

READ ABOUT BILLY BUNTER AND HARRY WHARTON!

(A MAGNIFICENT LONG GREYFRIARS STORY COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE.)



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Week ending Oct. 14th, 1922.

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WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED
THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD."



OUT OF BED—BUT NOT OUT OF BOUNDS!

Loder thought he had caught Harry Wharton & Co. at last. See the long complete school story in this issue.)

The Editor's Chat



Address your letters to: The Editor, THE MAGNET LIBRARY, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. I am always pleased to hear from my chums.

OUR COMPANION PAPERS.

"THE BOYS' FRIEND" Every Monday
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FOR NEXT MONDAY!

There is great news for next week. You will find Bunter as large as life; in fact, a shade larger, in the splendid yarn

"BUNTER'S LAWSUIT!"

By Frank Richards.

The story is a scream from start to finish. Mind you don't miss it! We all know something of the prodigious things the Owl can do, but never in the varied annals of Greyfriars has there been ought to compare with the amazing happening which simply sent a galvanic thrill through the old school.

Everybody got talking about William George Bunter versus Mr. Quelch. There is something quaint and interesting about the strong arm of the law being invoked by a junior schoolboy against the supreme majesty of a Housemaster. But there it is, the dignified Dominie, the austere, yet kindly-minded master, who can frown like Jove, and yet show himself sympathetic to a degree, is threatened with "proceedings" by the Owl of the Remove.

Harry Wharton & Co. got busy, of course. But Bunter will have no intermediaries. He feels he has been wronged, and that it is a case for the intervention of solicitors with starched voices, and barristers, bewigged and gowned. In short, Bunter takes out his summons against "Quelch," the author of the History of Greyfriars, the man who has stood out for the honour of the school through thick and thin.

As may be imagined, there are great times when the summons is served. The scene will be remembered long. It is like the audacity of Bunter, but, then,

W. G. B., in his weird, elephantine way, has always believed in the advice, "De l'audace, encore de l'audace, toujours de l'audace." Look out for the yarn,

"BUNTER'S LAWSUIT!"

It will not be forgotten. Still will the tale be told, when the Latin primer's worn out, and Bunter's growing old, of how he summoned Quelch.

And if it had not been for Harry Wharton and his doughty benchmen—But see the MAGNET next Monday.

A VERY SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT!

The next number of the "Greyfriars Herald" will be edited by Mr. Paul Pontifex Prout, shooter of lions and tigers and bears, a man who has faced squirrels in their dens, and not winced before the savage beaver—at least, Mr. Richards says so!

Mr. Prout may be relied upon to impart a healthy and invigorating atmosphere of sport to his number. You can picture the good old sportsman dreaming over his fire of past triumphs far away in the trackless wilds, and determining to bring to his spell of editorship the very breath of the jungle.

I am not saying that the worthy Mr. Prout has quite succeeded, for time was short, but the "Greyfriars Herald" will be found to have lost none of the perspicuity, flair, wit, sparkle, and splendid imaginativeness under his control.

Your Editor.

£45

in Prizes
TO BE WON!
WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO!

This week we publish the sixth and last set of picture-puzzles.

Competitors must now collect their sets of solutions, sign the coupon which appears on this page, pin them together, and send them to:

"SILHOUETTES" Contest,
 "Magnet" Offices, Gough House,
 Gough Square, E.C.4.

so as to reach that address not later than Thursday, October 19th.

The FIRST PRIZE of £25 will be awarded to the reader who submits a set of solutions exactly the same as, or nearest to, the set now in the Editor's possession. In the event of ties, the prize will be divided. The other prizes will be awarded in order of merit. The Editor reserves the right to add together and divide all, or any, of the prizes; but the full amount will be awarded.

You may send as many COMPLETE SETS as you please, but each set must be accompanied by a separate coupon.

Efforts are only admitted to the contest on the distinct understanding that the Editor's decision is final. This contest is run in conjunction with "Boys' Friend," "Gem," and "Popular," and readers of those journals are invited to compete. Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

I enter "SILHOUETTES" Contest, and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and binding.

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A Simple New Competition! "SILHOUETTES"

First Prize, £25.
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A Magnificent, Long, Complete Story, dealing with the adventures of Harry Wharton & Co., the famous Greyfriars Chums.

By **FRANK RICHARDS.**

(Author of the Famous Greyfriars Stories appearing in the "POPULAR.")

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Loder's Catch!

"HAVE a cigarette?"

"What?"

"Be a man, you know!" said Billy Bunter airily.

Harry Wharton, the captain of the Remove, stared at Billy Bunter.

That fat youth was "going it."

Harry Wharton had entered the woodshed, and he was surprised to find the Owl of the Remove there. As he entered, the smell of tobacco-smoke smote him, and he guessed that Skinner, or Snoop, or Angel of the Fourth, had retired to that secluded spot for a forbidden smoke. But it was none of these; it was William George Bunter who was seated on a bench, with a cigarette in his wide mouth, and half a dozen fags littered on the stone floor about him.

The Owl of the Remove started as Wharton came in. If a prefect of the Sixth had found him thus occupied, Billy Bunter's fat paws would have made close and uncomfortable acquaintance with the official ashplant. Bunter was relieved to find that the newcomer was only a junior. He gave Harry Wharton a cheery blink through his big spectacles.

"You fat duffer!" said Wharton. "What are you up to?"

"Having a little smoke," said Bunter cheerily. "Topping, you know."

"Ass!"

"You're not much of a sport, Wharton! Dash it all, be a man for once!" urged Bunter. "Take one of my smokes, and light up. You're welcome. Why, this is my seventh!"

"You crass duffer!" said Harry Wharton, in measured tones. "Whose rubbish have you been bagging? Even you are not ass enough to spend money on cigarettes."

"Oh, really, Wharton, if Skinner's missed any cigarettes from his study, I don't know anything about it. If he's told you—"

"So this muck belongs to Skinner, does it?" growled the captain of the Remove.

"Certainly not! You can have one if you like. They're my own special favourite brand," said Bunter loftily. "Light up, old fellow! Light your fag from mine. Be a man, you know—like me!"

Harry Wharton laughed involuntarily. Being a man like Bunter did not, somehow, seem to appeal to him.

"Suppose a prefect dropped on you?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm chancing that!" said Bunter airily. "Dash it all, a fellow must kick over the traces sometimes—what? I'm a bit of a goer, you know."

"You fat dummy!"

"Oh, really, you know—"

"Put that rot away," said Harry. "You'll make yourself sick. As these cigarettes belong to Skinner, I'll hand them to him."

The captain of the Remove picked up the box.

Bunter gave a yell.

"Gimme my smokes, you beast! They're not Skinner's. I haven't been in Skinner's study, and I never took them out of the table-drawer. Besides, Skinner oughtn't to have had smokes in his study. It's against the rules. They're mine. Hand them over, I tell you!"

"I'm going to take them back to Skinner and ram them down his back," said the captain of the Remove. "Now, chuck away that fag at once!"

"Sha'n't!"

"You'll make yourself ill, you dummy!"

"Rats! I'm hardened," said Bunter loftily. "Why, I smoked a cigar in the vac. I'm pretty tough. A regular goer, you know! Not a soft spooney like you, Wharton!"

The captain of the Remove came towards Bunter and took him by the back of his podgy neck.

"Now, drop it!" he said.

"Grooogh!"

Bunter spluttered. He had to open his mouth to splutter, and the cigarette dropped on the floor.

"Ow! Wow! Beast!" gasped Bunter.

"Now, get out!" said Wharton.

"Sha'n't!" roared Bunter.

Wharton made a motion with his boot, and the Owl of the Remove hurriedly retreated to the door.

"I've a jolly good mind to lick you, you awful beast!" he spluttered.

"Lick away!" said Wharton, laughing.

"You ain't worth licking!" said Bunter disdainfully, and he turned to roll out of the woodshed.

The next moment he jumped back.

"Get out!"

"Loder!" gasped Bunter.

"Eh? What about Loder?"

"Loder of the Sixth—he's coming here! I spotted him. Lucky he didn't see me!" gasped Bunter. "I—I say, do—do—do I smell of smoke, Wharton?"

"You do, you fat dummy!"

"Oh, lor! I—I say, it's a licking!" groaned Bunter. "I say, he's coming here! Shouldn't wonder if he's going to smoke himself, the beast! I know Loder smokes. I say, let's hide!"

"I've nothing to hide for, you fat dummy."

"D-d-d-don't give me away, old chap!"

Billy Bunter squeezed behind a heap of faggots in a corner of the woodshed. Wharton chuckled.

From a bold, bad blade, reckless of consequences, Bunter had suddenly changed into an exceedingly alarmed junior. Loder of the Sixth was a prefect, and, though he was more than suspected of smoky little ways himself, there was no doubt that he would come down heavy upon any fag whom he found following in his footsteps. Bunter's alarm was well founded, and there was no time to get rid of the evidence that he had been hidden in the woodshed, smoking. In fact, the fat junior had barely concealed himself when Loder of the Sixth strode in.

Loder sniffed at the smoke-laden atmosphere, and turned a very unpleasant look on Wharton. Behind the faggots, Billy Bunter scarcely breathed.

"Caught—eh?" said Loder.

Wharton looked at him.

"What do you mean?" he demanded. There had been many a trouble

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 766.

between Harry Wharton & Co. and the bully of the Sixth. Loder never lost an opportunity for being "down" on the Famous Five of the Remove, and the Co. never failed, in the long run, to give Loder back as good as he gave.

"Smoking?" said Loder, with an unpleasant grin.

Wharton flushed.

"I've not been smoking!" he snapped.

"So you say," grinned Loder. "Why, you lying young rascal, the shed is fairly reeking with it. That cigarette on the floor is still burning. You're fairly caught this time, I think. I've suspected this kind of thing for a long time."

"You haven't!" said Wharton coolly.

"What?"

"You know I don't play the silly goat like that, and you know I haven't been smoking here!" snapped Wharton angrily.

"Then who has?" demanded Loder.

"Find out!"

"Is that the way to speak to a Sixth Form prefect, Wharton?"

"It's the way to speak to a bully!" growled the captain of the Remove.

Loder gritted his teeth.

He had his ashplant under his arm, and he let it slide into his hand, and took a stride towards the junior.

"Hold out your hand, Wharton!"

Harry Wharton put his hands behind him. The power of the ashplant certainly was in a prefect's hands. But Wharton had no intention of being caned by Loder for an offence he had not committed. And the accusation angered him deeply.

"You hear me, Wharton?" snapped Loder.

"I'm not deaf."

"You refuse?"

"Yes!"

"Then I shall take you to your Form-master."

"You can do as you like, and be hanged!" snapped Wharton.

Loder shrugged his shoulders and tucked the cane under his arm again. He dropped his hand on the junior's shoulder.

"Come with me!" he snapped.

"Take your paw away!" said Wharton.

"I'll follow you."

"Mind you do!" said Loder. And Harry Wharton followed him out of the wood-shed.

Billy Bunter blinked out from behind the faggots when they were gone.

"Oh, lor!" he gasped.

And as soon as the coast was quite clear the Owl of the Remove scuttled out of the shed and escaped.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Before the Beak!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"

"What's the trouble?"

Bob Cherry and Frank Nugent were in the doorway of the School House, and they stared at the sight of their chum coming in with Loder, evidently in custody. Two or three juniors had followed Loder and his prisoner across the quad curiously. Wharton's face was dark and angry; but it was Loder's right—and, indeed, his duty—to report the matter to Mr. Quelch, and resistance was out of the question.

"What's happened?" asked Bob.

"Only Loder making a bloomer, as usual!" grunted Wharton.

"I'm reporting Wharton to his Form-master for smoking in the wood-shed!"

NEXT
MONDAY!

"BUNTER'S LAWSUIT!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 766.

said Loder, quite pleased to spread the news.

"My hat!" ejaculated Bob.

"What utter rot!" said Nugent.

"The rotfulness is terrific, my esteemed Loder!" said Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh. There was a chuckle from Skinner of the Remove.

"Caught out—what?" he exclaimed.

"His Magnificence caught out at last! Shocking!"

Wharton gave the cad of the Remove a fierce look. Skinner was only too glad to hear the accusation and to believe it. Skinner would have believed anything against anybody. When it was a question of believing anything in anybody's favour Skinner was a disciple of Doubting Thomas of old.

"It's all your fault, you rotter!" muttered Harry.

"Eh—what? How?" ejaculated Skinner.

Wharton did not explain how in the prefect's presence. It was not his business to give away the cad of the Remove.

WHO IS RIVINGTON SPEED?



Rivington Speed—the Master—mysterious, all-powerful—in outward seeming a little dealer in antiques with a knack of reviving the lustre in "sick" pearls—is the baffling character who dominates unseen every situation in the remarkable new serial story "Helen of London" which is shortly to begin in "ANSWERS."

He followed Loder, leaving the juniors in a buzz.

The prefect and the junior arrived at Mr. Quelch's door, and in the passage outside quite an army of the Remove gathered. The news spread fast that Harry Wharton, captain of the Remove, was "up" before the Beak for smoking.

Skinner and Snoop and Stott and Bolsover major chuckled gleefully. Wharton had never concealed his disdain for their shady ways, and this was a sheer delight to the young rascals. They did not think of doubting the accusation for a moment. They were only too pleased to believe it.

But Bob Cherry, Nugent, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh fumed with wrath. They did not doubt for a moment that this was only one more sample of Loder's unscrupulous way of dealing with fellows he disliked. In that they scarcely did Gerald Loder justice, for certainly the prefect had plenty of evidence to go upon.

Loder had not the remotest idea that Billy Bunter had been hidden in the

wood-shed; and Wharton had not told him, or intended to tell him. The captain of the Remove, indeed, realised that he was in rather a bad box, for certainly he could not "sneak" about Bunter.

"Come in!" said Mr. Quelch, as Loder tapped.

Loder marched his prisoner into the study.

The Remove master was busy, but he laid down his pen and fixed his eyes upon the two.

"Well, what is it, Loder?" he asked.

"I have to report this junior for secret smoking, sir," said Loder smoothly. "I should have dealt with the matter myself, but Wharton refused to be caned by me, so I have brought him to you, sir."

Mr. Quelch looked at Wharton.

"What have you to say?" he asked, kindly enough. Mr. Quelch was pretty well acquainted with the characters of the boys in his Form, and he did not think that he had been mistaken in Wharton.

"Loder is making a mistake, sir," said Harry.

"I trust so," said Mr. Quelch. "I should be sorry to find that you, Wharton, were guilty of such folly and of such a serious breach of the school regulations. Loder, for what reason—"

"I think the proof is pretty complete, sir," said Loder. "Once or twice lately there has been smoking going on in the wood-shed, and I have kept an eye on it. I have just found Wharton there, smoking."

"That isn't true," said Harry.

Loder flushed with anger, and Mr. Quelch made the junior a sign to be silent.

"You actually found Wharton in the act of smoking, Loder?" he asked. "Pray be quite explicit, and leave no room for a mistake."

"He dropped the cigarette as I entered, sir, naturally."

"Did you see him drop it?"

Loder's eyes gleamed. He could see that Mr. Quelch would want convincing of the truth of the charge.

"I did not see him drop it, sir, but it lay at his feet, still burning, when I entered."

