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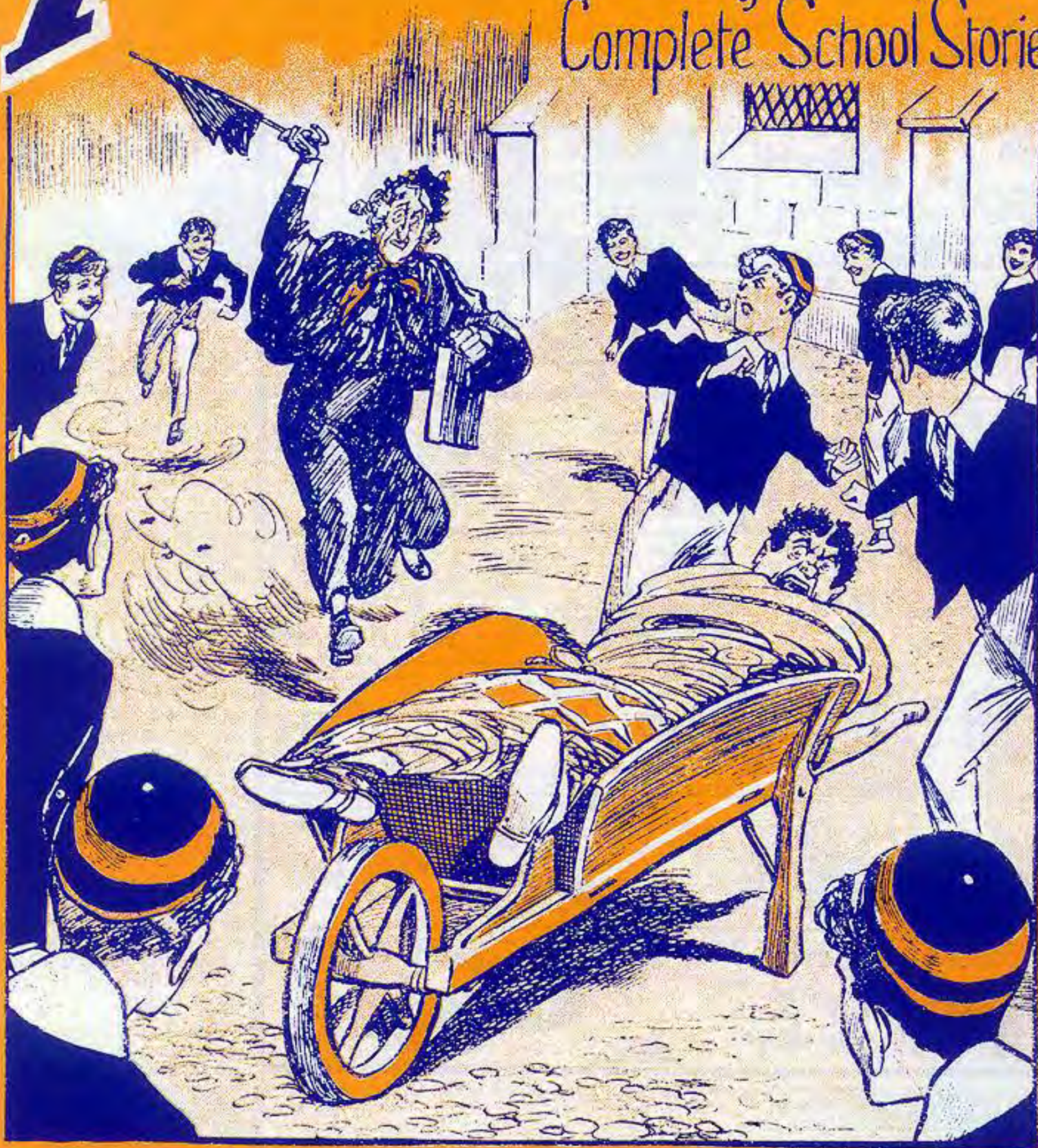
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The Magnet 2^d

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READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY:

The First Prize of £5 will be awarded to the reader who sends a correct, or most correct, solution of the puzzle paragraph, and the twelve other prizes will be awarded in order of merit.

The Editor reserves the right to divide the value of the prizes should this be necessary. It is a distinct condition of entry that the Editor's decision be accepted as final.

Solutions containing alterations or alternatives will be disqualified.

You may send in as many attempts as you like, but each must be accompanied by a separate picture and coupon, signed IN INK.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

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Name

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MAGNET Closing date, April 7th.

ONCE SEEN NEVER FORGOTTEN! Aunt Judy has very decided views on life and all that therein is. If she thinks her "darling" nephew is cleverer than his Form-master, then he is cleverer! Towering figures in cap and gown absolutely wilt beneath Aunt Judy's frown—they are as wax in her hands. Thus a gasp of dismay goes up from authority at Greyfriars when auntie visits the school, and a bigger gasp still—of relief—when she departs!



A mirth-provoking story of Harry Wharton & Co., the Famous Chums of Greyfriars, with Aunt Judy, Horace Coker's doting Aunt, in the limelight.

Told by FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

A Moving Job!

BUMP! Biff! Bump! Those loud concussions sounded on the stairs, and the Famous Five of the Remove, who had just come in from Little Side, halted in surprise.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry. "What's on?"

Harry Wharton chuckled.

"Looks like a moving job!" he remarked.

"My hat! It's Coker!" ejaculated Frank Nugent. "And Potter and Greene! What the dickens are they up to?"

Bump!

Horace Coker of the Fifth, minus his jacket and with his shirt-sleeves rolled up in a businesslike manner, was hoisting a heavy bookcase up the stairs, with the assistance of his study-mates, Potter and Greene. All looked very red and hot—especially Coker—and their struggle with the bookcase made them quite breathless. Coker's rugged face wore a do-or-die expression, but the other two seemed to be fed-up with the operation.

"Careful, Potter, you ass!" snorted Coker, as the bookcase bumped on the banisters and lurched over at a perilous angle. "You'll have the rotten thing overboard in a minute!"

Potter glared.

"Careful yourself, Coker!" he snapped. "You lugged it over the banisters!"

"Why, you blithering dummy, I saw you shove it from below, and—"

"Look out!" yelled Greene, as the bookcase gave another lurch. "Hold her, Coker!"

"Ow!"

Horace Coker grabbed the bookcase just in time, and in doing so he gave his "funnybone" a nasty crack. He gasped and bestowed a homicidal glare on his assistants.

"You dundering fatheads—"

"Rats! It was your own silly fault, Coker!"

"Look here, George Potter—"

"Br-rr-rrrr!"

"If you're looking for a thick ear—"

"Oh, cheese it, Coker!" snapped Greene irritably. "Let's get on with the job. The banisters will give way in a minute!"

The chums of the Remove, looking on, with their hands in their pockets, grinned serenely. It was evident that the labour of the moving job was having an exasperating effect upon the tempers of Coker & Co. Potter and Greene were Coker's devoted followers; indeed, it was generally considered marvellous how they stood Coker as much as they did. But there was a limit, and it seemed as if it was being reached. Coker & Co. looked ready to punch each other's heads.

Bump!

The heavy bookcase hit the wall at the top of the stairs, and a little shower of plaster rattled down. Then it thudded down on the linoleum, and Coker & Co. let it rest there while they took their second wind.

Coker glared at the grinning Removites.

"Clear off, you cheeky fags!" he snorted. "There's nothing for you to cackle at!"

"Go hon!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Opinions differ, old tulip, and we think there is! What's the giddy wheeze, anyhow?"

"Mind your own business and sheer off!" snapped Coker.

"Want any help?" asked Johnny Bull. "That merry bookcase seems rather a handful for you chaps!"

"Rats!"

"Let's get a move on this thing!" exclaimed Potter. "We're blocking up the passage. Besides, there's the rest of the stuff to shift in yet."

Harry Wharton & Co. stared.

"My hat!" said Nugent. "I remember I saw a barrow just inside the gates

with an armchair and other props on it. They must be Coker's."

"Are you refurnishing the old den, Coker?" asked Bob Cherry sweetly.

"Groooogh!"

Coker was too busy with the bookcase to reply.

It lurched from side to side, and the doors flew open and one of the shelves fell out. Greene trod on the shelf and split it. There was a howl of wrath from Coker.

"You thumping idiot! Look what you've done!"

"I couldn't help it!" gasped Greene. "You up-ended the rotten thing—"

"You—you—you—"

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

Coker looked at the Removites as though he would have liked to eat them.

"Sheer off!" he howled.

"Not likely!" chortled Bob Cherry. "This is jolly interesting! Better than a pantomime, by Jove! Coker & Co.—furniture removers! I wouldn't miss it for worlds!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, never mind the cackling young idiots!" snorted Potter. "Let's get along with this thing!"

Crash, crash, crash!

"Yarrooogh!" roared Coker, as a door flew open and struck him on the jaw.

"Look out!" shrieked Potter.

Crash, crash!

Coker let go of the bookcase, and Greene dodged, thinking that it was going to fall on him. Potter clutched at the bookcase, but he clutched in vain. It reeled over, crashed against the wall, and there was a shattering of glass and a splintering of wood as the bookcase descended to the floor with a thud.

"Ow!" yelled Potter, as one end went on his toe. "Yarrooogh!"

"My hat!"

"That's done it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Removites. Coker & Co. gazed in dismay at the smashed bookcase. Then, with one

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accord, they rushed at the hilarious Remove fellows, Potter limping a little.

"Kick the cheeky rotters down the stairs!" yelled Coker. "I'll teach 'em to come sniggering round here!"

Coker led the charge, and he sailed into the midst of Harry Wharton & Co. with fists flying. Like one man the Removes swarmed round Coker, and in the twinkling of an eye the great Horace was whirled over and hurled back along the corridor. Potter and Greene were rushing on, when Coker's flying figure crashed into their legs and bowled them over like skittles.

"Yooooo-wooooo-wooooo!" gurgled Coker.

"Yaroooo!" roared Greene.

"My hat! Ow!" moaned Potter.

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

Coker & Co. arose in great wrath. A bump showed on the great Horace's forehead, and there was a smear of dust on his rather prominent nose, where Potter's boot had wiped against it.

"Yow!" he moaned. "I—I'll spifficate those Remove rotters! Groogh! My napper! I—"

"Coker!"

Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, came striding majestically along.

It was time for Harry Wharton & Co. to make themselves scarce. They disappeared round the corner of the landing at a great rate.

Mr. Prout gazed at the ruins of the bookcase and then at Coker & Co., who looked very sheepish.

"Bless my soul! What is all this disturbance about?" exclaimed the Form master.

"It—it fell over!" stuttered Coker.

"So I perceive!" said Mr. Prout tartly. "You should not have attempted to carry such a heavy article of furniture upstairs without expert supervision, Coker."

"Oh crumbs!"

"Whose bookcase is it, Coker?"

"Mine, sir!" gasped Horace. "I bought it with a lot of other things. I'm refurnishing my study."

Mr. Prout looked surprised.

"Indeed!" he said. "And for what reasons are you refurnishing, Coker?"

"Well, sir, the room is a bit untidy, and a lot of the furniture has been knocked about in its time," said Coker. "My Aunt Judy is coming to tea this afternoon, and I—I thought I'd smarten up the place before she came."

The news that Coker's Aunt Judy was coming seemed to startle the Fifth Form master. He knew the good lady—to his cost.

All Greyfriars knew Aunt Judy. That ancient and belligerent lady was quite a celebrity. She was reputed to be fabulously rich, and she certainly kept Coker well supplied with funds. Coker, indeed, was the apple of her eye, and in Aunt Judy's opinion there was nobody else in the world like her Horace, which, in a way, was true.

It was common knowledge at Greyfriars that it was only through Aunt Judy's agency that Coker had got into the Fifth at all, and some hinted darkly that she had bullied the Head into putting Coker into the Fifth. The point as to whether Miss Coker had actually threatened the Head with her umbrella had never been definitely settled, but the fact remained that Coker, who was a great dunce, and whose spelling was like a backward fag's in the Third, had been pitchforked into the Fifth after his aunt had had a very stormy interview with Dr. Locke.

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"Hum!" said Mr. Prout. "I have no objection to your taking fresh furniture into the study, Coker, but you are a dolt to allow this unseemly disorder to take place. You will remove this rubbish at once! Moreover, do not make a noise, or I shall return and bring my cane with me!"

"Ye-es, sir!"

Mr. Prout strode away with rustling gown. The chums of the Remove, who had been watching from a safe distance, now came towards Coker & Co.

Coker clenched his big fists, and made a warlike movement towards them; but Bob Cherry wagged a chiding forefinger at him.

"Naughty, naughty!" he said reprovingly. "I should hate to see Prouty spank you like a naughty fag!"

"What! You—you—you—"

Horace Coker could find no words with which to express himself. He made a wild dash at the Famous Five, who promptly retreated to their own passage, laughing uproariously.

His face red with rage, Coker went back to the bookcase, and he and his disgruntled comrades once more exerted themselves upon that damaged article of furniture. It looked a miserable wreck of a bookcase by the time they got it into the study.

"Whew!" gasped Potter, his face pink with exertion and wrath. "Look at the state of this room! You've been pulling it to pieces, Coker!"

"Look at it!" stuttered Greene.

Coker's study had been turned upside down and inside out. Everything was out of place, and it really appeared as though Horace had been preparing for a hurried evacuation.

"What are you asses glaring at?" demanded Coker brusquely. "I've been shifting things, that's all. I want the place nice and tidy for auntie to see. You chaps can set to and put things straight and tidy up, when we've got the other things up."

"Oh, can we!" said Potter grimly.

"Yes," said Coker in his lordly manner. "I upset the coal-scuttle, and a lot of the coal-dust has got trodden about the floor and the carpet. That means the floor will want scrubbing and the carpet will want beating. You chaps can do that."

"Great pip!"

"I would have got one of the servants to do it, but it happens to be their afternoon off," said Coker. "But it won't take you fellows long if you buck into it."

"What about yourself, Coker?" said Greene.

"Me? Oh, I'll superintend things, and tell you what to do," said Coker loftily.

"My hat!" gasped Potter. "Of all the nerve! This is too thick! We'll jolly well tell you what to do, Coker. You can go and eat coke!"

"What?" roared Coker.

"Do you think you're going to make skivvies of us?" hooted Greene. "Don't think it matters! We've stood enough from you, Coker, and this is where we kick! You've made the study in this mess, and you can jolly well clear it up!"

"Rather!" snorted Potter. "We've had enough. Blow you, Coker, and blow Aunt Judy! You can finish the rotten job yourself. Yah!"

Coker gasped.

He could hardly believe his ears. For his devoted study-mates to turn like the proverbial worm and "slang" him—it was incredible!

"Why, you—you cheeky rotters!" he managed to gasp out at last. "I'll

smash you! I'll— Lemme get at you!"

Coker charged at his rebellious followers like a bull, and Potter and Greene bolted out of the study. Potter was not quick enough, and as he bolted Coker's huge boot caught him. Potter flew headlong into the corridor outside. He clutched Greene to save himself, and both the Fifth-Formers went down with a loud concussion.

Bump!

"Yooooop!"

"Ow! Gerroff my neck! Yow!"

Coker glared.

"Now, are you chaps coming in to finish the work, or shall I jolly well scrag you?"

"Yow! You can finish the rotten—wow!—work yourself!" moaned Potter, and he jumped up like a jack-in-the-box when Coker made another rush.

Greene sprang up like lightning, and he and Potter whipped down the passage at great speed. Coker bellowed after them; but, like Baalam's ass, they heeded not the voice of their master. They disappeared round the corner, and Coker was left alone in all his glory.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Willing Workers!

"HUH! The rotters! Now what the dickens am I to do?"

Coker scowled as he looked round his study.

Potter and Greene had deserted him in his hour of need, and the study had to be got into shipshape before Aunt Judy arrived.

Coker realised that he could not possibly do all the work himself. The room had to be cleared out, the carpet cleaned, and the floor scrubbed. There was furniture to shift out, and the new "props" to shift in. Coker had arranged with the Friardale dealer that the barrow containing the new furniture should be left at Greyfriars, to be emptied and reloaded with the old stuff, which the dealer had undertaken to purchase. Aunt Judy had written to say that she would arrive at Greyfriars for tea, and it was rapidly approaching tea-time now.

Something had to be done before auntie came. Horace had a great respect for his aunt, and he could not possibly allow her to find his study in that horrible condition.

"I'll slaughter those two rotters when they do come back!" he vowed. "Huh! I—I shall have to get some fags, that's all!"

Coker left his study, and, going to the end of the corridor, lifted up his lusty voice unto the heavens.

"Fag!" he bawled.

Dicky Nugent and Bolsover minor, who were just coming from the Sixth Form passage, halted in amazement when they heard Coker calling for a fag.

"My only Aunt Jane!" ejaculated Dicky. "Of all the nerve! Coker wants a fag!"

"Fag!" bawled Coker.

He caught sight of the two Second-Formers and beckoned to them.

"Hi, you kids! I want you!" he exclaimed.

"Want away, but we're jolly well not coming!" retorted Dicky. "D'you think we'd fag for you, Coker? Not likely!"

"You cheeky little imps—"

"Yah! Rats!"

"And many of 'em!" chimed in Bolsover minor.

Coker started forward angrily and the fags scuttled away like rabbits to their warrens. They passed the word round among their fellow fags, and nobody answered Coker's call.

Coker went on bawling, but his voice was like unto that of one crying in the wilderness. No fags were forthcoming! Breathing hard through his nose, Coker stamped back into his study. He unearthed a sheet of impot paper from amongst the debris on his table and laboriously scrawled a notice which ran as follows:

"FAGGS WANTED! GOOD PAY
FOR WILLING WERKERS!
Applikants kall at wunce.
H. COKER,
Vth Form."

Coker left his study, and, striding down to the Hall, he flourishingly pinned the paper on the notice-board. He stepped back and regarded it with some satisfaction, and then, keeping his nose very high in the air, as he passed some Removites, walked back to his study.

There were loud exclamations in Hall when Coker's notice was read.

"The cheek!"

"The nerve!"

"Coker wants fags!"

"Of all the neck!"

"Yank it down!"

Harry Wharton & Co. came over and stared at the notice.

"Well, if that doesn't beat the band!" ejaculated Frank Nugent. "Coker wants fags! Good pay for willing workers! Oh, my hat!"

"He can jolly well look for his fags!" snorted Tubb of the Third. "Fancy Coker having the cheek to want to fag us—and for money, too! He can go and fry his face!"

"Rather!" chorused the other fags indignantly.

Bob Cherry gave a sudden chuckle.

"I suppose Cokey wants some one to help him refurbish his study," he said thoughtfully. "Potter and Greene have evidently turned the job in. I saw them come down a little while ago, looking fit to tear their hair. They'd had a row with Coker. I reckon."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Coker wants fags," murmured Bob. "Now, what about little us?"

"Us?" ejaculated his chums.

"Why not? We're willing workers, aren't we? And we're on the rocks, as it happens, and good pay under such circumstances isn't to be sneezed at. Besides, kids, look what a joy it will be, working for Coker! I'm sure we could make our work a pleasure, don't you think so?"

Harry Wharton burst into a laugh.

"Oh, I catch on, Bob!" he exclaimed. "It would be a bit of a rag—what?"

"Rather!" grinned Bob. "That is, if Coker takes us on. Anyway, we'll apply for the job, and if he turns us down we can bump him for his cheek."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry led the way, and his chums followed. They arrived at Coker's study, and Bob Cherry knocked at the door and opened it by the simple expedient of jamming his foot against it. Coker was inside, looking very red and hot, making manful attempts to knock the broken bookcase into some shape or form by means of a hammer and sundry nails. He glared at the Removites in a most unwelcome manner.

"What do you cheeky rotters want?" he demanded.

"Good pay," said Bob Cherry meekly.

"Eh?"

"We're willing workers, you know," said Nugent.

"The willingness and the workfulness



Potter clutched at the bookcase in vain. It reeled over, crashing against the wall, and there was a shattering of glass and a splintering of wood as the bookcase descended to the floor with a thud. "Ow!" yelled Potter as one end went on his toe. "Yarooooogh!" "Silly ass!" roared Coker wrathfully. "You've broken the blessed thing now!" (See Chapter 1.)

of our humble and unworthy selves will be truly terrific!" said Hurree Singh blandly.

Coker stared.

"Oh!" he said. "You've seen the notice on the board?"

"Yes, Coker."

"And you've come for a job?"

"Yes, Coker," chorused Harry Wharton & Co. in humble tones.

Coker frowned a little.

"I'm not so sure about taking on you cheeky Remove rotters," he said. "But as I'm in urgent need of assistants I might consider you. It means work, you know."

"We're gluttons for it, Coker!"

"The pay will be a tanner an hour—"

"Make it two bob, Coker!" said Bob Cherry. "We must have a Union wage, you know."

"Sixpence an hour," said Coker firmly. "And you'll have to be civil. I don't hold with these modern ideas of petting and coaxing employees. Now, if you want the job I'll take you on, to start right away. Is it a go?"

"It's a go!" said Harry Wharton.

