let's hope you haven't got into trouble for wearing the toes of your boots out. If you have, blame me.

Anyway, now we can get on to the question of how to kick a football. Perhaps that sounds a bit silly, because any boy can kick a ball almost as soon as he can walk. That may be so, but I am talking about kicking it properly. That's the difference.

If you have been lucky enough to get a pair of football boots, you will have noticed that the toes of them are made hard—so hard that you probably can't push them in with your finger. You may think that those hard toes are put there to help you kick the ball without hurting yourself. As a matter of fact, they are not there for that reason at all, because in football you don't kick with your toe.

The hard toes on the boots are put there so that your toes don't get hurt if they are trodden on. The kicking of the ball is done with other parts of the foot, the sides and the instep—that is, the part where the laces are.

That probably puzzles you a bit, so let me explain. If you kick a football with your toe you will find it awfully difficult to kick it straight. But if you kick it with the side of your boot or the instep, it will be much easier to send the ball where you want it to go. Try it and see.

Perhaps it will feel a bit strange at first, but soon you will realise that this is true. And if you are still not convinced, watch a good footballer next time you have the chance. You will find that he very seldom touches the ball with the toe of his boot—always with the instep or the side. I once heard a story of a famous footballer who wore the same pair of boots for six years. The toes didn't wear out at all, but the sides had to be repaired about once a season.

There are several ways of kicking a football, but only one **RIGHT WAY**... as is clearly pointed out in this interesting and instructive article written specially by the **MAN WHO KNOWS!**

### SHOOT LOW!

**S**O far you have only tried trapping the ball with the bottom of your foot. When you can do that properly, try using the side of your boot to trap it. And the same with dribbling. Do that in-and-out-of-the-sticks business without letting the ball touch that hard toe on your boot—the inside, the outside, or the instep, but not the toe.

And now to the question of how to kick the ball for passing and hard kicking. I believe I have told you already that in football the ball should be kept on the ground as much as possible. It is not good football for the ball always to be up in the air. So, even when you are passing the ball, or kicking it a long way, you must try to keep it low. You can only do this by using the side of the foot and the instep. As soon as you use your toe, the ball will go up into the air. And the same with shooting. A hard, low shot is much more difficult to stop than one in the air.

I remember going to a big football ground once where the players were doing some shooting practice. Across the front of the goal was a long, low form. I thought it was for the players to sit on when they got tired. I was soon told, however, that the players, as well as shooting the ball into the goal, had to get it under this form. In this way they were taught to keep their shots low; and, of course, they were doing this by shooting with their insteps, and not with their toes.

So how about this for a little exercise when you are playing in the street with your ball? Draw a chalk line on the wall about two feet from the

ground. Always keeping the ball under this line, kick it first with the outside of your foot, then with the inside, and then with the instep. See how many times you can go through in this order without letting the ball go over the line. That will be practice for two things at once—for kicking with the sides and instep of your foot, and for keeping the ball low.

### USE BOTH FEET!

**T**HERE'S just one more thing about kicking—perhaps the most important thing of all. I have a good mind to write it all in capital letters, so that you will realise how important it is. You must be able to kick as well with one foot as you can with the other. If you are right-footed, you must learn to use your left foot; if you are left-footed, you must practise and practise until you can kick just as well with your right. Nearly every big football manager will tell you that the first thing he looks for when trying out a young player is whether he can kick with both feet. If he can't, the trial is at an end. The managers know that if a boy is a "one-footer," he can't be a good footballer. So you really must try to be a "two-footer," and the sooner you start, the easier you will find it.

I heard of a first-class footballer who felt that he couldn't kick quite so well with his left foot as with his right. What did he do? When he went out to practise he wore a football boot on his left foot and a carpet slipper on his right. He couldn't very well kick the hard ball with the carpet slipper, so he had to kick it with the boot, which was on his left foot. So his left foot gradually got stronger and stronger. Not a bad idea, that, was it?

Anyway, when you are practising, remember to play with your weak foot more than with the strong one. It won't come easy all at once, but gradually you will be able to kick equally well with both feet, and then you will have a good chance of becoming a real footballer.

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very uncomfortable glances. They had taken up Skip and made the best of him, but they had not bargained for this. It had never occurred to them that any other denizen of Slummock's Alley would ever turn up in the neighbourhood of Greyfriars, and it was pretty certain that nothing of the kind had occurred to the Head.

Skip looked startled and dismayed. That evil face seemed to come to him like a spectre from the past.

It was only a matter of weeks since Coker of the Fifth had picked him up, and Coker's Aunt Judy had befriended him in gratitude for his service to her dear Horace, and persuaded Dr. Locke to give him a chance at Greyfriars School. But those few weeks in his new surroundings had wrought a great change in Skip.

He had been a dishonest young rascal—but that that was due to his iniquitous training was certain, from the fact that he had not only reformed, but that he had come to look back on his former life with horror and disgust. Slowly, but surely, the views of decent fellows on the subject of pinching had penetrated his mind—and once he understood, the change was complete.

Skip of the Remove was an utterly different fellow from the Skip that Horace Coker had found in company with "Jimmy the Rat."

His feeling of repulsion for the grinning, evil rascal before him, was as strong as that felt by Harry Wharton & Co.

"Glad to see an old pal, Skip?" grinned Barney. "You fixed up as a schoolboy—you gone to school again? You always hated school, Skip! What's the game?"

Skip looked round at his friends. The colour flushed into his pale face.

"You blokes don't fancy I knowed this 'ere blighter was about?" he asked. "You don't think I wanted to see 'im?"

"Oh!" said Harry. "No!"

"Of course not!" said Bob. "And if he's the Barney you've told us about, the less you see of him, the better."

"Don't I know it?" said Skip. His eyes gleamed at the dingy rascal. "You keep your distance from me, Barney! You 'ear!"

"You ain't got a word for an old pal?" asked Barney, with a leer.

"No, I ain't."

"P'raps you better!" said Barney, with a threatening note in his voice. "P'raps you better ask your nobby friends to walk on, and have a word with an old pal."

Skip paused a moment.

"You blokes mind?" he asked slowly.

"We'll wait for you!" said Harry, rather curtly.

The Famous Five walked up the lane, and stopped at a little distance, out of hearing.

Their faces were grim. Skip, they could see, had not expected to meet Barney, and was dismayed at meeting him. But if he had any idea of resuming the acquaintance of the man from his old alley—

"Now," said Skip, in a low voice, when they were gone, "wot you got to say, Barney? Cut it short—I got to get back to my school."

"Greyfriars?" grinned Barney.

"Find out!" snapped Skip.

"I've seen Greyfriars boys about, since I've been rusticated here," grinned Barney. "I never guessed you were one of them, Skip—but I know the school colours. That's a Greyfriars cap you've got on—and your friends the same."

"Well, what about it?"

"I don't know how you've worked it, THE MAGNET LIBRARY—No. 1551.

to get into a big Public school like that, Skip!" said Barney the Binger. "You was always smart! I ain't seen you since you took up with Jimmy the Rat, and turned me down! I've heard that Jimmy's been copped, and gone into the stone jug. They ain't copped you, it seems."

"They ain't!" said Skip moodily. "Nor you, Barney—though I fancy they come near it, or you wouldn't be on the run. You never went into the country when I knowed you, 'cept when the coppers was arter you, and you 'ad to lie low for a bit."

"You've got a good memory, Skip!" said Barney, eyeing him curiously.

"But what made you come 'ere, blow you?" growled Skip.

Barney grinned.

"Last I heard from Jimmy, he lost you in this part of the country," he answered, "and you never came back to the alley."

"You mean you been looking for me?"

"And now I've found you—but you can strike me pink, if I expected to find you fixed up at a school like Greyfriars!" said Barney, chuckling with great amusement. "How'd you work that, Skip?"

"Find out!" growled Skip.

"Making a good thing of it, what?" asked Barney. "You ain't there for the schooling—not you! You getting rich, Skip?"

Skip's eyes flashed.

"I'm a Greyfriars bloke now," he said. "I got the same as the other blokes. There's an old lady pays my fees, 'cause I stopped Jimmy cracking her nephew's nut, if you want to know. I ain't a pincher now, Barney."

"Tell me another!"

"Believe it or not!" said Skip contemptuously. "There was a time, Barney, when you made me pinch—and gave me your buckle belt if I come back empty-handed! Think you could do it now? Try it on, if you like."

"You've got nothing to share with an old pal?" asked Barney, with a sneer.

"Nix!"

"Think again! Like me to walk up to your school, and mention to the headmaster what old pals we are?"

"The 'eadmaster knows as much as you could tell 'im, Barney, 'cause I've told him myself."

Barney winked.

"You don't believe that?"

"Hardly!"

"Do the other thing, then!" said Skip. "Now, it seems that you been looking for me, since you 'eard from Jimmy the Rat—and now you've found me. And you'd like me to go on pinching, and 'anding over the stuff, like I used to as a nipper in the alley. I get you, Barney. Well, I ain't a little nipper now, and I ain't afraid of your buckle belt like I was—I could 'andle you Barney, now, as easy as you 'anded me in them days! And I'm telling you straight, that that's jest exactly what I'm going to do, if you 'ang about 'ere."

The evil eyes glittered at him.

"You're going," said Skip, "and you're going now! You ain't going to speak not one more word to me before you go, neither! You open that ugly mouth of yours jest once agin, before you go, and I'll let you 'ave it, 'ot and 'ard!"

"Why, you young—" began Barney in a sputter of rage.

He got no further. Skip was as good as his word. His clenched fist came with a crash, catching Barney the Binger full on the mouth, and sending him staggering back to the stile.

"'Ave another, you blighter?" said

Skip. "I got some more if you want

them! I'll alter your features for you, so that the coppers will 'ave to get out a noo description, if they want you. 'Ave another?"

Barney the Binger did not reply in words. With his evil face flaming with rage, he sprang at the Greyfriars junior like a tiger.

Skip, grinning savagely, met him with right and left.

The days were long past, when he had crouched under the buckle belt in Barney's hand. He had the upper hand now—he could have handled two or three of the whisky-soaked waster. His right crashed, like a lump of iron, into the rascal's face and, as Barney staggered, his left followed it up, with a jolt on Barney's chin that laid him flat on his back in the dust of Friardale Lane.

The rascal lay panting and groaning. Skip glared down at him.

"'Ave some more?" he snarled.

A groaning oath was the only answer. Barney the Binger made no attempt to get on his feet. He lay groaning and cursing and spitting with rage.

Skip turned his back on him, walked down the lane, and rejoined the Famous Five.

They had watched that rather startling scene from a distance. They smiled as Skip came up. If they had had any doubts about Skip's footing with his old acquaintance from Slummock's Alley doubts were dismissed when they saw Barney go down under his crashing fists.

"I done with that brute, you blokes!" said Skip. "I've barked my blooming knuckles on his jaw! I bet he won't want me to do it agin, though."

"Probably not!" grinned Bob. "He must be fearfully greedy, if he doesn't know that he's had enough!"

And the juniors walked back to the school—Bob's crackers, still unexploded, in his pocket. Still matchless, he had to leave the bang over till the afternoon. Still, the walk had not been wholly for nothing—it had been quite an entertainment to see Skip of the Remove handle Barney the Binger!

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### Smithy Sees It All!

HERBERT VERNON-SMITH came out of the House after dinner, and lounged away in the direction of the bike-shed.

Harry Wharton called to him in the quad.

"Hold on, Smithy."

The Bounder looked round, not amiably. He had not forgotten how the Famous Five had carried him home to his study, and dumped him there, the previous day. Smithy did not soon forget such episodes.

"Well, what?" he snapped.

"Footer this afternoon, you know," said the captain of the Remove, taking no notice of the Bounder's unpleasant manner. "I suppose you haven't forgotten that we're playing Hobbys' lot, and that we kick off early."

"I'll be back in time," Smithy's manner was a little more civil. He was a keen footballer, and certainly did not want to be left out of the match with the Shell. "Only a spin on my bike—"

"There's not a lot of time to spare, Smithy! Surely you can leave a spin till after the game."

"Gates are early now—I mightn't get back for lock-up. Look here, I've got to go," said the Bounder irritably.

Harry Wharton compressed his lips a

little.

He had seen Smithy's tenner that morning—half the Remove had seen it, for that matter. With a tenner in his pocket, and a half-holiday in front of him, he was well aware of the probable thoughts in the mind of the black sheep of the Form. It was quite on the cards that Smithy was going to see some of his sporting friends—and that, once among them, Soccer might slip from his mind.

The captain of the Remove had no idea of keeping a game waiting, for a fellow who did not choose to be on the ground in time. At the same time he did not want to lose his best winger—in a tough game like that with Hobson & Co. of the Shell.

The Bouncer, easily reading his thoughts in his face, sneered.

"Don't be an ass!" he said. "I've got to see a man—straight there and straight back. If you really want to know, I've got to pay an account before trouble turns up."

"Oh, rot!" said Harry. "If you're going to Courtfield to pay an account, a dozen fellows will be going that way this afternoon, as it's a half-holiday—and any one of them would do it for you."

The Bouncer laughed.

"A dozen fellows won't be going to the Three Fishers," he said sardonically. "At least, I hope not—for the credit of the Form."

"So that's it?" said Harry, contemptuously.

"That's it, if you want to know."

"I don't! And I tell you plainly that if you're late for the game you're left out—and left out of the Highcliffe match next week, too!" snapped the captain of the Remove. "I'm fed-up with this kind of thing! You ought to be jolly well ashamed of yourself, and you know it!"

"Any charge for the sermon?"

"Oh, go and eat coke!" snapped

Wharton, and with a ruffled brow he walked away to rejoin the Co.

The Bouncer, shrugging his shoulders, went on his way. But he came to a sudden stop as he dropped his hand into his jacket pocket.

He stopped dead!

Since he had slipped the ten-pound note into that pocket in break that morning he had not given it a thought. Now that he was going out on his bike, however, it occurred to him to take it out of the pocket and slip it into his wallet—and it gave him a startling shock to feel nothing in the pocket when he groped for the banknote.

He caught his breath.

He had been about to start for the Three Fishers—to pay Bill Lodgey his account. Had he not felt in his pocket just then, he realised that he would have arrived with nothing for Mr. Lodgey! The banknote was gone.

His first feeling was one of intense exasperation.

What the dickens had become of that banknote? He could not possibly have lost it. The pocket was safe enough. Smithy rather liked to swank with a banknote, shoving it with a careless air into a pocket like an old letter of no value. But his carelessness was merely a pose—he was, in point of fact, extremely careful with money, and he would never have put a banknote into any pocket where it was not perfectly safe.

It had not dropped out—and he knew it. He knew that it could not. And, knowing that, the next thought that came into his mind was inevitable.

His pocket had been picked!

One moment's thought was enough to make him certain of that! It did not, in fact, need thinking out—he knew it, as a matter of course. Only by the light fingers of a pickpocket could that banknote have been removed.

"By gad!" breathed the Bouncer.

He breathed hard, his eyes gleaming.

Bill Lodgey would have to wait, after all. He would have to get him on the phone, somehow, and pacify him. That could not be helped. And now—now he had his enemy in the hollow of his hand!

He remembered, quite clearly, that Skip had been among the crowd of fellows in front of the letter-rack that morning when he had taken the banknote from his father's letter. Skip had seen it, as well as a dozen other fellows. And he recalled that collision in the Form-room passage going in to third school. He had elbowed Skip—and the young scoundrel had made that an excuse for barging him—and picking his pocket at the same moment.

Vernon-Smith had not the faintest, slightest doubt of it. He saw it all!

Skip had that ten-pound note. The Bouncer was as sure of it as if he had seen it in the young rascal's hand.

For a full minute he stood; then he walked back into the quad, glanced round for Harry Wharton and hurried to him.

The Famous Five and several other of the Remove footballers were chatting together. Skip had gone up to his study to put in a spot of swotting at Latin—intending to come out when the match started and join the crowd watching the game. The Remove footballers were, as a matter of fact, discussing the Bouncer's action in going out just before the match—when Vernon-Smith unexpectedly reappeared and joined the group.

"Hallo, hallo hallo, here's Smithy!" exclaimed Bob. "Washed it out, old bean?"

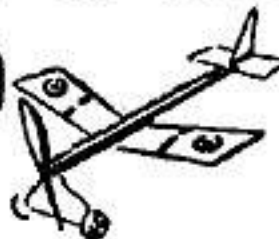
"Yes—no choice in the matter, as it turns out!" said Vernon-Smith. "I was going down to Courtfield, to pay an account at the outfitter's," he added, for the general information of the group—a statement that made Harry Wharton

(Continued on next page.)

