

"THE GREYFRIARS FLOOD!" This week's sensational story of Greyfriars School.

No. 833. Vol. XXV.

Week ending January 26th, 1924.

The Magnet 2^d

EVERY MONDAY.

Library

of
School & Detective Stories.



LORD MAULEVERER TAKES IT EASY!

(A diverting incident from this week's long complete story of Harry Wharton & Co., inside.)

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"COKER'S BRAIN-WAVE!"

By Frank Richards.

NEXT week's noteworthy yarn of Greyfriars sees Horace Coker cutting a striking figure. Horace is a conqueror by temperament. He always feels he has it in him to do splendid things. But how often on waking from these dreams of personal aggrandisement does the mighty Coker find himself side-slipping? We see in next Monday's amusing story the curious tactics adopted by Coker in order to induce Blundell to let him play in the Fifth Form eleven. Coker imagines the strong hand will do it. He is mistaken. He hits Blundell, but this is taking the bull by the horns with a vengeance. No bull permits such liberties, even from a famous torcador, and in the same way it cannot be expected that a fellow like Blundell will allow even the strident and dauntless Horace to "come it over him" in this style.

COKER THE CORKER.

It may seem odd, but there it is. Blundell is not at all favourably impressed with the methods of Coker, and as display of force and shock tactics prove abortive, Horace has recourse to different means. There is "another way," as the cookery book says. Talking of cookery, this is not the first "hash" manufactured by the indomitable Horace by any means. What his further programme is you will see when you pick up next week's splendid number of the MAGNET. Coker's policy is deep and subtle. He has a brain. You might not think it, but this is a fact. Monday's story ripples with laughter, but it has some extremely serious moments, also, just as makeweight. Look out for a proper treat.

"A MARKED MAN!"

In the coming issue of the MAGNET you will find the wind-up of Hedley Scott's serial, which has scored a success as marked as the chief character. We hear more of the wireless ray, and of the furious struggle of wits between Jim Blakeney, Jack Drake, and Ferrers Locke, and their opponents, Tiger Sleek, Ronald Swiveller, and the price-less gang of desperadoes. The climax presents as pretty a fight as could be wished, and the curtain is rung down on a dramatic situation which leaves you something to think about. For, in the culmination, as throughout a well-written and engrossing yarn, it is not just the expected that happens. This serial carries the interest at fever heat right bang up to the tape, and you find yourself wishing for more of the same brand.

OUR NEW SERIAL.

And that brings me in the natural order of things to the successor of "A Marked Man." I have been fortunate THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 833.

enough to secure a fresh serial from the pen of the same author, and when you read the opening chapters in the issue of the MAGNET dated February 9th, you will, I feel certain, admit no better choice could have been made.

"THE YELLOW CLAW!"

By Hedley Scott.

What is the Yellow Claw? Is this a romance of the flowery land and the slim Chinks? Well, not exactly, but it manages to hit the mark for rare mystification and closely-packed incident. The writer has selected a theme which is linked up with detective work and the stage, and by deft blending of two subjects which have a fascination for everybody, he has woven a plot second to none we have ever had in the pages of the MAGNET. Say what you will, the stage and its story always grip. It is not merely the glare of the footlights and the lighter side of the Thespian calling. There is something else. The theatre is really the outward expression of much which the whole country thinks and feels. You go to the playhouse to get interpretations of life, and to learn of the genuine meaning of the world. Frankly, I admire the treatment of the theatrical side of things by Mr. Scott. He writes of what he knows, for he, like many of his well-drawn characters, has roamed the land in the train of mummers whose art signifies such a lot to us all. Look out for the start of "The Yellow Claw!"

A "SLANG" SUPPLEMENT!

There has been a great amount of perplexity about slang of late. Hosts of

new and expressive words which fit the case are not properly understood. For this reason Harry Wharton & Co. sail in on Monday with a trim little supplement of the "Greyfriars Herald," in which there will be explanations of the significance of slang. It is a topping number, take my word for it. If space permitted—it does not, so fear nothing—I would add something here, say a column and a half, about the value and the propriety of slang words. These words are needed. Mr. Frank Richards, who is a master of the language, would agree with me. He is out of town at the moment, but I am sure of what I advance. The slang word of yesterday has become the respected and well-recognised term of to-day. A word pops into the language, and some people take it up and ask it to spend a week-end. But heaps of stodgy, ultra-conservative-minded folk will have none of it—not at the start. Then suddenly, one fine day, you find the vocabulary stranger being admitted to the most classy circles, and treated as a welcome guest. You will be thoroughly interested in next week's handling of slang words and how to manage them, etc. It is top-hole.

HOBBIES AND WHAT NOT!

Nowadays I get plenty of letters begging me to introduce a number of side shows, as it were. One reader wants a special stamp column, another is keen on natural history, and so forth. Personally I should like to run in a series of topical and useful articles of the kind, but for the moment lack of space rules out the novelty.

GHOSTS!

An excellent supporter of the MAGNET, who lives in Guernsey, asks me to publish something about ghosts. I will bear this in mind. But be it remembered that ghosts are not on tap, so to speak. It is said they appear, also that they walk, but at best they seem to be fitful, capricious visitants, not affairs to be ordered in at will.

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Strange events have happened at Greyfriars in the past few years, but never before has the fine old school been under water. We get more than a glimpse of how Harry Wharton & Co. manage to carry on under conditions that are "wet," to say the least.



A Magnificent Long Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars. By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Snow!

DO you fellows happen to know—
"The ground's too sloppy for footer," remarked Harry Wharton, glancing casually out of the window of Study No. 1 of the Remove passage.

"Do you fellows happen to know—"
"And it looks like snow," added Frank Nugent thoughtfully.

"Always our blessed luck!" groaned Johnny Bull, glaring up at the overcast skies.

"Our luck is of the esteemed rottenfulness, my worthy chums!" purred the dusky Nabob of Bhanipur.

"I say, you fellows, do you happen to know—"

"Anyhow, we can punt a footer about in the gym for a while," suggested Bob Cherry brightly.

"Good egg!"

"Really, Cherry—"

"Well, Inky and Franky can rake out some of the fellows, and bring them along," said the captain of the Remove, turning towards the study door. "The rest of us will get along and bag the place before anyone else is smitten with the same bright idea."

"I say, you beasts—I mean, you fellows—Wharton, Cherry, Bull! I say—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry in a stentorian voice, pretending to see the fat form of William George Bunter, who had been trying to make himself heard for the past five minutes, for the first time. "Did you speak, Bunter?"

Billy Bunter blinked indignantly at the burly Removite through his big and ugly spectacles, and snorted.

"You know jolly well I did! I've been trying to make myself heard for the past five hours, only you chumps have been jawing!"

"And the voice of the porpoise was

heard in the land!" murmured Nugent sweetly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Nugent—"

"What does the fat tulip want, anyhow?" cut in Harry Wharton, eyeing the Owl of the Remove suspiciously. "It can't be grub, because he's just had tea."

"That makes no difference," murmured Bob Cherry. "A few dozen teas or so pass quite unnoticed by Bunter, I can assure you."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter blinked wrathfully.

"Really, you fellows. I hope I have a mind far above grub at a moment such as this, when the honour of the Form is at stake. As I was saying before I was interrupted, do you fellows happen to know—"

"That your postal-order hasn't turned up, or that one of your titled relatives has died and left you jolly old Bunter Court, and all the Bunter crown jewels?" concluded Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Don't rot, Cherry!" admonished the fat junior, wagging a plump forefinger at the burly Removite. "It is a question of the Form's honour, and I've come to Wharton as the captain of the Remove, to see the Form's concussion ain't besmirched—"

"The Form's concussion—"

"Conwhattashion—"

"What the thump—"

The Famous Five stared first at each other, and then at their fat Form-fellow. The next moment, to Bunter's surprise, they burst into a wild roar of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Great Scott!"

"The esteemed and worthy ass!"

"Escutcheon, you mean, you idiot!"

"Really, you fellows!"

The Owl of the Remove blinked at the juniors with well-assumed contempt. "Very well, Wharton," he said, at

length. "Have it your own way. Anyhow, you can't say I haven't warned you. The honour of the Form is at stake, and you treat it as a joke—"

Harry Wharton looked serious.

"What is it, Billy?" he asked quietly. "If there really is anything in what you have to say, I'm quite ready to listen to it. Go ahead, and let's hear it!"

"Very well," said the Owl of the Remove, apparently mollified. "It's like this. You are playing the Upper Fourth at footer this week, ain't you?"

Wharton nodded.

"Well, as I have been trying to say all along, do you happen to know that the match is as good as won by the Upper Fourth already?"

"What do you mean?" asked five voices at once.

"Exactly what I say," replied Bunter, blinking.

"Expound!"

"Well, it's like this. That match is as good as won already unless you include me in the team!"

"M-m-m-y—"

"Eh?"

"W-w-w-w-what!"

The Famous Five stood almost speechless. Then, with a howl, they hurled themselves on the fat Removite, and propelled him to the study door and out into the passage.

"Yeroooogh! Stoppit!" howled Bunter.

"All together!"

"One, two, three—"

Bump!

The fat form of the Greyfriars Falsstaff descended with no inconsiderable force on the hard and unsympathetic linoleum, and he let off a roar beside which that of the celebrated bull of Bashan was but an infant's whisper.

"Wow! Yeroooogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter sat up and groaned.

"That will teach you not to waste our

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time!" remarked Bob Cherry, from the study door.

"Ow!" groaned the Owl of the Remove. "You rotters!"

"Do you fellows happen to know—" mimicked Johnny Bull.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And, still chuckling at the fat junior's discomfiture, the Famous Five crowded back into their study, slamming the door behind them.

"Ow!" groaned Billy Bunter again. "It's rotten personal jealousy, that's what it is. Wharton's afraid to include me in the blessed team, in case the other fellows twig what a dab I am at footer, and give me his job as captain! Ow!"

And, still groaning, the Owl of the Remove picked himself up from the floor and ambled down the Remove passage, seeking what he might devour in those studies which were fortunate, or, rather, unfortunate enough, to be left unattended by their respective inmates.

"Well, that's got rid of that fat fraud!" remarked Harry Wharton, with a grin.

The captain of the Remove gazed absently out of the study window.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "It's started!"

"Eh?"

"It's started!"

"What's started, fathead?" demanded four voices in unison.

"Why, the snow, you asses! It's coming down in flakes as big as houses!"

The remainder of the Famous Five turned as one man—or, rather, one boy—and followed their leader's gaze.

"My hat!"

"So it is!"

Nugent's prophecy of a few minutes before had been fulfilled. The snow was coming down in thick, heavy flakes, and already the Close was covered with a mantle of white.

And, judging by the dark, heavy clouds overhead, it looked very much as though it would be some considerable time before the downfall abated.

"That's put the lid on it, and no mistake!" muttered Bob Cherry.

"If this lasts it will muck the ground up too much for footer—and we were due to lick those Fourth Form asses this week!" said Wharton.

"It's rotten!"

"Hear, hear!"

The Famous Five surveyed the fast-falling flakes with downcast faces. It needed no meteorological experience to tell them that they were in for a stormy season.

But, like the philosophers that they were, the Removites decided to make the most of a bad job, and hope that the snow would not be sufficiently serious to interfere with their forthcoming match.

The idea of punting a ball round the gym was abandoned, and the Famous Five, over a tea consisting of kippers, cream-buns, and other delicacies—a truly regal feast for the Lower School—fell to discussing the programme for the rest of the season, while the heavy snow-flakes continued to fall without.

Harry Wharton & Co. retired to bed that night, their minds fully occupied with the great question of how long the snowfall would continue.

And when the rising-bell rang out the next morning, Bob Cherry, despite the sharp tang in the air, jumped out of bed and gazed through one of the big dormitory windows.

"Still snowing!" he growled. "That's

put paid to footer practice again this morning!"

"The paidfulness to the esteemed and ridiculous practice is terrific!"

"Do you fellows happen to know—" began Bob Cherry, turning from the window and glancing meaningly towards the bed occupied by William George Bunter.

The remainder of the Famous Five followed his gaze.

The Owl of the Remove, all unconscious of the attention he was attracting, was lying with his head beneath the bedclothes. No part of his body was visible, but a hump half-way down the bed indicated plainly enough the exact spot where his fat carcass reposed.

"Do you fellows happen to know—" chuckled Bob Cherry again.

The Famous Five grinned at each other. The same thought had entered each of their minds—that even snow has its uses, and that it was some time since Bunter had risen sufficiently early to wash himself properly.

Bob Cherry jerked open the nearest window and gathered a handful of snow from the ledge. The snow had certainly prevented them getting any footer practice that morning, but it was not going to prevent Billy Bunter having a little early-rising practice. The remainder of the Famous Five followed Bob's lead, and, with their left hands full of snow and raised aloft in readiness, they stepped across to their fat Form-fellow's bed.

Harry Wharton suddenly switched back Bunter's bedclothes.

"One—two—three—"

Plop, plop, plop, plop, plop!

Five handfuls of snow descended, one after another, on the sleeping form of the fat Removite, and he awoke with a start.

"Wow! Yeroooooogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter suddenly sat bolt upright. Even as he did so a lump of snow wedged between the back of his fat neck and the collar of his sleeping-jacket and slid down his spine.

"Yarooooh!" he shouted.

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

"What's up?" demanded a dozen other Removites.

"Wow! I'm burning!" groaned Bunter, jumping out of bed and clutching that part of his anatomy with both hands where the melting lump of snow had come to rest. "I'm burning! Grough! That beast Cherry—yowp!—has dropped a red-hot cinder down my back! Wow!"

"Why, you silly ass, it's a blob of snow!" roared Cherry.

"You can't pull the wool over my eyes, you beasts! It's a hot cinder! I can feel it burning! Yow! Wow! I can feel my warm life's blood running down my leg, I tell you—"

"It's only snow melting, you silly ass!"

"It's my life's blood, I tell you!" moaned the Owl of the Remove, running round and round in a circle after the manner of a pup trying to catch its own tail. "Yow! It's trickling down my leg!"

The remainder of the Removites, whose slumbers had been disturbed by the moaning of the Owl, sat up in their beds and regarded Bunter wrathfully.

"Shut up, you fat dammy," roared Bolsover, "or I'll burst you!"

At about the same moment as Bolsover made a threatening movement towards him the offending lump of snow dropped from where it had been caught at Bunter's waist, and slipped via the inside of his pyjama-leg to the floor.

Bunter stared at it in amazement.

"Why, it's snow!" he exclaimed, in astonishment. "You were pulling my leg, you beast, Cherry! I thought it was a hot cinder—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I kept telling you it was snow, you fat tulip!" laughed Bob. "And there's plenty more where that came from if you don't cut out your groaning—"

"Beasts!"

Bunter glared through his big spectacles, and then commenced his ablutions—a task that he completed in record time.

The Removites turned out of their beds reluctantly. It was cold—very cold. The snow had certainly interfered with their plans as far as footer was concerned, but it was not without its compensations. And most of them voted that exciting times were in store—particularly if the snow continued to fall. But few of them—if any at all—realised exactly the sort of excitement they were fated to experience within the next few days. Had they done so it is doubtful whether they would have been quite so pleased about the matter.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Wanted—A Leader!

THROUGHOUT morning lessons the white flakes continued to fall. Several times during lessons Mr. Quelch, the Remove Form master, found the juniors' attention straying from the blackboard to the Form-room windows.

And several times he was compelled—not that he needed much compelling, for the Remove Form master was suffering from a severe bout of neuralgia—to administer a dose of the cane as a corrective. But, despite the really noble efforts of Mr. Horace Quelch, the Removites found it no easy matter to concentrate their minds on the works of that learned but much-abused gentleman, P. Vergilius Maro.

But at last lessons came to a close, and, richer by about two thousand lines and twenty "handers" between them, the juniors filed out of the Form-room. It was a Wednesday, and therefore a half-holiday—a fact that went a considerable way to remove the depression that Mr. Quelch's impositions might otherwise have caused.

Immediately after dinner Harry Wharton & Co. wandered out to the School House steps.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry, poking the snow with his foot. "It's about six inches deep, if it's not more! I propose we take a stroll down to the gates and see what we can see!"

"Good egg!"

The juniors followed each other in Indian file across the Close and assembled round the gates. But they had not been there long before there came a sound which faintly resembled the puffs of a broken-down steam-engine, and yet, again, was reminiscent of the grunts of a dying pig.

"Bunter!" gasped Frank Nugent. "I wonder whether the fat ass is after us?"

"Come to cash his postal-order, I expect!"

"Or borrow a bob!"

"What an optimist!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll get rid of the fat ass," said Bob Cherry suddenly. "Back up, you chaps!"

Bunter was drawing nearer now. The Famous Five could hear his laboured breathing easily enough. It was never a difficult matter to hear it—the difficulty was not to hear it. Bob Cherry turned to his chums and winked expressively.

"What we want is a fellow with a personality," he said in a loud voice.

"Hear, hear!" exclaimed the rest of the Famous Five in unison.

"A fellow who doesn't take unnecessary risks, but who, at the same time, won't stick at trifles."

"In other words," cut in Frank Nugent, "what we want is someone to lead us. Old Harry is all O.K., in his way, but he's been the leader too long."

"That's so!" said Wharton.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Of course," went on Bob, "it needs a fellow of pluck and brains. None of us are so frightfully clever, but at the same time, I feel—"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Hallo, Bunt!" exclaimed Johnny Bull, pretending to notice the fat form of the Owl of the Remove for the first time. "Fancy seeing you!"

"Out in the cold, cold snow, too!"

"All on his little lonesome!"

"The lonesomeness is terrific!"

"Really, you fellows! I hope I am not afraid of the snow. A little snow never hurt anyone yet."

"No, not yet, Bunt!"

"As I was saying, to a fellow with pluck and brains, like me, there is nothing to fear in coming out, even if it is snowing."

"Bunter's the chap!" whispered Wharton, in a voice that was loud enough, however, to reach the fat junior's ears.

The Famous Five exchanged glances. Bob's little scheme was working like the charm in the story books. They knew Bunter had not left the warmth of a study merely to discuss the snow. They knew, too, that the fat junior had overheard their remarks before he had reached them. And that was exactly what they had hoped he would do. They waited to hear what he would say next.

"No," went on the Owl of the Remove, blinking behind his thick and ugly spectacles. "To a fellow who won't stick at trifles—a fellow like myself, for instance—what is there to fear?"

"What is there to fear?" asked Bob Cherry in his best theatrical manner. "I ask you, you chaps, what is there to fear?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter blinked suspiciously at the grinning Removites. Had he been less obtuse he would have known they were pulling his leg. But as it was, the Owl of the Remove was one of the easiest fellows in the school to fool.

"Really, you chaps, I don't see anything to laugh at!"

"Lost your little bit of looking-glass?" inquired Frank Nugent sweetly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Y-you silly asses—I mean old chaps," amended Bunter quickly. "As I was saying, to a fellow with any personality at all, and who doesn't take unnecessary risks, the snow is a mere trifle."

"Go hon!"

"The gohonfulness is of the esteemed and absurd order, my fat and unworthy Bunter."

Bob Cherry looked thoughtful.

"Look here, you chaps," he said, as though having suddenly arrived at a decision. "You remember what we were discussing just before Bunter arrived?"

"What ho!"

"Well, I've been thinking. Bunter seems to fill the bill, you know. But there's one thing we must be certain of first, before we ask him to fill the position. Shall we ask him, and if it's all O.K., put the proposition to him?"

"Rather!"

"Jolly good idea!"

The fat junior smirked. Even now he failed to see that he was having his fat leg pulled.

"What's that you want to ask, Cherry, old chap?" he inquired.

Cherry winced at the "old chap," but carried on valiantly.

"It's simply this, Bunter. You weren't going to ask us to cash a postal-order for you by any chance, were you?"

"Nunno—certainly not!"

"Or to lend you any money?"

"I hope I have not condescended to such improvident practices."

"Or stand you a feed?"

"Really, Cherry! I trust I have a mind above food."

"Eh?"

"I said I hope I have a mind above food—w-when it's s-snowing, you know," finished the fat junior feebly.

"Hatishoo!"

Bob Cherry skilfully turned a laugh into a sneeze.

"Well, you seem to be the man we're looking for," he said. "You don't stick at trifles, or take unnecessary risks, you have pluck and brains, and have something of a personality. But I wonder if—"

"Look here, Cherry," cut in the Owl of the Remove. "If it's a leader you are looking for, I'm the man! He, he, he! You have just summed me up to a 'T.' I suppose you want me to captain the footer team?"

"My hat!" exclaimed Bob in mock surprise. "So you have guessed, have you? Well, as a matter of fact, we are looking for a leader. That's what I said just before Bunter arrived, didn't I, you fellows?"