"Then get to work and clear this study!" said Coker loftily. "A lot of the stuff will have to be shifted out into the corridor for the time being. I want the carpet rolled up, and a couple of you can beat it. Another can scrub the floor, and another can do some dusting. There are still some things to come up from downstairs, but they can be

fetched when the study's clear a bit. Cherry and Hurree Singh, you can be rolling up the carpet while Wharton gets a pail of water, a scrubbing-brush, and some soap for the floor."

"Yes, sir," said the Removites solemnly.

Bob and Inky cheerfully set about pulling up the carpet, whilst Harry Wharton went away for a pail of water and cleaning utensils.

Frank Nugent and Johnny Bull wired into the task of removing Coker's unwanted "props" into the corridor outside. They did not stand upon ceremony.

Bump, bump, bump! went the furniture.

"Here, steady there!" exclaimed Coker. "I don't want those things bashed about—the Friardale dealer is going to buy 'em!"

"Yes, sir!"

"And hurry up!" snapped Coker. "I can't pay hands sixpence an hour for slacking! Hurry up with that chair, Bull!"

"Certainly, sir!"

Johnny rushed forward with the chair, and it was most unfortunate that Coker happened to be standing in the way, for the chair caught him nicely in the region of his waistcoat, and the mighty Horace was bowled over like a ninepin.

"Yarooooogh!"

Crash!

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"Sorry, sir!" said Johnny apologetically, and he nipped outside with the chair with great expedition.

When he returned Coker had picked himself up, and was "ragging" Nugent for having knocked the spout off the teapot.

Meanwhile, Bob Cherry and Inky had untacked the carpet, and now had it loose, ready to pull up. Coker was standing on one end of the carpet when Bob and Inky raised the other end.

"Heave!" said Bob, and he and Inky heaved together.

Up came the carpet, and over went Coker with a crash.

"Yoooooooooogh!"

"Sorry, sir!" exclaimed Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker lay on the floor, looking quite dazed. It took him several seconds to collect his wits. Then he jumped up and grabbed the poker.

"You little sweeps, I'll larrup you for that!" he roared. "I'll—"

"Here, hold on, sir!" roared Bob, raising the carpet to shield himself and Inky from the poker. "You told us to pull up the carpet, sir! It was your own silly fault—ahem!—for standing on it!"

"Get out!" howled the incensed Horace. "Take the carpet out and beat it before I start beating you!"

"Yes, sir!"

"The hearfulness is the obeyfulness, mighty Coker!" said Hurree Singh.

Bob and Inky fairly ran out of Coker's study with the carpet.

Harry Wharton came along just then with a pail of steaming hot water, a cake of soap, and a scrubbing-brush.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob. "Going to start scrubbing, Harry? Better 'ware Coker—he's in a bit of a wax!"

"Right-ho!" laughed the Remove captain. "I'll 'ware Coker all right, don't worry!"

Coker glared at him as he walked in with the pail.

"You've been dawdling!" he growled.

"Oh, no, sir!" said Harry Wharton. "I've been waiting for the hot water, you know."

"I say you've been dawdling! Don't contradict me!"

"Oh, no, sir! Certainly not, sir! Shall I scrub the floor, sir?"

"Yes!" snapped Coker. "Get down to it!"

"Very well, sir!"

Harry knelt down on one of Coker's cushions, rolled up his sleeves and commenced to scrub the floor, using plenty of soap and water.

Harry, indeed, so warmed to his work that he soon had the whole floor swamped. Coker glared at him.

"Do you call that scrubbing?" he demanded.

"Yes, if you please, sir," said Harry meekly.

"Well, I don't! Get on with it, and do it properly!"

"Certainly, sir!"

Splash! Splash! Splash!

Coker gave a roar as a flood of water went over his boots and half-way up his trousers.

"You young idiot! You're swamping me!"

"Sorry, sir!"

"You—you—you—"

Scrub! Scrub! Scrub!

Coker turned his attention to the furniture shifters.

"Get a move on, Bull, you lazy rotter!"

"Yes, sir!"

"And don't jaw there with Nugent!"

"Yes, sir—no, sir!"

"Dust the mantelpiece, Nugent!"

"Yes, sir!"

"You can wipe the windows round, Bull."

"Certainly, sir!"

Coker breathed hard through his nose. He liked to be addressed as "sir," but now it was rather getting on his nerves.

Harry Wharton winked at Johnny, and began to swamp the floor with a liberal hand. Horace glared at the watery floor, and took a step forward towards Harry. Coker planted a huge foot on the cake of soap, and his legs gave way beneath him. He performed an ungraceful somersault and landed with a crash right in the pail of water.

Crash!

Splash!

"Yarooo-hooooogh!" bellowed Coker.

The room was now flooded out with a vengeance, and Horace sat in the midst of a huge puddle of water and soap-suds. Harry Wharton, Johnny Bull and Nugent also roared—with laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yooogh! I'm wet! Grooogh! You little rascals—Yowp! I'll pulverise you for this! Wow-ow! Lemme gerrup! Ow!"

Johnny Bull and Nugent kindly assisted Coker to his feet.

He shook a wet and soapy fist at Wharton.

"You—you young sweep! You're sacked!"

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Too Willing!

HARRY WHARTON looked surprised.

"Sacked? What for, sir?" he asked.

"You—you—I—I fell over the soap! I'm drenched! Grooogh! This is what comes of asking you Remove rotters to help me! Get out!" roared Coker.

"Look here, sir—"

"You're sacked!" bellowed Coker.

"You clumsy ass! Get out!"

"Right-ho!" said Harry cheerfully. "If I'm to be sacked, Coker, you might as well have the soap as well as the water. Here you are—oatch!"

Harry aimed deftly at Coker with the soap, and Coker caught it—on his nose!

"Yarooooogh!" howled Coker. "You young villain—Wow!"

Harry Wharton bolted.

Meanwhile, Bob Cherry and Inky had gone downstairs with the carpet. They met Squiff and Peter Todd on the stairs.

"Hallo!" said Squiff. "What's the giddy game?"

"We're going to beat Coker's carpet," grinned Bob. "Coming?"

"Rather!" said Squiff promptly.

"Wait till I get my bat!"

"I'm on!" said Peter Todd promptly.

"I'll fetch a scout stave!"

Downstairs, Bob and Inky ran into a group of Removites, comprising Bolsover major, Hazeldene, Trevor, Bulstrode, Russell, and Rake.

They stared when they saw the carpet.

"My hat! Whose carpet?" demanded Bolsover major.

"Coker's!" chuckled Bob. "We're going to beat it. You chaps like to lend a hand?"

"What-ho!"

"Get your weapons, kids!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Removites rushed away for their "weapons."

Others, when they heard what was on, expressed their complete willingness to assist at the beating of Coker's carpet. Quite a crowd followed Bob Cherry and Hurree Singh into the quad. Even Billy Bunter was there, armed with a stout wooden stave belonging to the Boy Scout troop.

"We'll hang the giddy thing under the elms," said Bob. "Get a rope, will you, Marky?"

Mark Linley hurried away and fetched a rope. Coker's carpet was strung up between two elm-trees, and the "beaters," armed with bats, stumps, staves, and all manner of weapons, ranged themselves on either side.

Blundell of the Fifth, who happened to be passing, stopped to stare. He demanded to know what was "on."

"We're going to beat Coker's carpet," said Bob Cherry.

"The beatfulness will be terrific!" grinned Inky.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Blundell continued on his way, chuckling. He could see that, as Hurree Singh had said, the beating of Coker's carpet would be "terrific."

"Ready, kids?" grinned Bob. "Now—go it!"

The carpet-beaters went it!

Whack! Whack! Biff! Wallop! Whack!

Clouds of dust arose from the carpet, but that did not deter the beaters. Their enthusiasm was enormous, and they whacked away as though their very lives depended upon it.

Whack! Biff! Thwack! Biff!

Never before had a carpet received such a beating!

The Removites warmed to their work and slogged at Coker's carpet with vim and vigour.

"Put your beef into it, chaps!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"What-ho!"

Whack! Whack! Biff! Biff! Whack! It was not long before holes and rents began to appear in the carpet, for it was decidedly old and worn. But the juniors kept on vigorously.

Whack! Whack! Wallop! Rip!

"My giddy aunt!" chuckled Tom Brown. "There won't be any carpet left to beat in a minute! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go it, ye cripples!"

Wallop! Whack! Biff!

Johnny Bull and Nugent appeared in the quadrangle, each carrying a chair and other oddments of Coker's discarded furniture.

Behind them stalked the mighty Horace himself, looking lofty and austere.

The sounds of the whacking and the laughter of the juniors caught his ears, and he strode over to the elm-trees.

"What's going on here?" he demanded.

"All serene, Coker!" said Bob Cherry, a little breathlessly. "We're beating your carpet!"

"What?"

"It's just about done in—I mean done, now, Coker!" grinned Bob. "We sha'n't be long!"

Coker almost dropped when he saw his carpet—or what remained of it after the terrific beating it had undergone.

"Mum-m-my hat!" he gurgled. "You—you little villains!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" howled Johnny Bull and Nugent.

Coker's face underwent a variety of expressions as he gazed on the tattered remnant of his carpet that hung from the rope. Then, clenching his fists and bellowing like a bull, he charged full

tilt into the midst of the chortling juniors.

"You villains! I'll smash you! I'll pulverise you! I'll—Yah! Wow! Leggo! Wooooop! Yarooooogh!"

Coker roared as the Removites closed round and he found himself grasped in many hands.

"The ungrateful rotter!" exclaimed Bolsover major, whose nose had received a heavy jar from one of Coker's flying fists. "This is what comes of trying to do Coker a good turn! Rag him!"

"Hurrah!"

"Yooooop! Yah! Hands off, you young sweeps! Yow! I'll mop up the floor with you—Wow! Yarooooogh!"

Harry Wharton came running over to supervise operations.

"That's what I call black ingratitude, Coker!" he said. "It's a rotten way to treat willing workers. You owe me a tanner in lieu of notice, too! Chaps, we must make an example of Coker! Roll him up in his giddy carpet!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The tattered carpet was dragged down from the rope, and Coker was rolled in it. The carpet was then roped round him, so that he could not escape. Only Coker's head and feet appeared at either end of the roll of carpet.

"Now dump him on the wheelbarrow with his giddy furniture, and we'll give him a run round the quad," said Harry Wharton.

"Good wheeze, Harry!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker roared as he was lifted and rushed away to the furniture dealer's wheelbarrow that stood by the gates.

"Yarooogh! You little villains! Lemme go! Yah! Oh, crumbs! Don't you dare put me on that barrow! Wow! Groogh! Rescue, Fifth! Oooogh!"

Bump!

Coker was dumped on the wheelbarrow and secured there.

Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, Vernon-Smith, and Squiff grasped the handles and trundled it away, amidst shouts of laughter from the crowd and bellows of wrath from the helpless Horace.

At that juncture the station cab drove in at the gates of Greyfriars and halted. An ancient maiden lady, arrayed in the black, flowing garments of the mid-Victorian era, descended from the cab, and she looked round in surprise on hearing the commotion in the quad near at hand.

The lady's gaunt, rather comical features took on an expression of horror when she saw Coker on the wheelbarrow, and a loud shriek burst from her lips.

"Horace!"

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Aunt Judy's Announcement!

"HORACE! My darling Horace!" Harry Wharton & Co. stopped in amazement when they heard that despairing cry. The shafts of the wheelbarrow went down with a bump.

"Oh, scissors!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Coker's aunt!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Wharton. "I didn't know she was coming!"

"Too bad!"

Aunt Judy, with her little black bonnet set in a warrior-like attitude at the back of her head, her eyes flashing, and her voluminous umbrella waving wildly, came running swiftly to the scene.

"Horace! Oh, my poor Horace!"

What are they doing to you, Horace?" she wailed.

"Gerr-rrugh! Googh!" said Horace in gurgling accents from the roll of carpet.

Bob Cherry and Harry Wharton made desperate efforts to undo the rope, but they sprang away with a series of yells when the belligerent Miss Coker commenced operations on them with her umbrella.

"You wicked boys, to treat my Horace so!" she shrieked. "How dare you! Take that—and that—and that!"

Whack! Whack! Whack!

"Yaroop!" roared Bob. "Stop it, ma'am! We didn't know you were coming! Wow! Cheese it! We're trying to undo Horace. Oh, crumbs! We wouldn't have ragged him—yaroop!—if we'd known—ow!—you were coming! Woorooogh!"

Blundell, Fitzgerald, Smith major, and Price of the Fifth came dashing up, choking with laughter, followed by Potter and Greene.

"All serene, ma'am!" gasped Blundell. "Go easy with that umbrella. We'll undo Coker!"

Miss Coker stood back, with umbrella raised and eyes gleaming with the light of battle, whilst the Fifth-Formers released Coker from his awkward predicament.

He stood up, gasping, his face crimson with wrath and humiliation.

His gasp ended in a muffled gurgle as Aunt Judy clasped him lovingly to her.

"My poor Horace! These wicked

boys have been ill-treating you. You have been roughly handled, my dearest boy!"

Coker's aunt kissed him affectionately on either cheek.

"Grooogh!" gasped the luckless Horace, glaring round with a crimson face. "I'll smash you little rotters another time! I'll—I'll—"

Coker spluttered and led his aunt away. Aunt Judy went, with one hand on Coker's arm and her other hand gripping her umbrella firmly, ready for action. Potter and Greene followed dutifully. They felt sorry for Coker.

Aunt Judy snorted with wrath.

"I was never more shocked in all my life, Horace, than when I saw you being roughly handled by those little hooligans just now," she exclaimed. "I don't believe you are treated properly at this school, Horace."

"Those cheeky Remove kids never do treat me with proper respect," growled Coker. "They get too much of a run. If I was captain of the school I'd keep 'em under, I know!"

"Then why aren't you captain of Greyfriars, Horace, hey?" demanded Aunt Judy.

"I—I—I— You see, Aunt—"

"I know what it is, Horace!" said Miss Coker shrilly, for all the amused onlookers to hear. "I know why it is! You are kept down by petty jealousy. With your brains and ability, Horace, you should be captain of the school! I know it!"



"Heave!" said Bob Cherry, taking hold of the carpet, and motioning to Inky. "Up with it!" Up came the carpet, and over went Horace Coker with a crash. "Yarooooogh!" howled Coker. "Sorry, sir!" exclaimed Bob Cherry meekly. "You told us to pull it up, sir!" "Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Co. (See Chapter 2.)

"Look here, aunt—" gasped Coker. "My dearest Horace! You are so modest and retiring!"

Harry Wharton & Co. almost exploded at that.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Coker modest and retiring! Just think of it, kids!"

Aunt Judy was waving her umbrella wildly to give emphasis to her remarks, and once she narrowly missed Billy Bunter's nose. The Owl promptly skipped out of range of that swooping gamp.

"I will see that you get your rights, Horace!" cried Aunt Judy. "They sha'n't keep down my wonderful Horace. They don't do you justice here, and I shall see that justice is done."

Aunt Judy stalked indoors and marched up to Coker's study.

Her eyes opened wide with surprise on beholding the various articles of furniture that were stacked in the passage, and she gave a little scream when she saw the long stream of water that was flowing out from under Coker's door.

"Goodness gracious! The room is flooded!" she cried shrilly. "Horace, what has happened? Has a pipe burst?"

"Nunno, aunt!" gasped Coker, furiously conscious of the subdued chuckles of his Form-fellows and the Removites who had gathered near by. "It's only a pail of water upset. I— Oh, don't go in!"

Aunt Judy already had the door open. She gazed into Coker's study, and her gaunt features took on an expression of amazement and horror. The condition of the room was certainly a sight to see and wonder at. It was as though a tornado, accompanied by earthquakes and civil commotion, had had Coker's study in their grip. Aunt Judy gasped, Coker snorted, Potter and Greene blinked, and the others chortled. They couldn't help it.

"G-g-goodness gracious!" exclaimed Aunt Judy in a faint voice. "This—this is your room, Horace?"

"Ye-es, aunt!" choked Coker. "I—I tried to get the place tidy, but the assistants I employed were no good, and—"

"Disgraceful!" shrilled Aunt Judy, and again her umbrella commenced to describe sweeping circular motions in the air. "I can see, now, what you have to endure at this school. This is positively disgraceful. I shall complain, Horace. I shall make it my business to see that you are better looked after. I—"

"Bless my soul! What is the meaning of all this commotion?"

Mr. Prout's voice broke in, and the boys in the passage gleefully made way for him. Aunt Judy glared at Mr. Paul Pontifex Prout.

"Ah—hum! Ahem! Good-afternoon, ma'am!" said that gentleman nervously.

Miss Coker seemed to tower over the plump little master of the Fifth. She waved her umbrella in a most warrior-like manner.

"Good-afternoon, indeed, sir!" she cried shrilly. "Look at my poor Horace's study! There is no comfort here at all! I came here this afternoon, expecting to find Horace happy and respected, as he should be. Greyfriars should be proud of my Horace! But what did I find, sir—what did I find?" Here Miss Coker's voice rose to a shrill falsetto, and Mr. Prout backed away, looking quite alarmed. "I found Horace being ill-treated by a parcel of young hooligans! They were wheeling him about on a wheelbarrow, sir! Just

think of it! My Horace on a wheelbarrow, being made a laughing-stock of! And now I find his study in this disgraceful condition, through no fault of his own. My poor Horace! How dare you allow my Horace to be treated so?"

"My dear Miss Coker—" gasped Mr. Prout.

"How dare you, sir!" shrieked Aunt Judy, shaking her umbrella at the astounded Mr. Prout. "You don't look after my Horace a bit! He is neglected—disgracefully neglected! How dare you allow my darling Horace to be ill-treated!"

"Bless my soul!" gasped Mr. Prout. "My dear Miss Coker—"

"Do not try to browbeat me, sir!" shrieked Miss Coker. "You are a brute! You would bully a defenceless woman!"

"Oh, my hat!" gurgled Bob Cherry. "Look at the giddy defenceless woman! My only hat!"

Aunt Judy did not look very defenceless as she brandished her umbrella at Mr. Prout—quite the opposite, in fact. Her aggressiveness unnerved Mr. Prout. He skipped out of range of the umbrella, and blinked at the irate female in dismay and trepidation. The boys in the passage were chuckling—all except Coker, that is. Horace's face was crimson. He was very fond of his Aunt Judy, but there were limits.

"I will see that Horace has his rights!" Aunt Judy shrieked. "I may be a defenceless woman, but I will have my Horace treated as he deserves!"

"My dear Miss Coker—" began Mr. Prout for the third time.

"I say, aunt—" gasped Coker.

"Do not worry, Horace. I shall see that matters are set right." Miss Coker turned upon the luckless Mr. Prout, who backed away. "Man! Monster! You have no word to say!"

"I—I—I really, ma'am—er—ahem!—um—my dear Miss Coker—"

"Don't 'dear Miss Coker' me!" cried Aunt Judy ferociously. "You are a coward, sir! You are as callous towards Horace as the others! But I will see matters righted. I will see the headmaster!"

"Oh, jeminy!" ejaculated Frank Nugent. "She's going to see the Head! Somebody had better go along and warn him, so that he can either hide or barricade himself in his study."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Miss Judy clapped a heavy, bony hand on Mr. Prout's arm.

"Lead me to the headmaster!" she cried. "I will take my complaint to Dr. Locke! Have no fear, Horace. I will see that all your wrongs are righted. Dr. Locke, I know, would not dare to argue with a defenceless female."

"Ye gods!" gurgled Blundell.

Mr. Prout hurried away, and Aunt Judy stalked after him, looking as ferocious as a Gorgon.

Coker made a wild dash for the bathroom to clean himself.

"Rough luck on him that we should rag his study when his aunt was expected," said Bob Cherry. "But we didn't know."

"The silly ass should have told us," grunted Johnny Bull.

"We'd better clear things up a bit," said Wharton. "Come on, chaps, pile in!"

The Co. piled in with a will. Potter and Greene also helped. Quickly and desperately the study was put into something like order, and Blundell mercifully allowed Potter to deposit the surplus goods and chattels into his study portmanteau. Greene went down to the tuckshop and laid in supplies for tea, whilst Potter went the rounds of the Fifth

Form passage to borrow crockery and a tablecloth.

By the time Coker came down from the bath-room the study was in ship-shape order. The sight of it restored his good humour. He even forgave Potter and Greene for deserting him. A huge fire was stoked up, the kettle put on, and some rounds of toast made. Then Greene and Potter, between them, set about frying the eggs and bacon, and soon quite a cheery atmosphere prevailed in Coker's room, where but a short while ago such violence had prevailed.

Meanwhile a crowd of Removites and Fifth-Formers had gleefully gone along to the corridor where the Head's study was situated, to see—or rather hear—the rest of the fun.

Aunt Judy's shrill voice could be heard raised in loud and voluble tones, and now and again the Head could be heard, but not very often. Coker's irate aunt, apparently, was doing most of the talking, and, as Skinner remarked, Dr. Locke could hardly "get a word in edgewise."

Once or twice the angry lady's umbrella could be heard beating emphasis on the floor to her remarks, and the juniors in the corridor wondered how that stormy interview would end.

"I hope she doesn't set about the Head," said Squiff. "We shall have to chip in if she does."

