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**SCREAMINGLY FUNNY SCHOOL STORY
IN THIS ISSUE!**



HORACE COKER PERFORMS BEFORE THE CAMERA!

(One of the many funny incidents in this week's Grand Long School Story.)

THE EDITOR'S CHAT.

Address: The Editor, The Magnet Library, The Electricity House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

STORIES FOR NEXT MONDAY.

I have great pleasure in announcing a splendid programme of stories for next week's issues.

To begin with, there will be a grand, long, complete school tale of Harry Wharton & Co., at Greyfriars, under the title of

"THE MAN FROM AMERICA!"

By Frank Richards.

"The Man" happens to be Mr. William R. Chumley, of New York, who, having made his "pile," turns his attention to discovering his English relatives, and he runs them down in the persons of the Bunters. Even before the great-uncle arrives the Falstaff of the Remove becomes a man of great importance—to the fellows of Skinner's stamp—and his dreams of wealth are both weird and wonderful.

There is also a powerful instalment of

"MARCUS THE BRAVE!"

By Famous Victor Nelson,

in which the brilliant author exceeds himself. There will be plenty of thrills and excitement for all my chums in this story.

A GRAND NEW FEATURE!

For next Monday, our clever artist, Mr. MacWilson, has a splendid surprise in store for you. This is in the form of a grand new set of funny pictures, in which the place of Charlie Chaplin as Formanster is taken by none other than our old friend, Billy Bunter.

"BILLY BUNTER—FORM-MASTER!"

will make you roar with laughter.

Your Editor

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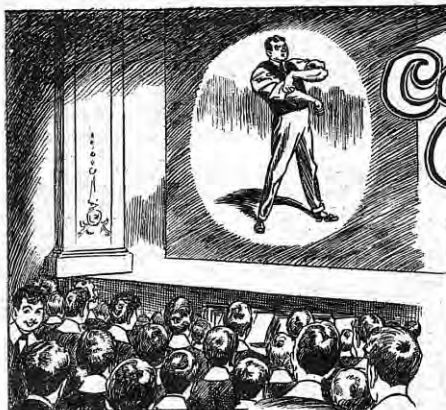
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Coker's Craze!

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

BY
FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Bunter is Scared!

"MUM-MY hat!" gasped William George Bunter. The Owl of the Remove was standing upon the threshold of Horace Coker's study in the Fifth Form passage. Bunter had a letter in his hand. That letter was addressed to Coker. Billy Bunter had taken it out of the letter-rack, and brought it up to deliver to Coker, in the hope of getting a snail "tip."

Bunter had opened the door of Coker's study, and was now standing in the doorway, gazing within.

Horace Coker was there, alone. Billy Bunter blinked at Coker, and stood transfixed.

"Mum-my hat!"

The attitude of Horace Coker at that moment was sufficient to cause anybody to stop and stare, and utter an amazed exclamation such as Billy Bunter had uttered.

Coker was standing in the centre of the study, hugging a cushion most affectionately. He held the cushion in his arms, and pressed it close to his manly breast.

"Mum-my hat!" gasped Billy Bunter again.

Coker was looking into the mirror on the mantelshelf, and when he saw the reflection of Billy Bunter at the door he dropped the cushion rather suddenly, and his expression changed.

"I—I say, Coker!" faltered Billy Bunter, blinking uncertainly at the Fifth-Former through his big spectacles.

Coker wheeled round, and glared at Bunter. Then the expression upon his face underwent another sudden and startling change.

Horace Coker's rugged face lit up with a look of mingled surprise and welcome. He took a quick stride forward towards Bunter, his arms outstretched.

"John, my long-lost brother!" cried

Coker huskily. "After all these long years, we meet again!"

"Yow-ow-ow!" ejaculated Billy Bunter, as Coker seized his fat palm and fairly wrung it.

"My long-lost brother!" cried Coker, in stentorian tones, dragging Bunter into his study, and almost tripping over the cushion he had previously been hugging to his breast. "How glad I am to see you, John! How you have altered!"

"Largo!" roared Billy Bunter, in tones of fear. "Coker, you mad idiot,

"John!" exclaimed Coker brokenly, gazing with an anguished look into Billy Bunter's fat countenance. "Don't you know me, John? Don't you remember your twin brother—brought up in the same cradle together?"

"Yaroooooh!" howled Billy Bunter, now thoroughly frightened, and struggling desperately to free himself from Coker's iron grip. "Help! Rescue! He's mad! Yooooop!"

"Oh, John!" said Coker, wiping an imaginary tear from his eye.

He let Bunter's fat hand go suddenly, so suddenly that Billy Bunter, who was struggling desperately, did not expect such a sudden release, and he sat down on the study carpet with a resounding lump.

"Yarooooop!"

Coker planted himself between Bunter and the door, and, putting on a look of deepest sorrow, he gazed anxiously into the looking-glass.

William George Bunter struggled to his feet, still clutching the letter he had brought up.

He stood in the corner, gasping, and blinking uncertainly at Coker.

It flashed across Bunter's mind that Coker was mad. Horace Coker had always been regarded at Greyfriars as considerably "soft," but now it seemed to Bunter that Coker's brain had turned at last, and that Horace Coker of the Fifth was a raving fanatic.

Certainly, Coker's amazing behaviour

gave excellent grounds for Billy Bunter's suspicions regarding his sanity. Hugging a cushion, for no apparent reason whatever, is not exactly a thing that a person in his right senses would do. And for Coker to hail Billy Bunter as his long-lost twin brother, and to solemnly affirm that they were both brought up in the same cradle together, was startling and unaccountable, to say the least of it.

The only explanation that Billy Bunter could think of, and it was quite a natural conclusion for him to jump to, was that Horace Coker was mad.

William George Bunter of the Remove blinked at Coker in terror, and his knees knocked together in the manner of a tinman.

"Hist!" said Coker suddenly, in such a deep, tragic voice that Billy Bunter jumped violently.

"Hist!" rumbled Coker again, screwing up his nose into a weird and wonderful contortion.

"Oh A-d-dear!" stuttered Billy Bunter.

"Wh-what's the matter, Coker?"

"Not a word!" said Coker dramatically, placing a finger warningly upon his lips. "Say not a word, or all will be lost! Hark! I hear the avenger's footsteps approaching! Ha, ha! There will be dirty work at the cross-roads to-night!"

"Gug-good heavens!" gurgled the Owl of the Remove, gazing in horrified wonder at Horace Coker.

Coker strode up to Bunter, who backed hastily away. But Coker grasped him firmly by the wrist, and whipped out a formidable-looking revolver.

"Stand and deliver!" boomed Coker, his face taking on a truly murderous look that was terrifying to behold. "Hand over the secret documents, or I fire!"

"D-d-don't fire, Coker!" quavered Billy Bunter, trembling from head to foot with terror. "Here's the letter! I brought it up for you, you know!"

Coker seemed surprised at first, but

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then the murderous look returned, and he snatched the letter from Bunter in quite a violent manner.

"Ah! A letter!" he gloated, and he ripped open the envelope.

Billy Bunter already knew who the letter was from. It was addressed in the familiar handwriting of Coker's Aunt Judy. Aunt Judy doted on her darling Horace, and the tips that she sent him were as liberal as they were numerous.

Consequently, when Coker clasped a hand to his forehead and allowed the letter to flutter from his limp fingers to the floor, Billy Bunter was thunder-struck.

"Good heavens!" cried Coker, in horror, staggering back against the table so that he upset the inkwell, and sent the ink surging all over the nice new tablecloth. "Dead—dead! Can it be true? The old squite dead? I cannot believe it, and yet—yet it says that the old squite was foully murdered last night! Good heavens!"

And the manner in which Coker groaned was heartrending indeed.

Billy Bunter trembled, and edged towards the door. He was now thoroughly convinced that Coker was stark, staring, raving mad, and that his life was imperilled by staying in the same study with Coker.

Coker ceased to groan, picked the letter up, and crammed it into his pocket. Then he went over to the sideboard, and took up a vase of artificial flowers, and applied his rather prominent nasal organ to the paper petals.

"Ha!" breathed Coker, in ecstasy, raising his eyes to the ceiling. "What wondrous fragrance! How sweet the smell of garden roses!"

Billy Bunter's eyes opened wide. If he had had any doubts that Coker was mad, they disappeared now. Coker was smelling imitation flowers, and proclaiming their "wondrous fragrance" in poetic terms!

It was this last straw!

Billy Bunter made a frantic dash for the door, dragged at the handle, burst the door open, and precipitated himself through it.

Coker dropped the vase of artificial flowers.

"Why, what—" he gasped. "Bunter! Bunter, you young idiot!"

But Billy Bunter was gone beyond recall. He had fled in terror.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Coker Explains!

"YAROOOGH!! Help! He's mad!"

Thus William George Bunter, as he sped down the Fifth Form passage.

The Owl of the Remove was determined to place as much distance between himself and Horace Coker as possible.

His fat little legs went like clockwork, and he raised his voice on high in wild, resounding tones.

"What the merry dickens—"

Blundell, the captain of the Fifth, dragged open the door of his study and stepped out, just as Billy Bunter dashed up.

"Here, hold on, Bunter!" exclaimed Blundell, grasping the terrified Removeite by the arm and whirling him round. "What's the row?"

Billy Bunter struggled at first, and then calmed down.

His yells had brought other Fifth-Formers to the scene.

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Bland and Fitzgerald, and Smith major and Tomlinson major, crowded up, and gazed at Bunter in considerable astonishment.

Billy Bunter set his eyeglasses firmly on his snub nose, and blinked excitedly round upon the Fifth-Formers.

"He—he's mad!" gasped Bunter.

"Who's mad?" exclaimed Blundell.

"Faith, an' he must be speakin' for himself, entirely!" observed Fitzgerald.

"I tell you he's mad!" hooted Bunter.

"He's gone potty! Don't go near him, you fellows! He's dangerous!"

The Fifth-Formers gasped.

"Explain yourself, you fat idiot!" exclaimed Blundell, shaking Bunter. "Who are you gassing about? Who's gone potty?"

"Coker!" gasped Bunter.

"Eh?"

"Coker—he's raving barmy!" cried Bunter excitedly. "He—he called me his long-lost brother—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter glowered upon the laughing Fifth-Formers.

"I'm not spoofin'!" he roared. "I tell you, when I went in to give him a letter, he nearly wrenched my hand off, and called me his long-lost brother!"

"Gammer!"

"It's a fact!" howled the Owl of the Remove indignantly. "You ought to see Coker's face—it's horrid! He's got a revolver, and I'm sure he'll commit murder!"

"He held me up with it, and threatened to shoot me!"

"Great pip!"

Blundell & Co. gazed blankly at Bunter.

"You—you mean to say Coker's got a revolver, and he held you up?" gurgled Blundell.

"Yes, and I only escaped by means of my marvellous strategy!" cried Bunter.

"Otherwise I should be a stiff corpse by now! Look here, you chaps, this is no laughing matter—it's jolly serious!"

When I left Coker, he was smelling some paper flowers, and saying how lovely they smelt! He thought they were real!"

"Faith, then Coker must be mad!"

"He's raving dotty!" cried Bunter.

"I must thank my lucky stars that I escaped from his study alive! Oh, it's horrible!"

Potter and Greene, Coker's study-mates and chums, strolled up the passage. They stopped and stared in astonishment.

"Hallo!" said Potter. "What's the row, you chaps?"

"Coker's mad!" cried Billy Bunter.

"Who's mad?"

"Coker's gone raving barmy! Don't go near him, if you value your life!"

"My hat!"

Potter and Greene blinked.

"Well, I'm blown!" said Greene. "If this is a joke—"

"We'll soon see if it is!" said Blundell grimly. "Come along, you fellows! We'll see Coker!"

The party of Fifth-Formers made their way along to Coker's study, Potter and Greene in the fore, considerably mystified and anxious.

Potter flung the study door open, and they all crowded in the doorway. They almost fell down when they saw Coker.

Coker was stretched upon the floor, apparently lifeless. There was a blank, inanimate look upon his rugged features.

"Who's dead?" asked Potter faintly. "Oh, my hat! Coker, old chap!"

There was no reply from Coker.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Blundell, going pale. "There's something wrong with Coker. Coker, get up!"

But Coker did not get up. He lay there as still as death.

"What's happened to Coker?" gasped Potter, in horror. "Surely he—he's not dead!"

He bent down and inserted a hand down the front of Coker's waistcoat, and felt round the region of his heart.

Potter heaved a deep sigh of relief.

"Oh, thank goodness, his heart's still beating!" he exclaimed, rising. "Poor old Coker! He—he must have fainted!"

"Howly smoke! Perhaps he's in a fit!" exclaimed Fitzgerald. "He must have raved until he exhausted himself, be jabbers!"

Blundell's glance wandered round the study, and his eyes fell on a flask of water standing on the sideboard.

Blundell, with a quick movement, took up the flask of water and bent over Coker.

"This will bring him round!" he said. "There's nothing like cold water in a case like this!"

Swoooooh!

A flood of cold water surged over Coker's head and face and shirt-front.

Then a most surprising thing happened. The still, silent form of Coker leaped suddenly into life.