"Was anyone else in the wood-shed?"

"No, sir."

"Wharton was in the shed alone?"

"Yes, sir. And if you cared to visit the shed," added Loder, with a touch of sarcasm, "you will find the floor littered with cigarette-ends and burnt matches, and still smelling of smoke."

"This is a serious matter, Wharton. You deny that you were smoking in the wood-shed?"

"Certainly, sir!"

"What were you doing there?"

"We've run out of wood in the study, sir, and I was going to bag a bit of a faggot to get the fire for tea."

"Did you see signs that someone had been smoking in the wood-shed when you entered it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Could the person have left the wood-shed without your seeing him?"

"No, sir."

"Did you find him there smoking?"

No answer.

"Kindly answer me at once, Wharton."

"Well, yes, sir," said Harry reluctantly.

"Very good!"

"Excuse me, sir," said Loder, "no one else was there. No one could possibly have left the wood-shed after Wharton had entered it, without my seeing him. I saw Wharton enter, and followed him. I may say that I've had my suspicions of Wharton for some time."

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.
By FRANK RICHARDS.

Wharton's eyes glinted, but he did not speak. He expected the bully of the Sixth to make it as bad for him as he could.

Mr. Quelch reflected for some moments.

"What have you to say to this, Wharton? If there was someone smoking in the wood-shed when you entered, how could he have left without being seen by Loder?"

Wharton hesitated. A slight smile lurked on Loder's face. He felt that he had his old enemy of the Remove fairly nailed down at last.

"He did not leave, sir," said Wharton at length.

"You mean that he was present when Loder entered?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is false!" almost shouted Loder, in great wrath. "There was no one else present, Mr. Quelch."

"He was hidden behind the faggots, sir," said Harry, speaking to Mr. Quelch, and taking no heed of the prefect. "He saw Loder coming and got out of sight."

"Then he was concealed while Loder was there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was it a junior boy?"

"Certainly, sir."

"One of your friends?"

"Certainly not!"

"His name?"

Wharton was silent.

"He cannot give the name, because his statement is false, sir," said Loder maliciously. "May I suggest, sir, that, as this boy was smoking, he probably has cigarettes about him still? He must have had a case, or a box, and it was not left in the wood-shed. I looked round."

Wharton's face crimsoned. Skinner's box of cigarettes, that he had taken from Bunter, was in his pocket. His sudden flush did not escape the Remove master's eyes, and Mr. Quelch's face, hitherto kindly enough, grew very stern.

"You will turn out your pockets upon this table, Wharton!" he said sharply.

Without a word, the captain of the Remove laid the box of cigarettes upon the table.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Benefit of the Doubt!

"**B**LESS my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Quelch.

Loder grinned; he could not help it. His case was complete now; and Loder, to do him justice, fully believed in it. He was not likely to doubt when it was a question of wreaking his old grudge against a junior whom he had always disliked intensely.

Mr. Quelch's brow was grim now.

"So you have cigarettes in your possession, Wharton, although you deny that you were smoking!" he exclaimed.

"They are not mine, sir!" said Harry.

"Then how do they come to be in your possession?"

"I took them away from the silly ass—I mean, the fellow who was smoking," said Harry, scarlet now. "He had bagged them from another fellow, and I was going to—to—to—"

"To what?"

"To ram them down the fellow's back," said Harry. "I thought it would serve him right for being a smoky ass."

"Quite so, Wharton. But—" Mr. Quelch paused. "It appears that Loder found you alone in the wood-shed, in a smoky atmosphere, with smoked cigarettes on the floor—one still burning—and no sign of anyone else being present,

and cigarettes are found in your possession. This looks very serious indeed, Wharton."

"I know it does, sir," said Harry. "But I expect you, sir, to take my word, all the same."

"Indeed?" Upon what do you found that expectation?" asked the Remove master dryly.

"Upon your knowledge of me, sir," said Wharton fearlessly. "I think, sir, that you know me well enough to know that I am not a fool or a blackguard."

"Hum!" said Mr. Quelch.

There was a long silence in the study.

"It is in your power, Wharton, to clear yourself by giving the name of the boy who was smoking in the shed," said the master of the Remove at last.

"I can't, sir. I can't sneak about a fellow. Besides, it wouldn't clear me if I did; he would deny it. He's cleared off from the wood-shed before this, and there's no proof."

Mr. Quelch nodded slowly.

Loder watched the Remove master's face. The evidence was clear enough for anybody, in Loder's opinion. There was nothing against it, except a cock-and-bull story of another fellow having been hidden in the wood-shed, which Loder did not believe for a moment. Wharton was booked for a caning; and, what was more serious, his Form-master's good opinion and confidence were to be changed into contemptuous distrust. And yet—somehow, Loder really could not understand how—Mr. Quelch seemed to hesitate to take the line the bully of the Sixth had marked out for him.

The silence in the study was long. Harry Wharton stood with flushed cheeks

and downcast eyes. Mr. Quelch reflected deeply with a wrinkle in his brow. Loder grew more and more impatient, though he did not venture to show his impatience.

The Remove master broke the silence at last.

"Loder, you have done your duty in reporting this matter to me. You do not believe Wharton's explanation?"

"Not a word of it, sir."

"I am in doubt myself," said Mr. Quelch slowly. "But I cannot think that I am so mistaken in Wharton. I cannot believe that he would be guilty of a foolish and vicious act, and tell unscrupulous falsehoods. In the circumstances, I feel bound to take Wharton's word."

"Thank you, sir!" said Harry, with a deep breath of relief.

Loder set his lips hard.

He was so enraged that for the moment he could not trust himself to speak. He grew almost pale with suppressed fury.

"You have done your duty, Loder," repeated Mr. Quelch. "I thank you for it. But I shall allow the matter to drop here."

He signed to Wharton to leave the study.

"One moment, sir!" gasped Loder.

"This—this junior has broken a rule of the school; he has smoked in defiance of the Head's orders, and he has told barefaced lies about it. If he is not punished, sir, it will have a very bad effect on discipline in the school."

Mr. Quelch turned his glance on Loder with a freezing glare.

"Are you presuming to dictate to a



Harry Wharton flushed scarlet as he placed the packet of cigarettes on Mr. Quelch's desk. "I took them away from the silly ass—I mean, the fellow who was smoking, sir!" he said quietly. "I don't believe him, sir!" said Loder.

(See Chapter 3.)

NEXT
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"BUNTER'S LAWSUIT!"

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THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 766.

Form-master, and to question the justice of his decision?" he inquired.

Loder stammered. But his rage was so great at seeing his victim escape him unscathed that he could not wholly control it.

"If this boy is to be let off, sir, it will be useless for the prefects to report such things to you in the future!" he gasped.

"Loder!"

"The proof is complete, and the boy has lied like a young rascal!"

"I do not think so, Loder."

"It's clear enough, if Wharton wasn't a favourite of yours, sir!" blurted out Loder, too infuriated to measure his words now.

gave Wharton a furious glance as he passed him, and was gone.

Wharton stepped towards his Form-master's table.

"Mr. Quelch, I give you my word of honour that I have told you the truth!" he exclaimed earnestly.

The Remove master nodded.

"I believe you, Wharton. You may go."

The captain of the Remove left the study. Gerald Loder was disappearing at the end of the passage. Wharton, with a grave face, drew the study door shut after him. There was a buzz from the crowd in the passage.

sneered Skinner. "He jolly well wouldn't have taken my word."

"Why should he, when you're known to be a liar, Skinner?" said Wharton scornfully. "I hope my word is a bit more valuable than yours."

"Why, you cheeky rotter!"

"Right on the wicket!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"The whopperfulness of the esteemed Skinner is well known to be terrific," remarked Hurree Singh. "But the esteemed word of honourable Wharton is a boot on the other leg."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Histories of Famous Football Clubs.

No. 3.—Aston Villa F.C.

ANOTHER SPLENDID FOOTER ARTICLE BY OUR EXPERT.

ONE of the most glorious histories that is to be found in the annals of football is surely that of Aston Villa.

Started in 1874, the now famous Aston Villa Club owes its inception to the boundless enthusiasm of a few youths attending the Aston Villa Wesleyan Chapel, Lozells, Birmingham, and for a while they played on a stretch of waste ground.

What few matches they had in those days were played at Aston Park, and it was during one of these contests that the great George Ramsay took notice of them, and eventually joined their ranks.

To them his dribbling and ball control were things to be marvelled at, so it is not astonishing that they prevailed on him to assume the role of captain.

It was entirely due to his efforts in the way of coaching that the glorious traditions of the Villa for clean and scientific play were founded, and these are upheld even at the present time.

Their first ground was situated at Perry Barr, and for this they paid £5 per annum as rental, but the game became so popular that this sum was very soon doubled. From this figure it went to £60 per annum on a three years' lease, and finally to £300 per annum; but when it was proposed to further increase the rental to £500, the Villans promptly secured the ground which is now their headquarter.

The period during which G. Ramsay skippered the team was but short, for a bad accident cut short his term of office, which had lasted from 1876 to 1880.

Meanwhile, two other star performers had joined the club, Andrew and Archie Hunter, who had come to Birmingham on account of business. To say the very least about him, Archie Hunter was a genius with the ball, and under his captaincy (for he succeeded Ramsay), the

Villa rapidly rose from a junior side to one of the finest teams in the country. Hunter captained the side for nine years, until 1889.

In such a short article as this it is impossible to state all the facts in connection with the Villa history, so I will deal with the most important of these.

To start with, the team have won the



W. J. KIRTTON, of Aston Villa.

Association Cup no fewer than six times, this being a record for the competition. They have also been League champions six times, and, strangely enough, they were runners-up on six occasions. Apparently six is their lucky number.

Altogether they have played in seven Cup Finals with but one defeat.

Their first success in the Cup was in

1887, when they defeated West Bromwich Albion in the Final tie, whom they met again in 1892 and 1895, the game in 1892 ending in favour of the Throstles.

Their other victims in the Cup were Everton, Newcastle, Huddersfield Town, and Sunderland.

The greatest period in their history was from 1894 to 1900, during which time they won the Cup twice and the League championship five times.

Like all other teams, they have had their rough passages, but they have never as yet suffered the indignity of descending into the Second Division.

Other points worthy of mention are that they have collected more points in League games than any other club, and that they have turned out the greatest number of Internationals.

Of recent years the shining lights of the team include such names as—"Andy" Duceat (now with Fulham), J. Harrop, J. Bache, A. Hall, H. Hampton, W. George, Sam Hardy (now with Notts Forest), Barson (who recently went to Manchester United), Moss, Wallace (who is with Oldham at present), Kirtton, and lastly, Clem Stephenson, the man who has made such a vast difference to Huddersfield Town since he joined them.

Fortunately, they have never been severely worried over money matters, although it is said that once in their early days they had the "broker's men" in; this was prior to the formation of a limited liability company.

Just by way of comparison with the present huge gates, the first amount that they took reached the princely sum of 5s. 3d.

(You must not miss next Monday's "Magnet," which will contain another fine footer article dealing with the history of Manchester United F.C.)

Mr. Quelch rose to his feet.

"Loder, how dare you say anything of the kind? You forget yourself very strangely, Loder. You had better leave my study."

"Very well, sir," gasped Loder. "The next time I catch that young scoundrel breaking the rules, I shall take him to the Head, sir, and justice will be done!"

Mr. Quelch's eyes glittered.

"One more word of insolence, Loder, and I will take you to Dr. Lecke, and lay a serious complaint before him," he said. "Leave my study!"

Loder, choking with wrath, strode out of the study without another word. He

"What's the giddy verdict?" asked Bob Cherry breathlessly.

"Loder's just rushed by looking like a giddy thundercloud!" chuckled Vernon-Smith. "He didn't look as if he'd had any luck."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's all serene," said Harry.

"Just Loder's rot?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Well, no. Loder believed it, and it looked pretty clear," said Harry. "But Mr. Quelch took my word."

"Good old Quelch!"

"Must be going soft in his old age!"

"Favouritism, I call it!" snorted Skinner. And he swung away angrily.

"Better tell Quelch so!" grinned the Bounder.

"Oh, rats!"

"Did you get the firewood, after all, Harry?" inquired Nugent.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"No. Loder butted in. Let's go and get it now, and give Loder a chance to run us all in for smoking in the woodshed."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Famous Five, in a merry mood, proceeded to the woodshed. But Gerald

NEXT
MONDAY!

"BUNTER'S LAWSUIT!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.
By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 766.

Loder did not follow. He was not on the track now. Loder was confiding his wrongs to Walker and Carne of the Sixth, and receiving sympathy from them. And the Famous Five went to Study No. 1 to tea in quite a cheery mood—all the more cheery because the captain of the Remove had scored over Loder of the Sixth.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

A Chance for Bunter!

"I SAY, you fellows—" "Just in time!" said Bob Cherry, looking across the tea-table in Study No. 1 as Bunter appeared in the doorway.

"Just in time for tea, old chap? Good! I don't mind!"

"Not for tea, you fat villain! For a good licking!"

"Oh, really, Cherry!"

"You jolly nearly got me a licking, with your filthy smoking, you fat fool!" said Wharton, frowning.

Billy Bunter grinned.

"Didn't Quelch lick you?" he asked.

"No. If he had, you'd be getting it in the neck at this very minute!" answered the captain of the Remove grimly.

"Oh, really, Wharton! I didn't ask you to butt in, you know!" remonstrated Bunter. "It was only out of friendship that I didn't lick you myself!"

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

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at. I say, you fellows, that looks quite a decent cake. That toast looks good, too."

Bob Cherry picked up the toasting-fork.

"Outside!" said Nugent.

"Oh, really, Franky, old chap!"

"If you 'Franky old chap' me I'll take the poker to you! Buzz off!"

The captain of the Remove had related to his chums what had happened in the wood-shed, and the Co. agreed that Bunter had earned a licking. Only Bunter wasn't worth licking. But in the circumstances there was no welcome for William George Bunter in Study No. 1. As a fat paw came towards the cake, Bob Cherry made a jab with the toasting-fork, and Bunter jerked back his paw in time.

"Try again!" grinned Bob.

"I say, Cherry, old man—"

"Two to one I pin your paw next time," said Bob. "Try!"

Bunter did not try again. He blinked hungrily at the cake through his big spectacles.

"Travel off, fatty!" said Harry. "No smoky bounders wanted here!"

"I say, gimme my cigarettes, then," said Bunter discontentedly.

Wharton laughed.

"They were left in Quelch's study. You can go and ask Quelch for them, if you like."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Seen Bunter, you fellows?" asked Tubb of the Third, putting his head into the study. "Oh, here you are, Fat Jack of the Bonehouse. Loder wants you."

"Oh dear!" gasped Bunter.

"Loder's study at once!" said Tubb. And he walked away.

Billy Bunter stood, the picture of dismay. The Famous Five continued their tea, regardless.

"I say, you fellows, what do you think Loder wants?" gasped Bunter.



Loder gasped for breath as he stared down at the note in his hand. "So these cigarettes are yours, Loder!" thundered Mr. Quelch. "I—I—oh—ah—I—certainly not!" gasped Loder. He was too dumbfounded to speak clearly. He could only stutter. (See Chapter 8.)

"A fat porpoise, according to Tubb," answered Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull! You—you didn't tell him it was I smoking in the wood-shed, Wharton?"