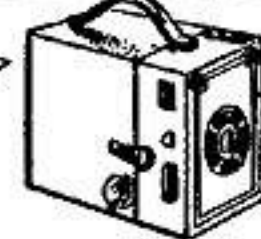
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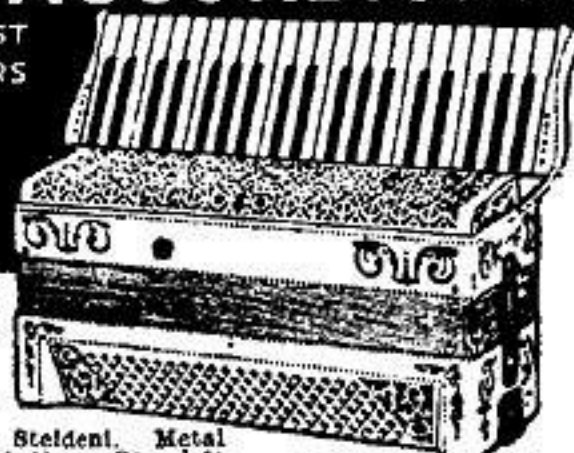
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stare. "My pater sent me a tenner this morning to pay that little bill."

"Yes—we saw the tenner!" murmured Johnny Bull—and some of the juniors grinned.

"Well, I can't pay my account with it because the tenner's been stolen!" said Herbert Vernon-Smith, in a cool, clear, deliberate voice.

Soccer was forgotten. The group of Remove juniors all stared at the Bounder. Harry Wharton was the first to speak.

"Is that a joke, Vernon-Smith?"

"Is it the sort of thing to joke about?" sneered Smithy.

"You don't mean to say—"

"I've said it."

Harry Wharton knitted his brows. Other faces grew grim. If a banknote had been stolen, it was hardly necessary to name Skip. But the Remove fellows were not believing it.

Harry Wharton & Co. were fed-up with the Bounder's feud with Skip—and a good many more of the Form felt the same about it.

This was not his first accusation—it was the second. The first had proved to be a blunder. Hardly a fellow present doubted that the second would prove another blunder—the outcome, in fact, of the Bounder's dislike; founded upon that dislike, and not upon anything that had actually happened.

"Well?" sneered the Bounder. "Anything to say—any advice to give, Wharton, as head boy of the Form?"

"Yes," said Harry quietly. "I advise you to think again, Vernon-Smith. Two or three weeks ago you missed your notecase from your study and accused Skip. It turned out to be in your study all the time. You dragged Quelch into the matter and had a jaw from him. I've no doubt you made him think for a time that that poor little blighter had taken to pinching again—I know you made a lot of the fellows think so. You had to own up that you'd made a fool of yourself when your wallet was found. You've asked for my advice as head boy—well, my advice is chuck it, and don't talk about pinching, unless it's a positive fact."

"You think I'm making a mistake?"

"Another mistake!" said Harry.

"Same hero!" said Bob.

"The samefulness is terrific. Better think twice, my esteemed and suspicious Smithy."

"Or even thrice!" grinned Peter Todd. "Can't be too careful, Smithy, before you make a fool of yourself twice in the same way!"

The Bounder's face grew darker and more bitter.

"You fellows saw me put that banknote in my pocket—this pocket!" he said. "I haven't touched it since! It's gone! It's been pinched out of my pocket!"

The juniors made no answer to that.

"Well?" snapped the Bounder. "Like to feel in the pocket—or would you like me to fancy that it's dropped out, and nobody's seen it? That young thief barged into me in the passage—after seeing me put it there—"

"You barged him!" said Harry quietly. "He wouldn't have touched you, if you hadn't shoved him."

"Anyhow, he did touch me!" sneered Smithy. "And that was chance enough—as you ought to know, as I've heard that he picked your pocket last hols, and you never knew he had done it." The Bounder set his teeth. "It was a mistake last time—and I dare say he's banking on that to keep my tenner. He's going to make out that I've made another mistake—and it looks as if he's

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going to get by with it, with some of you. Well, I'm going to Quelch."

"If you're not making another blunder, you'd better go to Quelch. But—"

"Tell me how this could be a mistake. Last time that fool Bunter hid my notecase for a fatheaded jape, and told us afterwards where it was. This time a banknote has been pilfered from my pocket while I was wearing the jacket—how can that be a mistake?"

"If you're sure of the pocket—" said Harry.

"You saw me put it there."

"But afterwards—"

"I've not touched it since, or thought of it."

Harry was silent. He did not, and could not, and would not, believe that Skip had been pinching from a Greyfriars fellow in the school. But if the matter was as the Bounder stated, it was difficult to think what else had happened.

He did not doubt Vernon-Smith's statement, so far as that went—but a fellow who had made one hasty mistake might make another—inspired by the same bitter dislike of the fellow he accused.

"Anything more to say?" sneered the Bounder.

"No!"

"I'm going to Quelch, then!"

And the Bounder walked across to the House and went directly to his Form-master's study.

## THE NINTH CHAPTER.

### Standing by Skip!

"I SAY, you fellows—"

"Don't bother!"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

Billy Bunter blinked indignantly at the group of Removees in the quad. They were all looking worried and troubled—as even the short-sighted Owl of the Remove could see.

That, however, was a matter of little moment to Bunter. Other fellows' worries and troubles never seemed of much consequence to the fat Owl of the Remove. He had enough of his own to fill his fat thoughts—and his own, of course, mattered a very great deal.

Billy Bunter's long-expected postal order had not arrived—and he could make absolutely no use of the "note" that Bob Cherry had generously given him. This mattered very considerably—indeed, at the moment, nothing else in the universe mattered much, so far as Bunter could see.

"That ass Smithy—" said Bob.

"That fool Smithy—" grunted Peter Todd.

"I—I suppose there can't be anything in it!" said Tom Brown slowly.

"From what Smithy says, it looks—"

"It was a silly mistake last time!" growled the captain of the Remove.

"Yes; but how—"

"I say, you fellows, what are you jawing about?" asked Bunter irritably. "I say, you might listen to a fellow. I've got to go over to Cliff House this afternoon—"

"Go, and be blowed!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"That's all very well, but it's a jolly long walk," snapped Bunter, "and the lanes are beastly muddy for biking—and I dare say you'd make a fuss about lending your bike, too!"

"I should!" said Johnny, with emphasis. "Let me catch you on my bike!"

"Well, then, who's going to lend me a bob for the motor-bus?" asked Bunter. Nobody seemed anxious to lend

Bunter a bob for the motor-bus. Indeed, after what Smithy had said, and with the prospect of an exceedingly unpleasant row to come, nobody seemed to want to bother about Bunter at all. Nobody answered.

"Don't all speak at once!" said Bunter sarcastically.

"Oh, get out!" said Squiff.

"Oh, really, Field! Look here, I've really got to go!" urged Bunter. "I want to see my sister Bessie! I dare say you fellows ain't fond of your sisters, and don't want to see them. I'm rather different, see? Bessie had a cold, you know, after she fell into the river, and I—I want to see if she's all right. It ain't because she's got ten bob—"

"You fat villain!"

"It ain't, really!" declared Bunter. "But, all the same, it would be a rotten waste to spend ten bob on a new hat! Don't you fellows think so?"

Harry Wharton & Co. did not state what they thought on that subject.

"You see," went on Bunter, "that's how it is. I had a letter from my pater yesterday, and, instead of sending me a postal order, he said he couldn't let me have anything over my allowance, because he'd had to spring that ten bob for Bessie's hat. Rot, I call it! She shouldn't have fallen into the river—and if she did, she shouldn't have lost her hat! Besides, she's got another hat! I don't see wasting money on a new hat when she's got a hat. I want to see her before she goes and wastes that ten bob!"

"Shut up!" roared Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry! What I mean is, she's pretty certain to go and get that hat this afternoon, as it's a half-holiday—but if I can catch her in time, I may be able to stop her. She can carry on all right with one hat. We can have a spread at the Anchor instead—if she's got any sense. But it's all up if I don't see her in time! You fellows see that?" asked Bunter, blinking anxiously at the juniors through his big spectacles. "I want somebody to lend me a bob for the motor-bus, see?"

Even those silly fatheads, Bunter considered, ought to have realised how serious the matter was, now that he had explained it.

But they did not seem to. They did not seem to realise, in the very least, how important it was for Bunter to see his sister Bessie before she took the rash and irrevocable step of expending that ten bob on a new hat.

Instead of dismissing the matter that was on their own minds, and giving all their attention to Bunter, as they ought to have done, they glared at him—and Johnny Bull not only glared, but grasped him by his fat shoulders, and sat him down in the quad with a bump!

"Now shut up!" said Johnny.

"Ow!" gasped Bunter. "Beast! Wow!"

"Here comes Wingate!" said Harry Wharton, setting his lips. "That means that the row's coming! That fat-head Smithy—"

"Bother his rotten banknotes!" growled Bob.

Wingate of the Sixth came out of the House. He headed for the group of juniors. Obviously he came from Quelch.

"Wharton! The Remove are to assemble in their Form-room—Quelch's orders!" said the Greyfriars captain.

"Yes, Wingate!" said Harry.

"I—I say, what's up, Wingate?" exclaimed Bunter, scrambling to his feet. "I say, I can't go into the Form-room—I've got to go over to Cliff House—"

"You'd better tell your Form-master



"You are Crake—swindler, thief, and worse!" said Miss Bullivant, her eyes gleaming at the sullen, evil-faced rascal. "Never 'eard the name, mum!" said the man. "Very well," said the Bull, "you will walk with me to the police station and prove your identity!"

that!" said Wingate, and he walked away to the gates to warn Gosling to stop any Remove fellows going out, and send them to the Form-room.

"I say, you fellows, is anything up?" asked Bunter.

"Yes, ass!" said Harry. "Get to the Form-room and shut up!"

The head boy of the Remove proceeded to round up the Form.

A little later a good many of them would have been out of gates; but none had gone so far. But there was a great deal of grousing among the Removites as they heard the order from Quelch. Nobody liked his plans for the half-holiday being interrupted in this manner. The footballers were annoyed, as this might mean delay in getting on with the match with the Shell—and most of the other fellows were annoyed also. However, there was no help for it—and the Removites proceeded to assemble in the Form-room.

Harry Wharton looked into Study No. 1—where Skip was busy on a Latin exercise.

His face was clouded—and his mind troubled. Having once determined to place faith in the one-time pincher of Slummock's Alley, Wharton was not the fellow to "chop and change"—moreover, Skip had given him no cause for doubt, apart from the rather mysterious affair of the gold locket. But the more he thought over what the Bouncer had said, the more the captain of the Remove was worried. He hoped, and believed, that this was another mistake—yet how could it be one?

Skip looked up with a cheery grin. "You ain't playing yet?" he asked. "Oh, no!"

"I'm coming down to see the game when you get going," said Skip. "I got to get through this first, if I can. Now you're 'ere, suppose you 'elp! Columba

est timida — what's a blooming columba?"

"A dove!" said Harry. "But never mind that now, Skip! We've all got to go into the Form-room! Come on!"

"Something up?" asked Skip.

"Well—yes."

"Orlright!"

Skip followed him from the study. The unsuspecting expression on his face reassured Wharton a good deal. Skip knew that something must be up for the Form to be called into the Form-room on a half-holiday; but he seemed to have no idea of what it was. He would certainly have had a very clear idea, had he picked the Bouncer's pocket that morning.

"Blooming row?" he asked, as they went down the stairs.

"Yes, a row! Smithy——" Wharton paused.

"That bloke's always in a row, ain't he?" said Skip. "Only last week he got a 'Ead's flogging for playing tricks on old Prout. He's the feller to ask for it, and no mistake! What's he been doin' now?"

"Nothing," answered Harry. "The —the fact is, he's lost that banknote he had this morning, Skip."

Skip's face changed.

"Oh!" he said, very quietly.

Wharton coloured uncomfortably. The mere mention of missing money was as good as an accusation in the peculiar circumstances.

"He thinks I've 'ad it, like he did afore?" asked Skip.

"I—I think he does."

"Do you?"

"No!" said Harry.

"That's good!" said Skip. "Of course, I knowed you wouldn't think so—you ain't a feller to change your mind in a 'urry. That bloke Smith is down on me, and no mistake! I dessay it's part my fault."

"Oh!" said Harry, looking at him.

"Well, that time he lost his notecase I thought he was telling lies, being down on me," said Skip. "I was sorry arter. I knowed arter, that he was making a mistake, like he is now. 'Course, he didn't like me thinking he was telling lies—I fancy that's why he's got it in for me so 'ard! I ought never to 'ave thought so; I know that now. All the same, he shouldn't keep on making these 'ere mistakes. Why can't he look arter his money?"

Wharton made no reply. On the first occasion, Smithy had left his notecase on his study table—believing that the pincher would take it, and intending to show him up if he did. But on the present occasion, it was nothing of that kind. The Bouncer's banknote had been in his pocket, where any fellow had a right to consider it safe. It had been pinched from that pocket, and who was Smithy to think of, who was any fellow to think of, but the pick-pocket of Slummock's Alley?

"Where did he leave it this time?" asked Skip scornfully.

"It was in his pocket," said Harry. Skip started.

"Not in his pocket!" he exclaimed.

"Yes."

"Oh!" said Skip, with a deep breath.

He said no more, but his face was dark, his look troubled, as he went down with the captain of the Form.

If Harry Wharton felt a miserable doubt cross his mind he resolutely drove it away. At a sign from him, in the Form-room passage, the Co. gathered round Skip, and they all went to the Form-room together. Lord Mauleverer quietly joined them, with a nod and a smile to Skip. That was intended to show all whom it might concern that

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# THE BIG BANG at GREYFRIARS!



(Continued  
from  
page 13.)

they were standing by the suspected junior.

The Bounder noted the action with a bitter sneer. All the Form knew by this time what the trouble was, and the looks on many faces showed that the Bounder's belief was generally shared. Except for the Famous Five and Lord Mauleverer, the juniors avoided coming near Skip.

Mr. Quelch was already in the Form-room, with a grave and portentous face. His gimlet-eyes lingered for a moment on Skip as he came in with his friends—only for a moment, but very keenly.

Every other face was grave also, with a single exception. There was a lurking grin on the little yellow face of Wun Lung, the Chinese junior, as if he found something amusing in the present state of affairs. If that was so, he was the only fellow in the Remove who did. But nobody noticed the little Chinese.

As soon as all the Form were in, the door was shut.

Skip drew a deep, deep breath, and his lip quivered a little. His fate was trembling in the balance, and he could not help wondering, with a heavy heart, whether that was the last time that he was to enter the Remove Form Room as a Greyfriars boy.

## THE TENTH CHAPTER.

### A Startling Discovery!

**M**R. QUELCH eyed his Form—in a silence that might have been felt.

When he spoke, his voice was quiet, but very distinct.

"My boys, you are probably aware why you have been called here. Vernon-Smith informs me that a banknote has been taken from his pocket. It appears that his father sent him a ten-pound note to pay an account at the school outfitter's in Courtfield this morning. This note is missing."

Harry Wharton glanced at Smithy, with a faint curl of the lip. He, at least, knew what had been the real destination of that ten-pound note.

But the Bounder was hardly likely to tell his Form-master that he owed money to Bill Lodgey, at the Three Fishers.

"Judging by appearances," went on the Remove master, "there has been a theft in this Form. But I hope and trust that that is not the case. All of you will remember that two or three weeks ago a similar suspicion arose, and it proved that a foolish boy had played an insensate practical joke."

Billy Bunter awarded his Form-master an indignant blink.

He was the foolish boy referred to, but it was not Bunter's own opinion that he was foolish, neither did he think his

jape insensate. He thought it, in fact, rather clever. He had that opinion all to himself.

"Vernon-Smith states that he put the banknote into his jacket pocket, and was seen to do so by a number of the Remove boys," resumed Mr. Quelch. "All the boys who were then present will please step out before the Form."

Quite a number of the Remove stepped out. Plenty of the fellows had been present, as was only natural, as they were accustomed to look for letters in morning break.

The Famous Five stepped out, and Skip went with them. Peter Todd followed, and then Skinner and Snoop and Wun Lung, Hazeldene and Squiff and Tom Brown, Bolsover major, Ogilvy, Newland, Mark Linley, Fisher T. Fish, Micky Desmond, and Wibley. It was more than half the Form.

Billy Bunter remained in his place. Bunter, of course, knew nothing of the missing tenner. But when trouble was on hand the fat Owl preferred to steer clear of it.

Some of the fellows glanced at him, aware that he had been in the crowd at the letter-rack; but the fat Owl heeded not.

To his intense annoyance and surprise, Mr. Quelch's eye turned on him.

"Bunter!"

"Oh crikey! It wasn't me, sir!" exclaimed Bunter, in alarm.

"I desire to know," said Mr. Quelch grimly, "whether you were present when Vernon-Smith took the banknote from his father's letter this morning?"

"I—I—I—I might have been there, sir!" gasped Bunter. "I—I—I really d-d-don't remember, sir!"

"Unless you remember immediately, Bunter, I shall cane you."