"Yaroooogh!" roared Coker, sitting bolt upright and gouging water out of his eyes and ears. "You frubious asses! Yeeerwugh! Gugg-gug!"

"Great Scott!"

"Howly Moses!"

"Gerrooogh!" spluttered Coker, jumping to his feet and glaring most homicidally at his Form-fellows. "Oh crumbs! You fatheaded idiots! What did you swamp that water over me for?"

Blundell & Co. gasped.

"We—we thought you had fainted, Coker!"

Coker snorted.

"Oh, you blithering idiots!" he said. "For two pins I'd mop up the floor with the lot of you!"

Blundell & Co. fell back rather hastily. They remembered Billy Bunter's report that Coker was mad, and visions of battle, murder, and sudden death floated before their inward visions.

"Keep calm, Coker!" gasped Blundell.

"You'll be all right in a minute, you know. For goodness' sake keep calm!"

"I'm calm enough!" howled Coker, in a tone of voice that utterly belied that remark. "What the dickens is the matter with you chumps? Have you all gone dotty?"

"Nunno!" exclaimed Potter. "It's all right, Coker, old man! Keep calm, and don't get excited—"

"Why—I'll punch your silly head, George Potter!" hooted Coker. "I'd jolly well like to know what all this funny business is about. I'll teach you to slop water over me!"

"But we were only doing it for your good, Coker, old man!" exclaimed Potter gently. "You had fainted, you know, and—"

"What!" exclaimed Coker.

"You were unconscious, old chap, and we threw water over you to bring you round—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Coker.

Blundell & Co. gazed at Coker in amazement. Coker was laughing—actually laughing at them, and in a most uproarious manner. They took it as a further sign of his imbecility, and exchanged uneasy glances.

"Oh, you gang of fatheads! Ha, ha, ha!" gurgled Coker, evidently immensely tickled. "You chucked water over me to bring me round! Oh, my hat! Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"Poor old Coker!" muttered Greene. "He's properly off his rocker!"

Coker sank into the armchair, wiping his tears of merriment from his eyes.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he chuckled mirthfully.

"Oh, that's too good! Ha, ha, ha! I didn't think I'd take you in like that!"

"Take us in!" stuttered Potter.

"What do you mean, Coker?"

Coker chuckled.

"I hadn't faulked!" he said.

"Oh!"

"What were you lying down there for, then, you idiot?" demanded Blundell wrathfully.

"I was practising!"

"Practising?"

"Yes; for the films, you know!" said Coker.

"Oh, my hat!"

Coker's Form-fellows blinked at him like boys in a dream.

"Practising!" gurgled Potter. "For—

for the films! Coker, you—"

What the merry thunder do you mean?"

Horace Coker smiled a superior smile.

"I mean what I say!" he said loftily.

"I was practising for the films. I'm

taking up a further course of instruction

in screen acting, and I will say that I'm

getting on a treat. What are you giggling

for, George Potter?"

"Oh—er—was I giggling, Coker?"

gasped Potter, screwing his face up into

a most queer contortion. "Sorry, old

chap— Grooooooh!"

Coker glared suspiciously at Potter.

The others seemed to be similarly

affected, for quite a chorus of giggles and

weird coughs arose from the Fifth-

Formers in Coker's study.

"Wait till I'm a screen star!" said

Coker vehemently. "I'll show you

fellows what's what! Although I say it

myself, I reckon I could beat that fellow

Douglas Fairbanks hands down! And

as for William S. Hart, well, he won't

be in it with me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Blundell & Co.

They had not meant to laugh; they

had determined to let Coker go ahead.

But the idea of Horace Coker as a screen

star, eclipsing such film heroes as Douglas

Fairbanks and W. S. Hart, was simply too

funny.

Coker's recent sojourn at Mr. Barker's

Cinema School had evidently given him

the film-acting craze badly!

Blundell & Co. roared.

Coker started to his feet, frowning

drily.

"You cackling rotters, what—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, Coker!" sobbed Blundell hysteri-

cally. "Coker, old fellow, you'll be the

death of me. I know you will! Coker a

film star! Coker the cinema cowboy!

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

"Look here—"

"He, he, he!"

Horace Coker pushed back his cuffs,

and advanced threateningly towards his

hilarious Form-fellows. Ho—Coker—was

not the fellow to be laughed at with

impunity. He was in real, deadly earnest,

and it made him furious to see that

others did not take him seriously. Coker

was wrathful.

"You cheeky rotters, I'll teach you

to laugh at me—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Blundell.

"Coker's been practising for the films—

Banter! No wonder! Banter thought he

was off his rocker!"

"Ho, he, he," giggled Banter, who, of

course, was in the doorway.

"Get out!" roared Coker, brandishing

his fists. "I'll whip the lot of you!"

Potter, you idiot—"

"Yooooooh!" Yahl! Owh! roared

Potter, as Coker's heavy fist crashed upon

his jaw. "Cheese it, Coker— Yooooop!"

Horace Coker did not "cheese it." He

was wrathful. He charged at the chortling

Fifth-Formers, who staggered backwards

to the door.

Blundell and Bland and Smith major

grasped Coker, and gently but firmly

set him down on the floor. Then the

Fifth-Formers departed before Coker could get up again. They left Coker sprawled on the carpet, breathing all manner of blood-curdling threats, and making remarks that were worthy of a Bolshevik.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Wib's Wheeze!

"POOR old Coker!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Harry Wharton & Co.

The mere mention of Horace Coker of

"The fatheadiness of the esteemed and indacious Coker is truly terrific!" murmured Horace Singh, in his weird and peculiar English.

The Famous Five of the Remove chuckled.

Ten was just over, and they had fallen to discussing Horace Coker of the Fifth. Coker was an excellent topic of conversation, and provided much entertainment for the chums of the Remove.

Tap!

"Come in!" called Harry Wharton.



"Oh crumbs!" gasped Coker half-way up the rope, and hanging on for dear life. "Carry on, Coker!" cried the chums of the Remove encouragingly. "Never say die!" The great Horace took a fresh grip of the rope and made a desperate wriggle upwards. Wibley, behind the tree, turned the camera handle briskly. (See chapter 8.)

the Fifth was sufficient to cause a roar of laughter in Study No. 1.

Billy Banter had spread the news of Coker's "latest." The fellows of Grey-fears had howled when they heard of the mighty Horace's aspirations to film honours.

"Coker romps off with the whole giddy biscuit factory!" chuckled Frank Nugent. "There's nobody like old Horace! He's unique!"

"All others are spurious imitations!" chuckled Harry Wharton. "Coker gets a sillier ass every week, I think!"

"He's a fathead!" grunted Johnny Bull.

Wibley of the Remove entered. Wibley was smiling. He also appeared to be rather excited.

"Hope I'm not intruding, your fellows," he remarked.

"Not at all!" grinned Bob Cherry. "If you've come to tea, I'm afraid there's nothing doing, old son! The cakes and sardines are gone, and we have no biscuits—Coker takes all these!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I've had tea, thanks!" laughed Wibley. "I've come to jaw about old Coker, and his film-acting stunt."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was another roar of laughter from the chums of the Remove. "I've just been along to see Wingate," said Wibley, grinning. "As I was passing Prout's door, old Coker came out, looking like a wild Hun. I reckon he'd been licked. Potter and Greene were waiting for him, and Potter said it served Coker right, for being such an ass to borrow Prout's revolver to practise film-acting with."

Harry Wharton & Co. chuckled. They had had a thrilling account from Billy Bunter of how he had been held up at the revolver-point by Horace Coker.

They had wondered vaguely where Coker had obtained the revolver. Now they knew. The mighty Horace had borrowed one of the many firearms belonging to Mr. Paul Pontifex Prout, the Fifth-Form master. It was most gratifying and highly amusing, to know that Mr. Prout discovered the loss of his revolver, and had "licked" Coker for his delinquency.

"Poor old Coker!" sobbed Bob Cherry. "He's such an ass! He's always in trouble! What would Greyfriars be like without our own imitable Horace?"

"Coker's a chortling chump!" said William Wibley. "He was simply made to have his leg pulled. I've thought of a stunning wheeze to pull old Coker's leg, and have some huge fun at his expense!"

Harry Wharton & Co. were interested at once.

"What's the wheeze, Wib?" demanded five voices at once.

Wibley chuckled.

"My wheeze is to make old Coker really act for the films!" he said. "We'll make him act for little us!"

"For us?" gasped Harry Wharton.

"What do you mean, Wib?"

"We'll take film-pictures of old Horace, and show 'em at Greyfriars!" chuckled Wibley. "I've got a pal in the film-trade in London, and he can easily lend me a camera for taking cinematograph-pictures." He did not say anything for me, if I ask him. When we've got the mighty old cinematograph-camera at Greyfriars, we'll play no end of larks on Coker, get him into all manner of scrapes, pull his leg unmercifully, and film him. He won't know, and I reckon old Coker will make some top-hole comedies!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Rather!"

"So, you see, we shall be able to make our own films, and then hold a cinematograph-show at Greyfriars!" said Wibley. "It will be an easy job to hire a portable-cinematograph apparatus. We'll charge for admission, and all profits will go towards the Remove Porter Club funds, which, I believe, are rather at a low ebb."

Harry Wharton jumped to his feet and clumped Wibley on the shoulder with such terrific force, that William Wibley gasped.

"Wib, old son, you're a giddy cough-drop!" exclaimed Harry Wharton enthusiastically. "My word, what a wheeze!"

"It's a corker!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"A regular gilt-edged idea!" said Frank Nugent, with a chuckle.

"Tolly fine!" assented Johnny Bull, with a nod.

"The jolly-finefulness of the esteemed wheeze is terrific!" said Inky, with a dusky grin.

Wibley looked pleased.

"The wheeze will be as easy to work as falling off a form!" he said. "When I get the camera, I'll dress up as a

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camera man, and present myself to Coker as the producer of the Movie-graph Cinema Company. Coker's such an ass; he'd swallow me whole. I'll get him to pose before the camera, and do all manner of studies, and—"

"And won't old Coker have a few fits when he sees himself being screwed in public, before the whole school?" gurgled Bob Cherry. "Oh, crumbs, it's rich—Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the other occupants of Study No. 1.

"You know I'm a dab at acting," said Wibley. "I can act—you know that."

"We do—we does!" grinned Frank Nugent.

Harry Wharton & Co. nodded approvingly.

William Wibley had earned fame at Greyfriars as an amateur actor. There were quite a number of things that Wibley could not do. For instance, he did not shine in the Form-room. Neither was he "great shakes" at sports. But it was admitted by everybody at Greyfriars that Wibley of the Remove was a born actor. As a masquerader he was unsurpassed. Many wore the japes and daring frauds he had perpetrated at the school. Wib's talent as an actor was a byword at Greyfriars.

"It's a ripping wheeze, old scout!" said Harry Wharton. "You can do it off your head—if you can get the camera and the films."

"Leave that to me!" said Wibley confidently. "I'll write to my pal at once, and I'll get the camera and all accessories by Friday morning. Then we'll start old Coker making film-pictures for us!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good old Wib!"

And Wibley departed smilingly, to write to his friend in London.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Assistance Required!

THE next day Coker of the Fifth was observed to be wearing a thoughtful frown.

Coker did not usually indulge in the strouous habit of thinking. It was not in his line. As a rule, Coker acted without thinking. But now he was thinking hard.

Lessons were an ordeal to Coker that day. Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, had never found Coker an apt pupil, but on the particular day Horace Coker had been more than usually trying. The vials of Mr. Prout's wrath had been poured upon the mighty Horace for allowing his thoughts to wander, and by the time lessons were over, Coker had amassed the total of five hundred lines.

Coker sniffed at the lines. Such poltry things as impositions were beneath him now. He had higher ideals to attain than grinding Latin verbs under Mr. Paul Prout in a dusty Form-room. In his inward eye, Horace Coker saw himself as a bold, brave, dashing screen-hero, saving the life of the heroine from a scoundrel Redskin, capturing a Mexican desperado, averting train disasters in the nick of time, performing innumerable hair-raising "stunts" that would make him the idol and the darling of screen audiences through the world. Of course, he got no encouragement at Greyfriars—no encouragement at all. That was not to be expected, really. But it was sickening—a howling shame, in fact.

Coker smiled pityingly as he thought of Mr. Prout and the five hundred lines. He would show old Prout what he—

Coker—could do. He would make all Greyfriars open its eyes with wonder and admiration. Coker was content to regard the scoffers with lofty contempt, and bide his time. Meanwhile, the mighty Horace practised facial expressions before the looking-glass—much to the amusement of Potter and Greene, his study-mates.

On the day following, the next two lessons of the correspondence course on film-acting arrived. Coker had faith unbounded in that correspondence course whereby he was guaranteed to become an accomplished film actor after reading, marking, and learning the complete course of twelve lessons.

Coker was following out the instruction-sheets religiously. According to the correspondence course, he must learn to be brave, daring, and reckless. It was suggested that runaway horses should be stopped, drowning people rescued, superhuman feats of acrobatic skill performed.

Coker made his way to his study in the Fifth Form passage after lessons, turning over these problems seriously in his massive mind.

