

AMAZING "BONFIRE NIGHT" CELEBRATIONS AT GREYFRIARS!

Read the Topical School Story of HARRY WHARTON & Co.—Inside.

The MAGNET^{2D}





BY FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Merely a Misunderstanding!

"A REAL rag—" "Yes, rather!" "On the Fifth—" "What-ho!"

Horace Coker, of the Fifth Form at Greyfriars, could hardly believe his ears! Coker's ears were in perfect order; and they were of unusual size; yet he could hardly believe them. Coker just stared—in almost unbelieving astonishment.

Harry Wharton & Co., of the Remove, were passing him in the Greyfriars quadrangle. Perhaps they did not see him—though undoubtedly the burly, beefy Coker was big enough to be seen. Whether they saw him or not, they gave him no heed. They were talking as they passed him and did not take the trouble to lower their voices the least little bit—though what they were discussing was a rag on the Fifth!

"Well!" gasped Coker, as the Famous Five passed on. "Well, my hat! Of all the cheek—of all the sheer, unadulterated cheek—"

Really, it was surprising!

The heroes of the Remove ragged the Fifth Form men sometimes—especially Coker! Coker was one of those fellows who ask to be ragged—in fact, sit up and beg for it! It was not surprising that the chums of the Remove were planning a rag on the Fifth! There was nothing unusual in that! What was surprising was that they talked of it in the hearing of a Fifth Form man—and such an extremely warlike and pugnacious Fifth Form man as Horace Coker! Forewarned is forearmed; really, they were giving Coker the tip about what they were going to do. Yet they passed him by like the idle wind which they regarded not! That was

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why Coker could scarcely believe his ears.

He stared after them in amazement and wrath. Then he strode after them. He dropped his hand on the shoulder of Harry Wharton, the captain of the Remove, brought him to a sudden halt, and spun him round.

"Oh!" ejaculated Wharton in surprise.

The other fellows stopped, and stared at Coker of the Fifth. Harry Wharton jerked his shoulder away.

"What the thump are you up to, Coker?" he exclaimed. "Keep your paws off me, please."

"You cheeky young rascal—"

"What's biting you now?" inquired Bob Cherry in surprise. Apparently the juniors did not realise that Coker must have heard them talking about that intended rag on the Fifth! Certainly they seemed surprised at Coker breaking out in wrath like this!

"I heard what you said!" roared Coker.

"Well, what about that?" asked Frank Nugent, staring at him.

"What about it?" repeated Coker.

"Yes, you ass! All Greyfriars could hear what we said, and no harm done. Going off your onion, or what?"

"I heard you saying you were going in for a rag on the Fifth!" roared Coker. "Don't deny it—I heard you!"

"Who's going to deny it?" demanded Johnny Bull. "I suppose we can have a rag on the Fifth if we like without asking you, or any other ass at Greyfriars."

"You suppose that, do you?" gasped Coker.

"The supposefulness is terrific, my esteemed and idiotic Coker!" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Well," said Coker, with a deep breath, "if you suppose that, you cheeky young sweeps, you're making a mistake

—a big mistake! I'm jolly well going to stop you—see!"

The Famous Five gazed at him. Coker of the Fifth was—though he did not suspect it himself—a rather domineering fellow. He had what he called a short way with fags. In season and out of season, Horace Coker threw his weight about. Lower School fellows often told one another, with deep indignation, that that footling fathead Coker seemed to fancy that he was a prefect. Often and often he cuffed fags of the Third and Second for their own good! Often and often he had trouble with the Remove, who were not to be cuffed quite so easily as fags. Minding his own business was a stunt that had never occurred to Coker's powerful brain. Even had he thought of it, he would never have tried it on. But he never thought of it. He minded everybody's business but his own, knowing—what nobody else knew—that he could do it better than anybody else.

Still, even Coker was supposed to have a limit! Why he was barging in now was quite a mystery to the Famous Five of the Remove. The Fifth of November was at hand—and, generally, on the great and glorious Fifth of November there was rather a "rag"—rules were a little relaxed, and the Lower School rather let themselves go in celebrating the anniversary of Mr. Fawkes' famous attempt to cut short the flow of chin-wag in the House of Commons.

What it mattered to Coker was simply a mystery! So the Famous Five just gazed at him! Naturally, it did not occur to them that Coker, with his usual brilliance of intellect, supposed that they were speaking about the Greyfriars Fifth, and never dreamed that they had been referring to November the Fifth!