"I reckon the Head would have made himself scarce if he'd known Aunt Judy was coming," grinned Bolsover. "The poor old chap isn't a match for auntie and her gamp. I wonder what she's arguing about?"

"Perhaps she wants the Head to make Coker captain of the school," said Ogilvy.

"Oh, crumbs!"

Bang!

That was the Head's door opening, and a moment later Aunt Judy strode forth with her umbrella tucked under her arm and a very formidable expression on her face.

She glared at the juniors as she sailed past.

Dr. Locke opened his door very cautiously soon after, and ventured a timid look down the passage. The juniors noted that he looked particularly harassed, and that his venerable white locks were dishevelled.

"Dear me! What an extraordinary female!" he was heard to gasp to Mr. Prout. "Really, a most turbulent woman! Goodness gracious! Boys, kindly disperse, and make no disturbance."

The crowd quickly melted away.

Aunt Judy returned to Coker's study. She evidently remembered her way about, since her last memorable visit to Greyfriars.

"Huh!" she said, as she strode into Coker's room.

Potter and Greene made a point of keeping in the background.

"Tea's ready, aunt," said Coker.

"Thank you, Horace! The room certainly looks much better now," said Aunt Judy, a little more graciously. "I have interviewed Dr. Locke, and have told him what I think of the way you are treated here."

"Oh, jeminy!" gasped Coker.

"What did you say, Horace?" demanded Aunt Judy.

"Ahem! I—I—er—what did the Head say, aunt?"

"He was inclined to be intractable at first, Horace," said Aunt Judy grimly, "but I managed to instil a little common sense and reasoning into his head. He and Mr. Prout—and Mr. Prout especially

—seem to regard you as rather a backward boy, Horace. The very idea!"

Potter and Greene indulged in a soft chuckle.

"The very idea!" cried Aunt Judy shrilly. "I had to tell them, Horace, what a wonderful boy you are. And, would you believe it, they took an insufferable amount of convincing. But I managed to convince them!" Here Aunt Judy's masculine jaw set grimly. "Yes, Horace, it was a case of one helpless female against two unreasonable, obstinate men; but they did not have things all their own way. Their attitude only helped further to convince me that you are not estimated at your real value at Greyfriars, Horace, and that you are shamefully treated!"

"Ah—hum!"

"And so," said Aunt Judy, drawing herself up to her full height with a most majestic air, "and so, Horace, I have decided to stay at Greyfriars for a few days to look after you, and see if I cannot bring about an alteration in this abominable state of affairs."

Had a bombshell fallen in the room, Coker, Potter, and Greene could not possibly have been more thunderstruck. Aunt Judy's announcement took them utterly and completely by surprise.

Coker's jaw dropped, in fact, and he gazed at his aunt like one in a dream.

"Wha-a-a-at!" he ejaculated.

"I have decided, Horace, that it would be best for me to remain here at this school, to keep an eye on affairs, and see that justice is done to you!" said Aunt Judy firmly. "When I informed Dr. Locke of my intention he was antagonistic—in fact, he almost refused—but he ultimately agreed to the arrangement. I am to remain at Greyfriars for a few days."

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Potter.

"Gug-g-good lor'!" gurgled Greene.

As for Coker, he looked dazed.

"But—but aunt—" he gasped.

"Horace, you do not look pleased!" said Aunt Judy sharply.

"Nunno—I—I mean, of course, I'd like you to stay here, aunt, but—but I—"

"There are no buts in the matter at all, Horace," said Aunt Judy decisively.

"Dr. Locke has arranged for me to stay here, and here I mean to stay. I want to look after you, Horace!"

"But, aunt, you said in your letter that you were staying in Courtfield because you had important business to attend to," said Coker in dismay.

"I can deal with my private business here at Greyfriars as well as from an hotel in Courtfield," said Aunt Judy. "My mind is made up, Horace, and nothing will alter it. Surely you are pleased to have me here with you, my darling boy?"

"Oh, rather! Ye-es, rather!"

"And your friends, too, I hope?" said Aunt Judy, bending her gimlet gaze upon Potter and Greene.

Those youths smiled sickly smiles.

"We-we're awfully pleased, Miss Coker!" stammered Potter.

"Delighted!" mumbled Greene.

"Very well!" Aunt Judy took off her bonnet, and, much to Potter and Greene's relief, she laid down her umbrella. "Perhaps I can bring about a more amenable state of affairs for you here, Horace? I shall do my best, at any rate."

This Aunt Judy said in a very grim tone of voice.

Coker, Potter, and Greene exchanged meaning looks behind the good lady's back.

Aunt Judy sat down at the table, and tea was proceeded with.



Horace Coker planted a huge foot on the cake of soap as he stepped towards Harry Wharton. Crash! He performed an ungraceful somersault and landed with a crash right into the pail of water. Splash! "Yarroooh!" bellowed Coker. "Oh, my hat!" roared Wharton. "Ha, ha, ha!" (See Chapter 3.)

Horace Coker did not look at all happy, and he hardly ate anything.

Perhaps he was thinking of the stirring times that were bound to be in store for him, now that Aunt Judy had temporarily "settled" herself at Greyfriars.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Skinner's Little Plot!

GREYFRIARS could hardly take it in.

It seemed impossible, yet it was true. Billy Bunter said so, and Bunter had it from his usual indisputable source—from listening at a keyhole! Billy Bunter had listened at Coker's keyhole, and had borne the news in hot haste to the junior Common-room. All Greyfriars knew of it before tea was over in Coker's study, and everybody gasped at the news.

Aunt Judy to stay at Greyfriars to look after Coker!

It was, as Blundell said, the limit!

Great was the mirth in the junior quarters. Harry Wharton & Co. simply chortled over it, and looked upon it as a huge joke. So, indeed did all Greyfriars, with the exception of Coker himself and the Head and Mr. Prout.

These latter two gentlemen were quite put out about it.

They frankly did not want Aunt Judy at Greyfriars, yet what could they say

once that truculent lady had made up her mind? Wild horses would not drag her from her determination; she wanted to stay to look after Horace, and Dr. Locke had given in to her whim—"for the sake of a quiet life," as Bob Cherry put it.

Aunt Judy was fully convinced that her dearest Horace was not treated properly at Greyfriars—that he was very badly treated, in fact, considering what a truly great and wonderful personage he was. All Greyfriars, to her idea, should bow humbly before the shrine of Coker and worship him. Her Horace bestowed a great honour upon Greyfriars by being there at all, she thought, and it was intolerable that nobody at the school seemed cognisant of that fact.

But auntie intended to remedy all that! Coker was from henceforth under her wing!

Dr. Locke had a room prepared for the visitor, and Greyfriars awaited the results of Aunt Judy's stay with great expectations.

Skinner & Co. discussed matters in Study No. 11 that evening.

"Chaps," said Harold Skinner, who had been thinking rather deeply, "I reckon it's up to us to help Aunt Judy look after Coker!"

Snoop and Stott looked curiously at Skinner.

"What's the wheeze?" inquired Sidney James Snoop.

"Well, in the first place we can put all sorts of giddy ideas into her head about old Cokey!" chuckled Skinner. "And auntie's bound to believe 'em. For instance, what about telling her that Horace's bed in the Fifth Form dormitory stands in the way of a draught from the window? We could then start her shifting about the beds in the dorm. Then we could tell her that Horace ought to wear a nightcap, and spoof her into making Coker wear one. We'll rake up one of old Gossy's nightcaps, and give it to auntie for Horace to wear. That would be a scream—especially if someone got into the dorm in the night, and put some glue on the giddy nightcap. It would be a ripping rag!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The humorous Skinner sallied forth to put his "wheeze" into execution, and his chums went with him to back him up.

Gosling, the aged school porter, always wore a nightcap, and he usually favoured the striped variety. Skinner had no difficulty in purchasing from Gossy a large nightcap of a red and white striped pattern. This he bore triumphantly indoors, and, just before bedtime, Skinner & Co. waited for Aunt Judy on the stairs.

They looked very meek and mild when Aunt Judy sallied forth to say good-night to her dear Horace.

She glared at them, and would have passed on haughtily had not Skinner stepped forward with a tactful cough.

"Ahem! Excuse me, ma'am!" he said.

"Well, little boy?" demanded Miss Coker, in a far from propitiating tone.

"We wish to speak to you about Horace, ma'am," said Skinner meekly. "We are all very fond of Horace, aren't we, chaps?"

"We are!"

"We is!"

"And we really respect him very much, don't we, chaps?"

"We do," said Snoop and Stott in chorus.

Aunt Judy looked somewhat mollified.

"And we worry over him a great deal," said Skinner solemnly. "If anything should happen to Coker, we should never get over it, ma'am. We should wither and pine away, and mourn Coker to our dying day! Wouldn't we, chaps?"

"We would!" said the "chaps," with great feeling.

"We don't want to lose Coker," went on Skinner, "and I think we ought to warn you, ma'am, that he is in great danger!"

Aunt Judy opened her eyes wide with horror.

"In danger! My Horace in danger!" she cried. "How?"

"From draughts!" said the humorist of the Remove solemnly.

"Draughts!" cried Aunt Judy.

"Yes, ma'am—draughts!" said Skinner. "His bed in the Fifth Form dormitory is near the window, and he's in danger of catching his death of cold, for there's an awful draught from that window."

Skinner spoke quite truly, for there was a draught from the centre window in the Fifth Form dormitory, though nobody had yet complained about it.

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"You know, ma'am, how weak Horace is in his head," said Skinner. "Coker's head is his weakest spot. And if he should catch a cold from that draught, and die—"

Aunt Judy was visibly impressed. "I will have his bed moved!" she cried. "My Horace shall not run a risk by sleeping in a draught!"

"He ought to wear a nightcap, too, ma'am," said Skinner impressively. "A nightcap is now his only safeguard against the results of being so long in that death-dealing draught! In fact, we felt so worried about Horace that we got this nightcap for him, and we should feel greatly obliged, ma'am, if you'd make him wear it—for our sakes! Make him promise to wear it all night!"

Aunt Judy took the nightcap which Skinner proffered.

"Thank you, dear little boy!" she said, almost gushingly. "You are so thoughtful of my darling Horace! I will certainly make him wear this nightcap; it will protect his poor head!"

Aunt Judy smiled—actually smiled—and then she hurried away.

Skinner & Co. also smiled, and when auntie was out of sight and hearing, they roared.

"Poor old Horace!" chortled Snoop. "Won't he look a guy, if auntie makes him wear that nightcap? Ha, ha, ha!"

Aunt Judy, with Skinner's solemn words vividly impressed upon her, sought out Mr. Prout. That gentleman was polishing his famous Winchester repeater in his study when Miss Coker called. He gasped when Aunt Judy banged her fist on the table.

"My Horace is in danger!" she cried. "I want his bed moved at once!"

"My dear madam—"

"Don't 'dear madam' me!" shrilled Aunt Judy. "My Horace's bed stands near the window, in a draught, and I demand that his bed be moved immediately!"

"But I assure you, Miss Coker—"

"Will you, or will you not, do as I request, sir?" demanded Aunt Judy.

"Er—ah—hum— Yes—yes—yes, certainly, Miss Coker!" gasped Mr. Prout hurriedly. "I will have Coker's bed removed at once."

Aunt Judy followed, to superintend operations.

Gosling was called to the Fifth Form dormitory, and Coker's bed was placed near the fireplace. When the Fifth-Formers came up to bed they gasped with surprise.

"My hat! Who shoved Coker's bed by the fireplace?" demanded Blundell. "Some silly ass has been having a lark!"

Potter chuckled.

"That's some of Aunt Judy's doings!" he said. "She got an idea from somewhere that Cokey's bed was in a draught over there by the window, and that he would catch a cold in his poor little head and die!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Here's Coker!"

Horace came in, looking very red. He glared at his laughing Form-fellows.

"What are you thumping idiots cackling over—eh?" he demanded.

"Faith, an' auntie will soon be after gettin' you a private room, entiorely!" grinned Fitzgerald. "How's your poor head, Coker darlin'?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker growled and undressed.

When the Fifth had all turned in, and the lights were out, a tap came at the door, and Aunt Judy entered, bearing a candle.

"Horace, darling!" she said softly. "Hallo!" grunted Coker, from his bed by the fireplace.

"Are you warm, Horace?"

"Yes, aunt, I'm all 'right," said Coker, conscious of the titters of his Form-fellows.

"Now, where's your night-cap, Horace?" asked Aunt Judy. "You haven't put it on, I see!"

"I—I—I've got it in my pocket, aunt," mumbled Coker.

"Horace! You know you said you'd wear it," said Aunt Judy severely. "Your poor head must be protected! As those dear thoughtful boys pointed out, your head is your weakest spot, Horace!"

Blundell & Co. almost exploded. They had to stifle their mirth under the bedclothes.

"Now, Horace, promise me you will wear the nightcap!" said Aunt Judy severely.

"I—I won't, aunt!" roared Coker rebelliously. "I don't need a night-cap! Those kids were pulling your leg! I—"

"Horace!" Aunt Judy's voice rose shrilly. "You dare speak to me like that, Horace! After all the loving care I lavish on you—"

"I'm sorry, aunt!" gasped Coker, in dismay. "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings—"

"Then wear that nightcap, Horace, for my sake!" said Aunt Judy. "I shall be upset if you don't. Promise me, Horace, that you will wear it."

"All right," grunted Coker. "I—I promise."

"You won't take it off, Horace?" said Aunt Judy anxiously. "Promise you will keep it on all night?"

"I—I promise!" gulped Coker.

"There's a dear boy! Good-night, darling Horace!"

Aunt Judy gave Coker a fond kiss, and, having seen him drag out the nightcap from his jacket and put it on, she left the dormitory.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

A "Cap-ital" Joke on Coker!

B LUNDELL & CO. sat up and chortled.

The sight of Coker wearing one of Gosling's nightcaps was really too funny for words. Smith major lit a candle, and the Fifth feasted their eyes on Coker. His bed, standing by the fireplace, was in full view of all.

"Ha, ha, ha!" they yelled.

Coker glared ferociously at his hilarious Form-fellows.

"Put that light out, Smith major!" he snorted.

"Ha, ha, ha! You do look fine, Coker!" roared Smith major. "You can't take off that natty little night-cap, you know! You promised your aunt to keep it on!"

"Mustn't leave your weakest spot unprotected, Cokey!" grinned Blundell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker sat up in bed, and his ragged face was crimson with shame—as crimson, almost, as the stripes on the night-cap he wore.

"You cackling idiots!" he howled, in exasperation. "Can't you put that light out and go to sleep? You're as bad as those cheeky Remove rotters! I'll smash them in the morning. They put my aunt up to this."

"You can bet your boots they did!" chuckled Blundell. "You must excuse us, Coker, but we must smile! Ha, ha, ha!"

The smile of Blundell & Co. was a most uproarious smile!

Coker jumped out of bed and brandished his brawny fists wildly. The tassel on his nightcap fairly wagged with wrath.

"If you chaps don't shut up cackling like a barnyard of hens, I'll smash you!" he roared. "Now, Smith major, will you put out that light?"

"Ha, ha, ha! All right, Coker!" gasped Smith major, who, like the rest of the Fifth, had a great respect for Coker's large fists. "Don't forget to keep your nightcap on! Ha, ha, ha!"

The light was extinguished, and Coker got back into bed, breathing wrath and fury.

The Fifth lay awake, chortling at Coker and chipping him for quite a long time. Then the door opened suddenly, and a light flashed in. Coker, starting up in bed, saw Harry Wharton & Co., and practically all the Remove crowded in the doorway and in the passage outside. They had come to see the result of Skinner's joke.

"Ha, ha, ha!" they roared. "You—you little rotters!" howled Coker. "I'll—I'll—"

"Chuck 'em out!" shouted Blundell. "We don't allow those little microbes here—not even to look at Coker. Out with 'em!"

Harry Wharton & Co. set down their candles and put on an aggressive front as Blundell & Co. sprang out of bed. A free fight in the dormitory would undoubtedly have ensued, had not Squiff suddenly spotted Wingate and North coming up the stairs.

"Cave!" he hissed. The Removites fled like flies, and when Wingate and North arrived, nothing remained but a few lighted candles to show that Harry Wharton & Co. had been there.

"What the dickens is all this disturbance about?" demanded Wingate angrily. "I've never heard such a row in the middle of the night. I—Why, what—oh!—ah! Ha, ha, ha!"

The school captain burst into a roar of laughter when his eyes beheld Coker in his nightcap.

North blinked at Coker, too, and he yelled.

Coker glared homicidally at the prefects.

"What is there to laugh at—hey?" he demanded truculently. "I suppose you're not looking for a thick ear by any chance, Wingate?"

"Ha, ha! What are you wearing that thing for, Coker?" demanded Wingate mirthfully.

"Aunt Judy made him wear it!" grinned Blundell. "Coker's promised to keep it on all night!"

"Oh, great Scott! Ha, ha, ha!"

Wingate and North staggered from the Fifth Form dormitory, after taking a long, lingering look at Coker. They were quite doubled up!

Coker snorted, and uttered lurid threats to his chuckling Form-fellows. They all returned to bed, and at length peace and quiet reigned in the Fifth Form dormitory. One by one the seniors dropped off to sleep. Coker was the last to succumb to the arms of Morpheus, but it was close on midnight before his well-known snore rang out in the dormitory.

Boom! The last stroke of midnight tolled from the clock-tower, and again the Fifth Form dormitory door opened. Bob Cherry, Harry Wharton, and Nugent crept in.

"All clear!" murmured Bob, who was carrying a glue-pot. "Coker's asleep—hark at his snore! He's a jolly-heavy sleeper, too, so I think we're safe. Careful how you go!"

Nugent kept "cave" whilst Harry and Bob crept to Coker's bedside.

Harry gently removed the nightcap from the sleeper's head, and, Bob, after stirring the glue-pot, gave the inside rim of that nightcap a liberal dose of glue.

He allowed the glue to get "tacky," and then he replaced the nightcap on Coker's head, pressing the rim ever so gently, but firmly, until it adhered all round.

Coker was snoring away at a great rate, in blissful unconsciousness of the liberties that were being taken with him. The rest of the Fifth slumbered on.

"There!" chuckled Bob softly, when the nightcap was replaced to his satisfaction. "Barring accidents, that giddy thing ought to be well set on old Coker's napper by the morning!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Shush-sh-sh!"

The midnight marauders left the Fifth Form dormitory as quietly as they had come, and Coker and his fellow seniors were left to sleep the sleep of the just.

Rising bell rang out loud and clear next morning, and Blundell was the first to wake.

"Yaw-aw-aw! Time to get up, chaps! By Jove, what a ripping day! Just right for our footer match with the Remove this afternoon!"

The Fifth Formers arose one by one, and a chorus of chuckles arose when they looked at Coker, who was still slumbering peacefully.

The nightcap still adorned his head, and his Form-fellows were highly amused. Fitzgerald woke Coker by the simple expedient of bawling in his ear:

"Wake up, slacker!" "Yow! Grooogh! All right, you idiot! I'm not deaf!" gasped Coker, waking abruptly from his dreams.

He arose, and his rugged face crimsoned when he saw the amused looks of his Form-fellows.

"Oh, crumbs! That rotten nightcap!" he ejaculated. "Thank goodness I can get that off now!"

Coker grasped the nightcap and pulled. But, to his utter amazement, it would not come off. He pulled, again, and it dragged his hair, and he gave a gasp of anguish.

"Yow, wow! The rotten thing's stuck!"

"Great pip!"

Coker tugged heartily at the nightcap, but found, to his horror, that it was a firm fixture on his cranium. His face went red and blue by turns.

"Oh, crumbs! What the dickens—Yow!" he gasped. "I say, Blundell, see if you can get this off for me!"

"Certainly!" said Blundell.

He grasped the nightcap and gave a mighty tug. There was a fiendish howl from Coker, who went staggering forward under the force of Blundell's tug.

"Yaroooooogh! Yah! Oh, crumbs! You're pulling my hair out! Ow-wow!"



"What the dickens—yow!" roared Coker. "I say, Blundell, see if you can get this blessed nightcap off for me!" "Certainly!" said Blundell. He grasped the nightcap and gave a mighty tug. There was a fiendish howl from Coker, who went staggering forward under the force of Blundell's tug. "Yaroooooogh! Yah! Wooooogh! You're pulling my hair out! Stoppl!" bellowed Coker.

(See Chapter 6.)

Blundell tugged away determinedly, and pulled Coker round the dormitory. But the nightcap remained firm on Coker's head, despite all Blundell's efforts.

Coker's yells rose crescendo, and so did the laughter of his Form-fellows.

"Go easy, Blundell!" chuckled Smith major. "You'll have Coker's scalp off in a minute!"

"Grooogh! Yah! Wow! Yow-wooooo!" moaned Coker. "Leggo, Blundell! Grooogh! Some rotter has glued this thing to my head!"

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

They had already come to that very obvious conclusion, and were immensely tickled.

"Some of those Remove rotters have been here during the night and glued that giddy nightcap to Coker's napper!" chuckled Blundell. "Oh, my only hat! What a scream! Coker, my son, you'll have to wear that all day!"

