

LONG COMPLETE SCHOOL STORY | SPECIAL HUMOROUS SUPPLEMENT | POWERFUL DETECTIVE SERIAL | SIMPLE WEEKLY COMPETITION | FASCINATING "CROSS WORD" PUZZLE

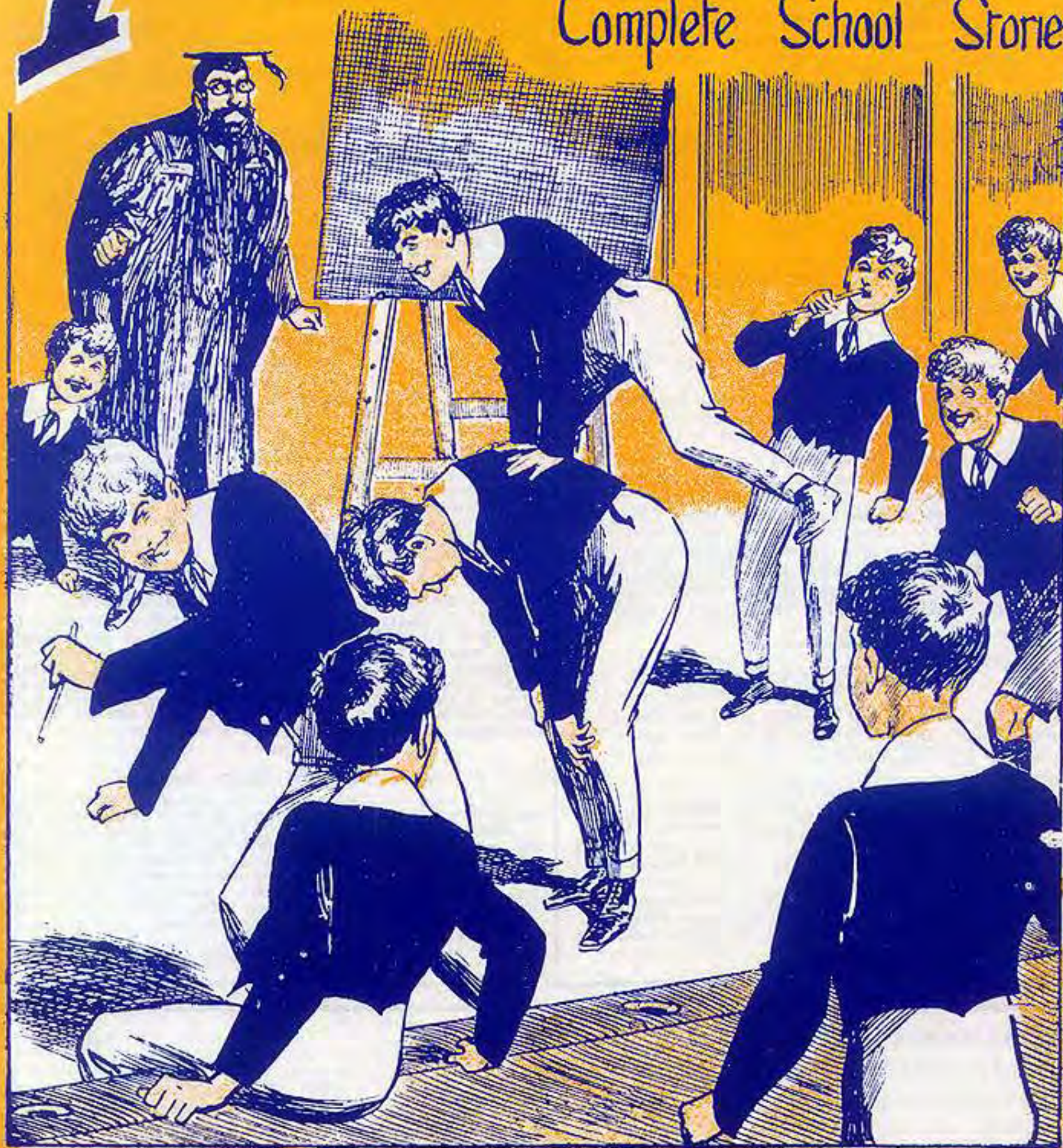
No. 889. Vol. XXVII.

Week Ending February 21st, 1925.

The Magnet 2^d

EVERY MONDAY.

Library of Complete School Stories.



A SHOCK FOR THE NEW MASTER!

FUN IN THE FORM-ROOM!

(A diverting incident from the long complete story of Greyfriars—inside.)



THIS is a competition in which every one of you can join. You are all familiar with the Cross Words that fly between schoolboys, and you are all familiar with the time-honoured Limerick.

For the benefit of those unacquainted with completing an unfinished Limerick I will give a few hints that may be found helpful. Now, suppose you were required to complete the following verse:

Said Brown to Bully Silvester
In tones that courted disaster:
"Yah, go and eat coke,
Hit some other bloke."

You must make your last line scan with the first two. That's the most important thing to remember in completing a Limerick.

For instance, such a line as:

"Then Brown ran—but Silvester was the faster"

is obviously far too long. A more suitable last line would be:

"Now Brown's requiring some plaster."

I don't say that this is a clever line, but it fulfils the requirements of a Limerick and scans correctly with the first two lines.

Another point is, don't try to be too clever. A simple but forceful line is what is wanted—a line that rhymes and scans with the first two.

Now that you have got the hang of the thing fill in the coupon below.

To the sender of the "last line," which in the Editor's opinion is the best, will be awarded the handsome money prize of FIVE POUNDS. To the 12 next best, Consolation Prizes of SPLENDID POCKET-KNIVES will be awarded.

DIRECTIONS.

When you have thought out a really good last line fill in the coupon below, taking care to write your name and address clearly IN INK, and post it to:—

"Cross Words" Limerick Competition, No. 5.
c/o MAGNET, Gough House,
Gough Square, London, E.C. 4,

so as to reach that address not later than February 24th, 1925.

You may send in as many attempts as you like, but all efforts must be written on the proper Entrance Form.

It is a distinct condition of entry that the Editor's decision must be regarded as final.

NEXT MONDAY'S PROGRAMME!

"THE BARRING OF BOLSOVER!"

By Frank Richards.

BOLSOVER MAJOR of the Remove takes the principal part in next week's ripping Greyfriars story. Bolsover is noted for his bullying propensities, and this "weakness" of his has often led to trouble with the powers that be. On this occasion Bolsover major has cause to be wrathful, for Billy Bunter, in his usual fashion, "knocks off" a whole heap of tuck belonging to the burly Remove. Retribution follows hard on the fat Owl's heels in the shape of Bolsover major. To dodge the consequences of his act Bunter seeks sanctuary in Mr. Quelch's study, but even that holy of holies avails him little.

TOO SEVERE!

Bolsover major follows him in and lams him. In the midst of this painful scene Mr. Quelch appears at the doorway. Naturally, he is enraged to think that his study should be turned into a bear garden. He is more enraged still when he discovers that his beloved typewriter has suffered severe damage in the struggle.

Bunter is licked.

Bolsover is thrashed!

Note the difference in the punishment meted out. Bolsover is given a hefty impot, too. For once in a way Mr. Quelch is unjust; the whole cause of the trouble really began with Billy Bunter "welling" Bolsover major's tuck. He deserved a hiding for that.

In sulky silence, Bolsover takes his licking, but the vicious seeds of revenge are fast taking root in his heart. He is determined to "get even" with his Form master. How Bolsover major sets about his unworthy task, and what comes of it, you will learn for yourselves next week, although the title of this magnificent story gives you a fair idea of what is to come. Don't miss this yarn, boys! It's right in the net!

"THE DEPUTY DETECTIVE!"

By Hedley Scott.

Next Monday's instalment of this amazing serial is full of surprise happenings. Young Jack Drake's number would appear to be up until a stroke of Providence puts his head well above water—in this case the water being the English Channel. How he is picked up by a passing liner, whom he meets on board, and the chance clue that falls into his hands, are told in Hedley Scott's own inimitable style. The story gathers speed from the moment the plucky boy sleuth is rescued from the wreckage of the aeroplane floating idly at the mercy of the waves. No Magnetite should miss this stirring instalment; it forms the connecting-link of the mystery surrounding the chief of the motor bandits. Look out for it, boys!

SPECIAL "FICTION" SUPPLEMENT.

There are plenty of would-be authors at Greyfriars who have clamoured for a Special "Fiction" Number of the "Herald." Harry Wharton has literally been snowed under with footer stories by fellows who don't know what a football looks like, and boxing yarns written—after a style—by fellows who have never donned the gloves in their lives. It is impossible for every contribution submitted to find its way into print, but the lucky ones are distinctly interesting. Look out for this Supplement, boys!

FIVE POUNDS MUST BE WON!

Now, I want every reader to try his skill at the simple Limerick competition appearing on this page. It is a weekly contest, which is certainly an advantage. And to the reader whose effort catches the judge's eye the handsome prize of Five Pounds is awarded. Think what you could do with a sum of money like this, chums; then think of the five minutes' concentration required to find a last line for these easy Limericks. Surely, it's worth while? Remember, too, that I am offering twelve useful pocket-knives as consolation prizes. Fill in the coupon at once. It might be your turn to win five pounds.

(Continued on page 28.)

"CROSS WORDS"

LIMERICK COMPETITION.

"I want a late pass, if you please,"
Said a small fag, who shook at the knees.
"Can't you see I'm engaged?"
Roared Wingate, enraged!—

Last Line Closing date, February 24th.

No. 5.

Name

Address

SELF-SACRIFICE! It comes as a shock to Edwin Myers of the Second Form that his father is a fugitive from justice, but his loyalty to his father never wavers. The plucky fag would sooner die than be the means of handing his parent over to the myrmidons of the law. Whatever it costs him, he is determined—



To Shield His Father!

A magnificent new long complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars, featuring Edwin Myers of the Second Form.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Missing!

WHO says tarts?" Dicky Nugent of the Second Form was the speaker, and his chums replied with instantaneous and hearty accord:

"Tarts!"

Dicky Nugent & Co., and Tubb & Co. of the Third, had trooped noisily into the Greyfriars tuckshop, and, to judge by their cheery faces, they were in funds.

It was not often that the fag tribe at Greyfriars had much wealth to call their own, but when they did it was invariably disbursed in the purchase of tuck. Not infrequently they purchased kippers for their tea—delicacies which, though not recognised by the powers that be as suitable articles of diet for public school youths, were nevertheless dear unto the hearts of Dicky Nugent & Co.

On this particular afternoon they were to have kippers, as well as other "tommy," and Dicky had under his arm a greasy paper which contained several pairs of kippers, bought at a bargain price from a stall in Friardale. Tubb, indeed, had sniffed at those kippers with suspicion and ventured his opinion that, although their price was low, the kippers themselves were decidedly "high." To which Dicky had responded with a snort of contempt and the remark that Third Form "jossers" didn't know a kipper when they saw one. Dicky's claim to be a connoisseur of kippers had almost led to a free fight in Friardale, but hostilities had been stayed by the other fags, who were eager for their tea.

Dicky Nugent & Co. and Tubb & Co. had pooled resources, and had planned a magnificent "beano" in the Form-room. On the part of the Second-Formers, this "beano" was to celebrate the departure of Mr. Eusebius Twigg, their respected Form master, who was leaving Greyfriars for a short time to recuperate after a recent attack of the 'flu.

It was not often that the fags had such opportunity for a "beano" in the Form-room, and as Mr. Twigg had left

that afternoon, they had decided to make the most of their new freedom.

A temporary Form master was coming, so they had been told, but not for a day or so. Meanwhile, the Second was to take lessons with the Third.

"We'll have tarts, and plenty of 'em!" said Dicky, planking his money down on the tuckshop counter. "Trot out the tarts, Mrs. Mumble!"

The good dame of the tuckshop smilingly "trotted" out her tarts, and the fags proceeded to make further selections from her stock of good things.

A plump junior, seated by the counter on an upturned ginger-beer crate, watched these proceedings with glimmering eyes and watering mouth.

"My word!" said Billy Bunter. "You kids are going it—what?"

"Rather!" said Dicky. "My pater turned up trumps with a whacking remittance, you know. A tin of sardines, Mrs. Mumble, please!"

"Yes, Master Nugent!"

"A pot of strawberry jam!" said Sammy Bunter eagerly.

"Yes, rather!"

"And bloated paste!" said Hop III.

"Hear, hear!"

Billy Bunter beamed at the fags with an unctuous beam. It was not often that the Owl of the Remove condescended to be gracious to the small fry, but Bunter was hungry, and impecunious as usual, and these matters weighed more with him than his personal dignity.

"I say, Dicky old chap, I think I'd better join you," he said. "I—"

"I think you'd better not!" retorted Dicky darkly. "This is going to be a feed, not an exhibition of pig-fattening! We've already got one Bunter in the crowd, and that's bad enough."

"Oh, really, young Nugent!" expostulated Sammy Bunter.

"He, he, he!" cackled the fat Remove. "You will have your little joke, of course, young 'un. Now I'll come along and superintend—"

"Rats!" snorted Dicky. "You'll get a thick ear if you try to barge into our feed, Bunter. Here, hands off those doughnuts!"

Billy Bunter's fat hand had stretched

out towards a bag of doughnuts. Tubb promptly shifted them.

"Look here—" began Bunter major, but the fags howled him down.

Nugent looked round among his chums, and his eyes lighted on a solitary figure standing in the doorway.

"My hat! There's young Myers mooning again!" he said.

Edwin Myers of the Second, who was one of Dicky's special chums, was holding himself aloof from the others. His hands were thrust deep into his trousers-pockets, his boyish brow was clouded, and he appeared to be wrapt in brooding thought. He was staring straight across the quadrangle at vacancy.

Dicky went over to his chum and regarded him anxiously.

"Hi! Wake up, ass!" he roared in Myers' ear.

Myers gave a violent start and turned with a sharp cry.

"What the mercy dickens is the matter with you, kid?" demanded the leader of the Second warmly. "You've been moping practically all day long, and you're beginning to get on my nerves. What's up?"

"Up?" said Myers vaguely. "Oh—er—nothing!"

His tone was as spiritless as his look. Dicky snorted.

"Don't try to spoof me!" he said. "You've got something on your mind, young Myers. What is it?"

"I—I'm all right, Dicky," replied his chum wearily. "You needn't worry about me—I—I'm going for a walk."

"Great pip!"

All the fags stared at Myers in amazement.

"Going for a walk?" stuttered Gatty.

"When there's a feed on board? You must be off your rocker, Myers!"

"Don't you want any tea, Myers?" demanded Tubb.

The troubled youngster shook his head.

"No, I don't want any tea," he said simply.

"My only sainted Aunt Jane!" ejaculated Dicky.

Something terrible must have happened to Edwin Myers. The fags could

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not make him out a bit. A fellow had no right to brood and behave as though he had all the troubles in the world weighing on his shoulders, especially when there was a feed on.

"Look here, you must be sprucing, Myers," said Paget wonderingly. "There's kippers."

Myers was silent.

"And jam!" said Bolsover minor temptingly. "Real strawberry jam, you know."

"And bloatel pastee!" said Hop Hi.

Myers gave a weary gesture.

"I don't want any," he said. "I—I'm sorry, but I want to stand out. You chaps get on with the feed—I'm going for a walk."

"Great pip!"

Dicky Nugent & Co. regarded each other in wonderment as Myers walked away and disappeared into the cloisters. Dicky drew a deep breath.

"Well, if that doesn't beat the band!" he said. "What on earth can be the matter with Myers? He's been looking down in the mouth all day, but this is the giddy limit."

"Silly ass!" growled Tubb. "He'll come round, I suppose, later on. Now, have we got everything?"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Oh, scat, Bunter!" snapped Dicky, as the Owl of the Remove chimed in:

"Really, Nugent minor! I was about to remark, that as Myers is standing out of the feed, I don't mind filling his place—"

"But we mind!" replied Dicky Nugent warmly. "In fact, we strongly object. You can go and chop chips, Bunter. Come on, kids!"

Billy Bunter spluttered with wrath, and he made a grab at a bag of tarts as the fags prepared to depart with their parcels. Dicky Nugent saw him in time, however, and he gave the ginger-beer crate a shove with his foot that sent it over. Billy Bunter toppled off his perch like a very fat Colossus, and he landed on the floor of the tuckshop with a violent concussion.

Thud!

"Yarooooogh! Yah! Oh crumbs!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Dicky & Co., and they trooped out of the tuckshop, leaving the Owl of the Remove roaring on the floor.

"Yowp! Beasts! Measly little rotters!" he gasped. "For two pins I'd go after them and mop up the floor with that cheeky little cad, Nugent minor."

William George Bunter did not, however, carry this dark threat into execution. He replaced the ginger-beer crate by the counter, and perched himself on it again, grunting.

Mrs. Mimble gave him a cold stare, and shifted a tray of cakes out of his reach. She knew the Owl of the Remove only too well. He had appealed to her to let him have something on "tick," as he was famished, but the good dame had steadfastly refused. Bunter's account at the tuckshop was already considerable.

The Owl picked up a newspaper that was lying on the side of the counter, and settled himself to read it, determined to wait until someone else came in, on the chance of being able to beg, borrow, or steal something eventually.

A heading in large type on the front page suddenly caught his eye, and Billy Bunter blinked at it fixedly. Then he read down the column, and when he had finished he gave a low gasp.

"My word!"

Trembling with excitement, Bunter proceeded to read through the column again, and so immersed was he in the newspaper that he did not hear the Famous Five of the Remove come in.

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Bob Cherry walked up behind the Owl, and gave him a terrific thump on the back.

Biff!

"Yoooooop!" roared Billy Bunter, sliding off the crate, and landing once more on the floor with a fearful crash.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob cheerily. "It's only little us, Bunter. We want to get near the counter, you know."

"Yow-wow-wow! You beasts!" moaned Bunter. "I'm hurt! Yow! My back is broken, and my spinal column is dislocated. Ow-wow-wow!"

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

Bunter struggled up and grabbed the newspaper just as Bob Cherry's large feet were about to trample on it. Hurree Singh and Johnny Bull were already giving orders to Mrs. Mimble.

"So we caught you in the act, Bunter, of picking out winners!" said Bob. "Has Skinner been giving you some of his dead certs and sure snips for the Napoo Handicap?"

This was for the benefit of Harold Skinner, who strolled in just then with Snoop and Stott, his cronies.

The Cad of the Remove scowled.

"Silly asses!" he muttered. "If Bunter has been backing horses, it's none of my business!"

"Bunter, my fat tulip, you are romping down to the giddy bow-wows fast and furiously," said Frank Nugent, with a solemn shake of the head. "Chaps who back horses always come to a sticky end—"

"But I haven't been backing horses!" roared Bunter indignantly. "I wasn't picking winners from the newspaper, you fatheads! I—I say, Bull, I'll try one of those tarts—"

"Keep your maulers off our tarts, you fat burglar!" growled Johnny.

"Oh, really, you know," said the Owl pathetically. "I'm famished! And I—I've been disappointed about a postal-order. I think you fellows might whack out something between you."

"Certainly!" said Bob Cherry. "How about a nice set of thick ears?"

"Or a pair of lovely black eyes?" suggested Nugent.

"The whack-outfulness with my esteemed fists on the ludicrous and greedy fat idiot would be truly terrific!" said Inky.

"Beasts!"

"What were you so jolly interested in in the newspaper, Fatty?" inquired Bob Cherry. "I'm sure it was the racing news you were studying. Ah, thanks!"

"Here; gimme that paper! It's mine!" roared Bunter, as Bob deftly snatched it from his grasp. "I want it, you beast—"

"Great pip!" ejaculated Bob, whose glance had fallen on the headlines on the front page. "What the merry dickens! Gerraway, Bunter!"

Bob proceeded to read down the column, and his sunny face gradually took on a look of amazement.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" he exclaimed, at length. "So this is what Bunter was reading. Look here, you chaps!"

The Co. gathered round, and craned their necks over the newspaper. They were soon engrossed in the column, and forgot all about Billy Bunter.

That fat youth's eyes glittered artfully.

The tuck ordered by the chums lay unheeded on the counter. Mrs. Mimble was busy inside her parlour for a little while. The coast was clear for William George Bunter.

He crept softly to the counter, and two fat, clutching hands went out greedily. Doughnuts, cakes, and tarts disappeared rapidly into the Owl's

capacious pockets. Then, with a cake in one hand, a bottle of ginger-pop in the other, and two tins of pineapple held tightly under his armpits, Billy Bunter stole silently from the tuckshop.

He hurried into the shadows beneath the old elms in the Close, and came to the hollow-tree where he often hid his plunder. Chuckling, he thrust the raided tuck into the hole. It all went in, excepting one bottle of ginger-pop, and this he stuffed up the back of his waistcoat.

"He, he, he!" he sniggered, with a glance into the tuckshop. "Those rotters have still got their noses stuck in the paper. They won't suspect me. He, he, he! That was jolly smart, if you like!"

Thus musing to himself, the Owl rolled back to the tuckshop, and managed to sidle in without being noticed by the other Removites, who were still engrossed in the newspaper.

Bunter took his stand by the ginger-beer crate, and looked on with an air of elaborate unconcern and innocence.

"Well, my only hat!" said Harry Wharton, looking up at length. "If this report really does concern young Myers' pater—"

"There isn't the slightest doubt about it," said Skinner, in a sneering, malicious tone. "The report is about an accountant with an office in Copthall Avenue in the City, who has absconded with fifty thousand quids' worth of negotiable securities and cash. He's flitted like the giddy Arab in the poem, taking his loot with him. His private address is at Harrow, and he hasn't been seen there since he flitted. The police are hunting high and low for him, and he'll be nabbed as sure as eggs. And there isn't any doubt at all that it's Myers' pater who is the wanted man!"

"Blow it! What a rotten thing to think of the kid's pater!" said Johnny Bull. "I don't believe it's true!"

"But the paper says so!" grinned Skinner. "It's Myers' pater, as plain as a pikestaff. Isn't Myers' pater an accountant, and hasn't he got an office in Copthall Avenue? Why, he's the school accountant, and the address is printed on the yearly balance-sheet. I saw it at home during the Christmas vac."

"Ye-es," said Wharton awkwardly. "But—"

"There are no buts in it!" said Skinner incisively. "Young Myers lives at Harrow, too; we know that for a cert. Your minor went home with him in the summer holidays, Nugent. It was Harrow, wasn't it?"

"Yes," replied Frank Nugent slowly. "Dicky went to Harrow with Myers last year."

"Then that proves it!" said Skinner triumphantly. "It's Myers' pater who has run off with all those valuables and money belonging to the firm he was trustee for. It's Myers' pater whom the police are after! What a come-down for Greyfriars, to harbour the son of a criminal! Oh, my hat!"

Harry Wharton shot him a quick, contemptuous glance.

"You can hold your row about that, anyway, Skinner!" he rapped. "The newspaper report may not be true, and we may be off-side, after all, in believing it to refer to Myers' pater. But if it does happen to be true, it will be jolly rotten for little Myers, and you rotters needn't pile on the agony and make a scandal out of it."

Skinner, Snoop, and Stott gave the Remove captain scowling glances.

Wharton folded the newspaper, and put it in his pocket.