Coker raised a commanding hand. He gave the astonished Removites a

grim, stern stare. He spoke in a tone of one having authority, saying: "Do this!" and he doeth it!

"Now, cut it out!" he said. "If you had any sense, you'd know that I should allow nothing of the kind! You haven't any sense! But take it from me, that you'll be jolly well stopped, see?"

"You're going to stop us having a rag on the Fifth!" exclaimed Johnny Bull blankly.

"Just that!" said Coker.

"Well, of all the thumping neck!" said Bob Cherry. "Do you fancy we shall let you barge in, Coker?"

"If so, the fancifulness is terrific!" chuckled Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "The esteemed Coker is under a ridiculous delusion."

"And how are you going to stop us, Coker?" inquired Harry Wharton.

"Whopping you all round is the simplest way!" said Coker. "And if you don't want to be whopped all round, chuck up the idea at once! Mind, I shall have my eye on you! Start anything of the kind, and I shall come down on you like a ton of bricks!"

Bob Cherry glanced round at his comrades, with a grinning face.

"Gentlemen, chaps, and sportsmen," he said. "Coker's going to whop us, if we have a rag on the Fifth! If Coker's going to whop us, there's no time like the present! Let's get going!"

"Hear, hear!" said Johnny Bull heartily. "Let's!"

"The whopfulness may turn out to be a boot on the other leg!" grinned Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"Mind," said Coker, "I mean what I say, and I say—Yaroooh! Yarooop! Whoooooop! Yooooop! Gurrerrrrgh!"

That was not really what Coker of the Fifth had meant to say. He said it suddenly, involuntarily, and breathlessly, as five fellows jumped at him as if they were moved by the same spring. With disconcerting suddenness, Horace Coker was collared, rolled over, and up-ended; and his head tapped on the quadrangle, while his long legs wriggled and writhed in the grip of five pairs of hands. Coker, surprised, spluttering, had an unusual view of Greyfriars, upside down.

"Grrrrgh!" gurgled Coker.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Wurrgh! Leggo! I'll pulverise you! I'll—Urrrgh! I'll—Urrrgh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a roar from a dozen quarters, and fellows crowded up to see Coker of the Fifth standing on his head.

"He, he, he!" cackled Billy Bunter. "I say, you fellows, bang his napper for him! The beast kicked me yesterday! He, he, he!"

"Wrrrrgh! Leggo!" shrieked Coker.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Cave, you fellows!" shouted the Bounder. "Here comes the Head!"

"Oh, my hat!"

Dr. Locke, the majestic Head of Greyfriars School, was walking in the quad. Perhaps the roars of laughter attracted him to the spot where Coker was standing in a reversed position. Anyhow, Dr. Locke turned in that direction—and at the alarm that the Head was coming, the Remove fellows dropped Horace Coker like a hot brick, and bolted.

Coker crashed! The juniors vanished! Dr. Locke, arriving on the spot, found it deserted by all but Coker! Coker couldn't desert it—he was lying on his back, gurgling for breath.

The Head gazed down at him severely and disapprovingly.

"Who is that?" he asked. "Is it Coker of the Fifth Form? Coker, get

up at once! At once, I say! Are you not aware, Coker, that such conduct as this is utterly unseemly, utterly undignified, in a senior boy—a Fifth Form boy? You should be ashamed of yourself, Coker!"

And the Head, cold and dignified, passed on, without waiting for an answer. But Coker of the Fifth could not have answered. Coker's feelings were too deep to be expressed in words.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Given Away!

HERBERT VERNON-SMITH, the Bounder of Greyfriars, grinned.

Any fellow might have grinned.

In fact, plenty of fellows had grinned—every fellow, indeed, whose eyes fell on Coker of the Fifth, as that youth made his way back to the House.

But perhaps the Bounder's grin was unusually cheeky. Perhaps it was, after so many other grins, the last straw which breaks the back of the patient camel. Coker's aspect might really have made a stone image grin. His hat was lost—it had vanished among many feet. His hair was a tousled mop, standing almost on end. His collar was

"PLEASE TO REMEMBER THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER! GUY! GUY! GUY!"

Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars, remember it all right, and an extra-special guy is made in honour of the occasion. But, gee, boys, the biggest bang of the evening is when—well, read this exciting school yarn and you'll find out!

jerked out, hanging by a single stud—his tie fluttered—his clothes were rumpled and dusty and untidy! And his face was as crimson as a newly boiled beetroot.