"I—I mean, I—I remember perfectly, sir! I—I was there! I—I'd just fuf-fuf-forgotten for a minute."

"You will stand out, Bunter."

"Oh lor'! I—I never picked Smithy's pocket, sir!" groaned Bunter. "I—I couldn't, sir! I—"

"Stand out at once!"

The fat Owl dismally joined the crowd of fellows standing out before the Form.

How that beast Quelch had guessed that he was present on the occasion, Bunter did not know; but it was just like the beast. Quelch always seemed to know things that a fellow did not want him to know.

"Now, Bunter—"

"It wasn't me, sir!" groaned Bunter. "I—I give you my word, sir! I—I never saw the banknote! I didn't ask Smithy to come and change it at the tuckshop, did I, Smithy? You can ask Wharton whether I did or not, sir. He heard me."

The seriousness of the proceedings was interrupted by a chorus from some of the juniors, but a glare from Mr. Quelch froze it at once.

"Bunter, on the previous occasion when Vernon-Smith's wallet was missing, you confessed that you had hidden it in his study."

"Oh, yes, sir! It was only a joke, sir—just a joke on Smithy because he's always swanking with his money."

Mr. Quelch had to glare away another chortle at that. The Bounder gave Bunter a black look.

"I refer to that, Bunter, because I think—I hope—that something of the kind may have occurred again. Answer me at once! Have you played a similar foolish trick on Vernon-Smith?"

"Oh, no! No, sir!" gasped Bunter. "Never, sir! I c-c-couldn't! How could I get a banknote out of a fellow's pocket? I ain't a pickpocket like Skip!"

"Silence! Vernon-Smith, did you

remove your jacket after break this morning?"

"No, sir," said the Bounder. "I'm wearing the same jacket that I've worn all day. And I'm quite certain that Bunter could never have got the banknote out of my pocket without my knowing. Only a skilful pickpocket could have done it."

Skip's eyes gleamed at him. The words were as good as a direct accusation.

Mr. Quelch pursed his lips. All the fellows could see the line his thoughts had followed. But it was clear to him, and to all, that it was not a fatheaded trick of Billy Bunter's this time.

"Skip!" said Mr. Quelch, at last.

"Yessir!" mumbled Skip.

"I do not, and cannot, believe that a theft has taken place," said Mr. Quelch.

"But what has happened points to you. I have observed that you are not on friendly terms with Vernon-Smith." There were few things in the Remove that Quelch's gimlet-eye did not notice. "Have you played a foolish trick on Vernon-Smith, as foolish as the trick played by Bunter?"

"No, sir."

The Bounder sneered bitterly. Skip, he was certain, had purloined that banknote from his pocket, and he was equally certain that he had not done it for a jape. He was a rogue in the Bounder's belief, but certainly he was not a fool.

"Do you know anything of the banknote, Skip?"

"No, sir," answered Skip steadily.

Mr. Quelch's lips were compressed harder. No Form-master liked to believe that there was a thief in his Form, even if that Form contained a reformed pickpocket. And the affair of Smithy's wallet pointed to the possibility of a similar practical joke. But he was losing that hope now.

"Can any boy here tell me anything on the subject?" he asked at last.

To the surprise of all, Wun Lung answered that question.

"Me tinkee, sir!" he said.

Mr. Quelch looked at him. So did every fellow in the Form-room.

"Indeed!" said the Remove master. "If you know anything about the matter, Wun Lung, please tell me at once."

"Me tinkee banknote not pinchee, sir," said Wun. "Tinkee stop 'long pockee b'long Smithy, sir."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch sharply. "Vernon-Smith, I have taken it for granted that you have made absolutely sure that the banknote is missing from the pocket in which you placed it. That is the case?"

"Certainly, sir!" said the Bounder, with a black look at the little Chinese. "I turned out the lining, sir."

"Tinkee banknote stop 'long pockee," said Wun Lung obstinately. "Smithy plenty big fool, sir—"

"What?" ejaculated Mr. Quelch.

"Makee mistakee," said Wun Lung. "Me tinkee me finddee that banknote, 'long me lookee 'long pockee b'long Smithy."

"You cheeky little fool—" began the Bounder savagely.

"Silence, Vernon-Smith!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch sternly. "How dare you use such expressions in my presence?"

Vernon-Smith bit his lip hard.

"S'possee me lookee, me tinkee finddee, sir!" said Wun Lung.

"It is scarcely possible," said Mr. Quelch. "However, if you really think so, Wun Lung, you may make an examination of the pocket, certainly."

"I assure you, sir—" began the Bounder savagely. "I turned out the

lining, and I'll turn it out here if you like—"

"Tinkæe banknote stop 'long pockee!" said Wun Lung, and he stepped towards the Bounder.

"It can do no harm, Vernon-Smith, for Wun Lung to examine the pocket," said Mr. Quelch sternly. "You will allow him to do so, at once."

"Very well, sir."

The Bounder was angry and annoyed—and he had no doubt that Wun was simply "ragging"—no doubt in return for that whopping in Study No. 4. Still, he knew that the banknote was not in his pocket, and apart from his angry irritation, he had no objection to the little Chinese looking for it there.

He scowled at Wun, as the Chinese junior stepped up to him. The little yellow hand glided into the jacket pocket, and groped.

It came out again—and there was a gasp from the Remove, a howl of amazement from the Bounder—and a startled, exasperated exclamation from Mr. Quelch. For as Wun's hand was held up, every eye in the room saw a crisp slip of paper in the yellow fingers—and saw that it was a Bank of England note for ten pounds!

## THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Bad for the Bounder!

**W**UN LUNG held up the banknote for all to see.

His little yellow face was expressionless; but there was a gleam of amusement in his slanting eyes.

The Bounder stared in stupefaction.

He could hardly believe his eyes, as he stared at the banknote. It had not been in his pocket—he was certain that it had not been in his pocket—yet there it was!

Mr. Quelch's brow was like thunder.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed the Remove master. "Upon my word! This passes all patience. The banknote was not lost at all. This is the second time, Vernon-Smith, that you have caused a sensation in the Form by declaring that money had been taken from you—and again it proves that you are mistaken. How dare you delude me in this manner?"

"I—I—" gasped the Bounder helplessly. "I—I—I thought—I was certain—I—I thought—"

He hardly knew what to say. He was utterly overwhelmed and confounded by the discovery of the missing banknote.

Many of the Remove fellows gave him expressive looks. Many, in the belief that his pocket had been picked, had taken it for granted that it was Skip who had picked it. Evidently, he had not. It was only another of the Bounder's wild and reckless unfounded accusations!

"By gum!" breathed Bob Cherry. "This is too thick! The fellow ought to be jolly well booted!"

"I say, you fellows, he had it in his pocket all the time!" squeaked Billy Bunter. "And Quelch jawing me, you know—"

"The silly idiot!" gasped Peter Todd.

"The silly fathead!" said Johnny Bull. "Making out that poor old Skip had pinched his rotten banknote—in his pocket all the time."

Skip's face was bright with sudden relief. Nothing could have been more welcome to his eyes than the sight of the banknote—evidently not stolen at all.

"Well, that bloke Smith takes the cake!" murmured Skip. "What'll he be making out he's missed next?"

"The fathead—"

"The ass—"

"All this bother, and his rotten banknote in his pocket—"

"Silence, please!" said Mr. Quelch. "Wun Lung, please hand that banknote to me. I am very much obliged to you, my boy. Not for one moment did it occur to me that Vernon-Smith had made so foolish, ridiculous, and careless a mistake. For anyone to bring a charge of theft so thoughtlessly, so carelessly, is simply amazing. I am glad, Wun Lung, that you appear to have understood this boy's folly better than his Form-master."

Wun Lung handed the note to Mr. Quelch, and stepped back among the juniors.

The Bounder stood with a crimson face.

He could not understand how it had happened, and he was overwhelmed with confusion and humiliation.

Smithy was no fool—and he had not, in fact, been careless; he had gone through that pocket with the greatest care, even to the extent of turning out the lining.

How, in such circumstances, the banknote could have escaped observation, was an utter mystery to him.

Apparently it had—for there it was!

He hardly dared look at his Form-master—or at the juniors. Every face expressed angry contempt.

A statement that money was missing was unpleasant enough. A charge of theft was unspeakably disagreeable. And the Bounder, to all appearance, had hastily supposed that his banknote had been taken, and had rushed in recklessly with an accusation of theft, inspired by his dislike of the new fellow in the Form. And it was not the first time—it was the second.

His former mistake had taught the Bounder nothing. Now he had repeated it. But for Wun Lung, the matter might have gone on, to what lengths no one knew—Skip up before the Head, fellows in other Forms talking about pinching in the Remove—and all the time the banknote was not gone at all. Not a fellow had dreamed, for a moment, that it was still in Smithy's pocket.

There was hardly a fellow in the Remove who would not gladly have booted Smithy round the Form-room at that moment, but for Mr. Quelch's presence.

Grimmest of all was the face of Mr. Quelch. He was deeply and intensely annoyed and angered. Having taken Smithy's word that the banknote was missing, he felt that he had been made a fool of.

He held out the ten-pound note to the Bounder.

"Take this, Vernon-Smith. As it was sent to you to pay an account with a tradesman, I will allow you to take it. But this matter cannot end here. You have made a statement that proves to be unfounded. You have practically accused a schoolfellow of theft. You have acted with a carelessness, in a matter of the greatest gravity, for which no condemnation could be too severe. I cannot allow such an action to pass without punishment."

The Bounder, in silence, put away the tenner.

Mr. Quelch glanced over his Form.

"My boys," he said quietly, "some of you may have entertained a doubt, quite unjustifiable, of the new boy here, owing to Vernon-Smith's reckless and unscrupulous carelessness. You will know better, on any future occasion, than to listen to any such suggestion from Vernon-Smith."

He turned to the Bounder again.

"Vernon-Smith, you will remain here in detention for the afternoon. I shall report this matter to Dr. Locke when he returns to the House. I have no doubt that you will be flogged. This is the second time that you have offended in this way—and I am determined that it shall be the last!"

The Bounder did not speak.

He could not.

He was choking with rage and humiliation.

"Dismiss!" said Mr. Quelch.

The Remove fellows marched out of the Form-room. The Famous Five and Lord Mauleverer gathered round Skip as he went—but they were not the only ones now. Mr. Quelch, with a last stern glare at the Bounder, followed them out, and closed the Form-room door.

Vernon-Smith was left alone, in detention—to wait till his headmaster was at leisure to deal with him. His reflections were not pleasant, as he was left in solitude.

The Remove poured out of the House in a buzz of excitement. Every voice condemned the Bounder.

"It's a flogging, of course," said Harry Wharton, "and if ever a fellow asked for one, Smithy has!"

"Serve him jolly well right!" said Johnny Bull. "To make a fatheaded mistake like that a second time—as if once wasn't enough!"

"We'd jolly well rag him if Quelch let him off!" said Bob.

"Yes, rather!"

"He ought to be booted!" growled Bolsover major. "He can't have looked for his mouldy banknote at all—he just fancied it was gone, and jumped to it that that kid Skip had pinched it—"

"I say, you fellows, in his pocket all the time, and Quelch trying to make out that I knew something about it!" squeaked Billy Bunter indignantly.

"Blessed if I can make it out!" said Harry Wharton. "Smithy's no fool, as a rule—but he's acted like an absolute idiot. Well, he will be a bit more careful after he's seen the Head!"

"The silly ass!"

"The blithering fathead!"

Nobody had a word to say for the Bounder. Indeed, Smithy, as he moved about the Form-room like a tiger in a cage, realised that he had nothing to say for himself. How he had come to make such a ghastly mistake, he could not begin to understand. Everyone had been astonished to see the banknote produced from his pocket, but no one so utterly astonished as Smithy himself.

Ten minutes later Mr. Quelch returned to the Form-room. He brought a Latin paper in his hand; it was a detention task to keep Vernon-Smith busy till he was taken before the Head. The Bounder sat down sulkily at his desk.

"I shall see Dr. Locke in his study at five o'clock, Vernon-Smith," said the Remove master coldly. "I shall then report your conduct to him, and he will deal with you. You will remain in detention until then, and I shall expect this paper to be completed when I come for you to take you to Dr. Locke."

With that Mr. Quelch left Smithy to himself again—and Latin irregular verbs. A little later distant shouts from the direction of the football field told the Bounder that the Soccer match had started—his place in the Remove team taken by another fellow. He was out of the football match; neither was his visit to the Three Fishers likely to be paid that day. Several hours of dismal detention, a difficult Latin task, to be followed by an interview with his headmaster—and undoubtedly a flogging.

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That was the prospect before the Bounder, and it was no wonder that his face was black and bitter as that weary, dreary afternoon wore on.

## THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

### A Blow for Barney!

**B**ILLY BUNTER grunted.

While Harry Wharton & Co. were playing football and the Bounder was chafing savagely in detention Billy Bunter was occupied in a way that he disliked extremely—he was walking.

Nobody had lent Bunter the necessary "bob" for the motor-bus.

After the scene in the Form-room Harry Wharton & Co., sad to relate, had been thinking about Soccer, and not about Bunter at all; they had even gone to the length of forgetting his fat existence.

Lord Mauleverer, often and often his resource in financial difficulties, had gone out of gates—possibly because he spotted Bunter looking for him. The fat Owl had tried to "touch" Skinner for a bob—sending Skinner into a fit of laughter. He had even tried Fisher T. Fish—and Fishy, at the bare idea of parting with money for nothing, had only stared at him, petrified with astonishment.

It was Shanks' pony or nothing; so Bunter set out for Cliff House with no means of transport, but his lazy fat legs.

Only in a case of extreme urgency would Billy Bunter have started to walk a mile and a half. But the case was urgent.

Bessie Bunter had ten bob—which represented quite a dazzling supply of tuck if sensibly expended. Bunter did not expect a girl to have much sense, however—and he had little doubt that Bessie, left to herself, would expend that ten bob on a new hat to replace the one she had lost in the river. Still, Bessie had a taste for tuck very like his own, and he hoped that if he caught her in time she would be amenable to reasoning on this important subject.

So there was Bunter plugging along Pegg Lane, tired and lazy and irritable, but hopeful, his ultimate destination Cliff House School, but his immediate object the wayside seat in the lane where he was going to rest his fat and lazy limbs before he completed his trip.

So he grunted expressively as, coming along to that wayside bench, he found it already occupied.

A man was sprawling on it—not merely seated, which would have given a fellow room to sit down beside him—but sprawling at full length, taking up the whole bench.

Bunter came to a halt, grunting.

He was tired; he was lazy; he was going to sit down. That beast was going to shift to make room for him.

"I say, make room for a fellow, will you?" said Bunter. "I want to sit down."

The man lifted his head and glanced at him. He had an unpleasant face—even the short-sighted Owl of the Remove noticed that. A half-smoked cigarette hung loosely to a loose lip.

He scowled at the fat junior, and was obviously about to snap out a rude refusal, but as his eyes fell on the cap that adorned Bunter's fat head he changed his mind. He recognised the Greyfriars colours—and Barney the Binger was interested in schoolfellows

of the boy he had trained in Slummock's Alley. He sat up and shifted his legs from the bench.

"Certainly, sir!" he answered civilly.

Bunter plumped down with a gasp of relief.

He was only a short distance from Cliff House now; its roofs could be seen over the leafless trees. After five minutes' rest he would be able to continue and complete that tiresome journey. He took no further notice of the man on the bench; but Barney, out of the corner of his eye, took a good deal of notice of Bunter. He addressed the fat junior at last.

"You belong to Greyfriars School, sir?"

"Eh?" Bunter blinked round at him. "Oh, yes!"

"P'raps you know a boy named Skip?"

Bunter started and turned his spectacles full on the face beside him.

"Skip?" he repeated. "Oh, yes! You know him?"

"Oh, I know him all right!" said Barney. He rubbed a bruised chin. "I know him; old friend of mine."

"Oh!" said Bunter, blinking inquisitively at Barney. "He's in my Form at Greyfriars—the Remove. What do you know about him?"

"I know a lot," grinned Barney; "more than they know at his school, I fancy. I'll lay he hasn't told them that he lived by picking pockets before he got into that school."

"He jolly well has!" said Bunter.

Barney stared at him.

How Skip had obtained an entrance into Greyfriars School was a mystery to him, but Skip's object was no mystery. He had no doubt whatever that Skip was on what he would have called "the pinching lay." Willingly the rascal would have resumed his old footing with the young pickpocket, but Skip's reception of him had made it clear that there was no hope of that.

Skip, as he believed, was on to a good thing and meant to keep it to himself, and had no use for an old acquaintance from the alley. For which reason Barney was glad of a chance of getting into talk with any Greyfriars fellow who would listen to him to "queer the pitch" for Skip.

That Skip was known in the school in his true colours he would have supposed impossible. So Bunter's answer made him stare blankly.

"You know he was a pickpocket?" he gasped.