"I'll take care of this," he said tersely. "We needn't have the yarn blabbed over

the school. If you chaps talk about it, or try to rag Myers, we'll give you something else to talk about—something you won't like."

"Hear, hear!" said Bob Cherry; and he planted his brawny fist under Skinner's prominent nose as a reminder.

Skinner backed away.

"Did you hear that, Bunter?" demanded Johnny Bull, turning to the Owl. "Keep your trap shut about this newspaper report, or you'll get the biggest bumping of your life!"

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"Mum-mum-my hat!"

Johnny Bull gave vent to that stammering remark as his eyes lighted on the counter. The others, seeing Johnny so amazed, looked at the counter, too, and a series of startled gasps arose.

"Where's the tuck!" ejaculated Nugent.

"It's gone!" said Bob Cherry faintly.

"Great pip!"

The Famous Five were thunderstruck, and Skinner & Co. looked amazed, too. Billy Bunter affected an air of great astonishment at the discovery, and his look was as guileless and innocent as the babe unborn when Bob Cherry strode up to him, brandishing his fist.

"Where's our tuck?" roared Bob, and his voice was like unto that of the bull of Bashan.

"Oh, really, Cherry, how should I know?" hooted Bunter.

"You've scoffed it, you—you fat looter!"

William George Bunter drew himself up to his full height with considerable dignity.

"Indeed, Cherry, if you mean to insinuate that I have stolen your tuck—"

"It was there a little while ago, and now it's vanished!" hooted Bob wrathfully. "Nobody else would have taken it but you!"

"Really, Cherry, you must have made a mistake," replied Bunter, elevating his snub nose. "I have been here all the time with you, haven't I? Could I have eaten the stuff, tins as well?"

"But—but—"

"You chaps are at liberty to search me," said Bunter in an aggrieved tone. "Ahem!"

The juniors could see, without having recourse to search Bunter, that he had no tuck concealed upon him. They did not suspect, of course, the presence of the bottle of ginger-pop at the back of the Owl's waistcoat.

They blinked at Bunter, and at each other, in mystification. They were utterly at a loss to account for the disappearance of their tuck.

Mrs. Minble was called, but she could offer no explanation of the riddle. She had placed the tuck on the counter and left it there.

It really seemed to have vanished into thin air!

Trevor, Reilly, Rake, and Hazeldene strolled in and inquired the why and wherefore of the Co.'s worried looks. They gasped when the situation was explained to them.

"What about the prize porpoise?" said Hazeldene, looking immediately at Bunter. "Have you searched him?"

"Oh, really, Hazel!"

"Bunter appears to be innocent this time," said Wharton, wrinkling his brows in perplexity. "Four bobs' worth of tuck has disappeared without a trace—right under our very noses! Where on earth can it have got to?"

And the more they thought about it the more Harry Wharton & Co. were mystified.



"Your father's a thief and a criminal," said Bunter. "You can't deny it, young Myers! Yah! Ow-wow!" Bunter broke off with a roar as Myers' small, hard fist came out and struck him on the chin. (See Chapter 2.)

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Bunter Catches It!

"HE, he, he!"

Thus Billy Bunter some minutes later.

He had left the tuckshop and rolled under the old elms to garner his spoil. He would leave no trace of the tuck, and the affair could remain a mystery, so far as he was concerned.

As he approached the hollow tree he caught sight of a small figure standing near an adjacent elm. The short-sighted Owl blinked and walked a little closer, until he recognised the other as Myers of the Second.

The fag was standing there, his hands driven deep into his trousers-pockets, and his head bowed, as if in deep thought.

Billy Bunter chuckled, and rolled up to Myers.

"He, he, he! Are you thinking about your father, young Myers? It's a bit of a come-down, isn't it? He, he, he!"

Myers looked sharply at the Owl of the Remove, the colour mounting to his cheeks.

"What do you mean, Bunter?" he exclaimed.

Billy Bunter gave him a knowing look.

"Ah, I know all about it!" he said. "I don't wonder at your looking down in the mouth, really. Of course, I'm not the sort of chap to spread the yarn about the school, you know. You needn't worry about that, young Myers. After all, you can't help your father being a rotten thief!"

The fag's eyes glinted at the ubiquitous Owl.

"I don't know what you are talking

about, Bunter," he said, in a low, quiet voice.

"He, he, he! Come off it, young Myers! You can't deny the facts, you know!" sniggered Bunter. "Mind, I'm not blaming you because your father's a rotten thief—"

"What?"

"Fancy him clearing off with all that money, though. My word! He must have had some nerve!"

Myers took a step closer to Bunter, his breath coming quickly, his hands clenched in anger. Anyone but the egregious Owl of the Remove would have seen a very ominous look in Edwin Myers' eyes.

"Bunter, you fat cad, how dare you talk like that about my father!" he exclaimed fiercely.

"Oh, really, Myers!" said Bunter, swelling with indignation. "I should advise you to take care how you talk to me! I'm jolly well not going to stand any cheek from a Second Form kid whose father is wanted by the police! If the other chaps knew that your pater is a rotten swindler—"

"He isn't, you cad! It's all lies!"

"Yah! You can't deny it, young Myers! Your father's a thief and a criminal—Ow! Wow!"

Bunter broke off with a roar as Myers' small, hard fist came out and stuck him on the chin. The fag, his eyes blazing, followed this up with another terrific punch on Bunter's nose, and the Owl of the Remove staggered back, howling.

"Yarooooogh! Wowp! You little rotter—"

"I'll teach you to speak like that of my father!" cried Myers angrily. "Take that, you rotter—and that—and that!"

"Wowp! Ow! Wow!" howled Billy

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Bunter as the fag's fists drove hard upon him. "Stop! Yah! Why, I—I'll give you a licking, you cheeky fag! Yaroooo!"

Billy Bunter hit out wildly at Myers; but the agile fag dodged his random blows and drove Bunter out into the open.

The Owl's roars of pain brought Harry Wharton & Co. and a number of other Removites on the scene.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "It's old Bunter in a fight—and with a Second Form kid, too! Go it, Bunter! Two to one you don't win!"

"Yoooooop! Hellup!"

"My hat! He's scrapping with Myers!" said Wharton, knitting his brows. "The kid looks mad about something. If Bunter has been speaking to him about that newspaper report—"

Crash!

"Man down!" grinned Nugent.

Myers, delivering a terrific right on Bunter's chin, had felled the fat Removite like a log.

Billy Bunter fell on his back on the hard ground, and as he did so there was a strange crack underneath him, followed by a mysterious noise:

Sizz-zz-zz-zzzzz!

"Yaroooooooooogh!" howled Billy Bunter, rolling over and over. "Help! Wow! Murder! The bottle's broken! Yaroooooooooogh!"

"Great pip!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "What the merry dickens—"

"Good heavens! Look at that underneath Bunter! It's blood!" exclaimed Johnny Bull in horror.

A pool of wetness was on the ground where Bunter lay. It was coming from underneath the Owl's jacket.

The juniors regarded it in horror.

"Yow-wow-wow! Help! I'm terribly injured!" moaned Billy Bunter. "The bottle's cut my back! Oooooogh!"

Harry Wharton, Nugent, and Bob Cherry sprang to Bunter's side and pulled away his jacket.

Wharton gave a sudden roar of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha! It's only a bottle of ginger-beer, you chaps! My hat! The fat idiot had a bottle of ginger-pop stuffed up the back of his waistcoat!"

"Great Scott!"

Wharton and Bob Cherry extracted the broken pieces of bottle as Billy Bunter writhed on the ground, moaning. He was undoubtedly hurt; but, fortunately, the glass had not cut him. He was drenched with ginger-pop, and the crowd roared.

Myers stood aside from Bunter, his fists still clenched, his face red and furious.

Harry Wharton glanced at him.

"What was the trouble, kid?" he asked quietly.

The fag gave a queer gulp.

"He—he called my father names!" he muttered tensely. "The fat cad tried to make out that—"

"Cave, Myers!" said Nugent suddenly. "Here comes the Head!"

Dr. Locke, the Head of Greyfriars, came striding over to where the juniors were standing. Billy Bunter struggled to his feet.

Myers set his teeth hard as the Head glanced at him.

"Myers! You have been fighting with Bunter!"

"Yes, sir!" replied the fag. "And I would fight him again! He called my father names—"

"And he jolly well deserves it, too,"

sir!" hooted Bunter. "His father is a thief—a criminal—"

"Bless my soul!"

"It's true, sir, and he can't deny it!" roared Bunter, ignoring Harry Wharton's threatening glances and Bob Cherry's surreptitiously shaken fist. "His father's being hounded by the police, and— Yow-wow! Keepimoff! Yah!"

Myers made a movement towards Bunter, but the Head laid a detaining hand on the fag's arm.

"You must not pay heed to Bunter's ridiculous words, Myers," he said, giving the boy a peculiar, half-wondering look. "He is evidently labouring under some ridiculous delusion. Come with me, my lad; there is a visitor waiting for you in the Form-room."

With his small fists clenched hard and his eyes flashing defiantly at the crowd that had collected, Myers followed Dr. Locke across the quad and into the House.

Wharton turned to Billy Bunter, his lip curling with contempt.

"You rotten little toad, Bunter, to speak to Myers like that!" he exclaimed. "What did I tell you in the tuckshop?"

"Oh, really, Wharton—yowp! I— Yah! Leggo! Hands off! Yarooooogh!"

"Bump him!" said Johnny Bull.

"The bumpfulness of the fat and unworthy Bunter shall be terrific!" said Hurree Singh. "We will hurtfully impress upon him the truthfulness of your English proverb, 'Speech is silver, but silence in time saves ninepence.'"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter was grasped in many hands, and the bumping was proceeded with.

Bump, bump, bump!

"Yarooooop! Yah! Help! Murder! Yow! Wow! Ow-wow-wow!"

"We'll bump the fat rotter till he tells us where our tuck is!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "That bottle of ginger-pop he had stuffed up his waistcoat was part of our stuff, and he knows where the rest is. Make him confess!"

"Rather!"

Bunter's fat form smote the cold, hard, unsympathetic ground again and again, and his yells rose crescendo. At last Peter Todd fetched a faggot out of the woodshed, laid the writhing Owl across his knee, and "whacked" the confession out of him.

And whilst the luckless Owl limped off, bemoaning his lot, Harry Wharton & Co. found their tuck and went their way rejoicing.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Short Shrift for the Bully!

DR. LOCKE led Myers to the Second Form-room.

"A gentleman is waiting in there for you, Myers," he said, halting outside the door. "It is contrary to the rules and my usual practice to allow such interviews between junior lads and strangers to the school, without first being acquainted with the reason for the interview; but in this—ahem!—case I am allowing your visitor to speak to you privately, as he has expressed his urgent desire to do so. He assures me that the matter is a private, domestic affair of yours, and—er—ahem!—is very important."

"Thank—thank you, sir!" said the fag.

His heart was throbbing wildly as the Head walked away, and his hand went to the knob of the Form-room door.

Who was the mysterious visitor who had prevailed upon the Head to allow the interview in private?

Myers had heard from his mother that afternoon that his father was missing, that it was alleged he had absconded with a number of valuables and a large sum of money belonging to the firm for which he was acting as trustee, and that there was a warrant out for his arrest on a charge of embezzlement. Not a word or a sign had been left by the fugitive, and it was said that the police had proof of his guilt. The news had come as a shock to the fag, and his mind and heart had been tortured ever since.

Where was his father? And what had happened to him? Those were the questions that racked the youngster's brain. He would never believe that the charges against his father had any truth in them; he would lose his life rather than lose the faith and trust he had in his father. Nothing would convince him that his father was a thief or a criminal.

Yet what was the explanation of the tragic facts of the affair? What had made his father run away? And where had he gone?

Perhaps it was his father who was waiting in the Form-room to see him!

Myers pushed open the Form-room door and entered.

A man was standing by the window, and he swung round quickly at the junior's entry.

Myers looked at the man before him and he felt a wave of disappointment. This was not his father.

The visitor was a burly, heavily-built man, with a hard face and black, deep-set eyes. He took a step forward, his eyes glittering at the tiny fag, and his square jaw hardening like a rock.

"Ah! You are Master Edwin Myers?"

"Yes, sir," replied Myers quietly.

"You do not know who I am?" The man's voice was quick and precise, and had a harsh, brutal ring in it.

"No, sir," said the junior wonderingly.

The other laughed.

"Well, my name is Milsum, and I am a detective."

"A—a detective!" Myers' face blanched, and he reeled back as though he had been struck. The words burst hoarsely from his lips.

Milsum, with a sudden, quick movement, interposed himself between Myers and the door.

"Yes, I am a detective engaged by the firm that your father robbed!" he said roughly. "I am working independent of the police, and I mean to lay your father by the heels!"

"Oh!"

The fag shrank away as Milsum drew close to him; but a heavy hand was clapped on his arm, and he was held firm, as in a vice.

"Now, I want you to answer a few questions, my lad; and I warn you beforehand that I will stand no nonsense!" said the detective threateningly. "I want to know where your father is hiding!"

"Let me go!" panted Myers, wriggling vainly in the man's brutal grasp. "I don't know where he is—"

"Don't tell your lies to me, you little whelp!" rapped Milsum, his heavy brows lowering. "You do know, and you are going to tell me!"

He gave Myers' arm a vicious twist, bringing a shrill cry of pain to the youngster's lips.

"Oh! You brute! Let me go—"

"Will you tell me where your father is hiding?"

"I cannot! I don't know— Oh! Don't! Don't!"

Milsum was twisting his arm again.

"I have reason to suspect that your father has communicated with you since he absconded from London," he rapped. "I have a clue that makes it evident that he is in the neighbourhood and that he is getting you to help him evade capture. Now—the truth, mind you—where is he?"

"I don't know; honour bright, I cannot tell you!" cried the fag, and then another sharp, agonised cry escaped him as Milsum twisted his arm viciously.

"You can't pull the wool over my eyes, my lad, and I'll make you confess!" rapped the bully. "Your father has written to you. Let me see the letter."

"I haven't got a letter," cried Myers, struggling hard to keep back the hot tears that surged to his eyes. "My father hasn't written to me, and I don't know where he is. Oh! Leave my arm alone, you cad! Oh! Don't—don't!"

Myers' cries of pain rang shrilly through the Form-room.

There was a sudden tramping of feet outside, and Harry Wharton strode quickly in, followed by Cherry, Nugent, Johnny Bull, Inky, and Squiff. The chums of the Remove gazed on the scene in amazement.

Myers, wriggling in the brutal detective's grip, cast an appealing glance at Wharton.

"Oh, Wharton, don't let him hurt me any more. Stop him— Oh!"

"What the merry dickens—" began Bob Cherry.

"You lads cannot come in here!" rapped Milsum, his coarse face clouding with annoyance. "Get out, and shut the door behind you!"

Harry Wharton looked at the man with flaming eyes, but did not budge.

"Who are you!" he demanded angrily. "And what do you mean by bullying this kid?"

Milsum gave a sneer.

"I am a detective, sonny, and I'm here to get information—see?"

"I see that you are treating Myers like a bully and a cad!" exclaimed the Remove captain, his lip curling contemptuously. "What right have you to be here, anyhow? If the Head knew what you were up to—"

"He has no real right to be here, Wharton!" cried Myers, whose small, white face was now stained with tears. "He's not a proper police detective, and he says he is looking for my father. He told the Head he wanted to see me on private business, but all he wanted to do was to try to get information out of me. I can't tell him anything, and— Oh! Let me alone!"

Milsum gave the fag's arm another sharp twist, and Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged glances.

They closed in on the rascally private detective, and Wharton, with a quick movement, wrenched him away from Myers by sheer force.

"Enough of those tricks, you rotter!" he exclaimed. "You've no business here, and you've got to clear out!"

"You little whelps!" snarled Milsum in a furious voice. "You dare interfere with me—"

"Chuck him out on his neck!" said Bob Cherry.

"The chuck-outfulness shall be terrific!"

Milsum commenced to struggle and hit out, but in the grasp of the six sturdy Removites he was powerless. They yanked him unceremoniously out of the Second Form-room, and bundled him to

the top of the stairs. There Milsum temporarily freed himself, but in the struggle he lost his balance, and fell headlong down the stairs, striking each stair as he went with a mighty smite.

Bump, bump, bump!

"Yaroooooooooogh!"

"Bless my soul!"

The Head's voice broke in, and, looking downward, Harry Wharton & Co. saw that Milsum had landed in a heap at the bottom of the stairs, right at the feet of Dr. Locke.

The Head regarded the sprawling man in amazement.

"Oh, jeminy!" gasped Bob Cherry. "That's done it!"

Milsum staggered up, fuming. His hair was dishevelled, his coat was ripped up the back, his collar had burst away from its stud, and his necktie was dangling gracefully over his left shoulder. A rapidly-rising bump on his forehead and a perceptible swelling of his nose did not enhance his personal beauty, either. He was in a royal rage.

"Those little rascals, they—they threw me down!" he roared, shaking a dusty fist at the Famous Five on the stairs. "I demand that they shall be punished, sir! I—I—"

"Goodness gracious!" The Head looked incredulous and shocked. "Boys, is it possible that you have dared to treat this gentleman with violence? Is it true that you precipitated him down the stairs?"

Harry Wharton gave a grim smile.

"No, it isn't true, sir," he replied. "We were—ahem!—seeing him off the premises. He broke away from us at the top of the stairs, and slipped down."

"Good heavens! Then you were molesting him!" thundered the Head.

"Yes, sir," said Harry firmly. "We were going to throw him out of Greyfriars. He spoofed—I mean, deceived you about the real object of his visit to Myers. We found him bullying Myers in the Form-room, and as he is only a cheap private detective, we thought it best to—er—get rid of him."

Dr. Locke's brow darkened as he looked at Milsum.

"Then it is untrue that you come from Myers' father, sir, as you informed me?" he asked.

Milsum scowled.

"I'm a detective, and I came to see the young scoundrel about his father, who is wanted by the police," he muttered. "He was obstinate, and I held his arm tight, that's all."

"He was bullying, sir," interposed Wharton quietly. "He had no right to do that."

"Certainly not!" The Head turned angrily to Milsum. "So, sir, you told me a series of falsehoods in order to gain access to Myers in this school? You knew that, had I been aware of your real identity and motive, I should not have allowed you to enter."

"The boy's father is a criminal, and it's my job to get him," said Milsum sullenly. "I—"

"That is no concern of mine," exclaimed Dr. Locke sharply. "Whatever Myers' father may have done, you have no right, being an unofficial person, to thrust yourself into this school for the purpose of questioning this boy. These lads did quite right in taking steps to remove you. I must say I was not prepossessed by your appearance or manner



In the struggle Milsum lost his balance and fell headlong down the stairs. Bump! Bump! Bump! "Yaroooooooooogh!" The private detective landed in a heap at the bottom of the stairs, right at the feet of Dr. Locke. "Bless my soul!" gasped the Head. (See Chapter 3.)

when you first approached me this afternoon, and I shall take Wharton's word concerning your fall down the stairs. Now I must request you to go, and not seek to enter here again."

Milsum picked up his hat, which Bob Cherry had thrown down.

He scowled at the Head and at the juniors who had gathered to watch the scene, and then, muttering under his breath, he limped away.

His battered appearance elicited amusement on all sides, and roars of laughter followed him across the quadrangle.

Dr. Locke took Myers away with him to his study, and the fag remained there for some time.

Harry Wharton & Co. met him when he came out. By this time, of course, the whole school knew of the mystery surrounding Myers' father, and of the visit of Milsum, the stop-at-nothing private detective who was engaged on the case.

Myers' face was white and strained, and Wharton laid a gentle, reassuring hand on the lad's shoulder.

"Buck up, kid," he said. "We're awfully sorry, but—but things will turn out all right. And if that rotter Milsum molests you again, just tell us, and we'll jolly soon deal with him."

Myers shot Wharton a grateful look.

"Thanks, Wharton," he said huskily.

"You're very kind. He—he is looking for my father, but— Oh! I cannot believe it. My father is not a thief."

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

An Amazing New Master!

THE following days were miserable enough for Myers of the Second.

Most of the other fellows pitied him, and his chums and Harry Wharton & Co. especially did their best to cheer him up. On the other hand, there were fellows of the Skinner and Bunter kidney whose shallow minds took a queer pleasure in taunting the fag with his father's alleged crime. Harry Wharton & Co. came down heavily on them for this and after a while they took good care not to let any member of the Co. overhear them tormenting Myers.

Milsum was known to be still in the neighbourhood of Friardale, and had been seen hovering about Greyfriars. The rascally detective seemed convinced that the fag knew of his father's whereabouts, and there was no doubt as to his determination to leave no stone unturned in his quest for Mr. Myers.

But Myers had heard or seen nothing of his father. That was what chiefly worried him. Would his father be caught and sent to prison? His father in prison—a gaolbird! Myers shuddered at the thought.

Dicky Nugent discovered Myers brooding at his desk in the Form-room some days after Milsum's visit. Gatty came in with the hero of the Second, and both looked excited.

"Give your face a treat, old son!" said Dicky cheerily. "We've got news!"

Myers looked up eagerly.

"News—of my father?" he cried.

"No, I'm afraid not, kid," said Dicky. "It's about our new master. The Head's hit on someone at last, and he's coming to-morrow morning."

Myers' face fell, and he lost interest in his chum's tidings.

"Yes, it's a fact, Myers," said Gatty. "Our new Form master starts to-morrow. His name is Graham, so Wingate said. I wonder what Graham will be like?"

"I'm no end keen to see him," said Dicky. "I hope the Graham bird turns

out to be young, anyway, so that we can have some sport with him. You can't ark with either of the Twiggs, the stodgy old buffers."

Harry Wharton & Co. were at the school gates the following morning when Dicky Nugent & Co. gathered there in a crowd to await the arrival of the temporary master of their Form.

The Removites were also interested to know what Mr. Graham would be like.

The station cab drove up to the gates, and a gentleman stepped out, carrying a bag which bore the initials "A.G."

The juniors all raised their caps respectfully. They could not help staring hard at the new master.

Mr. Graham was nothing like the master they had expected.

He was not tall, but was rather plump, and had a black moustache and a beard of the same colour. He seemed a very sombre gentleman indeed, for he was dressed entirely in black, and he had on a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles that gave him a very learned appearance.

His eyes, however, were dull, and he evinced every sign of nervousness as he regarded the juniors at the gates.

"Good-morning, my boys," he said in a quiet voice.

Gosling took his bag and led the way across the Close into the School House.

The juniors exchanged grins when the new master had gone.

"Well, my hat! So that's Graham!" said Dicky Nugent. "What do you think of his whiskers, kids? He looks like a giddy anarchist!"

"Or a Bolshy!" said Gatty. "Who said shag doesn't grow in England?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He's rather a rummy merchant, but he looks a decent sort," said Harry Wharton.

"He seems pretty easy-going," remarked Frank Nugent. "I suppose you young scallywags will make the most of that!"

"You bet!" said his minor promptly. "We'll try out the Graham bird this morning, and see what he's made of."