It was not surprising that the Head, seeing a Fifth Form senior in that state, had spoken to him severely! It was not surprising that Coker ran the gauntlet of endless grinning, as he plugged breathlessly to the House for a much-needed wash and brush-up. Neither was it surprising that the Bounder, lounging by the House steps, grinned, as everybody else did. And perhaps it was not surprising that Coker's temper gave out, and he reached out at the Bounder, and gave him a smack on the head that caused him to cease grinning with remarkable suddenness.

Smack! It rang like a pistol-shot! Smithy staggered, and sat down on the stone steps, with a yell.

Coker strode past him.

From a distance, Dr. Locke's eyes were on him. The Head, in the quad, had been gazing after Coker with grim disapproval. He had decided to speak to Mr. Prout, Coker's Form master, about the untidy and disreputable looks of this member of his Form. Gazing after Coker, Dr. Locke beheld that angry smack at Smithy's head, and frowned. Such things were not permitted at Greyfriars. And the Head, frowning, bore down on the spot.

Unaware that Dr. Locke was still in

the offing, unaware that Smithy's head was about the last head at Greyfriars to be smacked with impunity, Horace Coker strode up the House steps.

It was like Coker to suppose that, having smacked Smithy's head, Smithy was done with! As a matter of fact, Smithy was only begun with!

Up jumped the Bounder, like an india-rubber ball. He did not see the Head approaching, and he would not have cared had he seen him. He hurled himself at Coker, got him round the neck, and dragged him back down the steps. They landed together in the quad, rolling.

"You cheeky rotter!" yelled Smithy.

"Urrrgh!" gurgled Coker. "Why, I—I—I'll—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry. "Coker again! Coker hasn't had enough! Come on, and give him some more!"

"Look out! There's the Head!"

Coker and Smithy, rolling on the earth, struggling furiously, were almost at Dr. Locke's feet, as he came rustling up. And the Famous Five, about to pile in and give Coker what he was asking for, refrained. Coker could not be given what he asked for in the majestic presence of his headmaster.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Dr. Locke. "Coker—Vernon-Smith—"

Thump, thump! Punch, punch!

"Stop them!" exclaimed the Head.

A dozen fellows rushed in. Coker was grabbed, and Smithy was grabbed, and they were fairly wrenched apart. Then, becoming conscious of the Head's presence, they stood panting.

Dr. Locke stood with eyes sternly fixed on the panting pair, but a number of the fellows standing round fixed their eyes on something else. On the ground, at the foot of the House steps, lay a broken cigarette packet, with six or seven cigarettes fallen from it. It had fallen from a pocket during that struggle—either Coker's or Smithy's. The Remove fellows, at least, knew that it was Smithy's pocket—they knew Smithy and his ways! Coker, with all his faults, had no vices, and he would have kicked any fellow who had offered him a smoke.

"Oh, my hat!" breathed Bob Cherry.

"That silly ass—"

"Will the Beak see it?" murmured Nugent.

Would he? Everybody else saw it—but the Head, his eyes fixed on the panting delinquents, did not so far see the article that lay almost at his feet.

"He, he, he!" came a cackle from Billy Bunter, as he spotted the cigarette packet, and blinked at it through his big spectacles. "I say, you fellows—"

"Shut up, Bunter!" hissed Bob Cherry.

"But, I say—"

"Quiet!"

"Look! Smithy's smokes—Ow! Wow!" yelled Bunter, as somebody stamped on his foot, as a hint to keep silent. The Famous Five were very far from approving of Smithy's smoky ways; but they hoped he would escape detection by the Head, all the same. The Head glanced round sharply at Bunter's yell.

"Silence, please! Now!" He turned back to Coker and Vernon-Smith. "How dare you cause such a disturbance in the quadrangle? Coker, I saw you—"

Dr. Locke broke off!

He stared at the ground!

The cigarettes had caught his eye!

There was silence now—a deep silence. The rule against smoking at Greyfriars was very strict. Smithy had been whopped for smoking more than once.

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His Form master, Mr. Quelch, generally had a rather suspicious eye on him. Quelch, at the present time, was in "sunny" with a cold. But a still more dangerous eye was on Smithy now.

"Whose," said the Head, in a deep voice, after a terrible pause—"whose are those—ah—cigarettes?"

Vernon-Smith stared for a moment, and his hand went involuntarily to his pocket. Then, spotting the split packet on the ground, he started, and set his lips. It was a fair catch, as he would have described it himself.