"Everybody at Greyfriars knows it," answered Bunter.

"Strike me pink!" gasped Barney. "Your headmaster let a pickpocket into his school, knowing what he was?"

"He jolly well did!" said Bunter.

"You see, it was like this—some hooligan was going to crack Coker's nut—Coker of the Fifth—and that kid butted in and stopped him. Coker's aunt took him up and got the Head to let him in. She pays his fees and all that. He ain't a bad chap."

"Ain't he?" gasped Barney.

"Well, we barred him at first," said Bunter. "But, you see, he pulled my sister Bessie out of the river when she fell off a boat. I wasn't going to bar him after that."

"I'll lay there's been things missing since he was in the school!" said Barney venomously.

"Oh, no, nothing of the sort!" said Bunter cheerfully. "He's chucked that up. Nobody thinks he would pinch now, except Smithy—and Smithy's an ass. Of course," added Bunter loftily, "he's

not in my class, and I don't have much to do with him. Still, I don't bar him—and nobody else does now, except one chap."

"And—and you know all about him, headmaster and all?" exclaimed Barney, as if he could not believe it.

"Oh, yes!" assented Bunter.

The evil-eyed rascal sat silent, savagely chewing the butt of his cigarette.

It had seemed to him an easy revenge for the handling Skip had given him to betray the waif's secret at his new school. To discover that it was no secret there took all the wind out of his sails.

"And—and he ain't pinched since he's been in the school?" he asked at last.

"No fear!"

"Waiting for a chance, I s'pose," said Barney. "He can't be after anything else. Waiting for something worth while."

Billy Bunter edged farther along the seat. Obtuse as he was, he could see the evil in the face of the bad-hearted man at his side, and he was feeling uneasy in his presence.

He decided to cut short his rest on that bench. He was about to heave up his weight, when his eyes fell on a numerous party coming down Pegg Lane from the direction of Cliff House School.

It was a schoolgirl "crocodile"—the Fourth Form of Cliff House, walking two and two, in charge of Miss Bullivant, the games-mistress.

Bunter blinked at the Cliff House crocodile. A pair of spectacles that gleamed back the rays of the wintry sun told him that Miss Elizabeth Bunter was there with the rest. He sat down again. The crocodile would be passing that bench in a few minutes, and Bunter was saved the remainder of his weary walk to Cliff House.

Miss Bullivant, it was true, had a very sharp eye on the schoolgirls in her charge—and she was rather a fearsome lady. Still, even the fierce Bull could not object to a girl's brother speaking to her.

But Bunter eyed Miss Bullivant rather uneasily.

The games-mistress of Cliff House was a hefty lady, in thick boots and a hat that was useful, but not ornamental. Bunter had not forgotten that on a certain occasion he had banged that hat from behind a bush, thinking that it was worn by Hazel of the Remove. Miss Bullivant had smacked him severely—and she had large and heavy hands!

He hoped that Miss Bullivant had forgotten—or, at least, forgiven—that incident. But he did wish that some other Cliff House mistress had been in charge of the crocodile that afternoon. He quaked under the stern, steady eye of the Bull. Still, he had to speak to Bessie—if that ten bob was not to be wasted in reckless extravagance on a new hat.

So he sat tight—and waited for the crocodile to arrive.

The man beside him lighted a fresh cigarette, scowling over it. He did not even notice the crocodile coming up the lane. Schoolgirls on an afternoon walk had no interest for Barney the Binger.

He remained where he was, slumping on the bench and smoking, while Billy Bunter, as soon as the crocodile was near at hand, heaved himself up, and stepped to meet it—raising his cap with great politeness to Miss Bullivant, and receiving, as a reward, a cold stare from a pair of steady, steely eyes, which made him realise that the old cat had



"Come on!" said Wibley, swiping at the infuriated Bounder with the tomahawk. "My advice to you is to go and wash your head! If that fixing-gum dries on it, you'll never get it off in a month!" "You—you—you—" gasped Vernon-Smith, dashing away.

no appreciation whatever for nice manners and good looks.

## THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Too Late!

"G-G-GOOD-AFTERNOON!" stammered Bunter.

"Do you want anything?" asked Miss Bullivant.

"Oh! Yes! You see—I—"

"Well, what?"

That was just like the Bull—short and sharp—never wasting a word or a minute. She had a stick under her arm. She was the sort of strenuous lady who carried a stick instead of an umbrella. Bunter would have preferred her to carry an umbrella. He had an uneasy eye on that stick.

"I—I—I want to speak to my sis-sister Bessie!" gasped Bunter. "I've walked over specially—it's important."

"Bessie!" rapped the Bull.

"Yes, Miss Bullivant?" squeaked Bessie.

"Your brother wishes to speak to you. Lose no time, Bunter."

The crocodile, at a sign from the Bull, halted. Miss Bullivant stood like a rock, in her heavy boots, waiting.

Some of the girls smiled.

Billy Bunter blinked at Miss Bullivant—and blinked at Bessie—who blinked back at him inquiringly.

Bunter wanted to speak to Bessie—very urgently. But he did not want to speak in the hearing of two dozen girls—especially not in the hearing of Miss Bullivant.

Excellent scheme as it was, to expend that ten bob on tack, instead of wasting it on a new hat, Bunter felt that that suggestion had better reach Bessie's ear privately—it was not the sort of scheme that could be discussed in the hearing of a schoolmistress.

"I—I—I say, Bessie, old girl!" gasped Bunter. "I say, it's rather important—I say, just step out a minute or two—"

"I haven't anything to lend you!" said Bessie suspiciously.

"I say, don't be a cat, Bessie! Look here—"

"Please lose no time, Bunter!" rapped Miss Bullivant. "If you wish to speak to your sister, do so at once, and do so here!"

Bunter breathed hard. The crocodile was going to wait while he spoke to Bessie—and Miss Bullivant was going to wait with the crocodile.

Clara Trevlyn winked at Marjorie Hazeldene, who smiled. Mabel Lynn giggled. All the girls seemed rather amused by Bunter's evident confusion.

Only Miss Bullivant was not amused. She was a stern and severe lady, and not easily amused.

But just then, to Bunter's relief, as well as to his great surprise, there came a most unexpected diversion.

Miss Bullivant's stern, keen eyes fell on the man who was slumping on the wayside bench, scowling over his cigarette.

He was not looking at her. But she looked at him—and her eyes, at first glancing casually, became fixed.

For a long moment Miss Bullivant stared hard at Barney the Binger. Then she strode towards him. Her eyes were like cold steel, fixed on the man's evil face, and seeming to bore into it.

"You!" she exclaimed.

Attention was transferred from Bunter to Miss Bullivant and the stranger. In great surprise, the Cliff House girls looked on at that unexpected and surprising scene.

Barney the Binger glanced up, scowling—and gave a start, as he stared into Miss Bullivant's face. But if he

recognised her, he affected not to do so.

"You!" repeated the Bull grimly. "I know you!"

"I don't know you, ma'am!" said Barney, though his furtive, uneasy eyes belied the words. "You're taking me for somebody else."

"I think not!" said Miss Bullivant. "It is ten years since I have seen you, but I think I know you again. Your name is Crake."

"Smith, mum," said Barney.

"George Smith."

"I last saw you at Brighton."

"Ain't never been near Brighton, mum. Ilford's where I live."

Miss Bullivant's steely eyes seemed to bore and bore into him. The stick under her arm slipped down into her hand.

The Cliff House girls gazed breathlessly. Bunter blinked, with popping eyes. For the moment he forgot the ten bob.

"Stand up!" rapped Miss Bullivant.

"What for?" grunted Barney.

"So that I can take a good look at you!"

"Look 'ere, mum—"

"Stand up!" rapped Miss Bullivant sharply; and the rascal rose to his feet, and stood scowling under the steady stare of her eyes.

"I am not mistaken!" said Miss Bullivant, her eyes gleaming at the sullen, evil face. "You are Crake—swindler, thief, and worse! If you deny it—"

"Never 'eard the name, mum."

"Very well! If you are not the man I take you for, it is useless for me to question you—but I believe that you are the man; and you shall prove your identity to the police. You will walk with me to the police station."

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Clara.

"I got to catch my train, mum!"

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numbled Barney. "I ain't the man you take me for—I've never seen you before, mum—"

"You will come with me!" said Miss Bullivant decisively. "I am certain that I am making no mistake. I shall take—"

She broke off, as Barney made a sudden, backward jump.

In an instant, he turned and ran.

"Stop!" Miss Bullivant fairly roared. Barney flew.

After him rushed Miss Bullivant, brandishing the stick.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Billy Bunter. "I say, ain't she a terror! Oh crumbs!"

The crocodile stood where it was—staring.

Barney, evidently terrified, ran like a hare—but Miss Bullivant was an active and strenuous lady—she was after him like a shot.

The stick came down—with a crack like a pistol-shot—across the shoulders of the running rascal.

Barney's yell rang along the lane.

But he did not stop. That crack from the stick seemed to urge him to greater speed. He fairly flew.

Leaping up the grassy bank beside the lane, he darted into the wood. Miss Bullivant darted after him. Another loud crack, and another yell, floated back.

"I say, Bessie!" Billy Bunter remembered his urgent mission. The Bull for the moment was gone—this was a chance for Bunter. "I say—"

"Got any toffee?" asked Bessie.

"Eh? No."

"Got any butterscotch?"

"No! I say—"

"I could eat it while the Bull's gone!" said Bessie discontentedly. "Sure you haven't got any?"

"No! I say, you've got ten bob!" said Bunter eagerly. "That's why I came over. I say, don't waste it on buying a hat. You can make one hat do. I say, when you get away from that old cat, after this walk, come along to the Anchor in Pegg—see? I'll wait for you there. We'll have a feed instead of buying the hat!"

Bunter blinked eagerly at Bessie. There was a ripple of merriment along the crocodile. Bunter did not heed it. He waited on tenterhooks for Bessie's reply.

"Can't!" said Bessie.

"Now, don't you be a silly idiot, Bessie!" urged Bunter. "What's the good of a hat, when you've got one already? Those cream cakes at the Anchor—just think of them, old girl! Wouldn't you like some?"

Bessie sighed.

"Wouldn't I just!" she said.

"Well, then, keep that ten bob, and don't waste it!" urged Bunter. "I cut over here to tell you. I should have been earlier, but for that fool Smithy! I say, you keep that ten bob—and—"

"Here comes the Bull!" murmured Barbara Redfern.

Miss Bullivant emerged from the wood into the lane. She came alone. Barney, apparently, had succeeded in making his escape.

"I say, Bessie—" urged Bunter anxiously.

"Can't!" said Bessie.

"Look here! Why not?"

"I've bought the hat!"

"Wha-a-at?" stuttered Bunter.

"Before we started on this walk," said Bessie. "If you'd been an hour sooner I'd—"

"Oh! That idiot Smithy!" groaned

Bunter. "That fathead! That beast! Oh crikey!"

Miss Bullivant rejoined the crocodile. She was frowning, evidently very much annoyed.

The Cliff House crocodile marched on. Billy Bunter stood by the roadside, blinking after it dimly through his big spectacles.

He was too late!

It was all that idiot, that fathead, that beast, Smithy's fault! But for Smithy and his rot about his mouldy banknote, Bunter might have been in time. He felt the full force of the poet's sad reflection:

"Of all sad words of tongue and pen,  
The saddest are these: 'It might  
have been!'"

The only consolation was that Smithy was booked for a flogging. That was some comfort. But the ten bob was gone—wasted on a silly hat for Bessie—and Bunter had had a long walk for nothing; and had another long walk before him back to Greyfriars, also for nothing. It was a sad, weary, and dreary fat Owl that set out, at last, to trudge that endless distance—a mile and a half!

## THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

### What Skip Suspected!

"THAT ass!"

"That dummy!"

"That fathead!"

"That silly chump!"

"Blow him!"

"He wants booting!"

"The bootfulness ought to be terrific!"

"The silly swab!"

Herbert Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars, had been slanged many a time and oft. But never had he been so thoroughly slanged as on that particular November afternoon.

Billy Bunter, trudging wearily back from Cliff House, was calling him all the names he could think of. Harry Wharton & Co., in the changing-room at Greyfriars, were doing the same.

The game on Little Side had been touch and go. But Hobby of the Shell had walked off with it.

The Shell was a rather older and heavier team than the Remove, and they played good Soccer. But the Remove, at their best, could beat them—and would have beaten them, at full strength. But to beat Hobby & Co. Harry Wharton had to select his very best men, and every man had to put his best foot foremost. And, owing to the Bounder's fatheadedness, one of the best men in the team had had to be left out—sitting in the Form-room in detention, while the Remove were beaten by the Shell. It was enough to disgruntle any footballer.

Frank Nugent had taken the Bounder's place. He had played a good game; but Frank himself knew quite well that it was not up to the Bounder's game. He had shown good form at Soccer that term, and he was as good as some men in the team; but he was not as good as Smithy. There were few junior footballers at Greyfriars as good as Smithy.

In spite of a good many disagreements with the Bounder, Harry Wharton would almost as soon have left himself out as Smithy; and he had had to leave him out because Smithy had made a fool of himself, for no better reason than his feud with a fellow who had never really given him any serious cause of offence.

The Remove men liked to win a match—still, they were good losers, if for-

tune went against them. But this was not a case of the luck, or ill-luck, of the game; it was a case of a man who ought to have played, not playing, when there was no reason why he should not have played, except his own fatheadedness. So every fellow in the changing-room slanged the Bounder, whose ears ought really to have been burning as he sat in the Form-room.

"We ought to have pulled it off!" growled Johnny Bull, as the Famous Five left the changing-room.

"We should have pulled it off with Smithy!" grunted Bob Cherry.

"Bother the silly ass!" said Harry. "I'd rather have Frank in the team, any day, but—"

"So would anybody, I should think!" said Bob. "But—"

"But the butfulness is terrific!" remarked Hurree Jamsot Ram Singh.

"Terrific and preposterous!" grinned Frank Nugent. "I know I'm not in the same street with Smithy, you fellows—and I feel like booting him as much as you do. The silly ass—with his mouldy banknote!"

The Famous Five went up to the Remove passage to tea. Skip had preceded them there, to get tea going in Study No. 1.

He had it ready by the time they arrived; and after a football match on a cold November day, they were all quite ready for it.

They talked football over tea, while Skip sat silent. There was a thoughtful and rather worried expression on Skip's face which the other fellows did not notice, their interest being concentrated in the discussion of that game which ought to have ended quite differently.

"Look 'ere, you blokes—" said Skip at last, breaking into Soccer "jaw." "Look 'ere, that bloke, Smithy—"

"Blow him!" said Bob.

"Bother him!" said Johnny Bull. "I'd jolly well boot him, only I suppose he'll be up for his flogging soon! He can't say he hasn't begged for it."

"He 'ad a flogging last week!" said Skip.

"He asked for that, too—he's always asking for something!" said Harry. He glanced at Skip. "What about it?"

"Well," said Skip slowly, "I don't like the bloke, and he don't like me. But fair's fair! I been worriting."

"About Smithy?" asked Wharton, in astonishment.

"Well, yes," said Skip. "I don't see a bloke getting a 'ead's flogging for nothing—specially arter he had one a few days ago."

"I don't call it nothing—and I shouldn't expect you to," said Harry. "A fellow who fancied that his pocket had been picked, and yelled it out to all the school without making sure—"

"He must 'ave made sure!" said Skip.

"I should have thought so; but he didn't, fathead—he couldn't have, as the banknote was in his pocket all the time. What the dickens are you getting at?"

"But was it?" asked Skip.

"Eh? Didn't you see Wan pull it out in the Form-room?"

"Yes, I did," said Skip, with a nod. "and in this here study, yesterday. I see him play some tricks, too!"

"Wha-a-a-t?"

The Famous Five forgot tea—and even forgot the lost football match. They all stared at Skip.

"That's what's been worriting me!" said Skip. "You fellers ain't thought of it, I s'pose; but I couldn't 'elp thinking of it. You know Smithy was arter

(Continued on page 22.)

**"PARADE, 'SHUN! QUICK MARCH!" And off we go again with—**

# The GREYFRIARS GUIDE

## A TOUR OF THE SCHOOL.

## The Letter-Rack.

(1)

You will find it on the wall  
Just inside the entrance-hall;  
It's a place of great excitement to the  
chaps;  
When the letters are put out  
There are lots of men about  
Who are waiting for remittances—  
perhaps!  
Then the letter-rack is very soon  
surrounded  
By those who find their rosy hopes  
unfounded!



(2)

The most regular of these  
Is the Bunter-bird, for he's  
Been expecting a remittance every day  
Since he got here, and we're sure  
Disappointment will not cure  
His conviction that it's still upon the  
way.  
And we hope to see his famous postal  
order,  
When it comes with whiskers growing  
on its border.