"You did!" exclaimed the rest of the Famous Five in chorus.

"I'm your man then!" chuckled the Owl of the Remove, patting himself on his ample breast. "You trust your Uncle Billy. I'm glad you fellows have realised at last that I'm the goods. I know what a jealous lot of rotters you have been, but I'm willing to let bygones be bygones. It's understood, though, that if I'm your leader instead of Wharton, I become captain of the Remove as well?"

"Certainly!" agreed Wharton gravely. "That is, if you are prepared to lead us anywhere the same as I would."

"Good enough. I'm your leader then! I think it would be a jolly good idea to tell all the chaps, and have a whacking celebration feed at Mrs. Mimble's."

"That's a bright little idea," agreed Frank Nugent, suddenly stooping down and gathering up a handful of snow. "But as our leader, we look to you to lead us into battle first."

"Hear, hear!"

"B-battle!" spluttered Bunter.

The remainder of the Famous Five followed Frank's example. They bent down and commenced to manufacture



Harry Wharton suddenly switched back Bunter's bedclothes. "One—two—three—" Five handfuls of snow descended one after another on the sleeping form of the Owl of the Remove. "Wow! Yareeh!" howled the fat junior, sitting bolt upright. "Wow! I'm burning! Groough!" "Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Harry Wharton & Co. (See Chapter 1.)

snowballs as though their lives depended upon it.

"I say, you fellows!" gasped Bunter. "What's the wheeze?"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry. "Don't you want to be our leader?"

"Yes, but—"

"You've got pluck and brains, ain't you?"

"Yes, but—"

"And you're not afraid to take risks?"

"Yes—I mean nunno! But—"

"Then stick into it!" concluded Bob, smacking away at the snow. "We've just spotted those cads Ponsonby, Vavasour & Co., of Highcliffe. They're coming along to bang into us! We're going to lie in wait for them and take them by surprise, and as our leader, it's up to you—Hi, Bunter! Where are you going? Come back!"

But Bunter had gone!

Before Bob concluded, even, the fat junior took to his heels and pelted helter-skelter across the Close. He had suddenly lost all desire to be their leader. Had it been a feed, things would have been vastly different. Bunter was quite equal to taking the lead in a feed, and holding it against all-comers, too; but a snow-fight—The mere idea made him shudder.

He swiftly decided that pluck was all very well in its way, but that discretion is, after all, the better part of valour.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Famous Five, staring after his retreating form.

"My hat!"

"Look at the fat clam!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors roared. It was too funny. They were fully aware that Bunter had come out to "tap" them for a loan. But instead he had provided them with one of the best jokes they had had for many a day.

"What's that you were saying about Ponsonby, Bob?" asked Harry Wharton quickly. "Was that just for Bunter's benefit, or is it a fact?"

"Look up the road!" said Bob. "See the rotters? I spotted them in the bend about two miles across the fields! They don't know we've spotted them coming!"

The remainder of the Famous Five

followed Bob's gaze. And, sure enough, in the distance, they made out six figures. Four of them were recognisable as Ponsonby, Vavasour, Monson, and Gadsby, the immaculate "nuts" of the Fourth Form at Highcliffe.

There was a perpetual state of war between the "Giddy Goats" of Highcliffe and Harry Wharton & Co. And the Removites knew perfectly well that their enemies would not dare to walk so openly along the road near the Greyfriars encampment unless they were in force.

And whenever the Highcliffians were in force it was a sure sign they were out for battle—battle in which they could take their opponents unawares and clear off before they had a chance to retaliate.

"It's a raid, you chaps!" said Wharton. "Pon and his merry blackguards look no end warlike! There's going to be trouble!"

And the captain of the Remove's prophecy was destined to bear fruit.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

A Surprise for Ponsonby!

"BEHIND the hedge, you chaps!"

Harry Wharton uttered that remark. Ponsonby & Co. were not very far away now. But the Famous Five did not want to be seen—at least, not just yet.

They dodged behind the hedge opposite the school gates, taking their ammunition with them.

"Give 'em a chance to get into the Close!" whispered Bob Cherry. "Then we'll attack them in the rear!"

"Good egg!"

The juniors waited. But they did not wait long. Ponsonby & Co. strolled up to the Greyfriars gates, all unconscious that their approach had been observed.

"This is where we give the Greyfriars rotters the surprise of their sweet young lives!" grinned Gadsby, scooping up some snow.

"Oh, absolutely!" said Vavasour.

"Quite!" grinned Monson.

The Famous Five, behind the hedge, chuckled.

"Anyone about, Vav?" asked Gadsby.

"Not a soul!"

"Good! Come on, then!"

The Highcliffians trooped into the Close, keeping near the wall to avoid being seen. They had progressed half-way across when Dicky Nugent of the Second appeared, with his pals Gatty and Myers.

The Second-Formers did not see the Highcliffians. They wandered on with their hands in their trousers-pockets, whistling.

"Now!" whispered Gadsby. "Let 'em have it!"

"Oh, absolutely!"

"Quite!"

Whizz!

Plop!

"Yeroooooogh!"

The first of the snowballs caught Nugent minor full in the eye. And before he had time to realise what was happening another volley followed.

Whizz, whizz, whizz!

There were only three Second-Formers to about half a dozen or more of the Highcliffe fellows. But that made no difference to Ponsonby & Co. In fact, from their point of view, it was all the better. Ponsonby & Co. never relished fighting on equal terms.

The Highcliffians followed up their volley with a rush. They swarmed upon Dicky Nugent & Co. and rolled them over in the snow.

"Rub their noses in it!" shouted Ponsonby delightedly.

"Oh, absolutely!"

"Quite!"

"Rescue, 'Friars!" yelled the Second-Formers, recognising their assailants.

"Highcliffe cads! Rescue!"

"Bash the cheeky little rotters!"

"Rescue, Greyfriars!"

"Higheli—gug—gug—oggggher!"

The last cry for help finished in a smothered shout as the Highcliffians proceeded to carry out Ponsonby's instructions. But at the same moment there came a cry from the direction of the School House.

"Highcliffe cads!"

"After them!"

A number of Removites who had just left the building dashed across the Close, led by Tom Brown and Mark Linley. Vavasour yelled a warning to his chums, and the Highcliffians, the six of them having scored a signal victory over the three Second-Formers, took to their heels towards the school gates.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry in a stentorian voice, following Harry Wharton from the hedge. "This is where our giddy nuts from Highcliffe get the surprise of their sweet young lives!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Famous Five waited. The Highcliffians had not seen them yet. At the moment their whole attention was concentrated upon dodging the snowballs hurled by Tom Brown & Co.

Plop, plop, plop!

Tom Brown and his merry men were going strong. It was not often Ponsonby & Co. came out to fight. As a rule they were far too proud. And it was an opportunity the Removites did not intend to miss.

"Buck up!" shouted Gadsby, leading the retreat. "They're after us!"

"Absolutely!"

"Quit—Yeroooooogh!"

That was not exactly what Monson intended to say. He meant to say: "Quite!" But, unfortunately for him, the Famous Five opened fire at that moment, and the first two balls of their volley took him in the mouth, each from different angles.

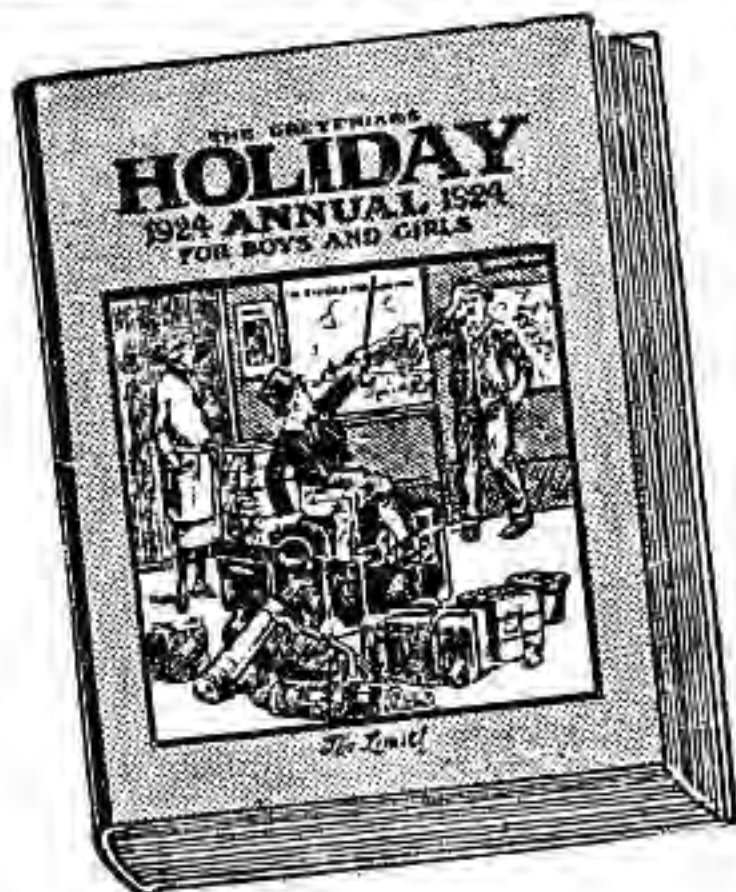
"On the ball!" shouted Harry Wharton.

Whizz, whizz, whizz!

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"On the ball!" yelled Harry Wharton. "Let the rotters have it!" Plop! Plop! Smack! The Highcliffe juniors were taken thoroughly by surprise. Which ever way they ran they encountered a deadly stream of snowballs. "Wow!" wailed Ponsonby as a snowball landed full on his aristocratic nose. "Yaroooh!" "Grough!" moaned Gadsby. "The rotters—I—oh, gad! Yah!" "Go it, my merry-men!" grinned Wharton. "Give it to 'em good and strong!" (See Chapter 3.)

Plip, plop, smack!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Highcliffe cads, taken by surprise, darted this way and that. But, whichever way they went, they could not dodge the two lines of fire. With Tom Brown & Co. behind them and Harry Wharton & Co. in front, they were caught, so to speak, like the Spanish hero of old—between the dragon and the lake of fire.

They howled.

"Wow!"

"Yaroooh!"

Ponsonby & Co. were not of the stuff of which heroes are made. They were fair-weather soldiers, and unless they were on the winning side fighting did not appeal to them. They now attributed all their misfortunes to Dicky Nugent & Co. If Dicky had not yelled out when he was attacked they could have made good their escape before the arrival of the Removites. So they decided to make Dicky suffer.

"The young hounds!" gasped Ponsonby, between closed teeth.

"It's all their fault!"

"Let's bash 'em!"

"Absolutely!"

At a word of command from their leader, the Highcliffians suddenly turned. There was no escape for them in any case, so they determined to wreak their vengeance on the Second-Formers before the Removites got at them.

Dicky Nugent & Co. were close behind the Highcliffians, and in front of Tom Brown & Co. They were chasing Ponsonby and his precious pals, hurling hastily made snowballs as they ran. And they were totally unprepared for this latest move of the Highcliffe cads.

As Ponsonby & Co. swung round, Nugent minor and his two pals Gatty and Myers ran almost into their arms.

"Wow!" yelled Dicky Nugent. "Leggo, you rotten cads!"

The Second-Formers were certainly little when compared with the Highcliffians, but, as Dicky had so often pointed out, they were little and good.

They struck out at their adversaries, catching them several stinging blows on the face. Dicky Nugent was preparing to land Vavasour a left when that bright youth suddenly lashed out with his foot, catching the fag on the shin.

"Ow!" gasped Dicky, his face turning white with pain. "You dirty cad! Ow!"

"Kick the grubby little toad again!" exclaimed Ponsonby.

There is no doubt Vavasour would have done so, but at that moment a great shout went up from the running Removites.

"You low cads!"

"Collar them!"

The next moment Tom Brown and his crowd reached the Highcliffe juniors, and waded into them. Overwhelmed by superior numbers, the Highcliffe cads were forced to the ground, a Removite sitting on each of their heads, while another kept a tight hold of their feet.

"You low hounds!" grated the captain of the Remove, between set teeth. "Fancy kicking a kid like that! I suppose that's your idea of fighting at Highcliffe!"

"Did it hurt, kid?" asked Frank Nugent, turning to his minor.

"Wow!" moaned Dicky, still rubbing his leg. "No, it didn't hurt, Franky! That's only a rumour. I like being kicked. The pain tickles me, and makes me want to laugh. Yow!"

"You're going through the mill for that, my pippins!" exclaimed Bob Cherry wrathfully. "Hank them up, chaps! We'll just about bump the life out of them!"

"Hear, hear!"

The Removites wasted no further time in words. They dragged the Highcliffe cads to their feet. Many willing hands gripped them. They were lifted, shouting and struggling, in the air, and at the word from Harry Wharton, were lowered again—rapidly and heavily.

Bump, bump, bump!

The bodies of the Highcliffians rose

and fell, smiting the cold and unsympathetic snow with resounding smacks. Ponsonby & Co. yelled at the top of their voices for mercy. But their yelling was futile.

Bump, bump, bump!

"Yaroooh! Yow! Wow! Yah!"

Bump, bump, bump!

"Grough! Stoppit! Yarooop!"

The juniors desisted at last through sheer exhaustion.

"That'll teach you not to kick!" said Johnny Bull grimly.

"The teachfulness, like the esteemed bumpfulness, is terrific!"

"Wow!" groaned the Highcliffians in chorus.

But if Ponsonby & Co. thought that they had got off with a mere bumping, they were mistaken. Before they could rise to their feet there came a voice from the crowd.

"Bury 'em!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The idea seemed to catch on. With another yell, the Removites sprang at the Highcliffians, and held them to the ground while the remainder proceeded to pile up masses of snow around them. And in a few minutes all that remained visible of Ponsonby & Co. were their heads sticking out of the top of a heap of snow. Not satisfied with that, the Removites proceeded to stamp the snow hard, so that the Highcliffians could hardly move a hand. When they had finished they surveyed their handiwork with broad grins.

"Hear us smile!" howled Dicky Nugent, forgetful of his damaged leg.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And feeling they had done a good day's work, the Removites and Second-Formers trudged across the snow back to the School House, leaving Ponsonby & Co. alternately yelling threats of vengeance and calling upon someone to liberate them from their highly uncomfortable position. That uncongenial task fell to the lot of William Gosling, the

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porter, who was drawn to the spot by the terrific noise the Highcliffe nuts were making.

And for his pains the school porter was treated—treated to a choice volley of complimentary remarks and hostile glances.

"Well, my only Aunt Jane!" muttered Gosling, scratching his head dazedly, as the sorry-looking "raiding party" passed out of the gates. "That's gratitude, if you like! Young humps!"

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Iron Rations!

FOR the next two days following the visit from Ponsonby & Co., the snow continued to fall without a stop. Sometimes it appeared as though it were about to abate altogether. But half an hour or so afterwards it would come down heavier than ever.

On the whole, the Lower School at Greyfriars did not find much to complain about. But, as Bob Cherry sagely remarked, one could have too much of a good thing—even snow.

And as the snow fell, the drifts in the Close without, like the little peach in the orchard, grew and grew and grew. Five days after the first downfall there was at least two feet of snow on the ground. It was certainly the worst snowstorm—and the longest—that had been experienced around Friardale for many years past.

The big drawback to it was, however, the fact that the juniors were prevented from getting in any football practice. But, even so, they did not go short of exercise.

Provisions were brought to the school with the greatest difficulty, and the post was usually several hours late. Billy Bunter was not slow to take advantage of this, pointing out the inconvenience to him occasioned by his postal-order being held up. But no one took much notice of the Owl of the Remove. There were other and far more important matters to be considered.

On the sixth day, at about breakfast-time, the sky cleared, and the snow fell less heavily, and by eleven o'clock it had ceased altogether.

"We're not out of the wood—or the snow—yet!" grunted Bob Cherry pessimistically, when morning classes had been dismissed. "If the sun comes out it will turn all this blessed stuff to slush, and that will be ten times worse than snow."

"Hear, hear!"

The rest of the day passed without the snow commencing to fall again, and by nightfall the temperature began to rise. The juniors went to bed somewhat regretfully. They were certainly "fed-up" with the snow, but, to say the least of it, it had provided them with some good sport. And since it would be some time before the ground would be of any use for footer, they had not much to look forward to in the way of outdoor exercise.

About midnight the temperature gave another jump, and shortly afterwards rain began to fall.

The long-expected thaw had set in.

It rained steadily throughout the night, the incessant pit-a-pat on the dormitory window-panes disturbing some of the light sleepers.

Harry Wharton, who was the first of the Remove to awake the next morning, jumped out of bed and peered out of the window. The next moment he gave a loud shout.

"My hat!"

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"What's up, Harry?" demanded several voices in chorus.

"Is it snowing again?"

The captain of the Remove shook his head.

"Raining!" he said laconically.

"Raining still?"

"Like old billy-ho!"

"Well, that's not much to get excited about, anyhow," remarked Vernon-Smith. "It's more than that, I guess."

The Boulder followed Wharton out of bed and stared into the Close below. He started back in astonishment. For where the previous day there had been an almost unbroken mantle of white, there was now nothing but a stretch of muddy ground, many parts of which were covered with water.

Even as the junior watched, some of the smaller puddles, fed by streams from the higher ground and from the still falling rain, merged in with their fellows, making one big whole.

"My hat!" gasped Vernon-Smith. "This isn't any joke!"

"And look at the way its pelting down," added Wharton. "I reckon we're getting about six inches a minute."

Wharton's estimation was somewhat on the generous side. But it was certainly raining heavily, and judging by the appearance of the sky it was likely to continue for some time to come.

"Anyway, it's warmer than it was!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, joining his chum by the window. "Warmer by a jolly long chalk!"

The juniors went down to breakfast, still discussing the latest change in the weather. And during morning lessons they watched the rain-splashed windows with gloomy faces. But, rain or snow, it made no difference to the juniors' appetites. They trooped into the big hall at dinner-time prepared to do their duty with whatever fare was provided. But for some unaccountable reason dinner was later than usual in coming up.

Ten minutes went by after grace had been said, but still all the juniors had before them were their empty plates. More minutes went by. Still, however, the long-expected dinner did not arrive. And dinner at Greyfriars, as a general rule, was served punctually.

"I expect cookie forgot to put the salt in the spuds," grinned Bolsover major.

"Or put too much jam in the pudding," added Skinner, the cad of the Remove, sarcastically. "Cook's very fond of doing that. I shall have to complain about it."

"He, he, he!" sniggered his two precious pals, Stott and Snoop, dutifully. "Jolly good, that!"

"Bedad, and it was the spalpeen Bunter himself that was out of the Form-room for a while!" put in Micky Desmond, the lad from the Emeraki Isle. "I reckon the thafe of the world has raided the whole of the grub entirely!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

One-thirty struck without the juniors having seen so much as a potato skin. And then the food wagons appeared at the end of the Hall. A faint cheer went up, but died away again almost as soon as it was born.

For on each of the wagons, instead of the customary sides of beef and dishes of steaming potatoes, the juniors observed a number of little canvas bags.

"What the thump are they?" demanded Harry Wharton in amazement.

"Look to me like lucky dips out of the domestic bazaar," said Bob Cherry.

Each of the juniors was handed a bag. They lost no time in opening them. And when they did so they stared in open-mouthed astonishment. The bags contained nothing but a tin of bully beef, such as was issued to the troops during

the Great War, and a number of small hard biscuits.

"Great Scott!"

"What the thump——"

"Where's our dinner?"

A buzz of excited and angry conversation broke out all over the Hall despite the presence of the Form masters at the various tables. And then, in the midst of it, in stalked the majestic figure of Dr. Locke, the venerable old Head of Greyfriars. Dr. Locke held up his hand for silence, and addressed the juniors.

"My boys," he said slowly and distinctly, "I am sorry to inform you that, owing to the bursting of a water main in the domestic quarters of the school, consequent upon the sudden thaw, the provisions intended for to-day's dinner have been destroyed."

"My hat!"

"The kitchens are flooded, and it is impossible to work the fires," went on Dr. Locke. "You have, therefore, all been issued with corned beef and biscuits. I regret we cannot do anything better for you. But that is the position, and I must ask you all to make the best of a bad job. I may add that my own lunch, and that of your Form masters, will consist of exactly the same fare as that you have before you. I am sorry."

The Head stalked away again, a worried frown on his kindly old face.

No one regretted the unfortunate occurrence more than Dr. Locke himself. He remembered his own schooldays—he was an old Greyfriars boy—and he knew exactly how it must seem to the juniors to be deprived of a hot dinner in such a sudden manner and on such a day. Nevertheless, had it not been for his foresight in keeping emergency rations always in stock, things would have been ten times worse than they were.