The Second Form assembled in the class-room, to find that Mr. Graham had not arrived, so at Dicky's suggestion they commenced a game of leap-frog. The game was at its height, and the noise in the Form-room resembled that of the celebrated Tower of Babel, when Mr. Graham looking more sombre than ever in his cap and gown, strode in at the door.

He halted by the blackboard and looked round hesitatingly through his horn-rimmed spectacles.

"Boys—boys!" he exclaimed. "What are you doing? Please stop this horse-play!"

Dicky Nugent & Co. stopped and looked in astonishment at the master. His tone was not at all commanding—on the contrary, Mr. Graham was quite lamb-like. Mr. Twigg, or any other master, would have instantly poured forth the vials of his wrath upon them for making half that disturbance in the Form-room.

"Go to your places, boys, please," said Mr. Graham. "This is lesson-time, remember. I do not wish to be angry with you, but you must behave."

"My hat!" murmured Gatty, as the juniors took their seats. "What a giddy muff! Do you know, Dicky, I believe he's frightened of us."

Mr. Graham's quiet, grey eyes, scanning his pupils one by one, came to rest on Myers who was seated listlessly at his desk with a downcast look on his face. The boy's thoughts were still brooding on his father, and he had taken no part in the game of leapfrog.

The new master's attention was fixed

steadfastly on Myers for some seconds before he turned to the others.

"Boys, take out your arithmetic books," he said. "We will commence the lesson. Who is the head boy of this class?"

Dicky Nugent stood up and gave his name. Mr. Graham then asked him to name the others boys so that he could memorise them. Having made himself familiar with the names of the boys, the master took up the arithmetic book.

"How far did Mr. Twigg take you in this text book, Nugent minor?" he asked.

Dicky winked slyly at the rest of the Form.

"We've done all the sums on page 96, sir," he said.

"Very well. We will commence this morning from page 97."

The Second gasped, hardly able to realise that Dicky's audacious "bluff" had been successful. Any schoolmaster with his wits about him would know that they must be well past page 96 at that period of the term. Dicky had been quite correct, of course, in saying that the Second had done all the sums on that particular page, but he had omitted to mention that they had also done all the sums up to page 156.

Mr. Graham, however, did not appear to doubt, so Dicky Nugent & Co. were set a series of sums which were mere child's play to them, but which they purposely took the whole lesson-time to do. They indulged in more "larking" than work, finding Mr. Graham such an easy master. Chattering and laughing became the order of the day.

Hop Hi even made so bold as to treat his Form-fellows to an exhibition of wonderful tricks with a ruler and a pile of books, balanced on his nose.

Mr. Graham looked up and saw the little Chinese, and at that moment Gatty "potted" at Hop Hi with his peashooter. The pea caught the Chinese on his snub yellow nose, causing him to stagger and upset his balance.

Crash, crash, clatter! went the books on the Form-room floor.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Dicky Nugent & Co.

Mr. Graham looked really angry for the first time. He commanded silence in the room, and summoned Hop Hi to the front, at the same time picking up Mr. Twigg's stoutest cane. The little Celestial went to the front with a very wry look on his face, and he received two cuts, but when he returned to his desk his almond visage was wreathed in smiles.

The Second wondered mightily. Hop Hi usually made an awful "fuss" over a caning.

"Didn't he hurt you, Hoppy?" inquired Wingate minor.

"No hurtie much!" grinned Hop Hi.

"Lickee allee light."

"Oh, good egg!"

And from that moment the Second became more troublesome than ever. The young rascals performed all manner of acts of disobedience and breaches of discipline which they would not have dared to attempt with Mr. Twigg.

History lesson was easier for them than arithmetic, for, strange though it seemed, Mr. Graham did not appear to know as much of the subject as Dicky & Co. even! Those youths took advantage, of course, and Mr. Graham heaved a deep sigh of relief when the final bell rang and his troublesome pupils clattered noisily out of their desks.

"Myers, will you remain behind?" he said quietly. "I wish to speak to you."

Myers, greatly wondering, remained seated whilst the others trooped from the Form-room.

The new master walked to the door when they had gone, and, making sure that there was no one in the corridor outside, he closed the door and turned the key.

This procedure mystified Myers still more.

"Myers, will you come out here?"

There was a sudden alteration in the man's voice, and a thrill went through Myers. He could hardly believe his ears, for he knew that voice. It reminded him—

His brain in a whirl, he walked to the front and faced the new master. A further surprise awaited him. Mr. Graham, with a quick movement, jerked off his moustache, beard, and eye-glasses.

Myers fell back with a sharp cry, his eyes staring fixedly, incredulously at the face revealed before him.

For some minutes he could not speak, so thunderstruck was he.

And when at last he found his voice, one word burst hoarsely from his lips: "Father!"

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Greyfriars Refugee!

"FATHER!"

There was a note of almost unbelieving joy in Myers' voice. Mr. Myers laid down his disguise and smiled.

"Yes, it is I, Teddy," he said quietly. "My dear boy!"

He stepped forward, his arms outstretched and his eyes shining with a tender light. Myers, with a glad cry, ran eagerly towards him and was caught in his embrace.

Not a word was spoken while father and son clasped each other in loving embrace. When Myers drew himself away his eyelashes were moist with tears.

"Father, it is really you! Oh, I can hardly believe it! I am glad—glad to know that you are safe. I have been wondering what had happened—"

"Then you heard, Teddy, about my disappearance?"

"Yes, dad. The police are looking for you, charging you with stealing money. But it isn't true, is it? It can't be true, dad!"

Mr. Myers averted his eyes.

"I cannot tell you anything now, my boy," he said in a low voice. "But I want you to believe in me, Teddy. Say you believe in me—that you do not regard your father as a thief!"

"A thief!" Myers' voice rang with horror at the word. "No, dad, I couldn't think that. I believe in you!"

"Thank you, Teddy!" said his father huskily. "I am sorry that this terrible blow has fallen on you and your poor mother. I do not know how the affair will end, but I am determined that the police shall not lay hands on me."

"They sha'n't, dad, not if I can help it!"

"I must remain in hiding until the hue and cry has subsided a little," said his father. "Then, when the coast is clear, I must manage to get abroad somehow, and you and your mother can join me later. But whatever happens you must not lose faith in me, Teddy."

"I shall never do that, dad," said Myers stoutly. "Nothing will make me think bad of you. But how—how did you manage to get here?"

A smile crossed his father's face.

"It was arranged for me by a very close friend, who is a scholastic agent in London," he said. "Dr. Locke happened to apply to him for a temporary Second Form master for Greyfriars, and I, in desperation, asked my friend if he could carry through the deception



Mr. Graham looked up and saw Hop Hi giving a wonderful exhibition of juggling. At that moment Gatty "potted" the Chinese with his peashooter. Crash! Clatter! The pile of books descended to the Form-room floor. "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Dicky Nugent & Co. (See Chapter 4.)

for me. He agreed, and it was easily done. My disguise is effective and, under the name of Arnold Graham, I hope to be able to keep well out of the hands of the police. Nobody suspects me here, and Greyfriars will make a good hiding place."

Myers gripped his father's arm.

"What about that detective, Milsum?" he asked quickly. "He is hanging about here, dad, and he's after you—"

"Yes, Teddy, I am aware of Milsum's activities. He has been offered a large fee by my late clients if he can effect my capture, and he is a clever and desperate man. I made my way to Friardale last week, hoping to be able to see you, but I found that Milsum had tracked me down here, so I returned immediately to London. He will not suspect me in my present guise. But the role of schoolmaster will not be an easy one for me to carry through, Teddy. I am completely at a loss to know how to take the lessons without giving myself away and I want you to—to coach me, my lad!"

Here he smiled, and Myers smiled, too.

"It will be rather a funny position, father, for a chap to be teaching his own Form master how to take the lessons," said the boy. "But I'll put you up to all you will have to do, and you will be as safe as houses. How—how are you off for money?"

"I have nothing but a few shillings, Teddy. My salary here was paid in advance, but that has all been spent in expenses. I really do not know how I shall manage, but I shall keep going somehow."

"If I can help you, father—"

"You cannot help me in money affairs, I am afraid," said his father,

patting him kindly on the shoulder. "That will be all right, Teddy, don't you worry. Will you come to my study this evening and prepare me for to-morrow's lessons? I will not bother much about this afternoon."

"Right-ho, dad!" The boy's voice was brighter now, and some of the old colour had returned to his cheeks. "You can rely on me. I—I'm glad you will be here with me; it has taken a great load off my mind."

"You're a brick, Teddy," said his father huskily. "I wondered whether—whether you would turn against me when you heard the news—"

"Oh, dad!" gasped Myers reproachfully. "Never!"

He clasped his parent's hand as he spoke.

"Thank you, Teddy. The clouds will roll over some day, I am sure."

THE SIXTH CHAPTER

Myers' Resolve!

AFTERNOON lessons saw Dicky Nugent & Co. taking further advantage of Mr. Graham's easy-going temperament. Myers did his best to prompt his father, and this soon began to excite the curiosity of his Form-fellows. By the end of the lesson-time Dicky Nugent & Co. were frankly suspicious that there was something "on" between Myers and the new master.

The boy hurried away when the class dismissed, but he turned up in the Form-room later for tea. Dicky & Co. tried in vain to elicit from him the reasons why Mr. Graham had asked him to

remain behind that morning, and at last Myers rose and left the Form-room in anger.

He left his chums more mystified than ever.

He went along to Mr. Twigg's study, which his father was now occupying. Mr. Myers was there, poring over a number of books relating to the Second Form lessons.

"Ah! I'm glad you've come, Teddy," he said, with a deep sigh. "I'm afraid I have come rather unprepared, and there is a lot I don't understand."

"Right-ho, dad," said the fag cheerily. "I'll show you the ropes."

He closed the door and sat down at the table with his disguised father. He set to work at once to explain details of the school curriculum, and so began the rather curious process of the pupil teaching his master.

They worked on together until it was nearly time for prep. Mr. Myers then closed his books and laid a kindly hand on the fag's arm.

"I am deeply indebted to you, Teddy," he said. "You have helped me considerably, and I feel more confident already. I will deal firmly with the boys in future and make them obey me. I'm sure that, with your help, I shall be able to carry through this deception successfully."

"You'll be as safe as houses here, dad—for the time being." Here, Myers' voice broke a little, and his face assumed a wistful expression. "But you cannot stay here for always. Mr. Twigg may soon be back and you—you will have to go. What will you do when you leave Greyfriars?"

"That I cannot say, my boy," said his father, in a low voice.

"What about money, dad? I don't mean the stolen money—"

"I haven't any money, except what I received as an advance on my salary here," replied his father. "And that has been swallowed up already. Although I am accused of having made off with such a large sum, the truth is, I am practically penniless. The question of money is a very grave one—I hardly dare think about it. I need all I have to keep up appearances here as a master. When I leave—" He shrugged his shoulders with a helpless gesture.

"Surely you can get some money, dad—from mother, or from your friends?"

Mr. Myers shook his head.

"I would not dare to write, or make any communication whatever with anyone," he said. "The police are too vigilant, and they are closely watching all correspondence at home, and all my friends and business associates have been warned. I could, I daresay, make efforts to obtain help, but I would not dare—for the sake of others I prefer to keep my whereabouts strictly secret."

"Then you will soon have no money at all, dad!"

"I shall manage, somehow, when I leave Greyfriars, Teddy. I shall have to. I am determined to keep my liberty, whatever obstacles confront me."

Myers' eyes, happening to glance over the desk, lighted on a bundle of papers that were tied together with red tape. He started.

"Oh! Those are the Junior Bursary Scholarship papers, dad!"

His father glanced carelessly at them.

"Yes, Teddy; I understand they relate to some scholarship or other. Dr. Locke sent them up to me this afternoon, and I expect I shall see him later with regard to them. By the way, what is this scholarship?"

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"It's an exam. open to chaps in the Second and Third only, dad," said Myers, his eyes shining with a sudden, eager light. "The prize is a cash grant of twenty pounds, and this year's exam. is due in a few days' time. Only about nine chaps are in for it—the poorer kids usually enter, you know."

Mr. Myers nodded.

"You haven't entered, Teddy, of course?" he said.

"No, dad—not yet. But I'll give my name into the Head straight away."

His father shot him a quick, astonished glance.

Myers looked eager and excited now.

"Don't you see, dad?" he exclaimed. "I want to win the money—the twenty pounds—for you! You must have some money when you leave, and there is no way of getting it—unless I can win the scholarship. The list doesn't close till to-morrow, and the Head will accept my name if I give it in to-night. I shall have some time to swot before the exam., too. Why, dad, it's a topping idea—if I can win!"

"Teddy!" Mr. Myers' voice was husky with emotion. "My dear boy, if you really mean that—"

"Of course I mean it, dad! I'd do anything to help you—you know that. And I'll win the Junior Bursary if I can possibly manage it. I'm fairly well up in classes, and if I swot hard I stand a pretty good chance of pulling it off. I'll study night and day and win the twenty pounds for you!"

Myers' step was quick and eager as he walked from the room; his heart throbbing with his new resolve.

Sammy Bunter and Wingate minor were standing at the end of the passage, and they glanced curiously at him as he walked up.

"Hallo, Myers!" said Wingate minor. "You look pretty bucked over something. Been with Old Whiskers all the evening?"

"Ye-es," said Myers awkwardly.

"I say, you know, what's the idea?" exclaimed Sammy Bunter. "I hope you're not sucking up to the new master, Myers?"

Myers flushed.

"Mind your own business!" he growled; and he hurried away.

Sammy Bunter and Wingate minor looked after him, exchanging nods of deep significance.

"What did I say?" said Sammy. "He's toadying up to Graham. What's he been doing all the evening in Graham's study, eh? That's what I should like to know!"

And Sammy Bunter gave a snort, expressive of deep disgust.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Milsum Again!

THE next morning Dr. Locke placed the Junior Bursary list on the notice-board, and a stir was created among the fags when it was seen that Myers' name was down.

"So that's what's on between Myers and Graham!" said Dicky Nugent sagely, and he glared at some of the others who were gathered round the board with him. "Well, you suspicious asses, now you know! Graham is giving Myers extra toot, and I jolly well wish old Myers luck. He's got some pluck, anyway, to enter now. All the other chaps have been swotting for weeks!"

Dicky & Co. were in jubilant mood that morning, and they trooped into the Form-room quite prepared to "rot" the new master, as they had done yesterday.

"Fetch out your tin whistles, kids!" chuckled Dicky. "We'll get our orchestra

together and play that little ditty I composed last night in the dorm. Chaps without tin whistles or combs and paper can sing the words. You all know 'em!"

"Rather!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Dicky picked up the master's cane, and standing on the chair in front of the class, he raised his "baton," assuming the air of a conductor.

"Are you ready, kids?" he said. "Let it rip when I say go. One, two, three—go!"

Shriek, shriek, shriek! Buzzzzzz!

Tin whistles and combs and paper burst forth in blatant, piercing discord. Dicky waved the cane energetically, and the rest of the fags roared the words of Dicky's song at the tops of their voices:

"Graham's whiskers—Graham's wiry whiskers!

Hear us shout all round the school,
'Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any wool—'"

"Boys!"

The song broke off abruptly as that voice sounded at the door in thunderous accents.

Mr. Graham stood before them, his eyes glittering angrily through his horn-rimmed spectacles.

"Boys, how dare you!" he exclaimed, striding quickly into the room. "I have never heard of a more disgraceful scene taking place in a school-room. Nugent minor, come down off that chair immediately!"

Dicky smilingly did so.

"Mr. Graham" took the cane from him, and set his teeth hard.

"Hold out your hand, Nugent minor!" he commanded.

Again the hero of the Second smilingly obeyed.

Whack!

"Yarooogh!"

That loud yell came from Dicky, and it fairly made the rafters ring. The Second-Formers gasped, as well they might. Dicky was dancing.

The new master did not delay in showing the Second that he meant business.

Dicky Nugent received a trouncing that made him yelp in real earnest. And then Mr. Graham paraded the whole Form before him, and commanded them to come up one by one to receive punishment.

Gasping, and feeling utterly bewildered, the fags obeyed, and each received two strokes of the cane, laid on with more force than Mr. Twigg, even in his most homicidal moods, had ever mustered.

"I perceive that Myers was the only one who did not participate in this disgraceful rowdyism," said the master quietly. "You may return to your seat, Myers."

The Second-Formers glared at Myers.

"Yah! Owl! Beastly favouritism! Grooogh!" moaned Sylvester.

The Form-room resounded with the moans and gasps of the suffering fags. Mr. Graham had given them an eye-opener with a vengeance!

The lesson proceeded, and the new master kept his pupils hard at work, brooking no laziness or inattention. For the first time he doled out impositions, and those who attempted to disobey him were rewarded liberally with lines. He now displayed a grasp and mastery of all situations that made Dicky Nugent & Co. wonder at the change that had come over him, and bred in them a new respect and fear of the master they had so confidently set out to rag.

Myers, quietly doing his best at his work, was glad that his father had taken this course with the boys. He was now

more convincing as a master. The boy wished, however, that he had been caned with the others. There were fellows in the Form who already maintained that there was something "on" between him and the new master, and the incident had made them more suspicious and angry.

They gathered round Myers when lessons were over, and the master had gone.

"Now, who isn't toadying up to Graham?" said Smith tertius wrathfully. "Why, the thing's as plain as a pike-staff, you chaps! We all got licked, while Myers was let off scot-free. He jolly well ought to be bumped!"

"Oh, ring off, you chump!" said Dicky Nugent. "After all, Myers didn't join in with us, and what Graham did was only fair—"

"Yah! Myers is a toady!"

"Bump him!"

Despite Dicky's efforts, the angry fags grasped Myers, and whirled him over. His books were scattered all over the floor, and he was bumped thoroughly by his indignant Form-fellows.

Dicky & Co. were very, very subdued at lessons that afternoon.

The worm, so to speak, had turned, and Mr. Graham found them perfect models of good behaviour. They had discovered that, where wielding the ash-plant was concerned, at any rate, the new master was a far better athlete than Mr. Eusebius Twigg.

Myers tried hard to study, in preparation for the forthcoming exam., but he found it impossible to work in the Form-room, where there was a "set" against him. His apparent toadying to the new master had put him into very bad grace with the majority of his Form-fellows.

He took his books out that evening, and made his way alone into the Friardale Wood. There he would be able to work without fear of interruption.

He found a quiet glade near the centre of the wood, and there he studied hard until the falling of dusk made it impossible for him to read. With a tired sigh, for his head was aching from the strain of his intensive work, he packed up his books, tucked them under his arm, and made his way through the dark shadows towards Friardale Lane.

A sudden rustling in the trees ahead of him, just as he was nearing the lane, made him pause. There was somebody lurking behind the thick foliage!

A step sounded on the path, and a tall, burly figure confronted him in the half light.

Myers fell back with a cry, recognising the man instantly.

It was Milsum, the detective!

"So I've got you at last, my buck!" The man's voice was harsh and triumphant. "You'll tell me what I want to know now, or—"

"I won't!" shouted the fag, backing away. "Leave me alone! Oh!"

The man's heavy hand descended on his shoulder, and in wriggling to free himself, Myers dropped his books. He lashed out manfully with his tiny fists, and landed several blows that made the bully yell. Then, with a quick twist, he managed to free himself.

Milsum let out a shout of baffled rage as the youngster, dropping out of reach of his hands, thrust his way between his legs. As he did so, Myers grasped one of Milsum's legs and pulled him over. The bully staggered, and fell into a bramble bush with a howl that awoke the echoes of the wood. Quick to seize his opportunity, Myers scudded away down the path, and a moment later was lost to view.

He jumped down the grassy bank into the lane, and paused in the roadway.

Looking back, he saw Milsum, his face contorted with rage, pounding after him.

"Stop!" the detective shouted. "Come here, you little hound!"

Myers commenced to run hard in the direction of the village, with his adversary in full chase. His heart throbbed with a sickening dread, for he knew that the man was gaining on him.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling!

A party of schoolboy cyclists came swooping round the bend in the lane ahead, and Myers gave a gasping cry of joy when he recognised Harry Wharton & Co. and Hazeldene.

The Removites had been on a visit to Marjorie Hazeldene & Co. at Cliff House, and were in a hurry to get back to Greyfriars for prep.

Myers ran up, panting and wild-eyed.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry. "Ease up, chaps! There's trouble ahead."

"My hat!" ejaculated Wharton, with a quick glance up the road. "It's that rotter Milsum, and he's after little Myers! Get behind us, kid. We'll drive him back."

"Jolly good wheeze!" chuckled Nugent.

Myers darted between the Removites' bicycles, and Harry Wharton & Co. pedalled on in a row, taking up the entire width of the lane.

Milsum drew to a halt, his dark eyes glinting with rage.

"Out of my way!" he choked. "I want that little scoundrel!"

"You've got to back pedal, old scout!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "Reverse gear, or get run down—that's the ticket!"

Milsum, gritting his teeth, flung himself at the nearest machine, which happened to be Hazeldene's. Hazel gave a yell and wobbled.

Harry Wharton had seen the move, however. He jammed his brakes on hard, thus drawing behind a little, and then, releasing the levers, he dug hard at the pedals and drove straight for Milsum.

His front wheel caught the rascal amidships, and the impact sent him staggering backwards to the edge of the ditch that ran alongside the lane. There Milsum toppled for the space of a few seconds, and then, completely losing his balance, he went down into the slimy waters.

Splash!

"Yerrrooooooh!"

Harry Wharton & Co., having by this time dismounted, saw his head disappear beneath the surface, and they yelled:

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ooooooh! Yah! Gerroogh! Gug-gug!"

Those were the weird sounds uttered by Milsum when he reappeared. His head was festooned with mud and weeds, and he was verily a sight to see and wonder at.

Bob Cherry wagged an admonishing finger at him.