"Coker!" said Dr. Locke.

"Oh! Yes, sir!" gasped Coker. "I—I smacked his cheeky head because he—"

"Never mind that now! Are those your cigarettes?"

"Wha-a-a-at?"

"Did you drop that packet of cigarettes, Coker?"

Horace Coker blinked at the offending article, indicated by the Head's slim forefinger. He jumped.

"I, sir?" he gasped. "Me? No! I should jolly well think not! Think I've ever got any of that muck about me?"

"I trust not, Coker! I trust not, indeed! But that packet has been dropped either by you, or by this Lower Fourth boy."

Coker gave a snort! Even the headmaster's presence could not repress that snort! Coker was indignant.

"Vernon-Smith!"

"Yes, sir!" said the Bouncer coolly, but with a beating heart.

"Did you drop that packet of cigarettes?"

Vernon-Smith hesitated for a second. The Bouncer of Greyfriars was far from scrupulous in dealing with a beak. But he had his limit, and the lie direct was rather too much for Smithy. After that moment's hesitation, he answered quietly:

"They are mine, sir!"

"They are yours?" said the Head. "Pick them up!"

Vernon-Smith picked them up.

"Now go to my study!"

Quietly the Bouncer went into the House. Dr. Locke followed him in. His face was calm, but very grim.

"I say, you fellows, Smithy's for it!" said Billy Bunter. "Fancy dropping his smokes right under the Head's nose! He, he, he!"

"Asking for it, and no mistake!" said Skinner.

"Smoky little beast!" said Coker. "I wish I'd smacked his head harder now! That's what you Remove kids want!"

"You silly ass!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Collar him, you men! The Head's gone, so let that blithering idiot have what he's been begging for!"

"Jolly good idea!" agreed Bob Cherry.

And the Famous Five grabbed Coker, and tapped his bullet head on the steps to an accompaniment of wild roars from Horace. Whereupon Potter and Greene and two or three other Fifth Form men intervened—though not till Coker's head had been well tapped—and the Removites were driven off. Coker limped into the House rubbing his head.

Meanwhile, Herbert Vernon-Smith was going through it in the Head's study. Meekly, at the Head's command, he tossed the packet of cigarettes into the fire. Then Dr. Locke picked up his cane.

"I shall punish you severely, Vernon-Smith," he said quietly. "But before I cane you, I shall utter a word of serious warning. Last term I expelled you from Greyfriars; but, owing to certain circumstances in your favour, you were allowed to rejoin the school this term. I

trusted that that would be a lesson to you. Apparently it was not. Your Form master is in the sanatorium, and you have taken advantage of the fact to break a strict rule of the school. By chance I have discovered it. This time I shall cane you! The next time I find you acting in defiance of order and authority, you will be sent away from the school, and in no circumstances whatever will you be allowed to return. Now bend over that chair!"

What followed was very painful. It was as vigorous a swishing as the Head had ever administered, and there was a sound in the study like the beating of carpet. The Head felt that it was his duty to be severe—and there was no doubt about the severity.

The infliction over, he dismissed Smithy with a gesture. The Bouncer went down the passage with white cheeks and flaming eyes. His chum, Tom Redwing, was waiting for him at the corner with an anxious face.

"Smithy—" he began.

Vernon-Smith pushed him roughly aside and strode away by himself.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Loder Lays It On!

"**L**ODER this afternoon," said Bob Cherry.

"Oh, rotten!"

"The rottenfulness is terrific!"

All the Remove agreed that it was rotten—very rotten indeed.

Nice fellows in the Remove were sorry that their Form master, Mr. Quelch, was laid up in sunny with a bad cold. They kindly wished him a happy recovery. But they were not particularly anxious to have him back in the Form-room. Quelch was a severe gentleman in the Form-room, and a little of him—as Skinner remarked—went a long way.

On the whole, the Lower Fourth bore Mr. Quelch's unavoidable absence with considerable fortitude. There was some delay in engaging a temporary master to take Quelch's place, owing to a certain gentleman selected not being available, and that delay also the Remove bore cheerfully. Generally speaking, they had rather an easier time without a beak.

There were alterations in the timetable. They had extra French—which did not bother them, as the French class was rather a rag. They had extra maths—which bothered them a good deal, as Mr. Lascelles, the mathematics master, was not to be ragged at any price. Also they were taken in turn by various prefects of the Sixth Form—and that was where the Remove scored.