"Of course not, fathead!"

"He—he couldn't know, could he?" argued Bunter. "I—I say, Wharton, I think you might have owned up when Loder nailed you."

"Owned up?" yelled Wharton.

"Yes. Now you've got off, Loder won't be satisfied till he's caned somebody," said Bunter peevishly. "I really think you might have owned up."

"Owned up to what I hadn't done?" exclaimed Wharton, staring at the Owl of the Remove.

"Well, it would have saved a lot of trouble," said Bunter. "If Loder asks me who was smoking in the wood-shed, you can't expect me to shield you, Wharton, especially as you took my smokes away. I'll do the best I can for you, but I'm not going to have a licking, I can tell you!"

Wharton did not answer that in words. He rose from his chair, took Bunter by the collar, and spun him out into the Remove passage.

"Yaroo!" roared Bunter, as he went. Wharton slammed the study door after him.

"Beast!" came in a howl through the keyhole.

Then Billy Bunter departed, in dismal spirits, for the Sixth Form passage, to ascertain what Gerald Loder wanted. Nobody in the Lower School at Greyfriars liked coming in contact with Gerald Loder. Loder had a good many sins upon his own conscience, but that

did not make him in the least degree more tolerant towards the backslidings of others; rather the reverse. And when Loder was in a bad temper he was liable to hand out punishment without waiting for an offence. And often he was in a bad temper. Having been disappointed in the case of Wharton, it was only too probable that Loder wanted a victim, and Bunter groaned at the prospect of supplying that want.

He tapped dismally at Loder's door, and stepped into the study. He remained near the door, ready to bolt at a sign of trouble.

To his surprise, Loder gave him a genial nod.

"Oh, it's you, Bunter! Trot in!"

Bunter almost gasped in astonishment. Evidently Loder had no suspicion, after all, that Bunter was the smoker of the wood-shed.

The fat junior rolled in. Loder had had his tea, and there was a plate of tarts left on the table. Bunter's eye was on those tarts at once. As the bully of the Sixth was so genial, Bunter wondered hopefully whether his surprising geniality would extend to tarts.

"Shut the door after you, kid. You can sit down," said Loder, still genial.

Bunter sat down, wondering more than ever.

"Had your tea?" asked Loder.

"Yes. But—"

"No room for a tart or two?"

Bunter's eyes glistened.

"Yes, rather!"

"Try them," said Loder, indicating the plate.

Bunter was more and more amazed. He had come to the study expecting a

NEXT MONDAY!

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licking. He was offered tarts instead. Certainly it was a change for the better. But it was amazing.

Amazement, however, did not affect Bunter's appetite for tarts. He accepted the prefect's invitation with alacrity. He "tried" the tarts and found they were good, and went on trying them.

"Finish them, kid," said Loder, with a smile.

"Thanks! I—I will!" gasped Bunter. He was happy and jammy, and he could not help feeling that Loder of the Sixth was rather misjudged in the Lower School. Obviously, Loder of the Sixth had good points. At least, he had good tarts, which came to the same thing in Bunter's estimation.

"What I want is a little chat with you, Bunter," remarked Loder. "I really want to ask your advice."

Any other fellow in the Lower Fourth would have been on his guard at once at that. It really was not usual for a Sixth Form prefect to ask advice from a junior. But Billy Bunter smiled fatuously and jammily. He was prepared to give Loder advice; indeed, Bunter was convinced that there were matters upon which he could have advised the Head himself.

"Right-ho!" said Bunter cheerily. "About the football—what? You want some tips about the game?"

"Wha-a-at?"

Loder's geniality almost failed him at the idea of receiving tips on football from a junior. But Bunter rattled on happily.

"Of course, all the fellows know about you trying to wedge into the First Eleven, Loder."

"Eh?"

"Wingate isn't likely to play you—not in a big fixture, anyhow," said Bunter. "We all know it in the Remove. Toddy says it's like your cheek to think you can play for School."

Loder gasped.

"But never say die!" went on Bunter encouragingly. "Of course, you want to improve your game. You realise that! All I know about the game is at your service, Loder. Ask me anything you like."

Loder looked at him. Loder's look was not unlike that the fabled basilisk might have worn in his most ferocious moments. Bunter was short-sighted, and he was busy with the tarts. He did not seem to realise that he was on the verge of a volcano.

Fortunately, Gerald Loder restrained his feelings. He had some use for Billy Bunter, and his turn would not have been served by kicking the fat junior out of the study.

"It—it—it's not football!" gasped Loder at last.

"No?" said Bunter. "Well, go ahead. Has the Head spotted you, old chap?"

"What?"

"Breaking bounds, and smoking, and all that!" said Bunter with a fat wink. "Tell me about it—I'll see you through."

"You cheeky fat fool!" roared Loder. Bunter jumped.

"Eh! What? I—"

"Sit down!" With an effort Loder recovered his geniality. "The fact is, Bunter, I want your advice and—assistance in carrying out my duties as a prefect. I'm afraid there is smoking going on in some of the Remove studies—a very serious thing, you know."

"Oh!" said Bunter.

"There are some fellows in your Form, Bunter, who can manage somehow to keep in their Form-master's good graces to such an extent that he will believe

nothing against them," said Loder. "I'm greatly afraid that some of these boys are deceiving Mr. Quelch."

"I—I see!" gasped Bunter.

"As a prefect, with a strong sense of duty, I'm bound to look into this," said Loder. "You're an uncommonly intelligent fellow, Bunter—a bit out of the common—and I think you could help me."

Bunter blinked at him. The tarts were finished by this time, so Bunter was able to give the prefect his undivided attention.

Obtuse as the Owl was, he understood now what Loder wanted. He was to spy on his Form-fellows in the Remove, and report to Loder of the Sixth. Bunter, with all his faults and his little weaknesses, was not quite capable of that. But he realised very clearly that it would not do to tell Loder so. He was in the lion's den, as it were, and it behoved him to be very wary in dealing with the lion.

"I—I see, Loder!" he faltered.

"Wharton, for instance!" said Loder, eyeing the fat junior. "I caught Wharton smoking to-day, in the wood-shed, Bunter."

"D-d-did you?" gasped Bunter.

"Yes. But he succeeded in deceiving Mr. Quelch on the subject—a very unscrupulous thing," said Loder.

"Awfully!" said Bunter.

"I'm afraid that Wharton is falling into bad ways," went on Loder. "I'm bound to stop him if I can. I want you to help me, Bunter. You will be acting for the general good, and—doing Wharton himself a good turn. You see that?"

"Oh, quite!"

"The young rascal—I mean, the foolish lad has covered up his tracks pretty successfully," said Loder. "Naturally, he is on his guard against a prefect. But I dare say a fellow in his own Form could keep an eye on him, for his own good—sort of guardian angel, you know—and let me know when the young—the foolish fellow is putting his foot in it. I—I want to save him from himself."

"That's very kind of you, Loder," said Bunter meekly.

"I hope I am always kind to the juniors," said Loder.

"Oh, my hat! I—I mean—yes, quite."

"Can I rely on you to help me in this, Bunter, without, of course, talking about it among the fags?"

Billy Bunter reflected. If the answer was in the negative, it was exceedingly doubtful whether Bunter would get out of Loder's study without a thrashing. He realised that very clearly.

Loder was watching his fat face keenly. He had picked out Bunter as the likeliest fellow in the Remove to serve his turn.

"Of course, it's my duty to do as a prefect tells me," said Bunter, at length.

"Of course."

"And—and if Wharton smokes, he ought to be stopped."

"Certainly. I'm afraid of more serious things, too," said Loder. "Card-playing, and all that."

Bunter blinked at him. If there was any fellow in the Remove whose conduct was straight and clean and above-board, it was Harry Wharton. Wharton had his faults, and his enemies, but his enemies would never have accused him of being a shady duffer. But Loder had his own way of looking at things—his views were tinged by his personal feelings. He yearned to "catch out" the captain of the Remove, and he believed what he wanted very much to believe; the wish was father to the thought. Bunter felt that it was safe enough to

undertake to report Wharton's delinquencies in that line, as certainly there never would be any to report.

"I say, Loder, that's awful!" said Bunter gravely. "Gambling, do you mean?"

"I fear so!" said Loder, shaking his head. "I want you to keep your eyes open, Bunter, and let me know of anything of the kind."

"So I will!" said Bunter.

"Good! You needn't talk about this, of course."

"Oh! Of course not."

Bunter rose; the interview was finished. He blinked at Loder very curiously.

"I—I say, Loder—"

"Well, kid?"

"I've been disappointed about a postal-order," said Bunter, eyeing him doubtfully.

"What?"

Bunter hesitated, but he went on. His celebrated postal-order had served its turn many times in the Remove, but Bunter had not "sprung" it on a prefect of the Sixth before. But in the peculiar circumstances, Bunter felt that he could venture. One good turn deserved another!

"I—I suppose you couldn't lend me half-a-crown, Loder, till my postal-order comes?" murmured Bunter.

Loder's eye strayed towards his cane.

"I—I say!" stammered Bunter.

"I'm afraid I couldn't lend money to fags, Bunter," said Loder. "Ask me again when you bring me a report about Wharton. I've no doubt I shall have half-a-crown to spare then."

"Oh!" said Bunter.

And the Owl of the Remove rolled out of the study. He was not feeling pleased. If Loder's half-crown depended upon a report of Wharton "playing the goat," like Skinner or Snoop, Loder's half-crown was not likely to materialise. Bunter would have preferred a bird in hand to a bird in a bush of that description. But—considering the real identity of the smoker in the wood-shed—Bunter felt that he had had a lucky escape, and there was a grin on his fat face as he rolled home to the Remove passage.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Up to Wharton!

"YOU fellows going out?"

The question was really superfluous. It was the following day, which happened to be Wednesday, a half-holiday at Greyfriars. Five members of the Remove had wheeled their bicycles down to the gates, when William George Bunter stopped them with his superfluous inquiry.

"Looks like it!" answered Bob Cherry. "Will you, as a very special favour, move your fat carcass out of the way?"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Or would you rather be run over?" asked Nugent. "Take your choice, fatty."

"Hold on, you fellows. Going over to Highelife, I suppose?" asked Bob.

"The supposeness is correct, my esteemed Bunter," said the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"I'll come, old chaps."

"It isn't a feed," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "We're going for a spin with Courtenay and the Caterpillar."

"What utter rot!" said Bunter. "I'm jolly well not coming fagging around on a bike. You can't expect it."

(Continued on page 13.)



The GREYFRIARS HERALD



Supplement No. 84.

Week Ending October 14th, 1922.

Much Ado About Nothing!



AN EXTRAORDINARY SCENE AT GREYFRIARS! "What is the meaning of this extraordinary outburst, Wharton?" demanded Dr. Locke. "We think it a shame that we should be deprived of our dinner!" said Harry Wharton boldly.

DR. LOCKE, headmaster of Greyfriars, passed his hand wearily across his brow.

"You seem tired, sir," remarked Mr. Quelch.

The Head sank into a chair.

"The fact is, Quelch," he said, "I am unwell. I think I will rest this afternoon. I have been working too strenuously of late."

Mr. Quelch nodded sympathetically.

"You look very jaded, sir," he said, "and a rest will no doubt do you a lot of good. But have you forgotten that you had arranged to give a lecture on patriotism after dinner?"

"No, Mr. Quelch; I had not forgotten. But I shall have to cancel the arrangement."

The Head drew a pen and a sheet of paper towards him.

"I will cancel it forthwith," he said.

He scribbled a few lines, blotted the sheet of paper, and crossed to the window.

Skinner of the Remove was ambling to and fro in the Close. The Head called to him.

"Kindly affix this sheet of paper to the notice-board, Skinner," he said.

The document was passed through the open window. Skinner took it, and strolled away.

As he walked, the cad of the Remove

scanned the announcement intently. It was worded as follows:

There will be no lecture after dinner to-day as I am too ill for any of the duties of instructing Greyfriars boys.

H. H. LOCKE,
Headmaster.

For a moment Skinner wrinkled his brows in thought. The he gave a chuckle.

Skinner was a fellow who possessed a perverted sense of humour. He was ever on the look-out for a chance of playing a practical joke. And he saw a chance now.

"It's quite simple!" he muttered. "And the Head will never know it was me!"

Instead of proceeding straight to the notice-board with the Head's announcement, Skinner went along to his study in the Remove passage.

"All I need is a pair of scissors," he murmured, "and the job's done in a flash!"

There was a pair of scissors on the table. Skinner picked them up, and calmly sliced the Head's notice in half. One of the halves he crumpled up and tossed on to the fire. The other half he conveyed to the notice-board, affixing it with a drawing-pin.

Instantly, there was a rush of feet, and

fellows came running up from all sides to see what the notice was about.

Skinner, his little joke accomplished, made himself scarce. And as he went he heard howls of execration from the fellows who were congregated around the notice-board.

The following startling announcement greeted the gaze of the onlookers:

There will be no dinner to-day for any of the Greyfriars boys.

H. H. LOCKE,
Headmaster.

By cutting the notice in half, Skinner had completely altered the sense of it. He had made it appear that Greyfriars would have to go dinnerless.

The crowd round the notice-board were fiercely indignant.

"No dinner!" roared Bob Cherry. "What on earth does it mean?"

"What it says, I suppose!" grunted Harry Wharton. "No dinner."

"But why?"

"Ask me another! Possibly the kitchen

Next Week! Mr. Prout's Special Number!

staff has gone on strike, like it did once before."

"Bother the kitchen staff!" hooted Bolover major. "I'm jolly hungry!"

"Same here!"

"Do they expect us to go through afternoon school on empty stomachs?" growled Johnny Bull.

"It's a shame!"

"An awful shame!"

"We won't jolly well stand it!"

The crowd, which was rapidly increasing, waxed wroth.

"Even the seniors—though they pretended not to care much—were very annoyed to think there would be no dinner. The juniors were not only annoyed; they were infuriated. And some of the fags, especially Sammy Bunter, were almost in tears.

The Head's announcement was indeed a bombshell!

"No dinner!" repeated Bob Cherry in tones of amazement and disgust. "Why, this will break Billy Bunter's heart!"

Unlike his minor, however, Billy Bunter showed no signs of being heartbroken. He blinked at the notice, and instead of bursting into tears, as might have been expected, he grinned broadly.

"Bunter doesn't seem very cut up about it!" remarked Vernon-Smith.

"Why should I be cut up?" demanded the fat junior. "It won't hurt me to go without a meal for once."

"My hat!"

"And it won't hurt you fellows, either. You eat too much, in the ordinary way, and a little fast won't do you any harm."

Bunter's schoolfellows simply stood and stared. They were too flabbergasted to reply.

The news that there was to be no dinner spread through the school with the rapidity of a fire through gorse.

It was decided to hold a meeting of protest. With this object in view, the fellows streamed out into the Close. And the din they created was truly appalling.

Dr. Locke, who was just thinking of retiring to rest, stepped to his study window. He thrust out his head, and was astonished to behold an angry, surging mob.

There was a babel of confused shouting, but the Head distinctly heard the following cries:

"Give us our dinner!"

"Why should we be starved?"

"It's a thundering shame!"

"We insist on having some grub!"

The Head stood thunderstruck.