"The blessed main's burst!" gasped Tom Brown, the New Zealand junior, as he opened his tin of unsavoury-looking beef. "My hat!"

"I say, you fellows——"

It was the voice of William George Bunter, the Owl of the Remove.

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"Put a sock in it!"

"Hear, hear!"

"I say, you chaps! I don't believe the thumping main burst! It's a swindle! This is just a stunt to diddle us out of our grub!"

"Run away!"

"Pack it up!"

"I tell you it's a fraud!" spluttered the Owl of the Remove, blinking behind his thick spectacles wrathfully. "The Head's keeping all the blessed tommy himself, so he can have a jolly good tuck in. He can't pull the wool over my eyes! I'm going——"

"Yarooooogh!"

What the Owl of the Remove was going to do was never known, for at that moment a chunk of juicy bully beef, hurled with unerring aim by Bulstrode, caught him full on the top of his fat little nose.

After that dinner proceeded quietly. And, having dined as well as they could off the emergency fare, the juniors left the Hall wondering whether the kitchens would be in order by supper-time, or the next day. Those juniors who possessed any money made a bee-line for the school tuck-shop, where they endeavoured to rectify the shortcomings of their dinner. And those who hadn't, repaired to their studies, in the hope of finding some overlooked article of food left over from the day before.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Burst!

THIS is jolly serious, you chaps!" Bob Cherry uttered that remark. Lessons were over for the day, and the Famous Five were in that celebrated apartment, Study No. 1, discussing the all-important question of tea.

"Jolly serious, old scout!" agreed Harry Wharton, diving his hand into his trousers pocket. A moment later he withdrew it and gazed disconsolately at his palm.

It was empty!

"Not a sausage!" he murmured ruefully. "How much have you got, Inky?"

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the dusky Nabob of Bhanipur, placed two fingers in the pocket of his waistcoat and produced a two-shilling piece.

"If this absurd and worthy coin is usefully inclined towards my ridiculous and esteemed chums, I will begfully offer it to them," he purred in his weird and wonderful version of the King's English as taught by the best native teachers in India. "A half a spratfulness is better than the elusive whalefulness."

The remainder of the Famous Five grinned.

"I suppose you mean half a loaf's better than none?" laughed Johnny Bull. "Anyhow, that worthy coin, as you call it, is certainly usefully inclined. Hand it over."

Johnny Bull took the proffered two-shilling-piece.

"That makes three bob altogether," he said. "A tanner from me, and a tanner from Franky. My hat! We're in funds, after all."

"Hear, hear!"

"Well, you cut along to the tuckshop while Bob and I get tea ready," suggested Harry Wharton. "It's sure to be raining, but that won't hurt you."

"Right-ho!"

Johnny Bull and Nugent left the study to execute their commission, while the remainder of the juniors busied themselves in anticipation of their return. Wharton put the kettle on the fire, and Inky laid the table and Bob Cherry stoked up the fire.

The five juniors intended to spend the evening in their study together. They had quite a lot to discuss, including the activities of the Remove Dramatic Society, footer matches, and the production of the next number of the "Greyfriars Herald." In any case, they couldn't go out if they wanted to—unless they were willing to risk a jolly good soaking. For the rain was still pelting down, and that, added to the thaw of snow, made walking anything but a pleasure.

After about ten minutes Johnny Bull and Frank Nugent reappeared. They dumped their purchases on the table and immediately made for the door.

"What's the idea?" demanded Harry Wharton. "Tea's ready now."

Johnny Bull pointed to the bottom of his trousers-legs.

"Look!" he exclaimed. "We're both sopping. We've got to change. Those puddles we saw in the Close this morning have all disappeared!"

"How can they have disappeared when it's still raining?" demanded Wharton, puzzled.

Johnny Bull grinned.

"Go out into the Close and see," he advised. "Why, there's about four inches or more of water everywhere. And in some places it's deeper than that. You don't speak of puddles now—it's a regular flood."

"Great Scott!"

"Mrs. Mumble was telling me that it's just as bad in the village. The Sark has been rising for the past two days like billy-ho. Several meadows are already under water, and with this rain it looks as though the Close is going to join them."

"Well, don't be any longer than you can help," advised Wharton.

The captain of the Remove turned to the rest of his chums. They discussed the latest news of the weather until their two chums returned, and then settled down to tea.

"Pass the tarts!" sang out Bob Cherry.

"Thank—"

"And the cake, old fruit!"

Tea had progressed merrily for about half an hour. The juniors were just beginning to feel comfortable. The loss of a dinner needed some consolation, but it seemed that the chums of the Remove had succeeded in finding it.

"I'll tell you what wouldn't be a bad idea when we've finished," said Johnny Bull. "Suppose we—"

Boooooom!

Johnny Bull broke off short.

"Hear that?" he asked, jumping up in alarm.

The juniors nodded.

"What was it?"

"Sounded like an explosion of some sort."

"It was some distance away, whatever it was!"

"It seemed to me to come from the

direction of Monk's Hill, up the Sark," put in Harry Wharton quietly.

"Monk's Hill?"

"I wonder—"

The juniors regarded each other in silence. The same thought was in each of their minds. But they hesitated before giving utterance to it.

"I hope not," said Wharton, answering the unspoken question. "Great Scott! It would be terrible!"

"Let's shove our heads out of the window," suggested Johnny Bull.

"Good idea!"

The window was flung up, and five heads peered out into the darkness. Other study windows were raised, and curious eyes peered out.

"Hear it?" asked the voice of Mark Linley. "The dam up the Sark has burst!"

"It is the dam, then!"

"By Jove!"

"Great Scott!"

The juniors, their faces pale in the gloom now, bent their heads to listen. It seemed that what Mark Linley had said was true enough, for faintly in the distance they heard the swish, swish of broiling waters, and shouts of alarm, all intermingled with the neighing of horses and the bellowing of frightened cattle.

"It's the dam right enough!" gasped Bob Cherry huskily. "It was prophesied in the 'Friardale Echo' last week that there was a danger of it giving way in the event of heavy rains or a flood."

Swish, swish, swish!



"Bury 'em!" came a voice from the crowd. "Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Greyfriars juniors. "Good idea!" Some of the Remove sprang at the Higheliffe "nuts" and held them to the ground, while the remainder proceeded to pile up masses of snow around them.

(See Chapter 3.)

The juniors could hear the roar of the onrushing waters more distinctly now. It was true beyond all doubt. And almost any minute the onrushing torrent would descend upon the school.

"Come on, you fellows!" shouted Harry Wharton. "Let's get downstairs. We may be wanted before the night's out."

Boom, boom, boom!

Already the great bell in the old ivy-clad tower of the school was tolling, sending out its message of warning to any members of the school who might be out of gates.

Boom, boom, boom!

News of the disaster that had overtaken the countryside had evidently reached Friardale village, for even as the school bell commenced to toll, the hooters of the few small factories in the district blared forth together.

Hooooooooooooo!

Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!

The Famous Five dashed out of their study and down to the School House steps. Juniors and seniors came running in from all parts. Fortunately, owing to the nature of the night, not many were abroad. But in almost every case they guessed what had happened.

Swish, swish, swoooooosh!

The juniors could hear the waters rushing along, the roar growing louder and louder every moment, until it reached a deafening crescendo.

Swooooooosh, swoooooooosh!

"Here it comes!"

The van of the torrent appeared across Monk's Hill. Even in the gloom the watching juniors could see its foam-speckled top. And the next moment, with a loud smacking noise it hit the walls of the school.

Swoooooosh, swoooooosh, swoooooosh!

The water spread across the Close, carrying every movable object with it. Young trees were torn up by the roots, gates were carried off their hinges, and even some of the lighter tin buildings collapsed before the force of the swirling flood. It passed on with a sickening sound like that of some relentless gurgling giant.

And as they watched, their faces pale in the ghostly light shed by the lights in the school corridor, the horror-stricken juniors saw the bodies of animals, horses, sheep, and dogs swept by, dashed hither and thither at the mercy of the flood.

The frightened bellowing of some of the cattle was heartbreaking to listen to. Yet the juniors were powerless to help. All they could do was to watch, hoping that no fellow human battled for life in the turbid waters.

At last the fury of the flood seemed to abate somewhat. True, the water still came flowing down from the hill, but it was less foam-speckled and raging than it had been ten minutes or so before.

Meanwhile, however, the rain continued to fall in torrents, drenching the juniors to the skin. And at length, realising there was little more to be seen, and that they were doing no good by remaining in the wet, the Removites trooped back into their studies and endeavoured to dry themselves as best they could.

The whole affair, right from the time they had heard the dam burst during tea-time up to the present moment, had occupied such a small space of time that it was difficult to believe it had occurred at all.

The whine of the hooters in the village ceased, the bell in the Greyfriars tower ceased its clamour, and both from the school and the village rescue parties set

out to pick up any human survivors who might still be battling in the flood.

The Famous Five would have given a small fortune to have been allowed to take part in this rescue work, but when they approached Mr. Quelch for his permission to leave the school bounds he refused to entertain the idea.

And in the Remove dormitory that night the all-absorbing topic that occupied the minds of the juniors until they fell asleep was whether the flood would have subsided by the morning.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Sailors of the Remove!

MOST of the Removites were up well before rising bell the next morning. And the first thing they did was to gaze out of the dormitory windows to see the extent of the damage caused by the bursting of the dam the previous night.

Right across the Close, and the country beyond, except in the hilly parts, was under water. Here and there trunks of trees were still floating about with many other pieces of wreckage of a smaller nature.

The water, contrary to the juniors' expectations, had certainly not receded during the night; if anything, the rain, which was still hurtling down, seemed only to have added to it.

"My hat!" exclaimed Wharton. "This is a go, and no error!"

During the night the Head had learned that, while a greater part of Friardale was under water, fortunately no lives had been lost. And when he announced this to the assembled school after prayers in Hall, he was greeted with loud cheers.

But if the Removites imagined that because of the flood they were going to be excused lessons, they were wrong. No one seemed to be able to pay very much attention to the valuable precepts of the learned Mr. Quelch. And that gentleman himself, after a gruelling night's work in an open boat looking for anyone who might be in need of assistance, felt no more like work than did the juniors.

Fortunately, however, it was Wednesday again, and consequently a half-holiday, a fact for which all the masters, as well as the pupils, were very thankful. The morning passed at length, and the Removites found themselves free to do as they liked.

The first thing they did was to ascertain the depth of water, and much to their surprise they found it was well over five feet deep.

"What about a row round to have a look at what's happened?" suggested Bob Cherry after dinner. "All the boats from the boathouse are up at the school here. Wingate and a few more of the Sixth swam out for them late last night, when the flood eased down a bit. I dare say we can get permission to use a couple of them."

"Jolly good wheeze, Bob, old man."

As Bob anticipated, the chums found no difficulty in arranging with Wingate, the captain of the school, to borrow a couple of the boats.

But no sooner had Billy Bunter, the Owl of the Remove, heard of the proposed boating expedition than he attached himself to the Famous Five, with

the idea of accompanying them. Harry Wharton & Co., however, had no desire for the company of the Owl of the Remove. And they told him so in language that was more pointed than polite.

It was arranged that Vernon-Smith, Tom Brown, and three of the Famous Five should go in one boat, while Mark Linley, Squiff, and Bulstrode and the remainder of the Co. went in the other.

Lord Mauleverer expressed a desire to join the party, but since he felt unequal to the strain of pulling an oar, his desire was not enthusiastically received.

"Right away!" sang out Bob Cherry, when the parties had arranged themselves in their boats. "Pull for the shore, sailors, pull for the shore! Pull for—"

"I say, you fellows, what about me?" howled Bunter.

"Rats!"

The Owl of the Remove stood on the School House steps and waved his little fat fist at the receding boats. But the next moment he emitted a fat chuckle, and sped away towards the school store-room. He reappeared again in about five minutes' time with an oval enamel bath slung across his fat shoulders, and a cricket bat, borrowed from Study No. 1, under his arm.

"Ho, he, he! I'll show 'em!" he chuckled. "They can't get away from me so easily. I expect the greedy rotters are going off to have a quiet feed somewhere, and they don't want me to know. They can't pull the wool over my eyes, though. Oh, I'm cute, I am! You trust your Uncle Billy."

The Owl of the Remove placed his enamel bath in the water and clambered inside. It rocked dangerously for a moment, and it looked as though Bunter was going to be hurled into the water before his voyage had even commenced. But eventually he got going, so to speak, using his—or rather Bob Cherry's—cricket bat as a paddle.

A shout went up as he left the shore.

"Stick it, Tubby!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter smirked.

"Necessity is the father of prevention," he said airily.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry saw the fat junior clamber into the bath, and he gasped.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" he roared in a stentorian voice. "Go back, Bunter!"

But Bunter did not go back. Instead, he paddled forward, grinning all over his fat face.

"I say, Cherry!" he called out. "You can't trick me, you know. I'm too jolly smart. I know you're all going to have a feed somewhere."

"Yes, we're going to light a fire and have a nice little picnic in the fields," grunted Bob Cherry sarcastically.

It was obvious to the juniors in the boats that unless they did something drastic they would be burdened with Bunter's company all the afternoon. They waited until Bunter approached closer, and then Bob Cherry reached out with his oar and pushed it against the Owl's "boat."

"Yaroooooooooogh!" howled Bunter in alarm, as his frail craft rocked and splashed. "You'll have me out in a minute!"

"Less than that," grinned Bob, giving the bath another poke.

Jab!

This time the oar caught the boat fair and square. It rocked once, and then, as Bunter shifted his weight to balance it, it suddenly shot up on one end, sending the fat junior with a loud splash into the water.

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY—PRICE 2

"Wow!" howled the Owl of the Remove, as he struggled to the surface. "I'm gug-gug-drowning, you b-beasts! Help!"

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

"Grough! Beasts!" hooted Bunter between mouthfuls of water.

Trying to right his bath, which curiously enough, was still floating, Bunter capsized it again. But this time it turned turtle on top of him. And the last the Removites saw of the fat junior as they pulled on their oars was a foot waving above the water surrounded by a lot of bubbles.

"Now we can get on!" remarked Harry Wharton, laughing. "It won't do Bunter any harm to have a good bath!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He's got two now! One on top of his fat napper and one the water's giving him!"

The juniors pulled out through the school gates and spent half an hour surveying the nearby fields. It certainly gave them a curious sensation to find themselves rowing past familiar landmarks by which hitherto they had walked.

They were about to return to the school gates again when their attention was attracted by some moving objects just ahead of them.

"What the thump is that little lot?" said Bob Cherry.

"Let's row up and have a look!"

The juniors did so. And as they approached closer they gave vent to exclamations of amazement.

"My hat!"

"It's Mauly!"

"If he isn't the limit!"

"The absolute outside edge!"

Leaning back luxuriously in a large bath, a coloured cushion in the small of his back and a book in his hand, sat Lord Mauleverer, the slacker of the Remove.

He was not rowing the bath himself. Instead, some distance in front were four other and smaller baths, each of which contained a Second Form fag. The fags were armed with cricket-bats, which they were using as paddles. They were making quite a good speed between them, hauling Mauleverer along as they went with the aid of lengths of clothes-line.

The Removites stared.

"My hat!" exclaimed Harry Wharton feebly.

"Carry me home to die!" murmured Frank Nugent, nearly falling out of the boat in his astonishment.

"If this doesn't take the blessed Bunter of Barnstaple!"

The juniors stared again. And then, unable to control themselves any longer, they burst into a loud roar of laughter that literally caused their boats to rock in the water.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You lazy slacker!"

"Jolly good idea, bedad!" drawled Mauleverer, extracting a chocolate from his pocket. "Ahoy, there! Full speed ahead!"

And, with that, the slacker of the Remove settled back sleepily in his strange craft, and the weird procession floated on in the direction of the village.

"I'd like to know what that little lot's roasting him!" said Johnny Bull, as the Removites rowed back to the school. "I reckon those fags are not hauling old Mauly down to Friardale for nothing!"

"Hear, hear!"

"I say, you fellows!" exclaimed Wharton suddenly. "Have you forgotten that we were supposed to play the Upper Fourth at footer to-day?"

Wharton's chums blinked.



Bob Cherry reached out with his oar and pushed it against Bunter's boat. "Yaroooh!" howled the fat junior, in alarm. The bath rocked dangerously as Bunter shifted his weight to balance the craft. It suddenly shot up on one end, sending the fat junior into the water. "Wow!" gurgled Bunter, as the water closed over his head. "Gug-gug-gug!" (See Chapter 6.)

"Don't be a silly ass, Harry, old scout!" said Frank Nugent. "None of us have forgotten it—but how the thump can we play footer with about six feet of water covering the field?"

Wharton grinned.

"That's where brains come in!" he said.

His chums regarded him curiously.

"What's the wheeze?" asked Johnny Bull, at length. "Gone off your giddy rocker?"

"Nunno!" said the captain of the Remove. "I've got a great idea! There's no need to let this flood business interfere with our arrangements, as far as I can see. We can't play ordinary footer, of course, but what about challenging those Upper Fourth bounders to a game of water-footer instead?"

Bulstrode whistled.

"That's a jolly good notion!" he exclaimed.

"Hear, hear!"

"They'll jump at the chance!"

"Well, we've got to take the boats in now, in any case, so if you fellows like we'll put it to Temple as soon as we get back."

"That's the stuff to give 'em!"

The juniors laid on the oars again and pulled for the school. They had been keenly looking forward to the match with the Upper Fourth, and had been more disappointed than they confessed when the elements had stepped in and interfered with their arrangements. But Harry Wharton's great wheeze seemed to have solved their troubles. They voted it the best stunt of the season.

"We'll show 'em!" grinned Bob Cherry, as the boats glided through the school gates. "Footballers of the deep! My hat! We shall see some fun now!"

"The funfulness will be terrific!" purred Hurrell Singh.

And, as events were to show, the dusky junior proved a good prophet.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

An Interrupted Game!

WHEN the Removites arrived back at the school they lost no time in putting their idea before the rest of their Form-fellows. And one and all voted it a stunning wheeze.

The Famous Five made their arrangements with the Upper Fourth, who were as keen on the wheeze as were the Removites themselves.

Life at Greyfriars since the bursting of the dam had not exactly been what might be described as wildly exciting. For the most part, the fellows—juniors and seniors alike—had spent their time gazing out of the windows or wandering along the passages.

But when the news of the proposed game of footer in the water went the rounds, gloomy expressions gave place to grins. And well before the time the game was due to start, all the windows on that side of the school building that faced the Close were packed with heads.

Since, of course, the goalposts were under water, some other means of marking the citadels had to be found. Bob

Cherry suggested towing some tin baths to each end of the field, and fastening them there with home-made anchors. This idea was agreed to, and, under the supervision of the fighting man of the Remove, the "field" was arranged.

Half an hour later, attired in swimming-costumes, the Remove team appeared on the School House steps, and plunged into the water to take up their positions.

They were greeted by many cries from the spectators at the windows above.

"Good old Remove!"

"Three cheers for the water-babies!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Eventually Temple & Co. arrived, and another volley of cheers burst out. Since none of the seniors could be found to referee the game in the water, Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars, volunteered to do it from one of the boats at the side of the "field."

"Line up!" roared Wingate through a gramophone-horn he had borrowed to do duty as a megaphone. "Only another minute before starting!"

Wharton placed the ball about where he judged the centre to be, and waited for the first blast of the whistle.

Pheep!

"Play up!"

"On the ball!"

Cries of encouragement went up as Wharton fisted the ball out to his right-wing.

Plop!

The ball hit the water with a resounding smack. And the next moment a frantic tussle between Bob Cherry and Temple of the Fourth commenced for its possession.

"Go it, Bob!"

"Duck him, Temple!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The two players fought and splashed until the water around them became white with foam. But in the struggle Temple, unfortunately for him, in an endeavour to shout some instructions to one of his supporters, shipped a mouthful of water.

"G-g-gug! Ooooh!" he spluttered.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go it, Temple!"

It was the opportunity Bob Cherry had been waiting for. With a stentorian roar, he fisted the ball across to Wharton again, who immediately fisted it out to Franky Nugent.

And Nugent, gripping the trailing lace of the ball with his teeth, commenced to swim for the Fourth goal, Fry splashing up in his rear. On and on he went, ducking and diving.

Excitement was intense.

But Fry was nothing if not a trier. He changed from the breast-stroke to the overstroke. Slowly but surely he drew nearer to the Remove, until at last only a few inches remained between Nugent's heels and the Fourth-Former's head. Fry put on another spurt and grabbed Nugent by the heel.

"Foal!" roared the crowd.

"Groooooch!" spluttered Nugent, as the ball slipped from his mouth and he ducked a couple of feet under the water.