He could not hope to stop a runaway horse, because the runaway horse was not forthcoming. Coker contemplated at first going down to Farnfield Station and bribing somebody to frighten Old George, the cobby's horse, into bolting. But then Coker realised that for old George's horse to run away would necessitate a phenomenon. Indeed, the probability is that the exertion necessary for Old George's horse to run away would probably kill the ancient quadruped. Coker banished the idea of stopping runaway-horses, and bethought himself of a thrilling rescue from drowning.

He was still thus bethinking himself when he entered his study.

Potter and Greene were in there. They looked up as Coker entered, and winked at each other.

"Ah, Coker," said Coker, planting himself in front of his study-mates, and looking hard at them. "What are you chaps doing before dinner?"

Potter and Greene exchanged meaning glances.

"Well, I suggest footer-practice," said Potter.

"Same here!" said Greene heartily. "Blundell wants us all to buck up this season, you know. Might as well do some footer-practice, Coker. After all, you need it."

"Ah, Coker," started Coker. "I'm going to practise—"

"That's right, Coker," said Potter. "Get into your footer-togs, and we'll go down together."

Coker glared.

"I don't want footer-practice, you chump! I'm going to practise film acting."

"Oh, crumbs!"

Potter and Greene looked uneasy. They expected that something was coming. They knew Coker. And they were not disappointed.

"I want you chaps to assist me," said Coker calmly. "I must have somebody to rescue from the river—"

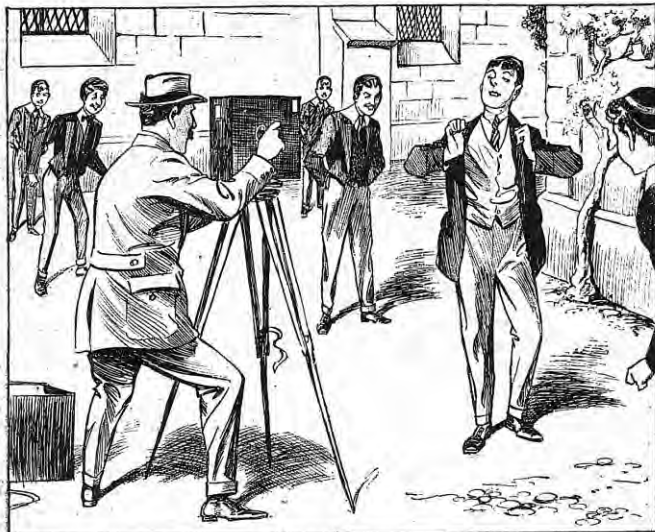
"Rescue from the river!" gurgled Potter.

"Yes," said Coker. "I want one of you chaps to fall into the Sark, and I'll perform a dashing rescue. That's the sort of thing that takes place on the films, you know."

"Oh, is it?" said Potter. "But it's not going to take place in real life, Coker—not where I'm concerned, anyway!"

"Nor me, either!" said Greene promptly.

Coker snorted.



"Put on a look of lofty scorn," said the camera-man, "and let your pose be one of dignity!" Coker's body stiffened into a pose of dignity, and his expression as he regarded the chuckling spectators was most withering! "Turn your nose up a little more, old son!" chuckled Vernon Smith. "It will reach your forehead in a tick!" (See chapter 6.)

"Look here, you chaps! I expect you to back me up," he said. "I'm going to be a film actor, and I must practise. How can I act for the screen if I don't practise?"

"Is that a conundrum?" asked Potter sweetly.

"The answer's a lemon!" grinned Greene.

Coker pushed back his cuffs.

"You fatheaded idiots!" he roared. "I'm serious, and I'm jolly well not going to be checked by my own study-mates! If you don't come down to the Sark with me, and fall in, so that I can rescue you, I—I'll give you both a licking!"

Potter and Greene arose, exchanging grim glances. Usually, they acted diplomatically with Coker and gave way to him. But there were limits to the powers of their endurance, and falling into the Sark just to appease Coker's craving to rescue them was rather above the limit. Potter and Greene thought it time to draw a line. The worms were turning.

"Are you going to or are you not?" demanded Coker heatedly.

"We are!" said Potter grimly. "We're going to turn you out, Coker, and let you simmer down! Back up, Greene!"

"Yaroooooh!" roared Coker, as his two exasperated study-mates grasped him and whirled him towards the door.

Coker struggled manfully, but Potter

and Greene were in real earnest. The study door was dragged open, and the form of Horace Coker hurtled through.

Slam!

"Oh, the—the cheeky rotters!" gasped Coker, struggling to his feet. "Potter—Greene—you fearful chumps!"

"Run away and drown yourself, Coker!" came Potter's voice from behind the closed door.

Thud! Crash! Biff!

Coker's size eleven boots crashed upon the locked door of his study, but they made no impression. Coker breathed sulphurous threats through the keyhole, but Potter and Greene took no heed. They had "stood" Coker so far, and would stand him no farther. They were on strike against the high-handedness of Coker.

At last Coker gave it up as a bad job, and, bestowing a final kick upon the door, he stalked away, breathing hard through his nose.

He passed Blundell and Bland and Fitzgerald and Smith major on their way to footer. The Fifth-Formers grinned at Coker. Coker snorted and stamped on.

At the corner of the Remove passage he halted. He was determined to do some practice that morning, and if he could not obtain backing-up from his own study-mates, Coker deemed it advisable to seek it elsewhere.

The Famous Five were in Study No. 1 when the door was thrown suddenly open and Coker of the Fifth strode in:

The chums of the Remove were not going down to footer practice, as Temple Dabney & Co. of the Upper Fourth were on Little Side, according to Wingate's instructions.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked in surprise at Coker.

"Didn't they ever teach you to knock at a door in the slam you were brought up in, Coker?" asked Bob Cherry politely.

Coker did not heed. He was not usually polite to fags.

"I want you to come down to the Sark and let me rescue you," said Coker abruptly.

"Wha-a-at?"

"I want you kids to fall in the Sark and let me rescue you," said Coker brusquely. "Come on! There's no time to waste."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Harry Wharton & Co.

"You cheeky fags!" spluttered Coker.

"What is there for you to laugh at—oh!"

"Oh, you—merely you," Coker sobbed Bob Cherry. "Ha, ha, ha! Who's going to fall in the Sark—just to please Coker? A guaranteed soaking, and a hundred-to-one chance of getting rescued! Any takers?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the chums of the Remove hilariously.

Coker breathed hard through his nose. He realised that perhaps it would be better to be a little more polite, although

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he did not generally waste much politeness on lags.

"I want to practise for the films, you know," he said gruffly. "Those silly chumps, Potter and Greene, have refused to fall in and be rescued! You'd hardly believe it, but they have."

"Go on!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"I wonder why they refused?" murmured Frank Nugent.

Coker snorted.

"Funky, I expect," he said. "Upon the whole, I think I'll have you kids to help me. Not that I think you'll be much use, but what's a fellow to do?"

Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged glances. Under other circumstances, they would have pitched Coker out of their study—back and crop. But Wilb's film camera had arrived that morning, and they foresaw an excellent opportunity to have some fun with Coker, and thus obtain their first film.

"We'll come, Coker old man!" said Harry Wharton. "Only too proud to help a mighty man like you, you know—aren't we, chaps?"

"We are—we is!" chorused the rest of the "Co." solemnly.

"All right!" granted Coker. "No larks, mind, or I'll come down heavy on you. Where are you off to, Bull?"

"Just to get my cap from my study," replied Johnny Bull, and he disappeared from Study No. 1. He got his cap, and he also looked in at Wilb's study, and told Wilb what was "on." Wilb jumped up with alacrity, took his cinematograph camera and tripod, and went out into the Remove passage.

Coker was leading the way down the passage, and Harry Wharton & Co. followed, as meek as lambs.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Coker up the Pole!

FELLOWS stared at Harry Wharton & Co. as they marched after Coker.

"What's on?" demanded Peter Todd.

"A lark—on Coker!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Fetch the chaps along!"

"Don't jaw so much!" snarled Coker, turning round.

"Right-ho, Coker!"

The mighty Horace stalked downstairs, across the quad, and out of the gates of Greyfriars, followed meekly by the Franciscan Five.

And, a little way behind, a whole army of clucking juniors, led by Peter Todd, followed. Wibley was there, too, with the camera slung across his shoulders.

With great gravity, Coker and his followers made their way, through the woods until they arrived, on, to the towing-path by the River Sark.

"Here we are!" said Coker, halting.

"Now, Wharton, perhaps you'd better fall in first!"

"Ahem!" said Harry Wharton.

Suddenly Bob Cherry gave vent to an excited exclamation.

"I say, Coker!" he said. "Film actors ought to be able to dive, you know."

"Well, can't I dive?" growled Coker.

"High diving, I mean," said Bob Cherry blandly. "You ought to perform acrobatic feats as well, you know."

"So I can," granted Coker. "It says in lesson two that reckless feats should be attempted, to increase nerve and vitality."

"Well, there's your chance, Coker," said Bob Cherry, pointing to a tall telegraph pole standing by the side of the towing-path. "Why not climb that, and dive off into the river and perform the rescue?"

Coker seemed impressed. Bob Cherry winked at his chums, who made superhuman efforts to preserve their gravity.

"H'm!" said Coker reflectively. "That's not a bad idea, young Cherry. But how am I to get up that pole? It's full of iron spikes, specially put there so that people shouldn't climb it."

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"We can easily work that, Coker," he said. "Rely on us to help you practise for the films—"

"Don't be cheeky!" rapped Coker.

"Back up and tell me your suggestion, and I'll beg!"

"Oh, yes, Coker!" gasped Bob Cherry. "See the old fisherman's hut near by? We'll fix a rope from the top of the pole to the hut, and you shall climb up the rope to the top of the pole. It will be a thrilling feat—quite worthy of Douglas Fairbanks at his best!"

"My word!" breathed Coker, thrilled at the prospect.

Coker had an extremely exalted opinion of his own powers. He was firmly convinced that he could not fail in anything he attempted. Once the rope was affixed to the top of the pole, it would be an easy task for him to climb to the top—so Coker thought. And Coker resolved to try it.

"Get a ladder and a rope from the boathouse-keeper!" he commanded.

"Back up, you kids! There's no time to waste!"

In dutiful obedience to Coker's command, Frank Nugent and Horace Singh scurried off towards the boathouse in order to procure a ladder and rope.

Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, and Johnny Bull stood by, chuckling. They could see Peter Todd, with a whole crowd of spectators, lurking in the rear to watch the fun. And Wilb was behind a tree, filming operations!

Nugent and Inky soon returned. Frank Nugent had a tall ladder, sufficient to reach above the iron nails on the telegraph pole.

"I'll climb up and tie the rope on," said Bob Cherry.

"All right," said Coker condescendingly. "Back up over the job, young Cherry. I don't like being kept waiting."

Bob set the ladder up against the telegraph pole, and, with the rope slung over his shoulder, he mounted. Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent held the ladder to keep it steady.

Bob Cherry climbed nimbly to the top of the ladder, and then swarmed up the remainder of the telegraph pole to the summit.

There he made the rope tautly fast, and threw the other end down.

Johnny Bull and Harry Wharton captured it, and ran over to the fisherman's hut with it, and made the other end fast to the doorpost, drawing the rope taut.

"Good!" said Coker. "Now, you kids, just watch me, and see how I get up that rope to the top of the telegraph pole. It requires nerve and skill, but I can do it. I'm Coker. My name will be famous one day as the most daring film-actor in the land. Those American chaps won't be in it with me. English talent has got to be discovered, and I'm going to head the list."

"Go it, Coker!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

Coker grasped the rope and swung himself upwards. Harry Wharton & Co. looked on in high amusement.

In the manner in which Horace Coker climbed the rope was entertaining to a high degree. First of all he caught his leg in the rope, and performed a complete somersault, averting a nasty tumble by a mere fluke.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Coker, half-way

up the rope, and hanging on for dear life.

"Carry on, Coker!" cried the chums of the Remove encouragingly. "Never say die!"

"Grooooooh!" gurgled Coker, gripping the rope and making desperate wriggles upward.

Peter Todd & Co. emerged from behind the bushes, and gazed upon Coker in high excitement.

The mighty Horace's exploits on the rope were truly marvellous to behold. Wibley turned the camera handle briskly.

Several times Coker almost fell, but he stuck grimly to his task. According to his original intentions, Coker had meant to swarm up the rope in a graceful, easy manner, exciting gasps of admiration from his junior spectators. But he climbed laboriously, performing weird and wonderful evolutions that caused his spectators to rose. They were not afraid of Coker falling. Horace Coker had no difficulty in holding on. His difficulty lay in climbing upward to the top of the telegraph pole.

"Go it, Coker!" sang out the juniors below.

"Excellent, old top!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker, urged on by the laughs from the onlookers, exerted himself to a superhuman degree, and at last he reached the top of the telegraph pole, gasping and breathless.

"Grooooooh!" he gasped. "Oh dear!"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" roared Harry Wharton & Co. from below.

Bob Cherry had detached himself from his chums. He was running over to the fisherman's hut, where the other end of the rope was tied. It needed but a minute's swift work to untie the rope. There was a howl of laughter from Harry Wharton & Co. as the rope dangled loosely from the pole, and Bob Cherry ran back with it to where his chums were standing.