Wingate, the Greyfriars captain, was easy to get on with. He made fellows work, but not too hard. Walker of the Sixth was the best; he sat and read novels and let the Remove do what they liked so long as they did not kick up a row and interrupt his reading. Loder of the Sixth was the worst. Loder was a bully; and when he had a little additional authority in his hands he was liable to use it to the full, and even stretch it to breaking-point. A class with Loder was a martyrdom, and made the Removites long even for the return of Quelch.

So the Removites did not look very merry and bright when they went to their Form-room that afternoon. Loder, of course, was late; he was a slacker of the first water. The juniors did not object to Loder being late; the later Loder was the better they liked it. It

was the custom at Greyfriars for fellows to gather at the Form-room door to be let in by their beak, a custom not always adhered to; but in dealing with a tyrant like Loder they were wary, so they waited for him at the Remove door. As Loder was late they were still standing there long after the other Forms had gone in and got to work.

"Ten minutes late," remarked Skinner, after a time. "I wonder if Loder's forgotten all about us?"

"No such luck!" said Peter Todd, with a shake of the head.

"Perhaps we'd better go in and get going," suggested Mark Linley. "The door's not locked."

"Swot!" said Skinner and Snoop and Stott and Bolsover major in a sort of chorus.

Mark coloured.

"What I mean is, Loder mayn't like us sticking outside the Form-room like this," he said. "If a beak came along and saw us, it would give him away."

"Loder can like it, or lump it!" answered Skinner. "I'm not frightfully keen on pleasing Loder."

"Neither am I!" answered Mark. "But if Loder gets into a row he will take it out of some of us."

"A Daniel come to judgment!" said Bob Cherry. "Marky's right! Better go in and get our books ready, anyhow. What about it, Wharton?"

It was for Wharton, as head boy of the Form, to decide the knotty point. The captain of the Remove was dubious.

"Either way, Loder has us on the hop," he said. "If we go in before our beak comes it's breaking a rule—and Loder's our beak for this class. It will be asking for it if he happens to be in a bad temper—"

"Which he generally does," remarked Squiff.

"Exactly! Better stick to the rule, I think, with Loder."

"Safer!" agreed Nugent.

"But if a beak comes along—" said Linley.

"That's Loder's look-out," said Peter Todd.

"Oh, all right! I'll do as you fellows do."

And the Remove continued to wait. They were quite content to wait; anything was better than class with Loder.

But really even the slacker of the Sixth seemed to be rather over-doing it. A quarter of an hour passed—twenty minutes. Still Gerald Loder did not appear in the offing. As the class with Loder was to last only an hour, this was a clear gain, from the point of view of the Remove. But they had little doubt that Loder would turn up in a bad temper when he did come; and if his slackness happened to be spotted by a beak it was only too probable that the bully of the Sixth would make the juniors suffer for his own sins.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here he comes at last!" murmured Bob Cherry, as there was a footstep in the corridor.

But it was not Loder.

It was Mr. Lascelles, the mathematics master, who came up the passage. He stopped and looked at the gathering of juniors in great surprise.

"What are you boys doing here?" he asked.

"Waiting to be let into our Form-room, sir," answered Skinner meekly.

Larry Lascelles frowned.

"Who is taking you for this class?" he inquired.

"Loder, sir."

"Loder must have forgotten," said Mr. Lascelles. "I will speak to him at once." And he walked away quickly.

The juniors looked at one another,

What Mark had suggested had happened—Loder's slacking had been spotted by a beak. Bob Cherry gave a groan.

"We're in for a high old time now!" he said. "Loder will come along with his jolly old back up!"

"I say, you fellows, I'm going in!" said Billy Bunter, and he opened the Form-room door and went in.

Two or three of the other fellows followed his example, but Harry Wharton & Co. remained where they were, and most of the Form remained with them. They did not have to wait long now for Loder. Rapid footsteps came into hearing, and Loder turned into the passage. He came up to the group at the Form-room door, with a black scowl on his

his form. Smithy had not recovered yet from that extremely severe swishing in the Head's study.

"Sit still!" snapped Loder. "What are you wriggling about like an eel for, Vernon-Smith?"

"I'm not wriggling about like an eel!" answered the Bunder sullenly.

"Don't answer me like that, you cheeky young tick, unless you want something to wriggle for!" growled Loder.

"Smithy's been whopped by the Head, Loder," said Redwing hastily.