Wingate blew his whistle, and through his improvised megaphone awarded the Remove a penalty "kick." The ball was thrown over in front of the Fourth goal.

"You had better take the kick, Harry!" shouted Bob Cherry.

"Right-ho!"

Biff!

Wharton punched at the floating ball for all he was worth. It sailed through the air towards Dabney, the Fourth Form custodian, describing a dripping

arc as it did so. Dabney, who was treading water, saw it coming and lunged up at it. But at the precise moment he lunged a twinge of cramp ran down his left leg, and he missed.

Smack!

But if the goalkeeper missed, the ball did not. It took the redoubtable Dabney full in the face, and gently floated away behind him between the two goalbaths.

"Yeroooooogh!" howled Dabney, splashing wildly about. "Wow! I'm hurt!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Goal!"

"Play up, Remove!"

The ball was punched back to the centre again, and the players lined up, waiting for the whistle.

Pheep!

Even as the whistle sounded, Temple made a grab at the ball, gripping it as Nugent had done with his teeth. And the next moment, as the Remove closed in around him, he dived and vanished.

"Where's he gone?"

The players paused and glanced around them. Temple was famous throughout Greyfriars as a diver, and he was bringing his skill in this direction into use now. All that remained to show he had been anywhere near where the Remove were splashing around was a ring of little air-bubbles.

"My hat!" gasped Johnny Bull, treading water. "Where has the blighter got to?"

"The divefulness of the esteemed ass Temple is terrific!" added the Nabob of Bhanipur in his weird and wonderful English.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

A stentorian roar burst from Bob Cherry as he suddenly kicked out and started off down the field towards the Remove goal. And the next moment the remainder of the juniors saw a black head bobbing up about fifteen yards from them. It was Temple of the Fourth. He was swimming on his side, pushing the ball before him as he went. The juniors gave a kick and a splash, and started off after him.

But Temple had a good lead, thanks to his extraordinary dive, and it looked uncommonly as though he would reach the Remove goal before even the backs could prevent him.

Splash, splash, splash!

No tiddler before a hungry whale put on more speed in the water than did the Remove at that moment. Hand over hand they went, determined to draw level with Temple before he reached the goal.

"After him!"

"Give him a worm!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Temple, by another couple of dives, succeeded in passing the Remove backs, and it seemed that nothing could prevent him from reaching the front of the goal, where he would have only Hazeldene to contend with. But at that moment there came a loud shout of alarm from the spectators up at the windows.

"Look out!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"The silly ass!"

Even as they shouted, there came the warning note of a motor-horn.

Honk, honk!

And from the far end of the Close, behind the Remove goal, appeared a motor-boat, the water spurting from its bows and a creamy wake in its rear. Low down in the driving-pit the juniors made out the form of Horace Coker, the duffer of the Fifth. But if the juniors had seen Coker, the great Horace had not seen them. He was leaning forward

over the steering-wheel, intent upon some part of his boat's mechanism.

Every now and then he gave a toot on the horn, trusting to luck that its note would clear the way for him. Coker, apparently, was in ignorance of the football match that was taking place in the water. And at the rate he was travelling it seemed that nothing short of a miracle could save him from running down the juniors in the water, who were frantically endeavouring to swim out of his way.

"Look out, Coker!"

"You silly ass!"

By now the din was terrific. Wingate was blowing on his whistle, and the juniors at the windows were shouting. Coker glanced up in alarm to see what all the noise was about. As he did so he observed the juniors in the water for the first time. He made a wild grab at his steering-wheel, and swung the boat round just in time to avoid keel-hauling Temple, who was nearest to him.

But, while he was staring at Temple, Coker failed to notice the tin baths doing duty as goalposts. But if Horace Coker failed, his boat didn't. With the spray leaping from its bows, it caught the un-offending bath head on.

Crash!

"Oheeeeeeer!" shrieked the Fifth-Former, in alarm.

The bath crumpled up before the heavy motor-boat like a piece of match-wood and went to the bottom, while the motor-boat roared along on its way.

Meanwhile, many of the footballers had succeeded in reaching the School House steps. But a few of them, including Hazeldene, Inky, Frank Nugent, and Johnny Bull, were not so successful. Instead of dashing to safety, it had taken them all their time to avoid a collision with Coker and his boat when first they had appeared. They were swimming on the outside of the boat, hoping it would pass them and give them a better chance to join their chums. Things might have turned out as they hoped had it not been for the crash with the tin bath. That crash had caused the motor-boat to swing around again, and at the very moment the juniors thought they were safe they saw it tearing directly at them.

"Stop the engine, you chump!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Slow her down!"

Coker blinked at the juniors, who were now only a few yards before him, and heaved the steering-wheel round again. There is an old saying to the effect that fools are born lucky. And Coker proved the truth of the old saying—on this occasion, at any rate. He missed the struggling juniors by a few feet only, nearly falling out of the boat as he did so.

Had Coker had the presence of mind to shut off his engine his troubles might have come to an end. But, as it was, he lost his head, and instead of cutting off the petrol he opened the throttle.

Chug, chug, chug!

The engine, not being able to read its driver's thoughts, did what any engine would have done under similar circumstances.

It roared.

And the boat, with no weight to hinder it save that of Coker, literally leaped from the water and raced up the Close.

"My hat!" gasped Franky Nugent, as he struck out for the shore. "That was a close shave, and no mistake. I reckon that silly ass Coker must have gone clean off his blessed chump!"

"Hear, hear!" said Johnny Bull, as he clambered over the side of the

(Continued on page 17.)



FAMOUS FLOODS

By
GEORGE WINGATE

FORTUNATELY for us, we get few floods in England which compare with those experienced abroad. In fact, compared with those of India and Africa, for example, ours can hardly be called floods at all.

In Africa it is no uncommon thing for an area of a hundred or more square miles to be under water for a period of a month or more. These floods, of course, usually start with the rainy season. And when it rains in the tropics, not only does it descend almost in sheets, but continues for days on end without a single break.

First of all, the rivers begin to rise and overflow; and then springs burst up among the hills; creeks that have been bone dry during the summer months suddenly become raging torrents, and sometimes a cloudburst adds to the work of destruction.

Floods caused by the bursting of a dam, such as that at Monk's Hill, are far less frequent and of a much milder form. Nevertheless, there are records of whole towns and villages having been wiped out as the result of a flood caused in this manner, and of many of the inhabitants losing their lives, too.

Only fifteen years ago a large reservoir just outside Polati, a small town in Northern Italy, burst through faulty construction. And before the unfortunate inhabitants had time to leave their houses even, many millions of gallons of water rushed down upon them, drowning them like rats in traps.

The damage to property was estimated at about a quarter of a million pounds, while over seven hundred people lost their lives.

But perhaps one of the biggest floods the world has ever known since the days of Noah was that which occurred in China nearly two hundred years ago.

This flood not only took a toll of nearly seventy thousand human lives, but did damage, the full extent of which was never discovered, and caused a rice famine through the washing away of the crops.

This flood, known as the Hang Chi Disaster, was caused through the sea penetrating a supposedly extinct volcano

crater on one of the many small islands which dot certain parts of the Chinese coast.

The sea, coming into contact with the burning core of the volcano, caused a terrific eruption, which drove the whole of the water between the island and the shore across the mainland. But it was not until nearly a hundred and fifty years afterwards that the cause of the disaster was discovered, and then it was by an eminent Japanese, Dr. Yoshimaro.

All floods, however, are not necessarily destructive.

Many a barren land has been made fertile by this means, and many that were not barren have had their fertility increased.

There have been many smaller floods in this country within the past few years, but most of them are too well remembered to need recounting here. There was one flood, however, which submerged a beautiful valley in a county near London not long ago—a valley which once sheltered three villages. But that particular flood was organised by man, when a river was tapped with the idea of storing some of its contents in the valley for human consumption.

A BOB A TIME.

"Waiter—waiter, I've swallowed a bone!"

The waiter hurried forward, loosened the diner's collar, and buffeted him lustily on the back.

"Feel better, sir?" he inquired sympathetically.

"Yes, thanks!" replied the diner. "But why the dickens don't you take your bones out of your confounded mince? Bring me my bill!"

The waiter apologised, and departed. But when he returned with the bill, the diner noticed that a shilling was marked up against "Sundries."

"What's this?" he demanded angrily. "You've charged me a shilling too much!"

"I beg your pardon, sir!" replied the waiter deferentially. "But chicken's a hextra!"

EDITORIAL!

By
HARRY WHARTON.

FLOODS may come and floods may go," but the "Greyfriars Herald," like the little brook in the poem, still goes merrily on. This week, however, it nearly came to a full stop, and, quite seriously, my chums, it was a toss-up whether the "Supplement" appeared at all.

Never in all the history of Greyfriars have we had such a time before!

In the first place, all the contributors were late with their copy—not that there is anything unusual in that. And secondly, to make matters worse, the printing works in Friardale, like everywhere else, was flooded out.

In fact, the day the "Supplement" should have been on the machines, there was over three feet of water in the basement. Then again, there wasn't a drum of ink in the place fit to use. The water had got into it, and it looked like a cross between one of Wun Lung's Chinese stews and a black pudding in consequence.

As soon as my chums and I heard what had happened, we rowed down to the village to see whether we could give the printer a hand.

And it was a jolly good job we did, too!

We worked like niggers for several hours baling the water out of the basement. And after that we borrowed a car and went over to Courtfield, where we managed to borrow a drum of printing ink from the works of the "Courtfield Gazette."

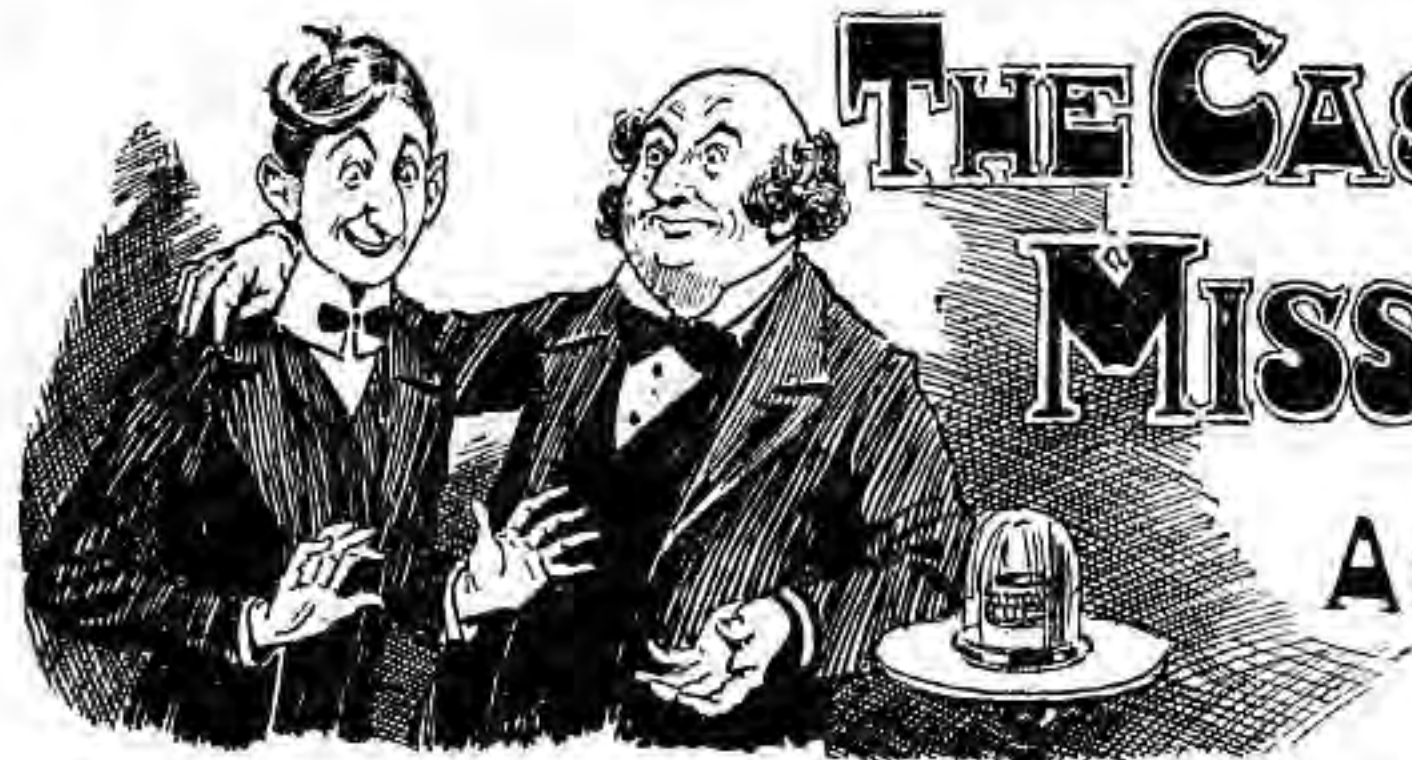
Having finished that we stayed on at printer's until our "copy" was printed, and we corrected the proofs on the spot instead of having them sent up to Greyfriars.

But, after all, our flood was a small affair compared with some that have occurred. Wingate is an authority on floods, so I managed to get an article from him on this subject. There is no need to recommend it here, since Wingate's name to it is a good enough recommendation in itself.

Mr. Prout was very anxious to describe a flood he experienced somewhere near the Rockies in 1875. But since he was rather late with it, I have been compelled to leave it out.

However, here's the "Supplement," wet from the press, so you can judge whether or not we made a good job of it in the face of our many difficulties.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 833.



THE CASE OF THE MISSING TEETH!

BY
ALONZO TODD

N EED I say that one of the most terrible experiences of my life was caused by a flood? Indeed, only those who have seen the beautiful fields covered by the cruel and swirling torrents, and have seen the poor, dumb dogs swimming for their lives, can realise its horrors.

Yet I have lived through all this! Worse than that, I have seen my esteemed Uncle Benjamin—of whom, possibly, you have heard me speak before—fighting in the raging flood for something almost as dear as life itself. It was shocking—nay, heartrending!

My Uncle Benjamin and I had been spending a quiet holiday in the country. Each morning we arose early from our beds—my Uncle Benjamin believes in rising early—and took a walk in the countryside before indulging in breakfast.

My dear fellows, how can I describe to you the ineffable charm of those early walks, when we listened to the sweet song of the lark, and fed with fresh-plucked grass the gentle cow? Life, as the poet says, was one long, sweet song.

Then one day heavy clouds drifted across the sky, and it began to rain. My Uncle Benjamin has always told me that cats do not like rain, so I busied myself collecting as many of the poor things as I could from around the farmhouse where we were staying, and bringing them indoors.

Meanwhile, it had started to thunder, and sharp flashes of lightning streaked across the sky. This continued for some days, during which the neighbouring river began to rise until at last it reached an alarming height.

At length the long expected happened. The river burst its banks and overflowed into the neighbouring fields. Horses, cattle, and even human beings were taken unawares. But while all the workers in the fields managed to climb up trees and wait for the rescue-parties, the animals were less fortunate.

My Uncle Benjamin suggested we should go out in a boat and see whether we could render any assistance either to man or beast. Uncle Benjamin wrapped himself well up in woolies, and, with that consideration for other people that is so characteristic of him, insisted that I should do the same.

Then we set out on our errand of mercy.

Half-way across one of the flooded fields we saw a poor, timid dog clinging to the branches of a half-submerged tree.

"My dear Alonzo," said Uncle Benjamin, "the dog we can observe in the distance has evidently become exhausted—that is why it is clinging to that tree. In addition, my dear Alonzo, it is probably suffering from exposure. I think we will row over to it, and having rescued it from its perilous, not to say

uncomfortable, position, administer a drop of Professor Crackedun's excellent cough-mixture."

"Certainly, my dear uncle!" I replied, with a beaming smile.

It took us but a few moments to reach the unfortunate dog. Uncle Benjamin, at great personal risk, reached out from the boat and dragged the dog to safety. He then ordered me to pour some of the cough-mixture down its throat while he opened its mouth.

But, as the poet Burns, a true student of Nature, says, "the best-laid schemes of men and mice gang aft agley."

No sooner did my esteemed Uncle Benjamin attempt to open the dog's mouth than it emitted an angry bark:

Bow-wow!
"If at first you don't succeed," quoted Uncle Benjamin, "try, try again." The poor animal is apparently



I waded up to my uncle, the bottle of cough mixture raised aloft.

apprehensive that we may do him some injury. However, we are working for his own good, so we must persevere, my dear Alonzo."

Uncle Benjamin, after a few soothing words, wrenched at the dog's mouth again, while I produced the really excellent cough-mixture in readiness.

Then a terrible thing happened!

The ungrateful dog suddenly snapped at poor Uncle Benjamin's hand, causing him to lose his balance in the boat and to pitch headlong into the water.

Plop!

But, unnoticed by either of us, the boat had drifted away from the tree where we had found the dog, and was now rapidly being drawn along by the current of the river. I decided that whatever was to be done must be done at once. My Uncle Benjamin has always impressed upon me that sometimes it is necessary to make quick decisions.

I therefore reached out of the boat,

with the intention of dragging Uncle Benjamin back. But, unfortunately, I misjudged the distance, missed my balance, too, and, with a loud splash, was hurled in the raging torrent just behind my esteemed uncle, while the boat floated rapidly away.

Even then tragedy might have been averted had Uncle Benjamin not endeavoured to shout some valuable instructions to me. But, as it was, he opened his mouth, and, with a splash, his false teeth dropped into the flood.

"My dearsh Alonzo," spluttered poor Uncle Benjamin, "I have losh my teech! Groooooo!"

And, with that, struggling furiously against the stream, Uncle Benjamin made a wild dive at the missing molars. He missed them by the fraction of an inch, but knocked them a little farther along, thus preventing them sinking. But a second later the teeth sunk out of sight beneath the water.

Uncle Benjamin dived again and again—a really extraordinary feat, when you consider the state of the river. But, dive as he might, he could find no sign of the missing teeth. At length, fearing he should take a cold in consequence of his immersion, I waded up to him with the bottle of cough-mixture raised aloft. I was about to pour some of the wonderful fluid down uncle's throat when he suddenly made a wild grab at something in the water.

"I've got them!" he shouted delightedly.

But his triumph was short-lived. For what Uncle Benjamin had thought were his missing teeth was, in reality, a piece of painted wood with a nail in the middle.

Several more times he dived, but the teeth seemed to have vanished utterly. And at last, weary and exhausted, we returned home. Uncle Benjamin insisted on changing his clothes right away—he has always impressed upon me the danger of damp clothes—and, while he was doing so, something dropped from the turn-up of his trousers on to the bed-room floor with a clatter.

It was the set of missing teeth!

Uncle Benjamin pounced upon them with delight, a beaming smile upon his face.

"My dear Alonzo!" he exclaimed, hugging his prize. "And to think I dived all those times when the teeth were actually in the turn-ups of my trousers! This is indeed extraordinary!"

And if any of you doubt this story, my dear fellows, I can only conclude by saying that the teeth in question may be seen any time at my esteemed Uncle Benjamin's house, where they now repose beneath a glass case, as a souvenir of the Great Flood.

[Supplement to

WATERS OF DISSARSTER!



BY BILLY BUNTER

(This story was dictated to Sammy Bunter, who possesses a more original idea of spelling than his egregious major.)

IT is in a state of considerable konsternation, knot to say annoyance, that I rite these few werds. I feel mi stilo pen is inadekwate to deal with the subject—that know tipewriter has bean deesigned that kan do it justice.

My shoo-lace happening two kum undun as I wos parsing Wingate's studdy the other day, I stewped down 2 do it up, when a famillyer voyce smote mi ears.

"Wharton!" I ejackywlated.

As soon as I realized that mi old pal was torking private to Wingate I tried knot 2 listen—reely, you fellows! It's a fack! I cinseerly hope their's nuthing of the Pawl Pri about mo!

However, mi old pal Wharton was torking at the top of his voyce, sew I couldn't help hering a word or two.

"Wingate," he sed, "that's a reely topping artikle on fluds U have ritten for the 'Grayfryers Hereld' this weak. I cudn't have dun better miself."

"Ho," thort I, "an artikle on fluds, eh? What daz Wingate no about fluds, anyway? I must have a look into this and sea what the artikle is like!"

And having arrived at this deecishun, I kleared mi brow and strolled along to Wharton's studdy in the Remove passidge. Kneadless to say, the artikle was still on the studdy taybull when I arived their.

Well, deer friends, I took wun look at that manustript, and wot did I find?

Their was a lot of stuff about fluds, of what U mite term an uplifting natcher. In fakt, it was a sort of yung N-sighklopeddia. Vainely I serched four sum reference to the most important flud of all—the wun in which Gorge William Bunter played a no inkonsiderable part.

But it was not their!