"Bless my soul!" he murmured. "Have the boys suddenly taken leave of their senses, Mr. Quelch? They appear to be clamouring for their dinner!"

Mr. Quelch glanced at his watch.

"The meal is not due for a quarter of an hour, sir!" he said.

"Then why all this fuss?"

The Remove master shook his head. "I fail to understand this angry demonstration," he said.

The Head called to Harry Wharton, who, mounted on the shoulders of two of his chums, was attempting to make a speech.

"Wharton!"

Dr. Locke had to repeat the name three times before he got any response. Then Harry Wharton jumped down from his perch, and advanced to the Head's window.

"What is the meaning of this extraordinary outburst, Wharton?" demanded Dr. Locke.

"We think it a shame that we should be deprived of our dinner, sir!" was the bold reply.

"But there is no question of deprivation!"

Harry Wharton gave a gasp.

"But—but you've had an announcement pinned to the notice-board, saying there would be no dinner, sir!"

"What! Nothing of the sort! Go and bring me the notice at once, Wharton. I can only conclude that it has been tampered with."

Harry Wharton fetched the notice.

"Ah! It is as I thought," said the Head, glancing at the sheet of paper. "Some young rascal has cut my original notice in half! Pray send Skinner to me!"

Skinner, when questioned, stoutly denied having tampered with the notice.

Unfortunately for the cad of the Remove, however, Billy Bunter had been peeping

through his study keyhole when he cut the notice in half with the scissors. And when the Head instituted a public inquiry later on, Billy Bunter told of what he had seen, and gave Skinner away completely.

The result was a public flogging for the humorist of the Remove.

Greyfriars did not miss its dinner after all. It was an extra-special dinner, consisting of steak-and-kidney pie, with apple-dumplings to follow. And the only person who experienced any difficulty in sitting down to it was Harold Skinner!

EDITORIAL!

By Harry Wharton.

THIS week I take over the reins of office once more, having given Mrs. Mimble, the tuckshop dame, an opportunity of proving her ability as an editress.

It is rather a relief to be able to hand over the paper to somebody else now and again. Not that I am afraid of work—I simply revel in it—but it gives me a chance to attend to my other duties. As the president of the Remove Debating Society and the Amateur Theatrical Society, my hands are pretty full. And then I have the Remove football team to run, and that entails a lot of work.

Quite a lot of correspondence has reached me on the subject of our Special Numbers. These are proving very popular, and, like *Oliver Twist*, our readers are clamouring for more.

One reader wants me to allow Trotter the page to edit a Special Number. Another reader says it is high time Peter Todd had a turn. And a staunch Lancashire supporter would very much like to see an issue of the "Greyfriars Herald" edited by Mark Linley. Yet another reader wants Cecil Reginald Temple to be given charge of the paper for one week.

My reply to all these requests is, "Give me breathing space!" There are crowds of people at Greyfriars who are clamouring for a chance to edit this paper for one week, and the majority of them will get their hearts' desire if only they will be patient.

Next week we shall have a big attraction, for Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, has condescended to take the editorial chair.

Mr. Prout has often been in the limelight in our stories and articles, but he has never yet appeared in the capacity of editor. You will all enjoy a hearty laugh when his Special Number appears next week.

Billy Bunter is constantly urging me to hand over the "Herald" to his tender mercies. But on that point I stand firm. Bunter has a paper of his own, and he must be content with that. Once I allowed him to take the editorial chair of the "Herald," I am certain I should never get him out of it!

Billy's wonderful "Weekly," by the way, is as amusing as ever. Bob Cherry laughed so heartily over the latest issue that he nearly broke a blood-vessel! The joke of it is, that Billy's writings are most amusing when he is attempting to be serious!

By the way, one letter which arrived at our editorial office this week calls for a special answer in this column. I refer to the letter sent by Arthur Watney, of Clapham, London, S.W., and he asks whether the Greyfriars fellows are alone entitled to make speeches in the Greyfriars Parliament.

Strictly speaking, only Greyfriars fellows can make speeches in our Parliament, but readers of the Companion Papers have been invited to send in written speeches, and they will receive the very first attention. As the Editor of the Companion Papers has pointed out, the Parliament was really formed for the benefit of his readers, and to give us a chance to learn many useful hints which our chums of the outside world think likely to be of general interest.

I therefore invite all readers to send in "speeches" similar to those with which we dealt at our last meeting. We will do the rest!

HARRY WHARTON.

ODE TO AN APPLE DUMPLING!

By Billy Bunter.

(Note.—Dick Penfold has very kindly revised Bunter's faulty metre, and corrected his spelling.—Ed.)

When I behold you on my plate,
I never chant a hymn of hate,
But murmur, "You are simply great,
My Dumpling!"

I bless the cook who fashioned you,
To follow after Irish stew.
I sugar you, and say, "Adieu,
My Dumpling!"

Your form is podgy—just like mine,
And oft it I will shortly dine.
You are delicious and divine,
My Dumpling!

Swiftly I raise my fork and spoon,
With countenance like beaming moon.
Cheer up! You'll be demolished soon,
My Dumpling!

When through my jaws you swiftly glide,
D'you think I shall be satisfied?
Nunno! There's room for more inside,
My Dumpling!

I'll say to Quelch, "If you please,
I want another six of these!"
Then it will put me at my ease,
My Dumpling!

On Cherry's plate I see your twin,
And he devours it with a grin.
I think it's time that I tucked in,
My Dumpling!

Farewell! For evermore, farewell!
"Yaroooooh!" I give a fearful yell.
You're hot as fury! What a sell,
My Dumpling!

HOW I SEE OTHER FELLOWS!

By Frank Nugent:



R. A. DIGBY
(of St. Jim's).

The Greyfriars Parliament Opens on Page 12—

REPLIES TO READERS!

By Harry Wharton.

D. W. "Did you come to Greyfriars on a scholarship?"—No; on the station hack.

"Sport" (Swanley).—"I think it's a great shame that cricket isn't played all the year round."—Don't be silly! How could one play cricket in a November fog, or in a snowstorm?

"Critic" (Manchester).—"Dick Penfold's poetry is not really classical, like Wordsworth's."—Tut, tut! We don't want any stodgy, serious stuff from the pen of Pen!

B. H. R. (Blackburn).—"Has Billy Bunter really any ailments?"—Only those which are brought about by dining not wisely but too well.

"Anti-Whartonite" (Macclesfield).—"I consider Bob Cherry would make a better editor than you."—So do many others. But Rob assures me he is quite happy in his present role of Fighting Editor.

"Curious" (Cheltenham).—"When is Lord Mauleverer going to give us another article on fashions?"—Give his lordship a breather! He has not yet recovered from the exertion of writing his last article, which appeared several months ago!

"Sunny Jim" (Hornsey).—"What a scream if Mr. Prout were to edit a Special Number of the GREYFRIARS HERALD! The "scream" will happen next week.

P. R. N. (Padstow).—"Can you advise me how to blow up a football?"—Not being an anarchist, I am afraid I cannot instruct you in the art of "blowing up" things. Seriously, though, you want a strong steel pump. Failing this, take the ball to your local sports outfitter. If you ask him nicely, he will probably blow up the ball for a small charge.

"Warbler" (Sheffield).—"I was unable to sing at our local concert, owing to a sore throat."—What a lucky let-off for the audience!

"One of the Old Brigade" (Exeter).—"When I was a boy, we were never allowed to run wild like the boys of to-day."—Shucks, sir! What you want is an injection of thyroid.

"Neddy" (Chichester).—"My sister celebrates her birthday on Saturday."—Sorry, but it's not my fault.

"Supporter" (Cardiff).—"What do you think of Cardiff City this season?"—They are stout fellows, well worthy of your support.

"Wandering Willie" (no address).—"I have just run away from home."—Then run back again at once, you naughty lad!

J. R. (Nelson).—"Are there any wild beasts at Greyfriars?"—Only Billy Bunter!

OUR CYCLING CORNER!

By Tom Brown.

Despite the unpropitious weather (unpropitious is good!), the S.S.S.S.—Select Society of Skidders and Scorchers—have had some very good runs.

A tragedy happened the other day, though. All the members of the Remove footer team happen to belong to the cycling club as well. So we decided to cycle over to St. Jim's to play our match with Tom Merry & Co.

All went well for about ten miles, and then Peter Todd's front tyre came into contact with an upturned tinker. There was a sudden hissing noise, and the tyre went flat. Of course, we were miles away from anywhere when it happened, and Toddy had to mend the puncture as best he could. His inner tube was already smothered with patches, like a tramp's trousers, and it was no easy matter to put things right. We were hung up on the highway for half an hour.

Scarcely had we resumed our ride, when Dick Penfold tried conclusions with a motor-carabane, and came off second best. Pen was knocked off his machine, but by a miracle he was unhurt. His machine, however, went careering across the roadway, and was badly battered. Pen had to push it to the nearest garage, which was some miles distant, and as the rest of us refused to desert him, there was a long delay, as you may guess. At last we reached the garage, and had the machine put to rights, but by this time the afternoon was wearing on, and we had been due at St. Jim's an hour since!

In the end we got to our destination, and the match was played in semi-darkness. Our forwards must have had cats' eyes, for they found the net no fewer than four times, and we finished up winners by 4 goals to 2. Wharton, Nugent, Inky, and Vernon-Smith scored for the Remove, and the dashing Talbot got through twice for St. Jim's.

You would have thought that we had had enough cycling experiences for that day. Nevertheless, we decided to bike back to Greyfriars, rather than put our machines on the train. The journey home was undertaken in pitch darkness, but fortunately we came through without a single calamity.

The club's next run will take place on Wednesday afternoon. Our destination will be Dover. Billy Bunter, and other inexperienced cyclists, are requested to keep off the grass!

By the way, I have a second-hand bicycle for sale. It is complete with wheels, tyres, and handle-bars, but there is no pump, lamp, speed-gear, or other luxury. I will accept half-a-crown or nearest offer.

MR. PROUT
Edits Next
Week's Issue
of
THE GREYFRIARS
HERALD!

MY VIEWS ON FOOTBALL!

By Alonzo Todd.

FOOTBALL is a debasing, degrading, and demoralising game. It was doubtless invented by the Emperor Nero, for it is truly a cruel and a barbaric sport.

I am aware that my views will be unpopular, especially at Greyfriars, where football is quite a craze. But I am not afraid to speak my mind. I shall probably be mobbed in the Remove passage, or lynched in the Close. But my views on football will remain unaltered.

My Uncle Benjamin once remarked to me: "All games which contain any element of roughness or vigour should be abolished."

I quite agree with my worthy uncle. There is nothing wrong with a nice quiet game of dominoes, provided the players do not get over-excited. And a game of draughts or ludo provides excellent recreation for the young. But football! The very word makes me shudder!

Last week I went over to Courtfield to see a football match. I was shocked and disgusted with what I saw.

Before the game had been in progress many minutes I saw a man charge one of his opponents to the ground. I expected to see the brute handed over to the police for assault and battery. But no! The referee calmly allowed the game to proceed.

From that time onwards the players continued to charge their opponents, and not one of them was given into custody!

Injuries were frequent. One poor fellow twisted his ankle so badly that he had to crawl off the field.

Was the game abandoned on account of this poor wretch? Dear me, no! The players carried on with the match as if nothing had happened.

Towards the end of the game two men came into violent collision. It appears that they both tried to head the ball at the same time, and their heads cannoned together in mid-air. The sickening thud caused by the concussion made me shudder. The men were taken away on the ambulance, and the spectators, instead of producing their handkerchiefs and stemming their tears, seemed quite cheerful about it.

I afterwards read a report of that match in the local paper, and it was described as "a good, clean, well-fought game"!

I think it is high time that this Saturday afternoon horseplay ceased. Why should people deliberately place their lives and limbs in peril? Would it not be better if they went for long country walks, or took some other form of gentle exercise?

My cousin Peter has damaged his knee—the result of football! Tom Brown has strained his thigh—the result of football! Johnny Bull has an abrasion on one of his little toes—the result of football!

I am about to form the S.S.S.S. (Society for the Suppression of Savage Sport). Who will join?

(Needless to state, our contributor's views are not shared by anyone on our staff.)

—New Members Are Wanted! Are You Joining?

CLEVER READERS WIN MONEY PRIZES FOR "SPEECHES"!



The Greyfriars Parliament.



THERE was a large attendance on Monday when the Speaker took the Chair at the fifth meeting of the Greyfriars Parliament.

Mr. Speaker (Harry Wharton) rose at once and said: "I have very great pleasure in placing before this assembly the pick of the first speeches by readers of the Companion Papers. I have one communication on the subject of copyright."

Horace Coker: "I object. We don't want to hear about copybooks."

Mr. Speaker: "Copyright, not copybooks."

Tom Dutton: "I thought this was a parliament. What have we to do with sappy questions? Leave them to poets like Coker."

Mr. Speaker: "The hon. member has jumped to a wrong conclusion. This matter of copyright puzzles the reader, who has sent me a very pertinent question."

Tom Dutton: "If he is impertinent—"

Mr. Speaker: "I said pertinent. Perhaps the House will permit me to read the communication."

Mr. Speaker then read the interesting query from Reader Richard Gamble, 44, Millman Street, W.C. 1: "Can anyone inform me as to the real meaning of the word 'copyright'? The dictionary describes it as follows: The exclusive right of an author, or his heirs, to publish for a term of years copies of his work, whether a book, painting, or engraving, etc. I have seen it on all kinds of books, and have even seen it on an amateur magazine. Surely it is not right for the editor of an amateur mag. to put 'Strictly copyright' on the front page of his publication?"

Mr. Speaker: "There is really no need for perplexity on this subject of copyright. I do not consider it necessary for the editor of an amateur magazine to worry his head about it. Amateur editors have plenty of new stuff. Copyright is useful for the protection of the work of a popular writer. If John Smith writes a book, he ought to get the reward. If there were no copyright, any chap might weigh in with copies of the story, and so make a lot of money out of another fellow's brains."

W. G. Bunter: "I rise to a point of order. Bulstrode is whispering about the paper I edit."

Bulstrode: "I only said you ran your show by borrowing other chaps' ideas. They are copyright, aren't they?"

W. G. Bunter: "I decline to notice such remarks. I have a complaint to make. You suggest, Mr. Speaker, that this question of copyright is not important. I differ from you."

(Shouts of "Can it!" "Cut it out!" and "Shurrup!" interrupted the member for Pufftown; but the latter was understood to say that he had hard work to keep his "Weekly"—the famous "Popular" supplement which was read from Bombay to Birmingham, and farther—from suffering severely through the contents and ideas being pillaged by rivals.)

Mr. Speaker: "I seem to have heard of Bunter's 'Weekly,' but I never read it. If the hon. member is trying to be personal at my expense in connection with the 'Greyfriars Herald,' I shall be content to leave the matter to the judgment of the House."

W. G. Bunter: "I know what I know."

Bob Cherry: "Which isn't much. I propose we proceed to the next business."