"I won't!" howled Coker furiously. "How can I go about with this thing stuck on my head? Groooooogh! Get some hot water, for goodness' sake! I shall have to soak it off! What are you standing there grinning at, George Potter? What's the joke, Greene—hey?"

Coker's faithful henchmen ceased to laugh, and they made haste to get Coker some hot water. Desperate efforts were made to remove that nightcap, but even hot water, at that stage, was unavailing.

Coker had perforce to dress himself with the nightcap still on his head, and when the breakfast-bell rang he stamped downstairs, breathing battle, murder, and sudden death.

A group of Removites were waiting at the bottom of the stairs. The appearance of Coker in his nightcap was greeted with a chorus of yells.

"Here's Coker!"

"Look at his giddy headgear!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Horace was almost beside himself with rage. He clenched his brawny fists and glared at Harry Wharton & Co.

"You little whelps did this!" he hooted. "You glued this to my head, you—you—you—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" chortled Bob Cherry. "Your weakest spot must be protected, you know, Cokey! Besides, there's a draught round your desk in the Form-room, and it wouldn't do for you to catch a cold in your poor little napper!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Think of us, Coker!" grinned Skinner. "What would Greyfriars be without you? Wear the giddy headgear and protect yourself from all ills!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker waited to hear no more. With a bellow like an enraged bull he charged into the midst of the laughing Removites. Those youths closed round, and all that could be seen of Coker for several minutes was the nightcap, which bobbed up and down in the vortex of the fray.

Then Horace went down the stairs in a series of bumps. He smote each stair with a mighty smite.

Bump, bump, bump!

"Yooooooooogh!"

Coker landed on the mat at the bottom in a heap, and at that precise moment Mr. Prout came sweeping along. He stopped short when he saw Coker and the nightcap.

"Coker!" ejaculated the master. "Coker, how dare you play pranks like this! Your conduct is most unseemly, sir, for a member of the Fifth Form! How dare you exhibit yourself wearing that ridiculous article of headgear! Remove it this instant!"

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

Never before had he so heartily wished that he could obey an order from Mr. Prout.

Mr. Prout blinked at him.

"Coker, do you seriously mean to say that you are unable to remove that—that nightcap from your head?" he demanded.

"It's stuck, sir!" moaned Coker. "I've tried to get it off, but it won't budge!"

"Bless my soul! How came it to be on your head, Coker?" demanded Mr. Prout.

"Mum-m-my aunt asked me to put it on, sir," stuttered Coker. "She—she wanted to protect me from the draught!"

"Oh! Hum! Bless my soul! I—I— That will do, Coker!" said Mr. Prout hastily, and he hurried away as he saw Miss Coker coming.

Aunt Judy swooped up, and she clasped Coker in fond embrace.

"My darling Horace! How are you this morning, Horace? Did you sleep well?" she gushed.

"Groooooogh! Ye-es, aunt, thanks!" gurgled Coker.

"There's a pet! And you wore the nightcap!" exclaimed auntie. "You were a good little boy, Horace! You are still wearing it!"

"Yow-wow!" moaned Coker. "I—I can't get the confounded thing off, aunt!"

"Deary me! Pull it, Horace!"

"Grooogh! I have, aunt!" moaned the luckless Horace. "It's been glued on!"

"Goodness gracious!"

Auntie had a tug, but found it impossible to remove that nightcap.

Blundell & Co. came down, grinning, and hurried Coker away to breakfast. There was a howl of laughter from the boys assembled at the tables in the breakfast-room when Coker walked in, with the nightcap flopping on his head. Coker glared round him homicidally and sat down at the Fifth Form table.

Mr. Prout swooped in, and he started when he saw Coker.

"Coker, you are creating a disturbance here with that ridiculous nightcap!" he exclaimed. "The boys will not be able to digest their breakfast. Kindly leave the room at once, and ask the matron to give you some breakfast in the kitchen."

Coker, his face a fiery crimson, stamped from the breakfast-room, followed by a chorus of chuckles.

He did not go to the matron for breakfast, but hid himself unto the bath-room, and there he devoted breakfast-time to desperate and determined efforts to remove that ghastly nightcap.

Coker wrenched the top off at last, and managed to soak away most of the brim, but when he left the bath-room there were still traces of glue round his noble brow and on his hair, and to the glue numerous threads of the nightcap still clung affectionately.

He managed to snatch a hasty meal in his study later, whilst Potter and Greene, armed with cricket-stumps, dutifully kept off the numerous kind inquirers who came to ask how Horace was getting on.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

A Defenceless Woman!

AUNT JUDY did not waste any time in looking after Horace. When the Fifth had assembled in their Form-room for lessons that morning and Mr. Prout was just about to commence, the Form-room door opened and Miss Coker sailed in, looking more like a gorgon than ever.

Mr. Prout timorously asked her what she wanted, whereupon Aunt Judy announced her intention of staying during lessons, to keep an eye on things.

This announcement was greeted with roars of laughter and approbation from the Fifth, but Coker and Mr. Prout did not appear at all pleased.

Mr. Prout attempted to persuade Aunt Judy to go, but that determined lady sat down in front of the class and refused to move.

Mr. Prout, with a helpless gesture, returned to his desk. The lesson commenced, amid chuckles from the Fifth.

Trouble began as soon as Mr. Prout asked Coker to construe.

Latin was not one of Coker's strong points, and he had ideas on the subject of construction that were peculiarly his own. He struggled with a passage from Ovid until Mr. Prout became thoroughly exasperated, and, forgetting Miss Coker's presence, commenced to tell Coker what he thought of him in words that were by no means minced.

Up rose Aunt Judy in wrath and indignation, and for the next ten minutes Mr. Prout himself "went through it," as Blundell described it. Miss Coker waxed quite voluble, and the Fifth expected to see her set about Mr. Prout at any minute with the pointer.

Poor Mr. Prout made several ineffective attempts to speak, until at last he took refuge behind the blackboard, and did not venture out again until Miss Coker had exhausted her breath and sat down.

Mr. Prout let Coker severely alone during the remainder of Latin lesson; but when it came to maths, Coker again came in for some uncomplimentary comments on his work.

Aunt Judy persisted in her belief that her Horace was right in everything and that Mr. Prout was wrong, and that the master was too obstinate to admit it. Mr. Prout was on the verge of despair, and was contemplating leaving Miss Judy to manage the class herself, when Trotter poked his shock head into the Form-room and announced that a visitor was waiting to see Miss Coker in the Head's sitting-room.

Mr. Prout heaved a deep, deep sigh of relief when Miss Coker had gone, and he fanned himself with a book.

The Fifth were still laughing when they trooped out into the sunny Close after lessons—all, that is, with the exception of Coker.

He was the recipient of a good deal of chipping, until at last Coker developed such a war-like attitude that nobody dared go near him—not even Potter and Greene.

Harry Wharton & Co. were standing in the Hall discussing Aunt Judy's visit to the Fifth Form room, when a fast tramping of feet on the stairs sounded behind them.

They turned, to behold a tall, rather lean-faced man, who came pounding down the stairs three at a time, looking wild-eyed and terrified, and clutching his hat in his hand.

Behind him came Aunt Judy, looking ferocious, and waving her arms about in most threatening manner.

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EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2

"Let me pass!" gasped the lean-faced man, dashing up to where the Removites were standing in a group. "The old hag will kill me, I think! Owl! Keep her off!"

"Rascal!" hooted Aunt Judy behind him. "You dare to try your swindling tricks on a poor, defenceless woman! Oh, where is Horace? Horace will protect me!"

It really seemed, however, that it was Miss Coker's visitor who needed protecting. He thought so himself, evidently, for he fairly bounded down the steps and streaked across the Close like greased lightning.

Aunt Judy stopped giving chase when she saw Coker in the quad, and the stranger disappeared out of the gates of Greyfriars with great precipitation.

"Why, aunt, what the dickens—" began Coker.

"Horace, that man is a monster!" wailed Aunt Judy. "He came here to try to wheedle me round his little finger—the brute! But I was a little too cute for him. Come indoors, Horace, and I will explain!"

Miss Coker and Horace went back indoors, followed by the grins of all who had witnessed that wild chase of Miss Coker's visitor from Greyfriars.

In Coker's study Aunt Judy turned to her wondering nephew.

"The man you saw just now, Horace, is a rascally estate agent named Nolan," she said. "The reason I came to Courtfield in the first place was to see this man regarding a certain transaction which he wished me to carry out. I might say that the transaction, had I completed it, would have involved me in the expenditure of something like ten thousand pounds."

"Whew!" gasped Coker. "Did this chap Nolan want you to spend ten thousand quid on property, aunt?"

Aunt Judy nodded.

"Yes, Horace. The property was supposed to be some valuable but undeveloped land on the coast some distance from Pegg, and Nolan and his solicitor recommended it to me as a lucrative investment. You know, Horace, that I am a business woman, and I was very interested in this proposition, as I thought it was sound. So I came to Courtfield, intending to see the property and carry out the purchase if I thought it a good investment. In fact, so eager was I to fall in with Nolan's proposition that I brought the money—ten thousand pounds—with me."

"Mum-m-my hat!"

Coker looked aghast at his aunt.

"You—you brought ten thousand quid with you here?" he ejaculated.

"Yes, Horace," replied his aunt. "I have the money in a wallet, which is fitted with a patent combination lock, and at present Dr. Locke has it in his safe. You see, Horace, I always carry my money with me wherever I go. I don't believe in banks; one reads lately of so many bank robberies."

"Ye-es, aunt; but you run an awful risk in walking about with so much cash!" gasped Coker. "You might get robbed—"

"I may be only a weak woman, Horace, but I trust I am able to look after myself," said Aunt Judy, with some asperity. "Besides, who would know that my wallet contained so much money? However, Horace, that is beside the point. I brought the money with me, intending to buy this property, through Nolan, and thus have a useful investment. But I saw the land on the day of my arrival in Courtfield, and I



Aunt Judy came charging across the footer field, her umbrella waving wildly. "Hooligans! You are ill-treating my dear little Horace again!" Whack! Whack! Whack! Auntie swiped away among the players and their laughter turned to yells of anguish. "Yaroooh!" "Stopit, ma'am!" "Wow!" "Oh, crumbs!" "Oooooop!" (See Chapter 8.)

was not prepossessed with it. I communicated with my solicitor and asked him to make inquiries into the whole matter, as I had very shrewd suspicions that Nolan and his two colleagues intended to swindle me. I suppose they thought me a simple woman with more money than sense, and imagined that they could wheedle me into parting with all that money. I rang my solicitor up this morning, and he confirmed my suspicions. He said that Nolan is a rascal, and that I should have nothing whatever to do with his proposition."

"Oh!" said Coker.

"Nolan had the effrontery to call on me this morning, Horace, and tried to persuade me to settle on the purchase. We had an argument, and, as you know, Nolan became abusive, and I had to request him to leave."

Coker grinned.

"Yes, aunt, and he did leave, didn't he? Well, I don't suppose he'll come here again."

Miss Coker's jaw set grimly.

"No, Horace, I don't suppose he will," she said. "But if he does I know you will protect me, my big, brave boy!"

"Oh, of course, aunt!"

Aunt Judy left the study in order to call on Dr. Locke, and Coker went downstairs, where Blundell & Co. were discussing the footer match which was shortly to take place with the Remove.

It was Wednesday, and a half-holiday at Greyfriars, and Harry Wharton & Co. had challenged the Fifth to a match. Blundell & Co. had condescendingly accepted the challenge, and were looking forward to "wiping up the field" with the junior eleven.

Harry Wharton & Co. were already busily preparing for the match. They

intended showing the Fifth that, youngsters though they were, they were quite up to senior form when it came to footer.

There was one fellow in the Remove who did not view that footer match with favour. That fellow was William Wibley. Wibley was seen to be wearing a deep frown at the dinner-table, and once or twice he snorted.

He buttonholed Harry Wharton as he and the rest of the Co. left the dining-room.

"I say, Wharton, what about the play?" he demanded.

"Oh, we shall lick the Fifth, of course!" said Harry confidently.

"Idiot!" snorted Wibley. "I mean the play—our play! Have you forgotten 'The Warrior Woman'? The comedy comes off next week, and we're right behind with rehearsals. I reckon you jolly well ought to postpone the Fifth Form match, and we'll have a dress rehearsal this afternoon."

"Oh, bless 'The Warrior Woman'!" said Frank Nugent. "Footer's more important than rehearsing that giddy comedy! We can't postpone the match—Blundell and his crowd would think we were funkng it. You can rehearse all on your own for once, Wib."

There was an ungrateful snort from Wibley.

Wibley was the great shining light of the Remove Dramatic Society, and he was to the society what Wharton was to the football eleven. He was the guiding genius of all things theatrical in the Remove, and nobody denied the fact that the society was in very capable hands. Wibley was a born actor really—a remarkable actor—and the Remove were quite proud of him for his

(Continued on page 16.)

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Supplement No. 218.

EDITED BY HARRY WHARTON

Week Ending April 4th, 1926.

HOW TO BECOME AN EDDITOR!

A WORD OF ADVICE TO THE AMBISHUS.

BY DICKY NUGENT

I DARE SAY many of my readers hope to become Edditors one of these days, and it is for their bennyfit that I pen these words of counsel.

Now, you can't blossom forth into a fool-blown Edditor in five minnits. You have to serve a long apprenticeship. You must swot hard at the English langwidge, and forrin langwidges into the bargain. A nollidge of French, for instance, is not only useful, but nessessary. Every Edditor ought to know that "We" means "Yes," and that "Icy on parley Frongsay" means "French is spoken hear."

A thurrough nollidge of spelling is of the first importance. How can an Edditor correct the spelling of his kontributors if he can't spell himself?

If any fellow at Greyfriars wants to know how to improve his spelling there are two Dicks who will help him—Dickshunaries, and Dick Nugent!

An Edditor's cheef duty is to make his paper as bright and attractive as possibul. This can only be done by securing the servisses of the very best writers. And he must see that those writers know what they are writing about. If I wanted a boxing artikle written I shouldn't go to Alonzo Todd for it. I should go to Bolsover major, the champion prizefighter of Greyfriars. If I wanted a Treatise on the Works of Thucydides, or some other ancient johnnie, I should ask the Head to write it. If, on the other hand, I wanted a Treatise on Tuck, who could deliver the goods better than Billy Bunter?

Apart from being a very brainy person, an Edditor should be able to use his fists. His sanktum will often be invaded by angry kontributors whose stuff has been turned down; and the Edditor may find it nessessary to eject them with violence. If he is a weedy, undersized spessimen, how can he hope to chuck a coal-heaver down the stairs?

If you are anxious to become an Edditor, you cannot do better than make a careful study of this issew of **THE GREYFRIARS HERALD**, and note how cleverly it has been edited. Every kontribution is a seperate masterpeace; and if you can find a single spelling mistake in this issew, you deserve to rank with Sherlock Homes!

Good luck to all the budding Edditors who read this artikle, and I hope they will lay my precepts to hart, and profit by them.

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WHAT'S THE USE?

BY DICKY NUGENT.



WHAT'S the use of going to school?

What's the use of learning Greek?

All one does is play the fool,
And get "gated" twice a week!

What's the use of rising early,
Turning out at seven-thirty,
Combing hair that's thick and curly,
Washing faces that are dirty?

What's the use of fagging daily
In your master's stuffy study,
While your luckier comrades gaily
Punt a football, round and muddy?

What's the use of cleaning floors?
Dirt and dust will soon return.
Why clean handles on the doors?
Why light fires that never burn?

What's the use of eating brekker?
You'll be hungry by-and-by.
Why replenish your exchequer?
You will soon be "broke," say I.

What's the use of having masters,
With their impots and their canes?
Masters only bring disasters—
(Anyway, they've got no brains!)

What's the use of prefects, too,
Though their ways are prim and polished?
Send them packing to the Zoo—
Prefects ought to be abolished!

What's the use of writing rhymes
When there's not a soul to read 'em?
What's the use of lesson-times
When we pine for glorious freedom?

What's the use of being happy,
Even though it's sunny spring?
What's the use of being snappy?
What's the use of anything?

(These verses were written in the Sanny, during an attack of the Flew. That eggsplains why they aren't very cheery. Dick Penfold has revised the poem for me, and spoilt my bewtiful spelling in the process.—Ed.)

EDDIE TORIAL!

By Dicky Nugent.

FOR weeks I've been worrying Wharton to let me take his plaice as Edditor. I really ought to take his plaice, bekawse I'm such a dab at writing; and there will be nothing to carp about in this issew, I can assure you. Although it is edited by a mere sprat in the Second, there will be nothing fishy about it!

Wharton has agreed to let me take the Eddie Torial chair for one weak only. "A weak will be quite long enuff for our long-suffering readers!" he said, with crushing sarkazzum. "They'll jolly soon want me back." Which shows what a pompuss, kon-seated person Wharton is. Does he think he is the only fellow at Greyfriars who can run a boys' paper? If so, he is labering under a deloosion. I don't want to puff myself up in any way, but I'm a born Edditor, and one of these days you'll find me in a big sweet of offices in Fleet Street, editing "THE LIVE WIRE" or "THE DAILY WONDER."

I started to write this Eddie Torial in the fags' Common-room, but I had to give it up as a bad job. There was such a commotion going on that littery work was impossibul. Gatty and Myers were going strong with their mouthorgans, and there was a gram marphone in full blast. Bolsover minor was frying herrings on pen-holders, and I can't stand the smell of fried fish when I'm doing high-class littery work. So I cleared out, and per-swaded Wharton to let me use his study. It's jolly cosy and comfy in here, with a big fire going, and no grammar-phones or mouthorgans to disterb my transe of thought. But I wish Wharton and my major wouldn't stand and grip at me while I write. It puts me off my stroke. And every few minnits they come and peep over my sholder to see what I'm writing, and it sends them into revulsions. I'm not trying to write yewmerus stuff, either!

I guess I shall get some black looks during the next few days, bekawse I'm not axcepting any stuff for this issew except my own! The waistpaper basket is crammed full of rejected kontributions. This is my very own number, and nobodys going to poach on my presserves. It's a rattling good number, too; and I hope you'll enjoy it up to the hilt—as the swordman said when he pinked his opponent!

DICKY NUGENT.

[Supplement i.



Jack Jolly's Folly!

A Ripping, Gripping
Story of

St. Sam's.



DICKY NUGENT

BOOM!
The sullen strokes of ten o'clock rang out on the midnight air. And it was raining like one o'clock as Jolly tramped down to the village.

Our hero ought to have been in his bed in the Fourth Form dormitory, sleeping the sleep of the just. But Jack Jolly was not thinking of sleep just then. It would be a long time before he sank into the arms of Morphia, the goddess of slumber. The young raskals of the Fourth had planned a midnite feast, and Jack Jolly was on his way to the village to buy the tuck.

He was taking a fearful risk. He was deliberately breaking Rule No. 99, drawn up by Dr. Birchmell, the staid old dignified headmaster of St. Sam's:

"Any boy who breaks bounds at night, no matter for what purpuss, will be clucked out of St. Sam's on his neck."

If Jack Jolly were to meet a master, or a prefect, or the village constable, his number would have been up. But it was not likely that any master or prefect would be abroad on such a night. They would be still in England!

Jack Jolly tramped on until he came to the little bunshop which was kept by Mother Maloney. She was a hail and harty old dame, in spite of the fact that she was always getting "knocked up"! Jack Jolly knocked her up now, by beating a loud tattoo on her front door.

A night-capped head appeared at an upper window.

"Who's there?" came the old dame's creaking voice.

"Me, ma'am," said Jack Jolly. "Will you come down and get me some tuck? We're going to have a midnite spread."

"All right, Master Jolly."

After a brief delay Mother Maloney came down into the shop, and unbolted the door. Jack Jolly stepped inside, and gave instructions for a tuck-hammer to be prepared.

To Jack's annoyance, Mother Maloney had run out of jinjer-beer. It had been a hot day, the English summer having arrived unexpectedly in March; and the worthy dame was sold out.

"I haven't a jinjer-beer, or a lemonade, or a cherry sizer, in the place," she said.

"What a beastly newsance!" growled Jack Jolly. "No midnite feast is complete without jinjer-pop. Where can I get some?"

"They'll serve you at the Dog and Fezzant, I dare say."

"But that's a public-house!"

"What of that, Master Jolly? Jinjer-beer isn't an intoxicating licker."

"That's true. But if anybody was to see me coming out of the Dog and Fezzant, I should get it where the chicken got the chopper!"

"Nobody will see you if you go into the Bottle and Jug Department," said Mother Maloney.

"Oh, all right! I'll go along there now, while you're getting the grub ready."

And Jack Jolly made his way along the village street to that shady, low, disreputable haunt, the Dog and Fezzant.

His hart was thumping against his ribs as he stepped into that den of infermy. Supposing somebody from St. Sam's saw him going in, or coming out? The chopper would come down with a vengeance!

Alas for Jack Jolly! No sooner had he stepped into the passidge of the inn than the door of the tap-room opened, and a tall figger emerged, wiping his mietosh with a hangkercheef. It was Mr. Lickham, the master of the Fourth!

Jack Jolly shrank back into the shaddows, hoping against hope that he would not be seen. But Mr. Lickham's eagle eye fell upon

him, and his heavy hand descended on the junior's sholder.