What an injustice, yew felloes! What an omission! What a garstly horror! Now, perhaps, U kan understand why I am annoyed! Now, perhaps you kan understand mi feeling of konsternation which I menshuned at the beeginning of this sewparb artikle!

But was I downharted, deer reeders? Ekko arnsers know!

As no dout you are aware, their's a lot of purgsunal jellusy in this skool. And I kame to the koncluwshion it was bekwase of that Wingate had left the thrilling story of my grate flud expeerience out of his artikle.

But as mi felloe orther, William Shakespeare, wunce sed, were their's a will their's a way. I have theifour decided to tell you the story miself, sow you will here it from the hoarse's mouth, sow to speak.

It okkurred sum years ago, wen I was staying with mi peepke at Bunter Kort. Dinner was just over when we herd a fritefull krash sumwere in the distance.

Supplement iii.]

"Grate Skott!" eggsklamed mi nikle, the Erle of Bunter, who was staying with us. "The resavoy on the hill has berst! Bunter Village will be fludded! The pheasants' howses will be fludded, too, and perhaps there lives in danger! As lords of the manner we must sea what we kan do them for—I meen, do for them. Up, Billy, and 2 the reskow!"

With the erle's noble wurd's wringing in mi eres I jumped to mi feat, the blud of all the Bunters korsing wildly threw mi vanes. And befour you cood say "nife" I had left the taybull, dashed to the botelhowse, and was rowing away over the flud.

I had knot bean rowing long, deer reeders, when I herd a bludkurdling skreem. And away in a fludded medder on mi wright I perseewed sum men standing in a bote. Wun of them, attired in a silk hat and a big kloke, suddenly



I glarnced at the made on my strong arm, and four a moment I thort I saw her larf. Then I looked at the felloes from the boat. One of them carried a kamerer with a handle at the sighed.

picked a fare maiden from the bottom of the bote and, with a wringing kersc, karst her into the swerling flud-waters.

"Help!" she rored at the top of her voyce. "Help, for the lav of Mike!"

Poising miself in mi bote, I took a big brethe and dived into the torrent.

Splash!

The next momunt I was striking out for the drounding damsell. Hand-over-hand I went, till at larst I mannaged to katch her bi her golden loks. Meen-while the darstardly felloes in the bote shook there fists at me and muttered sum orful things. But, nuthing dornted, I swum with the gerl I had saved from a watery delth to the neerest shoer.

Knot without konsiderable trubble I managed at larst to drag her on to terror fermer. Four a wile she was unkonshue. But, being simply a dab at first-ade, I applied artefissul reparation. After what seamed munths—nay, weeks—the bewtiful maiden opened her eyes and murmured sum wurd's of thanks in mi ears. Then she glarnced with grattytude into mi eyes, and fanted away again.

Then all of a sudden the botelcowl of felloes I have alreddy menshuned kame on the seen.

"Ho," ses the wun with the hat, "yew think yore klevver, don't yer, yung shaver. Doo you no what you have bean and gorn and dun?"

"Yess," I reeplyed, wundering weather I cood suksessfully attak the lot of them. "I have saved this pore immersent gerl from yore kowderly klutches. You thort, bekwase of the flud, you cood kommit merder, and the perlice woud think she had got drounden bi akksident. But you rekkoned without Bunter, and that has bean yore undoing. I will sea that U pay the full penlti of the lor!"

I glarnced at the made on mi strong arm, and four a minnute I thort I saw her larf. Then I looked at the felloes from the bote again. Wun of them was holding a trypod with a kamerer on top. And the kamerer had a handle in the sighed of it.

"I say, U felloes," I sed, blinking threw mi big spektilles, "what's the game?"

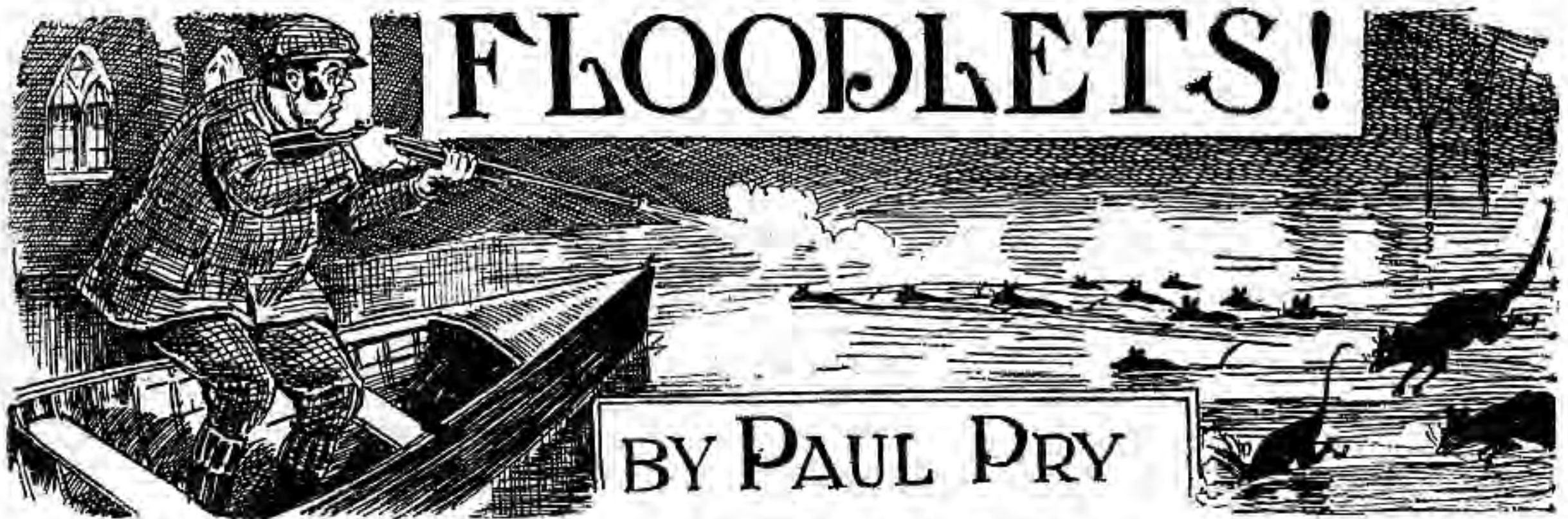
Wun of the felloes looked at mo with a pitying smile.

"You silly ass!" he ejackywlated. "If you don't no what you have dun, I will tell you. I am the prodewser of the Flikkergraf Film Kompany. When we herd of the flud we kame down hear bi airoplane to take a seen four our film entitled, 'Drowned to Deth.' And now you have gon and messed it up! You berbling jabberwok!"

Well, deer reeders, when I herd those wurd's I must konfess I felt a fritefull ass. So, terning on mi heal, I strode away, mi tale between mi legs, sow to speak. And when I arrived bak at Bunter Kort and told mi unkle, the Erle of Bunter, what had okkurred, he larfed till his nobull sides aked with pane.

However, I was konsolled when I re-seewed an invitation from the damsell to the dinner with which they sellebrated the releese of the film. It was a wunderfool feed—everything you kan think of from sardines to ices. At the end, when I felt a little sleepy, the prodewser got up and made a speech—a fare affair he made it. I snored, and he must have thought I said "oncore," bekwase he was still torking when I woke up.

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I HEAR that a Special Commission will shortly sit in Courtfield to inquire into, and report upon, the bursting of the dam at Monk's Hill. It is highly probable that several members of the Lower School at Greyfriars will be called upon to give evidence.

The damage to property caused by the flood has now been estimated at twenty thousand pounds. Fifteen cottages between Monk's Hill and the school were totally wrecked, while no fewer than eighty head of cattle lost their lives. Fortunately, however, most of the farmers had insured their stock against flood.

The Relief Fund organised by Sir Hilton Popper, Bart., has now reached a total of fifteen thousand pounds, and is still growing! A thousand pounds of this money was subscribed by the school Governors, while it is anticipated that another five hundred will accrue from the series of concerts to be given by the Remove Dramatic Society at the Coronet Theatre, Courtfield.

That's the stuff to give 'em!

I learn from an official source that William George Bunter of the Remove Form is applying for a rebate of his school fees in consequence of the loss of a dinner through the bursting of a water main in the domestic quarters.

"I say, you know, it's a blessed fraud," said the fat junior, blinking through his big spectacles, when I called upon him in his study. "I don't believe the blessed main's burst at all. It was just a stunt to save some grub. They can't pull the wool over my eyes. He, he, he!"

We hope Bunter will get all he deserves!

A sensation was caused in the Close the night following the flood, by the appearance of Mr. Prout, standing in a boat with his celebrated Winchester repeater, potting at water-rats. Mr. Prout reports that sport was rather slow, and bears no comparison with one of his hunting trips in the Rockies in 1885, when, alone and unaided, he secured a bag of twelve grizzly bears, four mountain lions, and half a dozen scalp-hunting Red Indians.

M'yes!

I hear that a reward of two bloaters is being offered by the Second Form for information that will lead to the apprehension and licking of three desperados styling themselves "The Black Hand (or neck) Pirates" who, on the third night of the flood, waylaid several fags in the Close. Failing to extract loot

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from them they scuttled their baths, sending them to Davy Jones' locker.

The pirates were described as wearing three-cornered paper hats bearing the sign of the Jolly Roger and black masks. Their vessels consisted of three baths driven by cricket bats.

Here's to the jolly pirates! Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of—ginger-pop!

Considerable activity prevails in Study No. 13, where Fisher T. Fish is busy forming a new insurance company which will issue policies against future floods. The company will be known as "The All-in Flood Insurance Federation (Inc.)" with Fisher T. Fish as president, acting vice-president, secretary, and treasurer.

So far there has been no marked rush for policies!

A rather original explanation for the bursting of the dam at Monk's Hill has

SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

BOYS, BE BEAUTIFUL! It's the beautiful boy who wins success in life—the boy with the luxuriant hair, sparkling eyes, shapely nose, and glowing cheeks. The ugly boy has to remain on the bottom rung of the ladder. He cannot advance. WHY? Because his appearance repels instead of attracting. If you are inclined to be ugly—if you are known amongst your school-fellows as "Monkey-face"—come and consult **PROFESSOR BINKS**, the celebrated Beauty Specialist! Consulting-rooms: 189, High Street, Courtfield. **DON'T DELAY! COME TO-DAY!**

BOYS, BE MANLY! Cultivate a moustache! A little hair on your upper-lip will convert you from an innocent infant into a man of the world! You will command respect and admiration wherever you go. Your girl friends will say, "How handsome he has become since he grew a moustache!" Your Form-master will be reluctant to cane you for misbehaviour in the class-room. How can he possibly cane a Man with a Moustache! Buy a tube of "LIPPO" to-day, and rub some into your upper-lip every night. A magnificent military moustache will make its appearance in **THREE DAYS!** Money refunded if moustache refuses to sprout.—Messrs. Beaver & Walrus, Chemists, High Street, Courtfield.

IS YOUR NOSE STRAIGHT? Nothing looks more undignified than a nasal organ which takes a sharp list to starboard. Wear one of our patent nose-straighteners for a few weeks, and your nose will assume a normal shape, and be the envy of all beholders! Of course, you will look rather funny while you are wearing the straightener, but think of the difference it will make in your appearance later on! Our wonderful little appliance only costs a modest five guineas. Buy one to-day!—**THE STRAIGHT NOSE SYNDICATE**, Crooked Street, Courtfield.

been sent me by William Gosling, the school porter. I reproduce it here just as it was sent me by the noble Gossy.

"Deer Mr. Pri,—Wot I ses is this 'ere—there is fluds and fluds. Some fluds is caused bi nacher, and sum is caused by dratted boys which ought to have been drowned at birth. In mi opinion that there dam up at Monk's Hill was made to bust by the interference of sum young rips wot ought have knowed better. I may say that konsiderable dammige was done to mi stock of lime jooce in the seller of my lodge by the water getting into it. Wot I ses is this 'ere—"

But there, I think that will do. It is refreshing to learn that now Gosling will be compelled to take more water with his lime juice whether he wants to or not. Even floods have their uses.

Yes, I think so!

SOME THINGS I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

Whether it is true that a certain Fifth-Former is considering joining a yacht racing club. And, if so, will motor-boats be allowed to compete?

The price paid by Lord Mandeverer for the services of a squadron of "tugs" to tow him to the village. And whether the fags in the tugs felt as tired at the end of the journey as their noble patron?

Whether Billy Bunter has yet discovered the difference between a hot cinder and a blob of snow, and what he said when he took an involuntary bath in the flood waters by being pitched out of his "boat"?

If Mr. Quelch intends to include the story of the great flood in his forthcoming manuscript on "The History of Greyfriars," and, if so, when may we expect the book to be ready?

What Billy Bunter really thought when, after he had caught a fine roach with rod and line from the School House steps, he tried a double line with two hooks, and brought to the surface a tin of sardines and an ancient kipper?

And if the joker who fixed them on the hooks wasn't glad that Billy was too shortsighted to recognise him even if he had seen him?

If Dr. Locke, seeing the pleasure derived when we used the flooded quad as a swimming bath, isn't considering having an open air bath built at Greyfriars?

"PAUL PRY."

[Supplement vii.]

THE GREYFRIARS FLOOD!

(Continued from page 12.)

boat in which Wingate had rowed out to meet them.

The juniors heaved a sigh of relief as they realised that further danger from Coker was past. They stared up the flooded Close to where the motor-boat was still roaring away, and their scared looks gave place to grins.

But Coker in the boat itself was far from happy. In his wild endeavour to stop the boat a few moments before he had succeeded in smashing the controls. And now he realised with a groan that he was unable to stop the engine, and it was going all out.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

The Castaway!

"THE silly ass!" snorted Bob Cherry, staring after the racing motor-boat and its now thoroughly alarmed driver. "He'll break his blessed neck at the rate he's going!"

By now Coker must have been doing at least twenty miles per hour, and at that rate he could not career about the Close very long before he came a cropper. It certainly seemed that, unless a miracle happened, Bob's prophecy would come true, and that the burly Fifth-Former would indeed break his neck.

The watching juniors saw the boat racing all out for the wall at the end of the Close. They held their breath, expecting to see boat and driver crash. But at the last moment, when it seemed that an accident was unavoidable, Coker gave a frantic wrench to the steering-wheel.

This sudden turn at the speed it was going caused the motor-boat to send up a great sheet of water and to pitch heavily on its side. Coker clung to the wheel like grim death, expecting to be hurled headlong into the flood, with the motor-boat on top of him. But by luck more than anything else, it retained its equilibrium, and shot off in another direction.

Chug, chug, chug!

The boat was racing back again, leaving a creamy wake in its rear, much after the manner of a young torpedo-boat. And standing amidships, waving his arms in the air and bellowing at the top of his powerful voice, was the great Horace Coker.

"Great Scott! She's travelling now!" exclaimed Wingate.

"And Coker can't stop her!" said Wharton anxiously.

Wingate raised his improvised megaphone to his lips, and bellowed to Coker to make for the school gates and the open fields beyond. But if Coker heard he heeded not. He was not in a fit state at that moment to follow any instructions.

All he was concerned with was saving his skin. Several times he made as though to jump into the water, leaving the boat to take care of itself. But each time he poised preparatory to diving he seemed to think better of it.

"Make for the gates!" roared Wingate again.

Chug, chug, chug!

By now the motor-boat and its terrified driver was almost level with the watching juniors. Coker waved his arms to them and bellowed.

"Help! I can't stop her!" he roared.

"Let the petrol out of the tank!" shouted Wingate.

Coker bent down over the dashboard again. But as he did so he caught his jacket on the steering-wheel and jerked it round again. There came the roar of the propeller as it lashed the water, and the boat shot off straight for the tops of some half-submerged trees.

Coker looked up from the dashboard and saw the trees racing towards him. He tried to yell, but couldn't. So he did the next best thing. He gripped the sides of the boat and waited for the worst.

Crash!

The front of the boat, half out of the water, skated partly across the tops of the trees, and the rest of the boat, carried forward by its own momentum, followed.

Coker yelled, and the juniors gasped. They saw the branches sag and sway beneath the weight, and heard the whine of the propeller as it thrashed the air. Came a roar from the engine, followed by a harsh, grinding noise, and then, with a final snort, it slowed down and finally ceased altogether.

The spectators, both on the shore and up at the windows, heaved a sigh of relief. Coker had escaped a drenching and a possibly serious accident by the very skin of his teeth. But he was not quite out of the wood yet.

He had got the boat on to the tree-tops, but he could not get it off. He leaned over the gunwale as though to dive, and the boat rocked ominously on its perilous perch. If Coker had carried out his intention of diving, the boat would certainly have crashed down on top of him before he had time to reach the water or swim clear. And the Fifth-Former did not fail to realise this.

"I say, lend a hand, you chaps!" he bellowed. "I'm stuck!"

Now the danger was past the spectators began to see the funny side of the affair. They regarded the wildly waving Coker and grinned; then they laughed, and then they roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"This is rich!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come on, you silly asses, I'm stuck!" bellowed the great Horace again.

But the juniors did not come on. Instead, they laughed again. Stuck up in the tree-tops and unable to move for fear of bringing the boat down on top of himself, the Fifth-Former certainly looked funny.

"I suppose we'd better go out and fetch the silly ass in," laughed Wingate. "Some of you fellows jump in the boat and give me a hand."

"Right-ho, Wingate!"

A few seconds later, with the Famous Five still in their bathing costumes pulling at the oars, the boat with the captain of Greyfriars standing in the bows, glided up to the marooned Fifth-Former.

"You fellows stand up and hold the blessed boat," commanded Wingate, "while Coker jumps. He'll get a ducking, but that can't be helped."

The juniors did as they were bid, and Coker, only too glad to get out of the damaged motor-boat, whether at the price of a ducking or not, jumped.

Splash!

He hit the water and came up a few yards from the juniors' boat. Five pairs of hands reached out and dragged him, panting and blowing, to the side.

"My only aunt!" gasped the Fifth-Former, when he was safely seated among the grinning juniors. "Wasn't it awful! I thought I was going to get

smashed up that time, and all through you silly asses getting in my way, too!"

"Well, of all the blessed cheek—" began Harry Wharton indignantly.

"Gratitude, thy name is Coker," grinned Wingate. "Let's get back to the School House."

And when Coker stood on dry land some minutes later he was greeted by loud shouts.

"See the conquering hero comes!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Any more for the Skylark?"

"You cheeky fags!" roared the burly Fifth-Former. "It was all the fault of you blessed fags, anyhow. Wait until I get some dry duds on. I'll smash the whole thumping lot of you!"

And with that the discomfited mariner vanished into the building amid a chorus of howls, leaving a trail of water behind him. There was no doubt about it—Coker as a yachtsman was no go!

"We'll get Gosling and the gardener to yank the boat out of the trees with some rope later on in the evening," said Wingate, when the howls had subsided somewhat. "Meanwhile, you kids had better buzz off and get dressed. You can call the footer match a draw if you like, but in any case, I think we've had enough of it for to-day."

Temple, Dabney, and the rest of the Upper Fourth water-football team had evidently come to the same conclusion some time before. For, without exception, they all had vanished, taking the water-soaked football with them.

During tea that evening the exploits of Horace Coker and the runaway motor-boat formed the one and all-absorbing topic of conversation. The more the juniors thought about it the more they laughed.

It was just the sort of thing Coker would do. Coker cherished an idea that he was a motor-cyclist of extraordinary ability, an idea, however, which received support only from the mighty Horace himself. But whatever his prowess on a motor-cycle might be, the general opinion was that, as far as motor-boat-ing went, he was a silly ass of the first water.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

The Removites' Find!

"HELP!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What was that?"

Harry Wharton & Co. were rowing back from the village when there came a loud cry across the water from the direction of the ruined Greyfriars Abbey.

They ceased rowing and listened.

"Help!"

"It is the esteemed and sorrowful cry of a ludicrous person in distressfulness," purred Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the dusky Nabob of Bhanipur. "Listen! There it is againfully!"

"Help!"

Once again the cry sounded. And there was something about the voice that was vaguely familiar to the Removites.

"Better pull across and see what's up," said Harry Wharton thoughtfully.

The juniors headed their boat in the direction from whence the shout had sounded. A few minutes' rowing brought them close to the ruins of the abbey, around which the flood water lapped lazily.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared the stentorian voice of Bob Cherry. "Any-one about?"

"Yes. It's me! I say, you fellows, I'm—"

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"Bunter!" gasped the Famous Five as one man—or rather one boy.

"Well, I'm jiggered!"

"I wonder what's the matter with the fat ass?"

"The wonderfulness is of the esteemed and terrific order, my worthy chums!"

"I say, you fellows, buck up! I can't hang on much longer! My glasses are dropping off. If they get broken you'll jolly well have to pay for them! I—I mean, I sha'n't be able to see!"