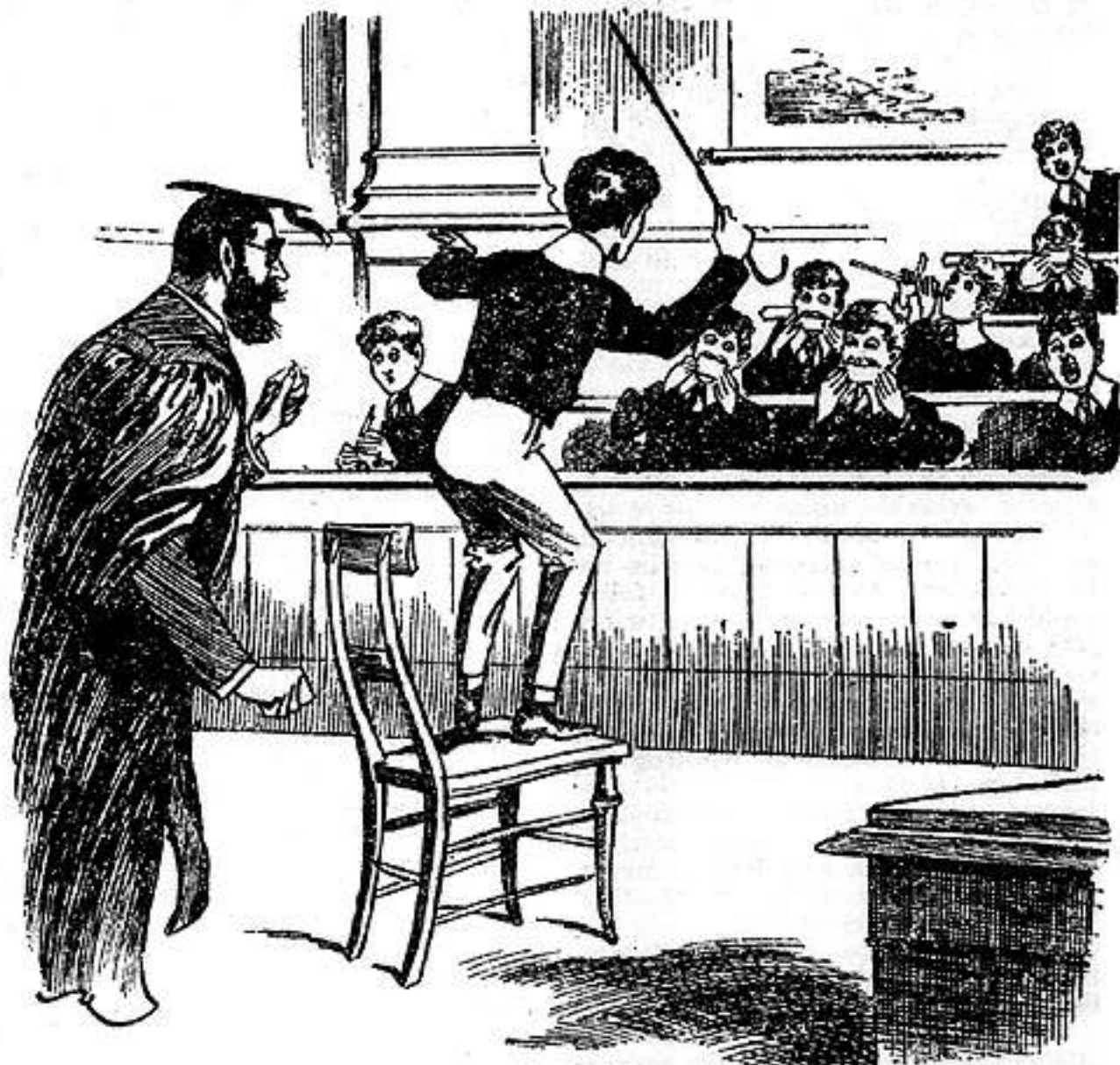
"Let that be a warning to you, old bean, not to interfere with Myers, or any of our school chaps, in future," he said. "You're not a genuine detective, only a cheap, nasty, prying inquiry agent. Take my tip and leave the neighbourhood, or it may become unhealthy for you!"

"You—you little r-r-rascals—"

Ooogh! Groooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton & Co. left Milsum floundering in the ditch and making all manner of unintelligible remarks. Wharton took Myers on his carrier, after the fag had gone back into the



"Are you ready, kids?" said Dicky Nugent. "Let it rip! One—two—three—go!" Shriek, buzz-buzzzz! Tin whistles and combs-and-paper burst forth in blatant discord. Dicky waved the cane energetically and the rest of the fags sang at the top of their voices. "Boys!" The song broke off abruptly as Mr. Graham strode into the room. "Boys, how dare you?" (See Chapter 7.)

wood for his books, and they all rode on swiftly to Greyfriars, arriving just as Gosling was locking up.

"Keep your pecker up, kid!" said Wharton, clapping a reassuring hand on the fag's shoulder. "I shouldn't advise you to go out of doors alone—not while that rotter is hanging about. Come up to our study if you want to swot. We may be able to help you, too."

"Thanks awfully, Wharton!" said the fag gratefully.

And he hurried indoors to tell his father of Milsum's attempt to capture him.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

A Fag's Temptation!

"MYERS is mooning again!" Gatty of the Second made that remark to Dicky Nugent in the Form-room. It was some days after Myers' meeting with the detective in the wood.

The two fags looked at Myers, who was pacing up and down the back of the class-room, his hands in his pockets, looking very downcast.

Dicky Nugent's merry blue eyes softened.

"Poor beggar! He's been swotting his head off these last few days; and what with that and that rotten business of his father, I reckon he has plenty to give him the pip. Let's try and cheer him up."

"Rats!" said Sammy Bunter, glaring up from the fireplace. "Myers isn't worth troubling about. He's a blessed toady, that's what he is! He's got something jolly mysterious on with old Graham, that's my belief!"

Nevertheless, Dicky and Gatty went over to their chum, who greeted them with a miserable look.

"I say, cheer up, old chap," said Dicky encouragingly. "You remember those two white mice in the small cage that you offered me a penknife for a little while ago? Well, you can have the giddy mice for nothing. I've got a penknife."

Myers smiled wearily.

"Thanks, Dicky! You're awfully good, but—but I don't want any white mice now," he said in a quiet voice.

He had been thinking about the exam, and in spite of himself he could not help feeling downcast.

He had been studying hard, but the other entrants had had nearly a fortnight of preparation before he had put his name on the list. Moreover, he had lost some valuable notes on his work. In dropping the books that afternoon, when Milsum had attacked him in the Friardale Wood, the papers had fallen out and been carried away by the wind. Myers had returned to the spot the following day, and had hunted high and low for the papers, but without result. The loss of those papers was a serious set-back to his chances of winning the scholarship.

Sylvester of the Second and Hopkins of the Third were the popular favourites for the prize. Both had been working hard, and Myers knew that in Hopkins at least he had a rival who would undoubtedly prove to be more than a match for him at the exam.

The fag left the Form-room and made his way to Mr. Twigg's room. He wanted to see his father, to talk matters over with him, in the hope of getting consolation and renewed hope.

The study was empty when he arrived there.

Myers walked in, closed the door, and sat down to wait for his father.

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He sat there quietly, the gaslight glimmering on his pale and troubled face, his mind devoured by gloomy thoughts.

He must—he must win that scholarship! No one else must have the twenty pounds which he needed for his father.

He had been seated, silent and miserable, for some minutes, wondering how long his father would be, when, glancing down, he noticed that one of the desk drawers was partly open. He glanced idly and unseeingly into the drawer, where a bundle of papers was exposed.

Suddenly the colour rushed like a flood to his cheeks, and he caught his breath.

For a second he had brought his mind to bear on the papers that showed in the partly-open drawer, and a sudden thought had come to him—a thought that almost made his brain reel.

They were the examination papers!

He looked again at them, and knew that he was correct in his surmise. Both Mr. Bernard Twigg, the Third Form master, and his father, as master of the Second Form, had copies of the examination papers. These could not be anything else. Besides, he had seen them lying on the desk only a few days ago, and his father had told him what they were.

The examination papers which he, in idle moments since that time, had wished he could have a glance at! He had only to take a look at them now, memorise the questions, and he would have no cause for further worry. He would be able to win the scholarship hands down!

Myers turned sick at the thought.

It would be cheating—the worst form of cheating—to look at them.

He knew that, and his soul revolted at doing anything that was dishonourable. But the terrible temptation—it lured him, and he could not banish it from his mind. He, who needed success so much—wanted it more than any other fellow who had entered for the exam—now had the means before him of walking off with the prize without fear of defeat. It was not for himself that he needed the money, it was for his father. Why shouldn't he, then, make sure of getting it?

The fag's brain seemed to be swimming as, almost without knowing what he did, he bent down and took the papers from the drawer.

His hand trembled like an aspen-leaf as he lifted them up and opened them. His eyes followed the printing he could see on the paper. This was the Maths paper.

What was he doing?

With a dry sob he turned his head away quickly, and closed his eyes. He felt like a coward—a thief! His heart was beating hard—thumping with the tenseness of the situation. What an opportunity! He now literally held the opportunity in his hand. Why, then, should he not take it?

His eyes opened, and he turned them again to the exam papers.

In the same instant the door opened and his father stepped quickly into the room.

Myers gave a sharp cry and fell back against the desk. His heart beat almost to suffocation.

"Teddy!" Amazement and horror were in his father's voice.

He closed the door behind him and advanced to the desk, his glance reverting from the boy to the papers which were clenched tight in his hand.

Myers' breath came in short, quick gasps—he felt that he was choking. His father had caught him; had found him out to be a cheat and a thief. What a fool he had been! Oh, why had he done this? It was too late now to retrieve his false step.

"Teddy! My boy!" The anguish in his father's voice was like a knife, cutting deep into Myers' throbbing heart. "You have been to my desk and taken out the examination papers. You have been looking at them!"

The unhappy boy tried to speak, but his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. Not a sound passed his dry, bloodless lips beyond a low moan.

He stood before his father, his head bowed and his chest heaving, like a criminal awaiting judgment.

Mr. Myers' face twitched as he spoke.

"Teddy, did you realise what you were doing? What made you do this?"

Myers looked up, and the hot tears were streaming down his small cheeks.

"Dad, I—I don't know why I did it, except that I was desperate, and wanted to make sure of winning—for your sake."

"It is better to lose the prize, and for both of us to face whatever the future may hold in store, than you should be guilty of a dishonourable action, Teddy," said his father coldly.

The words were like a crushing blow to the fag. These from his father, who himself was accused of being a criminal and a thief! Had Myers needed any proof of his father's innocence of that crime, these words would have sufficed. These words, too, far more than his own conscience, drove home to his wretched soul an overwhelming sense of his shame and dishonour. He waited, trembling, for his father to speak again.

"Teddy, you have shocked me beyond words by this dishonourable thing." There was a softer note in Mr. Myers' voice. "I do not think, however, that you would have done it had it not been for my sake. Did you come here with the express intention of stealing these papers?"

"No, dad," replied the fag. "I came to see you—to talk to you about the exam. You weren't here, so I sat down to wait, and while I was sitting here I saw the papers—you had left the drawer partly open—and I—I felt the sudden temptation to have a look at them, to make sure of winning the exam. I have been worrying over it, dad, and that's why I came here to talk it over with you. I felt lonely and miserable." The boy's voice broke.

His father looked pityingly at him.

"You have no confidence in yourself, Teddy?"

"I—I haven't had time to swot enough, dad, and I've got two fellows to fear. Sylvester and Hopkins stand much better chances than me."

"Hopkins would have a better chance than you, Teddy, being in a higher Form," Mr. Myers said. "Your only chance is to grind away. Work, and work alone, will bring you success. I presume you have not seen any of the questions?"

"No, dad—honour bright I haven't! I didn't have time to read the questions."

"I am glad of that, my boy."

There was a pause, both remaining silent.

Had they not been so engrossed with their own thoughts, they might have heard a slight noise at the door. Sammy Bunter, curious to know what Myers was doing alone in that study with the new

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY—PRICE 2:

master, had just arrived to enact the role of Peeping Tom, at which his major in the Remove was such an adept. He bent down at the keyhole.

Myers, with a sudden impulse, took a step forward.

"Here are the exam papers—I don't want them any more. I'll keep on with my swotting and work hard, as you say," he said quietly. "I'll not be afraid of Sylvester or Hopkins, and I'll win that money for you. You shall have it—every penny."

Mr. Myers pressed the fag's hand kindly as he took the papers from him.

"Have confidence, my boy, and you will win," he said. "Now you must go, as I have work to do myself. I should not come here too often, in case suspicions are aroused in the school, as I believe they already have been, to a certain extent. It would be disastrous for anyone to obtain even an inkling of our secret, so you must be very careful. And, above all, do not allow yourself to worry about this. Forget that you have seen, or even touched, these examination papers."

Myers left the study with a new feeling of determination in his breast. His father's words had inspired fresh confidence in him. He would forget his momentary yielding to temptation. He was more than ever resolved that, in spite of all, he would win the Junior Bursary.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Sammy Bunter's News!

SAMMY BUNTER tore into the junior Common-room at Greyfriars, his face inflamed and his little round eyes dilated behind his spectacles. The fat youth of the Second was on the verge of bursting with excitement; he hardly knew how to contain himself.

There was a buzz of voices in the Common-room.

The evenings were drawing in now, and the fellows were mostly indoors. There was quite a crowd of Removites, as well as the majority of the fag tribe, in the room.

"I—I say!" gasped Sammy Bunter, as he halted, panting, just inside the doorway.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry, glancing, like the others, in surprise and wonderment at Sammy. "Seen a ghost?"

"Nunno!" spluttered Sammy. "I—I've got to know!"

"Eh?"

"Funny how these Bunters seem to get to know things," said Squiff with a chuckle. "What have you nosed out this time, Sammy?"

"I—I've found out the plot!" burst out Sammy breathlessly.

"The plot?" ejaculated Harry Wharton.

"What plot?" said Bob Cherry, in mock tones of horror. "Don't tell us, Samuel, that there is a plot afoot to blow up Greyfriars!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"No, not that!" spluttered Sammy Bunter. "I've found out the plot between Myers and the new master! They're a pair of rogues and cheats!"

"Great pip!"

The juniors in the Common-room looked in amazement at Sammy.

"Do you mean to say, young Bunter, that you've got to know what's on between Myers and Mr. Graham?" demanded Dicky Nugent.

Sammy nodded furiously.

"Yes, I know it all now! You chaps will hardly believe it when I tell you, but it's absolutely true. We've known



Wharton's front wheel caught the detective amidships, and the impact sent him staggering backwards to the edge of the ditch. There Milsum toppled uncertainly for the space of a few seconds. Then, losing his balance, he went down into the slimy waters. (See Chapter 7.)

that Myers and Mr. Graham had some mysterious secret between 'em, and I made it my business to find out—for the honour of the school!"

"Oh, rats!" snapped Dicky Nugent. "Fat lot you care about honour, young Bunter. Get on with the washing! What did you nose out by eaves-dropping?"

"Really, young Nugent, I refuse to have my minor spoken to like that!" said Billy Bunter in lofty tones. "You will either withdraw your remarks, or take a licking!"

Dicky Nugent grinned.

"I'm jolly well not withdrawing anything, and I'm ready for the licking now, Bunt, if you think you can give me one," he said.

The Owl of the Remove coughed.

"Ahem! I—I will deal with you later, young Nugent. What were you going to say, Sammy?"

"I've got the truth now!" roared Sammy. "Mr. Graham and Myers have got a plot on between them for Myers to win the Junior Bursary by cheating, and for Mr. Graham to have the money."

"Wha-a-at!"

Amazed, incredulous cries arose.

"Here, draw it mild, Sammy!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "You can't make accusations like that about a master, you know. You must be off-side somewhere."

"I tell you it's a fact!" shouted Sammy excitedly. "Graham has let Myers see the examination-papers so that he can win the scholarship, on the understanding that he hands him over the money. Can't you chaps see the wangle? It's as plain as a pikestaff, and I wonder we haven't tumbled to it before. Myers wins the scholarship by cheating, and gets the glory, while Graham gets the twenty quid!"

"Whew!"

Sammy's words fairly took the juniors' breath away.

The sheer seriousness of the accusation against the master and the fag left them agast.

"Are you sure of what you say, Bunter?" said Harry Wharton tensely. "What proof have you that what you say is true?"

"The proof of my own eyes and ears," said Sammy Bunter. "I'll make no bones about it, you chaps. I admit I went to Mr. Graham's room to listen at the keyhole. I knew that he was alone in there with Myers, and I felt it my duty to find out what they were up to. I never bargained for what I did discover. I actually saw Myers with the examination-papers in his hand, and saw him give them back to Graham. He said, 'I don't want them any more. I'll win that money for you, and I won't be afraid. You shall have the money—every penny!'"

"Great Scott!"

"And what did Graham say?" demanded Dicky Nugent grimly.

"He told Myers to have confidence, not to worry about it, and everything would be all right. He told him to be careful not to let anyone get wind of the secret, and warned him not to come to his study too often in future, because it would look suspicious."

The juniors in the Common-room looked at Sammy and at each other in horrified amazement.

"If this is true what you say, Bunter, it is a terrible thing," said Harry Wharton. "Are you sure you are not romancing or that you dreamt it?"

Sammy glowered at the Remove captain.

"I tell you it's true—every word of it!" he exclaimed. "I give you chaps my word, honour bright, that I'm

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(Continued on page 16.)



Supplement No. 212.

EDITED BY HARRY WHARTON

Week Ending February 21st, 1925.

"CROSS WORDS" ABOUT "CROSS WORDS"

Cross Word Puzzles do not appeal to everybody, as the following opinions will show.

DICKY NUGENT:

I consider that the X-word craze is absurd! I've tried my hand at solving some of the puzzles, but it's too much like lessons to suit me! It may be all right for the brainy people—commonly called "eyebrows"—but personally I prefer a more egg-sitting craze, such as the top-spinning craze, or the tadpole-catching craze, or the kite-flying craze. I'd like to have five minnits in the Jim with the merchant who invented X-word puzzles! He deserves to be linched, and then mobbed, and then hung, drawn, and quartered, and then—if there's anything of him left—flayed alive!

WILLIAM GOSLING:

Which I can't abide these 'ere Cross Word Puzzles. It fair gives me an 'eadache, a-workin' of 'em out. An' yet I can't leave the dratted things alone; they 'as a queer sort of fascination for me. Master Cherry 'as just invented a Cross Word Puzzle, an' brought it to me to solve. Some of the words is quite easy. For instance, No. 1 is "A young goose." If that ain't a Gosling I'll eat my 'at! But some of the words is reg'lar corks. Wot's another name for eye-salve, beginnin' with "X" an' endin' with "M"? I shall 'ave to consult my dictionary. 'Alf a minute. Got it! It's "Xerocollyrium"—a beast of a word as ever was! Confound Master Cherry an' 'is jaw-breakin' words! Wot I says is this 'ere—the man who invented Cross Word Puzzles ought to 'ave been drowned at birth!

DICK PENFOLD:

Dick Rake was sitting on the stairs, trying to fill up Cross Word squares. He promptly asked for my assistance; I told him I should keep my distance! These Cross Word Puzzles are a bore. They make you savage, sick, and sore! I slogged at one the other night, but couldn't get the teaser right. Before a dozen words I'd found, my head was whirling round and round! And when I crawled upstairs to bed, why, honestly, I felt half dead! I hope the Cross Word Puzzle craze will only last a dozen days!

THE HEAD:

Cross Word Puzzles appealed to me in my youth; but I now prefer to pursue studies of a more edifying nature. I can scarcely open a newspaper without coming across one of these puzzles. It is a great pity that the space thus taken up cannot be devoted to a treatise on the works of Thucydides, or to a learned commentary on Psychophysics. I shall really have to write to the newspapers about it!

MRS. MIMBLE (Tuckshop Proprietress):

These Cross Word Puzzles threaten to ruin my business. My shop used to be filled to overflowing on a winter evening; but now the young gents forget their cakes and ginger-wine, and prefer to sit by their study fires, pondering over puzzles. The sooner this Cross Word craze comes to an end, and the cash begins to chink merrily into my till, the better!

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*My Cross Word
Puzzle!*
By Billy Bunter

I ALWAYS did think that the fellows in the Remove were an ignnerent lot. "I thought so once, and now I know it," as the poet says.

Without any aid from dickshunaries or human beings, I invented a clever Cross Word Puzzle of my own, and stuck it up on the notiss-board. I offered a prize of a dish of doe-nutts to any fellow who solved the puzzle within an hour. Would you believe it, dear readers? Not a single fellow was able to supply the korrekct solution!

It was such a simple puzzle, too. Very cleverly designed, and all that, but the words in it were good, onnest English words—no French or Lattin frases, like they give in the newspaper puzzles. But my puzzle baffled everybody. Even Mark Linley, who prides himself on being a brainy skoller, was obliged to give it up.

The clues to the puzzle were as follows:

- Across.
1. Sold at the tuckshopp.
 4. The nicest part of a herring.
 5. A country tavern.
 7. Laid by chickings.

- Down.
1. To eat like a greedy glutton.
 2. You and me.
 3. What Mrs. Mimble makes.
 6. A piggish fellow.

As nobody was able to solve the puzzle, I am giving the korrekct solution hearwith. It will make the Greyfriars fellows kick themselves, and say, "Good grashus! To think that we couldn't solve a simple thing like that!"

1	G	R	2	U	B	3	B
	O		S				U
4	R	O		5	I		N
	J		6	O			N
7	E	G	G	E	S		

I'm not going to invent any more Cross Word Puzzles. It's like casting pearls before porkers. What's the use of a brainy fellow like me making a puzzle for brainless boobies to cackle at? That's what they did—fairly split themselves with larking, as if my puzzle was a screeming joak! Bob Cherry had the cheek to say that only one word was spelt korrekctly. He says that the ro of a herring is spelt r-o-e, and that a country in is spelt i-u-n. What appawling igguerence!

EDITORIAL!

By Harry Wharton.

CROSS Word Puzzles are "all the rage" at Greyfriars.

All the fellows seem to have been bitten by the new craze—and I believe some of the masters have, too; for I happened to hear Mr. Prout ask Mr. Quelch if he could tell him the identity of a Persian King, whose name began with "X" and ended with "S." "Why, Xerxes, of course!" said Mr. Quelch. "And now, my dear Prout, perhaps you would be good enough to inform me which tropical river begins with 'O' and ends with 'O.'" "The Orinoco!" answered Mr. Prout triumphantly. "You have beaten me on an historical point, Quelch; but when it comes to geography—why, I know every inch of the tropics! When I was sailing down the Orinoco in 1880—"

At this point Mr. Quelch excused himself. "I have no time to waste in listening to reminiscences, however thrilling and exciting," he said. "I have to get my Cross Word Puzzle completed in time for the post." And the Remove-master hurried away.

Fisher T. Fish boasts that the Cross Word Puzzle is a product of the United States; and he is very proud of the fact. But is it a fact? I think not. Cross Word Puzzles, and Acrostics, and Logograms, and numerous other members of the puzzle tribe, are as old as the hills. Our forefathers used to amuse themselves in solving them. Bob Cherry declares that our earliest ancestors used to carve out such puzzles on the walls of their caves; but this is drawing the long bow with a vengeance!

But we need not concern ourselves with the origin of the Cross Word Puzzle. The craze is with us now, and it will remain with us until something fresh pops up. Personally, I don't think the craze will last very long; but let us make the most of it while it is here.

The Greyfriars fellows are tackling the various puzzles with great enthusiasm. From my study window I can see Alonzo Todd strolling across the Close, with his rather long nose buried in an enormous dictionary. Coker of the Fifth is similarly employed. Unconsciously he is heading straight towards Alonzo. There will be a terrific collision in a minute, and Todd, Coker, and dictionaries will be lying in a confused heap on the flagstones!

Even Billy Bunter has caught the Cross Words craze. The fat junior has actually invented a puzzle of his own, and it is reproduced in this issue. It is guaranteed to defy all efforts at solving—unless you happen to be familiar with Bunter's quaint spelling.

There is this to be said for Cross Word Puzzles. They extend our range of knowledge; they are fascinating to work out; and they keep us out of mischief. May I suggest to Mr. Quelch that he sets us a Cross Word Puzzle on the blackboard, in place of the much-hated Latin lesson?

On page 17 will be found a simple little problem of the Cross Word variety. If two or three of you got together, it would be great fun to see who could find the solution first.

HARRY WHARTON.

[Supplement i.



The Head's Prize!

B

Dicky Nugent

Another screamingly funny story of St. Sam's.