Coker, perched at the top of the telegraph pole, heard the shouts of laughter, and glared down. He almost lost his balance when he saw that the rope had been taken away.

"Oh, my hat!" he gasped, and then he raised his voice to a wild yell.

"Put that rope back, you little monkeys! Wharrier you at?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Harry Wharton & Co.

Coker, perched at the top of the telegraph pole, was a sight for gods and men and little fish. He looked screamingly down at Harry Wharton & Co. fairly howled.

"You—you—you—" gurgled Coker, hanging on grimly to the telegraph pole.

"I'll slaughter you when I come down! I—"

"Coming down?" yelled Bob Cherry. "Slither down the pole, old chap, and never mind the snakes!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Put that rope back!" howled Coker furiously.

"Aren't you going to dive into the river?" shouted Harry Wharton. "I'm ready to fall in when you are, Coker!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker's feelings were simply too deep for words. He glared down from on high in homicidal wrath. He was helpless to get down. Both the rope and the ladder had been taken away. He realised now that he was at the top of the pole, that he dare not dive into the river. The water was too shallow, and he would strike the bottom with more force than was conducive to his after comfort.

"Coker's up the pole properly!" howled Bob Cherry. "Do you find it cold up there, Coker, old top?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the spectators. Suddenly there was a stir among the spectators, as a short, plump little gentleman came striding along the tow-path. Harry Wharton & Co. fairly exploded when they recognised this gentleman as Mr. Paul Froust, Coker's Form-master.

Mr. Prout halted in amazement when, on looking up, he beheld Horace Coker on top of the telegraph-pole.

"Bless my soul!" gasped the Fifth Form-master, "Coker!"

Coker saw Mr. Prout, and his blood froze with horror.

"Oh crumbs!" he gurgled.

Mr. Prout stood spellbound, gazing upwards at Horace Coker like one in a dream. Mr. Prout could hardly believe the evidence of his own optics. There was one of his pupils—Horace Coker—perched at the top of a telegraph-pole in an ungraceful and ridiculous pose. It was unbelievable, but true!

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Mr. Prout, "Coker! Boy! Is that you—can it be possible—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Harry Wharton & Co.

Coker, hanging on grimly to the telegraph-pole high aloft, groaned. This was humiliation indeed. Not only was he made to look ridiculous before his own Form-master, but also he was a laughing-stock for a gang of cheeky Remove boys, who would crow over this for weeks.

"Coker!" thundered Mr. Prout. "Have you gone mad, Coker? How dare you climb telegraph-poles in public, making a ridiculous exhibition of yourself. Come down this instant!"

"Yow-ow!" moaned Coker. "I—I can't, sir!"

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

"Silence!" boomed Mr. Prout. "Coker, you absurd youth, come down, I say! Have you no sense of dignity, boy? Where is your common-sense? Are you bereft of all sanity? Coker, come down this instant!"

"I can't," howled Coker. "Those cheeky young larks have got the rope!"

"Bless my soul!"

Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry picked up the ladder and ran forward.

"Excuse me, sir," gasped Harry Wharton, almost choking with laughter. "Shall we place this ladder against the pole, so that Coker can climb down?"

Mr. Prout glared at Coker.

"Yes—yes, my lads," he said. "This is scandalous—really scandalous! Coker must be got down at once! Coker, you young imbecile, kindly return to the ground by means of that ladder!"

"Groooogh!" "Yes, sir!" moaned Coker.

The ladder was set against the post, and held firmly. Coker climbed gingerly on to the pole, and alighted slowly down until he gained the ladder.

Then he climbed down to Mother Earth again.

"Groooogh!" he gasped, as he reached the ground.

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

Mr. Prout strode forward, grasped Coker by the coat-collar, and shook him.

"Coker! You senseless fellow!" he thundered. "How dare you make such a ridiculous display in public! Climbing a telegraph-pole—such an affair is unprecedented! I have always regarded you as a stupid dolt, Coker, but I had no idea that your foolishness would carry you so far. You will return to Greyfriars with me, and then perhaps I shall be able to impart a little common-sense into you by corporal methods!"

"Oh crumbs!" gurgled Coker. "Leggo, sir! I was practising—"

"Practising what, Coker?" demanded Mr. Prout.

"Groooogh! I was practising film acting—"

"What!"

"Acting for the films, sir. I'm taking a correspondence course—"

"Bless my soul!" Coker "is there no limit to your stupidity? Come with me at once! You shall be punished most severely!"

Coker pushed back his cuffs and glared at Mr. Prout. Possibly he contemplated forceful argument with his own Form-master at that moment. But the glint in Mr. Prout's eye froze Coker's marrow in his bones. Mr. Prout gripped him firmly by the collar and marched him away.

And Coker went, as submissive as a lamb!

Harry Wharton & Co. sent up a shout of laughter as Coker and Mr. Prout disappeared.

"Ha, ha, ha!" gurgled Bob Cherry. "Wasn't it rich, chaps? Coker up the pole!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The ladder and the rope were delivered back to the bathhouse-keeper, and the chums of Greyfriars returned to school in time for dinner.

The dinner-bell was ringing, and as they went into the dining-room they met Coker.

Coker seemed in a mood that was humorous. The glare that he bestowed upon Harry Wharton & Co. was calculated to perish them, if such looks had the power to kill.

But Harry Wharton & Co. were far from being perished. They smiled sweetly at Coker, and strolled to their places, chuckling hugely over the episode of Coker up the pole, which had, unbeknown to Coker, been filmed throughout by William Wibley of the Remove!

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Coker Performs!

"N OW for Coker!" William Wibley uttered that remark the next afternoon, which was a half-holiday at Greyfriars.

Potter was "off" for that afternoon. Wib was in a field near Greyfriars, and Harry Wharton & Co. were with him. Wibley had just "made up," and in a brown sports suit, disguised by means of grease-paint and a false moustache, Wib was unrecognisable.

He slung the cinematograph camera over his shoulder, having conferred very earnestly with Harry Wharton & Co.

"Go it, Wib!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "We'll do the necessary!"

"Rely on us, old sport!"

Wibley, chuckled, and hurried off, leaving the chums of the Remove chortling with mirth.

Wibley walked boldly in at the gates of Greyfriars, and sought out Gosling, the school porter, from his lodge.

"My hero!" said Gosling.

"Is Master Horace Coker about?" demanded Wibley, in brisk, business-like tones. "I wish to see him on important business!"

"He!" gasped Gosling. "Which Master Coker is it, sir. Why, there 's coming out of the tuckshop!"

The disguised Wibley looked, and my three figures emerge from Mrs. Minble's tuckshop.

These three figures were Horace Coker, Potter, and Greene. Coker and Greene had mollified Coker, and were now reinstated in his good graces.

"My lad!" said Coker, as the stranger with a camera-lug approached him.

"Good-afternoon, young gentlemen!" said the disguised Wibley, raising his hat

politely. "Which is Master Coker, may I ask?"

"I'm Coker!" said that worthy, staring at Wib in surprise.

"Ah! Pleased to make your acquaintance, Master Coker! You have heard of the Moviegraph Cinema Company?"

"Great Scott!"

"I have come to see you perform before the camera, Master Coker!"

Potter and Greene looked hard at the pseudo-camera man. Horace Coker was deeply impressed. His heart gave a wild leap with excitement. Here was the representative of a real, live film company, with a real, genuine cinema camera, who had heard of his fame, and had come to film him! The gate was now open to success, and Horace Coker determined to make a bold, dashing bid for fame and fortune.

"Jolly good of you, sir!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "You—you're really come to film me!"

"Yes, Master Coker!" replied Wibley solemnly. "If you will excuse my saying so, Master Coker, you have just the face for the screen!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Coker, immensely flattered.

"In short, Master Coker, I think you are just the man we require. English film actors have still to be discovered. There's an immense amount of latent talent in England, you know."

"I've got talent— heaps of it!" said Coker modestly. "Personally, I think I was cut out to be a film actor. Pluck's a thing I've never been in want of. I can say that. Glad you think I've got a cinema face. I think so, too—in fact, I'm sure of it!"

Potter and Greene were seen to squirm, and heard to emit a stifled giggle apiece.

Coker glared at his study-mates.

"What are you silly idiots cackling at—eh?" he demanded.

"Oh, nothing, Coker— nothing, really!" gurgled George Potter. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Greene.

Coker gave a disdainful sniff.

"Don't take any notice of those giggling fatheads!" he said loftily.

"They've got no sense—like a lot of people at this school! Come on, sir!"

Coker stalked away, and Wibley followed, chuckling softly.

Potter and Greene remained where they were, howling with laughter.

"Let us get to business at once, Master Coker!" said Wibley, halting in the middle of the quad. "I wish you to pose before the camera in various attitudes. We give each attitude a name such as 'Repose,' and 'Anger,' and 'Defiance.' Do you understand?"

"Yes, rather, sir!" said Coker readily.

"Come up to my study, and we can fire ahead!"

"I'm afraid I cannot photograph you indoors, Master Coker," said the disguised Wibley solemnly. "You see, there is not sufficient light. I must trouble you to pose out here, in the open!"

"Ahem!" said Coker dubiously. "Suppose we get a crowd of silly fags round us? They're sure to start cackling, and the whole thing will be mucked up!"

"Oh, that's nothing!" said the photographer airily. "We people in the film trade have to surmount all kinds of obstacles. Why, it is a common thing for a screen actor to net in the public streets."

"Are you modest, Master Coker, and do not care for your schoolfellows to see you—"

Coker sniffed.

"I don't care for the other chaps!" he said independently. "They can go and eat cake! I'm going to be a filu!"

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actor, and I reckon I'll go straight ahead, sir!"

"That's right, Master Coker!" said Wibley, unpacking the camera and affixing it upon the tripod. "Film actors are no respecters of persons, you know. Now, we'll have you in the first attitude—'Anguish'! You must bow your body and put on an expression of deep sorrow and pain!"

Coker obediently bowed his body, and screwed up his visage into a most weird and wonderful grimace.

"You'd better groan!" said Wibley, cheerfully turning the handle and filming Coker. "Verbal expressions greatly assist the effect, Master Coker!"

Coker groaned in a truly heartrending manner.

"My hat!" exclaimed Dicky Nugent of the Second, coming up with Gatty and Myers, his chums. "Look at old Coker, kids! He's been licked, by the look of things! My hat, what a chivvy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker ceased to groan, and frowned upon Dicky Nugent & Co.

"Clear off, you cheeky fags!" he exclaimed.

Dicky Nugent & Co. chuckled. Just then Harold Skinner and Snop and Stott of the Renova arrived. They grinned when they saw Coker before the film camera.

Coker began to push back his cuffs.

"Never mind the other boys, Master Coker," said the pseudo film-producer hastily. "Treat them with contempt! Ah, 'Contempt' will be your next pose! Put on a look of lofty scorn, turn your nose up, and let your pose be one of dignity!"

Coker's body stiffened into a pose of dignity—more or less. He had no difficulty in putting on his face a look of lofty scorn. Indeed, Coker's expression as he regarded the chuckling spectators was most withering!

"Go it, Coker!" cried Peter Todd, encouragingly.

"Turn your nose up a little more, old son!" chuckled Vernon Smith. "It will touch your forehead in a tick!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wibley industriously turned the handle of his camera. Coker remained in a pose of "contempt" for a space of five minutes, at the end of which brief period he became so exasperated with the remarks of the onlookers that his next pose became that of "Wrath," and, with a bellow like that of an angry bull, he charged into the crowd of spectators, with flying fists.

Biff! Thud! Wallop!

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the spectators, heaving a hasty retreat before the truculent Horace.

"I'll teach you to make fun of me!" howled Coker. "Clear off, you impertinent little rotters!"

"Master Coker!" implored Wibley, making desperate efforts to control his merriment, and meanwhile filming the stirring scene.

"I don't care!" howled Coker. "I'm not going to be made a laughing-stock of. They haven't got the common-sense to know I'm film-acting!"

"Never mind, Master Coker," said the disguised Wibley soothingly, and laying a restraining hand on Coker's arm. "We will—ahem!—dispense with filming attitudes for the time being. Let us embark upon another line of practice."

"Well?" demanded Coker, glaring at the grinning crowd, who had retreated to a distance.

"Film actors are, as you know, Master Coker, trained athletes," said Wibley solemnly. "They must be expert

swimmers, divers, runners, cyclists, and horsemen—"

"I can do all that," said Coker confidently. "Mind, I don't mean to brag, but I will say that I'm a splendid all-round athlete. I should be in the First Eleven now, if it wasn't for the lateness of Whigate."

"Quite so," said Wibley blandly. "Can you ride a horse, Master Coker?"

"Ahem!" said Coker. "I can't say I've ever ridden a horse, but it looks simple enough. Nothing's too difficult for me. I'm full of pluck, I am. It wouldn't take me long to become an expert horseman!"

"Excellent, Master Coker! Let me see how you shape on horseback, will you? I'm sure you'd make a manly, graceful figure on a horse, and your school-fellows, instead of laughing at you, would be loud in your praises!"