"Sounds as though he's round this corner," said Johnny Bull, pointing to a part of the abbey walls which jutted out from the rest of the ruins. "Let's pull round and see."

The juniors steered the boat to the spot indicated. As they did so, the fat form of the Owl of the Remove came into view. Bunter was perched half-way up the wall on what appeared to be a small slab of stone. How he had got there the chums did not know. But it was obvious he could not get down again without falling into the water. And Bunter did not like water.

"I'm jolly glad you fellows came," he said, as the juniors hove into view. "I've been here half an hour already. I was having a quiet rest on the wall when suddenly the blessed thing collapsed. You know what a brainy sort of chap I am? Well, I managed to cling to this blessed stone as I fell, and—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Johnny Bull unfeelingly. "Serve you jolly well

right! I suppose you collared someone's grub from their study cupboard, and came out here to wolf it on the quiet?"

"Really, Bull—"

"But where's your boat, anyhow?" demanded Harry Wharton. "I don't suppose you swam here?"

"Nunno! I paddled over in a blessed bath. But when the wall collapsed the thumping thing got filled up with rubbish and went to the bottom. Wow! Buck up, you chaps! I can't hold on much longer!"

The Removites grinned.

They pushed their boat beneath the fat form of the Owl of the Remove, and a second later, with a grunt like unto a pig in mortal agony, Bunter dropped from his perch and landed square in the middle of the boat, well-nigh pitching the juniors into the water.

The Famous Five were about to resume their interrupted journey to the school when they were arrested by an exclamation from Bob Cherry.

"Half a mo'," said Bob quietly. "That's a jolly queer looking stone Bunter's been sitting on. It looks more like some sort of a box to me. Let's have a look."

The juniors pushed the boat near to the wall again. And with the help of Johnny Bull Bob Cherry reached up to examine Bunter's late resting place.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed suddenly. "It is a box, you chaps! Hold tight while I heave it out."

The burly junior gave several sharp tugs at the box in question, and at length it yielded, and finally, amid a shower of dust and stones, came away in his hands.

"Wow!" he gasped, almost dropping his burden on Bull's head. "It's heavy!"

The juniors placed the box in the bottom of the boat and regarded it with puzzled frowns. It was obviously of considerable age, and must have been embedded in the heart of the wall for some hundreds of years. And had it not been for the action of the flood waters, combined with the weight of the Owl of the Remove, which caused the old wall to collapse, it would in all probability have remained there still.

The box or chest appeared to be made of iron, which was now rusted with age, and was fastened by an ancient padlock.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" gasped Frank Nugent. "I wonder what the thump it is?"

"I say, you fellows, it's mine, you know! I saw it first!" hooted the Owl of the Remove. "If it hadn't been for me it would never have been discovered. It's what I came out for. I've been searching for it all the blessed evening, taking the wall down bit by bit!"

"You fat fraud!" exclaimed Wharton wrathfully. "Bob was the one who spotted it! You didn't know it was there, although you were sitting on it! No, you fat pippin, we're going to lug it back to the school and hand it over to Dr. Locke. If you want it, you can fight it out with him."

"Besides that," cut in Johnny Bull, "the abbey is the property of the school governors. Therefore, anything discovered on it belongs by law to them."

"Never mind about that fat bandit!" snorted Bob Cherry. "Let's get back to the school. We'll soon find out what it is!"

"Hear, hear!"

And with that the Famous Five turned the boat face about and commenced to row back to Greyfriars. During the remainder of the journey each one of them was speculating upon the strange find. They recalled stories they had heard in the past of treasure that was supposed to have been buried somewhere in the abbey by the monks of old in the days of the Reformation.

Generations of Greyfriars fellows had hunted for that treasure. The crypt and the surrounding grounds had been explored from time to time by juniors—and seniors—who thought they had discovered a clue to its whereabouts, but so far not a great deal of the treasure had come to light to reward their efforts. Indeed, many of the juniors had come to the conclusion that all the treasure had now been discovered.

But the Famous Five, however, had never ceased to believe that the treasure was waiting to be found somewhere—if only they knew where to look for it.

And the mind of Billy Bunter was no less active than those of the rest of the juniors. In his opinion the mysterious chest was stuffed with diamonds and pearls worth a king's ransom. Already he had made a valuation of their worth. He put it at somewhere about a million pounds. And the thought of so much money made the fat junior's mouth water. In his mind's eye he had a vision of endless feeds, consisting of jam-tarts, doughnuts, and other eatables galore.

"I say, you fellows, buck up!" he exclaimed at length. "I want to see what's in my box. I suppose you wouldn't care to make me a little advance on it?"

"Shut up!" roared the Famous Five. Eventually the boatload of juniors pulled in at the school gates and rowed

HALF-MINUTE STORIES!

By the Joker.

THE HARDER, THE BETTER.

Wish! Whack! Wow!

Little Leonard was under the leather. Why, oh, why had little Leonard's father such a large foot?

"Don't, daddy—don't!" he yelled in agonised accents.

His father paused in his operations.

"I am punishing you, my son," he said sternly, "for your own good! Believe me, Leonard, every stroke I administer to you hurts me a thousand-fold more deeply than it hurts you!"

A gleam came into little Leonard's eyes as he bent down once more across his stern father's knees.

"Right-ho, daddy!" he said, clenching his fists. "Fire away, then! Hard as ever you can!"

CHRONIC.

Needy Ned and Seedy Sid met on the low road of Failure.

"Whacheer, Sid!" said Ned.

"Whacheer, Ned!" answered Sid.

They sat down, and sniffed over hard Fate and their last pinches of snuff.

"Where yer bin, Sid?" asked Ned.

"Ain't seen you abart lately."

"Course yer ain't!" replied Sid. "I've been laid out with the hin'nenzey."

"Hin'nenzey! Wha'ever's that?" queried Ned.

"Well, I don't know as 'ow I can ezak'ly explain it," answered Sid. "It takes all the fight out of yer. Yer feel sort of—tired, like. Don't seem ter want ter do anything."

"Why, I've 'ad that for the lars' twenty years," exclaimed Ned: "but this is the first time I've ever 'eard its name!"

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TOO GOOD TO LOSE.

"The matter is very urgent!" gabbled the manager to the detective-inspector he had called in. "I will be brief. Some fellow has been representing himself as a collector of ours. He has been raking in more money by his unprincipled methods than any two of the men we have, and I want him caught as quickly as is possible."

"Very good, sir!" said the clever 'tec. "I'll have him in gaol in less than a week!"

"Great Scott, sir, I don't want him put in gaol!" cried the excited manager. "I want to engage him!"

TO BE EXPECTED.

The sea was heavy, and the two holiday-makers had ventured too far out in their fragile boat. This part of the storyette is old, because the boat was swamped, as usual.

But its occupants were men of determination, and they struck out boldly for the shore, though the hope of reaching it was somewhat remote. Imagine their joy, therefore, when they espied a fisherman rowing towards them. To him they bellowed lustily, but his only response was to lay on his oars, light his pipe, and regard them with amusement.

After a terrific struggle with the waves, they grasped the side of his boat and pulled themselves in.

"You heartless scoundrel!" cried one of them. "Couldn't you see we were in great danger?"

"Danger!" cried the old salt. "Why, blowed if I didn't take you for a couple o' them 'ere Channel swimmers!"



Slowly but surely Fry overtook Nugent. Then, with a terrific spurt, he drew almost level and caught the Removite by the neck. The lace of the ball slipped from Nugent's mouth and he ducked a couple of feet under the water. "Foul!" Wingate blew his whistle and then, through his improvised megaphone, awarded the Removites a penalty "kick."
(See Chapter 7.)

across the Close. They lost no time in getting ashore, carrying their mysterious find with them, much to the disgust of the Owl of the Remove.

"Better lug it along to the Head's study!" panted Harry Wharton.

"That's the idea!"

Dr. Locke's sanctum was soon reached, and in response to their knock on the door the kindly voice of the Head bade them enter.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the old gentleman as the Removites trooped into the room and deposited the rusty iron box on the floor. "W-what have you brought here, my boys?"

The Head adjusted his spectacles and gazed first at the box and then at the juniors.

"Bless my soul!" he repeated. "Wharton, pray explain why you have brought that box to my study."

The captain of the Remove quickly recounted the happenings of the past half-hour. The Head listened amazedly until Wharton had concluded. And then, unable to think of a better remark, he exclaimed for the third time:

"Bless my soul! This is extraordinary—most extraordinary!"

Dr. Locke examined the box carefully, and then turned to Wharton.

"My boy," he said, "it is rather early to say yet, but I believe you have made a discovery of no inconsiderable importance. However, if you will leave this—er—chest with me I will obtain an expert opinion on its contents. As soon as I have any news I will send for you. That is all for the present."

"Very good, sir!" chorused the chums, and, led by Harry Wharton, the Famous Five trooped out of the study.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter's Mortgage.

"I SAY, you fellows——"

"Seat!"

"Really, Bolsover——"

A group of Removites gathered round the fire in the junior Common-room turned on the Falstaff of Greyfriars with angry faces. They were fed up, and the sudden appearance of William George Bunter only added to that feeling of "fed-upness."

But the fatuous Owl of the Remove failed to read the danger signals. He was feeling well pleased with himself, and the cause of his pleasure was the iron-bound chest which the Famous Five had just taken to the Head's study.

"I say, you fellows——"

"Look here, you fat clam," roared Bolsover, "we ain't cashing any postal orders for you, we don't want to hear about your titled relatives, and you can keep all the blessed crown jewels of Bunter Court for yourself. So now buzz off before you get a thick ear."

"Hear, hear!"

"Very well, Bolsover," said the Owl of the Remove with well assumed dignity, "if you doubt that the box I have just taken to the Head to be valued contains some of the Greyfriars treasure——"

"Greyfriars what?" exclaimed several juniors at once, regarding the fat junior curiously. "What are you burbling about?"

Billy Bunter smirked.

He felt that he had scored already and, warming to his work, he proceeded to relate, with several embellishments, the story of the discovery of the iron-bound chest.

"You know what a brainy sort of chap I am," he said, blinking at the juniors.

"Well, when this flood came along I said to myself, 'Billy, this is a chance of a lifetime. The water is sure to wash away some of the old masonry near the abbey, and it's just possible that some of the hidden treasure might come to light——'"

"You fat fraud!" said Bolsover suspiciously.

"Really, Bolsover, I hope you do not suspect me of being a——"

At that moment the Common-room door opened and Micky Desmond entered.

"Faith an' begorra!" he exclaimed excitedly. "Have ye spalpeens heard the latest? The Greyfriars treasure has been discovered entoirely. A chest full of gold and jewels is in the Head's study. I heard old Quelchy telling Prout about it a minute ago bedad——"

"He, he, he! I told you so," sniggered Billy Bunter. "That's the treasure I found."

"Shut up, Bunter!"

Bolsover quickly related to the Irish youth the strange story Bunter had just told them. Desmond blinked for a moment, and then nodded slowly.

"Beggara, and now I come to think of it, I certainly heard Bunter's name mentioned," said Micky. "I heard Quelchy say he was sitting on the chest or something, entoirely——"

"My hat!"

"It's true, then?"

The juniors stared at the fat Owl of the Remove in astonishment. That Bunter should have discovered the treasure was in itself surprising, but that he should actually have spoken the truth for five minutes in succession was even more amazing!

"Look here, you fellows," said the fat junior, puffing out his ample chest, "I was going to ask you all to come to a
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little feed to celebrate my find. The fact is, however, that owing to the non arrival of my postal order——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Never mind about the postal order. Buntz," said Bolsover, placing one hand affectionately on the fat shoulder of the school Falstaff. "If you say you were expecting the postal order that's good enough for me——"

"Hear, hear!" echoed the remainder of the juniors, suddenly showing a desire to be friendly with the fat junior.

"And if a little loan would be of any use," went on Bolsover in his most ingratiating manner, "well, my old pal Bunter needn't ask twice."

"I say, that's jolly good of you, old chap," spluttered Bunter, hardly able to believe his ears. "I was going to mention that when I came in—a sort of mortgage on the treasure, you know, only you fellows were so——"

"Only our little fun with a pal," smiled Bolsover, producing two half-crowns which he handed to the fat junior.

"Just a little leg-pull," added the remainder of the assembly, diving into their pockets and producing coins of varying value.

Bunter accepted the proffered coins and departed for the Common-room door. But he had not proceeded far when there came a loud shout.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! How's the treasure, Bunter?"

The voice was that of Bob Cherry, who was followed by the remainder of the Famous Five. Bunter blinked at the claims of Study No. 1 uneasily.

"Really, Cherry," he spluttered. "I haven't all day to argue with you about my treasure——"

"You're what?" demanded Frank Nugent. "I like that. You didn't know the blessed chest was there until Bob spotted it sticking out!"

"What's that?" demanded Bolsover quickly. "Here, come back, Bunter. Hi! Hold him, someone!"

But Bunter had gone. He had not expected the Famous Five to enter at that moment. Their arrival was hardly calculated to help him in his swindle. And he had gone while the going was good.

But Billy Bunter had not proceeded far before he was overtaken by his angry Form-fellows. They refused to listen to the explanation he offered, and in less time than it would have taken Bunter to think of a lie, they swarmed upon him and bore him to the ground.

"Bump him!" roared a voice.

And the next second Bunter's heavy carcass smote the hard and unsympathetic linoleum several times in rapid succession. The money he had taken from the juniors was scattered in all directions, and afterwards retrieved by its respective owners, whose wrath,

having been appeased somewhat, returned snorting to the Common-room to hear Harry Wharton's version of the finding of the treasure chest.

"The Head has promised to get the contents of the chest valued," concluded Wharton at length, "so we shall have to wait and see what we shall see."

And still wondering at the tale they had heard, the juniors broke up and departed to their studies to prepare for the next day's lessons. And that evening the story of the treasure seemed to out-rival even the flood as the one topic of conversation all over the school.

It was another three days before the flood subsided. But at last, for the first time for nearly a week, the juniors saw Mother Earth again. It was not until then that any estimate could be made of the damage caused by the flood. A certain amount of damage had, of course, been done in Friardale village. But, on the whole, the villagers had not fared so badly. It was not quite so low-lying as the immediate district around Greyfriars for one thing; and for another, it was considerably farther from the burst dam at Monk's Hill. A relief fund organised throughout the county by Sir Hilton Popper, one of the governors of Greyfriars, raised a sum that was more than sufficient to compensate the sufferers for the damage done to their homes and property. But it was not until a week later that the news the Famous Five had been waiting for arrived. Dr. Locke informed them that the chest had been opened, and its contents examined by an expert. But, contrary to the expectations of Billy Bunter, it was not stuffed with diamonds and pearls. What it did contain, however, was a quantity of very valuable Greyfriars plate of a very early period. Since it was discovered on the school property, it was declared, as Johnny Bull stated it would be, the property of the school governors. And in due course it was added to the collection already in the school museum.

Harry Wharton & Co. refused the very considerable cheque that was offered them for their share in the discovery of the plate by the school board, but accepted a gift of ten pounds from Colonel Wharton, Harry's uncle. And this sum was invested in a gigantic feed, to which the whole of the Form were invited—even including Billy Bunter. If the flood had caused a lot of damage, it had, on the other hand, proved to be not altogether without its uses.

Amid the merry popping of ginger-beer corks Wharton was called upon for a speech.

"Gentlemen," he said, when the din subsided, "while thanking you on behalf of my chums and myself for the kind things you have said about us, I would point out that the discovery of the Greyfriars plate, which has incidentally provided us with a stunning feed, would never have come about yet had it not been for the flood. Even a flood has its uses, if for no other reason than that it is the indirect cause of Bunter's having taken two baths—even if involuntarily—in one week. Let your toast therefore be—'The Greyfriars Flood!'"

And rising to their feet, the juniors solemnly echoed:

"The Greyfriars Flood."

THE END.

(Don't miss next Monday's magnificent story of Harry Wharton & Co., entitled, "Coker's Brain-Wave!" chums, it's great!)



Coker made a wild grab at the steering wheel and swung the boat round just in time to miss keel-bauling Temple. But if he missed Temple he did not miss the tin bath. Crash! The bath crumbled up before the onrushing motor-boat like a piece of matchwood. "Look out, Coker, you dummy!" roared the juniors frantically swimming to safety. "Slow her down!"

(See Chapter 7.)

A Marked Man!

by
Hedley Scott.



A Thrilling Serial Story of
League Football, introducing
Ferrers Locke, the World-
famous Detective, and his
Young Assistant, Jack Drake.

The Man on the Luggage-Rack!

FERRERS LOCKE quickly made the run to the Middleham police-station, and acquainted the authorities of Jim Blakeney's remarkable disappearance. Inspector Motley promised to follow up a line of investigation which embraced the estimable Mr. Wirtle and his fellow-directors. In less than five minutes Ferrers Locke was heading the car for the small village of Bantle.

"I wonder—"

From the midst of his meditations the famous sleuth broke into speech. He was out to trace the Tiger, and the last place he had known him to be in was Bantle.

"Ah, I've got it!" he muttered, at length, unconsciously accelerating his engine. "Bantle, 43311! Good!"

The world-famous tracker of criminals bent lower over the steering-wheel and gazed ahead alertly. At last a few twinkling lights in the distance betokened the village of Bantle. Locke clapped on his brakes as he sighted an aged farm labourer walking in the centre of the road.

"Say, my man," he called, "can you direct me to the nearest hotel in Bantle?"

The old farm labourer removed his cap and scratched his head. It was quite a few seconds before he replied.

"Hotel—hotel?" he repeated, with the air of a man who was being asked a very difficult question. "I dunno, maister. I been in this 'ere village, man an' boy, for sixty-odd year, but I ain't ever heard tell of any 'otel."

"Then tell me," said the sleuth patiently, "how far am I from the nearest post-office? Suppose they have a post-office in Bantle, haven't they?"

"Oh, yes, maister!" said the labourer gravely. "We 'ave a fine post-office! Lemme see. Best way—how far? Look 'e 'ere, sir. You follow this 'ere road for about tother quarter a mile, and then bear sharp to left until you come to Mother Goosen's store. Well, post-office ain't there, but it's the baker's shop next door. I—"

With a muttered word of thanks, Ferrers Locke cut short the other's remarks and slipped in his gears. With a cloud of dust that found its way into the farm labourer's eyes and mouth, and a strong scent of burning lubricant oil, Ferrers Locke drew rapidly out of sight. He left behind him an indignant rustic, who roundly cursed modern progress in general and the motor-car in particular.

Five minutes later Ferrers Locke was ringing at the bell of the baker's shop

next door to Mrs. Goosen's store. The hour was late, and the place was in darkness. Another pull at the bell brought a nightcapped head to a window on the first floor. The famous detective stepped

HOW THE STORY OPENS.

JIM BLAKENEY, the eighteen-year-old centre-forward of the Middleham Rangers, who is a nephew of

TIGER SLEEK, a notorious criminal, who has thus far escaped the dock.

MORNINGTON HARDACRE, the late managing-director of the Rangers, a great friend of Blakeney's, and inventor of a secret wireless ray.

RONALD SWIVELLER, the inside-left of the Rangers, and nephew of Hardacre. Jealous of Blakeney's rapid strides into favour, Swiveller has committed a series of crimes in his endeavour to get Jim Blakeney hounded out of the town. Each attempt to mar Jim's good name, however, has been thwarted by

FERRERS LOCKE, the world-famous detective. The sleuth, by a strange and thrilling series of events, throws in his lot with Blakeney, and becomes his firm friend.

JACK DRAKE, Ferrers Locke's young and capable assistant.

By a cunningly worked plot, evolved by Tiger Sleek, and put into practice by Ronald Swiveller, Jim Blakeney is arrested as the murderer of Mornington Hardacre, who is found dead in the library at the Myrtles. Ferrers Locke, however, proves conclusively Blakeney's innocence, and the young footballer is acquitted.

Some time later the will of the late Mornington Hardacre is granted probate, and Jim Blakeney finds that he has inherited the bulk of the murdered man's estate. Much to his dismay, Ronald Swiveller is left only a small annuity of one hundred pounds. Fearful of the grim hand of the law, which still seeks the murdered man's assassin, Swiveller suddenly leaves the neighbourhood to start life anew.

Some time later Jim Blakeney is selected to represent England in the forthcoming match against Scotland. Three days before he is due to play, Blakeney is captured by the Tiger.