"Not so much as he deserved, I dare say!" grunted Loder. "He will be whopped again in this Form-room if he's cheeky! What's this lesson, Wharton?"

Loder looked round from the window, slipping his ashplant down from under his arm into his hand.

"Talking in class!" he said. "Bunter—Cherry, stand up!"

"I say, Loder, I wasn't speaking!" exclaimed Billy Bunter, in dismay. "I only said to Cherry—"

"Stand up!"

"Oh lor'!"

Whack!

"Whooooop!"

"Now you, Cherry!"

Whack!

"I'm going to keep order in this class!" remarked Loder, with a cheery grin. "You won't find me quite so easy to deal with as Wingate! Wharton, why haven't you started your paper?"



"How dare you cause such a disturbance in the quadrangle?" said Dr. Locke, turning to Coker and Vernon-Smith. "Coker, I saw you——" The Head broke off sharply as he stared at the ground. The cigarettes had caught his eye! "Whose——" he thundered, after a terrible pause, "whose are those—ah—cigarettes?"

face—evidently in one of his worst tempers. What Mr. Lascelles had said to him the juniors did not know, but evidently it had not had a pleasing effect on Loder.

"What are you doing here?" he rapped.

"Waiting for you, Loder," answered Harry.

"Why haven't you gone into the Form-room?"

"It's the rule——"

"You're frightfully particular about rules sometimes, aren't you?" said Loder savagely. "You mean you stayed out here to catch Lascelles' eye to get me jawed by a beak. I quite understand. Get into the Form-room, you young scoundrels!"

The Removites went into the Form-room. Loder followed them in with a scowling brow and slammed the door. The juniors took their places, preparing for an exceedingly uncomfortable half-hour. Loder's eyes fixed on Vernon-Smith, who was squirming a little on

Loder really ought to have known what the lesson was. But no doubt he had forgotten that, as well as the time for class.

"English history," answered the head boy.

Grunt from Loder.

"Well, you'll write a history paper on the reign of—of Henry the Eighth. Stick to it, or you'll hear from me!" said Loder.

The head boy served out papers to the Form, and the Removites settled down to work. Loder strolled to the window and stood looking out into the quad, where a mist was drifting in from the sea and it was very foggy.

A stage whisper was heard in the class.

"I say, you fellows! Was Henry the Eighth the chap who let the cakes burn?"

"No, you ass!" whispered Bob Cherry. "What did he do, then?"

"He had a lot of wives, and chopped their nappers off!"

"I was thinking——"

"Slacking, you mean! Stand up!"

Whack!

"I'll have no slacking in this class so long as I'm in charge of it!" said Loder.

"Nugent, you whispered to Wharton! What did you say?"

Frank's eyes gleamed at him.

"I said you were a rotten bully, Loder!" he answered, very distinctly.

"Stand up! Bend over the form!"

Whack, whack, whack!

Loder tucked his ashplant under his arm again, and strolled back to the window. He was feeling better now!

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Smithy's Scheme!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. did not enjoy that class with Loder. It was a rotten afternoon altogether. The first fog of November was drifting over Greyfriars, and some of the mist penetrated into the THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,342.

Form-rooms. Gloomy weather alone would not have cast a gloom over the cheery chums of the Remove; but it added, as it were, to the effect of Loder.

Hardly a fellow in the Form escaped Loder's malevolent eye. His temper was seldom good, and that "jaw" from Lascelles had made it worse.

All the Famous Five had a whop or two; and Smithy had a whop for scowling, Redwing for uttering a sympathetic word when Smithy got his whop. Wibley was whopped for sketching a theatrical costume on his history paper, instead of devoting his whole attention to the subject of that much-married monarch, Henry VIII. Kipps, who was always performing some conjuring trick or other, was spotted balancing a pen on his nose, and whopped. Toddy and Squiff and Hazel-dene were whopped for talking; and Tom Brown and Bolsover major because Loder fancied they were talking.

It was quite a relief when Loder went, and Mr. Lascelles came to take the Remove in geometry, though few fellows were frightfully keen on that abstruse subject. Most of the fellows were feeling that they would rather have liked to put Loder in the place of the guy that was to be consumed in the bonfire on the Fifth. Really he almost deserved it.

After class, out of doors did not attract even Bob Cherry, who seldom stayed indoors if he could help it.

The fog was thickening, and fellows in the quad had to grope their way about. The Famous Five cheered themselves up with some boxing in the Rag till tea-time, and then repaired to Study No. 1 in the Remove, where a bright fire and a well-spread tea-table had an enlivening effect on their spirits.