"There's something in that," said Coker proudly. "I don't mind riding a horse. Where's the horse?"

"I have instructed a few of your school-fellows to secure one for the purpose, Master Coker," said Wibley.

Then Wib gave vent to a shrill whistle.

And Coker, looking towards the gates, was surprised to see the Famous Five enter the Close, leading a pony between them.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Horace on a Horse!

"MY hat!" said Coker. Harry Wharton & Co. came up, grinning.

"Here's the pony, sir," said Harry Wharton, addressing the disguised Wib.

"Thank you, my lad! Master Coker, here is your fiery steed—I-I mean, your mount."

"Oh!" gasped Horace Coker.

He looked hard at the pony, and recognised it as one belonging to a local

farmer. The pony's name was Nobby, and Nobby was noted as being a frisky, fiery little horse, of pronounced kicking propensities.

"Get on, Master Coker!" said Wibley. "Horsemanship is quite easy, you know! Don't be frightened!"

"Who's frightened?" demanded Coker disdainfully. "D'you think I funk riding a blessed pony? Rats! I'll show you!"

And Coker, grasping the pony firmly by the neck, essayed to mount.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Bob Cherry. "You're on the wrong side, Coker!"

But Coker heeded not. He made a violent effort to climb on Nobby's back.

Nobby, however, did not seem best pleased with the manner of Coker's mounting. Coker was half-way on when the pony gave a sudden jump, and Coker came off again with a jerk.

Bump!

"Yaroooooh!" roared Coker, as he struck the hard, unsympathetic ground with a loud concussion.

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

Wibley, busily turning the handle of the film camera, yelled out further instructions to the would-be film actor.

"Get on the other side, Master Coker! Swing yourself gracefully into the saddle!"

Coker struggled to his feet and gritted his teeth. The laughter of the onlookers spurred him on. He walked round to the other side of Nobby, grasped the bridle, and proceeded to swing himself into the saddle.

Coker did swing himself, but, unfortunately, he swung too far. He went over the pony's back, made a desperate attempt to hang on, but failed, and sprawled over the other side, landing on the ground again with a terrific bump and a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha!" howled Harry Wharton & Co.

"Grooooooh!" moaned Coker, regaining his feet and rubbing his several bruises. "That blessed pony!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wibley, almost choking with laughter, had great difficulty in turning the handle of his camera. He wanted to hold his sides. But he controlled himself with an effort.

"Try again, Master Coker," he gasped. "Not so violent this time!"

"Yow!" gasped Coker. "I'll do it, sir!"

And Coker proceeded to do it. This time, however, he approached Nobby gingerly. He grasped the bridle, and made a clumsy effort to climb on.

"Fetch a ladder, somebody!" yelled Bob Cherry. "Coker's getting on the pony's back!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker got one foot in the stirrup, and then Harry Wharton and Bulstrate ran forward and obligingly "bunked" Coker into the saddle.

"Grooooooh!" gasped Coker, at last ensconced upon the pony's back.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wibley turned the handle of the camera industriously. He bethought himself that the most interesting part of the afternoon's proceedings were about to take place, and he was not disappointed.

"Start him off, Master Coker!" he cried. "Give the rein a jerk, you know!"

Coker gripped the rein, and jerked. Nobby did not seem to like that jerk; in fact, he protested in a very forcible and emphatic manner by lifting up his rear legs skywards, and snorting wrathfully.

"Yaroooooh!" bellowed Coker, as he felt himself going upwards. "Steppit! Grooooooh!"

LIGHTING-UP TIME FOR THIS WEEK.



NOVEMBER.

1st Monday	- - -	5.2 p.m.
2nd Tuesday	- - -	5.0 "
3rd Wednesday	- - -	4.58 "
4th Thursday	- - -	4.57 "
5th Friday	- - -	4.55 "
6th Saturday	- - -	4.53 "
7th Sunday	- - -	4.51 "



"Hi!" roared Mimble, the gardener, dashing out of the greenhouse and gazing upon Coker and the pony with amazement and horror. "Yaroooh!" wailed the unfortunate rider. "Can't you stop this confounded beast, it's mad—yoooh!" (See this page.)

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Gee up, Dobbin!" yelled Bob Cherry, giving the pony a slap.

And the pony "geed-up." Away it went like a whirlwind, with Coker on its back, hanging on like grim death.

"Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!"

"Go it, Coker!"

"Good old Derby winner!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Nobby could certainly run. The pony's hoofs beat up the gravel in the quadrangle, and the manner in which Nobby "bunted" and reared and shied was truly startling to behold.

Wibley followed in the wake of Nobby and Coker, filming the proceedings with relish.

"Yarooooh!" howled Coker, as, for the third time, he was whirled round the quadrangle at top speed. "Stoppit! Help! Yaroooohoop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bravo, Coker!"

Coker maintained his seat in the saddle only by superhuman efforts. From side to side he lurched, backwards and then forward. He lost his grip of the reins, so the best thing he could do in order to keep the saddle was to clasp the pony round the neck and hang on.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Peter Todd, as Coker sailed round again once more. "Look at old Coker; he'll strangle that pony in a tick!"

"Poor old Coker!"

Horace Coker clung most lovingly to Nobby's neck. Nobby resented this, and showed her resentment by kicking up her heels and dashing away at top speed towards the Head's garden.

"Great pip!" gasped Frank Nugent, gripping Harry Wharton by the arm.

"Look! Old Coker's taken the Head's garden-fence at a leap!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Indeed, Nobby had cleared the fence, and Coker hung on to her neck only by a miracle.

"Come on, chaps!" sobbed Bob Cherry. "This is getting interesting. I wonder what sort of damage the pony will do?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Arriving at the garden-gate, they saw Nobby stampeding over the flower-beds. Fortunately, there were no flowers, but the plants and the beds suffered considerably.

"Hi!" roared Mimble, the gardener, dashing out of the greenhouse, and gazing upon Coker and the pony with amazement and horror-stricken eyes.

"Get hont! Wot I says is this 'ere—"

"Yarooooh!" wailed Coker. "You idiots, can't you stop this confounded animal? It's mad—Yooohoo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Nobby, greatly incensed and excited, made off towards the glass cucumber-frames. Mimble saw that manoeuvre and gasped. In desperation, he picked

up the garden-hose and turned on the water.

"Swooooooh!"

A strong stream of wetness, directed by the excited gardener, caught Horace Coker full in the chest, almost causing him to lose his embrace of the pony's neck.

"Git hont!" roared Mimble, who was simply drenching Coker and the pony. "Which I'll report this 'ere!"

"Swooooooh!"

Nobby was certainly fond of water, like most of her race, but under such circumstances the wetness was far from nice.

So Nobby turned, took the fence at a high leap, and streaked across the quad again, snorting wrathfully.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the crowd of Greyfriars fellows.

Wibley was wild with glee. The cinematograph picture that Coker was making for him promised to be a "scream" and a "thriller."

As Bob Cherry mirthfully remarked, Coker, as a comedian, quite put Charlie Chaplin in the shade that afternoon, and his "stunts" on horseback were "worth a guinea a box!"

By the manner in which Nobby was rearing and jumping, it was really wonderful that Coker managed to retain his seat.

The yells of the spectators awoke the echoes. They were yells of laughter.

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uncontrolled. Coker also yelled—though not with laughter.

"Yaroooooh! Stoppit! Yah!"

Nobby was now stampeding towards the school-gates.

Gosling emerged from his little lodge, and gazed upon the oncoming pony and its rider with amazed and bleary eyes.

"My 'at!" gasped Gosling. "Wot the—"

"Look out, Gussy!" roared Harry Wharton. "You'll be run down!"

"Wot I say 'is this 'ere— Yaroooooh!" howled Gosling, as Nobby bore down upon him. The ancient school-porter gave quite an athletic dive into his lodge, and Nobby's hoofs missed him by mere inches.

And away went Nobby through the gates, and disappeared up the Friardate Lane in a cloud of dust.

The boys of Greyfriars crowded round the gates, and watched Wibley film the last scene of the "Coker Comedy," as Bob Cherry described it.

Then, as Nobby's hoofs and the sound of Coker's yells died away in the distance, they turned back into the Close, mopping with meriment.

"Oh, poor old Coker!" gurgled Bob Cherry, falling on Harry Wharton's neck and weeping small tears of meriment.

"What a game, Harry— Ha, ha, ha! I reckon Wibley's taken the funniest comedy on record!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Rather!" Wibley stroled up, chuckling.

"What a pity I can't follow old Coker up and film his further adventures on horseback!" he chuckled. "I wonder when he'll get back!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Goodness knows!"

And the boys of Greyfriars went indoors, chattering merrily over the adventures of Horace Coker of the Fifth, and wondering what adventures he was meeting with on the countryside.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Coker Doesn't Like It!

"HERE'S Coker!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What the merry dickens—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton & Co. were waiting at the gateway of Greyfriars an hour later, when Coker of the Fifth came jouncing and squealing up.

His appearance was amazing.

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Harry Wharton & Co. had never seen Coker in such a state.

He was smothered with mud. His boots were caked with it. His trousers were simply plastered with it. His tattered coat reeked with it. His cap was gone, and his hair was adorned with mud and weeds. His face was grimy and caked with mud. His necktie hung out by one end over his left shoulder. His collar, disrupted from its stud, remained, more or less gracefully, over his other shoulder.

Evidently Coker of the Fifth had been wallowing in either a ditch, or a pond, or a river.

"What's happened, Coker?" demanded Bob Cherry. "Where've you been, old chap?"

"Where did you get all that mud from?" inquired Frank Nugent.

"What have you done with the pony, Coker?" asked Harry Wharton. Coker vouchsafed no reply.

He strode on through the dusk towards the School House.

William Wibley, who was lurking beneath the old elm with the film-camera, ready to photograph Coker as he came in, turned the handle briskly, and chuckled at Coker's funny appearance.

Coker squeaked mud and water as he waded across the quad. The Famous Five and Wibley followed Coker, smiling broadly. They were interested to know how he had fared since they last saw him riding off at top speed down the Friardate Lane on the pony's back.

Fellows stared hard at Coker, and chuckled, and asked him questions.

Coker did not reply to a single question. He seemed too full for words.

Potter and Greene, his chums of the Fifth, were standing on the steps at Coker's squelched up. They almost fell down when they beheld Coker.

"Coker!" gasped Potter faintly. "Oh, my hat! Where did you collect that mud?"

"Did you ask the owner's permission before you walked off with it?" asked Greene.

Coker halted for a moment, gasping for breath.

"Where's that film-producer chap?" he demanded, in sulphurous accents.

Potter and Greene exchanged glances. By this time it was well known that William Wibley, of the Remove, had perpetrated a gigantic hoax on Coker that afternoon, and that Harry Wharton & Co. were aiding and abetting Wibley.

"Couldn't say, old son," said Potter diplomatically. "He—he disappeared, you know."

Coker clenched his muddy fists.

"If I lay hands on him," he hissed, "I—I'll slaughter him!"

Potter and Greene chuckled.

"Never mind, Horace, old chap!" said Potter affectionately. "Come up and have a bath, and then we'll have tea. Rather late, but I'm sure you could do with it!"

Coker strode indoors savagely, and Potter and Greene followed, chuckling.

Mr. Prout happened to be walking down the stairs as Coker squeaked up them. The Fifth Form master halted in horror when he saw Coker.

"Coker! Coker! How dare you enter the school in such a condition! Where have you been?"

"In a ditch, sir!" moaned Coker. "I was chucked there by a mad horse!"

"Good heavens! Coker, do you mean, to say you have been riding a horse?" demanded Mr. Prout.

"Gronough! Yes, sir. The rotten animal has been returned to its owner now, sir."

"Oh!" said Mr. Prout, and his brow was grim. "Coker, you stupid boy, you are the most troublesome pupil it has

ever fallen to my lot to manage. When you have cleaned yourself, Coker, I shall see you in my study. Then I shall deal with you. I cannot touch anyone in so disgusting a condition. Go and clean yourself immediately, and then come to my study, Coker!"

"Oh, yes, sir!" groaned Coker.

He squeaked upstairs, and into the bath-room.

Potter and Greene thoughtfully went in and assisted Coker. They had had no tea yet, and as Coker was in funds, it behooved them to treat him gently.

Soon Coker was enjoying a hot bath and a change of raiment.

When he emerged from the bath-room he was unrecognisable as the Coker who had entered the gates of Greyfriars half an hour beforehand.

Coker's face was red, and his hair dishevelled. It had been a hard task to rid his hair of mud. Even now he had not quite succeeded.

"Better go and see Prout," said Potter gently. "We'll be getting tea ready for you, Coker, old chap. Got any tin?"

Coker handed Potter a ten-shilling note, and then strode along to Mr. Prout's study.

Mr. Prout was there, seated in an arm-chair, with a rifle across his knees, engaged in cleaning it. He placed the rifle in a corner, arose, and took up a cane when Coker came in.

"Ah, here you are, Coker! I see you have cleaned yourself," he said. "Coker, you extraordinary boy, I have now ascertained that you were riding a horse in the school quadrangle this afternoon—actually on the school premises! What, in the name of all that is wonderful, was your motive?"