Mr. Speaker: "I have received a budget of communications, and I now propose to lay before the House details concerning magazine production. Reader J. H. Curphey (Patrol Leader), Faidene, Dalton Road, Liscard, Cheshire, has sent the following:

"How We Produce an Amateur Magazine."
"Troop and patrol magazines are always
THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 766.

the rage in a Scout troop, and the leader of a patrol is always racking his brains, trying to think of some means by which he can produce a patrol mag. I will tell you how the Hound Patrol produced theirs. At a patrol council meeting it was decided to have a patrol magazine entitled the "Bow-Wow." Always have a fancy name; it makes a better hit than a proper title. The great question was printing. To type it would have been out of the question, and the local printer's rates for getting a small edition out were something awful, so it really looked as if we were not going to have a magazine after all. But out of the darkness came a friend in the shape of our scoutmaster. He suggested that we should duplicate it. This meant a lot of hard work, but we didn't mind that so long as we produced a magazine of some sort. We soon started to collect the facilities we needed, and the staff. Three tin trays for putting the gelatine in were given us. The trays were two feet long, ten inches wide, and one and a quarter inches deep. The gelatine was the most expensive item. It cost 2/3 a tin, meaning an outlay of 4/6 before we bought the paper and special copying-ink. We decided to sub 12/- off our Patrol Fund to buy the things we needed. Then we only wanted the staff. It consisted of three—the editor, who looked after the trays for printing on, and went chasing round for articles to put in the edition. This was not a very hard part, owing to the reliability of authors. They promised they would have their stuff ready for a certain date, but unfortunately they forgot all about the matter just when you were waiting to print the articles.

"The next member of our staff was the artist. He did the frontpiece every month and the humorous drawings and fancy headlines. Our printer was about the neatest chap I've ever seen for printing, and this is one of the most important things—decent printing. Here are a few tips: Only fill your tray half full of gelatine, or the composition will come off on your sheets of paper. Don't write or print too thickly, or you will have smudges. Before putting your original on the gelatine, damp the surface of it with a damp cloth; you will have a better result."

Mr. Speaker: "We can congratulate Patrol Leader Curphey on his speech. He has set down the facts, gained from actual experience."

Tom Brown: "Is it not the case that this magazine was run under extremely favourable conditions?"

Mr. Speaker: "That did not strike me. Here we have the members of a patrol to all intents and purposes without capital. Yet they succeeded."

W. G. Bunter: "They took 12/- from the fund. If we had a fund like that at Greyfriars I would start a mag. to-morrow morning."

Frank Nugent (warmly): "The 'Tuckshop Examiner'?"

W. G. Bunter: "Such remarks are beneath my notice. If I ran a magazine like that the profits would be huge. All I ask is money."

(Several voices: "Yes, we know all about that!")

Johnny Bull: "My opinion is that Reader Curphey knew what he was doing. I suggest a vote of confidence in such a leader."

W. G. Bunter: "Why, when I was a scoutmaster—" The member for Pufftown was unable to proceed, being shouted down, and the vote was carried without any opposition.

Mr. Speaker: "The next item on the paper is a well-expressed opinion on how to write a short story. It comes from Reader M. Adams, 27, Mill Road, Armadale, West Lothian, Scotland:

"Perhaps this hobby of story-writing is a mere background to sports, but it is an interesting one. Last winter I compiled several short stories, one based on an incident I had observed. No doubt a severe critic would detect many flaws in a mere amateur's scribbling, but there is one factor I tried to introduce—originality. Some time since I read three different short stories. The titles and characters were dissimilar, but the trend of the tales was the same. An out-of-the-ordinary short story is refreshing. Those readers who take up this hobby will, I think, agree with me that though one may not shine in a football argument, yet one could present the various viewpoints in a short article. The amateur writer has plenty to work upon, winter and summer. He can write a story about footer, and bring in humour. A bright story or article keeps the reader interested from start to finish."

Mr. Gerald Loder, who spoke under the stress of considerable feeling, and evidently felt the weight of recent editorial achievements, said: "There are story-writers—and story-writers. When I occupied the editorial chair of a certain famous weekly, I was snowed under by stories. I felt it my duty to read them all." (At this stage the speaker mopped his forehead. He continued, with some emotion: "Never shall I forget the experience. I only wish the authors had written with the ability displayed by Reader Adams. Some of these stories had no beginning, no end, and no punctuation.")

Mr. Speaker: "It is an editor's duty to overlook defects, and to give all the encouragement he can."

Mr. Peter Todd: "I consider story-writing is overdone."

The Nabob of Bhanipur: "One cannot have too much of a good thing."

Mr. Peter Todd: "The nabob would think differently if he knew as much about Bunter's activities as I do."

Several suggestions were handed in. Sir James Vivian wished to see map drawing carried on with more enterprise. He said every cyclist should draw a map of his route. Other suggestions referred to the calling of committees and the pooling of funds in the case of amateur magazines; the making of stained glass windows with coloured paper (a useful form of decoration); window gardening; working up railway knowledge, etc., and the urgent need for originality when starting a magazine.

Bob Cherry: "I have seen it stated more than once during the last week that fellows like to watch football, but don't care about playing it. I call that absolutely an error. The chap who will spend a half-day off looking at a smart match is just the chap to play when he gets a chance. It has to be remembered that every keen fellow does not have a chance to play football. He has to wait for his opportunity. As to getting fixtures, we all know that the editor of the MAGNET, who is a thundering good fellow, as broad in his sympathies as he is notable in stature, does what he can, but it is not only a question of fixtures. We at Greyfriars are favourably placed, but what about the thousands of good chaps who cannot get a ground? I shall always fight the absurd notion that the fellows who watch footer don't want to play. They would be into their football boots and shifting the leather if they could. Besides all that, plenty of players go to see a big match just to get a few wrinkles."

The speaker was loudly applauded. He had the sympathy of the House.

The House then went into committee on hare and hounds and paperchases generally.

[Supplement in.

LODER'S LONG TRAIL

(Continued from page 8.)

"And don't want it!" said Johnny Bull, with a grunt.

"You may as well be civil, Bull, though I can't come with you this afternoon," said Bunter. "I've got such a lot of engagements on a half-holiday that I really can't spare the time. I'm sorry, but there it is. I just want to speak a word to you, Wharton, before you go."

"Buck up, then!" said Harry.

"I'm rather short of money to-day, and—"

"Go hon!"

"Postal-order not come?" asked Bob Cherry. "It's all right, Bunter. We'll drop into the post-office as we go through Courtfield, and telephone. Just give me the duke's telephone number."

"The—the what?"

"I suppose the postal-order is from your uncle, the duke, isn't it?"

"No!" roared Bunter.

"Your cousin, the baronet?" asked Bob. "Well, give me the baronet's telephone number. I suppose he's on the phone?"

"Look here—"

"I'll jolly well tell him he oughtn't to keep you waiting whole terms for a remittance like this," said Bob. "It's really discreditable to the baronetage."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, don't be a funny ass!" snorted Bunter. "Wharton, old chap, I can do with half-a-crown!"

"So could I!" said the captain of the Remove.

"Do you mean to say that you haven't a measly half-crown about you?" asked Bunter contemptuously.

"Only a measly bob and a measly tanner," said Harry, laughing, "and I'm keeping them!"

"Well, perhaps I could make that do."

"Bow-wow!"

"Now, look here, Wharton, I expect you to hand it over, and I warn you that you'd better do so!" said Bunter firmly. "Practically, you owe me half-a-crown!"

"How do you make that out?" demanded the captain of the Remove, in astonishment.

"That's telling!" said Bunter mysteriously. "I may have a friend in the Sixth who's offered to lend me half-a-crown on certain conditions, and I may not!"

"With the accent on the 'not'!" remarked Bob Cherry. "But if you've got a friend in the Sixth who shells out half-crowns, tubby, you'd better go and bag the giddy coin, and let us start!"

"I don't care to borrow of the Sixth," said Bunter. "In the circumstances, it's up to Wharton!"

"Why the merry thump should Wharton give you half-a-crown?" demanded Bob.

"I know I'm jolly well not going to!" said the captain of the Remove. "Have you gone off your podgy rocker, Bunter?"

"You'd better!" said Bunter darkly. "Mind, some fellows wouldn't be so jolly honourable and scrupulous as I am, Wharton. Some fellows would give you away at once!"

"Give me away!" stuttered Wharton.

"Yes, I'm not a sneak, I hope!" said Bunter, with dignity. "I should scorn to give you away to Loder simply to

get a half-crown. All the same, you ought to be grateful, and a half-crown—"

"Has Loder offered you half-a-crown to sneak?" exclaimed Wharton, in utter amazement.

"I decline to tell you anything about it, Wharton! Loder may have his eye on you, and he may not. He may have asked my advice and assistance, and he may not. He may have asked me to keep an eye on you, and let him know if I catch you smoking or playing cards. On the other hand, he may not. I decline to tell you anything about it!" said Bunter loftily. "My chats with a pal in the Sixth Form are my own business!"

The Famous Five blinked at Billy Bunter. That fat and fatuous youth grinned complacently, quite satisfied with his own way of keeping a secret.

"I'm simply not going to tell you anything!" he went on. "I'm not a sneak, and I sha'n't tell Loder anything. But you can see for yourself, Wharton, that you ought to shell out the half-crown. I ought not to be put to loss simply because I'm an honourable, high-minded chap!"

"My only hat!" murmured Bob Cherry. "So that's Loder's little game! The silly ass thinks you spoofed Quelch yesterday, Wharton, and that you really were the giddy smoker in the wood-shed, and he's got Bunter to spy out your next jolly old outbreak!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The chums of the Remove laughed. Harry Wharton frowned, but his frown faded away, and he joined in the laugh. There was something exceedingly comic in Loder's determination to find out what never would occur, and to track down a delinquency that was certain not to happen.

"Loder means business!" grinned Johnny Bull. "Mean, awful rotter, to set a fag spying!"

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"So you're to have half-a-crown for bowling Wharton out next time he goes on the jolly old razzle!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "You'll be a long time earning it, Bunter!"

"Of course, I'm not going to give Wharton away!" said Bunter loftily. "I'm not a sneak, I hope!"

"What is there to give away, you fat dummy?" exclaimed the captain of the Remove. "Do you think I've got cigarettes in my study, and playing-cards up my sleeve, and sporting papers in my coal-locker?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Anyhow, rely on me to keep it dark!" said Bunter reassuringly.

"You ass! What is there to keep dark?" shrieked Wharton. "If you can tell Loder anything about me, you're welcome! Come on, you fellows! I'm fed up with that fat duffer!"

"Same here!"

"The samefulness is terrific!"

"But what about the half-crown?" roared Bunter. "In the circumstances, Wharton, it's up to you!"

"Buzz away, you fat fly!" said Bob.

"I say, you fellows—Yarooooop!"

The front wheel of a bicycle collided with Bunter's fat knees rather forcibly. The Owl of the Remove sat down quite suddenly.

"Yoop! Look here—Oh, my hat! Stop! I haven't finished yet!"

But the Famous Five had finished; they wheeled their machines out, leaving Bunter sitting in the gateway and yelling. They mounted in the road, and pedalled away towards Highcliffe.

Bunter scrambled up, and dusted his trousers, and snorted. He was still minus the half-crown, though he had explained so clearly that it was up to Wharton!

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Toddy Takes a Hand!

PETER TODD was at work in Study No. 7 when Bunter rolled in, with a disconsolate look on his fat face. Peter, who was going to be a lawyer some day, was deep in what he called his legal studies, and he waved a pen at Bunter as a sign of dismissal. Instead of heeding that sign, Bunter rolled into the study, and sat on a corner of the table.

"Busy, Toddy?" he asked.

"Yes, Cut!" said Toddy tersely.

"I want you to advise me, old chap."

"Oh! You can go ahead," said Peter, more amicably. "Legal advice is on tap in this study. What's the trouble—Uncle Clegg threatening legal proceedings for the account you owe him from last term?"

"Nunno!"

"You've been welshing somebody?"

"No!" roared Bunter.

"Stealing anything?"

"No, you ass! Look here, Peter, suppose I put a case. Suppose a fellow—I needn't mention names—suppose a fellow—it might be Wharton, and it might not—might be anybody, in fact," said Bunter mysteriously. "Suppose a fellow was suspected of smoking and playing the goat—"

"Consider it supposed," said Peter.

"What next?"

"And suppose a prefect had an eye on him—it might be Loder of the Sixth, and it might not—"

"Well?"

"And suppose that prefect asked a chap to keep an eye on Wharton—I mean on the fellow, you know—and report to him if he found anything going on—"

"My hat!" ejaculated Peter.

"And suppose there wasn't anything to report," continued Bunter—"not that I'd sneak anyway, you know—but suppose there wasn't anything to sneak about; and suppose there was a half-a-crown—"

"A—a what?"

"Mind, I'm only putting a case," said Bunter. "Suppose—only suppose—that a chap, who might be me, or anybody else, could bag a half-crown from—from a prefect, who might or might not be Loder, for reporting something going on in Study No. 1. Got that?"

"I've got it!" assented Peter, who was beginning to look grim.

"Well, suppose it was so," continued Bunter, "then the fellow ought to shell out the half-crown, oughtn't he; and if he wouldn't, then a chap would be justified in getting it out of Loder. It isn't right to let a half-crown go to sheer waste, is it, Peter? Suppose a chap was to drop a few cigarettes in Wharton's study—"

"Eh?"

"And pull Loder's leg, you know," said Bunter. "What do you think of that, Toddy? Of course, I'm only putting a case. I could get the cigarettes from Bolsover major's study. I know he's got some; and, of course, he oughtn't to be allowed to keep 'em. It's against the rules."

Peter Todd stared hard at his fat study-mate.

"You see," went on Bunter cheerfully,

NEXT
MONDAY!

"BUNTER'S LAWSUIT!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.
By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 766.

"you could put the fags in Study No. 1, and I could tell Loder. We'd go halves afterwards. Then, if you liked, you could own up that it was a joke on Loder—leaving me out, of course; I don't want trouble with Loder. See?"

"I see!" gasped Peter.

"Good! Is it a go?" asked Bunter eagerly.

"Let's have it clear," said Peter grimly. "I'm to plant a false charge on Wharton, so that you can swindle Loder out of half-a-crown?"

"Oh, really, 'Toddy!'" said Bunter in dismay. The Owl of the Remove had not looked at it like that at all. Bunter had his own way of looking at things. It was getting near tea-time, and Bunter was "stony"; and all his views were coloured by the dire necessity of laying in supplies for tea.

"You fat villain!" said Peter. "But I'm going to take a hand in this, all the same!" Peter closed his big legal volume with a bang. "Now, Loder believes that idiotic charge against Wharton, and he wants to catch him out, and he's offered you a tip to sneak and help him. That's how it stands?"

"I—I—I was only putting a case, you know," said Bunter feebly.

"Quite so. Now shut up while I think it out!" said Peter. "Loder's got to have a lesson. Wharton's crowd have gone out for the afternoon, so the coast's clear. Where's Loder?"

"He's on the football ground now," said Bunter. "He will be coming in to tea soon."

"Good! Come with me, fatty."

"W-w-where are we going?" asked Bunter uneasily.

"Visit to Loder's study."

"But Loder's out!"

"That's why we're going to visit his study. Come on."

"But—but I say—"

"No need for you to say anything," said Toddy kindly. "You just shut up and come along with your uncle."

Peter Todd ruled in Study No. 6 with a rod of iron. Bunter groaned inwardly as he followed his study-leader. He was beginning to regret by this time that he had asked Toddy's advice; but he still had a faint hope that the coveted half-crown might be somewhere in the offing.