"I MEAN to capture that fiver!" said Jack Jolly of the Fourth.

"Eh? Which fiver?" asked his chum Merry.

"The one that the Head is giving away in a sudden burst of jennyrosity," eggsplained Jack Jolly. "The old buffer has invented a Cross Word puzzle, and stuck it on the notiss-board. He offers five quids for the first correct solution reseerved."

"My hat!"

"Is it a hard puzzle, Jack?" asked Bright.

"Well, some fellows might find it hard; but it's child's-play to a brainy chap like me. I've found out some of the words already. Let's trot along to the Common-room and ferret out the rest."

The three chums hurried along to the Common-room in a state of grate eggitement. Jack Jolly had taken a copy of the Head's puzzle, and he had quite made up his mind to win the fiver. There was fammin in the land, and a five-pound note would be distinkly useful at that junkcher.

On reaching the Common-room Jack Jolly & Co. found that they had been fourstalled by Muggins of the Fourth. Muggins was seated at a desk, running his fingers through his long hare and muttering words to himself. He was in the throws of inspiration. Spread out in front of him was a copy of the Head's puzzle.

"I say, you fellows, I've nearly solved it!" said Muggins.

Jack Jolly grinned.

"It will take you about a hundred years to find the solution to that puzzle," he said. "What's the first word, Muggins?"

"It's a word of four letters, describing the Head," said Muggins. "It ends with E-R-O. I'm sure of that, bekawse those letters fit in with the words which run downwards."

Jack Jolly looked thoughtful.

"Ends with E-R-O, does it?" he murmured. "Then that must be HERO."

"Not at all," said Muggins. "I make it NERO."

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Merry. "The Head's certainly a tirant, but he wouldn't call himself one in his own puzzle. HERO must be the right word; but I must say the Head's got a jolly good opinion of himself!"

"What are some of the other words, Muggins?" asked Bright.

Muggins blinked at the puzzle through his spectacles.

"All the words are connected in some way with the Head," he said. "It's quite a personal sort of puzzle. Number two is 'A schoolboy's definition of the Head.' It's a word of six letters, beginning with T and ending with R."

"That's TOPPER!" said Jack Jolly promptly.

Supplement ii.]

Muggins smiled in a sooperior fashion. "I beg to differ," he said. "I'm going to put TARTAR."

"You—you fearful chump! If you insult the Head like that he'll come down on you like a thousand of brix!"

"I'm not insulting him," said Muggins. "I'm simply solving the puzzle."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Muggins blinked at his hillarious skoolfellows.

"I fail to see any cause for merryment," he observed. "Now, number three is a word describing the Head's manner. I haven't got it yet, but it contains eight letters, and it ends with A-R-M-I-N-G."

"Why, that's CHARMING, of corse!" said Jack Jolly.

"Nonsense!" said Muggins. "The Head's manner isn't charming. It's terrifying—in fact, it's— Got it! ALARMING!"

"Oh, my giddy ant!" gasped Jack Jolly.

"The other words seem fairly easy," said the gileless Muggins. "Number Five, for instance—'The Head's favourite recreation.'"

"How many letters?" asked Merry.

"Seven. The words begins—and ends—with a G."

"GOLFING!" said Bright.

And Jack Jolly nodded approvingly.

But Muggins was not satisfied with that solution.

"The Head has a grate weakness for the good things of the table," he said. "It would therefore be correct that the Head's favourite recreation is GORGING."

Jack Jolly gave a jump.

"You—you don't mean to say you're going to put GORGING?" he gasped.

"Of corse I shall put it," said Muggins. "It's the right word in the right place."

And he inked in the word with his pen.

Jack Jolly & Co., fairly dubbed up with merryment, sat down at one of the desks and started to work out the puzzle for themselves. It took them some time, but at last the task was completed to their satisfaction. Jack Jolly signed the solution with his name, and prommist to share the five pounds with his chums. He was cocksure of winning.

"I say, you fellows!" called out Muggins. "What do you make that

last word? There are seven letters, and the word ends with E-D. The definition is, 'How the Head is regarded by all his pupils.'"

"I make it BELOVED," said Jack Jolly.

"Eh? But that's all wrong. The Head isn't beloved by anybody—eggscept himself. Now, I wonder what the word can be?"

Muggins pondered the point for quite a long time. Then he jumped to his feet with a cry of triumph.

"Got it!" he eggsclaimed. "It's LOATHED, of corse! Nobody can deny that the Head is loathed by all his pupils."

Speechless, Jack Jolly & Co. strolled out of the Common-room.

Jack Jolly lost no time in sending in his solution. Neither did Muggins. Both were confident of suxxess, yet their solutions were totally different!

Half an hour later Muggins reseerved a summons to the Head's study. He obeyed it with alackrity. His face was reethed in smiles as he hurried away.

"I'm going to reseerve the reward!" he said joyfully.

But the nature of the reward didn't please Muggins a little bit. The Head raved at him, and stormed at him, and called him an impudent young bratt, and finished up by rewarding the unhappy Muggins with a severe birching.

A little later in the evening it was Jack Jolly's turn to be summoned to the sacred presents of the Head. Our hero had no misgivings as he trotted way to the Head's sanktum.

Dr. Birchmall was beeming.

"I have grate plezzure in informing you, Jolly, that you have won the five pounds offered in connection with my Cross Word puzzle," said the Head, shaking hands with the junior.

"Oh, good!" muttered Jack Jolly. "I'll have it in silver, sir, if you don't mind."

The Head frowned.

"That is impossible, my boy. I pawned all my silver long ago. The prize will be presented this evening before the whole school in the form of a check."

And, sure enuff, Jack Jolly was presented with a check for five pounds. He didn't sleep a wink that night, so grate was his eggitement.

But, alas! Happiness may endure for a night, but sorrow cometh in the morning. When Jack Jolly took the check to the bank to get it cashed the casheer shook his head.

"This check is worthless," he said. "Dr. Birchmall has overdrawn his account, I regret to say. He has nothing whatever at the bank, eggsept an overdraft. Jack Jolly gave a deep grone. And with despare in his hart he tramped back to St. Sam's, resolved to take part in no more Cross Word puzzles."

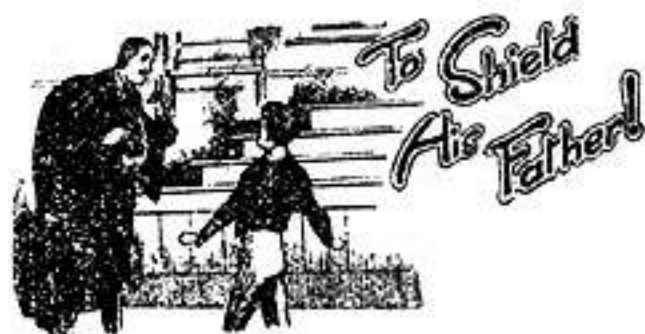
THE END.

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READ

"THE SCHOOLBOY SPECULATOR!"

A Magnificent Long Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co., In This Week's POPULAR.



(Continued from page 13.)

telling you just what I saw and heard only a few minutes ago!"

There was a hush at first in the Common-room, following these words, but a thrum of angry, excited voices soon broke out.

"Where's Myers?"

"Find the little rotter! We'll get the truth out of him!"

"Come on, kids!" said Dicky Nugent, in grim tones. "Let's have this out with Myers. I'm inclined to believe Bunter, although why Myers should so suddenly turn out to be a rotter absolutely licks me."

"It must run in the family," said Skinner, with a sneer. "That's some of his father come out in him—a chip of the old block, you know."

"Shut up, Skinner!" rapped out Harry Wharton sharply. "We don't want any of that talk here!"

"Anyway, we'll see Myers about it," said Gatty angrily. "We all knew that there was something going on between him and old Whiskers, but we didn't dream that it was anything rotten like that. We'll have 'em both kicked out of Greyfriars if we find that what Bunter says is really true."

"Hear, hear!"

An infuriated, clamouring crowd of juniors, with Dicky Nugent & Co. at their head, surged out of the Common-room to look for Myers. Harry Wharton and his chums went along with the rest, their main object being to see that Myers had fair play.

The Removites had been as astounded and shocked as anybody by Sammy Bunter's revelations, but they still could not associate little Myers of the Second with so unscrupulous and despicable a business, and as for "Mr. Graham," from what they had seen of him they had taken rather a liking to him, apart from their slight amusement at his beard and moustache.

The Form-room was first visited, but no sign of Myers was to be seen there. Search-parties were formed, and every likely nook and cranny of Greyfriars was probed, and still without result.

Myers must have gone out!

Dicky & Co. flocked down to the school gates and called Gosling from his lodge.

"Have you seen Myers go out, Gossy?" asked Tubb.

The school porter nodded.

"Yes, which I did 'appen to see Master Myers pass hout," he said.

"How long ago?" demanded Paget.

"About ten minutes ago; and—"

"Which way did he go?" said Bulstrode of the Remove.

"Towards Friardale!" growled Gosling. "Wot I says is this 'ere—"

But the juniors did not wait to hear what Gosling had to say. They crowded out of gates, and went down the lane in a party.

A short while later they returned, empty-handed.

"It's no use looking for Myers in the dark," said Dicky Nugent. "We'll wait for him to come in, and nab him then. We haven't long to wait—it's only ten minutes to locking-up time."

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But locking-up time came without any sign of Myers.

Gosling grumblingly locked the school gates, and returned to his lodge, making a note of Myers' name to report him.

The juniors were in a foment of excitement now.

Myers had gone out, and was not back by locking-up time. What did it mean?

Call-over came, and Myers had not put in an appearance. Dr. Locke, reading over the names in Hall, looked up with a frown when, on calling Myers' name, he received no reply.

"Myers not here?" he exclaimed.

"No, sir," said Walker, who was perfect in charge of the Second. "It appears that he went out about half an hour before locking-up time, and he has not returned since."

"Bless my soul! A boy of the Second Form out at this time of night!" exclaimed the Head. "This will have to be inquired into."

He hastened with the call-over, and left the Hall with Wingate and "Mr. Graham."

Dark looks were cast at the master by the juniors, and he was also regarded curiously by the seniors who had, of course, heard the amazing tale broadcast by Sammy Bunter.

Where was Edwin Myers?

The whole of Greyfriars was asking that question.

Wingate and a number of prefects left the school to make inquiries for the missing fag, but they returned just before bed-time, saying that they could find no trace of him anywhere.

The Common-room was crowded when the news came in that still Myers was missing.

"What's happened to him, I wonder?" said Bob Cherry. "I'm blest if I can make head or tail of this business!"

Harold Skinner gave an unpleasant laugh.

"It doesn't require the brain of a Sherlock Holmes to tumble to the explanation!" he said. "Myers got to know that the truth had come out; he knew that you chaps were after him, so he got panicky and ran away."

The juniors were silent.

That seemed a reasonable explanation—in fact, it was the only one accepted by the juniors, with the exception of Harry Wharton and his chums, who did not care to form any conclusions until they were certain of the truth.

Myers, to escape the shame and disgrace which Sammy Bunter's revelations would bring upon him, had run away from school!

There seemed no doubt of it.

The juniors of Greyfriars went to bed that night in a fever of excitement, and it was long before they went to sleep, so extensively was the mystery surrounding Edwin Myers discussed.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

A Midnight Mystery!

THE morning dawned cold and sunless, and this added to the general air of gloom and depression that seemed to have spread over the school that day.

No news of Myers had been received. His whereabouts was still as complete a mystery as ever.

Where could he have got to all night long, and where was he now? The general excitement concerning him was not out of anxiety or regard for his welfare. Myers was condemned by practically the

whole school as a young rogue and a cheat, and it was still thought that he had run away rather than face exposure and disgrace.

The new Second Form master was watched very closely and suspiciously by everyone, and, as all had expected, his whole demeanour was that of a man with a great load of worry on his mind.

The change in him since yesterday was most apparent. His face was pale and haggard, his eyes dull and lifeless, as if he had had no sleep all night. His every look and movement portrayed the anxiety that was gnawing at his heart, yet little did the boys suspect the real state of his feelings.

"Mr. Graham's," demeanour was put down to fear and guilt, whereas in actual fact it was anxiety and worry over the boy who was more dear to him than life that caused him to appear so disturbed.

He "skipped" the lessons, and Dicky Nugent & Co. managed to take more liberties in the class-room than they had done since the new master's first day at Greyfriars.

"He's in a blue funk at what will happen now that Myers is gone," said Gatty in the Form-room after lessons. "It wouldn't surprise me much if Graham himself doesn't sheer off suddenly."

"Oh! Will he!" said Dicky Nugent grimly. "We'll see about that! Kids, Graham will have to be watched!"

"Rather!"

"He's probably the worst of the two," went on the fag leader. "Young Myers isn't a rotter at heart, and he was probably led on by this temporary master chap, who was after a quick twenty quid. We'll see that Graham stays to face the racket when it comes out!"

And so the fags commenced to keep careful watch on their Form master.

Mr. Graham had a visitor after dinner, and Dicky & Co. took good stock of him.

The caller was a young and well-knit man, whose handsome face had a sallow look in it which did not seem to be in keeping with the rest of his appearance. He had the outlines of a sportsman and an athlete, and seemed, on the whole, to be a likeable fellow.

The stranger was closeted with Mr. Graham in his study for a long time. The bell rang for afternoon lessons, and Dicky & Co. went to their Form-room, but still the visitor had not left.

Mr. Graham was over ten minutes late in arriving to take the class, and the boys of the Second presumed that his caller had gone.

The day wore on, and no news came in concerning Myers.

He seemed to have disappeared utterly, leaving no trace or word behind him.

Bedtime came round again, with the mystery no nearer its solution. By that time "Mr. Graham" was haggard, almost frantic, with worry.

Harry Wharton lay awake long into the night, turning things over in his mind. He felt really concerned for little Myers. The captain of the Remove had always liked the youngster, and was still unable to convince himself that Myers could have been a party to such a plot as Sammy Bunter had "exposed."

That Sammy had somehow made a dreadful blunder was quite likely. Neither of the Bunters was noted for intelligence or sane reasoning or truthfulness.

Perhaps Myers' disappearance had some connection with the other matter—the affair of his father.

Wharton, as he lay in bed, could not banish that thought from his mind, and he began to conjure up all manner of possibilities.

Suddenly he stiffened, and his senses became instantly on the alert.

What was that?

A sound, coming from outside the Remove dormitory, had caught his ears—the sound of a stealthy footstep.

Hark! There it was again!

Somebody was creeping up the corridor outside the room!

Wharton, his teeth clenched and his heart beating fast, sprang silently out of bed and went to the door. He opened it softly and peered out into the corridor.

The moonlight was shining in at the window at the far end, and in its mysterious, mellow light the Remove captain saw a figure, the figure of a strange man!

The midnight marauder had a heavy bag in one hand, whilst in the other he gripped a revolver.

Wharton caught his breath in thrilled horror.

A burglar!

As the man rounded the corner and disappeared from view, Wharton sprang back into the dormitory. He went to Bob Cherry's bed and shook him.

"Groooogh! Whassermarrer!" came in sleepy accents from Bob.

"Wake up, Bob! There's a burglar in the school!"

"My hat!"

Those hurriedly-whispered words had the effect of bringing Bob to immediate wakefulness.

Wharton then roused Nugent and Johnny Bull.

"We've got to catch the rascal before he gets away!" he muttered tensely. "He's armed and desperate, so we must take care."

"What about the giddy stumps we've got under our beds?" said Bob Cherry quickly. "They'll be jolly useful!"

"Good! We'll take them!"

The Removes had lately taken to keeping cricket-stumps hidden under

their beds, in preparation for raids by Temple, Dabney & Co. of the Upper Fourth, who had been particularly active during the past few weeks.

Armed with a cricket-stump apiece, the four Removes crept from the dormitory.

Wharton led the way, and they turned to the left at the bottom of the corridor.

Their hearts were thumping with excitement, but not with fear.

They realised that the marauder may be in hiding within only a few yards of them, and that any moment a deadly bullet might come hurtling at them out of the darkness.

But nothing happened, and they kept on silently, scarcely daring to breathe.

They reached the top of the centre stairs, and Wharton, who was in front, looked down. He drew back quickly and gripped Bob's arm to prevent him walking forward.

"He's down there—in the Hall!" he whispered tensely. "I don't believe he knows his way about. We shall have to be jolly careful how we walk down those stairs."

The juniors crept down on all fours, feeling thankful that the stairs were solidly built and did not creak.

The night prowler was bending down at the Hall door, and was tinkering with the lock! Harry Wharton beckoned to his chums, and they moved silently forward, their cricket-stumps raised.

Wharton was within five yards of the man when he gave a sudden gasp and wheeled round.

"Collar him!"

The Remove captain sprang forward in the same instant.

The two closed together on the floor. Wharton dropped his stump and commenced to wrestle with the other for the revolver.

"Good old Harry!" chirruped Bob Cherry. "Make him keep that giddy

weapon pointed at the window, in case he pulls the trigger. His bullets may find billets in little us!"

Wharton had the rascal's hand in his grasp, and, exerting all his strength, he managed to turn the hand so that the revolver pointed at the Hall window. Bob Cherry, Nugent, and Bull then dashed forward, and, beating at the rascal's fingers with their stumps, compelled him to drop the weapon.

Frank Nugent picked it up and spun it into the fireplace at the other side of the room.

"Now, you rotter!" panted Harry Wharton.

The intruder had the strength of two ordinary men, and he showed himself to be no mean wrestler. The four juniors, champion fighting men as they were, found him difficult to handle, and they felt relieved when a light showed on the stairs, and Wingate came down, followed by a number of startled-looking seniors.

"Lend a hand here, you chaps!" gasped Bob Cherry. "We've got a tough nut, and no mistake!"

The marauder, seeing the others dash into the Hall, made a last desperate bid for freedom, but the Removes held him down, and with the intervention of Wingate & Co., he was quickly secured.

Wharton and Johnny Bull turned out the contents of the bag, and practically all the valuables from the school library and the Head's room were displayed to view.

"Well, you kids have done jolly well, and no mistake!" said Wingate. "We wondered what on earth the row was about down here. Ah! Here comes the Head!"

Dr. Locke, clad in dressing-gown and pyjamas, appeared on the stairs. He gave a low exclamation of amazement when the midnight affair was explained to him.

CAN YOU SOLVE THIS ONE?

Cross word puzzles are all the rage,
In future, chums, upon this page
You'll find a simple problem.

A fascinating pastime this
No Magnetite should really miss.
Get busy with your pencil.

All you will need is a pencil, rubber, and a little patience.

I want it to be clearly understood that these puzzles are published merely for your AMUSEMENT. There is no competition attached to the scheme. Readers are, therefore, requested not to send in their solutions.

Next week's MAGNET will contain the solution of this week's cross word puzzle, together with a new puzzle. Now for a few tips on solving cross word puzzles.

In the diagram alongside you will see a number of white and black squares, in some of which appear numbers. Each number in the puzzle indicates the position of the first letter of the word whose definition you will find in the clue column alongside the same number in the square. From this clue you are to decide what the word is and to place each of its letters in one square until the number of white squares allotted to this word has been filled.

Each word reads from left to right (across) or top to bottom (down) according to the positions indicated in the clue column.

Remember that each black square separates one word from another.

When you have completed the puzzle you will find that all the words that cross interlock.

It is advisable to pencil the letters in lightly at first, so that should they be wrong you will be able to erase them with a rubber, without mutilating the diagram. Now get busy, chums!

The Solution of Last Week's Puzzle
appears on Page 20.

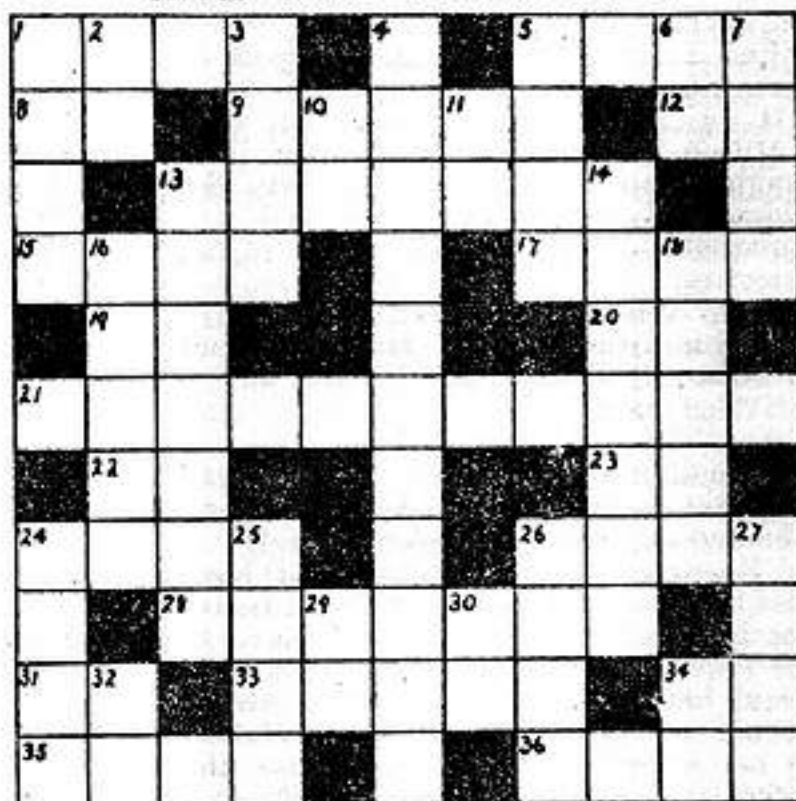
CLUES DOWN.

1. A flower.
2. The indefinite article.
3. Black.
4. Those who play football.
5. Island.
6. Father.
7. To remain.
10. Preposition.
11. Initials of popular Remove junior.
13. A periodical wind of the Indian Ocean.
14. Pedestal with the top off.
16. An armistice.
18. Uncanny.
24. Schoolboy's evening task.
25. Cracked before eating.
26. Money.
27. In a short time.
29. Mother.
30. Railway Transport (abbr.).
32. To depart.
34. Initials of Welsh junior at Greyfriars.

CLUES ACROSS.

1. A Remove junior; also a gardening implement.
5. Goblins.
8. Upon.
9. Surly people.
12. Preposition.
13. D'Arcy's famous eye-glass.
15. Famous school.
17. An early King of England.
19. Royal Navy.
20. Scotch form of "eye."
21. Large group of islands south of Asia.
22. Short for "Company."
23. Short for "transpose."
24. An Indian foot-soldier.
26. Mean-spirited fellows.
28. A number.
31. For example.
33. Bunter's favourites.
34. To perform.
35. Contain peas.
36. A song of praise.

CROSS WORD PUZZLE No. 3.



Solution and a New Puzzle Next Monday.
THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 889.

After commending Harry Wharton & Co., he turned to Wingate.

"I will not go to the trouble of calling the police at this time of night," he said. "May I rely on you, Wingate, to have this miscreant made a captive and kept in the punishment-room in the upper ing?"

"We'll do that, sir, don't worry!" said Wingate grimly.

The Greyfriars skipper was as good as his word.