"Jolly! What is the meaning of this? What are you doing at this hour, and at this place?"

"I—I—" stammered Jack Jolly. "Come to that, what are you doing here yourself, sir?"

Mr. Lickham was taken aback for a moment. But he quickly recovered.

"I came here to deliver a lecture on temperence," he said. "But that is, neither here nor there. Retchted boy! I am sorry that you have taken the downward path at such an early age! I have no doubt that you came here either to play Billyards with the landlord, or to imbibe strong lickers. You will return with me at once to the school!"

It was in a gloomy silence that Jack Jolly trotted back to St. Sam's at the heels of Mr. Lickham.

"I'm for it!" he reflected. "This will mean the long jump for me. And all bekawse Mother Maloney happened to be out of jinjer-pop! It's a crool fate!"

On reaching St. Sam's, Mr. Lickham marched his prisoner to the Head's study.

Dr. Birchmell listened in horror to the Form master's story.

"My only aunt!" he gasped. "This is a serious case, Lickham—dashed serious, I may say! I can't possibly wink my eye at such dreadful conduct. Bundle this brat into the punishment-room for the night! In the morning, he shall be cast fourth on his neck!"

Jack Jolly's face was pail and set as he listened to the Head's stern sentence. He was too proud to plead for mercy. Besides, he knew that he could expect no mercy at the hands of Dr. Birchmell.

Mr. Lickham tapped the condemned junior on the sholder.

"Follow me!" he said in churchyard tones.

And they proceeded to the punishment-room—that cold and cheerless apartment where skores of St. Sam's fellows had passed their last night at the old school.

Jack Jolly sat down on the bed, and berried his face in his hands, and sobbed bitterly.

The key grated in the lock, and the bolt was shot. Jack Jolly had shot his own bolt, also!

For hour after hour he sat there, a pray to tormenting thoughts, waiting for the sunrise—the last sunrise he would ever see at St. Sam's.

What would has chums, Morry and Bright, say when they knew he was to be sacked? They would be merry and bright no longer.

At last the unhappy junior rose to his feet and crossed to the window. A smell of burning came to his nostrills, and, gazing out of the window, he was startled to see a number of flames darting from the upper windows of the Head's house.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Jack Jolly. "The place is on fire!"

In less time than it takes to write he ripped the sheets off the bed, and notted them together to form a rope. Making one end fast to the bedrail he lowered the rope from the window, and hastily descended into the quad.

Frantically he tugged at the bell-rope, to warn the slumbering school that there was a fire.

Masters and fellows came rushing downstairs in their night attire, and the school fire-brigade was quickly in action. Hose-pipes were turned upon the flames, and there was a loud hissing noise as the jets of water reached their mark.

Working feverishly, the amature firemen succeeded in putting out the blaze. And they greatly extinguished themselves by their promptness and energy.

They were only just in the nick of time. Had the fire been allowed to spread, the Head would have been roasted in his bed. He came downstairs in his pijjammers, and wanted to know who had given the alarm.

"Me, sir," said Jack Jolly modestly. "I saw the fire from the window of the punishment-room, and I made a rope of sheets, and came down and rang the bell."

"My gallent boy," muttered the Head, in broken accents, "you have saved my life! In the serkumstances, I cannot be such a hartless monster as to expel you! We will forget all about that little affair last night."

Thus was our hero saved from the scafold, so to speak, at the eleventh hour—or, rather, at the fourth hour, for the school clock was striking four as the crowd in the quad dispersed and went back to their dorinitories.

THE END.

THE WINNER!

RESULT OF "CROSS WORD" LIMERICK COMPETITION NO. 5.

In this competition THE FIRST PRIZE OF £5 for the best "last line" sent in has been awarded to:

LEONARD NELSON,
42, Francis Avenue,
Portsmouth,
HANTS.

for rounding off the following verse:

"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—

with:

"Attention" I'll give when "at ease."

The consolation prizes of splendid pocket knives have been awarded to twelve competitors, whose names and addresses can be seen on application at this office.



(Continued from page 13.)

masquerading abilities. He could write plays, too, and Wibley had written a screamingly funny comedy, entitled "The Warrior Woman." Wibley had written that comedy very carefully—round himself. He excelled in feminine parts, and "The Warrior Woman" was specially designed to give him full scope for his wonderful abilities. Wibley took the title rôle.

The Remove were, on the whole, very keen on the comedy; although some complained that "The Warrior Woman" was Wibley, all Wibley, and nothing but Wibley. They had turned up diligently to rehearsals that week, but footer had first claim on this particular afternoon.

"Sorry, Wib, but we shall have to leave rehearsal until this evening," said Harry Wharton. "You can rehearse on your own, as Franky said. After all, your part is most of the play."

"Oh, bosh!" snorted Wibley; and he stalked away in disgust.

The Famous Five chuckled and went on their way, and changed into footer garb.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Coker, the Hero!

WHEN half-past two chimed from the clock-tower the Remove assembled on the footer field, and practically the whole Form turned out to watch the match.

They arrived at the field to find a heated altercation going on between Blundell and Coker.

"I tell you I'm going to play!" roared Coker furiously. "You know what sort of a footballer I am, Blundell—"

"I do!" said Blundell, with emphasis. "That's just why I'm leaving you out of the team, Coker. You can't play for toffee!"

"Look here, you cheeky rotter—"

"Oh, seat, Coker!"

Coker refused to be put off in that abrupt manner. He strode up to Blundell and brandished a brawny fist under that fellow's nose.

"Am I going to play, or aren't I going to play?" he demanded truculently.

"Not!" said Blundell decisively. "If you don't run away, Coker, you'll get bumped!"

"I won't run away!" howled Coker. "It's petty jealousy that keeps me out of the team, and I'm not going to stand— Yarooooogh!"

Coker did not stand, for at that moment Blundell & Co. bowled him over at one fell swoop, and the great Horace sat down on the green sward and yelled.

"Cave!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Here comes auntie!"

"Oh jeminy!"

Aunt Judy came dashing to the scene, her umbrella held aloft. She had seen the overthrow of Horace Coker from afar.

"Rascals! Hooligans!" she shrilled. "How dare you treat Horace like that! My poor, dear Horace! Are you hurt?"

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"Yow-wow! No, auntie, I'm not hurt!" moaned Coker, struggling to his feet. "But I'm jolly well going to hurt those rotters! I'll teach 'em to keep me out of the team! I'll—I'll—"

Coker was about to make a rush on Blundell, but Aunt Judy laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"So they refuse to let you play football, Horace?" she cried. "Why, I have never heard of anything like it! I shall see that you are allowed to play football! Is this the rascal who is opposing you?"

Aunt Judy glared at Blundell, and the Fifth Form skipper wilted under that fiery gaze.

"I—I—I—" he stammered. "I'm sorry, Miss Coker, but we really can't give Horace a game this afternoon. It isn't a very important match, you know, as we're only playing a fags' team, and—and I think it best for him to conserve his great abilities for a really important game."

Aunt Judy brought her umbrella down with a thump.

"Horace shall play football this afternoon if he wishes to!" she cried. "Now, young man, will you dare refuse my request?"

Blundell eyed the umbrella and backed away nervously.

"Oh, no, ma'am—not at all!" he gasped hastily. "Horace can play if he likes. Put your things on, Coker!"

The mighty Horace glared about him and strode away, and the Fifth Form players muttered lurid remarks among themselves whilst they waited.

Coker soon reappeared, clad in his footer togs, which displayed his brawny, thick-set limbs to great advantage.

Wingate, who had consented to act as referee, grinned, and a large crowd began to gather round the ropes. The news that Coker was going to play football attracted scores of fellows who in the usual way had no interest for footer on a half-holiday. Aunt Judy took a prominent position at the side of the field, and the teams went to their places. Coker had been put in the left-half position, and Blundell warned his men to "ware Coker."

Blundell and Wharton tossed for ends, and Wharton won, electing to kick against the wind, so as to have the wind in his favour during the second half. Wingate blew his whistle, and the game commenced with a rush.

The Removites attacked hotly, but Blundell & Co. managed for some time to keep them in their own territory. Their sallies for the citadel were not so successful, however, for the junior eleven had a defence like a rock, and even hefty fellows like Blundell & Co. found it almost impossible to get through. They took several long shots at goal, but Hazeldene was at all times waiting for the leather, and the manner in which he fisted, booted, and headed out the ball was truly gratifying to the Removites round the ropes.

Horace Coker, standing down in the Fifth Form half of the field, found things quite tame, and once when a scrum took place on the half-way line, he dashed forward and hurled himself into the fray with vim and vigour.

"You idiot!" howled Blundell, as Coker, in his enthusiasm to gain possession of the ball, proceeded to charge over all who came in his way, irrespective of whether they were foemen or his own team-mates. "You thumping idiot—chose it!"

"Yarooooogh!" roared Coker, as Squiff charged him with great gusto and sent him sprawling.

Coker went on top of the ball, and the Removites, choking with laughter, piled on him. Wingate was blowing his whistle furiously, but the scrum in mid-field had developed into something like a Rugby episode.

Coker's yells rose crescendo, and in the midst of all Aunt Judy's voice was heard as she came charging on the field: her umbrella waving wildly.

"Hooligans! You are ill-treating my Horace again!"

Whack! Whack! Whack!

Auntie swiped away among the players, and their laughter turned to yells of anguish.

"Yarooooogh!"

"Stop it, ma'am!"

"Oooooooop!"

"My poor, dear Horace!" wailed auntie, going down on her knees and lifting Coker, who looked very muddy and dishevelled. "What have they been doing to you? Oh dear! You are hurt!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" howled the spectators.

Some time elapsed before Aunt Judy could be persuaded to let Horace go. Wingate allowed the Remove a penalty, and Peter Todd cheerfully kicked the ball right through Smith major's hands.

"Goal!" howled the Removites, in delight.

Blundell & Co. looked daggers at Coker.

On the resumption they bore down on the Remove territory like wolves on the fold, and Harry Wharton & Co. had a very lively time. Blundell equalised for his side in ten minutes, and just before half-time Hilton caught Hazeldene napping in a sharp header from a crossbar rebound.

Blundell told Coker exactly what he thought of him during the interval, but he took good care that Aunt Judy was out of earshot when he made his remarks.

"Keep off the grass in the second half, Coker!" he said sulphurously. "There's a strong wind blowing in favour of those Remove kids, and we can't afford to take chances. They're jolly hot stuff. So mark what I tell you, Coker—keep off the grass!"

To which Horace replied with a deep snort.

The second half of the match proved more exciting even than the first. Harry Wharton & Co. were on their mettle, and they attacked with a dogged spirit.

Inky and Vernon-Smith were great thorns in the side of Blundell & Co.—or, to be more exact, in both their sides, for the dusky Nabob of Bhanipur and the Bounder performed wonders on the left and right wings. It was not long before Harry Wharton was able to take advantage of a brilliant piece of passing to slam the ball in again for the Remove.

Play became fast and furious after that. Coker performed weird and wonderful evolutions on the field in his efforts to get at the ball and do some valiant work with it, but he found himself charged out of the way at every turn, not only by Harry Wharton & Co., but by his own Form-fellows as well. All things considering, Coker had a very rough time of it!

As the game drew towards the end, and neither side seemed able to add to their respective scores, Coker grew desperate.

He romped hither and thither, collecting mud and buffetings wherever he went, but never losing heart. And at last he got his chance. Blundell had the ball, and as the Remove forwards attacked he passed neatly to Bland. Coker saw the ball, and saw a way clear

to get it, so he charged forward, ignoring all the established rules of Association footer. Potter and Tomlinson tried to charge him out of the way, but Horace, for once, was too quick for them. Then, like a vulture swooping on its prey, Coker swooped down on the ball and captured it.

A howl arose from Blundell.

"Keep off it, Coker!"

Coker may have heard, but he heeded not.

He had the ball, and that was all that mattered to him. Now he would show Greyfriars how he—Coker—played footer! He would show them how to score goals!

Coker saw a goal far in front of him, and he headed for it. His absorbing ambition was to score a goal, and it did not occur to him that the goal he was making tracks for might not be the right goal. As a matter of fact, it wasn't. Coker swept down the field with a rush—towards the Fifth Form goal!

Blundell & Co. raced after him, yelling wildly, but Coker was on his mettle. Wild horses would not stop him now! Harry Wharton & Co., sobbing with laughter, let Coker swoop by. The Fifth Form backs came out at Coker, but he fairly sent them flying. There was no denying that Coker had the weight, and he used it!

The spectators were in transports of delight.

"Go it, Coker!" came the roar from all sides.

"Shoot, man!"

Coker arrived in front of the goal, breathing grim determination. And, pausing for a moment to centre the ball, he shot.

Biff!

Smith major was too amazed to stop that shot, and nobody could blame him, really. The ball thudded into the back of the net, and terrific howls went up on the afternoon air:

"Goal!"

"Bravo, Coker!"

"Good old Horace!"

Phcececeeeep!

Wingate managed, through his laughter, to blow the final whistle.

The match was over, and Coker, at the last moment, had scored the winning goal—for the Remove!

Harry Wharton & Co. collapsed on the field and kicked up their heels in mirth. As for Coker, he was in imminent danger of being annihilated on the spot by his infuriated Form-fellows, but at the crucial moment Aunt Judy arrived breathlessly. She flung her arms round Coker and hugged him to her.

"Horace! My wonderful Horace! You have won the match! Everyone is cheering you! Oh, I am so proud, my darling Horace!"

Horace was flushed with pride.

He looked round, seeming to swell visibly.

"Well, you chaps, how was that?" he demanded. "Just in the nick of time—what?"

"You—you blithering fathead!" howled Blundell.

"Eh?"

"You crass idiot!" shrieked Bland.

"You chortling maniac!" bellowed Smith major.

Coker looked quite bewildered.

"Why, wh-what the dickens!" he stammered. "What are you fatheads growling about? We've won, haven't we?"

"No, you burler, we've lost!" hooted Blundell. "You kicked that goal

against us! Oh, hold me, somebody, before I slaughter him!"

Coker gasped.

Next minute Harry Wharton & Co. rushed forward in a mass. They grasped Coker and bore him shoulder-high off the field.

"Hail the giddy conqueror!" roared Bob Cherry. "Coker's our hero! Coker's won the match! Three cheers for the mighty Coker!"

"Hurrah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The footer-field rang with the cheering and the laughter. Aunt Judy fairly beamed with pride. They were acclaiming Horace—her Horace—a hero! Surely she had reason to be proud!

Coker, his face very red, was carried indoors by the hilarious Removees. He escaped at last to his study, whither Aunt Judy followed, further to congratulate him on his success.

It was only the presence of Aunt Judy in his room, in fact, that saved Coker from instant assault and battery at the hands of Blundell & Co.

Those youths raved and almost tore their hair. Harry Wharton & Co. rejoiced and made much of their victory, so ably won for them by Coker. These rejoicings only galled Blundell & Co. still more, and that evening they sought some consolation by raiding the Rag, where a full-dress rehearsal of "The Warrior Woman" was in progress, under the able direction of William Wibley.

Blundell & Co. succeeded in thoroughly breaking up that rehearsal.

But, in spite of that, the Remove continued to chortle, with the rest of the school, at the manner of their footer victory over the Fifth!

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Spoofig the Fifth!

"THERE goes Auntie!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

Two evenings had passed since that memorable football-match with the Fifth, and the Famous Five were gathered in Study No. 1, engaged in the doleful process of "turning out pockets." It was nearly tea-time, and the Famous Five were on lean times.

Even Hurree Singh, who was usually rolling in filthy lucre, could not raise more than a solitary shilling, and a bent halfpenny which Mrs. Mimble had already twice refused to recognise as legal tender. The rest of the Co. were even more hard up than Inky. They had been discussing ways and means of getting tea without having recourse to the official meal in Hall, and had come to the conclusion that it would have to be tea in Hall to-day, after all.

Begging, borrowing, or stealing was out of the question, for it seemed that the rest of the Remove were in a similar melancholy state of hard-upness. Bob, standing by the window, had happened to glance downward, and he gave vent to that remark.

The black-draped figure of Coker's aunt could be seen striding, with quite masculine strides, towards the school gates. She was dressed as if for a long sojourn out of doors, and, besides her umbrella, she carried a small black case.

"Good old aunt!" grinned Frank Nugent. "She's off for the evening, I think. Bunter said something about it in the Common Room a little while ago. Coker will be left all alone for a whole evening. I'll bet he's clapping his hands for joy."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Poor old Coker!"

SIMPLE CROSS WORD PUZZLE.

CLUES ACROSS.

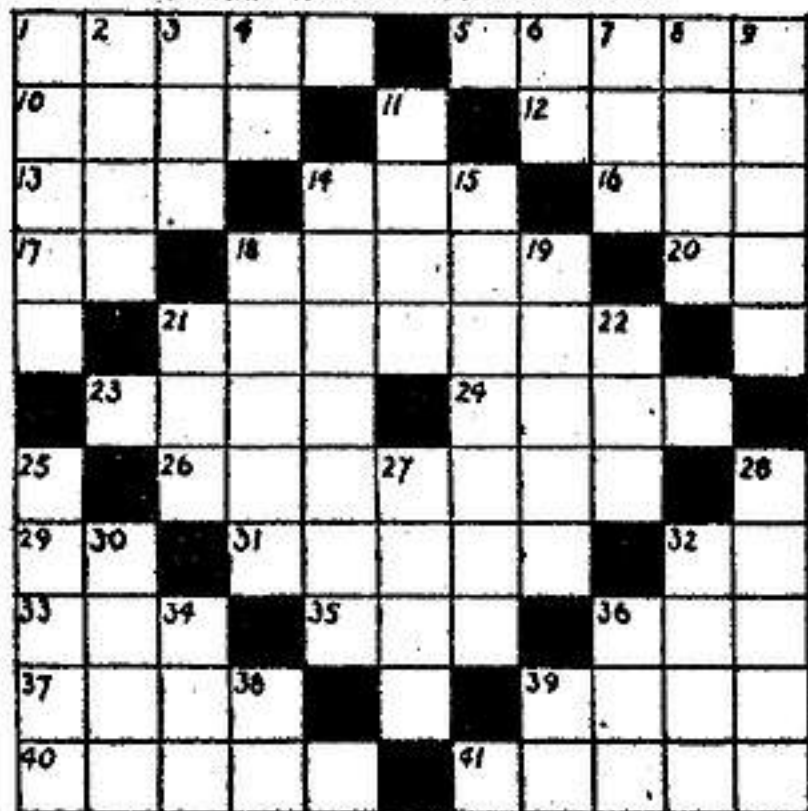
1. Contain honey.
5. A foundation.
10. Famous cricket-ground.
12. To chase.
13. What a fag is called.
14. What a mischievous fag is called.
16. To add to.
17. Short for "Editor."
18. A driving force.
20. You.
21. English poet (Coker's spelling).
23. An idiot.

24. A ninepin; also a Dulwich Hamlet footballer.
26. What Britannia holds.
29. Ourselves.
31. Beloved by Bunter.
32. After noon.
33. To pinch.
35. A hobgoblin.
36. Part of a chair.
37. A large plant.
39. Merriment.
40. Periods of time.
41. Fell asleep.

CLUES DOWN.

1. A Greyfriars Fifth-Former.
2. Latin poet.
3. Insane.
4. A degree.
6. Exclamation.
7. To make legal claim.
8. Hurree Singh's nickname.
9. A horse.
11. How Bunter would spell the name of an Australian bird.
14. Relating to Italy.
15. Small packages.
18. Not tall.
19. Income.
21. A child's bed.
22. A scratch or tear.
25. Bunter's nickname.
27. To fall in drops.
28. An ant.
30. Father.
32. Evening task at Greyfriars.
34. A vegetable.
36. A beverage.
38. Word of hesitation.
39. Initials of unpopular Greyfriars prefect.

CROSS WORD PUZZLE No. 9.



Horace Coker really did merit sympathy, for he had had a far from happy time during Aunt Judy's stay. Miss Coker, to use Bob Cherry's expression, had been "making things hum" at Greyfriars. She had given nobody much peace, and even Blundell & Co., who at first had regarded her stay as a highly amusing event, had come to be exasperated and fed-up with Miss Coker's overbearing ways and her zestful championship of her darling Horace.

As for Mr. Prout, it was really a marvel that he did not turn his famous Winchester on Aunt Judy and shoot her, as he had, according to his own glowing story, shot grizzlies in the Rocky Mountains in '89. It could not be denied that Miss Coker gave poor Mr. Prout a "high old time."

As Harry Wharton & Co. watched Aunt Judy stride out of gates, there came a tap at the door, and a strange figure entered.

It was the figure of a female, clad in a voluminous black skirt and a gaudy blouse, and wearing an extremely large size in boots. The most remarkable part of this female was her face, which was very gaunt and angular. Moreover, her features were smothered in grease-paint and powder, and her nose was of a deep ruby tint. Her hair was black, and on it was perched a ridiculous little black bonnet.

The Famous Five stared at their visitor in surprise at first, and then they burst into a laugh, recognising William Wibley in his role of "The Warrior Woman."