Peter entered Loder's study in the Sixth Form passage. Bunter hovered in the doorway, watching him through his big spectacles.

"I—I say, Peter—" he murmured.

"Keep an eye on the passage, tubby, and yell out if Loder comes along," said Peter.

Bunter backed into the passage. He could not see Peter now, but he could hear that cheerful youth rummaging about in Loder's study. What Peter was rummaging for was a deep mystery to Bunter.

In five minutes Peter Todd emerged from the study, with a cheery grin on his face. Bunter blinked at him inquiringly.

"What—" he began.

"Come on!"

Peter led the way back to the Remove passage. He was busy in Study No. 7 for a few minutes, and then he repaired to Study No. 1. And after that William George Bunter went downstairs to hang about till Loder came in—with news for the bully of the Sixth, and quite a definite hope of bagging the coveted half-crown.

Peter Todd returned to Study No. 7 and his legal lore. But every now and then Peter burst into a chuckle as he

worked—apparently in enjoyment of some joke, which most certainly was not to be found in the legal volumes he was studying.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

A Very Startling Discovery!

"I SAY, Loder—"

"Well?" snapped Loder.

The bully of the Sixth was not in a good temper. Loder had been at football practice. He was ambitious of getting into Greyfriars First, but his ambition was not likely to be realised. Too many cigarettes in the privacy of his study had their natural effect on Loder, and he was short of wind on the football field. And Wingate, the Greyfriars captain, did not conceal his opinion that Loder's form was "rotten."

Bunter had waylaid him in the Sixth Form passage as he came in, but he approached him warily. Loder was as likely as not to give him a cuff, not because he deserved it, but simply because he was near at hand.

"I—I've something to report, Loder!" murmured the Owl of the Remove.

Loder's expression changed.

"Come into the study!" he said briefly.

Billy Bunter followed him into his study.

"About Wharton?" asked the prefect.

"Ye-e-es."

"Go ahead!" said Loder, quite amicably.

"I—I suppose I ought to tell you," said Bunter. "It—it's a rather serious thing for a fellow to have a whole box of cigarettes in his study, isn't it, Loder?"

Loder's eyes gleamed.

"You've seen them?"

"Yes."

"In Study No. 1?"

"Yes. They—they're hidden."

"How do you know they are there if they are hidden?" asked Loder. "Have you been searching the study?"

"Well, I've kept my eyes open," said Bunter. "You told me to, you know. Wharton's gone over to Highcliffe this afternoon."

"I see." Loder smiled. "Where are the cigarettes hidden?"

"In the tea-caddy."

"My hat!"

"There's a whole box—thirty or forty at least," said Bunter. "I—I say, Loder, about that half-crown?"

"What half-crown?" asked Loder, staring at him.

"You were going to—to lend me half-a-crown."

"We'll talk about that afterwards," said Loder. "I must look into this matter now. You're sure you've made no mistake, Bunter? You've actually seen the box of cigarettes hidden in the tea-caddy in Wharton's study?"

"With my own eyes," said Bunter.

"Good—I mean, this is pretty serious. Mind, it will be serious for you, too, if you're making a mistake. It is my duty to report this."

"But about the half-crown?"

Loder did not reply to that. He left the study and hurried away to the Remove passage with a gleam in his eyes. He had no doubt that Bunter's information was correct; but he felt that he had better see with his own eyes before taking further steps. He strode into Study No. 1 and looked round.

The tea-caddy was kept in the study cupboard, and Loder looked in. He

opened the caddy and uttered an exclamation of great satisfaction.

There was some tea in the caddy, and on the tea lay a box of cigarettes, evidently placed there for concealment. The box was partly open, and a row of Virginia cigarettes could be seen.

"Oh, good!" ejaculated Loder.

He did not remove the cigarettes. This was proof which even Mr. Quelch could not doubt, and Mr. Quelch was going to see it with his own eyes. Loder chuckled at the thought of its effect upon him. The Remove master was going to know, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that Wharton had pulled his majestic leg. Loder strode out of the study and changed the key to the outside of the lock.

"Hallo, Loder!" It was Peter Todd's voice. "Looking for anybody?"

Loder did not trouble to reply; he locked the door on the outside and slipped the key into his pocket.

Peter Todd watched that proceeding in surprise.

"What are you looking up Wharton's study for, Loder?" he inquired.

Loder smiled grimly.

"That study is going to remain just as it is until Mr. Quelch comes," he answered.

And Loder of the Sixth walked away with the key in his pocket. Peter stared after him dumbfounded.

"My only hat! He's calling in Quelch!" murmured Peter blankly.

"I say, Peter, he hasn't shelled out the half-crown!" said Bunter dismally. "And—and he won't afterwards, will he?"

Peter chuckled.

"I fancy not, old fat top! But it's all right, tubby. If you had taken the half-crown from Loder, I was going to thrash you with a cricket-stump!"

"Oh, really, Toddy—"

Loder of the Sixth, in a state of great elation, tapped at the door of Mr. Quelch's study. Mr. Quelch was busy on the literary work to which he devoted most half-holidays, and his typewriter was clicking when the prefect entered. The Form-master, interrupted in the full flow of literary composition, glanced round far from amiably.

"What is it, Loder?" he asked.

"I'm afraid I must interrupt you, sir," said Loder coolly. "It's rather a serious matter."

"You may proceed, Loder."

"The other day, sir, I had to report Wharton to you for smoking in the woodshed—"

"That matter is closed."

"Excuse me, sir, it is not," said Loder coolly. "I stated my opinion at the time that Wharton was deceiving you. I have now something fresh to report which proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that Wharton was guilty on that occasion."

"I will listen to you, Loder. Proceed."

"I desire you to accompany me, sir, to Wharton's study," said Loder. "I received certain information to-day, and went to that study to investigate. I found a large box of cigarettes concealed in a tea-caddy in the cupboard. I have left them just as they are, without even touching them, for you to see with your own eyes. I took the precaution of locking the study door, in order that this evidence may not be removed before you can see it."

Mr. Quelch compressed his lips.

"If the matter is as you state, Loder, it is very serious indeed. I shall certainly make an investigation."

The Remove master rose reluctantly from the typewriter. Loder handed him the key of Study No. 1.

In silence Mr. Quelch proceeded to the Remove passage, with Loder at his heels. Outside Study No. 1 in the Remove quite a number of juniors had gathered. Peter Todd and Vernon-Smith, Tom Brown and Hazeldene, Squiff and Fisher T. Fish, and four or five other Removites, were there, and they were all looking expectant. Mr. Quelch glanced at them, and was a little puzzled to see so many smiling faces. Loder gave them a glare.

Mr. Quelch unlocked the door of Study No. 1 and entered. The prefect followed him in.

"Now look out for the merry circus!" murmured Peter Todd. "This is where we smile!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence, there, please!" rapped out Mr. Quelch from the study.

"Oh, certainly, sir!"

And the Removites subdued their chuckles. Loder threw open the door of the study cupboard and revealed the tea-caddy.

Mr. Quelch raised the lid, and the box of cigarettes was disclosed. The Form-master, with a grave and startled face, lifted out the box, and laid it on the study table.

Loder's eyes were almost dancing.

"What do you think now, sir?" he asked.

"What can I think?" snapped Mr. Quelch. "Bless my soul! There must be two or three dozen cigarettes in this box. I shall take possession of this, Loder, and place the whole matter before the Head. Where is Wharton now?"

"I think the boy is out of gates at present, sir," said Loder. "Shall I send him to you when he comes in?"

"Please do."

Mr. Quelch, with a troubled and angry countenance, picked up the box of cigarettes to take them away. Peter Todd stepped into the doorway of the study.

"Excuse me, sir—" he began.

"Do you know anything about this, Todd?" asked the Remove master, fixing a stern look on Peter.

"Yes, sir. May I suggest, sir, that you open the box before taking it away?" said Peter Todd demurely.

Mr. Quelch looked at him very hard. There was a ripple of laughter from the passage outside.

"Why do you make that suggestion, Todd?" asked the Remove master very quietly.

"Because the owner's name is inside, sir," said Peter.

"The owner? The owner must be Wharton or Nugent, Todd."

"Not at all, sir. The name is in the box."

"I do not understand this," said Mr. Quelch abruptly. "I will, however, open the box."

He proceeded to do so. Loder stared at Peter, quite at a loss to understand his intervention. Only he had an uneasy misgiving that something, somehow, was wrong. The persistent chortling in the passage seemed to indicate that the merry Removites were in possession of a joke of some kind, and Loder could not see where the joke came in—yet.

Mr. Quelch turned the cigarettes out in a heap on the table. Among them there rolled out a small square of cardboard, upon which something was written. Mr. Quelch picked it up in amazement and looked at it, and then the expression that came over his face was extraordinary.

"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated.

"What—" began the amazed Loder.

"Loder!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"What—what—what—"

"Look at that, sir!" shouted the Form-master.

He almost hurled the card at Loder. Loder caught it, and blinked at it. Then he nearly fell down. For upon the card was written, in capital letters:

"DEAR LODER.—PLEASE EXCUSE US FOR BORROWING THESE SMOKE FROM YOUR STUDY. YOU'LL FIND THEM ALL HERE. WE'RE NOT PREFECTS, AND WE DON'T SMOKE! LET US KNOW WHEN YOU'RE COMING SPYING AGAIN, WON'T YOU?"

"WITH KIND REGARDS FROM THE REMOVE."

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Bunter's Reward!

L ODER stood dumbfounded.

He could scarcely believe his eyes.

That that box of Virginia cigarettes had been abstracted from his own study before it was placed in Wharton's tea-caddy had never occurred to him for a single instant. It was about the last thought that would have been likely to enter his mind.

But evidently it was so.

Mr. Quelch's gimlet eyes were fixed upon Gerald Loder accusingly. He understood now the cause of those smiling

faces in the Remove passage, and of the ripple of merriment outside the study.

"So these cigarettes, Loder, are your property?" thundered Mr. Quelch.

Loder gasped for breath.

"I—I— Oh—ah—I— Certainly not!" he stuttered.

"Then what does this mean?"

"I—I—I—"

Loder was too utterly dumbfounded to speak clearly, or to think clearly. He could only splutter.

Mr. Quelch turned a severe glance upon the demure countenance of Peter Todd.

"Todd, you had a hand in this, I presume?"

"Yes, sir," said Peter cheerfully.

"You have played a trick upon me, it appears."

"Not upon you, sir," said Peter quickly. "I—I never thought that Loder would be ass enough to bring you into it, sir. I thought he would find the smokes when he came spying—"

"Todd!"

"Hem! I mean, investigating, sir. I thought he would find them, and find the message in the box," explained Peter. "I meant to pull his silly leg, sir, as a warning not to come spying in the Remove passage."

"Ha, ha, ha!" came in a roar from outside the study.

"Silence!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "Todd, you should not play such—such absurd practical jokes. But, from what is written here, am I to understand that these cigarettes are Loder's property, and were taken from his study for this purpose?"

Peter was silent.

He had never intended to give Loder's



"Then you, Penfold, as well as those depraved boys, have been guilty of drinking this vile liquor?" stuttered Mr. Quelch. ("Drinking it? Oh, no, sir! I use it in the dark-room!" said Penfold cheerfully. "It's hypo, sir!")

"Ha, ha, ha!" came in a yell from the onlookers. (See Chapter 10.)

little manners and customs away to a master in the school. It was Loder himself who had done it by his eagerness in calling in Mr. Quelch.

Loder's face was a study now.

He realised how egregiously he had put his foot in it, and how utterly his leg had been pulled. He did not even believe himself now that the box of cigarettes belonged to Wharton; he knew that they were the box he kept in his own study. He simply did not know what to say, and his face crimsoned under the searching gaze of the Remove master.

"Are these cigarettes your property, Loder?" asked Mr. Quelch, as Peter did not answer.

"N-n-no! Certainly not!" stammered Loder.

"Todd says—"

"It—it isn't true!" Loder spluttered. "Certainly they are not mine! I hope, sir, that you do—do not suppose that I, a prefect, would be guilty of breaking the rules of the school."

"I trust not," said Mr. Quelch very dryly. "But it is obvious now that the cigarettes do not belong to Wharton, and were not kept here by him. Todd placed them here, to be found by you. That is the case, Todd?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell me where you obtained them."

"I—I never thought you would see that note in the box, sir," stammered Peter. "It was only intended for Loder, when he found the smokes, to show him his silly leg was pulled. I—I didn't know he was going to call you in—"

"Quite so! But you have not answered my question. You state in this note that the cigarettes belong to Loder. Is that true or false?"

"True, sir."

"You obtained them in his study?"

"Yes, sir."

"This is very serious, Loder," said Mr. Quelch. "Of your persistent and groundless suspicions of Wharton, which have led you to be fooled in this ridiculous manner, I will say nothing. But it transpires that you, whose duty it is to see that the rules are kept, are yourself a breaker of those rules."

"I—I deny it, sir!" stammered Loder. "Todd is—is speaking falsely in saying that those smokes were in my study."

Toddy gave a shrug.

"I'm sorry, Loder!" he said. "I never meant to give you away. You did it yourself. You should have looked in the box—"

"That will do, Todd!" said Mr. Quelch severely. "Kindly tell me how you knew that you could find cigarettes in Loder's study? What reason had you to suppose that there were any such articles in Loder's possession?"

"Well, sir—hem!—all the fellows know—ahem!—"

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

"It is false, sir!" said Loder desperately. "I'm willing to take the matter before the Head if you choose. I—I admit that Wharton does—does not appear to be guilty in this instance. It is a practical joke of that young scoundrel. But, of course, he bought the cigarettes for the purpose."

Mr. Quelch looked long and hard at Gerald Loder. He did not believe the prefect's denial for one moment, but he realised that if the matter was taken before the Head, Loder would brazen it out to the last. He gathered up the cigarettes quietly.

"Come with me, Loder!" he said abruptly. "Todd, you will take two hundred lines for playing such a trick on a prefect. Come, Loder!"

Mr. Quelch rustled away, and the hapless bully of the Sixth followed him. They left the Remove passage in a roar.

"Two hundred lines!" grinned Peter Todd. "Well, it was worth it—worth two thousand, by gum, to make Loder sit up like that!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Removites yelled with merriment as Loder sneaked away at the Remove master's heels. And when the Famous Five came in from their cycle spin and heard the news they roared till Study No. 1 echoed and re-echoed.

Meanwhile, Loder of the Sixth was undergoing a lecture from Mr. Quelch in the latter's study—what the juniors called a "royal jaw."

Mr. Quelch, at considerable length, addressed Loder on the subject of prefects who broke rules which they punished juniors for breaking, and who committed the sins they were appointed to punish and prevent.

Loder kept it up feebly that he was willing to go before the Head; but he was in such dread of being taken at his word that he gave Mr. Quelch his head, as it were, and listened to that royal jaw with great patience.

When he escaped from Mr. Quelch's study at last there were beads of perspiration on Gerald Loder's brow, and he was feeling almost faint.

He almost limped back into the Sixth Form passage. His feelings towards Harry Wharton, whom he regarded as the cause of all the trouble, were quite Hunnish. Instead of nailing the captain of the Remove, he had brought his own little peccadilloes to light—a result of his campaign that was not at all grateful or comforting.