The burglar was trussed up securely in several lengths of rope, and locked in the punishment-room in the upper regions of the school. Escape from there was impossible, and the school soon settled down to sleep again, Harry Wharton & Co. feeling, quite justly, that they deserved well of their country for the part they had performed in bringing the night desperado to book.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

A Dramatic Finish!

"SISTER ANNE, do you see any one coming?"

Bob Cherry asked that question whilst standing with Harry Wharton, Nugent, Inky, Bull, Tom Brown, and Peter Todd in the Close next morning.

The Removites had been discussing the two topics that raged in conversation throughout Greyfriars—the burglar in the Punishment-room and the affair of little Myers of the Second.

Still no news had been received concerning the missing fag, and Dr. Locke did not know what to do or to think. So far he had not been informed of the alleged "plot" between Myers and the now temporary master; but Dicky Nugent & Co. had vowed that, unless something was forthcoming that day, they would go to the Head and tell him.

Harry Wharton & Co. followed Bob's glance towards the school gates, and they saw a well-known figure stride in.

"My only hat! It's that rotter Milsum again!" ejaculated Nugent.

"He's had the cheek to show his chivvy here, after our warning!" said Johnny Bull.

"The cheekfulness of the unworthy and rotterful detective merchant is terrific!" murmured the Nabob of Bhanipur.

Milsum halted in the school gateway, and turned round, looking back into the Friardale Lane.

Next minute another figure came into view, and Harry Wharton & Co., who had started forward towards the gates, halted in their tracks and gasped in sheer amazement.

It was Myers of the Second!

Milsum took the fag's shoulder in a rough grasp and hustled him into the Close. Myers seemed dazed, and was apparently at the complete mercy of the detective.

Harry Wharton was the first to recover from his astonishment. He walked up to Milsum and stood in his path.

"What are you doing here, you rotter?" he said between his teeth.

Milsum's eyes flashed with a triumphant light, and he gave the young Remove captain an insolent leer.

"I've come on very important business, my buck!" he said. "You'd better not interfere with me now. I have to see Dr. Locke immediately. This little rascal has confessed his father's whereabouts to me, and I've got a revelation to make that will rather surprise the school."

Wharton looked in amazement at Myers.

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The fag's look was so tragic that it sent a pang of compassion through the Remove captain. Myers' face was pale as death and furrowed with deep lines of suffering, his eyes dull and sunken.

Wharton drew a deep breath and turned to Milsum with an angry gesture.

"You have been torturing this kid, you awful cad!" he exclaimed. "You have forced a confession from him!"

"I did not actually force it from him," cut in Milsum with a brutal laugh. "He started babbling in his sleep last night, and I got at the truth from what I heard him say!"

"Then—then Myers was with you last night!" exclaimed Wharton, with a start. "My hat! That accounts for his disappearance, then! You abducted him, you rotter, and have been keeping him a prisoner, to wring a confession from him."

Milsum burst into a roar of harsh laughter.

"You've hit it, my lad—right first time!" he chuckled. "I meant to get the truth from him, you see, and I've got it. This way, you little whelp!"

The detective hustled Myers along, brushing past Wharton with a sneer.

Myers uttered a cry, but did not speak a word. His look had a world of misery in it, and the Removites could see that the boy was utterly crushed and broken in spirit.

Other fellows had gathered to the spot, and a small crowd followed Milsum

and his victim up the School House steps and into the hall.

Dr. Locke himself was standing in the Hall, talking to the new Second Form master. Both turned as the newcomer and the throng of juniors entered the room.

When he saw Milsum, with the miserable boy at his side, "Mr. Graham" reeled back with a cry.

Milsum released his hold of Myers and sprang forward, his dark eyes aflame with eager triumph.

"Hold that man!" he cried, pointing an accusing forefinger at the new master. "He is an impostor!"

"Good heavens!"

Dr. Locke looked astounded at this dramatic interruption.

"What does this intrusion mean, sir?" he exclaimed, turning angrily to Milsum. "I requested you not to come here again unless—"

"I've come to lay this rascal by the heels!" came the rasping reply. "You forget, Dr. Locke, that I am a detective."

A buzz of horror and excitement went through the Hall.

"A detective!"

"That man, whom you know as Mr. Graham, is not a schoolmaster at all, but a criminal hiding from the law!" said Milsum harshly. "His real name is Myers, and he is the father of this youngster here, who has been aiding and abetting him in his deception. Look!"

Milsum, with a quick movement, jerked off the new master's disguise. The boys of Greyfriars uttered cries of amazement when they saw the beard and moustache and eyeglasses, at which they had poked so much fun, come away in the detective's hand.

Mr. Myers now stood revealed in his true identity, exposed before the school!

There followed a tense, dramatic silence, broken only by a sobbing cry from Myers, who sprang to his father's side.

"Dad, I—I couldn't help it! It wasn't my fault he found you out!" His voice broke as he met the tragic, inquiring glance of his father. "He caught me by the gates the other night, and took me away in a motor-car to a house on Courtfield Heath. He beat me, but I wouldn't tell, and he wouldn't have found out anything, only I had horrible dreams last night, and must have said something in my sleep. Dad, believe me! I would rather have been killed than willingly given you away. But he sha'n't take you—he sha'n't!"

Mr. Myers kindly patted the weeping fag's shoulder, and then he turned to meet Dr. Locke's gaze, proudly and with head erect.

"I deeply regret the scandal that this affair will cause at Greyfriars, Dr. Locke," he said. "The detective is right. There is a warrant out for my arrest, on a charge of embezzlement, and for some time I have been a fugitive from justice. I anticipated that I should be safe here for the time being, and did not reckon with this clever rascal, whose contemptible methods went so low as to kidnap my boy and torture him for information."

Dr. Locke looked angrily at Milsum.

"Whatever your capacity as an unofficial representative of the law, sir, you had no right whatever to abduct this boy from school!" he exclaimed. "The matter has caused a great deal of trouble and anxiety here, and your action constitutes a criminal offence, for which I shall give you in charge to the police!"

Milsum scowled darkly.

"My action was necessary. I had to



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BUSINESS
ENCYCLOPEDIA"
BE YOUR GUIDE

get young Myers into my hands to extract the information about his father, and what I did was in the interests of justice," he said. "This rogue is properly caught now; and I must ask you, Dr. Locke, to assist me in holding him here in custody, and send for the police to arrest him."

A despairing cry arose from Myers, and he clung to his father's side. A breathless hush fell on the boys in the Hall. What would happen now? Would Mr. Myers resist? Would he make a bid for liberty?

Dr. Locke's kind old face was stricken with horror and concern.

"Mr. Myers, I appeal to you to terminate this painful scene as soon as possible, and surrender to this man," he said. "He has no power to arrest you, but it would be better for you to surrender, and allow me to send for the police to take you away—"

"Nonsense!"

That exclamation came, not from Mr. Myers, or from anyone present there in the Hall.

The voice proceeded from the opposite doorway, and everybody turned in amazement in that direction.

Standing in the doorway was a tall man whose arms were bound to his sides with rope, and who was being held firmly in the grasp of Wingate and North of the Sixth.

Harry Wharton & Co. started.

It was the burglar whom they had caught in this very room last night. The prefects, apparently, had been sent up to the punishment-room by the Head to fetch down the captive.

The man stood there between his gaolers, a cool smile on his pale, handsome face.

Dicky Nugent gave a cry.

"My only Aunt Jane! It's the man who called on Mr. Graham yesterday!"

Mr. Myers had given a convulsive start on seeing the man whom Wingate and North had brought down. He now stared incredulously at him.

"Allardyce!" he ejaculated. "You—you here!"

The captive nodded, and walked calmly into the Hall between the prefects who held him.

"Yes, my dear Myers, it is I," he said. "You are surprised at seeing me again at Greyfriars so soon—and under such circumstances?"

"Then you, Allardyce, are the man who was caught here last night!" cried Mr. Myers.

"Yes. Once again I yielded to temptation, and it has proved my undoing," was the calm reply. "The game's up, but I'm glad—for your sake, Myers. I'm going to make a clean breast of the whole business."

Dr. Locke stepped forward quickly.

"Will you kindly furnish me with some explanation of this amazing affair?" he exclaimed. "I have never been so astounded in all my life. That such an occurrence could take place under the roof of Greyfriars seems incredible. Am I to understand that you are an accomplice of Mr. Myers, and that he was in league with you to rob the school?"

A thrill ran through the assembled boys at these words, and Mr. Myers and the man he addressed as Allardyce were the cynosure of all eyes.

Allardyce smiled.

"You are entirely wrong in your conclusions, Dr. Locke," he said coolly. "Mr. Myers can hardly be described as an accomplice of mine, and he certainly had no idea that I intended burgling Greyfriars. In some respects, however, he is an accomplice—he has been shielding me from a crime which I committed, and has taken the blame on himself. It is now my intention to



The moonlight was shining in at the window at the far end of the landing. In its mysterious, mellow light Wharton saw a figure—the figure of a strange man. He carried a heavy bag in one hand, whilst in the other he gripped a revolver. "A burglar!" Wharton caught his breath in thrilled horror. (See Chapter 10.)

make a full confession and to pay the penalty for what I have done."

"Bless my soul!"

Mr. Myers took a step forward, his face flushed, as if to prevent Allardyce from continuing. But the handsome, sturdy captive went on.

"I want you to know, Dr. Locke, that Mr. Myers is an innocent and an honourable man, and that I alone am responsible for the crime of which he is accused."

"Oh!" muttered Milsum, under his breath.

"I will state the facts of the case briefly," went on Allardyce. "Mr. Myers and I are very old friends. We were at school together, and during the late War we joined the same regiment as officers. We went to Flanders together, and during the terrific fighting out there I happened to save Mr. Myers' life!"

"He saved my life at the risk of his own, and he lost his sanity in doing so!" cried Mr. Myers hoarsely. "He was wounded in the head in saving me, and the injury affected his brain. He had a long illness, and although the doctors certify him as completely sane, I know that his mind suffers frequent lapses, and it is during those lapses that he—he is not himself!"

Allardyce nodded.

"Mr. Myers is right," he said. "My brain becomes unhinged at times, and I become a different being. I do not go mad, but I get obsessed with criminal instincts. I do things which I would shrink from doing in the ordinary way. Sometimes I go months without having an 'attack.' Sometimes my attacks last for only a day—at other times they last for weeks."

"Nobody would know that I was insane, excepting a specialist in mental diseases, even when a lapse of mind is

upon me. I behave naturally enough, but I cannot help the impulses to do wrong. It was during one of these lapses that I ran off with all that money belonging to the firm of which I am an employee. Mr. Myers was our accountant and auditor, and he discovered the theft immediately and knew that I was responsible. He traced me and endeavoured to make me return the money, but I wouldn't! And I, in my madness, had forged the books to make it appear that Myers had taken the money—I acted as a traitor to my best friend!"

"Bless my soul!" gasped Dr. Locke.

Allardyce paused, and it would have been possible to have heard a pin drop in the Hall of Greyfriars.

"I hid the money, and defied Myers to have me charged," continued Allardyce. "There was no proof against me—all the evidence I had left pointed at him. Mr. Myers had the choice of three things. He could either speak out and accuse me of the theft, pleading on my behalf that I was insane and not responsible for my actions, he could admit the crime for my sake—he had sworn that, out of gratitude to me for saving his life, he would see that no harm ever came to me, whatever it cost him—or he could take the third alternative and run away, leaving the world to think what it liked."

"Myers chose the latter course. He hoped that soon I would recover my reason, and that something could be done between us to settle the affair. I should certainly have done so, but this lapse happened to be a long one. Myers ran away, taking suspicion on himself and intending to keep in hiding until I was sane enough to consult with him as to what was best to be done. I, like the police, lost all trace of him, and

in my madness I felt glad that I was secure from suspicion. Do you believe me, Dr. Locke? You look incredulous!"

"I am not incredulous," replied the Head of Greyfriars quietly. "I am amazed at your revelations, but I believe them. Such a thing as you state is possible. I have heard of such cases before—of lapses of mind which doctors could not trace to insanity. Your mental state calls for the treatment of a psycho-analyst."

Allardyce nodded.

"I am glad that you are convinced, Dr. Locke," he said. "Mr. Myers and I are the closest friends, and when in my proper senses I would not dream of doing anything to bring even the slightest discredit to his name. But, in this case, my lapse of sanity was a long one. A week ago I had a brain storm, and when I recovered I had completely forgotten where I had hidden the money I had stolen. I was deeply in debt, and needed money badly. Imagine my rage and chagrin when I found that for the life of me I could not recollect the hiding-place of the money which was so completely at my disposal. I traced Mr. Myers here through our friend, the scholastic agent who got him the post of temporary master here. I came to Greyfriars yesterday to demand money from Mr. Myers, under threat of exposing him. He had no money, and asked me to wait. Whilst I was here I took good stock of the interior of the school, for the impulse had come upon me to burgle the place. I hid myself on the premises, and last night, as you know, I carried my plan into operation."

"Bless my soul!"

"Had it not been for the smart work of those four boys who caught me, I should have got away, and this confession would not have been made," said Allardyce in a voice that was now tremulous with emotion. "The struggle in the Hall here, and my night of captivity in the room upstairs, brought back my reason, and with the dawn this morning came the full realisation of what I had done, and what dear old Myers was suffering for my sake. When these two fellows came for me I went with them willingly, for I was eager to make this confession and clear Mr. Myers' name."

There was a silence in the Hall—a silence that could almost be felt. The boys were thrilled with the revelations that had come out in so dramatic a manner. Mr. Myers tried to speak, but could not, whilst the little forlorn fag beside him stood clusping his hand, hot tears of happiness streaming down his small cheeks.

Dr. Locke was the first to break the silence.

"I cannot say how thankful I am that the truth of this terrible affair has come to light," he said quietly. "It was surely an act of Providence that Wharton and the others apprehended you last night. Your confession has come just in time to prevent Mr. Myers being subjected to the ignominy of being apprehended by this gentleman."

The Head laid ironical stress on the latter word as he indicated Milsum.

The rascally detective was scowling blackly.

"Release Mr. Allardyce, Wingatz," said Dr. Locke. "We will discuss the matter at further length together in the privacy of my study."

The captive's bonds were taken from him, and he flexed his strong, muscular arms to overcome their stiffness.

Dr. Locke led the way to the hall door, followed by Mr. Myers and

SOLUTION OF CROSS WORD PUZZLE No. 2.

	G	E	O	G	R	A	P	H	Y	
P		C		L	O	B		A		R
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E		S	H	E	L	L	E	D		T
P	A	P	A		S		A	U	T	O
A	P	E	R	S		I	S	L	E	S
R	E	N	T		R		I	L	L	S
I		T	O	W	A	R	D	S		I
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G		B		S	E	A		B		G
	L	I	V	E	R	P	O	O	L	

Allardyce. Milsum let out a roar of rage.

"Here, I'm going to take Allardyce with me," he shouted. "You can't work over my head like this!"

"Indeed!" said Dr. Locke, turning to him coldly. "On what grounds do you imagine yourself authorised to take Mr. Allardyce away?"

"On the grounds of his own confession of embezzlement, and for burgling this school!"

Dr. Locke pointed to the door.

"Unless you leave the premises immediately, sir, I shall have you yourself arrested for deliberately abducting a boy from this school!" he exclaimed, his voice trembling with anger. "Now go, while I am in a mind to allow you your liberty."

Milsum clenched his fists, and seemed about to make retort, but he gritted his teeth instead and turned away.

Dr. Locke, Mr. Myers, and Mr. Allardyce walked away together through the hall door.

Harry Wharton beckoned to his chums, and they all followed Milsum out into the open. They found him fuming on the steps, and they all closed round.

"Here, what's the game?" he spluttered, drawing back with a scowl of alarm.



Here You Are, Lads!

ANOTHER ROUSING

CUP-TIE NUMBER

No boy should miss this week's FOOTBALL FAVOURITE (on sale Wednesday, February 18th). It is packed with topping Cup-tie features, including a great complete Cup-tie yarn entitled "Wensbury's Wonder" and a priceless contribution by Jimmy Moore (the famous Queen's Park and Barnsley player) called "Tales of the Ties." FOOTBALL FAVOURITE is wonderful value for 2d. Make sure of a copy of this week's issue.

FOOTBALL FAVOURITE

On Sale Wed., Feb. 18th. Order To-day 2

"We're going to chuck you out of this school on your neck, you rotter!" said Harry Wharton. "I don't suppose any of the masters or prefects will interfere with us this time. Grab him, you chaps!"

"What-ho!"

"Rag the cad baldheaded!"

"Give him a taste of bullying!"

Milsum made a desperate bid to thrust his way through the boys that surrounded him, but he was grasped in scores of willing hands and whirled over to the floor.

Bump!

"Yaroooooogh!"

"Now, we'll start proceedings by frogmarching him round the Hall!" said Harry Wharton. "Then we'll duck him in the fountain and chuck him out into the lane!"

"Hurrah!"

Seniors and juniors alike joined in the general ragging of Milsum. The prefects stood aside and did not interfere. They had no sympathy for the bullying detective.

Milsum was ragged thoroughly and completely, and when at last he was pitched forth into the Friardale Lane he lay there in the mud moaning. He looked, and felt, an utter wreck.

Missiles began to fly at him from the gates, so, with what little energy he had left, he picked himself up and fled, and that was the last that Greyfriars saw of the rascally detective.

Mr. Myers and Allardyce left the school later in the Head's car, and they were given a rousing send-off by Harry Wharton & Co. and Dicky Nugent & Co. Myers had already explained the alleged "plot" discovered by Sammy Bunter, and nobody thought any the worse of him.

There was not a happier soul in all Greyfriars, in fact, than Myers of the Second that day.

The clouds had sped by.

His father's name was cleared, and Mr. Allardyce, after explaining matters to Scotland Yard, was going to consult two of England's most famous mental specialists.

No criminal charge was to be levelled against him, as a settlement for the recovery of the money had been agreed upon by his employers; and Dr. Locke would not, of course, have him charged with breaking into Greyfriars.

Harry Wharton & Co. were glad that no harm would come to him, for they had taken a great liking to the sturdy, handsome man whom a cruel Fate had made an unwilling criminal.

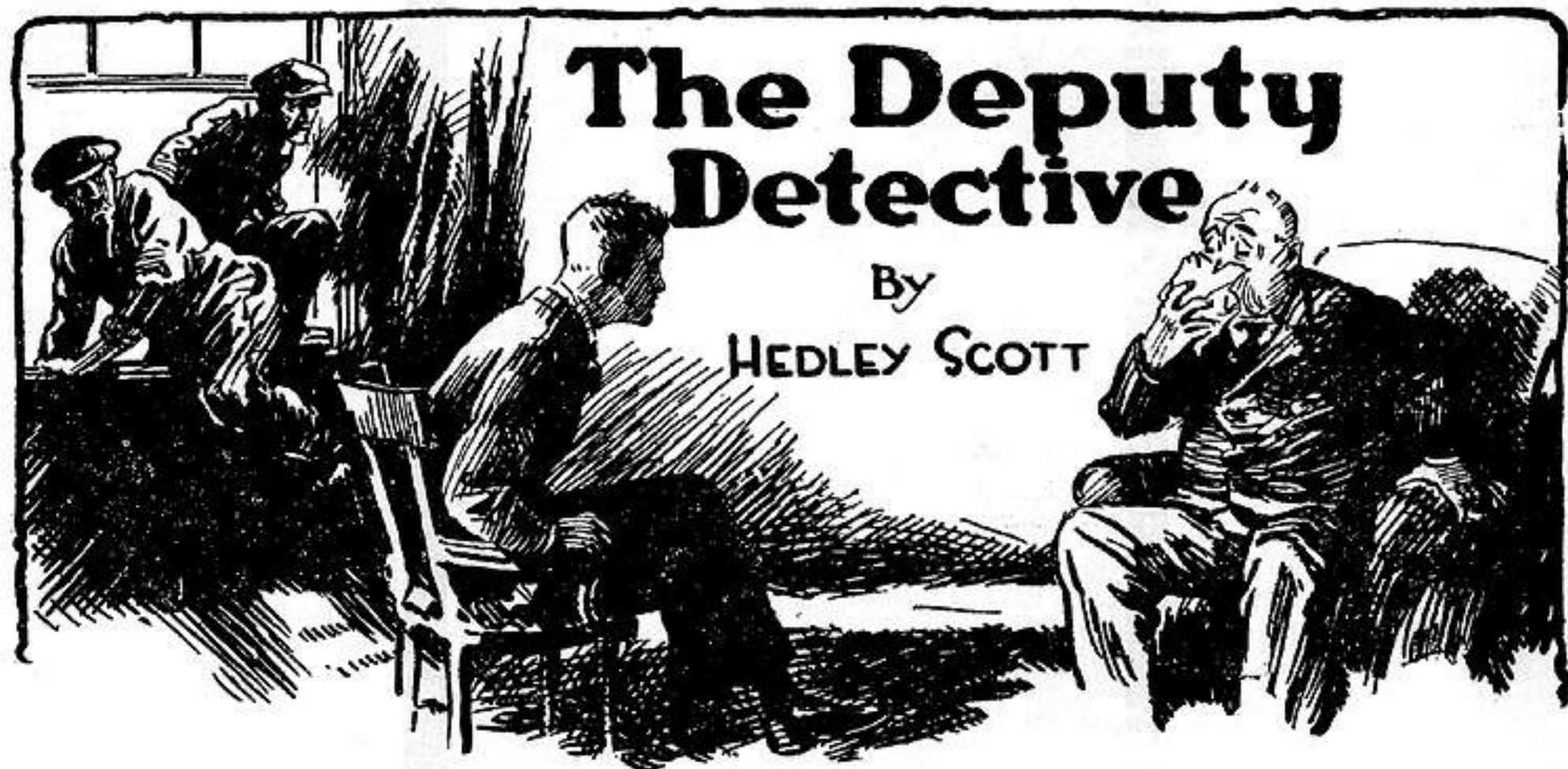
Mr. Bernard Twigg again took the Second with the Third until his brother's return. That was at the end of the week, and Dicky Nugent & Co. cheered to welcome back their own Form master, who was now fully restored to health.

Myers did not win the Junior Bursary Scholarship; Hopkins of the Third carrying off the prize with flying colours. Hopkins was not a rich fellow, and nobody begrudged him his success—Myers less than anybody; for, in his new-found happiness, he had no mind for the exam. His father was no longer a hunted fugitive—his name had been cleared. Time, the staunch healer, soon mercifully blotted out the dark pages in Myers' life when he had tried To Shield His Father.

THE END.

(Be sure and read next Monday's magnificent story of Greyfriars, featuring the Bully of the Remove. Look out for the title—"The Barring of Bol-sorcr!")

THE SPIRIT THAT WINS! His keenness to lay the rascally chief of the motor bandits by the heels leads young Jack Drake into a well-prepared trap. Death stares the plucky boy sleuth in the face, but he manages to greet it with a smile.



The Deputy Detective

By
HEDLEY SCOTT

A Thrilling Detective Story Featuring JACK DRAKE, Ferrers Locke's plucky boy assistant.

The Luck of the Draw!