Coker frowned.

"I was acting for the pictures, sir!" he said. "You see—"

"Coker," exclaimed Mr. Prout, "are you mad?"

"Nunno, sir!" spluttered Coker. "Don't get excited, sir! I'm fed up with film acting. I don't get any encouragement at this school—they're all fatheads!"

"Coker!"

"I mean it, sir!" said Coker reluctantly. "There's nobody at this school to appreciate a fellow with gumption—that's me. I suppose I can't blame them—they can't help it. But it's jolly discouraging. I can tell you. I'm finished with film acting while I'm at Greyfriars. There's no opportunity for a chap. I dare say, when I leave, I shall take it up again, and then my name will be famous. Greyfriars will be proud that it once had Coker for a pupil—"

"Coker!" gasped Mr. Prout. "You unutterably stupid youth! At times I really begin to wonder whether you are all there!"

"Look here, sir—" began Coker wrathfully.

"Silence, Coker! Hold out your hand! Your idiotic conduct merits a severe punishment!"

Coker glared.

"You—you're going to cane me?" he exclaimed faintly. "Me—Coker—cane for practicing film acting! Why, I—"

"Will you obey me, Coker?" demanded Mr. Prout, tensely.

"I'm not going to be licked like a Second Form fig!" hooted Coker. "What d'you take me for—oh!"

"You insolent lot!" gasped Mr. Prout. "Coker, hold out your hand!"

Coker did not hold out his hand. He had no intention to hold out his hand for a caning. Rank rebellion arose in Horace Coker's breast.

Mr. Prout strode forward, and gripped Coker by the collar.

"Leggo, sir! I—"

Whack! Whack! Whack!

Mr. Prout's patience was exhausted. Indeed, Coker's amazing conduct would have exasperated most Form-masters. He whacked Coker unflinchingly with the cane.

"Yaroon!" wailed Coker, struggling. Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack! Mr. Prout seemed to imagine that Coker's back was a carpet, and he was beating it. The unfortunate Horace was fairly driven out of Mr. Prout's study at last. He staggered into the passage, gasping, and Mr. Prout's study door slammed behind him.

Potter and Greene were outside, waiting for him. Potter held a huge parcel of tuck.

"What's the matter, Coker?"

"I've been whalloped by Prout!" gurgled Coker, almost incoherently. "You'd hardly believe it! Prout waded into me with a cane. Why, I'm not going to stand that! I'm Coker! I'm going to see the Head, and make him make Prout apologise!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Potter.

"Coker, old fellow—"

Coker was striding on.

"Coker, old man, you can't demand the Head to make Prout apologise. You'd get a licking!"

"I'm going!"

"Come to the study and have tea first!" urged Potter, really concerned for the headstrong Coker.

"The Head will scalp you, Coker!" said Greene.

But Coker jerked himself loose from Potter's grasp, and strode on. Potter and Greene blinked at one another in astonishment.

"The mud-idiot!" said Potter. "He'll catch it hot!"

Horace Coker thundered downstairs. A crowd was collected round the notice-board, and when they saw Coker a howl arose.

"Here's Coker!"

"Come and have a look at this, Coker!"

Coker halted.

"What's that?" he demanded.

"Have a look at this notice, Coker!"

cried Harold Skinner of the Remove.

"It's about you, old chap!"

"My hat!" said Coker.

He elbowed his way through the crowd to the front of the notice-board. With wide-open, glaring eyes, he read the following:

**"NOTICE!
GRAND CINEMATOPHIL-
ENTERTAINMENT!**

To be held in the Rag on Monday night, at 5.30 sharp.

**ORIGINAL FILMS, TAKEN AT
GREYFRIARS,
WILL BE SHOWN.**

Special Features:

'COKER UP THE POLE'

This picture depicts the noted Greyfriars comedian performing funny feats on a telegraph-pole. A scream from start to finish!

'COKER'S TERRIBLE RIDE!'

A screen comedy taken at Greyfriars, in which Coker, the big-booted comedian,

SOMETHING QUITE NEW!

SPLENDID CASH PRIZE COMPETITION.

**First Prize, £10. Second Prize, £5. Third Prize, £2 10s.
AND TEN OTHER PRIZES OF FIVE SHILLINGS EACH.**

This week we publish the sixth and last set of picture-puzzles in our splendid competition.

Competitors must now complete their efforts and send them in to us. Solutions must be sent in in complete sets of six pictures, and in each case the coupon to which the solution refers must accompany it.

Solutions must be plainly written IN INK, and must be addressed to:

"A.B.C." Competition, MAGNET Office,
Gough House, Gough Square, E.C.4.

so as to reach that address on or before Wednesday, November 10th, 1930.

The decision of the Editor on all matters relating to the competition must be accepted as final, and entries can only be accepted on that distinct understanding.

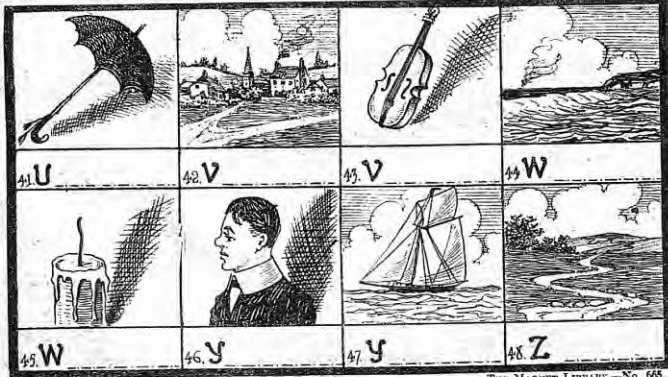
No responsibility can be accepted for any effort lost, delayed, or mislaid. Altered solutions will be disqualified.

In each case, the coupon which appears on this page must be signed with the competitor's name and address. Employees of the Proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

I enter MAGNET Competition and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final.

Name

Address



makes a brave attempt at horsemanship. Nobody should miss this screamingly funny picture!

See Coker on a Horse! See Coker Getting on a Horse! See Coker Buck-jumping! See Coker Training for Next Year's Derby!

COCKER.

THE FAMOUS GREYFRIARS COMEDIAN.

ON THE SCREEN!

A 'REEL' FEAST OF FUN!

Admission: Front Seats, 1s.; Back Rows, 2s. 6d.

ROLL UP! ROLL UP! ROLL UP!!!

On behalf of the Remove Entertainment Committee:

(Signed) HARRY WHARTON,
WILLIAM WIBLEY
(Chairmen)."

Coker almost fell down when he read this startling announcement.

"Mum-my hat!" he gurgled.
"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Skinner & Co.
"Going to see yourself on the screen, Coker!"

Coker gulped, and hastened away, but in the opposite direction to which he had been formerly going.

He went straight towards the Remove passage.

He hurried open the door of Study No. 1, and stalked within.

Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, Nugent, Bull, Hurree Singh, Squiff, Vernon-Smith, Peter Todd, and Wibley were congregated within.

They were discussing arrangements for Monday night's entertainment.

They smiled sweet smiles when they saw Coker.

"You little rotters!" bellowed Coker, he was of a beginning. "You've been filming me!"

"Go home!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Is that a crime, Coker?"

"I've been honed!" howled Coker.

"You Remove rotters—"

"Mind yourself, Coker!" said Harry Wharton derisively. "We don't stand cheek from Fifth-Formers, you know! If you've come to protest against our film entertainment on Monday, you can buzz off, Coker! Wild horses wouldn't make us call off that show!"

"No, fear!" chorused the others emphatically.

"Why, you—you—you—" howled Coker, heaving a tattoo upon the study table with his fists. "D'you think I'm going to be made a laughing-stock of before the school—eh?"

"But didn't you want to be a film actor, Coker?" inquired Bob Cherry blandly.

"I—I—I—"

"Your ambitions will be realised on Monday, old scout!" chuckled Bob.

"We're having the film developed and printed this week-end, and on Monday night, Coker, you will be shown before the whole of Greyfriars! Think of the fame and glory of it, Coker!"

But Coker did not consider the fame and glory. He was most wrathful.

"You horrid little rotters!" he spluttered. "I'll mop up the floor with the lot of you! I—"

"You're welcome to try, old son!" chuckled Harry Wharton.

"Pile in, Coker!" said Bob Cherry invitingly.

Coker's wrath overwhelmed him. He

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pushed back his cuffs, and charged at the chains of the Remove.

Harry Wharton & Co. jumped up immediately, and grasped Coker. Coker was whirled off his feet in a twinkling, and he disappeared beneath a horde of chuckling Removites.

"Leggo!" he roared. "Yarooogh! I'll wallop you! I— Yow-wow-wow!"

"Chuck him out!" said Harry Wharton.

The unfortunate Horace was raised on high, the study door opened, and his form was propelled through.

Bump!

"Yarooogh!" roared Coker, as he landed on the linoleum in the passage outside.

"Come in again if you like, Coker!"

said Harry Wharton invitingly. "We'd be only too delighted to chuck you out again!"

Coker jumped to his feet, and, with a

bolus of wrath, he dashed back into Study No. 1.

Next minute he came whirling out again, and he landed at the foot of Potter and Greene, who had come along in anxious search of their study-mate.

Potter and Greene picked Coker up.

Coker would have made another attack upon Study No. 1, but his study-mates gently but firmly laid him away.

They themselves did not wish to try conclusions with Harry Wharton & Co.

And for Horace Coker to defy them alone would be simply asking for annihilation.

Coker was dragged away to his own study, breathing blood-curdling threats upon the devoted heads of Harry Wharton & Co.

Those youths heard Coker's threats, but did not turn a hair. They shut the door of Study No. 1, and remained long in conference over the projected cinematograph entertainment, to be given in the Rag on Monday.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Fame at Last!

THE Rag was crowded to overflowing.

Coker on the screen was certainly a great attraction, and every seat in the Rag had been sold.

Scores of fellows were standing. Dicky Nugent & Co., conspicuous among these, had brought flashlights with them, and improved the shining hour by bombarding the people in the front rows.

Harry Wharton & Co. had arranged an orchestra. Huskins of the Shell had kindly consented to play the piano.

Monty Newland of the Remove was installed with Hoskins with his violin.

Trevor had a flute, Dick Rake a cornet, and Piet Delarey had charge of a drum.

Wibley and Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent at the back were supervising the cinematograph apparatus. A huge sheet was hung in front, and the whole appearance of the Rag was snug, and more or less like a regular cinematograph theatre.

Horace Coker had made several attempts to get into the Rag previously and wreck the apparatus. But a strong guard had been formed, and the truculent Horace had been thwarted in his designs.

As for the rest of the Fifth, they treated the affair as a huge joke, and had turned up in force to see the show.

Wingate and several fellow prefects of the Sixth were there, so were Temple, Dabney & Co. of the Upper Fourth, and the Remove were there to a man—or, rather, a boy.

Whilst the orchestra tuned up, the audience clamoured for the show to commence.

At last the lights went down, and, with

a thunderous clash of melody, the orchestra struck up.

The tune was unrecognisable at first, but when Trevor dropped his flute in his excitement, and Rake was so winded in blowing his cornet that he had to seek respite for a few minutes, and Monty Newland's fiddle was temporarily out of commission owing to a string breaking, the audience realised that "The Gladiator" March was being played.

But when Rake had gained his second wind, so to speak, and trumpeted once more with his cornet, and Trevor had picked up his flute, and Monty Newland had affixed a new string to his violin, the tune developed into a pandemonium of noise.

The audience howled for the orchestra to cease, and they were still howling when the first pictured flickered upon the screen.

Thereupon the audience cheered, and

glazed equally at the moving pictures.

Hoskins played a dreamy waltz upon the piano, accompanied more or less accurately by Monty Newland on the violin.

The first picture showed Horace Coker practising the various "attitudes," and the audience simply shrieked—especially when Coker, in exasperation, was seen to make an assault upon Skinner & Co. and Dicky Nugent & Co.

Roars of laughter arose when the second film was announced. It was a cinematograph picture of the great football match between the Greyfriars First Eleven and Redcliffe, played at Greyfriars on the Saturday afternoon.

Thunderous applause greeted the scoring of Wingate's third and last goal, that had won the match for the home team. Wibley had photographed the match after Coker had disappeared from view on the pony's back.

The next picture was "Coker up the Pole!" and the audience went into hysterics when they beheld Horace Coker performing those weird antics on the top of the pole, and Mr. Prout discovered him there, the audience shrieked.

The picture had just flickered off the screen when there was a wild disturbance in front. The head and shoulders of a burly figure had appeared at the window of the Rag.

A howl arose as Horace Coker of the Fifth was recognised.

"You rotters!" howled Coker, from the window. "I'm going to mess this silly show up. Wait till I get in!"

A Coker, with a desperate jump, landed amongst the orchestra.

Monty Newland and Rake promptly seized Coker, who struggled desperately to get at the sheet. He had a penknife, and his intention obviously was to cut down the sheet!

A whole horde of Removites surged into the orchestra enclosure, and Coker was grasped before he could carry out his intentions.

"Kick him out!" was the cry.

"Order! Order!" bawled Wingate and his fellow prefects.