But he forgot even Wharton as he entered his study and found William George Bunter there. He gave the Owl of the Remove a deadly look.

Bunter, apparently, had come for the half-crown.

The fat Owl had reasoned it out that Loder didn't know that he had a hand in Peter's jape. Bunter had told him he had seen a box of cigarettes in Wharton's tea-caddy. Well, so he had. Loder had no right to suppose that Bunter knew more than that of the affair. He was doubtful about the half-crown; but it was past tea-time, and Bunter was hungry, so he had come to Loder's study on a forlorn hope, as it were. He gave Loder his most ingratiating blink.

"Oh!" said Loder. "You!"

He spoke so quietly that Bunter was reassured.

"Little me," said the fat Owl cheerily. "I say, Loder, it's turned out rather a frost. Fancy Toddy playing a trick like that!"

"You didn't know, of course?" said Loder still quietly. "You weren't leading me by the nose and rinking a fool of me?"

"Oh, no! Certainly not! I wouldn't!" said Bunter. "I knew it would make you wild; I told Toddy so. I refused to have a hand in it, Loder—I never knew anything about it, in fact. I wasn't in the study when Toddy was writing that card to put in the box. I didn't see him put it into the tea-caddy in Wharton's study. I told him plainly that if he was going to jape you, Loder, I wouldn't have a hand in it. As for coming here with him to find the cigarettes, I'd never have done such a thing, Loder. Besides, I only stood in the passage to watch while he was hunting for them. I—I say, Loder, what are you going to—do with that cane?"

Loder did not answer. He let his actions speak for themselves.

Swish, swish!

"Whooooo!" roared Bunter, as his fat shoulders caught the cane. "Ow! Wow! I say, Loder, I don't want the half-crown at— Oh, my hat! Yah!"

Swish, swish, swish!

"Beast! Yarcooh! Fire! Help! Murder!" yelled Bunter.

He dodged wildly to the door. Loder followed him, still swishing, and the cane fairly rang round Bunter as he escaped from the study and fled. The Owl of the Remove fled, roaring, down the passage, and Loder kicked the door shut after him, feeling a little solaced.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Simply Awful!

"WHEREFORE that frowning brow, O chief?"

Bob Cherry asked that question a day or two later humorously. Certainly there was a frown on the brow of Harry Wharton. The captain of the Remove was, in fact, looking cross.

"It's getting too thick!" growled Wharton. "I'm fed up with Loder and his foolery. The silly chump still thinks it was I smoking in the wood-shed the other day, and the howling ass is still trying to catch me out. Somebody's been rooting in this study!"

"Loder searching for evidence!" grinned Bob.

Wharton nodded.

"It must have been Loder, of course," he said. "The things in the table drawer have all been turned over. I suppose the shrieking idiot hoped to find cigarettes or cigars, or a bottle of whisky hidden there. By Jove, if I'd caught him at it I'd have buzzed something at his silly head! It's getting too thick!"

"Zeal, Mr. Easy!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Poor old Loder! Still on the jolly old trail, and only discovering mares' nests, when he discovers anything at all. I should have thought he'd be fed up after the way Toddy pulled his silly leg the other day."

"Well, I'm getting fed up!" granted Wharton. "I feel more inclined to pull his nose than to pull his leg."

"His leg will do, and I'm going to show you how!" chuckled Bob. "Look at that!"

"What the thump—"

Bob Cherry produced a bottle from under his jacket, and stood it on the study table. Wharton stared at it. It was a whisky-bottle, and the label stated that it contained "MacTavish's Highland Whisky."

"It's Pen's," explained Bob Cherry. "You know Penfold is a giddy photographer. He keeps some of his jolly old chemicals in that bottle. I've bagged it from the dark-room."

"What on earth for?"

"Evidence," said Bob coolly. "Loder's failed in tracking out the smokes. But he'd be gladder to find this study falling into drinking habits than smoking fags. You're going to be a secret drinker."

"You ass!" exclaimed Wharton, laughing. "Even Loder wouldn't be fool enough to suspect me of drinking whisky."

"My belief is that Loder is fool enough for anything. Anyhow, we can but try and put his merry intellect to the test."

"N. G.," said Harry. "If Loder found that bottle in the study, he would jolly well look into it before he reported to

Quelch. And he would find hypo in it."

"He's not going to find it in the study. He's going to catch you smuggling whisky into the school."

"What?"

"Listen, and I will a tale unfold," said Bob.

Wharton listened — doubtfully at first, as Bob unfolded his tale. But he chuckled as Robert Cherry proceeded with his explanation.

"It will work," Bob concluded. "And, after this, even Loder will be fed-up, I think. He's a hog, and never knows when he's had enough; but—"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"We'll try it on!" he said.

A little later Harry Wharton sauntered down to the gates. He had spotted Loder in the quadrangle; and he was well aware that Loder's eye was upon him. Two or three times, of late, when Wharton had gone out of gates, Loder of the Sixth had appeared in the offing—obviously "keeping an eye" on the suspected junior. Loder's fixed belief was that there was something to be discovered, and that it was only a question of time and persistence before he succeeded in showing up Harry Wharton in his true colours, as he deemed it. Defeat only made the bully of the Sixth more keen; he would have given a term's pocket-money to catch Wharton out, and he was getting into the habit of giving the captain of the Remove his most particular attention. Wharton glanced over his shoulder, and gave a slightly dramatic start as he saw Loder strolling after him, and broke into a run and disappeared out of gates.

Loder sauntered to the gateway and looked after him. Wharton was heading for Friardale at a good speed. He looked back several times before he vanished behind a bend of the lane.

Loder of the Sixth stood in the gateway, looking very thoughtful. It was obvious that there was something very surreptitious in the manner of the junior. Was it his chance at last? Loder was still in the gateway, when four juniors arrived there, and he heard a whisper behind him:

"I—I say, Loder's there!"

Loder glanced round. Bob Cherry, Nugent, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh were exchanging glances. Bob moved towards the prefect.

"Waiting for anybody, Loder?" he asked.

"Mind your own business!"

Bob Cherry coughed, and rejoined his chums. They proceeded to whisper together, and Loder strained his ears to catch the whispering—without success. Then three of the juniors went back towards the house, and Bob walked out of gates.

"Cherry!" rapped out Loder.

"Yes," said Bob, turning back.

"Where are you going?"

"Only for a stroll towards Friardale," said Bob innocently.

Loder's eyes gleamed.

"Go in at once!" he said.

"I—I want—"

"Never mind what you want," said Loder coolly. "You're to go in and stay within gates."

Bob Cherry hesitated, and then, with a troubled face, obeyed. Loder of the Sixth smiled grimly. If Bob had intended to warn Wharton that the prefect was on the watch, the warning would not be given now. In quite a



Loder marched into the dormitory, followed by the Head and Mr. Quelch. "You can see for yourself, sir," said Loder. "Wharton, Cherry, and Hurree Singh have broken bounds!" "I see!" said the Head. "Mr. Quelch, this is amazing!" (See Chapter 12.)

cheery mood, Loder wasted his time waiting for the captain of the Remove to return. He had very little doubt that when Wharton turned up, he would be the bearer of something forbidden—cigarettes, in all probability. He smiled as he saw Wharton coming up the road at last.

"Wharton!" he rapped out, as the junior was coming in.

Wharton walked past him, apparently deaf.

"Wharton!" shouted Loder.

"Yes, Loder."

"What is that you have under your jacket?"

"It—it—it's only a—a bottle!" stammered Wharton.

"A bottle, is it?" said Loder grimly.

"Well, let me see it."

"I—I—"

Loder grasped the junior by the shoulder, and jerked the packet from over the concealed article. He gave a jump as he saw a full-sized whisky-bottle, the label of which bore the inscription:

"MACTAVISH'S HIGHLAND WHISKY."

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Loder, really shocked at the discovery. With all his deep suspicions, he had never suspected Wharton of depravity so pronounced as this. "You young scoundrel! Give me that bottle!"

Wharton wrenched himself away.

"Look here, Loder—"

"Give it to me!" roared Loder.

He clutched at the junior again, and Wharton dodged him, and broke into a run towards the School House. Loder dashed in pursuit.

Wharton put on speed, and he was a good runner. He was on the steps of the School House before Loder reached him. There the prefect's grasp fell like a vice on his shoulder.

"Let go!" roared Wharton.

"You young scoundrel—" gasped Loder.

"Let me alone, you bully!" shouted the captain of the Remove.

Mr. Quelch's study door opened. He had heard that shout; he would have had to be stone deaf not to hear it.

"What is this?" exclaimed the Remove master sharply.

"I was about to bring this junior to you, sir," said Loder. "A very serious matter, sir—"

"Really, Loder," snapped Mr. Quelch, "it appears to me that you are actually persecuting this boy in my Form. I have heard enough, Loder, of your unfounded accusations against Wharton."

"Very well, sir," said Loder, with sarcastic humility, "if you prefer it, sir. I will take Wharton to the Head. A junior who is found smuggling whisky into the school must be dealt with."

Mr. Quelch almost staggered.

"Whisky!" he said faintly.

"He has it on him now, and is trying to conceal it under his jacket," said Loder coolly. "I have seen the bottle—indeed, you can see it yourself, sir."

"Wharton!" Mr. Quelch's voice would have been described by Hurree

NEXT MONDAY!

"BUNTER'S LAWSUIT!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.
By FRANK RICHARDS.
THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 766.

Jamet Ram Singh—justly—as "terrific," "Boy! Is it possible? Give me the bottle at once!"

"Yes, sir," said Wharton meekly.

There was a crowd around the spot by this time, and there was a general gasp of horrified amazement as Harry Wharton handed to his Form-master the bottle that was labelled "MacTavish's Highland Whisky."

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Not Guilty!

MR. QUELCH took the bottle mechanically. It was nearly full of liquor, but had evidently been opened. Doubtless the depraved young rascal had taken a "swig" on his way home—that, at least, was how Loder looked at it. There was a hush. All eyes were on the bottle, with its tell-tale label.

"Good heavens!" said Mr. Quelch faintly. Loder endeavoured to conceal his elation, though it bubbled up in spite of him. This was the sack; caning or flogging would not meet a case like this. It was the sack for Harry Wharton, and, so far as Loder could see, there was no escape for him this time.

"I may say, sir, that I have had suspicions of this," said Loder, gravely. "I ought to tell you, sir, that I saw Wharton leaving the school in a very suspicious manner, and decided to question him when he came in. One of his friends made an attempt to go out and warn him. I put a stop to that, of course, and waited for Wharton to return."

"Bless my soul!" "At least four other juniors are concerned in this," said Loder. "They are all present. Cherry, Bull, Nugent, and the Indian boy."

"It is incredible!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "Wharton, I—I—I am more shocked than I can say! You—you actually purchased this—this vile liquid in the village—"

"Yes, sir. I—I don't think it's vile, sir," said Wharton respectfully. "I—I think it's quite good, sir."

"Boy, how dare you!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "Cherry—Bull—did you know that Wharton was bringing this—this stuff into the school?"

"Certainly, sir," said Bob Cherry.

"We didn't see any harm in it, sir," said Johnny Bull.

"We all knew, sir," said Nugent.

"The knowfulness was great, honoured sahib," murmured the Nabob of Bhanipur. "But the harmfulness was not terrific."

"Wharton, I scarcely know what to say to you! You are aware, of course, that you will be expelled from Greyfriars for this offence?"

"I, sir?"

"Certainly!" thundered Mr. Quelch. "Do you affect to believe that a boy is allowed to smuggle intoxicating liquor into the school?"

"Oh, no, sir!" said Harry. "I should think that a fellow who did that, sir, ought to be kicked out at once!"

"I am glad you see it in that light," said Mr. Quelch dryly. "Now, Wharton, answer me truthfully. Have you ever done this before?"

"Only once, sir," said Harry. "Penfold asked me—"

"Penfold! Is Penfold here? Come forward, Penfold! Is it the truth that you have on any occasion asked Wharton to bring this horrible stuff into the school?"

Penfold came forward. "Yes, sir," he answered, with a calmness that simply astounded the hushed crowd of Greyfriars fellows. "Once, sir—"

"Then you, as well as these depraved boys, have been guilty of drinking this vile liquor?" stuttered Mr. Quelch.

"Drinking it? Oh, no, sir!"

"What! For what reason is it brought into the school, then, if not to be consumed? Do not prevaricate, Penfold!"

"I use it in the dark-room, sir."

"In the dark-room? Do you mean to say that the dark-room is used for such orgies—"

"Oh, my hat! I—I mean, no, sir! Not at all, sir! But—but there's no harm in hypo—"

"In what?"

"Hypo, sir."

Mr. Quelch jumped.

"Does not this bottle contain whisky, Wharton?" he exclaimed.

"Certainly not, sir!"

"Then—then what does it contain?" almost howled Mr. Quelch.

"Hypo, sir."

"Ha, ha, ha!" came in a yell from the whole crowd of onlookers.

Mr. Quelch stood for a moment or two as if he were turned to stone.

Loder caught his breath.

"It is false!" he gasped. "A—a—a palpable falsehood—"

"If it is a falsehood, Loder, the fact can easily be proved!" said Mr. Quelch in a grating voice. "Penfold, is it your custom to use a whisky-bottle to contain the—the fluid you speak of?"

"Yes, sir—any old bottle will do," said Penfold. "Bottles cost money, sir, and I haven't too much money. The photographer in Friarale gave me that bottle for nothing last term."

Mr. Quelch, with a grim face, removed the cork from the bottle. He poured out a little of the liquid it contained into a flower-pot. Whatever it was, it obviously was not whisky.

"Wharton," said the Remove master very quietly, "you fetched this—this fluid from the photographer's for Penfold for his—his photographic work?"

"Yes, sir!" said Harry cheerfully.

"You may give it to Penfold."

"Thank you, sir!"

"Penfold, I advise you to scrape that label off the bottle and to substitute another."

"Certainly, sir," said Penfold demurely.

"Wharton, I am sorry that I have been misled—that I was induced by appearances to suppose you for a moment guilty of a depravity of which I am assured you are incapable. You may go."

"Thank you, sir!" said Harry.

"Loder, step into my study! I have to speak to you very seriously!"

Loder of the Sixth limped into the study after Mr. Quelch. The crowd broke up, with a ripple of chuckling. But Loder of the Sixth was not feeling inclined to chuckle.

"Loder," said Mr. Quelch in his grimmest tone, "you have made a fool of yourself! What is more serious, you have made me look foolish before a crowd of Lower boys! There is no doubt in my mind that these boys were aware that you were watching Wharton, anxious to catch him in a fault, and that this was deliberately planned. It was not by chance that the boy was bringing hypo into the school in a whisky-bottle just when you were prepared to search him. I cannot punish the juniors for this; they have acted within their rights. You have brought ridicule upon yourself and upon me! Loder, I refuse to hear any more of your ridiculous reports on the subject of Wharton—one of the best and most upright boys in the school! I trust, sir, that you will feel ashamed of yourself, and of your foolish and wicked suspicions! If there is any more of this I shall ask the Head to deal with you, and represent to him that it is injudicious to allow you to remain a prefect!"

"I—I—" stuttered Loder.

"Not a word!" snapped Mr. Quelch. "Go! And I hope, Loder, that you will have the grace to apologise to Wharton!"