ON the slope of the famous Surrey hill known as Hindhead stood a brick-built bungalow of modern design. Its daintily-curtained windows, its well-laid-out grounds, its obvious air of respectability was but a blind to the passer-by, for in it, deep in confab, sat as choice a collection of rogues as could be met in a day's march.

In the tiny sitting-room, seated round a highly-polished mahogany table of Chippendale design, the notorious motor-bandits were holding a meeting. Their chief, still the same mysterious, masked individual, was upon his feet. Through eye-holes in the mask his piercing orbs glittered down upon that motley gathering, half scornful, half proud that these ruffians should fly to do his bidding at the slightest sign.

"That meddling whippersnapper must be put out of the way!" His voice was well modulated and silky, but there was a wealth of sinister meaning behind the words.

"Ay, ay, sir," answered one giant of a fellow, with a leering grin. "He's a confounded nuisance!"

"Nuisance is not the word for it, my dear Jenkins," purred the chief. "He's a constant source of danger to us—to our plans."

"Thomas and Watson have found that out to their cost," put in another bleary-eyed ruffian, shrugging his shoulders. "They've both got ten years in which to think things over at Parkhurst."

It was the day after the trial of the two motor-bandits who had been captured by Jack Drake, the boy detective. And it was obvious that the "whippersnapper" referred to was Jack Drake himself.

"We will draw lots," went on the chief, a slight smile playing at the corners of his mouth. "I would not offend any one of you by taking away such a golden opportunity of rendering this society a service. Drake must be put to sleep for keeps. As I said, we will draw lots. The one among you who has the good fortune to draw the slip of paper marked with a cross shall be the society's representative. To him is allotted the task of ridding us of an unpleasant antagonist."

The gang exchanged glances. They were not so enthusiastic over the affair as they would liked to have been. Murder, for that's what it amounted to, was a crime from which most of them had shrunk hitherto. The law demanded an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.

But none had the temerity to voice an objection before this powerful, dominant figure in the long black cloak. They eyed each other a trifle sheepishly, and as sheepishly broke into grins.

"Ah, I see the notion appeals to you

CHARACTERS YOU WILL MEET.

JACK DRAKE, a boy of fifteen with a gift for detective work, the assistant of Ferrers Locke, the world-famous scientific investigator.

INSPECTOR PYECROFT, of the C.I.D. at Scotland Yard, a friend of Locke and Drake's.

THE CHIEF, a mysterious person who directs the coups of the notorious motor bandits, and of whose identity nothing is known to the police.

THOMAS and WATSON, members of the gang.

While Locke is away on the Continent Drake is given the opportunity of handling his first case, his instructions being to lay the rascally motor bandits by the heels.

He soon discovers that the chief of the motor bandits is in some way connected with a school.

After a whole heap of exciting adventures Drake accompanies Inspector Pyecroft down to the house of a Mr. Benjamin Fonenzy, an Italian millionaire living at Chiddingfold. The occasion is the coming of age of Fonenzy's daughter. As is to be expected, there is a wonderful array of jewellery, etc., on view. The notorious motor bandits have notified Scotland Yard in advance of their intention to "lift" the jewellery. In consequence, every precaution is taken.

But it is left to Jack Drake to find out how the bandits intend to put their threat into execution. The boy sleuth catches the bandits in the act of making off with their plunder. A thrilling chase ensues in which Drake manages to arrest the thieves. He returns to Fonenzy's house with his prisoners—Thomas and Watson—and the stolen jewellery.

There remains one thing for him to do now, namely, to discover which of Benjamin Fonenzy's guests gave the bandits the signal to start operations. When Drake finds that out he will have pierced the identity of the mystery man at the head of the organisation.

(Now read on.)

all," said the chief softly. "I have here eleven papers. Ten of them are blank. The eleventh bears a cross in ink. Understand, then, gentlemen, that the lucky person to draw the marked slip at once becomes our emissary."

The rascals licked dry lips as they watched the chief shuffle the slips of paper in a felt hat. Unused to prayer of any sort, they were now praying in their own way that the fateful slip should fall to anyone's lot but their own.

"Take one!"

The chief held out the hat invitingly to the foremost member of the gang. Plucking up his courage, the premier member of this fateful lottery dived his hand into the hat and withdrew a slip.

"No, no!" said the chief sharply. "Do not unfold it, Jefferson. We will wait until the hat has gone the round. That is only polite, after all."

Jefferson moistened his lips and clutched his slip of paper with hands that trembled slightly. With wide, staring eyes he watched his comrades delve into the hat, and greatly to his surprise saw the chief help himself to the last slip. He did not know then that the chief had kept for himself a blank slip. At the time Jefferson took it as a sign that the chief was a real "sport"—was prepared to practise what he preached.

"Now," said the tall figure in the flowing, black cloak, "we will see upon whom the luck falls. Gentlemen, I beg you, open your slips!"

The gang unfolded the slips, their expressions causing some amusement to the chief as he stood there, his lips twisted into a supercilious smile. He could afford to smile. He knew that his slip was a blank before he opened it.

"Ah, a blank," he muttered, displaying his lot. "Who, now, is the lucky man?"

The question might have been addressed to a party of gentlemen who had invested in a lottery worth a fortune, and it jarred on the nerves of the rascally crew before him.

"Well, who has the marked paper?"

"I have, chief!" The reply came gruffly through the lips of a diminutive fellow with a livid scar running the

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whole width of his cheek. There was something ghoulish in his appearance at this moment that caused the chief to shrink back for a fleeting second. The next and he had recovered himself.

"So, Vickery, you are the fortunate man—"

"To court a necklet of rope," finished the dwarf. "Yes, I'm the man."

"My congratulations, Vickery. The errand could not be entrusted to a more trustworthy member," said the chief.

"A snap for your congratulations!" retorted the dwarf, with a leering grin. "But I'm not funky. There's one thing, this bloke Drake won't be the first meddler I've put out for keeps."

"I'm glad to hear it," said the chief, surveying the "lucky man" with a critical eye. "Yes, I think the job will be in safe hands. Mind you, Vickery, this organisation does not excuse mistakes, not that mistakes will ever be related to you," he added, knowing best how to flatter this ruffianly fellow before him.

"And when do I set out?" grunted Vickery, carefully folding up the slip of paper and placing it in his wallet.

"To-night," came the chief's reply. "By twelve o'clock to-night a meddling schoolboy of a detective must finish his education in another sphere. To-night, then, Vickery, you understand?"

"I do!" grunted the dwarf, feeling for a long-bladed knife that hung concealed at his waist. "And my compensation will be—"

"Ah, I was forgetting!" smiled the chief, feeling in his pocket and bringing to light a bulky wallet. "You shall have it in advance, my dear Vickery; it's all the same to me. Two hundred pounds for a simple job like that, eh?"

"The money—give it me!" panted the dwarf, making a grab at the bundle of notes his leader held before his eyes. "The job is as good as done."

He fingered the notes almost lovingly, counted them half a dozen times, and then crammed them into his pocket.

"A little refreshment before you set off on the journey, Vickery. Gentlemen, we will drink to Vickery's success!"

The remainder of the gang felt no scruples about that. It was far nicer to wish someone else luck on such an errand than to carry out the deed oneself.

A decanter was brought from the side-board, and a stiff measure was poured into each of the eleven glasses. Then, lurching to their feet, the bandits toasted success to Vickery's mission with a heartiness that spoke eloquently of their relief.

Five minutes later the dwarf, wrapped up in a greatcoat several sizes too large for his diminutive figure, passed out of the bungalow, took his seat in a high-powered Daimler car, and was soon speeding Londonwards, not a whit abashed or afraid of the fell work that lay before him.

And as the last notes of the departing car were lost on the night air, the "unfortunate" members of the gang felt it incumbent upon them to toast for the second time Vickery's success. This they did with a heartiness there was no denying; if heartiness meant success, then Vickery's mission was already accomplished.

The Shadow on the Blind!

JACK DRAKE awoke from a deep sleep conscious of the nearness of some strange presence. He occupied a room at the back of the house in which Inspector Pyecroft had residence, a room forty feet from the

ground that gave an unbroken view of a stretch of waste land now shrouded, except for the fitful gleam of a street-lamp, in deep gloom.

"Only five to twelve," grunted Drake, looking at the luminous dial of his wrist-watch. "Thought it was near five in the morning. Wonder what woke me up? Yaw-aw-awn!"

Pulling the bedclothes about him, the boy sleuth settled himself on the pillows and sought slumber again. But he was wide awake now, although his inclinations desired things otherwise.

What had awakened him?

He sat up in bed for the second time and rubbed his eyes. He listened. Save for the rhythmic ticking of the tiny clock upon the mantel no sound broke the stillness.

Through the drawn blind covering the window the boy sleuth could see the faint rays of the street-lamp. The house itself was silent as the grave. And yet—

Drake found his eyes returning to the blind. The streaks of light he had seen there a moment since had now disappeared. Even while his puzzled gaze dwelt upon that strange occurrence the rays of light came on again—the streaks of faint yellow daubed the blind as before.

"Thought the lamp had gone out," muttered the sleuth, about to compose himself to sleep again. "And—"

He broke off as once more the blind failed to reflect the rays of light from the street lamp.

"Either the lamp is burning out, or—" began Drake.

Then he started, for upon looking at the blind again he saw the indistinct outline of a man's hand, terribly grotesque by reason of the broad angle the light reflected it.

In a moment the phenomena of the light appearing and disappearing at intervals was explained. Someone was moving between the rays of light from the lamp-post and the window of his room. That meant someone was climbing the wall of the house—someone as yet beneath the window!

With a bound Drake was out of bed. His hand sought a deadly-looking revolver from beneath his pillow. He was tempted to switch on the light of the room, make a dash for the window, raise it, and investigate. But something within him suggested a more strategic course. Slipping on his dressing-gown, he waited.

Bit by bit the hand loomed larger and nearer on the blind, like a lantern-slide thrown on to a sheet. Bit by bit the head, then the shoulders of a man, were reflected in dim silhouette.

"Gee! This is real interesting!" muttered the boy. "Now, who the deuce is the intruder? And what's he hope to pinch at this place?"

As was natural, his thoughts fixed the intruder at once as a potential burglar, though why he should be climbing so far above the ground was a poser indeed. A far easier entry for a burglar would have been through a first-floor window. And yet the man was nearing the third floor.

"He's after something in this flat or the one on top," was Drake's unspoken thought. "Otherwise he would have broken in on the floors below. He knows the place well, too, apparently, for he's kept clear of the front of the building where the night-porter hangs out. I wonder what his game is?"

The "game" was soon made known. The blind now registered the silhouette of a man crouching on the sill of the window of Drake's room.

The intruder was going to make his entry there!

Drake, revolver in hand, was about to dart forward, when curiosity prompted him to hold back. He drew into the shelter of a curtain that covered a small alcove in the room and waited. To his listening ears came the faint scratching sound denoting a diamond-cutter at work.

The intruder evidently knew his job.

A few moments later the boy sleuth heard the slight click of the hasp of the window responding to the intruder's touch.

Then, inch by inch, the window was raised. Quietly the blind was drawn aside, just as quietly a dwarfed figure stepped over the window-frame into the room and stood waiting, listening.

Drake could have laughed aloud at the absurdity of it all. Here was a man risking his neck to reach a third-floor window, risking his freedom by burglariously entering someone else's property, was risking suffocation almost by the way he wheezed in his breath so that no sound should reach the occupant, as he thought, of the bed before him.

Inch by inch the intruder moved forward. Drake saw his hand seek something that hung at his belt.

A moment later the darkness was pierced by a gleam of shining metal that at once proclaimed itself to be a knife.

Drake shivered involuntarily.

No need to ponder further over the presence of that dwarfed figure in his room. He had come prepared to commit the most deadly sin of all.

The intruder was standing over the bed now. Drake imagined his eyes to be seeking a vital spot in the huddled mass of clothes before him in which to plunge that shining length of steel.

From where he was Drake could see the huddled bedclothes, shaped, strangely enough, like a human form. And then—

The knife came down like a flash of light. Safe as he was at that moment the boy sleuth felt his hair stand on end in the realisation of what a horrible fate he had missed.

Then action returned to him.

"Hands up!"

The command was rapped out like a knife-edge. Simultaneous with it the room was flooded with light as the boy sleuth pressed down the switch.

There was a gasp of amazement from the dwarfed figure bending over the bed and a vicious imprecation.

With wide-open eyes the would-be murderer stood staring at Drake as though he were a ghost. As yet his hand had not sought the weapon that lay half-buried in the bedclothes. But now, with a savage curse, the dwarf plucked madly at it and ducked like a streak of light to the floor.

Crack!

A bullet sped its way from Drake's revolver—a bullet that would have winged the dwarf had he not flung himself to the floor.

Next moment came the whir of a knife. Drake was just quick enough to step aside—only just, for a six-inch piece of sharpened steel buried itself in the woodwork behind him, missing him by a couple of inches.

"You murderous scoundrel!"

Drake's eyebrows came together, his jaw stuck out aggressively. The boy sleuth was annoyed. Never had he felt so inclined to shoot a man in cold blood than on this occasion.

"Hands up, you murderous rogue," he exclaimed, "or I'll plug you without the slightest compunction!"

But the dwarf was not a man to take affright at a revolver in the hands of a



Next moment came the whir of a knife whizzing through the air. Jack Drake was just quick enough to step aside—only just, for a six-inch piece of sharpened steel buried itself in the woodwork behind him, missing him by inches. (See page 22.)

boy. Even from his sprawling position on the floor he was a force to be reckoned with.

"Get up!" rapped Drake, advancing a step. "And— Would you!"

With a spring of a tiger the dwarf launched himself through the air straight at his boy captor. It was a magnificent leap, Drake grudgingly admitted that to himself, and it all but saw the positions reversed.

A hand—a tapering, clawlike hand—fastened on the lad's windpipe, another, equally talon-like, snatched at the revolver. There was a loud report as the trigger was jerked forward; a tinkling of broken glass as the despatched bullet found the only electric light globe in the room, and all was darkness.

Panting heavily, Drake and the dwarf struggled like two wild animals. The latter seemed to be endowed with super-human strength. A sense of failure, when success had been his for the asking, gave him the strength of a fury. And he needed it. Drake had read oft in the past that dwarfs were abnormally strong people. He realised it now. Bit by bit he was being overcome.

Suddenly from outside the room came the voice of Inspector Pycroft.

"What the thump is going on here?" he bawled, banging at the door.

But Drake was too busy to reply just then; a hairy hand was pressing his windpipe—was robbing him of the power to speak, to breathe, even.

Pycroft, dull-witted as he was, saw quickly enough now that something was wrong. He could hear the sounds of a struggle going on inside the room. With scant ceremony now he flung open the door, and then he gasped.

He saw the open window—saw the blind flapping gently against the frame—saw the shadowy outlines of two figures writhing on the floor before him.

"Great Scotland Yard!" he gasped.

A bound forward and Pycroft was gripping hold of the dwarf—a grasp that was like unto a vice. In a moment the dwarf had turned upon the C.I.D. man and was kicking and scratching like a wild-cat. But Pycroft had a way all his own of dealing with such obstreperous customers. His right fist contained a knock-out punch, and it came in useful.

One swing of it and the dwarf crumpled up like a pack of cards—another swing of it and Drake's would-be murderer was deep in the embrace of an unnatural sleep.

"Thank Heaven you're such a light sleeper!" said Drake, ruefully touching his swollen throat. "Why, this fellow's been in here for five minutes or more!"

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Pycroft. "I thought I heard the sound of a revolver-shot, and I came along to investigate. Wasn't sure, of course," he added.

"There were two revolver-shots, and there would have been a dead Drake knocking about if you hadn't come when you did!" grinned Jack; "so I suppose I ought to feel thankful."

"Here, bring this ugly-looking merchant along to my room!" grunted the C.I.D. man. "I see your light's gone west."

Between them Drake and Pycroft dragged the dwarf into the latter's room. The C.I.D. man thoughtfully slipped a pair of bracelets over the fellow's wrists the while Drake administered restoratives.

When the dwarf came to he glared up at Drake balefully. Handcuffed as he was, it was obvious that the fellow was looking round for a way of escape.

"Look here, young feller-me-lad," said Pycroft ponderously, "if you want to try my sleeping draught again have a shot at some more monkey tricks. If not, make up your mind to accept the inevitable. You're caught, you villain,

and you'll go to chokey for ten years, or I'm a Dutchman!"

"Curse you, you old fool!" growled the dwarf, shaking his manacled wrists in the face of the C.I.D. man. "For you I care not a jot! You couldn't arrest a baby in arms! And you," he added, turning fiercely upon Jack Drake, "curse you! May you live just long enough to feel my knife when I come out of prison! I'll get you! I've sworn to get you! I drew the slip of paper! I've failed!"

And, to the surprise of both Drake and the C.I.D. man, the dwarf burst into tears.

"Well, if that's how you feel your failure on such a murderous errand!" grunted Pycroft, "what on earth would you feel like if you drew the first prize in a sweepstake for a hundred thousand quidlets. Come," he added gruffly, "I've met you tear-actin' kidney before. You'll come along to the station with me while it's safe!"

A phone message was put through to Norwood Police Station, and in five minutes the station cab came round. Pycroft bundled the dwarf into it, and followed him in.

He reappeared at the flat half an hour later, and found Drake making some coffee.

"He's let on that he's one of the bandits!" grunted the C.I.D. man. "And that's all. Nothing on earth or in heaven will make him blab another word. But it's a consolation to know whom to thank, my boy, for this murderous attempt."

"Then it was me they sent him after," said Drake incredulously. "Pretty drastic, ain't it?"

"Expect they feel sore about Thomas and Watson," said the C.I.D. man. "This is their way of returning the compliment. Jove," he added, looking at a pillow Drake handed him. "Is this where

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that murderous dwarf's knife sought you? He evidently meant business."

"A souvenir, Pyecroft!" chuckled the boy sleuth. "I shall keep it, with your permission, with my collection of criminal curios."

And thus Drake passed off as a jest what might have resulted in a tragedy.

The Crimson Cross!

IT was three days later that the boy sleuth took it into his head to journey down to Hazelmere. Upon looking at the list of guests who had attended Benjamin Fonzey's reception at Chiddingfold he had been intrigued in his mind as to the genuineness of a Dr. Worsfold. He had to discover among the guests the man who had given the signal to the bandits on the roof, and he had to couple that personage with someone connected with a school if the words of Montague Eccleston were still to be relied upon; and Drake did rely upon them. A complete list of the guests had revealed but one person in any way connected with learning, and that was Dr. Worsfold, headmaster of Hazelmere Grammar School.

To Hazelmere, therefore, Jack Drake repaired.

To the passer-by he would be taken for an American tourist. The loud check cap he wore, the peculiar straight cut of the jacket, the long, pointed collar, the horn-rimmed spectacles—all denoted a visitor from "over the water."

And to make the part look a trifle stronger to the too close observer, Drake had adopted temporarily the habit of chewing gum. This latter he practised assiduously.

Rural folk who met Americans only in the pages of fiction, at once took him for what he represented himself to be. Their healthy faces expressed disgust at the chewing-gum habit; their simple faces became expressive as they denounced the "loudness" of this stranger in their midst.

"This is a go, and no mistake!" smiled Drake, as he sought the house of Dr. Worsfold. "I—Yaroooh!"

He broke into a yell as someone cannoned into him upon turning the corner of a country lane.

"What the deuce—" began the stranger.

"Say, what the thump—" began Drake.

Then he stopped. There was something decidedly familiar in the face before him, familiar, and yet elusive. Where had he seen that face before?

"I'm confoundedly sorry!" apologised the stranger; and Drake thought it a half-hearted way of expressing regret.

"And I'm confoundedly sorry, you clumsy guy!" he returned, with an American drawl. "Say, do you do that kind of thing often over hyer?"

The tall stranger's eyes glinted. He was about to make some angry retort, but he checked the impulse. His right hand strayed to his head to right his piece of refractory headgear, and Drake almost jumped clear of the ground when he saw, large as life upon it, a peculiar blood-red rash, fashioned after a cross.

The stranger noted that keen gaze of the American's, and at once lowered his head and slipped a glove on it.

But Drake had seen enough. Now he knew where he had seen that face before; now he knew why it was familiar.

He was in the presence of the bandit chief!

With a savage glance at this youthful "sport" from over the water the tall stranger hurried on his way.

Drake, his heart beating wildly with excitement, stood where he was.

moment or two. Then, as the tall stranger's back was lost to view round a bend in the lane, the boy sleuth broke into a hurried walk, and followed in his direction.

What was the best thing to do?—how he was to do it—were problems indeed to Jack Drake. But his purpose was soon fixed: he must not lose sight of this "wanted man."

As luck would have it the boy sleuth sighted an ancient motor-car plying for hire. He hailed the driver.

"Say, bo," he said cheerily to this individual, "I want you to drive me where my fancy takes me. Guess I've got a feelin' that your country is sure pretty, and I want to study it closely. Don't want it all in a mouthful, you follow?"

"Yes, sir!" grinned the driver of the car, seeing in this American visitor a means of subsistence for the rest of the week. Americans are noted for their lavish tips—in England, at any rate!

"Just trickle along like your old Thames," went on Drake. "No hurry, you know. I want to travel as fast as that man in front—the tall chap in the ulster. Say, driver, I happen to know the gentleman, and I want to surprise him. Guess you'll hang on his footsteps while I study the countryside."

"Yes, sir!" The driver touched his cap and threw in his clutch.

At a snail's pace the car moved forward, keeping a few feet behind the bandit chief.

Once or twice the man with the crimson cross on his hand turned and looked at the car behind him, but there was no flag meter on this ancient bus to denote that it was a taxi. He put down its snail's pace to the fact that something was wrong with its mechanism, and seeing no sign of a passenger in it, finally ceased to pay it further attention.

He walked on until he reached Hazelmere proper.

Drake, peering through the window, suddenly saw the bandit chief enter a waiting motor-car. He leaned out of the window and spoke to his driver.

"Follow that car; keep it in sight, bo!"

"Very good, sir!"

The chief's car moved off at a good pace, and the ancient bus that contained the boy sleuth rolled in its wake. For half an hour the chase went on, until the Portsmouth Road was reached. Hindhead was approached at a rattling good pace, the gap between the cars never diminishing by so much as a yard. Then the bandit chief's car came to a standstill.

"Pull up, boy!" exclaimed Drake, to his driver. "Pull into the shelter of this tree."

He indicated a solitary oak-tree that sprang from the grassy bank of the road. With a grinding of brakes the car came to a standstill.

Drake leapt out. He pushed a pound note into the driver's hand, and to that worthy's surprise, slipped away behind a furze-bush.

Oblivious of the driver's curious eyes the boy sleuth worked his way forward over the furze-covered country until he had reached a vantage point that looked down upon a smart brick-built bungalow.

To his satisfaction he saw the tall figure of the bandit chief enter the portico, saw the door close behind him, saw the car drive off.

"So far so good," he muttered. "It will be a feather in my cap if I can arrest this bird off my own bat. Reckon I'll dispense with this American outfit."

As he spoke he whipped off his hat and turned it inside-out. It was a special type of cap that could be worn either side uppermost. Gone were the check stripes, and in their place was a

sombre, dun-coloured material. The coat, too, was reversible. The loud pattern gave place to a respectable colour in keeping with the cap.