Peter Todd came along from Study

No. 7 while they were at tea, and looked in.

"Seen Bunter?" he asked.

"No," said Harry. "We rather expected to, as we've got a cake for tea. But he hasn't barged in."

Toddy grinned.

"He went down to the school shop for tuck," he said. "I wondered whether he'd find his way back in the fog. Looks as if he hasn't."

"You won't see the tuck!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Never mind—so long as we don't see Bunter!" answered Peter cheerfully, and went back to his study.

"Hot muffins," remarked Bob, "are jolly good on a cold, foggy day! What?"

"The goodness is terrific!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Trot in, Smithy!" called out Bob, as the Bounder appeared in the doorway. "We've got muffins and a cake!"

Vernon-Smith strolled in, but his look did not indicate that he was in a mood for muffins and a cake. Ever since that severe licking in the Head's study, the Bounder had looked morose and sullen. Even yet the effect of it had not worn off; there was no doubt that the Head had done his duty very conscientiously. There was an evil gleam in the Bounder's eyes, which the cheery five did not like at all. He had a parcel in his hand, which he slammed down on the table.

"You fellows game?" he asked.

"For what?" asked Harry, rather dubiously. He did not like the look in the Bounder's eye.

Smithy's lip curved sarcastically.

"Perhaps you like whoppings for nothing!" he said. "I don't! When I get it in the neck, I generally like to make the other fellow sit up in his turn!"



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"Oh, don't be an ass, Smithy!" said Johnny Bull unceremoniously. "You asked for that whopping from the Beak. And I suppose even a silly ass like you isn't thinking of trying to get back on the Head!"

Smithy gave him a rather strange look.

"Never mind the Head!" he said abruptly. "What about Loder?"

"Oh, Loder!" said Bob. "We'll all be jolly glad to get back on Loder, the rotten bully! But how?"

"What about bagging him in the quad, and giving him six?"

"You blithering ass! I'd like to give him six, or sixty, for that matter, but I don't want to be sacked!"

"Draw it mild, Smithy!" said Harry, looking intently at the Bounder's sullen face. "You know as well as we do that a fellow would be expelled for thrashing a Sixth Form prefect—even if he deserved it as much as Loder does!"

"The sackfulness would be terrific, my esteemed Smithy!"

"If you'll let a fellow speak—" snapped the Bounder.

"Oh, go ahead! We'd all like to make Loder sit up, if it can be done."

Smithy opened the paper parcel he had placed on the table. Half a dozen Guy Fawkes masks were turned out of it.

"What the dickens—" exclaimed Nugent.

"With those masks on, and coats, do you think Loder would know who collared him in a fog as thick as pea-soup?" asked Smithy.

"Oh, my hat!"

The Famous Five were interested now. Smithy, it seemed, had been thinking the matter out. Certainly, with those grotesque masks over their faces, there was no danger of recognition. And, equally certainly, all the Famous Five were very keen to give Loder back a little of what they had received from him.

"I can't handle him alone," said the Bounder. "If I could, I would! I want a few fellows to help! Skinner and Snoop funk it, and Redwing won't have anything to do with it. If you fellows are game—"

"Game as pie!" said Bob. "But I suppose Loder of the Sixth isn't going to walk out into the fog just to oblige us."

"I've found out that he's going to the school library at half-past five. I heard him say so."

"Oh!" Bob looked rather keen. "We could ambush the rotter near the library door—nobody to see us, in this fog."

"And we shouldn't see Loder, either," grunted Johnny Bull. "Suppose we get the wrong man in the fog?"

"Rot!" snapped the Bounder. "Think a lot of people will be walking out in this pea-soup?"

"Well, no; but—"

"If you're funky you can stand out!" said Smithy sourly.

"Who's funky?" roared Johnny Bull.

"Well, if you're not, join up. It's as easy as falling off a form! I've got a cane ready—one of Quelch's canes. We all put the masks on, and nobody will know us, even if we're seen. You fellows collar him and up-end him, and I lay on six with the cane."

"Sounds good!" agreed Bob.

All the Co. agreed that it sounded good. It was a rather reckless scheme, and very like the Bounder! But the Co., smarting under undeserved whoppings from Loder, were in a mood to be a little reckless. And certainly it looked a safe proposition enough. Loder would get what he thoroughly deserved, and nobody would be the wiser.