"Oh, it's you, Wib!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"Yes, it's me," said the disguised Wibley. "I've managed to dig up some of Coker's aunt's clothes, and my make-up is now complete. The Fifth Form rotters who raided us the other evening properly mucked up my dress, but I happened to spot Aunt Judy give some of her old clobber to one of the maids this morning, and I bagged the lot for half-a-crown. How do I look?"

"Ripping, Wib!" said Harry Wharton. "And now, I suppose, you have come to drag us off to a giddy rehearsal?"

"Yes, rather!" said Wibley. "Isn't it about time we got on rehearsing 'The Warrior Woman'? We shall never get the show ready. I'm dressed for the part, and I want all other members of the cast to turn up for full-dress rehearsal."

"What about tea, Wib?" asked Nugent.

"Blow tea! Let's get on with the play!" said the enthusiastic amateur actor of the Remove.

Bob Cherry burst into a sudden roar.

"Ha, ha, ha! I've got a wheeze!"

"What for, Bob?" asked his chums eagerly.

"A wheeze, my sons, that will get us, and the rest of the Remove, a free tea—at the Fifth Form's expense!" chuckled Bob. "Wib, old son, you're just the chap we want to work this wheeze! Do you think you could dress up as Aunt Judy sufficiently well to take in Coker and the Fifth?"

"Try me!" said Wib, readily. "I've got some of Aunt Judy's clobber, and it's not a far cry from 'The Warrior Woman' to Coker's Aunt Judy! So you want me to dress up as Aunt Judy and spoof the Fifth?"

"That's the ticket!" grinned Bob. "Aunt Judy's out for the evening, but if she 'returned' the Fifth wouldn't have the least suspicion—that is, if your masquerade is good, Wib. And, acting the part of Aunt Judy, you could have a rare old lark with Coker."

and the rest of the crowd. We could get our own back on them for that raid on our rehearsal on Wednesday. For one thing, Wib, you could spoof them into standing little us a free tea!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Topping wheeze, Bob!"

The juniors greeted Bob's brain-wave with joyous approval. Wibley was all enthusiasm. After discussing the various details of the idea, Wibley went away to his own study to "make up" as Aunt Judy.

Ten minutes later a tap sounded at the door of Study No. 1, and, in response to Harry Wharton's call of "come in!" a lady entered who looked for all the world like Coker's Aunt Judy. In fact, the Famous Five at first really believed that their visitor was Aunt Judy.

"Hallo, little boys!" said the newcomer, in the well-known tones of Miss Coker. "Have you seen my darling Horace?"

"No, ma'am, he isn't here," said Johnny Bull; and then, as a boyish chuckle issued from "Aunt Judy" the Co. gave a simultaneous roar:

"Wib!"

"Yes, here I am, old sons!" said Wibley, in his natural voice. "Will I do?"

"My word! You'll do a treat, Wib!" said Harry Wharton in wondering admiration. "You look just like Aunt Judy, although there is a difference, of course, now I come to look at you. But you'll pass muster in the Fifth, so long as you don't let the light shine full on your chivvy. Better keep in the shadow as much as you can."

"Right-ho!" said the pseudo Aunt Judy. "I'll pop along now and work the giddy trick!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker, Potter, and Greene, were in their study, preparing tea, when "Aunt Judy" looked in. The seniors stared in surprise at her.

"My hat! So you've come back, aunt!" ejaculated Coker.

"I shall not be going out to-night, after all, Horace," said the disguised Wibley, in a perfect imitation of Miss Coker's voice. "So I have come to keep you company, my darling boy!"

Potter and Greene groaned under their breath.

"As a matter of fact, Horace, I have been smitten with rather a good idea," croaked "Aunt Judy." "We might have a musical tea-party in the Form-room, don't you think so?"

"A—a musical tea-party?" gasped Coker.

"Yes, Horace. I am very fond of music, you know, and I should like to have a party of all the dear boys. We could have tea and a very jolly evening together, you know. Yes, Horace, I have made up my mind that we shall have a musical tea-party. Will you go round to all your friends and tell them that they are invited to a musical tea-party which takes place in the Form-room in half an hour?"

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Coker. "Who—who's going to stand the exes, aunt?"

"Tell the dear boys to bring all the tuck—I mean, the provisions—they've got," said the disguised Wibley. "It would be rather fun to make a pool, wouldn't it? And you can buy whatever else may be required, Horace. Please go along and tell your friends at once. Tell them I am going to sing!"

"Great pip!" ejaculated Potter.

There was no gainsaying Aunt Judy, and Coker, Potter, and Greene sallied forth to spread the news throughout the Fifth. Naturally, this amazing "whim" of Aunt Judy's created a

great sensation, and a good many of the seniors demurred. But Blundell & Co. thought that Miss Coker's idea of a musical tea-party would be great fun, and they willingly made parcels of all the tuck they had laid in for tea, and bore them away to the Form-room.

"Aunt Judy" was there, with a whole crowd of Removites, when they arrived. Blundell & Co. glared at Harry Wharton & Co.

"My hat!" exclaimed Bland. "What's the game?"

"Come in, little boys!" said "Aunt Judy" gushingly. "Put all your provisions down on this table! I have invited some of the dear little boys with whom you played football the other day. I am sure we shall have a very jolly time together!"

"Oh, little boys—"

"Gug-g-great pip!"

Blundell & Co. did not look at all pleased at the arrangement. They darted wrathful looks at Harry Wharton & Co., who, however, grinned serenely and proceeded to erect a large trestle table in the centre of the room. The piano from the music-room had already been installed.

Fifth-Formers began to arrive one after another, each bearing a parcel of tuck, which was put into the "pool." They received a great shock to find Harry Wharton & Co. there, together with a dozen other Removites, including Billy Bunter. Tablecloths were put on the trestle table, and Harry Wharton & Co. cheerfully went out and raided the Fifth Form studies for crockery. Coker, Potter, and Greene were the last to arrive. They had a large parcel of tuck which gladdened the heart of Billy Bunter when he beheld the contents.

"Now, boys, let's have tea!" gushed "Aunt Judy." "Horace, put the kettle on!"

Tea was soon prepared, and the Fifth Form room presented an unusually festive appearance. Billy Bunter did the cooking round the huge fire which Blundell & Co. had stoked up, at "Aunt Judy's" command.

Harry Wharton & Co. sat round the festive board with Coker & Co. and the glaring Fifth, and "Aunt Judy" presided.

"There's plenty here, boys," she said benevolently. "So shall we start?"

Harry Wharton & Co. needed no second bidding. They were "broke" and hungry, and they fell to with a will. "Aunt Judy" poured out the tea, but "she" did not put any sugar in the cups which she handed to the Fifth Formers.

"Sugar is a very good thing for young boys," said the disguised Wib, "but I do not approve of its use among elder people. These dear Remove boys may have as much sugar as they like. It will make them fat!"

Harry Wharton & Co. chuckled, and the Fifth Formers glared. They made wry faces as they drank, and the Removites' grins seemed to add gall to that already very bitter tea!

"Aunt Judy," presiding at the head of the table with her back to the light, smiled benignly on all. Harry Wharton & Co. thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and Billy Bunter, in particular, was in his element. He made short work of everything he could lay hands on.

Wibley saw to it that the Removites were well supplied with tuck. It infuriated Blundell & Co. to see Harry Wharton & Co. making such vast inroads into that fine array of tuck which they, at "Aunt Judy's" instigation, had provided!

Tea was over at last and everyone, with the exception of the Fifth Formers

present, announced themselves completely satisfied. Harry Wharton & Co. had had all they wanted; and even Billy Bunter was full.

"Jolly good feed!" said Bob Cherry appreciatively. "You Fifth Form chaps have done us well, I must say!"

Blundell & Co. glared most homicidally at Bob and his grinning chums.

"Horace, you and your friends can clear away the things and make the room ready for our musical evening!" said "Aunt Judy."

"What about making these Remove kids work?" demanded Coker, quite truculently. "They ought to do something, considering the free feed they've just had!"

"Aunt Judy" looked quite shocked.

"Horace!" she cried, in a shrill voice. "How dare you speak to me like that! Do you want me to spank you?"

"S-spank me!" gasped Coker.

"Oh, jenny!"

He did not make any further rebellious remarks—not in "Aunt Judy's" hearing, at any rate. He and Potter and Greene and Blundell cleared away the tea-things, whilst the heroes of the Remove looked on grinning.

Aunt Judy sat at the piano when all was clear, and she ran her fingers lightly over the keys.

"Horace!" she said, looking gravely at Coker. "You must open our musical party by singing a nice song!"

Coker almost dropped.

"What! Sing to these cheeky Remove kids!" he roared, and then, catching a wrathful look from his supposed aunt, he controlled his ire. "Look here, aunt, I can't sing—"

"You can sing, Horace!" said Aunt Judy decisively. "You must sing a song, or I shall be very angry with you. I want your dear schoolfellows to hear what a wonderful voice my Horace has!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "Go it, Coker!"

"On the bawl, old man!"

Wibley played the opening bars of "Annie Laurie," and Coker, standing by the piano, his face as red as a beet-root, proceeded to sing.

Harry Wharton & Co., and the Fifth-Formers chuckled as Coker warbled on. That sentimental ballad, sung by Horace Coker, raised more laughter than any comic song would have done. Coker certainly had a voice, but it was by no means musical. Bob Cherry, indeed, remarked that Coker's voice was a "barrow-tone," by which he meant to imply that Coker would have made a good costermonger. Coker struggled manfully with his song, and he finished up amidst thunderous applause from Harry Wharton & Co.

Aunt Judy jumped up from the piano and gave the blushing Coker a resounding kiss on either cheek.

"Grooogh!" said Coker.

"There's a dear little boy!" said Aunt Judy gushingly. "I knew you'd do your best!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the fellows in the room.

"Now I will sing 'Boiled Beef and Carrots!'" said Aunt Judy, with an expansive smile. "And all you dear lads must join in the chorus. You all know it. Now, here we go!"

Wib rattled out "Boiled Beef and Carrots" for all he was worth, and sang that tuneful ditty in a cracked voice that made Harry Wharton & Co., and the Fifth-Formers, shriek. They all joined in the chorus with great heartiness, and the Fifth Form room rang with the

classic strains of "Boiled Beef and Carrots."

The jollification was at its height when the door opened, and Mr. Prout looked in, startled at the unseemly noises that were emanating from his Form-room. His glasses almost dropped from his nose when he beheld the angular Aunt Judy seated at the piano, which "she" was banging at great speed, whilst the boys round her bawled their tuneful ditty at the tops of their voices.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Called to the Phone!

"BUB-B-BLESS my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Prout.

Wib gave a final crash on the keyboard, and then looked smilingly at Mr. Prout.

"Ah! So you have come to join in our little party, Mr. Prout!" he croaked. "Perhaps you would care to sing something?"

"My goodness gracious! I—I am busy, thank you, Miss Coker!" gasped Mr. Prout, and he departed in hot haste.

Harry Wharton & Co. roared.

SOLUTION OF CROSS WORD PUZZLE No. 8.

	M	A	G	N	E	T	I	T	E	
D	A	B		O	N	E		I	V	Y
O	N		B	E	T	S	Y		A	O
U		F		L	E	T		S		R
G	L	I	B		R		T	A	N	K
H	E	R	O	N		N	O	T	E	S
N	O	R	A		S		M	Y	T	H
U		Y		E	L	F		R		I
T	E		G	R	O	I	N		D	R
S	A	M		N	O	S		F	O	E
	T	E	L	E	P	H	O	N	E	

Wib's musical party continued, Blundell & Co. waxing quite enthusiastic. Blundell, indeed, was prevailed upon by auntie to sing something, whilst Fitzgerald rendered a whistling solo of "Il Bacio" to Smith major's piano accompaniment.

The party was in full swing when a tap sounded at the door, and Trotter inserted his shock head.

"Please, Master Coker, your aunt wants to speak to you on the phone!" he said.

"Wha-a-a-at!"

Coker jumped up with a clatter, and all stared at Trotter.

As for that youth, he almost dropped when he saw Aunt Judy at the piano. His eyes and mouth opened wide, and he stared at her like one in a dream.

Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged horrified looks.

"Oh, scissors!" murmured Bob Cherry. "That's put the giddy tin-hat on it! If old Wib is bowled out—"

The Removites trembled for the safety of Aunt Judy.

Wib however, was equal to the occasion. He arose from the piano, wearing a look of great wrath, and he went up to Trotter with a flourish of his arms.

"What did I hear just now?" he shrilled, in a voice that was worthy of the real Aunt Judy at her best—or, rather, her worst! "What did you say, young man? Some brazen female has had the impudence to ring up my Horace and claim to be me? Tell me, young man, is that so?"

"Ye-e-e-es, ma'am!" gurgled Trotter, who was still wondering whether he could hear or see aright. "Which Miss Coker is a-waitin' on the telephone now—the telephone in the prefects' room. She—"

"I will deal with her!" cried the disguised Wib. "I—"

"You're not my aunt!" howled Coker suddenly. "My hat, I can see it all now! Chaps, we've been spoofed! This isn't my Aunt Judy at all! It's one of the rotten Remove kids! Wibley, I expect! He—he kissed me—"

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

Blundell & Co. went quite limp as they gazed at Aunt Judy.

"Of all the infernal cheek!" gasped Smith major.

"Look out!" screamed Potter. "She's off!"

"She"—or Wibley, to be more precise—was off!

The disguised Removite, seeing that the game was up, shoved past Trotter, and fairly flew from the Form-room.

A chorus of wild, wrathful howls arose from the deluded Fifth-Formers. They made a rush after "Auntie," and dashed desperately down the corridor thirsting for the trickster's blood.

Wib, jamming his bonnet down tight, and lifting his skirts, went down the stairs three at a time. Mr. Prout, who was on the landing below, blinked unbelievably when he beheld "Aunt Judy" romping along in that amazing manner.

"Why—what—oh—ah—my—my dear ma'am—Ooogh!" gasped Mr. Prout.

"Aunt Judy" flew by him with a rush, and before the astounded Fifth Form master could recover from his amazement, that wild, howling pack of Fifth-Formers tore past, raising the echoes with their wrathful yells.

"Bub-bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Prout. "They are chasing Coker's aunt! Wha-whatever could have happened? She—she must have tried them beyond endurance, and—and driven them to desperation! Dear me! My goodness gracious!"

Harry Wharton & Co. gathered at the large window at the top of the stairs and looked out, sobbing with laughter.

They saw "Aunt Judy" fly out of the Hall door and streak across the quad like lightning. "She" disappeared through the school gates, with practically the entire Fifth Form in full chase.

Bob Cherry clutched Nugent for support.

"Ow! Hold me up, Franky! Ha, ha, ha!" he yelled. "This is absolutely rich! Did you see Coker's face when he made the awful discovery? It was worth a guinea a box!"

"He, he, he!" sniggered Billy Bunter. "I say, you chaps, we've made the Fifth sing small this time, haven't we? My word, though, won't Wibley catch it when Blundell and the others lay hands on him! They'll tear him limb from limb! He, he, he!"

Harry Wharton turned to his chums with rather a serious face.

"Wib's in a hole, I'm afraid, and things will go jolly hard with him if he gets caught," he said. "Let's gather in the clan and go to Wib's rescue!"

"Rather!"

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Harry Wharton & Co. gathered unto them all the Removites that were available; and all dashed out of Greyfriars to find out what was happening to Wib.

Meanwhile, Coker had gone along to the prefects' room. He dashed to the telephone and took up the receiver.

"Hallo! Are you there, aunt?" he snorted.

"My darling Horace! It is you at last!" came Aunt Judy's voice in anguished tones over the wires. "Oh, Horace, a dreadful thing has happened! I have been robbed!"

"Robbed!" ejaculated Coker.

"Yes, Horace!" wailed Aunt Judy. "I went out, you remember, for the purpose of visiting my solicitor at Courtfield. He expressly asked me in his letter to take my wallet with me, and this I did. But the letter was a hoax, Horace! I have been the victim of a cruel trick played by Nolan! I was waylaid in a dark street, and my wallet was snatched from me."

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Coker, in horror. "Then all your money is gone, aunt?"

"Yes, Horace. The money was in the wallet," said Aunt Judy, at the other end. "But the scoundrels will not be able to get the wallet open, for the lock is a patent one, and I alone know the secret of the combination."

"But they—they'd rip open the case, aunt!" said Coker.

"No, Horace, they cannot do that," said Aunt Judy grimly. "The lock is built into a special steel lining; which cannot be forced open except under terrific heat. If they attempted to force open the wallet, Horace, the thieves would destroy the money."

"Whew!" whistled Coker. "I told you it was unsafe to carry all that money about, aunt, lock or no lock."

"Yes, I know, Horace. It was very foolish of me!" cried Aunt Judy distressfully. "Oh, Horace, help me find the thieves! I have reported the matter to the police, but I have no faith in them. Horace, you are big and clever, and you will recover my money, won't you?"

"I—I—I'll try, aunt!" gasped Coker. "But the thieves have had a good start, haven't they?"

"The robbery took place some time ago, yes," said Aunt Judy. "I have been kept a long time at the police-station, you know. The police are such unreasonable men!"

"Where are you speaking from, aunt?" asked Coker.

"Courtfield Post Office, Horace. Oh, do come here at once, my dear boy! I need my Horace!"

"Right-ho, aunt!" said Coker. "I'll come along at once on my motor-cycle."

He hung up the receiver and strode from the prefects' room.

"Oh, jeminy, what a go!" he moaned. "All aunt's money gone, and goodness knows where the thieves are now! Why didn't she keep her money in the bank? Oh dear!"

Coker took out his motor-cycle, and roared away from Greyfriars at top speed, en route for Courtfield.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Wibley Works the Oracle!

WIBLEY was on the run! Looking neither to the right nor the left of him, he fled precipitately from Greyfriars, his sole aim being to put as much distance as possible between himself

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and the avengers who were on his track.

Wib had slammed the Hall door in dashing out into the quadrangle, knowing that the door had become rather difficult to open. Thus, whilst Blundell & Co. desperately wrenched at the Hall door, the wily Wib kept on at top speed, and thus gained a good start.

It was now very dark in the Friardale Lane, except where an occasional lamp cast its fitful light into the gloom, and Wib kept on, his skirt swishing round his legs as he ran. He had no time, of course, to shed his disguise. With the outraged Fifth-Formers chasing him like hungry wolves, every moment was precious.

Wib made for the Friardale Wood, and, reaching the footpath, he plunged into the black shadows among the trees.

"Groooogh!" he gasped a little breathlessly. "I—I wonder if those blighters will follow me in here? Anyway, it's jolly dark, and they aren't along yet, so I stand a good chance of giving them the slip. If I can get to the old ruined house by the river, I can hide in there and get rid of this clobber. That's a good wheeze!"

Wib struck out towards the centre of the wood, and then took the footpath that led to the river. All was dark about him, and the eerie night silence was only broken by the sighing of the wind in the trees. Soon he heard the rippling waters of the Sark, and, hastening his footsteps still more, he at length came to the towing-path.

The moon began to peep out from behind a bank of black cloud, and its mellow light cast a soft radiance over the river. A short distance away, standing amidst a cluster of trees by the riverside, was the old ruined grange. This house was reputed to be haunted, and nobody had lived in it for hundreds of years. Nobody seemed to know who owned the place, and it had fallen into such a state of decay that now it was nothing more than a gaunt, forbidding old ruin.

Wib plunged through the weed-grown garden, lifting his skirts in case they got caught with the tangled undergrowth, and he clambered into the house via the front window.



On Sale Thursday, April 2nd.

Dense blackness surrounded him, and he gave a shiver in spite of himself.

"I'll lie low here for a little while, and get back when the coast is clear," he muttered. "Blundell's crowd will lay for me at Greyfriars, I suppose, but Wharton and the others will back me up. Groogh! This place gives me the giddy creeps! I— Oh! Mum-m-my hat!"

Wib, stood stock still, frozen with horror, as a strange noise sounded through the hollow darkness of the house. It was a rapping noise, heavy and incessant; and it came from somewhere down the dark, chilly corridor on his right.

At first Wib thought of ghosts, but he quickly scotched that idea. He was not a superstitious youth, and "nerves" did not bother him much. He strained his ears to listen, and he caught the low mumble of distant voices.

"Then I'm not alone!" he murmured. "There's somebody in one of the rooms at the back of this place. A giddy tramp, I suppose. Anyway, I sha'n't do any harm by having a look."

He crept on tiptoe along the passage, proceeding with infinite caution over the loose bricks that scattered the floor.

A flickering light showed through the cracks in a door ahead, and towards this the disguised junior made his way.

He gave a start when, peering through a chink in the door, he saw three men, and recognised one of them as the man whom Aunt Judy had chased from Greyfriars the other day.

"Mum-m-my hat!" muttered the Removite under his breath. "What's the game, I wonder? Good heavens! They've got Aunt Judy's bag!"

Nolan and his two associates were making desperate efforts to open the black wallet. To judge by the baffled looks on their faces, and their muttered remarks, they were not meeting with any degree of success.

"Confound the thing!" Nolan snarled. "If there's money in here we dare not use the oxy-acetylene burner! If only I knew the combination of this lock— Ah! What was that?"