The difference in the lad's appearance was striking.

Drake headed for the bungalow. To all intents and purposes he was an ordinary traveller, who had lost his bearings. He stared about him undecided, and then walked straight for the door of the bungalow.

He rapped upon the tiny brass knocker. But from within the bungalow came no sound. He knocked again and waited. Still no answer.

"What's the idea?" he muttered, thumping the knocker louder than ever. "I—Hullo, the door's open!"

To his surprise the door swung open as he leaned a little of his weight against it.

"A bit of luck," he reflected, his right hand closing on the butt of the revolver resting within his coat-pocket. "An open sesame, Jack, my boy!"

His heart beating a trifle wildly, he stepped inside and listened. No sound greeted his ears.

Quietly, swiftly he closed the door and trod silently along the carpeted hall. He drew into the shadow cast by a heavy hall-stand as, from a room to his left, now came the sound of movement.

Evidently someone was at home!

He waited for quite three minutes, ready to call upon the person to put up his hands should he make an appearance, for Drake knew now that he was on the right trail. That crimson cross, that tall figure, that familiar outline of the face all told him there could be no mistake this time.

The sounds of someone moving papers about a desk reached his ears. And Drake thought it an opportune moment to make his presence known.

With a bold front he swung open the door of the room to his left, his revolver at the ready.

"What—what—"

The single occupant of the room, a tall, muscular-looking individual with intellectual features seated at a writing-desk, gazed up in mild surprise at the intrusion.

"Who are you? What are you doing here?" he gasped, half in astonishment, half angrily.

Drake's eyes glinted. He was in the presence of the man who had bumped into him half an hour or more ago—the man with the crimson cross on his right hand. The bandit chief!

"Who am I?" said Drake scornfully. "You know perfectly well enough that I am Jack Drake, you double-dyed scoundrel! No," he added sharply, as the man's hand strayed beneath the desk he was sitting at; "move a muscle and I'll plug you where you sit!"

"Drake—Drake," muttered the man at the desk, passing a hand over his forehead. "I seem to know the name."

"You know, my good fellow," snapped the boy sleuth. "The game's up. You're the chief of the motor-bandits—the man I've sworn to get. You can't bluff me now," he added scornfully. "It's too late!"

The man at desk appeared to be mildly amused. If he were indeed the notorious chief of the motor-bandits he was above all a consummate actor.

"Very dramatic and very amusing," he said mockingly. "Won't you sit down and talk things over? Very interesting!"

He indicated a chair a yard or so from where he was seated. Drake, nothing loth, walked towards it, his cocked revolver levelled at the breast of the man he had come to arrest.

"Since you are so pressing," he said with a smile, "I'll sit down. But no monkey-tricks, please. I've got the whip-hand—"

He sank easily into the comfortable armchair, confident, unsuspecting any trick. What had he to fear? There was his man unarmed, apparently, there was his own revolver ready to despatch a grim bullet at the slightest sign of resistance.

The man at the desk smiled at him in a peculiar fashion.

"I'll give in," he said, and there was no bitterness in his tone, much to Drake's surprise. "You hold the trump card! I am the bandit chief. But"—now his submissive tone altered and a gleam of hatred shot into his eyes—"you will never live to pass on the secret. Ah!"

As he spoke his hand wandered to a small button on the surface of the desk. A delicate finger pressed down upon it. Click!

Instantly two metal bands shot out from the back of the chair in which the boy sleuth was seated. They closed about him like a vice, gripping his arms to his sides in a paralysing embrace.

"You villain—"

The words were hissed out of Drake's mouth. He had been fooled. He was a prisoner. Struggle as he might he could not get up from the chair, could not free himself from those two bands of steel.

His revolver had fallen from his grasp. It lay mocking him, it seemed, a few inches from his feet.

"Neat, don't you think?" smiled the chief, rising to his feet and strolling over to his captive. "Do you know, my lad, that I spotted you in your American disguise? Do you know that I lured you here purposely? That I left the door open for you—"

"You scoundrel!" exclaimed Drake passionately. "You villain!"

"Words, words!" mocked the chief. "But make the most of them. In a few hours you will have said your last. Do you know, my meddling detective, that the moment you entered the bungalow

a series of mirrors operated from this room reflected your every movement. Aha, you will never be a clever detective, although you had the making of one."

Drake shuddered at this reference to the past tense. He was in a tight corner from which escape meant one thing—death. And yet that concerned him but momentarily. His chagrin was at letting this clever scoundrel slip through his fingers at the last moment, at walking blindly into the trap prepared for him.

"Well," he ground out, "what are you going to do with me?"

"Do with you?" The chief broke into a light laugh. "I'm going to send you where you can't interfere with my plans."

"You can do your worst," replied Drake stoutly. "If I don't get you Pyecroft will. He knows that I'm here. You see," he added, "I took the precaution of giving my chauffeur a message to phone him. He'll be here within the hour, I'll wager."

It was sheer bluff, but it told. For a fleeting moment a look of terror crept into the face of the bandit chief, but it passed as swiftly as it had dawned.

"In one hour, my dear Drake," he said, "you will be miles from here. The Fates are kind to me. In less than ten minutes one of my agents will land an aeroplane in this valley alongside. He will take certain packages to Amsterdam for me, and amongst those packages will be Jack Drake, the detective. Aha, it interests you, I see!"

"You can do your worst!" repeated the boy sleuth.

"In one hour from now," continued the bandit chief, "you will be speeding over the waters of the Channel. A little over the hour you will be hurtling seawards from an aeroplane—"

"Murder!" exclaimed Drake scornfully. "That's what you mean, is it?"

"Nasty word, that," rebuked the cool scoundrel before him. "You will fall from an aeroplane—that is all. Now, as the machine will be flying at an altitude

of ten thousand feet there's not much possibility of your coming out of the affair alive. Pity, really. I can imagine the headlines in the newspapers. 'Death of a Well-known Boy Detective!' etc."

"But Pyecroft—" began Drake.

"When Pyecroft comes here, my dear lad," smiled the chief, "he will find the place empty and no signs of its having been occupied for weeks past. You see, I've only rented it for a term, and my identity is not known."

"We'll see!" said Drake darkly. "You'll pay the price in the long run, my fine fellow."

The chief was about to make some retort when from overhead came the distinct purr of an aeroplane engine.

Leaving the boy sleuth to struggle vainly under the pressure of those two bands of steel, the chief walked to the window and looked out. He returned to his captive in a moment, a smile of satisfaction on his intellectual features.

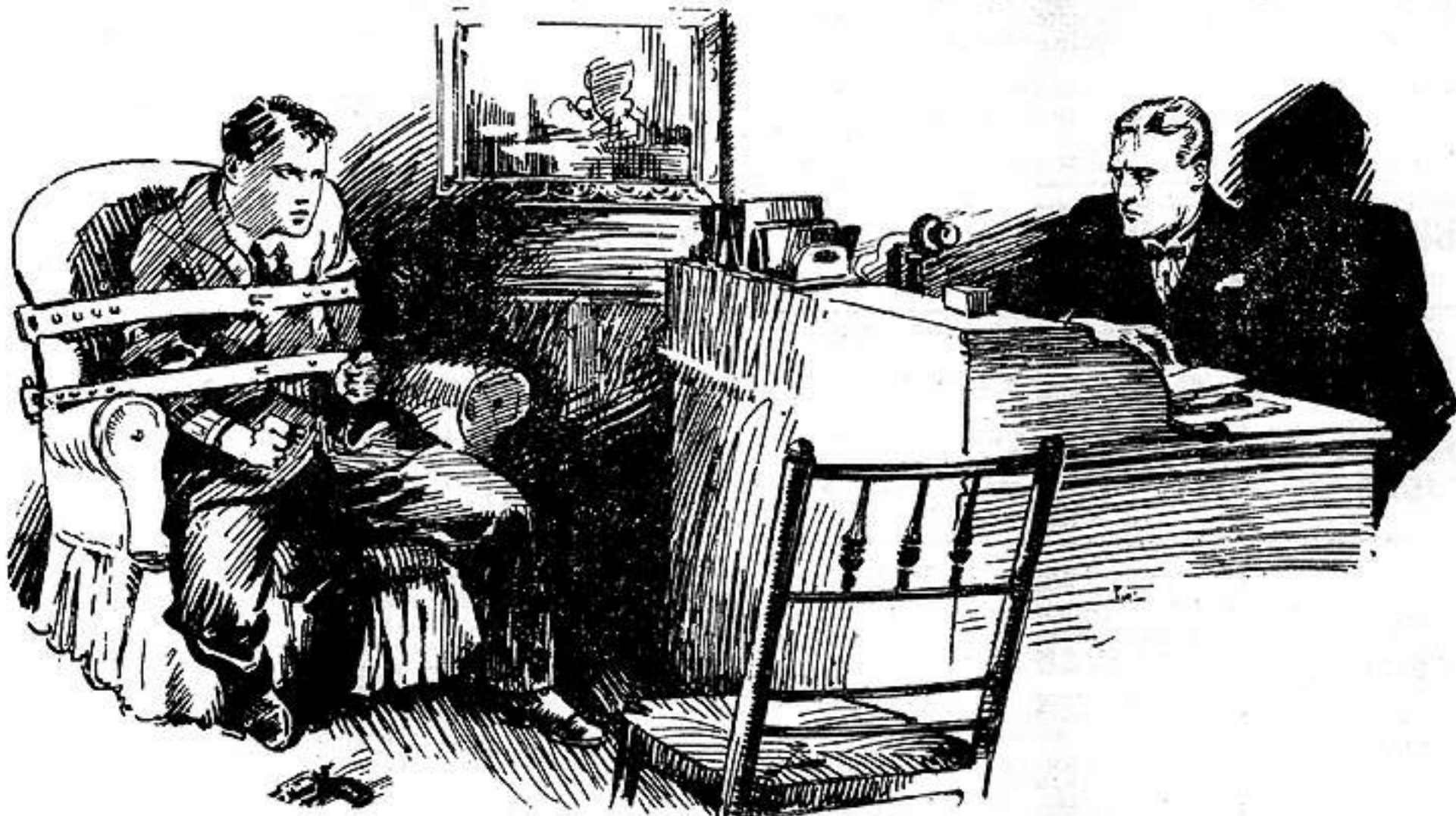
"The machine has arrived," he said. "I will just secure your hands like this"—a pair of handcuffs slipped from his pocket and were dexterously expanded over the boy sleuth's wrists—"and your feet—so!"

Drake's ankles were fastened in the same manner.

"I cannot afford to let you call for help, so I am afraid I must submit you to the further indignity of being gagged—so!"

Despite Drake's struggles a gag was tied in place.

The arms of steel were released, and Drake scrambled to his feet, hobbling along in an ungainly fashion to keep his balance. The purr of the aeroplane engine was now coming from somewhere near at hand. By its consistency of volume Drake judged the machine to have landed. He was right. A moment or so later a helmeted figure, with a pair of goggles in his hand, burst into the room in answer to a signal from the chief, who had previously darted to the window. It was the pilot of the aeroplane. In a few whispered remarks the



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chief explained his plan. That it concerned the disposal of Jack Drake the boy sleuth knew by the number of times the pilot glanced at him.

"You understand?" asked the chief at length.

"Perfectly," came the answer. "The job is as good as done."

Oblivious of Drake, who, unable to walk or even hobble for any distance, was perforce obliged to remain leaning against the wall of the room the chief and his confederate packed a number of small bundles into an attache-case. The boy sleuth instinctively guessed the packages to contain the proceeds of recent burglaries. And he was right.

"You will deliver them to our usual agent," said the chief in a voice loud enough to reach his captive's ears. "There is no message."

"Very good, sir," replied the pilot of the aeroplane. "I'll be getting away now while the light holds good."

The two men walked over to Drake. The boy's eyes blazed at them, but he was helpless.

"I'm sorry to see you end an otherwise brilliant career," purred the chief in his silky voice, "in so inglorious a fashion. But I am helpless. You must take your last look of this part of England."

Drake's eyes flashed a wild defiance, as much as to say: "Do your worst."

The pilot and the chief then stepped quickly towards him. A chloroform pad was pressed against his unwilling nostrils until his senses began to reel. He had a distinct recollection of the chief's mocking face. The gag was taken from the boy's mouth. Then all was a blank.

"The rug," whispered the pilot of the aeroplane. "No one is likely to see us cart him out, but we'll make certain. The rug will cover him."

A rug was thrown round Drake's unconscious figure, and in this fashion he was taken outside the bungalow. In the valley, about twenty feet below, stood an aeroplane, its engine "ticking over."

Towards this the two bandits carried the boy sleuth without encountering a soul in that lonely neighbourhood. With little difficulty Drake was put into the rear seat of the aeroplane, and then the rug was taken away.

Another journey to the bungalow and

the "loot" had been collected and stowed on board. Then, with a cheery wave of the hand to the bandit chief, the pilot clambered into his cockpit and jerked back the throttle of the engine.

With a multitudinous roar the engine broke into full action. Another moment and the plane was speeding along the even stretch of ground full into the wind.

Like a bird it rose as the pilot pulled on the joy-stick. A steep bank into the wind, and the aeroplane, with Drake a fast prisoner aboard, had attained an altitude of four hundred feet.

The pilot, with a grim expression, glanced into a tiny mirror suspended before him. In it was reflected Jack Drake's face. The boy was still unconscious; his eyes were closed.

The aeroplane circled round the valley half a dozen times, gaining height at every fresh second. When the altimeter registered two thousand feet Drake's eyes opened. The boy sleuth blinked about him uncertainly, the conditions up aloft puzzling him. Then he remembered.

He looked over the side. The ground seemed miles away, the bungalow a mere dot.

With a sickening feeling at his heart the boy sleuth realised that this was the end of all things. Here he was a helpless prisoner, at the mercy of a villainous pilot who intended "dropping" him in mid-Channel.

Like a trapped rat he gazed about him. The distance between him and the pilot was quite five feet, the machine being a De Havilland. Below him stretched the ground, now three thousand feet below, the famous Portsmouth road resembling a narrow strip of tape.

There was no escape. His hands and feet were secured by the handcuffs. All there was left to him was his voice. He shouted at the pilot, but his words were swept back by the terrific rush of air.

The pilot, chancing to look into his little mirror, saw the boy's face. He turned in his seat, grinned cruelly at his prisoner, and then pointed significantly to the ground.

Drake glared at him savagely, and, in response the pilot moved the joy-stick forward suddenly. Down dropped the nose of the machine; up rose Drake's heart, almost into his mouth, it seemed.

With his manacled hands he clutched

the edge of the cockpit the while he tried to draw in breath. A few moments more and he had become accustomed to the sensation and rather liked it.

The pilot turned round in his seat.

"That's only a taster," he said viciously. "I'm going to stunt you until you haven't the strength of a baby. When you're reduced to helplessness I'm going to perform a 'bad' loop, and out you'll drop—savvy?"

Drake did. He had read somewhere that if a "loop" was not carried out properly every loose article in the machine would fall to earth. He, then, was going to be one of the "loose" articles.

Well, he would put a brave face on things. He would show this grinning scoundrel that he could face death just as well as the bandit could inflict it.

It was the end, but the boy sleuth was determined to die bravely. He raised his manacled hands, and made an expressive gesture with his fingers for the pilot's benefit.

"We'll alter all that," came the pilot's hoarse voice. "We're now heading out to sea. In forty minutes you will be a gonner, you meddling whelp!"

And, with a savage imprecation, the pilot pushed on his rudder controls, directing the nose of the machine towards a stretch of sea that showed up clear and distinct to the west.

The first of the forty minutes had sped by. There remained to Drake but thirty-nine minutes of life. And at this moment all the character, all the fighting pluck of the lad rose to the surface.

He smiled.

The minutes sped by, the land was now left an indistinct line against the horizon. The aeroplane was hovering over the Channel.

Drake wondered why it was the pilot refrained from gibing at him. He had an idea that the aeroplane was demanding all his attention. And he was right.

The boy sleuth did not know that the machine had run into a gale, and that the strength of the gale was registered at something like sixty miles an hour. Yet such it was. The bracing wires between the struts whistled and hummed as the plane raced on, the vibration of the machine became alarming.

To Drake's unexperienced ears, however, these signs meant nothing. It was exhilarating, this wild rush through the air. He loved the sting of the wind on his face, his blue eyes were drinking in the panorama of restless sea below, noting the tiny crests of foam that speckled the deep blue.

Here and there he saw streaks of greyish smoke; beneath them were little dark shapes, about the size of a man's boot. These were ships, but the lad hardly identified them as such.

It was all very novel to the prisoner in the back seat.

But to the pilot in the front seat it was an experience that he dreaded and feared. The wind was tossing him out of his course. Every now and then the plane would bump into an air pocket that threatened to finish in a nose dive. Of the prisoner in the back seat, of the sinister purpose concerning him, the pilot had lost all memory. He was fighting the gale now, fighting for his life.

(What kind of fate awaits the plucky boy sleuth? Will he come out of the gale alive only to fall an easy victim to the scoundrel in the front seat, or—Mind you read next week's instalment, chums!)

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COOKERY CLASSES!

A special article from the pen of
BILLY BUNTER.

DUZZENS of fellows at Greyfriars declare that they hate Joggraphy like poyson. So do I. But my reasons for hating Joggraphy are different from theirs.

The average fellow hates a certain thing bekawse he happens to be no good at it. The fellow who sneers at football, for instance, is jenerally the non-player or the duffer. And the fellow who jeers at healthy appytites jenerally suffers from Indiagestion himself.

It natcherally follows, therefore, that the average fellow hates Joggraphy simply bekawse he duzzent shine at it. I don't hate it for that reason. I know my Joggraphy inside-out. Even as a tiny toddler, I knew that the North Pole was in Scotland, and that Mount Vesooivus was the highest point in Wales. I could also have told you that it was cold in Chili, and that Hungary was the place where everybody waisted away through lack of murrishment. I've a wonderful brane for Joggraphy, and my Form master knows it, but he is too jellus to admit the fact. It annoys him to think that the dissiple is greater than the master!

Why I hate Joggraphy is that it seems such a wicked waist of time. While we are learning the obvious facts that an island is a peace of water sur-

rounded by land, and that a Cape is a thing that you wear when it rains, we might be learning something really useful.

For a long time past, I have advocated that Joggraphy should be abolished, and Cookery Classes put in its place.

It is really serprizing how iggnurent the majority of the Greyfriars fellows are on the subject of cooking. Give them the apparatus and the ingredients, and tell them to cook a dinner, and they will ring their hands in helplessness. Put a rolling-pin in their hands, and they won't know what to do with it. Probably they'll give you a clump on the napper with it! Ask them how to prepare a rabbit-pie, and they will stand mute.

What iggnurence, to be sure! If these fellows ever go on a camping-out eggspedition, they will have no idea how to prepare a meal. They will have to take a supply of dog-biskits with them, and live on those!

But if only they had a first-hand nollidge of cooking, how different it would be! They would be able to prepare dainty, appytising meals—soops, stews, and savories, pies, poodings, and pancakes, fritters, and froot sallads, and so forth. But, bekawse they have never

been taught how to cook, they are obliged to fall back on the humble dog-biskit! And they call this a sivvillized country!

Now, if I had my own way, I should do away with Joggraphy to-morrow, and substitute Cookery Classes. The Form-room would then be a place fit for heroes to swot in. Fancy going in to morning lessons, and being greeted with the delishus odour of stake-and-onions! Fancy grinding out apple-dumplings instead of Latin verbs, and devouring sossidges instead of devouring the works of Horace! What a bright and cheery place the Form-room would be, to be sure!

Of corse, Mr. Quelch wouldn't conduct the Cookery Class. He is far too iggnurent. The class would be under the personal soopervision of W. G. B., and lessons would no longer be an abomination, but a joy for ever!

As time goes on, and we become more enlightened, this is what will happen. But in many respects we are quite as iggnurent as we were in the Dark Ages.

I hope the Head will read this article, and ponder my words of wisdom. Harry Wharton says he will flog me for my panes; but if he is wise he will act on my eggcellent suggestion, and inter-juice Cookery Classes right away!

(Bunter had the audacity to air his views before our revered and learned headmaster. Ye gods! You should have seen our tame porpoise when he crawled out of Dr. Locke's study—cookery in any shape or form didn't interest him for quite two hours after, which is saying something when Bunter's weakness for the kitchen and all appertaining thereto is remembered.—Ed.)

NOT A FIBBER! By BILLY BUNTER.



I'm very fond of mutton,
I worship bully beef;
Some say I am a glutton—
It gives me pain and grief.
I am a mighty feeder,
A fact I can't deny;
But, all the same, dear reader,
I never tell a lie!

I'm guilty oft of "cribbing,"
It saves a lot of time!
But as for downright fibbing,
I reckon it a crime.
Deception—how I dread it!
It seems too mean and sly;
But this is to my credit—
I never tell a lie!

I often get a bumping
For raiding someone's stores;
I often get a clumping
For listening at doors.
I know it brings disaster
To be a beastly spy;
But (ask each Greyfriars master)
I never tell a lie!

There's Snoop and Stott and Skinner—
They fib the whole day through;
They say it's fish for dinner
When all the time it's stew!
And many a far-fetched story
They tell the passers-by;
But this is my great glory—
I never tell a lie!

Dear readers, gay and youthful,
Model yourselves on me;
Always be strictly truthful
Like good old Billy B.
It's always right and proper
To tell the truth, that's why;
And I'm a perfect "topper"—
I never tell a lie!



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NIGHT MONDAY'S PROGRAMME!

(Continued from page 2.)

A QUESTION OF AGE.

Why does not the Owl grow old? That's what one of my chums wants to know. It seems to be expected that the Remove chums will trip down to the twinkling footlights and sing the old song:

"Oh, we're not as young as we used to be,
Though we're not as old as we look!
But where'er we be,
We hope that we
Will go on like Tennyson's brook."

(Long and prolonged cheers.) This question of growing old has often been debated. The Greyfriars fellows do not grow old. They know better. None of your here to-day and gone to-morrow business with them! Can you imagine Bunter with side-whiskers and Wibley with a permanent goatee beard? The Remove and the rest go on, and will go on going on. That's all about it! They have the magic elixir of youth. So why worry?

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A SPECIAL NUGENT YARN.

Many readers have written me about the excellent quality of the stories written by Frank Nugent. These correspondents have made it pretty plain that what the MAGNET wants is a longer tale from the same pen. I have, therefore, decided to give Nugent more scope, and a longer story emanating from his fountain-pen will appear in an early issue of the MAGNET. Nugent's biographer says that Nugent's "abilities are frequently under-estimated by his opponents." But nobody is going to underrate his literary abilities. Nugent is a hard hitter and a keen sportsman, while he can write like a good 'un. I shall be glad to hear what you all think of this new feature, also of the "Golden Pyramid."

"CROSS WORD" PUZZLE No. 4.

In next week's issue of this paper will be found another fascinating Cross Word puzzle, together with the solution of problem No. 3. I am certain that Magnetites will feel absolutely at home with this additional feature. It's good fun, anyway, and the problems are not too difficult. A few words on a postcard, expressing an opinion of these puzzles, would be very acceptable to
YOUR EDITOR.

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