Ferrers Locke and his assistant take up the trail. In his eagerness to achieve something off his own bat, Jack Drake walks into a specially prepared trap laid by one of the Tiger's accomplices. The plucky lad is captured, and bound to a chair in the same room as that which holds Jim Blakeney. The Tiger seeks to compel Jim Blakeney to deliver up the plans of the wireless ray—Mornington Hardacre's invention—but Blakeney refuses. Jack Drake, too, is requested to lure his master to the Tiger's stronghold. In return he is promised his freedom, but Locke's plucky assistant is as obstinate as Jim Blakeney. The two lads are left, gagged, and bound to their chairs, without food or drink, for forty-eight hours. Both are beginning to feel the pangs of hunger, but their determination to withstand the Tiger's subtle advances remains unshaken.

(Now read on.)

back a pace as he heard the grating sound of a window being raised.

"What do you want?" demanded a deep, aggressive voice. "A fine hour to bring honest folk from their beds!"

Peering upwards, the detective saw a red, swarthy face, surmounted by a nightcap, gazing down at him indignantly. In the man's hand was a lighted candle, which he lowered and raised in his attempt to catch a view of the detective below.

"A thousand apologies for waking you at such an hour!" said the sleuth politely. "But I am in desperate straits. I simply must telephone my friend, and I've forgotten his number."

"Wh-a-a-t?"

"Would you," continued Locke, unabashed, "be kind enough to let me have a look at your official phone-directory—"

"Impudence!" roared the nightcapped man above, blowing out his cheeks and almost extinguishing the candle at the same time. "Waking an honest man to ask him such a——" He disappeared from the window for the space of a second or two, and then his portly frame filled the window again. "'Ere you are, my young man! Want a look at the directory, do you? Take that!"

"That" was a something which whizzed through the air and struck Ferrers Locke on the side of the head. So unexpected was it that the sleuth lost his balance as the object struck home, and he pitched into the gutter before the shop. There came a harsh and triumphant chuckle from the nightcapped man above, followed by a dull thud as he closed his bed-room window. When, at length, Ferrers Locke scrambled to his feet, the whole place was in darkness again.

"Well, I'm blessed!" he muttered ruefully. "I caught a packet that time! Wonder what it was struck me?"

He hunted round for the object which had bowled him over, and then he gave a whoop of triumph. For at his feet was a book—a book rather on the large size, which proved on examination to be a telephone-directory. That it contained more than the names and addresses and phone numbers of telephone subscribers in the tiny village of Bantle, Ferrers Locke was fully aware. He was not surprised to find, therefore, that the book he now held in his hands was a directory embracing all the surrounding districts and villages for a radius of six miles.

The names and numbers of telephone subscribers in Bantle came as a surprise to Ferrers Locke, for the little village boasted only two such persons—Mrs.

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Elizabeth Goosen and Mr. Joshua Turtle. The former's name, address, and telephone number did not interest the detective beyond a cursory glance. But with the address and phone number next to Mr. Joshua Turtle's name it was different.

"Well, I'm blessed!" exclaimed the sleuth. "The Tiger rang up from this post-office, then! I remember quite distinctly now the number Sleek wrote in his letter to Jim—Bantle, 43311! And Bantle, 43311 is the post-office kept by the warlike gentleman who threw this little lot at me! Hum! I'm not making much headway! I'm no nearer discovering where the Tiger lived when he was hanging out in Bantle, or finding where he resides now!"

With an exclamation of annoyance, Ferrers Locke walked back to his car and clambered aboard. Setting the engine in motion, he steered for the cross-roads which lay to his left. By the white signposts he drew to a standstill again, undecided which road to take. His mind was speedily made up as a slouching figure suddenly detached itself from the shadows of the trees on his right and approached the car.

"Say, guv'nor, ain't going Lattrey way, I s'pose?" asked the newcomer.

For one brief minute Locke gazed hard at the man's face, taking in the ferret eyes, and the evil leer that was part and parcel of his unprepossessing appearance. Then a hard glint came into his own eyes as he replied:

"Well, I am, as a matter of fact. Why, do you want a lift?"

"Well, sir," said the other, touching his cap, "I'm just about dead beat. If you would be good enough to give me a lift I should be much obliged."

"Jump in."

The man obeyed the invitation with alacrity, and Ferrers Locke took the road which led to Lattrey. After journeying in complete silence for a couple of miles or so, Locke turned to look at his uncouth passenger. To his astonishment—feigned or otherwise—he found himself looking down the barrel of a revolver.

"Now, Mister Blooming Ferrers Locke," hissed the voice of the man behind the weapon, "perhaps you'll drive where I tell yer!"

"What—what does this mean?" gasped the detective, in dismay.

"It means that you are going to see the Tiger!" hissed the voice. "I've always sworn that I would capture you, and I've been shadowing you around for this last two weeks! Didn't know that I was squatting on the luggage-rack at the back of this car when you left Middleham, did you? No—course you didn't! Don't know where you're bound for now, do you? Course you don't—"

"I should very much like to know," faltered Locke.

"Course yer would! Ain't I a-telling yer? We're going to pay a visit to the Tiger—No. 34, Northumberland Avenue, Lattrey! Sounds stylish, don't it? My! The Tiger knows 'ow to do things in style—"

He broke off as the steering-wheel in Ferrers Locke's hands suddenly seemed to swing backwards and forwards to every bump of the road. The nose of the car zig-zagged perilously from side to side. Then the Tiger's rascally associate gazed at the twitching features of Ferrers Locke. The detective's head had suddenly drooped, and a slight foam showed at the corners of his mouth.

"A fit!" exclaimed the uncouth ruffian hoarsely. "And I don't know 'ow to stop the blessed car!"

He gazed about him wildly, with the intention of leaping from the racing car,

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which was still zig-zagging alarmingly from one side of the road to the other. But no sooner had his eyes passed beyond the huddled figure at the wheel when that same huddled figure suddenly took on new life.

The car came to a sudden standstill as Locke applied the footbrake, and before his villainous passenger was fully aware of the fact, he was being covered with his own revolver, which the sleuth had snatched out of his hand.

"No monkey tricks, my good man!"

"A fake!" muttered the Tiger's confederate, with a string of imprecations. "Blooming take-in, eh?"

"Excellently done, you will admit," smiled Ferrers Locke. "I'm sorry to disappoint you, but you won't be taking me to the Tiger to-night, after all your weeks of trouble. Really, you know, a clever chap like you ought not to have been taken in by a simple trick like that! Now, don't move any nearer, or I might develop a twitching in my right forefinger. It would be an accident as well as a pity if you alarmed me to the extent of making my finger twitch heavily on the trigger, wouldn't it? Ah, that's better!" The sleuth leaned forward swiftly, and something shone in his hand. Followed a metallic click, and a pair of handcuffs had snapped over the wrists of the Tiger's villainous associate. "We shall be able to travel a little easier now!"

The sleuth set the engine in motion again and drove on through the night at a steady pace, controlling the wheel with one hand, whilst the other held the revolver which covered the "passenger."

"I am Ferrers Locke!"

TIGER SLEEK treated his two captives to a leering smile as he stood over them in the room on the first floor of his sumptuous house in Northumberland Avenue. Forty-eight hours had elapsed since either of the two young prisoners had seen any member of Tiger Sleek's gang—forty-eight hours of torture and suffering, which had reduced their spirits and their strength almost to zero.

"Still obstinate, my lads?" hissed the sinister voice of Sleek. "Aha, I forgot you cannot speak! Stubbins, shift those gags."

The master-criminal's right-hand man carried out the command, and Drake and Blakeney began to exercise their jaw muscles. A livid weal showed on either side of both their cheeks, where the cruel gags had bitten into the flesh.

"Much more comfy, isn't it?" smiled Sleek. "Now perhaps we can talk business. You, Blakeney, know my wishes, but it does not come amiss to repeat them again. I want the plans and specifications of the wireless ray. You say you have not discovered either of them at the Myrtles—and I believe you. What I want, however, is a promise that you will allow one of my men to stay with you at the Myrtles, so that he can search the place. Once the ray is in my possession I swear that I will never trouble you again—"

"You may save your breath," said Jim Blakeney weakly. "I shall never consent to any proposals that you put forward. Certain it is no member of your cowardly crew will ever set foot in my house as my guest—to rob me! Do you hear?"

"I hear!" bellowed Tiger Sleek angrily. "I see you are still obstinate. Very well, perhaps another forty-eight hours of privation will teach you a lesson. Mark me well, Jim. No food, no drink—"

yes, and no sleep for another forty-eight hours. Think you will be able to stand it?"

"You can do your worst!" said Blakeney, with an effort, for he felt weak and faint. "I have said my last word."

"You cub! You obstinate fool!" roared the Tiger. "Don't you realise that your life is at stake?"

Blakeney nodded his head dully. At that precise moment he cared little whether he lived or died.

"Do your—worst!" he faltered.

With a string of expletives the burly chief of the gang made as if to strike his helpless nephew, but he restrained the impulse in time. Instead, he turned on his heel and stared down at Jack Drake.

"And will you, too, be as obstinate, I wonder?" he muttered.

"What—what do you want me to do?" asked Drake feebly.

"I want you to phone Ferrers Locke," said the criminal slowly, whilst an evil glint shot into his cruel eyes. "I want to see your master very badly. You must get him to come here, you understand? You can tell him what you like over the phone. Tell him that you're on my track—any old thing! But he must come here—come here alone! In return I will set you free and swear never to molest you again!"

For a flickering moment a smile played about the corners of Drake's lips, but the Tiger failed to note it.

"And what if I refuse?" he muttered weakly.

"You will perish—perish slowly and surely!" grated Sleek through his teeth. "You can't keep this up for long. Another forty-eight hours of this, and you will be just about done for. I play my cards to win, my lad. You have yet to learn that the Tiger is a man of purpose."

"You want to put Ferrers Locke out of the way, eh?" asked Drake. "You're afraid of him!"

"Tiger Sleek is afraid of no man!" replied the rascal boastfully, although a spasm of apprehension crossed his features at mention of the great detective's name. "Your master and I have a little account to settle—that's all!"

For a few minutes there was complete silence. Then the gang, which had entered the room, started chatting amongst themselves, until the Tiger made a signal to Stubbins. The burly fellow took one of his rascally companions by the arm and vacated the room. They returned in a very short space of time, carrying between them a table, upon which was laid a snowy white tablecloth, and plates, knives, and forks, set in readiness for a meal for two people. Two large silver dish-covers threw off an appetising odour, and the two captives began to lick their dry lips as the pleasant smell of cooked food assailed their nostrils. Neither had partaken of any food or drink for forty-eight hours, and the pangs of hunger were acute.

The covers were lifted off the dishes, revealing to view two plates containing a fine cut off a chicken and an abundance of vegetables.

"Makes your mouths water—what?" laughed the Tiger. "Think what you two are missing! Why don't you fall in with my wishes?"

"I'd do anything for a mouthful of food," said Drake weakly. "I'm just about done."

Jim Blakeney started at what he thought his companion's weakness, and something like a look of contempt crossed his face.

Tiger Sleek moved the table of food nearer Ferrers Locke's assistant and watched the hungry look that flashed

across the lad's face with a smile of satisfaction.

"Well," he queried at length, "does it tempt you?"

"Yes, hang you!" replied Drake, taking care not to meet the scornful eyes of Jim Blakeney. "Free me of these bonds, and I will do your bidding! I—I'm starving!"

"Jack!" exclaimed Blakeney fiercely. "Don't be a fool—a traitor!"

Drake's head drooped as Blakeney's despairing outburst fell upon his ears. In his eyes there was a hard glint, however, expressing a grim purpose.

"You promise to let me go if I lure Ferrers Locke here?" he asked shamefacedly.

"I swear it!" replied the Tiger. "Bring him here in your own way. You can tell him that you are staying at No. 34, Northumberland Avenue, Lattrey; that you have found an important clue which demands his presence in the district without delay. But"—and here the scoundrel lowered his voice until it resembled the hissing of a snake—"don't you play me false! One traitorous word, and I'll kill you where you stand! Savvy?"

Drake nodded.

"Untie him, boys!"

Two of the gang made haste to obey their chief's commands, and in a few moments Drake was free. He could hardly stand, however, for his limbs were cramped. The pain in his arms and legs as the blood rushed to resume its normal circulation made him bite his lips in agony. He made a gesture in the direction of the food.

"No, not yet!" rapped the Tiger. "When you have done your work you may feed to your heart's content. A little food just now might make you just as obstinate as you were forty-eight hours ago. No, no food. But you may have a drink of water."

One of the gang poured out a tumblerful of water, which Drake drank at a gulp. To him it seemed like nectar, and he felt a craving for more. But the Tiger made a motion of the hand, and Drake's glass was not refilled. The lad was seated on a chair, for he was not in a fit condition to stand, and this chair was wheeled over to the farther corner of the room. An antique pedestal stood against the wall, and the Tiger, lifting the cover from it, revealed a telephone.

"There you are," he rapped. "You know the number of the Myrtles. Oh, yes, the detective is at home!"—in answer to Drake's unspoken query. "One of my men has been trailing him for this last two weeks, and he reported to me that your infernal master had returned to the Myrtles this afternoon. That's right, isn't it, Curvey?"

The evil-looking fellow addressed as "Curvey" nodded in assent, and a peculiar glitter shone in his eyes.

"Everything is plain sailing," said the Tiger suavely. "But remember, youngster, one false word and—"

He broke off, and tapped his hip-pocket significantly.

With a trembling hand Jack Drake reached for the receiver. He was playing a dangerous game—a game that would cost him his life, but he never faltered. In a clear voice he asked for the number of the Myrtles.

"You hound!" almost screamed Blakeney from the other end of the room. He struggled to free himself. "You traitor, Drake—you—"

Drake bit his lips as the hot words of Blakeney reached his ears. His whole body stiffened. Ah, he was through! He gazed about him as he was about to speak into the transmitter. He saw the



"Impudence!" roared the nightcapped man above. "Bringing an honest man from his bed at this time of night. Take that!" Something whizzed through the air and caught Ferrers Locke on the side of the head. So unexpected was the assault that the sleuth lost his balance and pitched into the gutter. (See page 21.)

cruel faces of the gang hovering round him like a pack of jackals. He spoke.

"Ferrers Locke! This is Jack Drake. Guv'nor, they're after you! Tiger, kill me! Lattrey! Good-bye!"

With a roar of rage Tiger Sleek made a jump at the plucky lad who had attempted to warn his master. The telephone was wrenched out of his hand, and it clattered to the floor. The rest of the gang gave voice to a volley of bitter oaths, and fists were doubled. Seizing the slim young form of Ferrers Locke's assistant with one hand, the Tiger drew his revolver with the other.

"You hound!" he hissed. "You tricked me. You've given your infernal master an idea where I am. But you'll never live to see Mr. Clever Locke again!" The revolver rose slowly until

it was levelled at Drake's head. "Take that—"

"Stop!"

As that commanding voice rang out, the faces of the gang paled. Every head was turned in the direction of the speaker. And the expression that crossed the Tiger's face as he lowered the revolver was something indescribable. For, at the back of the gang, stood the man previously addressed as Curvey. And in his hand was a revolver that covered the dismayed faces before him.

"What in the name of thunder do you think you are doing, Curvey?" roared the Tiger, recovering from his surprise.

"Your little mistake, Tiger!" came the smooth voice—a voice not a bit like the gruff tones of the man the Tiger knew as Curvey. "I am Ferrers Locke!"

The Raid!

HAD a bomb exploded in the room its effect could not have been more productive of result than the cool, deliberate tones of England's greatest detective. The Tiger seemed like a statue carved out of stone, so much so, that Drake, with a joyful whoop, snatched the revolver out of the



scoundrel's hand and levelled it at his breast. Then, step by step, despite the pain it caused him to walk, the plucky young assistant retreated until he had reached his master's side.

"Good for you, my lad!" said Ferrers Locke, without taking his eyes off the gang.

The six members of the Tiger's band stood as if paralysed.

"Quite a clever make-up of mine, eh?" smiled Locke grimly, whisking away a ferocious moustache that drooped over the lower portion of his face, and plucking away a sandy-coloured wig. "Your dear friend Curvey is in the hands of the police at Middleham. Stay where you are"—as

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the Tiger made a movement forward—"if anyone stirs, I shall have no compunction in potting him. Drake, just give a blast on the whistle which you will find in my pocket! Inspector Motley is waiting outside with a posse of police."

Sleek's jaw dropped as he heard this intelligence, and he glanced furtively to right and left of him. His eyes met those of Stubbins, and some sort of message passed between them.

Phoop!

A piercing blast rang out as Drake found the whistle and placed it to his lips. From outside the house there came another whistle blast and the sound of trampling feet.

"At him!"

The Tiger yelled the words and ducked almost to the floor. The rest of the gang took their cue from him, and sprang forward. Locke's revolver spat fire, and a bullet whizzed an inch away from Sleek's head. Drake's revolver spoke a fraction of a second later. He had the satisfaction of hearing a wild howl of pain, and then the lights were suddenly plunged out. For the second time in his duel with Ferrers Locke, the Tiger had shown his antipathy to fighting in the light. With a terrific effort, he had seized hold of a chair and smashed it against the electric chandelier. Instantly all was commotion. Cursing and shouting, the gang surged towards the door.

"Back—back, my lad!" urged Locke, gripping his assistant by the arm. "Leave 'em to it. We'll wait by the window. The police are coming up the stairs now. They'll soon have this lot well roped!"

He reached the window as he spoke. At the same time there came a tramping of feet on the landing, and a score of armed police burst open the door of the room. Luckily, the light on the landing was still burning, and the police were quick to seize their victims. Four of the Tiger's gang rushed right into the arms of the law, as it were, and the remaining two—the redoubtable Bill Stubbins, the rascally taxidriver, and the Tiger himself made a dash for the window.

"Curse you, Locke!" hissed Sleek, making a vicious swipe at the detective with a glittering, long-bladed knife. "You've not won yet. You—"

Crack!

The detective's revolver spat fire and Tiger Sleek's remarks ended in a howl of pain. He staggered back, his right hand claspng a damaged shoulder. Meanwhile, Bill Stubbins—who yelled out a seemingly unintelligible remark for the benefit of his wounded chief—and the taxidriver had swept Jack Drake aside like a bundle of straw, for the plucky lad was weak and famished for want of food. Even as Ferrers Locke reached the side of the wounded leader of the gang and clapped a pair of bracelets about his wrists, Stubbins and his companion smashed through the glass window and leaped on to the balcony outside.

Two of the police carried electric torches, and one of them was turned on the window. It revealed the burly figure of Stubbins jumping from the balcony to the ground below. A second or so after him hurtled the figure of the rascally taxidriver.

"They won't get away!" panted Inspector Motley, rushing to the window and peering out. "I've left three men below. I've— Confound them!"

The inspector broke into a volley of bitter expletives, and ground his teeth together with rage, for Bill Stubbins and his less burly companion had sailed right into the three policemen on duty below, and felled them to the ground. Then, without waiting for reinforcements to arrive, the Tiger's confederates had taken to their heels, and were soon lost to view in the gloom of the trees.

"Never mind, inspector," said Ferrers Locke grimly. "We've got the backbone of the gang—Tiger Sleek. Sorry I had to wing him, though!"

The inspector's face brightened up considerably when he flashed a light on the huddled form of Locke's prisoner.

"Bravo!" he exclaimed. "The Tiger! I vowed to get him within a month, and I've kept my word!"

Ferrers Locke smiled slightly at the inspector's ambiguous statement, for he certainly had not captured the Tiger, but he made no comment. There was other work to be done. With a muttered word to the triumphant inspector, he strode over to where Jim Blakeney was still a prisoner in the chair. By this time a light had been fixed in the room.

"Thank Heaven you've come!" breathed Blakeney hoarsely, as the sleuth cut the bonds that held him to the chair. "I—I hardly know whether

I'm dreaming this. And—and I owe Jack an apology. I thought—I really thought he was going to betray you—"

"Never mind about any apology," said Jack Drake, who had just hobbled over to his master's side. "What about racking this chicken, Jim?"

"Ah!"

A wistful look came into the young footballer's eyes as he gazed at the two full plates of food.

"Pile in, my lads!" grinned Ferrers Locke. "I bet you can do with it. We'll leave the talking till later."

The two young men needed no second bidding. They had not tasted anything in the way of food for over forty-eight hours, and both were ravenous.

Whilst the two were feeding, Ferrers Locke joined the inspector.

"Not a bad haul, eh?" he smiled. "The Tiger and four of his gang. Take a tip from me, old chap! Look after the Tiger as you would a child of your own. You've got to get him to the station before he's your prisoner, remember. I know Sleek better than you do. He's a slippery customer!"

"Oh, you needn't worry about that, Mr. Locke," said Inspector Motley, somewhat haughtily. "I'll be answerable for his safety. You leave it to me!"