(3)

Fishy also comes a cropper  
When the letter from his "popper"  
Has no dollars, but a lot of good  
advice!  
Like a lot of sinful scholars,  
Fishy needs this more than dollars,  
But he doesn't seem to think it very  
nice,  
And other fellows, likewise feeling  
rotten,  
Call the letter-rack a—well, it's best  
forgotten!

## A WEEKLY BUDGET OF FACT AND FUN

By  
**THE GREYFRIARS  
RHYMESTER**

## GREYFRIARS GROANS!

Ow-wow! I've just had a stiff dose of Quelch's cane, so this week I've got to make this column "Greyfriars Groans" instead of "Greyfriars Grins."

This is what comes of trying to do a Sixth Former a good turn, ow-wow! I slid down the banisters and landed on Carne's face. My boots have altered Carne's face considerably, ow-wow! And, of course, any alteration is bound to be for the better, because there's no other way Carne's face can be altered.

Instead of being thankful for the lucky accident which made his features a little less repulsive to the public eye, Carne jerked me into Quelch's study, and pretended he was annoyed about it. Personally, I cannot see that Quelch could do anything for Carne. Giving me a whacking would hardly mend Carne's face; it would merely make two of us hurt instead of one, ow-wow!

So Quelch bent me over and laid into me with a new cane which was surprisingly flexible, and gave me considerable anguish, which was very gratifying to Carne, ow-wow!

I cannot quite understand what sort of monster makes and sells these canes. It is sad to think there is a man who makes his living from the suffering and torture of tender schoolboys, ow-wow! I should like to know what sort of life this wretch is leading, and if any reader knows his name, I should be interested to hear it for future reference.

Personally, I think such a man will not be very easy to hurt, or otherwise the food he eats would choke him, since every mouthful is wrung from the agony of others; but it would be interesting to call upon him in his lair, where there will be plenty of canes for the purpose which I have in view. Ow-wow!

I do not think I can write any more just now, because it is difficult to write standing up, and for private and personal reasons I prefer not to sit down just at this moment, so I will now cease.  
P.S.—Ow-wow-wow!

## AFTER SCHOOL HOURS Hare and Hounds

(1)

It's an autumn day, with the hares  
away  
And the hounds set off to find 'em;  
We'll race along with a merry song  
On the trail they left behind 'em!  
Tally-ho, tally-ho, tally-ho!  
We're putting on plenty of pace to-day  
As we go on our paper-chase to-day,  
For we're keeping the trail  
Over hill and through dale  
And we know we shan't fail—tally-ho!

(2)

Through by-ways green, if your eyes  
are keen,  
You may see the paper blowing,  
At the end of a mile we come to a stile  
And we don't know where we're  
going!  
Tally-ho, tally-ho, tally-ho!  
But we merrily keep upon our way  
And we're hoping the hares have gone  
our way,  
As we're racing intent  
Upon finding the scent  
Of the way they went—tally-ho!

(3)

And a cheer rings out with a joyous  
shout  
As the distant hares are sighted,  
We can see 'em still as they cross the  
hill.  
And by now we are all excited.  
Tally-ho, tally-ho, tally-ho!  
For we know we're going to catch 'em  
now,  
We are sure we can soon outmatch 'em  
now,  
And we've had a good run  
With a gallon of fun,  
But we're glad it is done—tally-ho!

## THE GREYFRIARS ALPHABET SAMSON QUINCEY IFFLEY FIELD, otherwise "Squiff"—the Australian Junior in the Remove

**F** is for FIELD—from New South  
Wales.

A sportsman true and as hard as nails.  
His Christian names are rather stiff,  
And that is why he's known as "Squiff."



Suggested by the word revealed  
In Samson Quincey Iffley Field,  
A name enough to break your jaw!  
Of course, there ought to be a law  
To stop the parents' little games  
Who give their sons these fancy names.  
With such a load of names to bear  
Squiff ought to be bowed down with  
care,

But he is nothing of the kind,  
In fact, he doesn't seem to mind  
How much you laugh, he'll simply grin  
And try to bash your boko in!

**DON'T BE LATE FOR NEXT SATURDAY'S PARADE, CHUMS!**

that Chink yesterday for bungling the fireworks at 'im, and I've 'card that he gave him an awful 'iding, and Mauly had to step in and stop 'im. Well, I don't 'old with 'im pitching into the little idjit, but—"

"My only summer bonnet!" gasped Bob Cherry. "You don't imagine—"

"Wun!" said Harry Wharton blankly.

"Look at the tricks he played in this 'ere study!" said Skip. "That Chink can pick a pocket as easy as I could."

"Yes, we know that!" said Harry slowly. "But—"

"Course, he wouldn't pinch," said Skip. "I never thought of 'im while the blooming banknote was missing. But when he found it—"

Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged startled looks.

Not for a moment had they thought of Wun Lung in connection with the banknote. They had been only too glad to see him find it—in Smithy's pocket, apparently—and thus wash out the suspicion of a theft.

"It looks to me," said Skip, "like one of his blooming tricks! If it 'ad been any other bloke what found it in Smithy's pocket it would be different."

"Oh!" gasped Harry.

"You could see that Smithy believed that the note was gone," said Skip, "and he ain't no fool; he must have gone through that pocket pretty careful. And, it being the Chink what found it in his pocket—what do you fellers think that that looks like?"

"I should think," said Harry quietly, "that we'd better see Wun Lung at once and ask him about it, before Smithy goes up to the Head!"

He had been astonished, like every fellow in the Form, by the Bounder's apparent carelessness in overlooking the banknote in his pocket. Such carelessness was utterly unlike the Bounder. No doubt he had been eager to accuse Skip—still, he was the fellow to make absolutely certain before he took so terribly serious a step.

That supposed carelessness, so at variance with Smithy's character, was explained—if the banknote really had been missing—if the whole affair was one of Wun Lung's weird japes.

And now that the idea was once put into his mind, Wharton could not help thinking that that was the explanation. He rose from the table.

"I'll cut along and see Wun, at once!" he said. "This has got to be cleared up before Smithy goes to the Head."

His friends followed him from Study No. 1.

They arrived at Study No. 13. Wun shared that study with Bob Cherry, Hurree Singh, and Mark Linley. The latter's voice was heard as the Famous Five came up to the door.

"What the dickens is the joke, Wun? What are you grinning and cackling about, you young ass?"

"Plenty big jokee!" answered the voice of the little Chinese. "Makee this li'll Chineese laugh plenty too much."

"But what—"

"No tellee!" chuckled Wun Lung. "Plenty big jokee, keepee dark, what you tinkee?"

Bob Cherry kicked open the door of the study, and the Famous Five marched in.

Wun Lung turned a little yellow face, wreathed with grins, towards them as they entered—evidently in enjoyment of some great jest that was a secret of his own.

Harry Wharton & Co. had little doubt what it was!

## THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

### East and West!

"WUN, you young rascal—" began Harry.

Wun Lung's slanting eyes glanced from face to face.

"Whatee mattee?" he asked. "Nicey ole Wharton no get waxee along this pool li'll Chineese?"

"Look here—" said Bob.

"Me lookie!" said Wun. "Likee lookie along handsome facee blong ole Bob Chelly."

"Have you been playing tricks on Smithy?" demanded Harry Wharton, coming to the point at once.

The grin faded off the yellow face, and the slanting eyes became keen and searching. Wun was on his guard immediately.

"Tlicks!" he repeated. "No playee tlick! Me no savvy."

"You were playing potty tricks in my study yesterday, and Johnny booted you for it," said Harry. "Now look here, Wun, that fool Smithy thought that Skip had picked his pocket this morning. Skip could have done it, easily enough, but we know that he didn't. You could have done it as easily as Skip—did you?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Mark Linley. "That potty little ass—"

"Did you?" demanded the captain of the Remove. "Everybody in the Form-room thought you'd found that banknote in Smithy's pocket! Was it in your hand all the time, you tricky young rascal?"

"Cough it up, Wun," said Bob, "and for goodness' sake don't tell us any lies!"

"No tell lie 'long nicey old Bob Chelly!" said Wun. "Allee light! You keepee dark! Pullee leg blong Smithy—what you tinkee?"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Nugent.

Wun Lung grinned again. "Allee light!" he said. "Smithy whackee this pool li'll Chineese, 'long luler, velly hard! Chineese no can whackee Smithy! Headmaster whackee Smithy, 'long birch! Allee light!"

"Oh crumbs!" said Bob.

The Famous Five and Mark Linley gazed at the little Chinese, rather at a loss for words. It was a full confession—and Wun, in his queer little Oriental mind, evidently saw no harm in what he had done.

Smithy had thrashed him. He could not thrash Smithy in his turn. So he had coolly schemed for the headmaster to thrash him. And ever since, he had been in a state of great amusement, at the success of his scheme.

"You awful little villain!" gasped Johnny Bull.

"Allee light!" said Wun Lung. "Me no likee whackee 'long luler! Smithy

no likee whackee 'long birch! You fellee keepee dark."

"You got that banknote off Smithy?" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"Pickee pokee!" assented Wun cheerfully. "Eassee! No pinchee—pickee pokee 'long pullee leg blong Smithy."

"Then the banknote was really gone, as Smithy thought it was," said Frank Nugent, "and that young villain had it!"

"You jolly well knew he would think that Skip had it!" exclaimed Harry.

"Me savvy!" assented Wun. "Me savvy Smithy makee plenty fuss—him tinkee notee pinchee! Then me makee findee. Ole Quelchy plenty waxee—whackee Smithy! All light!"

"You had the banknote all the time, and pretended to find it in Smithy's pocket in the Form-room—"

Wun Lung chuckled.

"What you tinkee?"

"And you did it because Smithy whopped you, for chucking those fireworks at him in the quad!" exclaimed Harry.

"Whoppee this pool li'll Chineese plenty too much, 'long luler!" said Wun Lung. "Me tinkee Quelchy whoppee Smithy! Headmaster whoppee Smithy, allee bettee! Me likee him floggee! You no tellee."

"Well, it serves Smithy right, in a way, for whopping the little ass," said Bob. "Smithy can thank his own rotten temper for this. But, thank goodness Skip put us on to it in time. Wun, you blessed little heathen, can't you see what a dashed little rascal you are?"

"No see!" said Wun Lung. "Whatee mattee? S'pose me big fellee, likee handsome Bob Chelly, me whoppee Smithy. No can! Headmaster whoppee! Allee samee."

"Not quite!" said Bob. "If you can't see that you can't do this sort of thing, Wun, you must take our word for it. You've got to stop it!"

"No can!"

"You must!" said Harry. "If the beaks spotted this trick, most likely you'd be sacked for it. You'd jolly well deserve it, too, if you weren't a blithering Oriental. You must go to Quelch before he takes Smithy to the Head—"

"No goey!" said Wun Lung obstinately.

"You can't let Smithy go up for a flogging, you young rascal!" exclaimed Mark Linley.

"Likee Smithy floggee!"

"That's not the point," said Harry. "Smithy ought to be booted for pitching into you—but you can't play treacherous tricks like this. Can't you understand that?"

"No savvy!"

"If you go to Quelch, and tell him you pulled Smithy's leg, you will get a caning, most likely. You deserve it, and more. Anyhow, you've got to own up!"

"Me no tinkee."

"We can't let it go on!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Allee light! You no sneakee 'long this li'll Chineese!" said Wun coolly. "You keepee dark! Smithy whackee 'long Head! Me likee."

"It's no good talking to him!" said Bob. "He's got to go and tell Quelch before Smithy goes up to the Big Beak. We can't go and give him away—the blithering little idiot might be sacked. Quelch will let him off lightly if he owns up. Hand me that cricket stump, Marky!"

Wun Lung dodged round the table.

"You no whackee this pool li'll Chineese!" he exclaimed in alarm.

## JOLLY HOME PASTIMES

All the family will be thrilled to join in a game of billiards at home. The Riley "Home" Billiard Tables cover a range that gives a model for every home, large or small, at a price for every pocket. Either cash or easy terms can be paid, and a modest sum as deposit brings immediate delivery of a first-class billiard table on 7 days' free trial. Anybody interested in this delightful home pastime is invited to write for a free illustrated art list of Riley Billiard Tables to E. J. Riley, Ltd., Belmont Works, Accrington, or Dept. 30, 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1.

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Bang! "What the thump—" Bang, bang, BANG! Sticks and knobs of coal shot out of the grate—with jumping crackers jumping after them, exploding as they jumped. Bang, bang! Fizz! Vernon-Smith, jumping away from the grate that had suddenly turned into a small volcano, stared at it blankly. "Ha, ha, ha!" roared the fellows in the passage.

"Whatee mattee? Me tinkee nicey ole Bob Chelly likee this li'll Chinee."

Bob burst into a laugh. It was really difficult to be serious, with the queer little rascal from the Flowery Land.

"So I do, you young ass!" he said. "But you've got to get Smithy out of this! Do you think I'd ever speak to you again, if you left him to it—or any decent fellow, either? I'd boot you out of the study!"

Wun Lung blinked at him across the table.

Clearly, his own Oriental conscience was quite easy. Cunning was the weapon of the weak against the strong—and he had used his cunning, to retaliate on the Bounder with ruthless unscrupulousness. He simply did not understand the English point of view on the subject of treacherous trickery.

But he could see what Harry Wharton & Co. thought of it, though he did not understand.

"Ole Bob Chelly angly 'long this li'll Chinee?" he asked sorrowfully. "You no speakee 'long Wun Lung?"

"Not unless you do the right thing, you young ass! Not a man in the Remove would ever speak to you again. Do you want to be barred by the whole Form, and looked on as a worm?" demanded Bob.

"Me no savvy!" said Wun. "Smithy whackee this pool li'll Chinee—me gettee Smithy whackee—me tinkee all right! But if ole Bob Chelly angly 'long me, me goey 'long Quelch. Me no likee ole Bob Chelly angly 'long me!"

Bob grinned.

"Well, if that makes any difference, I shall be jolly angry along you, if you don't do the right thing!" he said. "Go to Quelch and own up that it was a joke on Smithy. Can't you see you're bound to do it?"

"No see! Me do likee you say,

s'posee you no angly 'long me any more," said Wun.

"Well, never mind your reason, so long as you do it," said Bob. "Get a move on—you've got to catch Quelch before he books Smithy off to execution."

"Allee light!" said Wun submissively. And he left the study with the Famous Five.

They marched him down the stairs to Masters' Passage, and Mr. Quelch's study. But they found that study vacant. Mr. Quelch had already gone to the Form-room for Smithy. Whether he had yet taken the Bounder to the Head, the juniors did not know—but they were very anxious.

"Cut along to the Form-room quick!" said Harry. "There may be time to catch Quelch yet."

Wun paused.

"Buck up, kid!" said Bob.

A word from Bob Cherry was enough for the little Oriental. He cut away at a run for the Remove Form Room.

## THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Just in Time!

**H**ERBERT VERNON-SMITH rose to his feet with a black brow, as Mr. Quelch entered the Remove Form Room prompt at five o'clock.

His task—unfinished—lay on his desk. The Bounder was in his blackest temper.

It had been a weary afternoon. Latin irregular verbs were a poor substitute for a football match.

That Mr. Quelch would be irritated afresh by finding the detention task uncompleted, he knew very well. But he did not care. A little more trouble mattered nothing to a fellow who was

in it so deep already, and who was in a savage and rebellious mood.

"You may hand me your paper, Vernon-Smith!" said the Remove master, with icy coldness.

In sullen silence Smithy handed over the paper.

Mr. Quelch's brows knitted as he looked at it.

The Latin paper was half-done. And that half was done badly and carelessly. It was smeared and blotted—which, as a rule, were not faults of Smithy's. It might have been done by Billy Bunter. Really it looked as if the reckless Bounder wanted to get his Form-master's "rag out."

Mr. Quelch compressed his lips hard. He was already deeply incensed, and this was the finishing touch. He laid the paper on the desk.

"I will speak to you later about this, Vernon-Smith!" he said. "You will now come with me to your head-master's study."

"I'm ready!" grunted the Bounder.

Mr. Quelch turned to the door and the scowling junior followed him.

At the same moment there was a patter of feet in the corridor, and Wun Lung appeared in the doorway.

The Bounder scowled at him. Mr. Quelch glanced at him in surprise.

"Pleeece me wantee speakee, sir!" gasped Wun Lung.

"Another time, my boy," said Mr. Quelch. "I am occupied now. You may await me in my study."

"Wantee speakee now, sir!" said Wun. "Wantee speakee 'long takes Smithy 'long Head, sir! 'Long bank-note."

Mr. Quelch raised his eyebrows.

"I do not understand you, Wun Lung! Kindly explain what you mean at once!" he rapped.

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"Me playee tlick 'long Smithy, sir! Me takee banknote ffrom pockee blong him, 'long bleak this morning, sir."

"What!"

"Me pletendee findee 'long pockee, sir! No findee! Banknote him stop 'long hand blong me when me findee. Me puttee 'long pockee, when me takee out."