"Don't kick him out!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, from the back. "Keep him here, and let him see the pictures! We won't charge him for admission! Gag him, to keep him quiet!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Horace Coker was gagged, and dumped down in a seat between Bob Cherry and Johnny Ball.

The luckless Horace struggled desperately, but he was powerless to go free.

Gurgling incoherently, he gazed upon the screen as the "big feature" of the evening came on—"Coker's Terrible Tide!"

(Continued on page 13.)

A MOST AMAZING NEW TALE OF ANCIENT ROME!



MARCUS.

MARCUS THE BRAVE

A THRILLING STORY
DEALING WITH NERO AND HIS GLADIATORS.
BY FAMOUS VICTOR NELSON.

THREADS OF THE STORY.

MARCUS, a gladiator of Ancient Rome, returns from a voyage during which he captures Strongbow, a notorious pirate. As his reward from Nero, the emperor, Marcus claims the hand of Eunice, a Christian slave-girl. Nero, however, garnis him, the girl having been condemned to death in the arena, with many other Christians. Marcus, in his rage, denounces the emperor, who has him thrown into prison with his faithful friend, Leo. The latter, escaping from his cell, sees a number of slaves nailing fallen gladiators in their coffins.

(Now read on.)



EUNICE.

A Dare-devil Enterprise!]

LEO guessed that the work done by the slaves would be of a most hasty and careless nature. It was unlikely that they would trouble to nail the coffins down very securely, and if only he could get himself mistaken in the gloom for one of the dead gladiators—

Could it be done? He stood just out of sight of the slaves in the room, and crouched. He still wore his metal helmet and breastplate, and, if he could only contrive to slip into the cellar-like chamber and prostrate himself upon the floor, surely the partial darkness would help him, and the slaves take him for one of the slain and bundle him, as they did scores of others, into one of the rough wooden receptacles.

He fell to his knees, crawled a little forward and peered round the doorway into the room. Luck was with him. There were but two slaves near, and they had their backs turned.

In less time than it takes to write, Leo had crawled over the threshold and collapsed in a heap close to where several dark forms in armour lay ominously still. Then came a nerve-racking period of waiting; during which he experienced a host of terrible doubts and misgivings.

Supposing that, after all, the slaves did their work so well that he was suffocated or found it impossible to force up the lid of the coffin with his hands?

It would mean that he would be carried to the common pits where fallen gladiators were left to rest, and buried alive. He felt almost tempted to jump up and bolt. Next instant, however, he had set his teeth, and determined to let matters take their course. It was worth the risk. If he could get out of the amphitheatre and gain his freedom, he might find a way of reaching and rescuing both his friend and Eunice.

At last Leo resisted a desire to catch in his breath only by an effort. Slaves were bending over him and unceremoniously unbuckling his breastplate.

It was flung aside, and strong hands lifted him. In the space of seconds he had been dropped into one of the wretched boxes, and the lid had been clapped upon it without the least care or reverence.

Again came a wild temptation to throw up the sponge—to hurl aside the lid and proclaim that he was not dead. He clenched his hands and listened, then he could have laughed aloud in relief. Only two nails had been driven home—one at either end of the long lid.

Another wait, this time far longer than before. To Leo it seemed that hours

passed before he felt the coffin being lifted—carried.

There was a jolt, and he guessed that he had been placed with others of the ugly boxes on a wagon that was to take them to the pits. He was just congratulating himself that he was free of the amphitheatre and that soon might come the time when he could force off the lid and make an attempt to slip from the coffin and the wagon unseen, when excited shouts fell upon his ears, and the wagon, which had started to move, was sharply halted.

The lid did not fit over well, and he could distinctly hear what was being said as he lay with tensely-strained ears.

"Found his breastplate and helmet in the death-chamber . . . must have tricked you, fools that you are! The coffin must be opened at once!"

It was enough. Leo knew that now or never he must make a bid to get away. With a mighty heave, he sent the lid of the coffin flying off, and bounded out.

Leo saw that the vehicle was halted just outside the amphitheatre, that three slaves, including the driver, were in charge of it, and that they were being interrogated by the pretorian officer, who had a dozen soldiers at his back.

The men let out excited cries, and started towards him in a combined rush. But Leo was too quick for them.

He had seen that several chariots, belonging to some of the nobility of Rome now in the amphitheatre, were lined up near the wagon, and, with a flying leap, he had landed in the foremost of them.

He snatched a whip from the hand of the driver, who had been nodding drowsily, and, before the man realised what was happening to him, seized him around the body and pitched him headlong into the road.

There were four speedy-looking horses harnessed to the chariot, and, gripping the reins, Leo shouted and lashed at them with the whip.

Startled, they flung up their heads and started forward, and slaves and pretorians scattered madly as Leo drove the horses into their midst.

In a trice he was through them, and the chariot was tearing away down the road at a racing pace.

The Acrobats!

IN the ordinary course of events, Leo would have done anything rather than cause pain to dumb animals; but just now matters for him were desperate, and he continued to ply the whip until the four horses harnessed

to the chariot were driven almost to madness.

They got the bits between their teeth, and fairly flew over the ground, which was what the young gladiator wanted.

The possibility of a smash was no small one, but it had to be risked. He knew that it would take only a few moments for the slaves and pretorians to give the alarm, and that without a second's unnecessary delay a large body of Caesar's soldiers would be mounted and thundering after him.

He set his teeth and clung to the reins, making no attempt to check the mad career of the horses, but keeping them as much as possible under control and to the centre of the roadway.

The attraction of the games in the amphitheatre had, fortunately, cleared the streets, and it was only a sprinkling of people who were to be found in the vicinity.

Those who had been in the road rushed wildly out of the path of the rocking chariot and the panting steeds, and stood staring after it in blank amazement.

The gladiator must have stolen the vehicle, they thought. Perhaps he was mad! Surely no sane man would drive like this!

"Stop him! Stop the chariot!"

The cry came from a party of mounted pretorian guards, who suddenly dashed from one of the exits of the towering amphitheatre, and thundered off down the road.

It was an impossible thing for anyone to do, though probably the soldiers did not think of that in their excitement. Nothing short of some cumbersome and heavy obstacle drawn across the road could have checked Leo in his flight.

Round a curve in the roadway swung the chariot, and on, on, with occasional people of both sexes flying for their lives to get out of the horses' path.

Another and sharper bend, and it rose on one wheel, and looked for a fleeting second as though it must crash over on its side. But, quick as thought, the young Roman flung all his weight in the direction of the rising wheel, and it thudded down again, righting the vehicle, but only by the sheerest luck.

A second and a third party of soldiers galloped from the amphitheatre and joined in the chase, their helmets, breastplates, swords, and javelins flashing in the afternoon sun.

The first of the pursuers were in sight of Leo now, and as he threw a swift glance over his shoulder he saw them, and his jaw set grimly. When he looked again

he knew that they were slowly gaining upon him, despite the terrific pace at which he was driving.

Along the road towards a part of Rome where rebuilding was in progress the chariot dashed.

There flew past Leo stark heaps of ruins left by the mighty fire that had razed the once magnificent city to the ground. Cracked and blackened marble pillars, all that was left of imposing shops and private mansions, were ever and again the foundations of new buildings on which crowds of slaves, both black and white, looked on the watchful eyes of soldiers.

At first these groups of guards merely stared at Leo, and made no effort to join in the pursuit or molest him. But that was quickly changed when the mounted pretorians grew nearer, and yelled for Leo to be stopped.

The first batch of pursuers were within fifty yards of the gladiator now, and steadily lessening the distance between them. Leo was still rattling along at a breakneck pace, but with the vehicle hampering them his horses were growing tired, and could not hope to move with the rapidity of those that merely had men to carry on their backs.

Ahead of Leo, ten to a dozen powerful Numidian slaves were about to erect a wall and marble pillar of stone on the foundations of one of the proposed new buildings, and between them they had raised it on end.

Quite near them was a mounted pretorian officer, who was making a tour of inspection of the various working parties and their guards.

He swung round his horse as he heard the rattle of the chariot's wheels, and the thud of the four panting horses, and the cries of the pursuing soldiers; and as Leo faced near, the officer gave a sharp order that spoke well for his presence of mind.

"Drop the pillar! Dogs, drop it, I say!" he shouted, and, moved by his domineering manner and flashing eyes as he made to ride towards them, the slaves allowed the great, rounded mass of stone to fall.

It crashed lengthwise across the road just as Leo's horses dashed up.

The young man uttered a gasp of dismay, and flung all his weight upon the reins, but it was useless.

The horses could not be stopped in time. The leading animals rushed into the obstacle, and somehow stumbled over it; but the pair behind struck their legs against it, and, whinnying with pain and terror, they pitched over the pillar and fell in a kicking, struggling heap. The chariot swung round dizzily, balanced for a moment on one wheel, then crashed over on its side.

Leo was flung completely head over heels, and alighted in a sitting posture almost beneath the mounted officer's horse. But for the desperate light in his eyes, the red-haired, freckled gladiator would have looked decidedly funny.

The officer carried a short lance, and, quick as thought, its point was presented at Leo's breast.

"Hold!" the man cried sternly, though next moment he gave a gasp of surprise and anger, for Leo was not benten just yet, and acted with the speed of lightning.

He clutched at the shaft of the javelin, and sharply thrust the point away from his chest. Then he used it to tug himself to his feet.

The officer jerked and wrenched at the weapon to tear it from the gladiator's grasp, and, as Leo suddenly let go, the man reeled to one side in his saddle.

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With a bound Leo was at him. A violent push in the chest hurled him from his horse, and in less time than it takes to write, Leo had taken his place on its back.

The leading party of mounted soldiers came tearing towards the spot, crowding to one side of the road to avoid the overturned chariot and the plunging horses attached to it.

The foremost amongst them put their horses straight at Leo, whilst several of the pretorians who had been in charge of the slaves engaged in the building work flung themselves forward to tear him from the saddle.

A lucky kick sent the first man to reach him staggering back into the arms of the soldier behind him, and then, before any of his other foes could get near enough to grapple with him, Leo dug his heels into the horse, and sent it darting away.

It had been a terribly near thing, but he was still free, and he gave a defiant laugh, for his blood was coursing quickly through his veins with the excitement of the chase.

A shower of javelins were hurled after him. But he was riding low over the horse's neck and was untouched, though the spearlike blade of one of the weapons passed within an inch of his shoulder.

Round a byway Leo swung his horse, only to utter a gasp of consternation. The street did not appear to have been touched since the conflagration, and a heap of debris was strewn right across the road, rising over five feet from the ground at its lowest point.

Could his horse leap it? The question flashed into Leo's brain the instant he saw the obstacle; but the only way to answer it was to try, so he studied the animal—a superb chestnut gelding—raced full for the heap of blackened stones and charred rubbish, and put it at it.

He for the animal rising like a bird at the jump, yet, strange though he was, it was a moment of agonising suspense, and Leo's heart was in his mouth.

He heard the thundering of hoofs in the year as the soldiers galloped after him into the street, and expected to feel the horse catch its legs, and to find himself falling with it to the opposite side of the obstruction.

But, no! Clearly the great leap was made, and the horse landed safely on its feet. Riding with heels, knees, and hands, the gladiator urged it onward at its greatest pace.

As he looked back over his shoulder, he was just in time to see two of the pretorians attempting to follow the example he had set them. Their horses both fouled the top of the debris, however, one man falling upon his head and lying stunned, the other pitching beneath his horse, which rolled upon him.

The other soldiers were not risking a similar fate, and began dismounting and clambering over the debris; but by the time that two of them had secured and mounted the horses of the men who had fallen, Leo had dashed round another corner and was out of sight.

He was now in a network of side streets—or, at least, amongst the charred and blackened ruins that roughly marked out the places where the streets had been.

He was thinking hard as he rode along, passing only a few people here, as back over the amphitheatre, as the games had claimed the attendance of all classes. It would be better, thought he, to abandon the horse now. He would attract less attention on foot, and would stand a better chance of throwing his pursuers off his track.

He swung his steed into a narrow alleyway, the entrance of which was all but

choaked with fallen stones and wreckage from a residence that had been completely gutted by the flames. No sooner was he out of sight of possible pedestrians in the thoroughfare he had just quitted than he pulled up his horse and dismounted.

Leo gave it a nudge with his open hand that sent it cantering on down the alley. He himself dived amongst a pile of ruins, and, passing through them, gained what he discovered to be a wide road, which lay on the other side.

Faintly from the distance he heard the clinkety-clack of fast-galloping hoofs and shouts, and he guessed that whatever soldiers had been able to follow him on horseback had entirely lost the run of him, and were shouting inquiries to anyone and everyone they met.

Leo allowed a little smile to curl his lips. So far he had won through, though whether he would get clear away from his enemies remained to be proved.

His chin tightened and he shrugged his shoulders. It was all a matter of luck, but it should not be his fault if he did not show the pretorians and the arch-bishop who had willed his death a clean taste of blood.

And then, he did that, he must think of Ennius and Marcius, and set his brain to work to puzzle out some means of attempting their rescue.