The famous private detective shook his head slowly, and turned on his heel. He had an idea that the inspector placed too low an opinion of the master-criminal who rejoiced in the name of Tiger Sleek—the master-criminal who had successfully escaped the police of England, France, and Vienna. But it was no business of his. He had done his duty; he had given an extra shine to the tarnished lustre of the police at Middleham.

He walked over to Jim Blakeney and Jack Drake, what time the inspector was issuing instructions to his men to take the captives into the cars below. Tiger Sleek treated him to a sullen stare. At that moment he looked more like a common pickpocket than a master-criminal thought Inspector Motley. Still, he would take no risks. The Tiger should travel to the Middleham Station in the inspector's own car with a constable on either side of him to ensure that he didn't escape.

While these preparations were being put forward Locke sat down and chatted to Blakeney and Drake.

"Tell me," said his young assistant between mouthfuls of roast chicken, "how in the name of all that's wonderful did you come to be posing as the chap they called Carvey?"

"That is quite simple of explanation," smiled Ferrers Locke. And he acquainted the Tiger's late captives of his visit to Bantle and of the man who had asked for a lift to Lattrey.

"Instead of driving to Lattrey," said the sleuth, "I drove this man Carvey to the station at Middleham. To the commissioner there I told the whole tale. I made him fall in with my wishes, namely, that I should impersonate Carvey and get to know the Tiger's stronghold. All that day I studied Carvey's mode of speech and gait, until I could mimic him to perfection, and finally presented myself at this place. The Tiger admitted me this afternoon without a suspicion, and—well, here I am."

"Wonderful, guv'nor!" exclaimed Drake enthusiastically.

Jim Blakeney echoed the same sentiment.

"Not at all," smiled the detective. "But you don't know how I wished to be able to set you fellows free this afternoon. The time was not ripe, however. I was alone and more or less helpless. You see, I had arranged that Inspector Motley and his men should

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arrive here under cover of darkness. You know how these raids leak out. I thought it safer to leave the round-up until about ten o'clock. Had I dreamed for one moment of finding you both here I should have planned things earlier. As it was, I had to listen and bear patiently the Tiger's cruel taunts and sinister temptings to you both. And when you, Drake, offered to lure me here—well, a feather could have bowled me over. Your acting was irreproachable, and your stout heart something to be proud of. My boy, I shall never forget your telephone message!"

"Oh, that was nothing!" said Drake, blushing. "But tell me, gov'nor, who answered the phone at the Myrtles—sounded like your voice?"

"Jenkins, I expect," replied the sleuth. "Before I left Middleham I told him that no doubt you would phone up and I asked him to take the message. I bet your message put the wind up him, my lad!"

"I bet it did," grinned Drake. "However, all's well that ends well, eh, Blakeney?"

"Rather!" replied the Rangers' centre-forward brightly. "I feel like a new man already. And knowing that the Tiger is in safe hands for a few years I want to shout for joy."

"I should keep your shouting until Bill Stubbins has been rounded up," said the sleuth quietly. "He's a dangerous man. True, he hasn't the cleverness of the Tiger, but he stops at nothing to achieve his purpose. And, unlike the Tiger again, he is prepared to carry out any villainy himself rather than direct it from the background. I should feel very much easier in my mind if Master Bill Stubbins were safe under lock and key."

"Oh, we'll catch him right enough," observed Inspector Motley, who had overheard Locke's last remark. "Are you coming along to Middleham? There's nothing worth while waiting here for. I've searched the premises."

"Yes; we might as well be moving," replied Locke. "You brought my car along, didn't you, inspector?"

The official nodded. "Yes," he said. "One of my men drove it along with our party. It's outside now."

"Right-ho! Then we'll get along, my lads!"

At the Cross Roads.

FERRERS LOCKE linked his arms in those of Blakeney and Drake, and assisted them down the stairs. Out in the road were four motor-cars—three police cars and the Hawk. The prisoners were split up between the constables, and the inspector gave the order to move off. In his own closed car between two stalwart policemen, sat the gloomy figure of the Tiger, his hands twitching convulsively at the manacles which encircled his wrists. By the driver of the car sat the inspector himself, a satisfied smirk on his heavy features.

In a miniature procession the cars streamed down the road en route for Middleham, the Hawk, in which were seated Ferrers Locke, Drake, and Blakeney, bringing up the rear.

"Reminds me of the song," said Drake at length, "The End of a Perfect Day." Gee, things have moved, gov'nor, since we came to Middleham, haven't they?"

The world-famous detective did not reply. He was staring intently towards the cross roads just outside Middleham, or rather, in the direction of a white strip of highway that ran parallel with



"Stop!" As that commanding voice rang out every head was turned in the direction of the speaker. At the back of the Tiger's gang stood the man known as Curvey. And in his hand was a levelled revolver. "What in the name of thunder are you doing, Curvey?" roared the Tiger. "Your little mistake, Tiger," came the reply. "I am Ferrers Locke!" (See page 23.)

the road he was taking, and which he knew merged into the cross roads. Along this road a shadowy silhouette of a motor-car travelling at a terrific speed seemed to hold some fascination for him.

Jim Blakeney, too, found himself watching the same shadowy silhouette with more than ordinary interest. A strange thrill of expectancy began to pervade his whole being. And the more he gazed at the rapidly approaching car the stronger grew that feeling.

The police cars, in single file and with the inspector's vehicle in the van, were now nearing the cross roads. And still the car which had raced along the road parallel with that which the police were taking sped along at the same high speed.

"What's that mad fool trying to do?" roared the inspector, as his car swerved into the Middleham road by the sign-post. "He'll be into us in a moment. I'll—"

He broke off suddenly as a white beam of light from the car which he had censured flashed full into his face. It temporarily blinded both him and his chauffeur. Before either of them were able to give voice to the volley of imprecations their feelings prompted there came an earsplitting crash.

The bonnet of the strange car caught the front wheels of the inspector's car, the force of the impact carrying behind it something like a speed of forty miles an hour. The police car swerved dangerously, and then turned over on its side, its engine and fore part of the chassis a twisted heap of metal. Over it, like some big beast of prey, stood the big limousine which had crashed into it. The inspector and the driver of the police car were both sent hurtling from their seats. They struck the roadway with sickening thuds, and lay still.

From the police cars behind, hemmed

in the narrow lane so that neither of them could approach the scene of the collision, there issued a chorus of startled cries. Brakes were jammed on, and the constables poured out of their cars and rushed on foot to render aid.

And amidst the general confusion and panic that reigned two figures leaped from the driving-seat of the big limousine and sprang towards the overturned police car. The door of the vehicle was wrenched open, and the burly frame of Tiger Sleek appeared.

"Quick, chief!" rapped the taller of the two late occupants of the limousine. "The river!"

"You'll have to help me, Stubbins," grunted the Tiger, whose left arm appeared to be twisted into an unnatural shape. "You did the job too well. You've busted my arm!"

With a muttered ejaculation Bill Stubbins signed to his companion—who was none other than the rascally taxi-driver—to help him assist the Tiger clear of the wreckage. They had just disappeared on the other side of the overturned car and were concealed by the friendly shadows of the adjoining hedge when the foremost of the constables dashed upon the scene. Immediately he ran to where the inspector lay in the white roadway. The second constable, upon sighting the prostrate figure of the police driver, ran to his assistance. Other policemen hastened to the overturned car and dragged clear the two constables who had been keeping watch over Tiger Sleek. Both were unconscious.

And in the general anxiety not one of the policemen noted the absence of their chief prisoner—the master-criminal.

Through the circle of anxious faces came Ferrers Locke, closely accompanied by Jack Drake and Jim Blakeney.

"Where's Tiger Sleek?" he rapped.

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Two or three of the policemen looked around dazedly at the question and started violently. Where was the Tiger? "You fools!" exclaimed Ferrers Locke. "Don't you see that this smash was a deliberate affair? Where's the driver of the limousine?"

Again the dumbfounded policeman gazed around them. Where was the driver of the limousine?

"Get busy, man!" exclaimed Ferrers Locke impatiently. "Scour the neighbouring vicinity—the rogues can't be far away!"

He suited the action to the word. Closely attended by Blakeney and Jack Drake, the sleuth started for the river bank. The remaining constables who were not detailed to stand by the four prisoners scattered to right and left. But it was Ferrers Locke who first caught a glimpse of three shadowy figures nearing the river bank.

"Stop!" he commanded.

His order had the opposite effect. The trio in front broke into a run and disappeared over the crest of a small hill that rose almost by the water's edge.

"Come on, my lads!" hissed Ferrers Locke. "Put the pace on!"

He drew his revolver as he spoke and sent a bullet hurtling over the brow of the hill. From behind him came the animated cries of the constables. They, too, had picked up the scent.

Panting with their exertions, the whole party raced down the slope and halted at the river bank. There, in midstream, was a small motor-boat, fast receding into the inky curtain that overspread the river.

"Confound it!" exclaimed Ferrers Locke. "That bumptious inspector was so cocksure of his man. And this is what comes of it."

He laughed bitterly as a volley of shots rang out. The policemen were

emptying their revolvers into the darkness of the river in the fond hope of a lucky shot striking the motor-boat.

Another volley rang out, but still the throb, throb of the boat's engine, now growing fainter and fainter, betokened that yet once again the Tiger had been too clever for the Middleham police.

"Save your ammunition, men," said Locke grimly. "And go home to bed! You'll never see the Tiger in your clutches again. One of you had better phone up the river police and tell them the facts, for formality's sake, but it's a thousand-to-one chance that they'll never so much as catch a glimpse of Tiger Sleek."

He moved away from the river bank and headed for his own car. On the way he had to pass the overturned police-car and the big limousine which had caused the collision. With a puckered brow Ferrers Locke examined the latter.

"Very cleverly done," he remarked. "Only a highly-skilled driver could have contrived a smash in this fashion. Poor old Inspector Motley! I'm afraid he has several lessons to learn before he pits his wits against such master minds as Tiger Sleek's and Bill Stubbins'."

"Then you think that the Tiger arranged this smash with Stubbins beforehand?" asked Drake incredulously.

"Shouldn't be a bit surprised," replied Ferrers Locke. "It was pretty certain that one of them would get caught by the police. I rather fancy, too, that a look at the Scotland Yard records will reveal the fact that this identical thing happened just outside the gates of the Old Bailey about two years ago. There was a smash between the police-van and a motor-car. And the prisoner who escaped was—"

"Tiger Sleek?" asked Drake incredulously.

"Exactly!"

Ferrers Locke shrugged his shoulders and moved over to the group of constables which had gathered round the unconscious inspector and the driver of his car. Both had sustained head injuries that would keep them in hospital for many a day to come.

The two constables who had travelled each side of the Tiger had now come to.

"Where is he?" demanded one of them feebly.

"The Tiger's gone—gone, do you hear?" said Ferrers Locke. "Tell me, what happened?"

The injured policeman sat up and passed a weary hand over his eyes.

"We—Jelks and I—were pulling Sleek back to his seat when we reached the signpost," he said weakly. "The fellow kept wanting to look out of the window. Then, just as something struck the car, the Tiger dashed his clenched fists into my face. That's all I remember."

The second constable's story was exactly the same. The Tiger, it transpired, had swept his manacled wrists full in his face, then had come the collision and a blank.

It was a very sorry procession of police cars that wound its way into Middleham ten minutes later. And while the Chief Commissioner of Police was pacing up and down his office in an agitated state of mind, and the injured men were being attended to by the police doctor, Tiger Sleek, Bill Stubbins, and the taxi-driver were miles away enjoying their freedom.

There was some consolation to Ferrers Locke, however, a consolation that was shared by Jack Drake and Jim Blakeney, for he had rescued these two plucky lads from a fate that both shuddered to ponder over.

Middleham was yet to see its popular centre-forward appear in the International match against Scotland, and Ferrers Locke still possessed a capable and loyal assistant in Jack Drake.

And while the Tiger and his now sadly-depleted gang of confederates evolved fresh plans for the possession of the Wireless Ray, the local newspapers of Middleham boomed Jim Blakeney to the skies as the finest exponent of football since the days of Steve Bloomer. They referred to him in their columns as a marked man—a description that brought a bitter smile to the face of Blakeney, that was only temporarily, however. He had been marked in more ways than one since he had plunged into the sporting world of Middleham, but a kindly Providence had watched his interests—was watching his interests until the curtain should ring down on one of the most sensational football seasons the inhabitants of Middleham had ever experienced.

Swiveller's New Role.

AMONGST the well-dressed throng that wound its leisurely way along the fashionable thoroughfare of the West End known as Regent Street, few paid any heed to the sudden appearance out of one of the side streets of a young man, whose furtive, half-hunted expression was strangely out of place amidst such light-hearted people bent on securing the early advantages of a spring sale.

The newcomer, despite his seedy garments and his shabby bowler hat, carried with him an air of one who had seen better days. All the mud, all the rents in that lounge-suit could not take away a certain hall-mark of high-class tailoring, which usually forms part of the

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impressive appearance of the immaculate and well-to-do man.

With a cynical smile upon his thin features, which, however, could not hide for any length of time the fear-haunted eyes, set rather close together, this newcomer to the ranks of the "bargain-hunters" in Regent Street strolled into the thickest of the crowd congregated round the alluring windows, and, like his fellow-creatures, appeared to be studying the tempting articles set out to water the taste of the people who had money to spend.

It was whilst he was thus engaged that the shabby stranger to the West End found himself looking into a long mirror. The reflection that met his slowly-elevated eyes was not, apparently, a pleasing one. For with something that sounded very like an imprecation he turned sharply on his heel and moved along.

In the general air of cheerfulness that seemed to hold Regent Street in its sway that bright, crisp morning a sudden commotion took place at that end of the thoroughfare which joins Oxford Circus. The alarmed cries of women, punctuated occasionally by the deeper notes of a male, began to swell into a furor. One young man was seen to be speeding down the spacious street, regardless of passing vehicles, shouting at the top of his lungs. Behind him, now, came a mixed crowd of men and women, also shouting:

"Stop! Stop, thief!"

Two policemen darted across the road and intercepted a portion of the crowd in an endeavour to extract an explanation. Meantime, the remainder of the excited pedestrians pushed on, still shouting, still waving their arms, their sticks, their umbrellas.

"Stop, thief!"

One peppery old gentleman who, by an unlucky chance, turned the corner of one of the side streets at the identical moment half a dozen young men swept round it in full career was carried off his feet. In a very undignified position for a man of his years he was left sprawling on the pavement, giving voice to a volley of imprecations and shaking an aged fist.

One good-natured person helped the peppery old fellow to his feet and supported him whilst he recovered his breath.

"Dang me!" exclaimed the victim. "Is this London or Colney Hatch, begad! Ugh! Young hooligans!"

"They're after a pickpocket," explained the person who had assisted the old fellow to his feet. "He's hopped it round this corner. Pinched a lady's handbag, they tell me. Belongs to the Duchess of Perminster, I believe."

"Dunce of a fuss to make about a handbag," grunted the old gentleman. "Knocking a respectable pedestrian off his feet all on account of a handbag! Women should be more careful of their possessions. - Ugh!"

It was on the tip of the other's tongue to remark that men should be more careful on their "pins," but he had the good grace to refrain, and, with a smile, he sauntered on in the opposite direction to that in which the crowd had taken until Regent Street was left far behind.

Walking hurriedly along a narrow street that finally wound its way into the heart of Soho, the fellow suddenly stopped. With a furtive glance to right and left of him he dived his hand into his pocket and withdrew a handbag. Half-concealing the article in his hand he forced back the clasp and peered inside. A muttered exclamation of satisfaction escaped his thin lips as his fingers closed on a crisp bundle of notes.



Crash! The bonnet of the strange car caught the front wheels of the inspector's car with a sickening crash. The police car swerved dangerously and then toppled over on its side. Over it, like some big beast of prey, stood the limousine. The inspector and the driver of the police car were both sent hurtling from their seats. (See page 25.)

"Good!" he muttered, extracting two or three of the notes, and returning the bag to his pocket. "I shall be able to get a meal after all."

"You will, pard—and I'll be your guest, I reckon!"

The words were quite calm and uttered in a friendly and good-natured tone. But they had the effect of bringing the person to whom they were addressed to a state bordering on paralysis. With gaping jaws, and wildly-staring eyes that revealed the expression of a hunted animal, the possessor of the handbag found himself gazing into a rather handsome countenance of a man about thirty. With some surprise he noted, too, the newcomer's well-dressed appearance, but he was not left long in wonderment.

"Come on, pard!" said the well-dressed fellow, taking the other by the arm. "Let's get along for some food. I know a fine shanty that will be quiet enough for us. I must say you collared that bag with some skill for an amateur."

"Then you know—" began the other in alarm.

"Don't worry yourself, old son. I was after that bag myself, only you got it first. In fact, I was leading the chase at your side. But food first, and then we'll yarn, eh?"

The fear-haunted expression left the eyes of Ronald Swiveller—for he it was who had braved the Metropolitan Police in his first attempt at bag-snatching—and without another word he followed his new-found companion through a series of dingy streets, meeting on his way yellow-faced Chinese and dark-skinned negroes, until the busy colony referred to as London's underworld was reached. Swiveller had a faint idea that he was somewhere in the region of Cambridge

Circus, and that was all. Never before had he traversed such mean streets, never before had he rubbed shoulders with such a cosmopolitan and over-dressed crew as he now saw on every hand.

His companion halted beneath a dilapidated signboard bearing the legend "First Class Tailors," and, swinging open the creaking door, beckoned to Swiveller to follow.

The late Mornington Hardacre's nephew found himself passing through a dirty and evil-smelling shop, in which two equally dirty specimens of humanity squatted tailor-fashion on the floor, plying their needles with an industry that seemed strangely out of place amidst such poor and unbusinesslike surroundings. The elder of the two men looked up from his work as Swiveller's companion reached his side and made a peculiar sign, a sign that was repeated by the fellow who had constituted himself Swiveller's guide.

And then Swiveller passed through the shop and entered a large room at the back, in which were set innumerable tables, and at each end of which was a blazing fire. Half a dozen people, who were seated at the tables partaking of liquid refreshment, looked up as the newcomers approached. But upon sight of Swiveller's companion they returned to their glasses and continued their chatter.

"Sit down, pard!" said Swiveller's companion. "Hi, Fang!"

In response to his latter remark the soft-footed Chinaman, who had previously "held up" a bar at the extreme end of the room, pattered forward, his inscrutable and unprepossessing features

(Continued on the next page.)

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A MARKED MAN!*(Continued from previous page.)*

causing Swiveller involuntarily to shudder.

"What do you want, Mistle Blooks?" he lisped.

"Lunch, Fang," ordered the well-dressed fellow, jerking his finger in the direction of Swiveller. "For two—sharp!"

The Chinaman nodded and shuffled off.

"And now, let's know each other's names," said Swiveller's companion. "I'm known as Brooks by some, Brookey by my pals, and Smart-Fingered Rupert by the Yard."

He laughed harshly.

"Er—my name's Swiveller," said the ex-footballer. "Ronald Swiveller, you know."

"And what's your particular line, Swiveller?" asked Brooks, genially. "Street plundering, or the jemmy?"

"Neither, really," grinned Swiveller sheepishly. "You see, I was down and out—hungry, and I wanted money—and so—"

"You helped yourself to the Duchess' handbag, eh? Not at all a bad start. But where do you come from—you're new to town, I can see that?"

"I've spent most of my years at Middleham," returned Swiveller, who felt at his ease with Smart-Fingered Rupert.

"Middleham!" exclaimed the other. "Funny thing, the only honest job I ever had was in Middleham. I was working for a builder, ten years ago, and I remember the job very well. Had to fix a panel in the wall of a Mr. Hardcastle's—or some such name—place. I've often thought of visiting that shanty. Must have been something very interesting behind that secret panel."

Swiveller's crafty eyes lit up strangely as his companion continued. He felt that he was on the verge of a discovery.

"Hardacre!" suddenly exclaimed Brooks. "That's his name! That's deuced funny! He was done in a few weeks back by somebody, and, gee—"

He broke off and leaned forward in his chair, scanning his companion's face until Swiveller had to lower his own gaze. "Why, you're Ronald Swiveller, the old chap's nephew! I can recognise your dial!"

"Well, what of it?" demanded Swiveller aggressively. "Nothing in that, is there?"

"Not at all, pard," grinned Brooks with a wink. "He treated you rottenly, didn't he?"

Swiveller's answer took the form of a dark scowl. He felt he was on dangerous ground, and the least he said the better. Brooks sensed his change of front immediately.

"There, but I ain't asking any questions, pard," he smiled. "You and I are going to be friends. I've taken a fancy to you. But let me give you the tip. Get rid of those rags you're wearing, and let me fit you out in some glad rags. Nothing like a respectable exterior for our trade, you know."

Swiveller laughed. He had nothing to fear after all. This fellow Brooks was a friend.

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