"Goodness gracious!" gasped Mr. Quelch.

He stood as if rooted to the floor of the Form-room, staring at Wun Lung, his eyes almost popping from his face.

The Bounder, equally astonished, glared at the little Chinese.

"You young scoundrel!" he roared. "You! I knew my pocket had been picked—and you—you—"

He choked with rage.

"Silence, Vernon-Smith!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "Wun Lung, do you tell me, seriously, that you took the banknote from Vernon-Smith's pocket—"

"Me takee, sir."

"Then Vernon-Smith was stating correctly that it had been taken," exclaimed Mr. Quelch, "and—and—and you pretended to find it in his pocket afterwards—you dare confess that you deluded me, your Form-master—"

Mr. Quelch gasped for breath.

"Me velly solly, sir!" said Wun meekly.

"Why did you do this, Wun Lung?" gasped Mr. Quelch.

"Li'll jokee on Smithy, sir—pullee leg blong Smithy."

"Upon my word! And why have you come to tell me now, after allowing the deception to go on so long?" demanded Mr. Quelch.

"Tinkee stoppee Smithy floggee, sir! Ole Bob Chelly tellee me come, tellee tluth, 'long you, sir, so ine come!" said Wun simply.

"Upon my word!" repeated Mr. Quelch. "I am glad to hear that you have sufficient intelligence, Wun Lung, to take good advice from an honourable boy. You may be thankful that Cherry gave you this advice, and that you acted upon it. Had the matter come to my knowledge by any other means,

you would have been expelled from the school."

"Oh clikey!" gasped Wun.

"Do you think that such an action as this is a joke—a practical joke?" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"Me tinkee, sir."

"I shall endeavour, then, to make you see such things in a better light," said Mr. Quelch. "I must take into account the fact that you have made this confession of your own accord; otherwise, I should take you to your headmaster! Go to my study and await me there."

Wun Lung faded out of the Form-room.

Mr. Quelch turned to the Bounder. His manner was a little uncertain. He was in a state of more intense annoyance than ever; but it was clear that Smithy had not been to blame for reporting that his pocket had been picked, when, as a matter of actual fact, it had been picked.

"In the circumstances, Vernon-Smith, I shall not take you to the headmaster," he said.

"Indeed, sir!" said the Bounder sarcastically.

"It appears," said Mr. Quelch, "that the banknote actually was missing from your pocket as you stated—owing to the extraordinary trick played by the Chinese boy."

"I said so, sir."

"This, however, does not excuse your accusation against the boy Skip!" said Mr. Quelch sternly. "Such a suspicion was utterly unfounded—as you must acknowledge, Vernon-Smith. The whole thing, it now appears, was a foolish prank of the Chinese boy, and Skip was quite unconcerned in the matter."

The Bounder was silent. From whatever angle the matter was looked at, it had to be admitted that Skip had nothing to do with it. But the Bounder found no satisfaction in realising that.

"You must beware, Vernon-Smith, of hasty and unjust suspicions!" said Mr. Quelch. "For the second time you have accused this boy, and it transpires that nothing occurred but a foolish practical joke, with which he was

entirely unconnected. Let this be a warning to you not to entertain uncharitable thoughts. You may go, Vernon-Smith."

The Bounder went—scowling.

He had had a narrow escape—the flogging had been very near. And Mr. Quelch, in the peculiar circumstances, evidently intended to make no further mention of the unfinished detention task. The Bounder had reason to feel glad—but he was not feeling glad—he was feeling savage and resentful as he slouched away from the Form-room.

Mr. Quelch went directly to his study, where he found Wun Lung waiting for him. There was an expression of sorrowful penitence on the little yellow face that rather disarmed the Remove master.

He sat down and talked to Wun. For a good ten minutes he pointed out to him the error of his ways.

Wun listened with meek respect, looking as if butter would not have melted in his mouth.

In point of fact, the young rascal was hoping that Quelch would take it out in "jaw," and leave his cane lying on the table, unused.

Possibly Quelch was aware of that. At all events, he did not leave the cane unused. Having pointed out to Wun how very wrong it was to be guilty of duplicity, trickery, and untruthfulness, he picked up his cane, to drive his arguments home, as it were, like nails.

Whether Quelch's jaw had any effect on Wun, or not, his cane had! Loud yells rang from the Remove master's study, as Quelch laid it on.

When he was dismissed, after the infliction, Wun went down the passage, wriggling like an eel.

Harry Wharton & Co. were waiting for him at the corner. They gathered round him and marched him up to the Remove passage—wriggling.

"Had it bad?" asked Bob.

"Ow! Velly bad! Wow!" mumbled Wun.

"Serve you right!" remarked Johnny Bull.

"Ow! Ole Johnnee sillee ass! Wow!" moaned Wun Lung.

On the Remove landing the Bounder was waiting. He made a stride towards them, his eyes gleaming under knitted brows.

"That young scoundrel—" he began.

"Stand back!" rapped Harry Wharton.

"Do you know what he did?" roared the Bounder.

"Oh, yes, we know—as we made him go to Quelch and own up. He's been whopped for it, and you're not going to touch him!" said the captain of the Remove scornfully. "You asked for it—if any of us had been there when you were licking him yesterday, we'd have stopped you 'ast enough. And we'll stop you if you try it on again—and give you a hiding into the bargain."

"Hear, hear!" grinned Bob.

"And listen to this, too!" added Wharton, with angry contempt. "We had no idea of what had happened till Skip told us—"

"Skip!"

"Yes, Skip! He guessed that it was a trick of that young ass, and that's why we looked into it and made him go to Quelch. But for Skip, you'd be getting a Head's flogging this very minute! That's the fellow you're down on—the fellow you'd like to make out a pincher—he only had to hold his tongue, and you'd be getting that flogging! What do you think of that?"

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The Bounder, for a moment, stared blankly.

"If that's the truth——"

"Oh, don't be a fool!" snapped Wharton.

"If it's the truth, he might have minded his own business! I'm asking no favours of the cad, or of you either!"

"What you're asking for is a booting," remarked Johnny Bull, "and if you don't shut up, you'll get it!"

"I'm going to thrash that lying Chinese——" said the Bounder between his teeth. "I'm going——"

"That's enough!" said Harry. "You're going to be booted! Collar him!"

And, as Vernon-Smith made a grab at Wun Lung, the Famous Five all made a grab at Smithy.

Wun cut up the passage—leaving the Bounder struggling furiously in the grasp of the Co. on the landing. But he struggled in vain. He was swung round, and five boots crashed on him, sending him reeling and staggering across the landing, to bump into the farther wall.

"Look into my study, if you want some more!" said the captain of the Remove, and the Famous Five went up the Remove passage.

But Smithy did not look into the study for more.

## THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Tit for Tat!

**W**ILLIAM WIBLEY made rather a grimace when Herbert Vernon-Smith came into his study the following day after class.

Wib was bending over his property-box, which was open; and the study table, and a good part of the floor, were covered with theatrical gadgets—beards and wigs and moustaches, masks and costumes—all sorts and conditions of "props" belonging to the Remove Dramatic Society.

Wibley was full of a new play that the Remove Dramatic Society were going to produce—and willing, indeed eager, to talk to anybody about it. He had talked to Micky Desmond and David Morgan about it, till his study-mates had fled from Study No. 6. His supply of chin-wag on that entrancing subject being unexhausted, and in fact inexhaustible, Wib would have been rather glad for any fellow to drop in—or almost any fellow.

Still, he made a grimace at the sight of the Bounder. Smithy, of late, had been so extremely disgruntled, and so ready to row, that Wib wondered whether his turn had come. Wib did not want to row with anybody. He just wanted to talk theatricals, with the other fellow saying "Oh!"—"Yes!"—"How clever!" and so on—and not too much of that.

"Busy?" asked the Bounder, coming in and shutting the door.

"Well!" said Wib undecidedly. He was not busy, if Smithy had come in for a jaw—but if he had come in to row, he was fearfully busy, and hadn't a minute to spare! "Well——"

"I've got an idea—about theatricals!"

"Oh!" Wibley's face cleared at once. "All right! Squat down—no, not on that trunk-hose, fathead—and not on that mask—and look out—not on that plumed hat! What the dickens would Charles the Second look like in that hat, after you'd sat on it! Sit on the table—no, the table's pretty full—better stand! Lean on the door, if you like—but don't lean on that cloak—mind that cloak, you ass!"

Hospitality was unbounded, but space

was limited when Wib was sorting over his props. The Bounder stood!

"We're just on the fifth of November," he said.

"To-morrow," agreed Wib. "Bit too late, old chap."

"Eh? How too late?"

"I mean, we couldn't possibly get up a Guy Fawkes' play in the time——"

"Who the thump's talking about a Guy Fawkes' play?"

"Eh? Aren't you?" asked Wib.

"You said you had an idea for theatricals, and then mentioned the fifth of November——"

"Fathead! My idea is to work in something in the theatrical line, in the bonfire celebrations to-morrow. We're going to have a guy, of course—but I'm thinking of something a bit more artistic than an old hat on a stick and an old coat stuffed with straw. You could make up an effigy that would be absolutely lifelike——"

"Oh!" said Wibley thoughtfully.

"Not a bad idea! I could do it on my head, of course! But I say, you want to be careful how you guy a beak, if that's the wheeze! Look what happened last term for guying Mossos——"

"I'm not thinking of guying a beak—or anybody in this school. Somebody in another school."

"Well, that ought to be safe! Some Highcliffe cad—Pon?" asked Wib, with interest. "I thought you'd got friendly with Ponsonby again this term—still, you're never friends with anybody long, are you? If you want to guy that Highcliffe cad——"

"No, you ass!"

"Well, give it a name!" said Wibley. "I'll help if I can. Who's the happy man?"

"Not a man at all! You've seen that old sketch, Miss Bullivant, the games-mistress at Cliff House."

Wibley's face became grave. Wib, who flattered himself that he was no end of an artist, was not a respecter of persons—a genuine artist couldn't be, in Wib's opinion. Last term he had landed in fearful trouble for guying the French master. But Wib had his limit. He was not going to guy a woman.

"She simply asks to be gayed," went on the Bounder. "She's got a face like a hatchet, a fist like a prizefighter, a voice like a megaphone—big feet in big boots—a hat like a man's—you could take her off to a T."

"I could!" assented Wib. "But——"

"It would get no end of a laugh," said the Bounder. "The fellows would just yell, if they saw the Bull sitting up as guy in the procession."

"They might—but——"

"You've got all the things you want—and if you want any more, just order them, and leave it to me. I'm keen on this, Wib."

"Sorry to hear it," said Wibley dryly. "Why, old Bullivant might get to hear of it, and what would she think?"

"All the better," said the Bounder bitterly.

Wibley stared at him.

"What have you got against a mistress at a girls' school, for the love of Mike?" he exclaimed. "You've been rowing right and left this term, here—but I suppose even you haven't gone over to Cliff House and rowed with the games-mistress there!"

"The old cat laid a stick about me last week. I'd have punched her face, if she'd been a man!" snarled the Bounder.

"Lucky for you you didn't!" grinned Wibley. "Bullivant could pick you up in one hand, and chuck you away. She's some athlete. But what did she whop you for? You must have asked for it."

"I was with some Highcliffe fellows, and we ragged that cad Skip on Court-field Common!" snapped the Bounder. "That old cat happened along, and pitched into us with a stick—and pushed us into the mud, too, along with that outsider we were ragging."

"Serve you right!" said Wibley. "It's a bit thick to join up with Highcliffe cads to rag a Greyfriars man."

"Perhaps you like pickpockets!" sneered Smithy.

"I've hardly spoken to the chap—and don't care a bean about him; but it was a dirty trick, and I'm jolly glad the Bull butted in. If you want to hear my opinion, that's it!"

"I don't! I want to fix up a guy to caricature the old cat!"

"I get you!" assented Wib. "You'd like to guy Bullivant—but you're thinking of young Skip chiefly. It would make him wild to see her gayed for having lent him a hand. I heard that he smacked your head the other day for calling her a cat—and now I know why. I'd smack it, too, in his place."

The Bounder gave Wibley a dangerous look. This was not what he had come to Wib's study for.

"Does that mean that you won't help?" he demanded angrily.

"It means just that!" said Wibley.

"You won't get me guying a woman—especially to help you score over a Remove man. Forget all about it."

"I can manage without your help, if I have the run of the things," said the Bounder.

"You won't touch a single thing that's in my charge as president of the Remove Dramatic Society, for such a stunt as that!" said Wibley. "It's a rotten, caddish idea—and you wouldn't think of it, if you weren't in a rotten temper with that kid Skip. Wash it out!"

"You cheeky fool——"

"There's the door!" said Wibley.

The Bounder eyed him bitterly.

He had counted on Wibley's keenness for anything in the theatrical line to back him up in this stunt. Wib's artistic skill could have produced an effigy of Miss Bullivant that might have been mistaken for her twin sister!

That was what Smithy wanted. He was well aware how it would exasperate Skip, who was not only grateful to Miss Bullivant for having rescued him from the raggers, but who had taken a liking to the Bull—formidable as she was. But evidently there was "nothing doing."

"Look here, you silly fathead——" said Vernon-Smith, at last.

"Shut the door after you!" said Wibley, and he turned back to his box of props, and resumed sorting over the contents.

Vernon-Smith gave the back of his head a glare.

"You silly, cheeky dummy——" he hooted.

Wib did not heed. He was sorting out a bottle of fixing-gum—the adhesive fluid with which he was accustomed to sticking on wigs, beards, and moustaches, when he made up in a play. He found the bottle, and was about to lift it out of the box, when there was a sudden grasp on the back of his neck.

"Ooogh!" gasped Wibley, as his head was forced down into the midst of the theatrical gadgets in the box. "Ow! Leggo! Ooogh!"

Instead of letting go, the Bounder crammed his head down into the box and banged down the lid on the back of it.

"There, take that, you cheeky fool!" snarled Smithy; and he stepped back, leaving the unfortunate Wib wriggling wildly in the box.

## THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

## Found!

"SEEN Redwing!"

Harry Wharton smiled—and the Bouncer scowled.

There was nothing in the question to make a fellow smile. It was his recollection of his last view of the Bouncer that brought the smile to Wharton's face. Smithy had come up rather late for tea—he had had a lot of rubbing and scrubbing to do.

"You grinning ass!" snapped the Bouncer. "I asked you if you'd seen Redwing."

"Yes; he's gone to tea with Mauly," answered Harry, from the doorway of Study No. 1.

Smithy gave an angry grunt, and walked on up the passage, several fellows smiling at him as he passed. Smithy was not smiling—or in a mood for smiling. Indeed, he rather seemed to have taken a leaf out of the book of that ancient monarch who never smiled again.

He pitched open the door of Study No. 4, and tramped in. It did not really matter a bean to him whether his study-mate was teasing out that day or not, but he was in a mood to be annoyed by anything and everything.

Moreover, it was a cold, clammy November day, and there was no fire in the study. It was laid ready for lighting—but it was not lighted. The early November dusk had already set in, and the Bouncer switched on the light and scowled round the room.

He threw open the cupboard door. But he did not lift out any of the ample supplies for tea. He stood staring into the cupboard.

His eyes gleamed, and his teeth gritted.

In that cupboard, early in the day, he had left a large package, containing fireworks, laid in for the morrow. It was like the Bouncer to disregard the strict rule that fireworks should not be kept in the studies.

The package was gone!

Had the tuck been gone, Smithy would have had no doubt that Billy Bunter had paid his study a visit during his absence. But the tuck was there, safe and sound—proof that the visitor was not Bunter; for even had Bunter come for fireworks, he would certainly have stayed for a feed! Someone had coolly "lifted" the Bouncer's package of crackers and squibs while he was in the bath-room, cleaning off gum!

With a set face Vernon-Smith left the study and walked down to Study No. 1. The Famous Five and Skip had finished tea there. They all looked at Smithy as he appeared in the doorway.

"Want anything?" asked Bob Cherry politely. "I think we've got some gum—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Something's been pinched from my study!" said Vernon-Smith. "I've come here, as the only pincher in the Remove, that I know of, is here."

"Smoky 'addocks!" ejaculated Skip. "Is he at it agin? Ain't it time you put on a noo record, Smith?"

"High time, I think!" said Harry Wharton, his lip curling. "Don't be an ass, Smithy! Do you think anybody's going to take notice of that rot, after you've made a fool of yourself twice in the same way?"

"Think of something new, old man!" advised Johnny Bull.

"Or go to Quelch!" said Frank Nugent laughing. "Quelch will be pleased to hear of pinching again—I don't think!"

"It was rather a mistake to get you off that flogging, Smithy!" said the captain of the Remove. "But I'm blessed if I thought you would start again so soon. What's missing this time—the study table?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I can't go to Quelch, as we're not allowed to have fireworks in the study," said the Bouncer bitterly. "I've no doubt the pincher banked on that. I paid a pound for those fireworks for the 'big bang,' and they're gone!"