Wibley, in moving his position, stepped on a loose board, which creaked noisily. The sound startled the three men inside the room. The two nearest the door sprang out into the passage. They saw Wibley's fleeing figure in the moonlight that was shining in through a rent in the roof and the torn flooring above.

Nolan uttered a shout.

"It's Miss Coker herself! She must have traced us here! After her! Don't let her go, whatever you do!"

Wibley tore back the way he had come, but disaster overtook him ere he reached the door. He stumbled over the loose bricks in the passage, and went crashing to the floor.

Before he had time to rise he was seized upon by Nolan and one of his confederates, and these two hustled him into the back room.

Nolan surveyed the disguised junior with glinting eyes, in the flickering candlelight.

"So you managed to follow us here, my dear Miss Coker!" he sneered. "You are a very clever old woman, I must say. Now you are here, you can be of great assistance to us. You've got to show us how to open this lock."

The other two men chuckled in high glee.

"Things couldn't have happened better, could they, boss?" one of them said. "Just the very person we wanted to see—and she's walked right into our hands! We'll force her to open this lock—eh?"

Nolan nodded, and his narrow features took on a vicious look.

"Now, Miss Coker," he said, "I warn you that you are dealing with desperate men. We want this money, and we mean to get abroad with it. Will you open the wallet, or shall we use force?"

Wibley's eyes gleamed.

He was completely possessed of all his nerve now. He realised the situation in a flash, guessing that these men had waylaid Miss Coker and robbed her, and had come to this lonely, tumble-down riverside house in order to prise open the wallet and decamp with the money it contained.

Wib registered a mental resolve to recover that wallet intact, if it were humanly possible for him to do so. Here his wonderful acting powers stood him in good stead. He commenced to whimper, and adopted an attitude of helpless feminine woe.

"Oh, you wicked men!" he wailed, dragging out a handkerchief and mopping his eyes. "You monsters, to treat a defenceless woman so! Would you rob me of all my money? Won't you have mercy on a lonely female?"

Nolan chuckled.

"You've got plenty more money where this came from, Miss Coker," he said. "You shouldn't be so infernally rich. Now, hurry up and open this lock, or we shall take steps to make you!"

"Fiend! You have me at your mercy and I will yield!" cried Wib in broken accents. "But my Horace will bring you to book. You shall not escape with my money. When I tell Horace, he will follow you to the ends of the earth if need be. He is big, and noble, and brave!"

"Ha, ha! We'll take the risk of your Horace's vengeance, Miss Coker," laughed Nolan, jubilant at the supposed lady's submission. "Here is the wallet. Now open it as quickly as you like."

The men had released their grip of Wibley. The disguised Removite took the wallet, his heart beating wildly. He made a pretence of fumbling with the knob on the lock, but all of a sudden, with a swiftness that quite took the rascals by surprise, he thrust the wallet inside the blouse he was wearing, and next minute his left and right fists shot out.

Biff! Crash!

Nolan caught Wib's hefty right on the point of his chin, whilst the man near him received a beautiful left uppercut that landed between his eyes. This worthy staggered back with a loud howl, blinking at a myriad of stars that were not in the actual firmament.

As for the other man, he was too paralysed with amazement to do anything at first but gasp.

"Miss Coker's" pugilistic powers cast dismay and confusion among Nolan & Co. Wib was not celebrated at Greyfriars as a fighting man, but he knew how to use his "mitts," and on this occasion he was thoroughly roused. He hit out straight from the shoulder, and



Biff! Crash! Nolan caught the disguised Wibley's hefty right on the point of the chin, whilst his companion received a beautiful left upper-cut that landed between his eyes. The trio of scoundrels staggered back amazed at "Miss Coker's" pugilistic prowess. (See Chapter 11.)

drove Nolan back against the crazy fireplace with a series of terrific jabs and side thrusts.

"Yarooooogh!" howled Nolan. "Ow-wow! You old—wow!—vixen! You old—Yah! Wooooop!"

A four-point-seven left to the jaw sent him reeling against the fireplace again, and this time the concussion caused the candle to topple over. This was fortunate for Wibley, for the other two had rallied and were making for "Miss Coker" with ugly, threatening looks on their faces.

Wib gave a roar of laughter, and the three rascals yelled with wrath, when the light went out. Wib had seen the way clear to the door beforehand, and he leaped forward wildly. He knocked one of the men over in doing so, but he gained the door and nipped through it. Slam!

Wib took good care that he did not trip this time.

He fairly tore out of the old grange, with Nolan & Co. pounding after him, cursing and raving.

The wallet was still nestling snugly in the inside of his blouse, and Wib pressed it firmly to him as he ran. He dashed at top speed along the towing-path in the direction of Greyfriars, and Nolan & Co. kept desperately on his track, hoping to catch up with "Miss Coker" and overpower her.

Wib gave a yell of delight when a number of well-known figures came into view down the path.

The newcomers were Harry Wharton & Co., who were hunting for Wib along by the river.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Gone, But Not Forgotten!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!" Bob Cherry's stentorian voice boomed out. "There's old Wib!"

Wib turned without more ado and charged back at Nolan & Co.

They had not expected this sally, and they fell back, gasping.

"Aunt Judy" got her arm lovingly round Nolan's neck and whirled him over. They crashed together in the grass.

The other two uttered foul curses as they saw Harry Wharton & Co. dashing to the scene. They did not stay to release their leader, but took to their heels and dashed headlong into the Friardale Wood.

Some of the juniors, seeing the move, plunged into the wood and went in pursuit. The Famous Five and the others ran up to where Wibley was fighting desperately with Nolan, at the imminent hazard of falling with that rascal into the river.

"All serene, Wib!" said Bob Cherry. "We'll lend a hand, old son. Buck up, kids!"

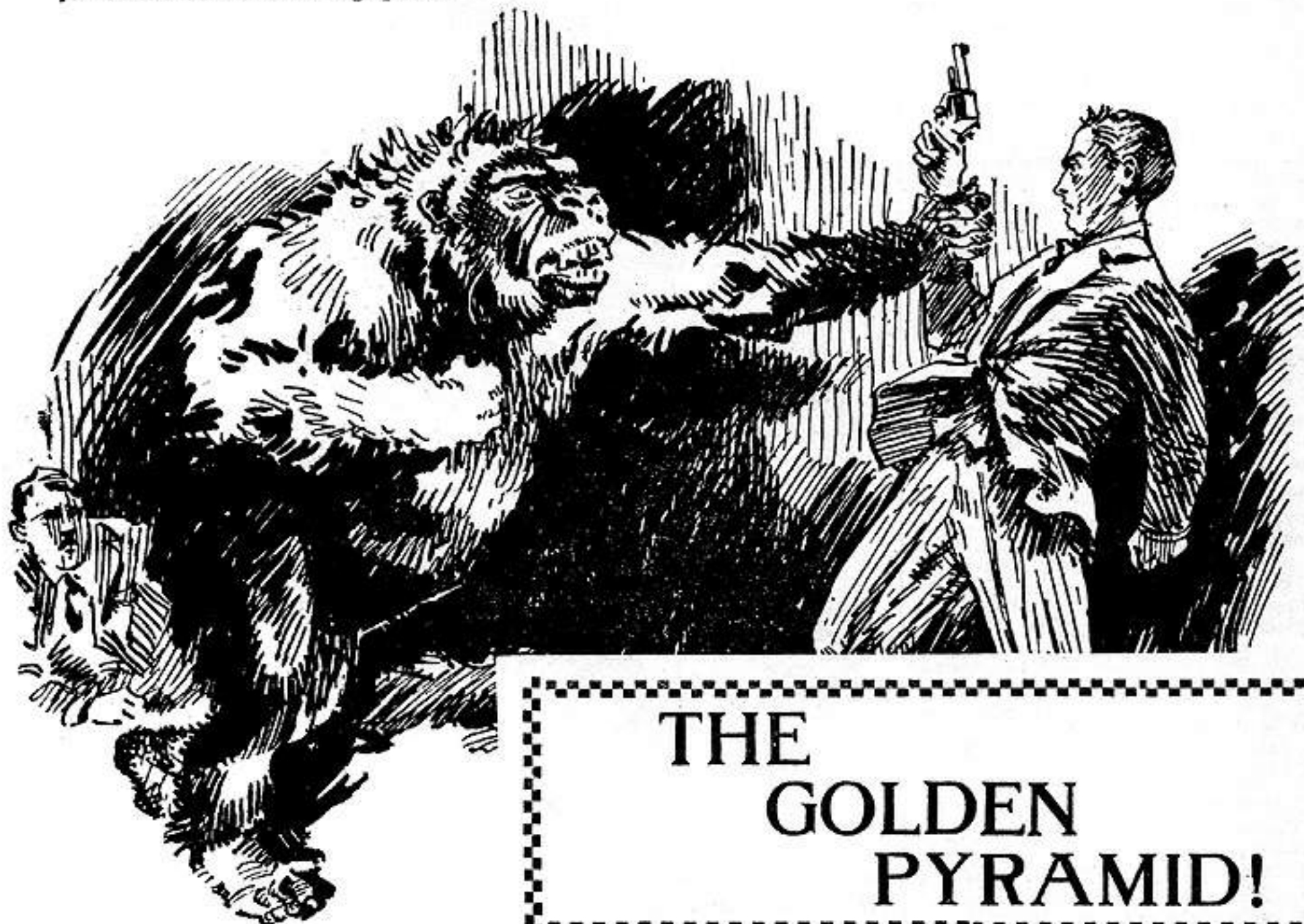
"The buck-upfulness is terrific!" said Inky.

Nolan was pounced upon from all sides, and in a twinkling was made a prisoner and yanked to his feet.

He stood there in Harry Wharton & Co.'s grip, panting and cursing under his breath. He broke off, and his eyes

(Continued on page 26.)

TIT-BITS! The print of a hobnailed boot in soft soil; the discovery of a secret entrance to a cave; the finding of the Golden Pyramid itself; and lastly the appearance of an enraged gorilla, who is the guardian of the cave, all make for thrills in this amazing quest!



THE GOLDEN PYRAMID!

Deadlock!

"SIR MERTON CARR!"

The name burst from Ferrers Locke's lips in a low-toned gasp of sheer wonderment.

The figure on the window-ledge stared back at Locke with an altogether different expression. If Locke was amazed, then Sir Merton was chagrined. It was only too obvious that the unmasking of his identity in this dramatic fashion was the very thing he would have given everything to have avoided.

He remained perched in his precarious position, half in and half out of the window, for fully half a minute, for, though Locke was startled, the detective was far too old a hand to permit his personal feelings to affect his grip on the situation. His revolver remained as steadily directed at the other's head as if the hand holding it had been carved in stone.

There followed a tense silence.

Then, slowly and with obvious reluctance, Sir Merton Carr drew back his leg from over the window-sill and stood once more in the room.

But now his hands were suddenly flung out towards the detective in a gesture of appeal.

"For Heaven's sake let me go, Locke!" he pleaded hoarsely. "Let me get away from here before—before it is too late!"

The detective moved forward till he stood within a couple of feet of the South African magnate.

"What's the little game, Carr?" he asked.

Sir Merton's eyes fell before the

steady scrutiny of the detective, and his hands began to fidget nervously.

"I—I can't tell you anything," he muttered at last, the words coming as if forced from his parched lips. "I only beg of you, as a gentleman, to let me go at once!"

Locke was frankly puzzled, though his expression was as inscrutable as ever. For perhaps half a minute he remained silent.

Then he put down his revolver. Something told him instinctively that he would have no further use for it. Sir Merton Carr looked more like a broken, ruined man than a desperate midnight marauder.

"Now, see here, Carr," said the detective abruptly, "though it seems that you already know my name, I don't know whether you are aware that I'm engaged on the mystery of your son's disappearance? Your own equally startling disappearance, after having been picked up, apparently dead, on the moors, must also receive my attention, since I am convinced in my own mind that the one is inseparably linked with the other. Therefore it must surely strike you as merely common-sense that your attitude at this moment is, to say the least of it, extraordinary. I admit frankly that I hardly expected to run across you in quite such a startling manner, but having done so I require an explanation—not only of your unaccountable action in breaking into my room, but also of your amazing behaviour since the day you first set foot in this country from South Africa!"

Sir Merton Carr listened without interruption to the detective's remarks. Then he moistened his lips.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Locke," he muttered, speaking as if with a great effort, "but I—I cannot help you. And I beg of you, if you have any respect for me at all, for my family and for my future peace of mind, to give up this case immediately!"

"What!" exclaimed Ferrers Locke blandly. "You mean to say you do not wish the mystery of your son's disappearance to be cleared up? You do not want your boy to be found?"

It was unbelievable, astounding! Either Sir Merton Carr was a most unnatural father, or—and the detective's eyes momentarily gleamed at the thought—he had something to hide himself.

The magnate nodded slowly.

"That is what I ask of you, Mr. Locke," he replied in the same toneless voice. "As a matter of fact, I may as well admit that I had heard of Dr. Lampton's action in asking you to take up this case. I was also aware of your arrival here within a very short time after you entered this inn, and I have never spent such a desperately anxious time in my life as in the past few hours, wondering how I could approach you with a view to begging you, as I do now, to relinquish everything and return to London!"

"Then I can only say it's a pity we have met now," replied Locke at once, "for I assure you, Sir Merton, you've made a bad bungle of it. Whatever my own feelings in regard to this case, however indifferent I may or may not have been as to its ultimate outcome, your appeal has only served to make my interest all the keener. I am now more determined than ever to see this thing

through to a finish. There's something confoundingly fishy going on, a regular maze of mystery, far deeper, perhaps, than I had at first believed. And I am now absolutely resolved to unravel it—yes, even if it takes me half a lifetime to do so!"

A low groan of despair escaped the lips of the mining magnate, and he dropped his head in his hands.

Ferrers Locke watched him in silence for a moment. Then he laid a kindly hand on the man's shoulder.

"Why don't you play fair with me, Carr?" he said gently. "After all, if you're straight, if you've nothing to be ashamed of—"

"By Heaven, sir," cut in the other with startling emphasis, "I thank Providence I've kept my name clean and honourable up to now! All my life I've played a straight game, even if I have made a pile of money! But now—"

He broke off, unable to continue.

Plainly there was something on his mind, some secret of his own which seemed to be slowly breaking up the spirit of the man, reducing him from a proud, successful leader to a humble, half-ashamed suppliant for mercy.

"Why did you break into my room?" asked Ferrers Locke suddenly. "What were you doing ferreting about in my suit-case?"

Sir Merton looked up, an expression of mingled misery and defiance in his eyes.

"Because I was broke!" he snapped. "Penniless, if you want to know. When they picked me up on the moors, apparently dead, they went through my pockets—as of course they had to do to establish identity. But they did not replace what they took away, and it was not until I had got well away from that tin shed where they put me that I discovered I had not a cent in the world. So I began to make inquiries—never mind how—and I found that the wallet containing what ready cash I possessed had been handed to you for examination."

"And so you decided on this extraordinary way of regaining possession of it," said the sleuth, smiling in spite of himself, "instead of the far more respectable and quite legitimate method of calling at the inn and asking for me?"

"Haven't I just explained that I didn't want anyone to know where I am—that I am even alive?" retorted Sir Merton. "That's why I took the risk of breaking into your room, to try to find the wallet for myself. Had I done so I should have decamped forthwith. I am no thief. I only came to fetch what is, after all, my own."

"As to that"—Ferrers Locke shrugged and turned away, returning in a moment with the wallet—"you can have it right away. It is your property, and I have no right, nor any desire, either, to keep it from you. I trust you will find the contents intact."

He held out the wallet to Sir Merton, who took it mechanically, his face expressive of the most utter surprise, mingled, none the less, with obvious relief.

He did not trouble to examine its contents, but thrust it quickly into his pocket. Then he turned again to the detective.

"I thank you," he said simply. "You are a gentleman. And now, with your permission, I will go—by the same way as I entered!" And as he spoke a faint smile creased his lips.

Ferrers Locke shrugged his shoulders helplessly.

"I have no power to stop you, Sir Merton," he replied at once. "You have done no wrong, so far as I know, by breaking into my room in the way you have done, you are guilty, I suppose, of a technical offence. But, as you say, you came only to claim your own property; therefore you are free to go."

"And—and you will resign from this case?" Sir Merton's face was suddenly alight with a fresh hope.

But Locke shook his head slowly, a slight smile on his lips.

"Not on your life, sir!" he replied instantly. "On the contrary, I am now more determined than ever, not only to clear it up, but to get to the bottom of your own mysterious behaviour as well!"

Sir Merton stared at him, and the light died out of his face, which became clouded with misery once more. Then, realising that it was hopeless to argue, he turned on his heel and moved slowly towards the window, his head sunk on his breast.

Suddenly the magnate stopped and veered round, his eyes fixed in a curious gaze upon the detective's face. He seemed to hesitate for a moment, then came back.

"You visited my room at the Hotel Meridian, I believe?" he said slowly; and Locke started, in spite of himself. How Carr could have known of this was beyond the detective.

"I made an investigation there," he replied guardedly. "Why do you ask?"

Sir Merton Carr came closer and lowered his voice.

"You didn't happen to find anything—er—unusual, I suppose?" he suggested, in a half-whisper.

Ferrers Locke stared at him. "That depends on what you might regard as—er—unusual," he replied, in the same cautious tone.

Again Sir Merton appeared to hesitate, as if half-regretting he had spoken. But after a brief silence he again addressed the detective.

"I—I mean a piece of gold," he replied at last, "shaped like a pyramid."

Locke's eyes widened momentarily, but he shook his head.

"I know nothing about such a thing," he replied frankly.

For a moment Sir Merton continued to gaze thoughtfully, anxiously at him. Then he heaved a deep sigh.

THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

FERRERS LOCKE, the world-famous detective.

JACK DRAKE, his clever boy assistant.

INSPECTOR PYECROFT, of the C.I.D. at Scotland Yard.

SIR MERTON CARR, a South African mining magnate.

GORDON, his son.

GERALD ARTHUR BRISTOW, a professional crook, nephew of Sir Merton (known also as Arthur the Dude).

Ferrers Locke is engaged to find Gordon Carr, who has mysteriously disappeared from Stormpoint College. Soon after the sleuth takes up the case he learns that Sir Merton Carr—who had made a hurried journey to England—has been found on the Devon moors apparently dead. On top of this, Mr. Rennie, the master of the Remove at Stormpoint College, is also unaccountably missing.

While Drake proceeds to Stormpoint College, Locke journeys down to Moorvale, Devon, only to find that the body of Sir Merton Carr has disappeared from the local police-station. By a clever piecing together of clues, Ferrers Locke deduces that Sir Merton is no more dead than the station-sergeant.

The detective's theory proves to be right, for that same night his room is burgled by Sir Merton Carr himself, whom Locke holds up at the point of the pistol.

(Now read on.)

"I hope it's safe," he murmured to himself. "I wouldn't lose the Golden Pyramid for anything—"

"What on earth are you talking about?" exclaimed Locke, thoroughly mystified. "What is this 'Golden Pyramid' you are referring to?"

But Sir Merton shook off the detective's grip on his arm.

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all!" he replied, with an attempt at indifference. "If you haven't seen it, it doesn't matter."

And the next instant, with a muttered word of thanks, he turned and clambered through the window and disappeared from sight.

Ferrers Locke stood watching the man's unconventional departure in silence, his hand rubbing his chin in puzzled reflection.

Sir Merton had been found—and lost again. And, so far from helping to untangle the web of mystery with which this whole case was surrounded, his reappearance had only served to pull the threads tighter.

The Finding of the Golden Pyramid!

NEXT morning Ferrers Locke was up and about much earlier than usual, and had already breakfasted when Inspector Pyecroft put in an appearance.

Locke had decided already that he would tell Pyecroft exactly what had happened during the night.

After all, he reasoned, there was no real reason why he should keep his little adventure with Sir Merton Carr a secret—at least, from the C.I.D. man.

Pyecroft began on his eggs and bacon while Locke quietly outlined what had taken place during the night, reserving the disclosure of Sir Merton's identity as a climax.

The C.I.D. man listened attentively to Locke's tersely worded narrative, now and again glancing up in obviously growing amazement, till at length Locke quietly announced the name of the man who had so dramatically broken into his room. And then—

Well, and then Pyecroft's eggs and bacon were swept with a crash to the floor, and the table might have followed had not Locke jumped forward just in time. And Pyecroft, his face red and positively jumping with excitement and indignation, confronted his unofficial friend.

"And you mean to tell me," he said, in slow accents of immeasurable scorn, "that you stood there, like a tailor's dummy, and let that fellow take his hook, without so much as raising a finger to prevent him?"

Ferrers Locke nodded.

"I do," he answered, with an irritating smile on his face.

The C.I.D. man opened his mouth, but no sound came forth. He stared at the detective with eyes that positively goggled.

"Well, of all the slab-sided idiots!" he gasped at last.

"Thank you for those kind words," murmured Locke gravely.

"But, man alive, what on earth did you do it for?" almost shouted the inspector, beside himself with baffled rage. "Just when you had that fellow right in your hands—"

"Pardon me," interposed Ferrers Locke gently. "I no more had him in my hands than I have you. The man had done nothing. To disappear is no crime. He is master of his own movements, and if he chooses to vanish from

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public ken for a time, that's his affair, so long as he has done no wrong."