Loder almost staggered out of the study. He went to his own quarters, looking, as Skinner remarked, like a "demon in a pantomime." And he did not have the grace to apologise to Wharton!

In the Remove passage there was laughter loud and long. Once more Loder of the Sixth had put his foot in it—more egregiously than ever. And the chums of the Remove wondered whether Loder was fed-up yet.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

At Last!

I WON'T come!"

"Pooh! What's the risk?"

"Well, we might be missed from the dorm, for one thing—"

"Who's going to look into the dorm at eleven o'clock?"

"Well, it might happen. I'm jolly well not going to chance it!"

"If you're going to funk it, Nugent—"

"Look here, Wharton—"

Loder caught his breath. It was nearly a week since the hapless affair of the bottle of hypo; but Loder of the Sixth, so far from being fed-up as the Famous Five expected, was keener than ever. Apparently he considered it up to him to avenge his many defeats.

At all events, he was devoting an amount of attention to the captain of the Remove that Wharton found far from agreeable. It was unpleasant to feel himself always under a watching eye.

He had nothing to conceal, so far as that went; but it was unpleasant, all the same. It was annoying, for Loder's obvious belief in his shadiness was an insult. Wharton grew more and more restive under the surveillance. Loder had even gone to the length sometimes of tiptoeing into the Remove passage and opening the door of Study No. 1 suddenly, doubtless in the hope of discovering a smoking-party there. He never discovered one; but, as the poet has remarked, "hope springs eternal in the human breast." Sooner or later Loder felt that he would catch Wharton out, and then his long, long trail would be justified. Even Mr. Quelch would have to admit that he had been in the right.

Loder's investigating-spying, the juniors would have called it—never seemed to slumber. At the most unexpected moments Wharton would see Loder loom up in the offing. And the bully of the Sixth was not at all particular in his methods. He was as ready as Billy Bunter to play the eaves-dropper if it served his turn.

That was his noble occupation at the present moment. He had seen Wharton and Nugent walk into the cloisters, a rather secluded quarter. That was enough for Loder. After a score of disappointments, he still hoped for the best—or, rather, for the worst. He dodged among the stone pillars in the wake of the two juniors.

When he heard their voices, he drew closer, very cautiously. He was rather surprised to hear them in dispute, but as he began to gather the purport of the conversation, he listened with almost bated breath, and a vengeful glitter in his eyes.

Obviously, from what was said, Wharton was proposing to break school bounds at night, and Nugent demurred at the risk.

"Funk!" said Wharton, in a sharp, angry tone. "We've done it before, and it was all right."

"Suppose Loder smelt a rat—"

"Oh, Loder's a fool—he wouldn't suspect anything of the kind."

The listener gritted his teeth. He would show Wharton, later on, whether Loder was an unsuspicious fool!

"Well, I won't come," said Nugent. "It's too risky, I say. We shouldn't be back till after midnight—"

"I tell you it's safe enough. Bob's coming, and Hurree Singh. If you come, Bull will come, too, and we'll make a party of it. Don't be a funk."

"Oh, cheese it!" snapped Nugent. "It's not funky, I think, to want to keep clear of the sack. It means the push if we're found out."

"We weren't found out last time, or the time before."

"I know that. But—"

"Anyhow, I'm going," said Wharton, in a sulky tone. "They expect me to-night, and there's no time to let them know if I chuck it up. Look here, if you're not coming—"

"I'm not!"

"Then you can lend me some tin."

"For you to lose at nap, as you've lost your own," sneered Nugent.

"If I lose it, I'll square, and you know it. But I believe my luck will turn this time."

"Oh, rot!"

"Look here, Frank Nugent! Will you lend me ten bob till to-morrow, if you funk coming out after lights-out to-night?"

"No, I won't! I think—"

"Then you can go and eat coke!"

Wharton strode away, with that.

"Harry!" called out Nugent.

The captain of the Remove did not turn his head. He tramped away by himself back to the quad.

"Dash it all, I wish he wouldn't go!" Nugent muttered aloud. "Anyhow, I'm not going to have him losing my money as well as his own."

And with a troubled and thoughtful brow, Frank Nugent walked slowly away. From the stone pillars Loder glanced after him, grinning.

Nugent had said that the expedition would be risky. He little dreamed how risky it really was—now Loder knew!

The bully of the Sixth gave the juniors plenty of time to get clear before he left the Cloisters. They were not to be allowed to suspect that he had overheard. As a dutiful prefect, Loder might have been expected to nip in the bud the rascality he had heard them planning. But that was not the dutiful Loder's intention at all. Wharton should break bounds after lights-out, as he planned—Loder would not have prevented him for worlds. But he would not get back to the Remove dormitory undiscovered. When he returned after his orgy, he would find the school authorities prepared to receive him—with a warm reception. Loder chuckled almost explosively at the thought.

But this time Loder meant to be very, very careful. He was not going to run the slightest risk. He would visit the Remove dormitory at half-past eleven, and ascertain with his own eyes whether the young rascals were absent. Then he would call the Head.

Loder looked very cheerful that afternoon. He felt that he held his enemy, at last, in the hollow of his hand; and that was quite exhilarating. He gave the Famous Five some attention later on, and noted that Wharton and Nugent were not together, as usual. They passed each other in the passage in Loder's presence, and did not speak or glance at one another. Evidently there was a rift in the lute, following the dispute in the Cloisters.

Wingate saw lights out for the Remove that night; and Wingate certainly did not notice anything unusual or suspicious. But Wingate was not gifted with Loder's amazing keenness. He turned out the lights, and left the dormitory without an inkling of what was on—if anything was on.

After he was gone there was a chuckle from Bob Cherry's bed.

"All O.K., you chaps, what?" chuckled Bob.

"I think so," said Wharton. "But mum's the word. Walls have ears, since Loder started on the warpath."

"Right-ho!" agreed Bob.

"Speech is silvery, but silence is the cracked pitcher that goes longest to the well," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, is anything on?" asked Billy Bunter. "I say, if it's a dormitory spread, I'm going to keep awake."

"It isn't, Fatty."

"Then what is it?" demanded the Owl of the Remove.

"Bow-wow!"

The buzz of voices died away in the Remove dormitory at last. Slumber, or, at least, silence, reigned there.

Meanwhile, Loder of the Sixth was smoking a cigarette in his study in a happy and contented mood. He watched the hands of the clock, and grew more and more cheerful as the hour of eleven approached. But he did not stir till half-past eleven.

Nearly all Greyfriars was in bed at that hour. Loder would have been in bed himself, but for the important business on hand. The young rascals of the Remove had had plenty of time to get clear now. All Loder had to do was to ascertain that they were gone, and then call in the Head. He smiled quite brightly as he left his study at last.

All was silent in the Remove dormitory as Loder approached that apartment. He opened the door and switched on the electric light. Eagerly his glance swept along the row of white beds.

Three of them were vacant. Loder's eyes glittered, and he advanced into the dormitory. A dozen juniors awakened in the light, and blinked in sleepy surprise at the prefect.

"Hallo, what's the row?" yawned Nugent.

"Nugent, where is Wharton?" demanded Loder.

"Eh? Isn't he in bed?"

"You know he is not, Nugent. Where is Cherry? Where is Hurree Singh?"

"They ought to be in bed—"

"I say, you fellows, Wharton's gone out!" gasped Billy Bunter. "Gone on the giddy tiles! He, he, he!"

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Squiff.

All the Remove were awake now. The juniors sat up in bed, staring in blank astonishment at the three beds that should have been tenanted by Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"I—I say, it's all right, Loder," said Vernon-Smith. "They can't be gone out of bounds. They're not that sort."

"Impossible!" said Mark Linley.

Loder smiled grimly.

"They're not here," he said. "I am going to call the Head!"

And Loder left the dormitory with the light still on; and in the passage he could not suppress a chuckle of deep satisfaction. It was the hour of his triumph at last.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Fed Up!

THERE was a buzz of amazed voices in the Remove dormitory. The fellows stared at the empty beds as if they could scarcely believe their eyes—as, indeed, they scarcely could. Skinner and Snoop chortled—quite pleased by this demonstration that the captain of the Form was no better than their worthy selves. Johnny Bull and Frank Nugent made no remark; but the rest of the Remove were fairly buzzing with the excitement.

"I say, you fellows, they'll get sacked for this!" said Billy Bunter. "I can't say I'm sorry. It's shocking, ain't it?"

"Bowled out at last!" grinned Skinner.

"I guess it's Wharton for the long jump!" remarked Fisher T. Fish.

"I can't understand it," said the Bounder.

"Here comes the Head!"

There was a hush in the dormitory as Dr. Locke swept in, followed by Mr. Quelch. Loder of the Sixth followed them in, his face composed now into an expression of grave concern. The Head and the Form-master halted by the empty beds. Dr. Locke's face was inexpressibly shocked; the Remove master looked surprised and troubled.

"You see for yourself, sir," said Loder.

"I see," said the Head. "Mr. Quelch, this is amazing—and very shocking. Where can the boys be?"

"Certainly it is a very serious matter, sir," said Mr. Quelch, biting his lip. "But I cannot believe that the matter is as Loder implies. It is, I think, a foolish and reckless escapade, but nothing worse—"

Loder's eyes danced. Mr. Quelch was saying as much as he could for the delinquents. But it was Loder's hour now!

"Excuse me, sir!" said Loder coolly.

"That matter is fairly clear. My suspicions were awakened by some words I heard by chance among the juniors. Wharton stated his intention of breaking bounds to-night for the purpose of gambling."



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"Impossible!"

"He endeavoured to persuade Nugent to accompany him, and Nugent refused on account of the risk," said Loder. "Both of them referred to previous exploits of the same kind."

"If you were aware of those wretched boys' intention, Loder, you should have intervened," said the Head gravely.

"I should have done so, sir, but Mr. Quelch has told me very plainly that he does not trust my reports concerning Wharton," said Loder calmly. "I did not think that Mr. Quelch would take official notice of the matter if I reported it to him."

Mr. Quelch bit his lip very hard.

"Loder!" said the Head reprovingly.

"I am sorry, sir, but such is the case," said Loder, with great relish. "I felt that nothing would convince Mr. Quelch excepting the evidence of his own eyes. I feel bound to say that Mr. Quelch has thrown difficulties in the way of my exposing Wharton in his true colours."

"I have certainly refused to listen to ridiculous reports dictated by a personal dislike of the junior in question!" snapped Mr. Quelch.

"Yet it appears that Loder's suspicions were well-founded," said the Head. "It is nearly midnight, and the three wretched lads are out of bounds. From what Loder states, Nugent should know the facts. Nugent!"

"Yes, sir!" said Frank respectfully.

"Perhaps you will allow me to question him, sir," said Loder. "Nugent, were you and Wharton discussing, this afternoon, in the Cloisters, a project of breaking bounds to-night?"

"Answer, Nugent!" said the Head sternly.

"Yes," said Frank.

"Did Wharton accuse you of funking because you refused to accompany him?"

"Yes."

"Did he ask you to lend him your money, to play at nap at some place out of school bounds, in the hope of winning back what he had lost on a previous occasion?"

"Yes."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the Head, while Mr. Quelch's face was a study.

"I think that is pretty clear, sir," said Loder.

"Unfortunately, too clear," said the Head. "This is a very painful shock to me. Have you anything more to say, Nugent?"

"Only that we knew Loder was listening, sir," said Frank cheerfully.

"Wh-a-t?"

"You see, sir, Loder is always spying on Wharton, trying to catch him," said Nugent, with refreshing coolness. "We've often spotted him at it. We knew he was sneaking after us when we went into the Cloisters, and we gave him his head, sir."

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the Head.

There was a chuckle in the dormitory. Loder's brow grew black.

"Nugent does not dare to deny that the conversation took place as I stated, sir!" he said.

"Not at all," said Nugent. "It's right, every word. We had rehearsed it beforehand."

"Rehearsed it?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"Certainly, sir; all ready to spring it on Loder as soon as we caught him spying and listening."

"Ha, ha, ha!" came in a roar along the row of beds.

"Silence!" exclaimed the Head. "Nugent, am I to understand that the talk Loder refers to was not serious—that it was a practical joke on Loder, because you knew he was—was—was—"

"Eavesdropping, sir," said Nugent. "Certainly. Just a little comedy for Loder's benefit, sir, to teach him to let us alone and keep his dirty suspicions to himself."

"Bless my soul!"

"Then where is Wharton at the present moment?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, a sudden light breaking upon his mind.

"Here, sir!" said an unexpected voice. It proceeded from under Harry Wharton's bed.

"Time to show up, you chaps!" grinned Johnny Bull.

Dr. Locke stared, and Mr. Quelch blinked; and Loder almost fainted as Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh crawled out from underneath their respective beds.

(Continued on page 20.)

LODER'S LONG TRAIL!

(Continued from page 19.)

For a moment there was a dead silence of amazement in the Remove dormitory. Then there was a yell:

"Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Upon my word!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "This—this—"

Loder could not speak. He could only blink at the three juniors as if they were three grisly spectres. Indeed, three of the ghastliest kind of spectres could not have dismayed Loder so much at that moment as the sight of the three grinning heroes of the Remove.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Head. "What—what—what does this—this extraordinary prank mean, Wharton? You—you have not been out of bounds at all."

"No, sir," said Wharton cheerfully. "Unless under the bed is out of bounds, sir!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But why—why—" gasped the Head.

"We did it to please Loder, sir," said Bob Cherry meekly.

"To—to please Loder?"

"Yes, sir! He wanted to catch us, so we gave him a catch."

"The catchfulness was terrific, honoured sahib."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence! This—this is—is inexcusable!" gasped Dr. Locke.

"Sorry, sir!" said Wharton meekly. "Loder's determined to make out that we're a set of young blackguards, and we've decided to keep on pulling his silly leg till he's fed-up."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I might have guessed that it was some absurd practical joke after what has happened before," exclaimed Mr. Quelch, in great relief. "Dr. Locke, I feel it my duty to complain very seriously of Loder's conduct. These boys have acted very thoughtlessly, and have given you trouble; but I must say that it is entirely due to Loder's unjust and ungenerous suspicions, and to the exceedingly questionable methods he sees fit to use—"

Loder almost groaned.

"I—I—I—" he stammered.

"We will go further into this matter to-morrow, Mr. Quelch," said the Head. "Go back to bed at once, you foolish boys!" A smile was lurking round the old gentleman's mouth, which he did not wish the

Removites to see. "Wharton, you should not play absurd tricks like this. It is very—very reprehensible! Loder, I shall speak to you very seriously in the morning! Good-night, my boys!"

"Good-night, sir!"

The door closed after the Head and Mr. Quelch and the unhappy Loder. And then there was a howl of merriment in the dormitory.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton was right. Loder of the Sixth was fed-up—right to the chin, so to speak. Perhaps he even began to doubt the justice of his suspicions. At all events, he realised that the heroes of the Remove were too good for him. What transpired in his interview with the Head the juniors never knew, but they guessed that Loder came very near to losing his prefectship on the just complaint of Mr. Quelch. Certainly that morning the Head's study was the scene of a royal and imperial jaw. After which Loder of the Sixth gave the Famous Five a wide berth—much to the satisfaction of those lively young gentlemen.

THE END.

(There will be another long Greyfriars yarn next week.)



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