"Oh, rot!"

"Not in your pocket?" suggested Bob, with a grin.

"Don't be a fool! It was a large package—and I left it in my study cupboard. It's been taken!"

"And you think I've took it?" jeered Skip.

"I know you have!" retorted the Bouncer coolly. "Nobody else in the Remove would pinch it—and it's been pinched! And you've got it!"

Skip clenched his hands.

"Hold on!" said Harry Wharton quietly. "I don't believe for a single moment that anything's been pinched; but it's quite likely that someone's been pulling your silly leg, to start you playing the fool again. I dare say your silly fireworks are under your table, or behind your bookcase."

The Bouncer started a little.

In his haste he had not thought of that possibility. But it was probable enough that some playful fellow thought it amusing to pull his leg and start him playing the fool again, as Wharton expressed it.

"We'll come and look in the study, anyhow," said Harry, "and until we've made sure that the things are not there you'd better say nothing about pinching, Vernon-Smith. I can tell you that fellows are getting fed up with it."

"The fed-upfulness is terrific, my esteemed suspicious Smithy!"

"You can come and look if you like!" snarled the Bouncer, and he tramped back up the passage, followed by the Famous Five.

"What's up?" called out Peter Todd from Study No. 7.

"Oh, pinching again!" said Bob. "Smithy's got pinching on the brain! Hallo, hallo, hallo! The study table's still there, Smithy! Nobody pinched your study table!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And the carpet!" continued Bob. "The carpet's still in the same old spot! Did you think it had been pinched, Smithy?"

"Oh, shut up, you silly owl!" snapped Smithy, and he stalked angrily into the study, followed by the grinning juniors, while a dozen more fellows gathered round the doorway—also grinning.

Nobody, it was clear, was taking the matter seriously. Rather too much had been heard from Smithy on the subject of pinching.

Wun Lung's little yellow face grinned among the others round the door. The little Chinee seemed greatly amused as he watched the juniors rooting through Study No. 4.

But Harry Wharton & Co., contemptuously amused at first, became a little grave as they searched through the study. Smithy had left a large package in the cupboard—that was not to be doubted. It was no longer there, as a

"Ow! Oooogh! Ow!" came a muffled yell from Wibley.

He hurled back the lid and struggled up, his face crimson with breathless wrath, and two or three beards and moustaches hooking on to him. The Bouncer dragged open the door and tramped out of the study.

Wibley made a flying leap after him.

The bottle of fixing gum was in his right hand. With his left he jerked out the cork as he jumped. The contents of the bottle shot over the Bouncer's head.

Vernon-Smith gave a startled yell, and spun round.

Fixing gum—ever so much more sticky and adhesive than ordinary gum—streamed over his hair! He grabbed at his hair, and his fingers came away streaming and sticky.

"Why, you—you—you—" he gasped.

He jumped at Wibley. Wib, grinning, dodged round the table and grabbed up a stage tomahawk.

The Bouncer, pursuing him, stopped just in time to escape a swipe from the tomahawk.

"Come on!" grinned Wibley. He swiped again, and the infuriated Bouncer jumped back. "My advice to you is to go and wash your head—ha, ha! If that stuff dries on it you'll never get it off in a month! Ha, ha!"

"You—you—I—I—I'll—" gasped the Bouncer.

He backed away again from the reckless swipes of the tomahawk.

Wibley drove him out of the study and slammed the door after him.

In the passage, the Bouncer clawed at his sticky hair again. Stiffened by the gum, it stuck out like quills on a porcupine as he clawed at it.

There was a yell in the Remove passage.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, look at Smithy!" shrieked Billy Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Vernon-Smith panted with rage. There were five or six juniors in the passage, all staring and laughing—and a crowd of others looked out of study doorways, staring and laughing, too.

His aspect was comic enough, with his hair, in tufts, sticking out like quills from his head.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry. "Is that Smithy, or has a jolly old porcupine got loose in our passage?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What's that game, Smithy?" gasped Peter Todd. "Getting yourself up ready for to-morrow?"

"'Ere's another guy!" chortled Skip from the doorway of Study No. 1. "Hi! Hi! 'Ere's another guy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Red with rage, the Bouncer rushed down the passage.

What he wanted—and wanted quick—was hot water, to get that horrid stuff off before it dried hard. Howls of laughter accompanied him down the passage, and followed him as he tore down the Remove staircase. The Bouncer's tufted head disappeared, leaving the Removites yelling.

Smithy was not seen again till tea; he spent the time in a bath-room, rubbing and scrubbing, and scrubbing and rubbing, and he looked quite tired and breathless when he came up to the Remove studies again. And his hair was still sticky!

glance showed. It was big enough to be seen—if it was still in the room. But it was not to be seen.

Possibly, of course, it had been opened, and the fireworks in it taken out and scattered, in which case they could have been hidden in small recesses. As the package was not to be seen, the juniors hunted for separate fireworks. But none was to be found.

Herbert Vernon-Smith watched them, with a sardonic grin.

Wharton's suggestion had rather startled him, but it looked now as if there was nothing in it. Neither in bulk, nor separately, could the fireworks be found in Study No. 4.

"Keep it up!" sneered the Bounder. "Look as long as you like. You don't mind if I have my tea while you're pretending to make out that the fireworks are still here? You know where they are as well as I do."

"Oh, cheese it!" snapped Bob.

The Bounder shrugged his shoulders. He lifted his supplies for tea from the study cupboard, while the Famous Five still kept up the quest. Then he put a match to the fire, to jam the kettle on it.

"Well, the dashed things don't seem to be here!" said Bob Cherry at last. "But—"

Bang!

"What the thump—"

Bang, bang!

"Look out! What—"

Bang, bang! BANG!

The Bounder staggered back from the fireplace, yelling. The kettle pitched over, streaming water in the fender. Sticks and knobs of coal shot out of the grate—with jumping crackers jumping after them, exploding as they jumped.

Crackers cracked and squibs squibbed, scattering fuel right and left, and filling the study with the smell of gunpowder.

Bang, bang! Fizzzzzz! Bang! Fizzzz! Bang, bang, bang!

"Oh, my hat!" yelled Bob. "In the grate—"

"Parked in the grate—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bang, bang, bang!

The Bounder, jumping away from the grate that had suddenly turned into a small volcano, stared at it blankly. From the fellows in the passage came a roar of merriment.

Everybody knew where the Bounder's fireworks were now. They were packed in the grate behind the sticks and coal—packed there, waiting for Smithy to put a match to the fire. Now he had put the match—with the inevitable result!

Bang, bang, bang, bang!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh!" gasped the Bounder. "Oh!"

Even Smithy realised that it was not, after all, pinching, but a jape. "Oh! What rotter—what swab— Oh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You've found your fireworks, Smithy!" gasped Harry Wharton. "There they are—going off! Ha, ha, ha!"

"You cackling fools—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Famous Five crowded out of the study, almost weeping with merriment.

## THE NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

### Guying the Bull!

**S**KIP of the Remove had a hostile eye on the Bounder the following day—the great and glorious Fifth of November; the day for the "big bang" at Greyfriars.

Most of the juniors that day were thinking of bonfires and guys, of crackers and squibs and big bangs. Skip was as "pleased to remember the

Fifth of November, the gunpowder treason and plot," as any other fellow; but he was thinking more particularly of Smithy and Smithy's stunt.

The Bounder had not intended to have that stunt generally known till his effigy in mockery of the Bull was displayed on Bonfire Night. But, owing to his "row" with Wibley, it was known all over the Remove. Fellows had asked what the row was about, and most of the Form agreed emphatically with Wib that it was a rotten idea, and that Smithy ought to be booted if he carried it out.

Skip was determined that he should not carry it out.

That day he had a hostile and watchful eye on the Bounder. Generally, it was Smithy who was hostile, and Skip gave his hostility little heed. Now the boot was, so to speak, on the other foot; it was Skip who was on the warpath.

After third school the Bounder walked away in company with Skinner. Skip's eye was on them as they went. Snoop joined them.

Plenty of fellows, when they came out of the Form-room, headed for the school field, where the big bang was to take place in the evening. Already a huge bonfire was in course of construction, and fellows were rooting for anything and everything that could be added to it. Skip joined the crowd there, but with an eye on the Bounder & Co.

They disappeared into the most remote corner of the field, where three or four old oaks growing close together screened them from the general view. No one but Skip paid them any heed, but Skip's watchful eye followed them till they disappeared.

They were grinning when they left the spot later and went back to the House, after which Skip strolled round to that corner behind the oaks to see what was to be seen.

There were several things to be seen. Smithy & Co. had been getting on with the manufacture of a "guy." A sack had been stuffed with straw, and an old football fastened on it to represent a head. An old coat was buttoned on it, the sleeves stuffed with straw and crumpled newspapers. An old straw hat, left over from the summer, was perched on the head.

Beside it stood an iron wheelbarrow, on which, apparently, the guy was to be trundled when the time came. A remnant of an old cane chair stood in the barrow.

Skip glanced over those preparations. The guy so far bore no resemblance to Miss Bullivant or to anything human. Indeed, without skilful aid such as Wibley could have rendered, it seemed unlikely that the Bounder would be able to produce an effigy bearing any resemblance to anything but a stuffed sack—in which case, he was welcome to get on with it, so far as Skip was concerned.

If Smithy had given up the idea, and was merely entertaining himself with a common or garden guy, Skip had no desire to butt in. Anyhow, there was nothing so far to worry about, and he left it at that.

But in the Form-room that afternoon he noted that the Bounder's pals gave him grinning glances once or twice, though Smithy himself took no notice of him.

After school his eye was on the Bounder again. A number of the juniors went down to the field, but Smithy did not join them. He went up to the studies, where he had Skinner and Snoop in Study No. 4 to tea, Tom Redwing, who did not like their company, going down to Hall.

The celebration was to begin after tea,

when the November dusk would be deepening into darkness. The Famous Five went down with Skip as soon as tea was over, and most of the Remove followed; but the Bounder & Co. did not go with them.

Smithy was, in fact, rather busy just then—up in the Remove. Not till after the rest of the Form had gone down, did he emerge from his study. Then he did not head for the stairs—he headed for Study No. 6, followed by his grinning pals.

Regardless of Wibley's objections, the Bounder had designs on the "property-box."

Had Wib been there, Smithy was prepared to handle him—indeed, to tie him to the leg of his study table, if necessary. But Wibley had gone down with Micky Desmond and Morgan, and was now on the field with the rest of the Remove. The "props" of the Remove Dramatic Society were at the Bounder's mercy.

Scattering Wib's theatrical props right and left, the three made a selection of the articles required from the extensive stock, and a bundle was made, to be carried down to the field. Then the Bounder & Co. left Wibley's study—leaving it in a state that was absolutely certain to infuriate William Wibley when he saw it again. For that the Bounder cared nothing.

Crackers were cracking merrily when they arrived on the field—dim and dark in the November dusk.

But, dim as it was, a sharp eye spotted the Bounder & Co., as they headed for the corner of the field, with the bundle under Smithy's arm.

Skip stared after them as they went.

Smithy & Co. lost no time.

In the corner, behind the oaks, the Bounder turned on a flash-lamp, and stuck it on the fence, to show light for the proceedings. Then the bundle was unpacked.

Skinner held up the stuffed sack, while the Bounder proceeded to dress it with the props borrowed from Wibley's study.

An old skirt was pinned round, and a jumper slipped on. Then, on the front of the football that represented the head, the Bounder fixed a full-size flexible face-mask. That mask was used by Wibley when he got up in a "dame" character.

The effigy now looked a good deal like a pantomime dame; but it certainly did not look anything like the games mistress of Cliff House. But Smithy proceeded to touch up the face-mask with grease-paints—and when he had finished, there was, perhaps, some fleeting resemblance to Miss Bullivant. But Smithy was not relying on that for identification. He pinned a card on the jumper, on which were inscribed, in large capital letters:

**"BEWARE OF THE BULL!"**

Skinner and Snoop chuckled. That inscription left no doubt on the subject. "I fancy that will do!" grinned the Bounder. "Now stick it in the barrow. They're lighting the bonfire!"

But it was at that moment that there came an interruption! Smithy was tying knots in the cord, to keep the effigy in position, when Skip of the Remove arrived on the scene.

## THE TWENTIETH CHAPTER.

### Not According to Plan!

**"L**OOK out!" gasped Skinner. Vernon-Smith stared round. His eyes blazed at Skip as he came round the oaks. It had not occurred to him that the waif  
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of the Remove had been keeping an eye on his proceedings—and he had not expected interruption.

"Get out, you cad!" he snapped. "You're not wanted here!"

"Sez you!" retorted Skip. The barrow went over with a crash. Vernon-Smith, with a gasp of rage, rushed at Skip, hitting out with right and left.

Skip's hands flew up. In a split second, they were fighting fiercely.

"Skinner! Snoop! Back up!" yelled the Bounder.

He could not hold his own against Skip—already he was being driven back. Skinner and Snoop—not very eagerly—came to his aid. They disliked hard hitting at close quarters—and Skip was a fearfully hard hitter.

However, they came to the Bounder's help. It did not benefit him much.

A jolt from Skip's right landed on Skinner's jaw, and he went over backwards as if a mule had kicked him. Another moment, and Skip's left was in Snoop's eye, and he joined Skinner.

The Bounder, attacking fiercely, got in two savage drives, which made Skip blink; but did not make him retreat. He turned on Smithy again, and drove him back with blow on blow.

"Skinner!" yelled the Bounder desperately. "Snoop! Back up, you funks!"

But there was no more backing from the Bounder's pals.

Skinner was tottering away, gurgling, with a hand to an aching jaw. Snoop tottered after him, with a hand to an eye fast growing black. They disappeared across the field—only anxious to get out of reach of more hard hitting.

Vernon-Smith was left alone to deal with the waif of Greyfriars.

But he was in hands too strong for him. Skip swept him off his feet and whirled him bodily back to the spot where the barrow lay overturned.

A cord had fallen from the barrow. The waif of the Remove caught it up, and, pinning the Bounder down under his knee, dragged his wrists together and tied them; then, as the Bounder wriggled helplessly, he tied his ankles together.

"Your turn now!" grinned Skip. "If you're so blooming keen on gying, you're going to be the blooming guy! See?"

"You rotter! You hooligan!" The Bounder choked with rage as he wrenched at the cords. "I—I—I'll—" He wrenched and wrenched in vain, panting with fury. "You rotter, what are you going to do?"

"You'll see in a minnit!" chuckled Skip.

He righted the barrow and cut the cord that fastened the effigy in it. Jumper and skirt were jerked off it, and Skip proceeded to pull the "guy" to fragments, which he scattered far and wide. The Bounder, still wrenching and struggling, watched him in speechless rage.

"You—you—you—" he gasped, as Skip, grasping him, heaved him to his feet. "You—you dare—"

"You'll make a guy all right, old covey!" grinned Skip. "You've asked for it, and now you're a-getting of it! See?"

He draped the old skirt round Vernon-Smith and slipped the jumper on over his head; then, picking up Wib's box of grease-paints, which Smithy had dropped, he daubed various colours over the Bounder's crimson, furious face; then, to Smithy's further

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fury, he heaved him into the barrow and sat him there on the old cane chair.

"I—I—I'll—" the Bounder gurgled. "Smoky 'addocks! You do look a sketch, and no blooming error!" chuckled Skip. "P'raps you'll be fed-up with gying after this 'ere! You're going to get a big laugh, old covey—and you can lay to that!"

Vernon-Smith still attempted to resist as Skip, with the fragments of the cord, tied him to the cane chair, which was already secured in its place in the barrow. He tied plenty of knots, and he tied them tight, and the hapless Bounder was hardly able to stir a limb.

Then, taking the card which bore the inscription "Beware of the Bull," Skip pinned it on the Bounder's chest with the blank side outward. On that blank side he scrawled with a stick of charcoal from the box:

**"HERE'S ANOTHER GUY!"**

The Bounder gritted his teeth with helpless rage as Skip took up the handles of the barrow.

"You—you dare!" he gasped.

"'Ere goes, old covey!" grinned Skip. He trundled the barrow, with the

Bounder sitting in it, round the oaks into the open field. Grinning, he trundled it on towards the bonfire.

The light of the bonfire gleamed far and wide; it fell on the strange, startling figure seated in the barrow and lighted up the Bounder's decorated face. There was a yell as he was seen.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"Who on earth's that?"

"What the thump—"

"Here's another guy!"

"I say, you fellows, it's Smithy! He, he, he!"

"Smithy! Oh, my hat!"

Crowds of fellows stared at the decorated, infuriated face of the Bounder. The yell of laughter from the Greyfriars crowd almost drowned the banging of the fireworks.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Smithy! Oh crumbs! Ha, ha, ha!"