"But how do we know he's done no wrong?" snapped Pycroft. "Why, his very action in breaking into your room, and then begging you to say nothing about it and chuck up the case—all this is more than enough to show that he's got something to conceal—"

"That may be," returned Locke, with a nod. "But you, as a Scotland Yard man should not need to be reminded of one of the simplest and most elementary laws of your business, namely, that you cannot detain any man, woman, or child on any charge without having at least a prima-facie case. And you've no case against Carr. Only supposition, and vague enough at that. No, my dear Pycroft; I did no wrong in letting the man go. I'm as sorry as you are that I was compelled to do so. But I had no alternative."

Inspector Pycroft glared at the detective for a moment, and finally turned on his heel with a grunt.

"Well, it's spoilt my breakfast," he growled—"that's all I've got to say!"

"Good!" returned Locke cheerily. "Then if you've nothing more to say, I vote we do a little hike along to the spot where the local police found Sir Merton. Sergeant Perks has very kindly furnished me with a sketch to enable us to get to the place by a short cut, and so there's no need to bother him further."

According to the information supplied by the local police-sergeant, the place where the unconscious figure of Sir Merton Carr had been picked up was situated at least three miles from the village inn, and Pycroft, on learning of this, was for starting at once.

And so they set out, Locke starting off at a steady four miles an hour. It did not take them long to reach their destination, which happened to be one of the most lonely and desolate spots on the moorland, surrounded by grim, forbidding tors, and a good mile or so off the ordinary roads.

Though the day was clear and fine, the sun was not as yet of sufficient brilliance to dry up all the mud or relieve the saturated state of the stubby grassland. Pycroft thereby found fresh cause for complaint, for his heavy boots were very soon thickly encrusted with wet clay, while the damp grass soaked them through, making walking—never a happy task for a man of his proportions—an absolute misery.

But Locke ignored the Yard man's oft-repeated grumbles. The private detective was feeling very pleased with the state of the weather.

The fact that the sun had not yet dried up everything meant that the mud and wet caused by the recent storms would still preserve any possible tracks on the spot where Sir Merton's body had been found.

That spot proved to be a tiny open clearing, fringed with groups of trees, some bushes, and, in the near background, the towering hills. The clearing was partly covered with stubby grass and clumps of heather, and bald patches of clay here and there.

Locke began scouting round the clearing the moment he arrived, but he found he had tackled a pretty stiff task.

Though the stubby grass had obviously been trampled underfoot, doubtless in the struggle which Jack Drake had so cleverly photographed with his camera, the patches of barren clay were disappointingly few and far between and these had already been spoilt by the trampling of other feet—doubtless

those of the police themselves when they had come to remove the unconscious body of the mining magnate.

The task of sorting out these various footprints became so difficult as to be well-nigh impossible, and, at length, Locke temporarily relinquished it and turned his attention to scouting round elsewhere in the vague hope of finding other tracks, leading away from the spot. For, of course, whoever had attacked Sir Merton must naturally have made off afterwards in some direction or other.

After a while, Locke was able to "place" the footprints of Sir Merton himself, by the simple expedient of tracing their approach from the direction of the main road up to the actual spot where the encounter had taken place.

Then, bit by bit, he contrived, by this process of elimination, to pick out the other footprints which were of no immediate importance—those of the police, for instance, and the man who had first run across the body.

And the net result of all this was the isolation of a pair of footprints evidently made by boots of the hob-nailed variety with square toes and an unusually heavy pressure, denoting that the possessor must certainly have been a broadly-built man, probably somewhat above normal height and of abnormal weight.

It was about fifteen minutes after Locke had progressed thus far with his investigations that Pycroft happened to look up from his task of scraping the clay from his boots, to find that his companion had completely disappeared!

"What the thump—" began the C.I.D. man, jumping up in amazement.

He glanced keenly round, but there was absolutely no sign whatever of the detective. He had completely vanished and Pycroft found himself quite alone.

"Now where in the name of thunder has that confounded fellow got to?" growled Pycroft.

But he was not left long in doubt, for a few minutes later he caught sight of the tall, athletic figure of the detective standing at the base of an unusually lofty-looking hill, peering down at something on the ground.

Pycroft started forward at a run, and, even as he did so, he saw Locke suddenly bend down and stretch out his hand, straightening himself a moment later, and then apparently staring at something he had picked up.

A few minutes later the C.I.D. man had drawn level with his unofficial colleague.

"What on earth are you doing right over here?" he gasped. "What's the good of prowling about in all these heather bushes half a mile away from the scene of the crime? This isn't a picnic, you know, Locke!"

"You don't say so?" murmured the detective.

Then he spun round abruptly.

"Have a look at this," he snapped, at the same time dropping something into Pycroft's open palm.

The C.I.D. man looked down at his hand, and then his brows drew together in a puzzled frown.

"What on earth is it?" he muttered.

"That's what we'd both like to know," replied Locke, with a smile.

Pycroft moved away from the shadow of the hill till the sun's rays played more freely upon the tiny object in his hand, causing it to gleam and scintillate almost like a living thing.

It looked like a tiny nugget of pure gold, shaped like a miniature pyramid, and as Pycroft turned it over and over with one finger of the other hand, he

saw that it was indeed perfectly fashioned and without a flaw.

"A golden pyramid!" he murmured at last, still staring at it perplexedly.

"Where did you pick this up, Locke?"

The detective turned and pointed to a clump of heather near at hand.

"In that bush," he answered, "I picked up a trail made by a pair of hobnailed boots, running from the spot where Sir Merton was found, right across the clearing, through a fringe of trees, and up to the base of this hill. It continues round these bushes and apparently leads up on to the hill itself, but I haven't yet followed it any further, for, as I was moving slowly along, my eye caught the glint of something in the heather. When I approached closer to see what it was, I found this little jewel, lying almost covered in the heather bush."

"Extraordinary!" grunted Pycroft, eyeing the queer little pyramid again. "Must have been dropped there by somebody passing by."

"Obviously," murmured Locke, suppressing a smile at the other's laboured statement of the plainest of facts.

He took the golden object from Pycroft and studied it again. It was singularly heavy for its size, and from all outward appearance was made of absolutely solid gold.

After examining it again for some few minutes, Locke thrust it carefully away and then resumed his examination of the ground, Pycroft now following close behind him.

The footsteps were now unusually plain and led round a large clump of gorse up towards the base of the hill, which seemed to be of solid rock.

Locke moved steadily onward, and, after a few moments, came to a dead stop.

"That's queer!" he muttered. "These tracks end right in front of that clump of bushes between these two ridges in the base of the hill. Surely the man couldn't have walked clean into the bush?"

The spot they had now reached was situated at the base of the hill, and the clump of bushes grew in a deep declivity between two rocky "cheeks," completely blocking up the declivity itself and apparently growing round and along the sides of the rock almost in the manner of a huge creeper.

Locke walked round the bush several times thoughtfully, prodding it with his stick.

Then suddenly he gave an ejaculation of triumph, and, bending down, thrust his hand into the bush.

When he pulled it forth, it brought with it a great pile of brushwood and left behind a gaping hole in the bush itself!

"Very clever!" murmured Locke, with a grim smile. "Very clever indeed! So clever, in fact, that it was well-calculated to deceive the most expert eye!"

He turned to Pycroft, who was now eyeing the hole in blank amazement.

"You see what it is?" explained the detective, waving his hand in the direction of the hole. "This clump of bushes is only genuine up to a certain point. The whole of the centre is a void, which has been neatly filled with brushwood exactly similar to that which actually forms the living bush, and now that it has been pulled out it reveals a large hole—the hole through which our friend of the hobnailed boots must have passed after his little tussle with Sir Merton Carr!"

"Yes, but even then," proceeded Pycroft suddenly, "he'd only run clean into the blank rock wall of the hill! Rather silly to force a way through



Suddenly Ferrers Locke gave an exclamation of triumph, and, bending down, thrust his hand into the bush. When he pulled it forth it brought with it a great pile of brushwood and left behind a gaping hole in the bush itself. "Very clever," murmured the detective grimly. (See page 24.)

like that, when walking round would have been easier, isn't it?"

"You can't very well walk round," returned Locke, "when you want to effect an entrance into the rock itself, can you?"

"Jupiter!" gasped Pycroft, light dawning upon him. "You don't mean to say we've hit upon the secret entrance to a sort of cave in the hill?"

"Looks like it, doesn't it?" rejoined Locke, with a smile.

Then suddenly his face became set and stern, and he turned, with a warning look, towards the inspector.

"Follow me!" he said, and his voice had sunk almost to a whisper. "I've got an electric torch, which we shall need. I also have my revolver, which we may likewise require. Got yours?"

Pycroft nodded dazedly, regarding the detective in wonder.

But he did not venture to make any further inquiries, contenting himself with falling into step behind Locke, who now began to force his way, on hands and knees, through the black hole in the bush.

Soon they found themselves in utter darkness, Locke deciding not to make use of his torch until absolutely necessary.

The task before them was not a very pleasant one, for they were compelled to crawl along on hands and knees in a morass of soft, damp earth, with a musty, crypt-like smell in their nostrils, and the most suffocating darkness around them.

But after about five or ten minutes of this groping in the dark Locke found that the opening in the rock—which he judged to be one of the many natural caves to be found in this particular locality—had broadened considerably, and by stretching out his hand he was able to make the refreshing discovery that it would be fairly safe to stand erect now.

He accordingly straightened himself, and Pycroft did likewise.

Then, after standing perfectly still for some moments in a listening attitude, Locke pulled forth his electric torch and

flashed its rays around him, though he was fully alive to the fact that, by doing so, he ran the risk of revealing their presence to any unknown enemy who might be lurking in wait.

For a moment it was difficult to see anything. The rays of the torch seemed but to intensify the darkness.

But after a few seconds the surroundings began to take shape, and Locke saw that they were standing in an unusually large cave formed out of the solid rock, its sides exuding damp and half covered with green moss. The air was strangely moist and hot, and there was an earthy odour over everything.

The sleuth flashed the torch round in a half-circle, but even then the light failed to pierce all the shadows.

The cave seemed full of queer shapes and shadows, and its fullest extent was not by any means apparent, though Locke, of course, knew that, large though it was, it could not extend indefinitely, being but a part of the hill itself.

The detective now began to move forward cautiously, turning towards the right, with the intention of making for a spot some feet away, where he fancied he caught a glimpse of something solid-looking lying on the rock-like floor.

But almost at once there came a sudden cry of warning from Pycroft, and immediately Ferrers Locke spun round.

The first thing he saw was the figure of Inspector Pycroft, his fat, podgy hands held rigidly above his head, his whole frame positively trembling with amazement.

And beyond the C.I.D. man was a huge shadow in the likeness of a man of giant stature.

The shadow began to move nearer even as Ferrers Locke turned, resolving itself into a solid, shaggy mass, while immediately before it was the gleaming barrel of a revolver, directed in a deadly aim at the detective's head.

Locke found himself unconsciously waiting for the command to put up his hands.

But no such command came!

The figure, almost grotesque in its size, merely stood there, the revolver held straight before it, and the detective now caught the glitter of two beady, yellowish eyes.

Inspector Pycroft's knees began to sag. As for Ferrers Locke, he continued to stand like a statue, his hands upflung, one of them still clutching the electric torch, which now sent its rays uselessly towards the roof of the cave. Locke's revolver was in his pocket, easily accessible in any other circumstances, but now about as useless as if he no longer possessed it.

And, meantime, the weird-looking figure crept closer till it stood within a foot or so of its hapless victims, whom it now began to scrutinise.

Its little, beady eyes glittered in the now half-reflected light of the upturned torch in Locke's hand, as it looked first at Pycroft and then at his companion. Its form was so huge that it seemed to block everything like a massive grey-brown wall.

Then with startling suddenness it flung out a great, hairy hand, and next instant Pycroft gave a scream as he felt himself literally lifted off his feet, held in the air for a moment, and then flung with brutal force clean across the cave, to come down with a heavy crash to the ground.

And as this happened the big figure gave vent to what sounded like a loud, chattering laugh—a sound which almost froze the blood in Locke's veins.

The detective had seen what happened, and his eyes flashed. But he was helpless, and realised that if he as much as moved a foot it would in all probability be the last step he would ever take.

For, of course, he had recognised the meaning of that great, shaggy form a moment before he had shouted to Pycroft to keep up his hands.

(What happens to Ferrers Locke and his companions? Will they get out of the cave alive? Mind you read next week's thrilling instalment, boys.)

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AUNT JUDY COMES TO STAY!

(Continued from page 21.)

opened wide when he looked at "Miss Coker."

Wib's bonnet and wig had been knocked off in the fracas, and his skirt was dangling down, suspended at the side by one safety pin only.

He grinned cheerily at Nolan.

"You naughty man!" he said in his natural voice. "So we've caught you! My darling Horace won't have to follow you to the giddy ends of the earth now."

"I—I—I—"

Nolan was stricken speechless.

Harry Wharton looked from that rascal to Wibley in bewilderment.

"What the dickens is all this about, Wib?" he demanded. "Who is this merchant? I've seen him before somewhere. Isn't he the chap whom Aunt Judy chased out of Greyfriars?"

Wib grinned.

"The very same!" he said. "And he's a precious sort of scoundrel, too. He robbed Aunt Judy of this."

He withdrew the wallet from his blouse and held it up.

Harry Wharton & Co. gasped.

"My hat! Tell us all about it, Wib," exclaimed Harry.

Wibley explained.

Harry Wharton & Co. roared with laughter at the manner in which the wily amateur actor of the Remove had hoodwinked the trio of rascals.

"My word! Won't auntie be pleased to see this wallet again!" said Frank Nugent. "I expect that's what she rang Cokey up about—to tell him that she had been robbed."

The other juniors came into view again just then. They had captured Nolan's two confederates.

"Good egg!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Now we've got the giddy bunch!"

"We'll take 'em all to Greyfriars and see what the Head has to say about it," said Harry Wharton. "Lug 'em along, chaps!"

Nolan & Co. were propelled along and taken to Greyfriars.

Blundell & Co. were waiting round the gates. They made an angry rush forward when they saw the Removites, but Harry Wharton held up his hand.

"Pax, you chaps!" he exclaimed. "This isn't the time for ragging. Aunt Judy's been robbed of her wallet which contained all her money, and Wib's recovered it, and we've got the giddy thieves here!"

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Blundell.

Harry Wharton explained, and the Fifth-Formers growlingly consented to make it pax.

Dr. Locke was astounded when Nolan & Co. were yanked before him by the heroes of the Remove. Still more astounded was he when he saw Wib. And when the whole story was told him the Head's astonishment knew no bounds.

"Bless my soul! I was aware that Miss Coker had been robbed—she called me up on the telephone and told me," he said. "I am expecting her back at any minute now. She will undoubtedly be very gratified to hear that her money has been recovered."

The Head then rang up the police-station at Courtfield, and informed the inspector that the thieves who had stolen Miss Coker's wallet had been caught. He promised to hold them at Greyfriars until officers arrived to take them into custody.

Aunt Judy came in a few minutes

later, her rather comical features wearing a very woebegone expression. Her umbrella hung limply by her side.

"Has Horace rung up?" she cried eagerly. "He promised to phone when he caught the robbers, and— Oh, my goodness gracious! Nolan!"

Auntie's eyes opened wide when she beheld the cowering Nolan.

Up came her umbrella in a trice.

"So, you rascal, you have been apprehended!" she shrieked. "I knew my Horace would catch you. Now I will show you what I—"

"Yarooooogh! Yah! Help! Keep her off!" yelled Nolan, as auntie advanced with her umbrella waving menacingly at him. "Don't let the old Amazon hit me, sir! Oooooogh!"

"Amazon am I!" hooted Aunt Judy. "Monster! Viper! Take that—and that—and that!"

Whack! Whack! Whack!

Harry Wharton & Co. had to let go of Nolan to dodge that sweeping umbrella themselves. And auntie whacked vigorously at the thief, driving him round and round the room.

The juniors roared. They could not help it.

"Ha, ha, ha"

Nolan also roared, though not with laughter. He fairly woke the echoes with his howls as he dodged round the room, with auntie in full chase, swiping at him with her umbrella.

The Head had to dodge, too, or he might have received a few of those heavy slashes.

"Miss Coker! My dear ma'am!" he cried in horror. "Pray remember where you are! Dear me! My goodness gracious! I beseech of you to cease this unseemly disturbance! Miss Coker, I implore you—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "It's all serene, sir. Nolan's taken refuge under the table!"

The luckless robber had made a desperate dive under the table, and there he lay, moaning and gasping most dismally.

Aunt Judy bent down, the light of battle flaming in her eyes, and raked underneath the table with her umbrella. Nolan, however, took good care to keep out of the orbit of that devastating weapon.

"Come out, villain!" shrieked Aunt Judy. "Coward, come forth!"

Nolan refused to come forth.

Breathing hard, and snorting like a war-horse, Aunt Judy turned to Dr. Locke, who looked quite scared.

"So much for the oppressor of a

defenceless woman!" she cried. "And where is my noble Horace, Dr. Locke?"

"Your nephew isn't here, ma'am," said the Head, keeping one eye warily on the umbrella. "I have not seen him."

"Then where is my wallet?" cried Aunt Judy in alarm. "Has that not been recovered?"

"Yes, Miss Coker, I rejoice to say that it is here intact," gasped the Head; and he made haste to hand Aunt Judy the wallet.

A joyful expression crossed that lady's gaunt features, and she gave a glad cry when, unlocking the wallet, she found her money safe and sound.

"You have Wibley here to thank for the recovery of your wallet, Miss Coker," said the Head mildly. "It appears that he surprised these three rascals in an old house by the river. Wibley happened to be masquerading as you, I believe, although I have not—ahem!—gone into that matter very deeply."

"Oh, the darling!" gushed Aunt Judy, making a rush at Wib. "Let me kiss the brave boy."

She caught the blushing Wib in her arms and rained kisses on him thick and fast. Wib glared over her shoulder at Harry Wharton & Co., who were grinning at him.

Aunt Judy released Wibley at last, much to that worthy's relief.

"I will wait for Horace to return, and then I must leave Greyfriars, Dr. Locke," she said. "I must return home immediately to make arrangements for having this money placed in a bank. My darling Horace thinks that by far the safer way of keeping it, and I shall take his advice."

Nolan was still hiding under the table when the police arrived. He and his two scowling confederates were hurried away, Aunt Judy looking quite disappointed at not being able to get in a few parting swipes at them!

Coker returned to Greyfriars just before locking-up time, looking tired and dusty and very oily after his night ramble on the motor-bike. He gasped when he heard the news of the recovery of his aunt's money. He gasped still more when Auntie announced her intention of returning home. Harry Wharton & Co. thought that they detected a note of relief in Coker's gasp.

Miss Coker packed her things with great expedition, and took her leave of Greyfriars, Coker accompanying her to the station. Harry Wharton & Co. went to the gates and gave her a hearty send-off. Bob Cherry, indeed, promised Aunt Judy, with tears in his eyes, that henceforth Horace should be looked after and tended like a precious flower, which promise elicited a most ungrateful snort from Coker.

There were many who mourned the departure of Miss Coker from Greyfriars, for they looked upon that eccentric lady as a champion creator of mirth; but there were others who, like Coker himself, felt infinitely relieved at Aunt Judy's departure. Mr. Paul Pontifex Prout was one of these latter.

There was no doubt that Aunt Judy had left behind her a deep impression, and the boys of Greyfriars chuckled loud and long over the stirring events that had taken place during her brief stay as guardian angel to her darling Horace!

THE END.

(Now look out for next week's ripping Greyfriars story—"Poor Old Bunter," and take the precaution of ordering your MAGNET in advance.)

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fast and furious. That's only a taste, as it were, of what good things this volume offers. No. 2 of this wonder library contains a remarkable story of those universal favourites, Tom Merry & Co. of St. Jim's. Naturally enough, Mr. Martin Clifford is at the helm, and a story could be left in no better hands than his. He is noted for his character stories. In this case we see him describing the adventures of a certain junior at the school who is much misunderstood; who is, in fact, shunned by his Form-fellows. That's whetted your appetites, I'll be bound. I'm not going to say any more. You are pretty certain to buy these two NEW VOLUMES of our SCHOOL-STORY LIBRARY, and you can take it from me that you couldn't spend your money to better advantage. Mind you give this new venture of your Editor's a hearty reception. Don't forget, ask for

"THE SCHOOLBOYS' OWN LIBRARY,"

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"THE GOLDEN PYRAMID!"

There will, of course, be another stirring instalment of this powerful detective story

of baffling mystery. Don't on any account miss next Monday's "whack," or you'll be disappointed.

"POLICE!"

No, no! It's nothing serious. Merely the announcement that next week's supplement will be devoted to this splendid institution. Mind you're on the beat, boys!

TO STAMP COLLECTORS.

Philatelists are requested to communicate with J. Lambert, 25, Stoneybank Terrace, Musselburgh, Scotland. Mr. Lambert runs an up-to-date stamp club which boasts a magazine. Keen collectors might do well to drop him a line.

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Your Editor.

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