Leo was as noble-minded and true as steel, and never for an instant did it occur to him that the loss of his own freedom and life by trying to board some ship to fly from Rome. Well aware was he that even to try to free his friend and the beautiful British slave who was Marcus's sweetheart would be to thrust his head into the lion's mouth; but he would make the attempt without wavering, and if the lion closed its jaws—well, he would face death fearlessly and uncomplainingly, knowing that he had done his duty to the last.

The man gazed quickly about, and although there was little save charred and crumbling ruins around him, he felt fairly certain that he recognised the thoroughfare into which he had hurried.

Unless he was mistaken, it was what remained of the Via Portuensis, which led to the trans-Tiber.

He listened. All was quiet now in the direction whence he had come, and it seemed that the soldiers had missed him, at least, for the time being.

Walking with as little show of haste as possible, though his heart was beating fast and it was hard to resist the ever-constant impulse that urged him to run. Leo walked the way he believed the river lay, and, having been right in his impressions as to his whereabouts, presently reached it.

The young man let a sigh of relief escape him as he entered one of the narrow streets not far from its bank. He went on and on until he reached a part where the fire had been checked, and the streets began to have a more normal and inhabited appearance.

It was just as he was beginning to think that for the present he had done with excitement and adventure, and was wondering what plans he had best make for the immediate future, that there happened that which brought a cry of horror from the young man's lips.

Wending his way down an alley, he had emerged once again on the river-bank, and been just in time to witness what might easily have become a tragedy.

A very old man, who looked to be of the poorer classes, and who leaned heavily upon a stick, had been coming towards Leo, holding the hand of a little girl of about five years of age.

She was a pretty child, with long, golden tresses and large blue eyes that sparkled with life and high spirits; and that she was full of both was proved by her sud-



As Leo looked back over his shoulder he was just in time to see two of the pretorians attempt to follow the example he had set. But their horses both fouled the top of the debris. (See page 16.)

denly loosening her hand from that of the old man and dashing across the road. "See, grandfather—see me walk along the cobbles!" she lisped; and, ignoring the man's cry of warning and disapproval, she leapt upon the low, stone wall that ran along by the water.

One moment the little girl was strutting along the narrow ledge, laughing with childish delight at her own daring, the next she had somehow lost her balance and pitched down.

The frightened scream she gave was silenced by an ominous splash as the little body struck the water, and the old man uttered a wail of dread and dismay as he huddled as quickly as he could across the road.

As Leo rushed up he had turned from clutching at the coping and peering over it.

"Woe is me! She will be drowned—drowned!" he groaned. "She—my little grandchild—has fallen in the water, and, alas! I cannot swim a stroke!"

Leo did not stop to reply. He leapt upon the coping, flung his arms above his head, and dived swiftly, cleanly, into the deep waters of the Tiber running their course below.

To the trembling and agonised man who watched from above it seemed that Leo would never reappear; then, suddenly, upon the coping, flung his arms above his head, and simultaneously the child also came to the surface, to beat the water wildly for a moment, then to vanish once more.

But Leo had seen her, and, with two powerful strokes, he reached the spot where she had sunk from view and dived again. To the relief of the old Roman above, he came to the surface almost at once, holding the struggling and terrified child in his strong arms.

Leo turned over on his back, uttering soothing words and smiling up into the white little face as he held her head and shoulders clear of the water.

"Do not struggle, little one!" he said sharply, but not unkindly. "See you not that I have you safely? I will take you back to your grandfather on the bank."

The little girl was wonderfully sensible in spite of her tender years, and soon lay submissively in the crook of the gladiator's arm.

He propelled himself to a flight of stone steps, which ran from the river-bank into the water, and it was only a few minutes later when the child was placed in her aged relative's arms.

"You must take her home, dry her well, and see that she is made warm in bed," Leo said, stopping the agitated old fellow's crouching and weeping over the child. "If you tarry with her here she may catch a chill, warm though it may be."

"And you, master?" the old man asked, recovering from his emotion. "I know not how to find words to thank you. Will you not come to our humble abode and have your clothes dried? She

both many brothers, who will want to thank you for your bravery as well as I."

The thought of posing as a hero was more than distasteful to Leo; but no greater stroke of good fortune could come to him than to find a hiding-place, where he could lie low for a few hours, and be out of danger of meeting those who might scour the district in search of him.

"I need no thanks, father," he answered, smiling, and trying not to seem over-eager, "but I will accept your kind offer to make myself dry. Come! Let me carry the little maiden."

He took the child in his arms. She was exhausted with the shock of her terrible experience, but seemed happy in the care of her rescuer.

As he walked beside the aged Roman Leo began to experience a nerve-racking suspense. They seemed positively to crawl along, and he feared every moment to hear sounds of hoof-beats and the clatter of arms, and to find himself surrounded by pretorians. But they reached the old man's home at length—a tiny house standing in the centre of a well-kept garden, and Leo was cordially invited to enter.

(Another grand instalment of this thrilling story in next Monday's MACKET LIBRARY.)

THE MACKET LIBRARY, No. 555.

FIRE!

A Splendid Article containing Valuable Tips
to add to your Stock of First-Aid Knowledge.

By **GEORGE HOWE.**

"ONCE, when I was at Hastings, I saw a ship on fire. It was a glorious sight as the flames leapt to heaven and lit up the sea with their glare."

"Did you say the flames went up?"

"Why, of course they did! Have you ever seen them go down?"

"No; unless they were blown down. But some people appear to forget that when a person's clothes are on fire. A little experiment shows just what happens under such circumstances. It is best worked on a doll; but dolls are too expensive, and sisters are apt to object, so make one of newspaper rolled tightly, with some paper wrapped loosely round it to represent the clothes. Now stand it up, and light the lower part at the front. See how the flames mount up to the face. Lay it down with the burning part underneath, and notice how the flames spread all round and scorch the newspaper. Now try the same experiment with another 'doll,' but this time lay it down with the flames uppermost. If they don't die out, they don't burn the newspaper half as much. That shows how to deal with anyone whose clothes are on fire."

"One whose clothing is on fire cannot be expected to think for herself, so the person who is near must think for her. I say 'her,' because it is usually a girl's or woman's clothes which get on fire, so we will take that as an example. The first impulse is to run about. If your paper doll is alight, wave it about, and see what happens. You know it will light up again, even if it were nearly out. So the first thing to be done is to stop the person who is running, and get her to lie down with the flames uppermost. If she won't do this, push her down, get her into this position, then wrap a coat, shawl, blanket, or something similar, tightly round the burning part."

"The great danger from burns is 'shock,' and the shock areas are the neck, chest, abdomen, and head, so the flames must be kept from these areas, if at all possible. The depth of a burn is not as dangerous as its extent, so every second is valuable. For these reasons, one cannot argue, but must act at once."

"The doctor should have been sent for immediately, and if he has arrived your work is done; but if he hasn't, you must carry on. Keep the covering tight until she is got indoors, if she is out. At the earliest moment tell the people indoors to get some water heated. If there is a bath in the house, so much the better. If the burns are at all extensive, a bath with the water at the heat of the body, and kept at that heat, will be necessary. If they are where they can be put in a basin or bucket, warm water to fill that will be enough."

"All extensive burns, and even small burns on small children, are treated on these principles: 1. Counteract the shock. This is done by keeping the person warm, and giving hot tea or coffee with plenty of sugar, but no alcohol. 2. Keep the air from the burnt part. 3. Put on a dress-

ing to soothe the pain and keep poison germs out of the wounds. The warm bath helps to keep the person warm, and keeps the air from the burn."

"When clothing is being removed from a burnt part, be very careful not to interfere with any that sticks to the skin. Cut very carefully round it, so as not to disturb the burn, and never interfere with a blister. Principle 3 says, 'Keep poison germs out of wounds,' but pricking, cutting, or otherwise breaking blisters lets in the poison germs!"

"But you can't take the clothing even off an arm without exposing some of the burn to the air, so what about the second principle, then?"

"That's a good point. As the clothing is taken off, cover the burn with cotton-wool until you can get it into the warm water. If you can add baking soda (bicarbonate of soda) to the water, in the proportion of a heaped tablespoonful to a bucketful of water, so much the better. It is a great soothing."

"The dressings to soothe the pain and keep out the poison germs are made from pieces of lint or linen, coated on one side with boracic ointment, cold cream, vaseline, or linseed oil, and covered with a thick layer of cotton-wool, and lightly bandaged. If the burn is more than six inches long, cut the lint or linen into strips this width, so that when they are changed, only a small surface is exposed at a time."

"Is there any difference between a burn and a scald? They both raise blisters."

"A burn is the result of dry heat, a scald of wet heat, unless you smell it—o-o-l-d! There is also a burn produced by friction, as you would know if you tried to stop a quickly-revolving wheel. They are all treated in the same way."

"Then there is burning by quicklime. Be careful to brush all the quicklime off with something very soft, as a camel-hair brush. Wash the place with warm water to which add an equal quantity of vinegar, and then treat as an ordinary burn."

"I may as well mention one effect of heat which has nothing to do with burns. I mean sunstroke, or heat-stroke. Some fellows seem to ask for it by going about briskly on the hottest day without a hat, and the back of the neck uncovered. They've only themselves to blame if they 'get it in the neck.' It comes on with faintness, giddiness, thirst, and sometimes sickness. Get the poor fellow to a shady and cool spot, strip him to the waist, and pour cold water over his head and down his spine. If he is conscious, let him sit up, and give him sips of cold water, but don't let him take a long drink, as he will probably want to do. Ice to neck is better than cold water to sip; but ice is not easy to get in hot weather, unless—well, unless you looked at the water with your frigid gaze!"

"Don't bang the door so hard!"

(Another of these splendid articles next week.)

"COKER'S CRAZE!"

(Continued from page 14.)

This picture fairly brought the house down. Fellows rocked in their seats with laughter. They clapped each other round the neck, and wept salt tears of merriment. They hugged each other with glee, as Coker was seen to perform weird evolutions on the pony's back.

The orchestra played a jazz selection, which was a jumble of tinkling piano, shrieking violin, howling fife, bellowing cornet, and violent thumping of drum.

The noise in the Rag at Greyfriars that evening was so great that the Tower of Babel compared to it must have been a mere trifle.

When the performance was over, the orchestra rendered "God Save the King" with kindred startling variations, and the lights went up.

All eyes were directed upon Coker. He was an object of great interest. He returned all these looks with petrifying glares.

"Release him!" chuckled Harry Wharton. "I think this show has been a success, don't you, chaps?"

"Ripping!"

"Yes, rather!"

"Coker's a born film actor!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker was released.

He stood for a moment, gasping, and then he made a rush for Harry Wharton & Co.

There was a scrimmage, and when Coker emerged, he looked a wreck. His jacket was split up the back, his collar and necktie wrenched right off, one eye was fast closing, whilst his nose was swelling to immense proportions.

Blundell & Co. rescued Coker, and dragged him away, uttering phrases that were worthy of a Hun.

Harry Wharton & Co. chorled with glee. The cinematograph entertainment had been a huge success, and, after paying for the loan of the apparatus and the cost of the films, there remained quite an appreciable sum for the Remore Football Club.

When the Rag was cleared, Harry Wharton & Co. went their way rejoicing. They inquired later after Coker, and learned that Coker was in his study, tearing his hair.

Horace Coker, indeed, was utterly and completely "foul up" with film acting. He threatened all manner of dire calamities to the Removites who had filmed him. He vowed that he would never be filmed again, and, upon the whole, Potter and Greene, who did their best to console him, were not sorry that that was the end of Coker's Craze!

THE END.

(Another grand long story of Harry Wharton & Co. next week, entitled: "THE MAN FROM AMERICA." By Frank Richards. Order your copy EARLY.)

A Great Bumper and Free
Gift Number of
"THE BOYS' FRIEND"
Out To-day. Price 1½d.



CHARLIE CHAPLIN—FORM-MASTER!

New Series of Really Funny Pictures, specially drawn by J. MacWilson.



1. Charlie arrived at Dr. Swishem's Academy the other morning in frabjous mood, having got out of bed on the wrong side and planted one of his dainty trotters on a stray tunkat. Seizing the mop left by the college charlady, he speedily set about inducing order among the noisy faglets.



2. "Now write 'Guy Fawkes was the guy who tried to put the kibosh on the Parliamentary gas-works' backwards five thousand times, my cherubs!" chorled Charlie. But meanwhile Willie Wagg, at the Form-room window, removed the bucket of soapuds, as per Academy reject above.



3. And—splish!—our frabjous old Form-master got about a gallon of suds over his expensive celluloid collar. "Whoosh!" he gasped. "More English summer weather!" "Ha. ha. ha!" draughtily laughed the laddets.



4. But after performing a few healthy Sandow exercises with the merry old bath-towel, Charlie soon recovered his customary equanimity—good words those, boys and girls! Then he told the fags to stack the school-books.



5. "All complete, sir!" mooted Tommy Titters, when the job had been done with alacrity and despatch. "Good!" murmured Charlie. "I never knew there was such a heap of learning in the merry old Academy!"



6. Then—swish!—with a gentle wave of his number nineteens, our inimitable fun-merchant sent the lads wallowing into the sea of knowledge! "Well, good-day, lads!" he chirped. "That finishes it, I think!"