"'Ere's another guy!" shouted Skip as he trundled the barrow on through the staring, yelling crowd. "What price this?"

"Priceless!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"The pricelessness is terrific!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Will you rotters let me loose?" yelled the Bounder, husky with fury.

There was no rescue for Smithy. A crowd of fellows, yelling with laughter, formed in procession round the barrow as Skip trundled it on, making the circuit of the field. Right round the field, in uproarious procession, amid yells of laughter and banging of crackers, went the enraged Bounder, trundled in the barrow.

When the barrow came to a halt at last Smithy was left sitting in it, wriggling with rage, while the juniors gathered round the bonfire. He had a prominent front seat at the celebration—which afforded him no satisfaction whatever. It was some time before Tom Redwing found an opportunity of cutting him loose—which, however, he did at last; and the Bounder scuttled off the field, only anxious to get out of sight.

Smithy took no further part in the proceedings; he was fed-up with Guy Fawkes' celebrations. Fireworks banged and cracked and fizzed and merry voices shouted unheeded by the Bounder—the only fellow in the Remove who was not pleased to remember the Fifth of November, the "big bang" at Greyfriars.

THE END.

(Look out for next Saturday's MAGNET and another exciting yarn of Harry Wharton & Co., entitled: "THE SCHOOLBOY SLEUTH!" You'll vote it absolutely tip-top, chums!)

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## CASH FOR CRASHES!

The wily Doctor Birchmall comes into his own in this week's spasm of Dicky Nugent's rib-tickling masterpiece:

"THE ST. SAM'S AMBULANCE!"

### ACCIDENTS GALORE!

"Coming for a trot round the quad, old chap?" asked Tallboy of the Sixth, as he looked into Burleigh's study.

Burleigh flung aside his comic paper and jumped to his feet with alacrity. The kaptin of the Sixth was always in the mood for a spot of fizzical eggercise—especially, as at present, when he had just finished a harty tea of shrimps and doonuts.

"Yes, rather, old fellow!" he cried. "We can discuss the team for next Saturday's match with St. Bill's at the same time."

The two brawny seniors went downstairs together, grinning all over their faces. When they reached the quad, they broke into a run.

"What are your ideas then about next Saturday's team, Burleigh?" asked Tallboy, as he pounded along beside his skipper across the dusky quad.

"I'll tell you," answered Burleigh. "What I think is this—"

What Burleigh thought, however, was never known. Before he could say any more, a most eggstraordinary thing happened.

He vanished!

When Tallboy looked round to see why his chum had stopped speaking, he received the shock of his natcheral. Of the fellow who had been running beside him only a moment before, there was not a trace! He had vanished just as though the earth had opened and swallowed him up!

Tallboy's hair fairly stood on end as he gazed at the spot where Burleigh had been.

"Burleigh!" he said hoarsely. "W-w-where are you? Have you

turned yourself into the Invisible Man? Has some garstly super-natcheral power spirited you away?"

"Help!" came a dim and distant voice at that moment, putting a stop to Tallboy's grim questions. Tallboy simply blinked.

"That's Burleigh's voice!" he mermured. "I'd reckenise those gruff tones anywhere! But the sound seems to come from under my feet and—"

"Help! Reskew, St. Sam's!" Tallboy stared down at his feet, and then he gave a yell of serprize. "The coal-hole!" he cried. "Burleigh's fallen down the cole-hole!"

The mystery was solved! Just near where Tallboy stood was a cole-hole from which some person unknown had removed the lid. Burleigh had slipped down the cole-hole, not notissing it in the semi-darkness, and had just mannidged to hold on to the sides before he crashed on to the floor of the cellar beneath! Tallboy could see his fingers projecting over the top. "Hold tight, old chap!" he cried. "I'll reskew you!"

He dived on to the open cole-hole and reached down for Burleigh's hair. One grate tug and Burleigh's head was showing above the level of the path again. Burleigh belowed in aggermy, as Tallboy yanked him out of the cole-hole.

"Yarooooo! I'm injured! A doctor—an ambulance! Quick!"

Tallboy carried on with the good work. As he did so, a bearded figger suddenly appeared on the Skool House steps and started

blowing a series of shrill blasts on a wistle.

Feeeeeep! Feeeeeep!

The wistle shrilled over St. Sam's. It projocened an immejate effect. From studies, Common-rooms and passidges, juniors pored down to the front door of the Skool House. Meanwhile, from the skool garage, the famus ambulance-car which Doctor Birchmall had presented to the St. Sam's Ambulance Corps, came roaring along, its bell clanging fevriously to clear the way.

Jack Jolly, who was driving, pulled up at the foot of the steps and saluted the Head of St. Sam's. "Where's the accident, sir?" he cried.

"Just over there, Jolly!" replied the Head. "Burleigh's been and fallen down a cole-hole by the sound of it. I'll jump in with you and we'll drive on to the seen of the accident. Fearless! Assembull the squad and march them over at once!"

"I, I, sir!"

And Fearless took charge of the first-aid squad while the Head drove off with Jolly. Fearless, who was one of the smartest fellows in the St. Sam's Ambulance Corps, soon had the fellows lined up and dubbling across to the seen of the accident.

They arrived to find Doctor Birchmall and Jolly eggssaming Burleigh to find out what dammidge he had suffered. The Head was fairly beeming.

The long-hoaped-for had ap-pened at last—an accident! Ung for the services of the St. Sam's Ambulance Corps! Doctor Birchmall was simply delited!

"Keep calm, Burleigh—don't get pannicky!" he cried. "Leave everything to the St. Sam's Ambulance Corps and they'll save your life!"

Burleigh, who was struggling to get up, gave a growl of disgust.

"Lemme alone!" he snored. "I'm all right and I don't want an ambulance and—yaroooo! Ow-ow!"

Burleigh's remarks ended in a wild yell, as Doctor Birchmall gave his arm a sly twist. The Head shrugged eggsspressively.

"He says he's all right and yet he is shreeking in aggermy!" he cried. "Obviously the lad is delirious. Put him in the ambulance, boys!"

Fearless and his merry men assisted, and Burleigh was pased in the ambulance-car, despite his struggles. A few minnits later he was rushed into the sannytorium and tucked up snugly in bed.

"Well, that's that, be-!" grinned the Head, as he led the way down to the motor-ambulance again. "The St. Sam's Ambulance has started in earnest now and if I'm anything of a prophet it won't be long before—"

"There's another accident, sir!" yelled Mr. Lickham, dashing by at that instant. "The Honnorable Guy de Vere has slipped up on a banana-skin!"

"And Lirrick has fallen down the stairs!" gasped Loyle of the Fourth, looming up out of the darkness.

Other fellows began to appear from all directions with further tales of mishaps. The Head fairly chortled.

"Troubles never come singly!" he cried. "We will attend to these dire misfortunes in a manner worthy of the best traditions of the St. Sam's Ambulance Corps! Squad—fall in!"

PAY UP!

Next morning, Doctor Birchmall was up with the lark. There was a hawk-like look on his face, as he disposed of a cup of tea and one swallow.

"Now to rook my viktils!" he muttered gloatingly, as he went downstairs. "This is where I begin to crow—even if I do get the lark in the process!"

Everything was going mim-mingly with the Head's munny-making skeem.

The St. Sam's Ambulance had attended to half-a-duzzon accidents before bedtime the nite before and the viktils were all lying in the skool sannytorium.

Forehunlty, their injuries were slite. But it was a lucky thing for

the Head all the same that none of them guessed how deeply he was involved in the mishaps that had befallen them. If they had known that the cunning old fogey had gone round the skool lifting lids off cole-holes and strewing banana-skins about and greasing the stairs, they would have been awfully wild. But none of them had the least idea that this had happened.

Still less did they imagine that it was all part of a plot to eggstract ambulance fees from them; but on this point they were soon to be enlightened.

Humming a gay tune, Doctor Birchmall went out into the quad.

and tramped across to the sannytorium. As he drew near that building, he heard sounds of banging and rattling, accompanied by yewman shouts.

"Bang! Crash! Wallop! Thud!"

"Open the doors!"

"Let us out!"

Jack Jolly and several other Fourth Formers were standing outside the sannyt, listening to the din in wonderment, as Doctor Birchmall arrived on the seen. They blinked when they saw that the Head was holding a key in his hand.

"Grate pip! You don't mean to say you locked those fellows up in the sannyt all nite, sir?" eggssclaimed the kaptin of the Fourth.

Doctor Birchmall coiled.

"Ahem! I did it for the bennysfit of their health, Jolly, if you really must know," he eggssclaimed. "It struck me that they mite start walking in their sleep after the eggssitment of their accidents; and I thought I would make sure that they couldn't wander too far away!"

"My hat!"

"I am just about to unlock the door now, and I trust that I shall find the patients very much improved in helth."

"We hoap so too, sir," said Jack Jolly. "It happens to be November the Fifth to-day, and Burleigh is the secretary of the skool fireworks club. If he's not better, we may have to go without our fireworks!"

"I haven't the slitest doubt that he'll be as fit as a fiddle, Jolly!" declared the Head. "Wait here and you'll soon know!"

He left the crowd waiting at the foot of the steps and walked up to the front door of the sannytorium. He inserted the key in the lock and opened the door, and the fellows who had been hammering and yelling on the other side hurriedly

stopped it when they reckernised the new arrival.

"G-g-good morning, sir!" they stammered.

The Head frowned.

"Bless my sole! What do you boys think you're doing of, all up and fully dressed without my permission? Get back into the ward at once! You too, Burleigh!"



"But there's nothing wrong with me, sir!" yelled Burleigh. "Apart from the bruises I got when I fell down that cole-hole, I'm as right as a trivet!"

"That is not for you to say, Burleigh!" snapped the Head. "You had better get back into the ward like the rest or—"

He tapped his birch meaningly, and Burleigh, with a face the enluer of a ripe tomato, followed the rest into the ward again.

From the doorway the Head looked his patients up and down with a critickal eye.

"How are you all feeling, my boys? Fully recovered?" he asked.

"Yes, rather, sir!"

"Eggssellent! Then you can consider yourselves all discharged at once," grinned Doctor Birchmall. "There is only one formality to be observed before you leave the sannytorium, boys."

"What's that, sir?"

"A meer trifle. You have to settle your accounts with the St. Sam's Ambulance!"

"Wha-a-at?"

The fellows gazed at the Head in sheer amazement. They could hardly beleove their ears.

"Mean to say you're going to charge us for being brought here in that old crock of an ambulance-car?" cried Burleigh.

Doctor Birchmall frowned.

"I should advise you to moderate your langwidge, Burleigh! Far from being an old crock, that ambulance-car is one of the very latest models—it's not a day more than twenty years old, anyway! Most decidedly the St. Sam's Ambulance Corps will eggsspect you to meet their charges. I will collect the dihs here and now and save further trouble. Swotter minor!"

"Oh! Yes, sir!" gasped Swotter minor.

"You owe the St. Sam's Ambulance Corps five shillings," said the Head, calmly holding out his hand. "Shell out!"

"B-b-but I've only got five shillings, sir, and I'm reserving that for fireworks to-nite!"

"Bless my sole! Fireworks before the Ambulance, eh?" said the Head, grimly. "Do you want to be birched black and blue, Swotter minor?"

"Nunno, sir! Here you are, sir!" gasped yung Swotter, passing over two half-crowns.

"Ta! Let me tell you that you have acted very wisely!" growled Doctor Birchmall, as he pushed the silver into his trowais pocket. "De Vere! Your bill is for an amount of one genny!"

The Honnorable Guy de Vere gazed blankly at the Head through his monocle.

"Bai Jove! What's the ideah of chargin' all that, sir?" he cried.

"Because you happen to be welthy and the St. Sam's Ambulance Corps eggsspect their customers to pay according to their means!" was the Head's bland reply. "Pay up and look plezzant, de Vere!"

There was nothing else for it; de Vere paid up—though he looked the opposite of plezzant, as he did so!

One by one the Head's viktils parted up with their welth till it came to Burleigh's turn. Burleigh proved the tuffest nut of the lot to crack.

"It's a swindle!" he cried. "I refuse to pay!"

But the Head was equal to this emergency.

"Either you pay or you stay on in the sannytorium!" he said.

"If you stay on in the sannytorium, then you won't be able to supervise the Guy Forks' Nite sellybrations to-nite. Surely, Burleigh, you won't let the skool down for a paltry fee of a genny?"

Burleigh frowned feerely. It made it very awkward for him, Doctor Birchmall putting it like this. He was on the horns of a dilemmer—and it was a toss-up which way he decided.

Then he glanced out of the winder and caught a glimpse of the eager yungsters waiting for him below in the quad. That side decided Burleigh.

"You win, sir!" he growled. "I can't disappoint the kids who are looking forward to Guy Forks' Nite. Here's your genny!"

"Thanks awfully, Burleigh!" grinned the Head.

And he galloped off with his ill-gotten gains chinking in his pocket and a look of sooprem triumph on his face.

(Birch seems to be getting away with it in fine style now. But Nemysis is on his track—as you'll read in next week's long, laughable instalment.)

## WHEN IS A GUY NOT A GUY?

### Conundrum Solved By Bolsover

When Mr. Quelch announced in the Form-room that no guys representing living persons were to be allowed in this year's celebrations, we in the Remove were faced by a somewhat knotty problem.

How on earth were we to make guys that didn't "guy" somebody or other? In the past we'd used

Mr. Prout, Sir Hilton Popper, Loder, Coker, and others, with the utmost freedom. It was going to be pretty difficult to steer clear of all features that might connect the guy with one or other of our old favourites!

Some of the fellows felt that the only safe way was to rig up guys in the shape of animals instead of human beings.

But Bolsover pointed out that, even if you went to work on these lines, you couldn't be altogether sure of not offending somebody. If you made a guy in the shape of a walrus, for instance, as likely as not Quelch would say it was intended to be Herr Gans!

"Better to take the bold line while you're about it," Bolsover said. "Model your guy as you've always done it, and trust to luck that the beak won't see who it's meant to be."

Most of the chaps decided that this was a bit too risky. The result was that the Remove guys on the whole were an anæmic and non-descript lot.

But there was one startling exception. Bolsover made a guy that caricatured Quelch himself—and did it with such deadly accuracy that nobody could look at it with half an eye without seeing who it was meant to be!

When Quelch came down to the cycle shed to see what we were up to our hair simply stood on end. But Bolsover was as cool as a cucumber.

"Nothing wrong about this, sir, I fancy," he said cheerfully. "I don't think you'll be able to identify this with any living person."

And, believe it or not, Quelch didn't!

"If it is intended to represent a living person, Bolsover, it must be somebody with whom I am not acquainted," he said, with a nod. And Bolsover's guy passed muster!

Gwynne of the Sixth has been detailed to referee a fags' football match. Not a very nice job, but the popular Irish senior will have to "Gwynne" and bear it!

# The GREY FRIARS HERALD

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EDITED BY HARRI WHARTON.

November 6th, 1937.



## FORM-MASTER FORBADE FIREWORKS!

### But Fourth Still Enjoyed the "Fifth"

Hats off to Temple & Co., of the Upper Fourth, lads! It's a rare and unexpected pleasure for us to do such a thing, but we really think they're worth it this week!

Not many Forms would have taken a ban on fireworks with the cheerful resignation of Temple & Co. And fewer still would have overcome their handicap as they did.

They did, of course, feel a pang when Mr. Capper gave it out that no Upper Fourth men would be allowed to light a firework this year. But they could hardly have felt surprised. After all, if you put a lighted Jack-in-the-box under your Form-master's stool just before he sits down on it, you must expect trouble of some kind, mustn't you? And the whole Form had agreed beforehand that whatever they got it would be worth it!

After the Form-room lark, Temple put on his thinking-cap. The Fourth had been forbidden to

light fireworks. But there was nothing to stop them buying fireworks and letting others do the lighting.

Temple decided to recruit a body of "lighting assistants" from among the fags to light the Upper Fourth's fireworks. He also decided to make the Upper Fourth display one that would go down in history.

Nobody can say he didn't succeed!

It was not that he lavished money on the implements of war. Where he scored was in his choice of sites.

He had one fag on the roof of the tuckshop, one on top of the old tower, a couple in the topmost branches of one of the elms in the quad, and three on the flat roof under the Fourth dorm windows



detailed off for firing rockets only.

When they all let it rip simultaneously, five minutes before the official display began, there was the dickens to pay! The crowds cheered, beaks gnashed their teeth, and prefects ran about like startled rabbits!

The official display was delayed for quite a time while they hunted out the intruders and brought them down to earth.

Temple obligingly took all the responsibility on his own shoulders; but we're glad to be able to add that the responsibility proved a light one. The Head was in the mood to wink at irregularities, and Cecil Reginald got away with it completely.

Gratters, Temple, old bean! It's not very often you score, and we're all the more ready on that account to give you full marks when you do.

This time we've got to hand it to you!