"We can drop out of the Form room

window, and got back the same way," went on Vernon-Smith. "We haven't got Quelch's jolly old gimlet eye on us now. Nobody will know that we've even been out of the House."

Wharton's eyes were still intently on the Bounder's face. There was something in Smithy's look that he did not quite understand, and he was vaguely uneasy.

"It sounds all right!" he admitted. "But—"

"But what?" snapped the Bounder irritably.

"Is there anything you're keeping back?" asked the captain of the Remove quietly. "I don't like the look in your eye, Smithy."

The Bounder laughed, a rather forced laugh.

"What do you think I am keepin' back? I've told you the whole thing from start to finish. Are you game?"

"We're game!" said Bob. "Let's!"

Wharton hesitated a moment or two. He was uneasy and suspicious of he scarcely knew what. But the Co. were all keen by this time, and the captain of the Remove nodded assent.

"Let's!" he said.

"Chuck tea," said the Bounder. "It's ten past five now. No time to lose, if we're to be ready for Loder. We can be having tea afterwards, like the nice innocent boys we are when the row begins."

He picked up the parcel of masks again, and the Famous Five followed him from the study.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Tricked!

"SOUPY, and no mistake!" murmured Bob Cherry.

Six juniors were peering from the Form-room window. They had slipped into the Remove Form-room easily enough without being observed. Bob opened the window, and they looked into the quad. It was undoubtedly soupy. The quadrangle was like a wall of grey.

"The soupfulness is terrific," murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, with a shiver, turning up the collar of his coat.

"Blessed if I think we shall find our way," said Harry Wharton dubiously. "I believe, Bunter's wandering in the quad somewhere, and can't get back to the House."

"We're not as blind as that blinking owl, nor so silly, either, I hope," grunted Vernon-Smith.

"Oh, chance it!" said Bob.

"I can find the way all right! Keep after me!" said the Bounder.

Smithy was the first to drop from the window. He almost disappeared from the sight of the others. The fog wrapped him like a blanket.

One after another, the Famous Five followed. They gathered in a group, and the Guy Fawkes masks were put on. Even if they were seen, they could not be known now. But nobody was likely to see them.

"Got the cane, Smithy?" whispered Bob.

"Yes, under my coat. Come on!"

Vernon-Smith led the way, a flitting shadow in the fog. The Famous Five followed him. Once away from the window, it was not easy to find the way. But the Bounder kept on. Suddenly, from the silence of the fog, came a voice:

"Oh crikey! Oh lor'! Blow this filthy fog!"

The juniors grinned under the masks.

It was the voice of William George Bunter—evidently still in quest of the way back to the House.

"Stop!" breathed the Bounder.

They stopped, and stood in a silent group, waiting for the Owl of the Remove to blunder away in the mist.

"Blow it!" went on the voice of the unseen Owl. "I've been hours and hours and hours, and I believe that beast Toddy knew all the time that I shouldn't get back, and he'll kick up a row because I've eaten the stuff, blow him. Catch him believing that I dropped it in the fog, the brute! Oh lor'!"

Bunter blundered on, as it happened, directly towards the unseen group. An outstretched, groping, fat hand touched one of the juniors, and Billy Bunter gave a startled yelp.

"Oh, I say, you fellows, who's that? I say—"

It was Bob's arm that Bunter had clutched. Holding on to it, the fat junior came closer, peering through his big spectacles. Thick as the fog was, he could make out Bob's form at very close range, and he gave a startled howl at the sight of the face—naturally not expecting to see a Guy Fawkes mask.

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"Oh! Ow! Yaroooh! Help! What—oh crikey—help!"

Smithy gave the fat Owl a push, and Bunter sat down.

"Come on!" hissed the Bounder.

Bunter was left sitting down and yelling. That grotesque, hideous face in the fog had scared him almost out of his fat wits. But no doubt it dawned on Bunter that the awful face he had seen was simply a Guy Fawkes mask over a normal countenance. The Fifth of November was at hand, and there were plenty of such masks about in the junior studies.

"I say, you fellows!" yelled Bunter. "I jolly well know who you are! You've got masks on, you beasts! I jolly well know! I say, you fellows, help a fellow get out of this beastly fog! I say, you fellows! Beasts!"

Bob Cherry paused—but he did not stop! Obviously, if they were going to ambush Loder by the library porch, there was no time to waste on the lost Owl; neither was Bunter wanted on the spot. Bob tramped on after the others, all of them hidden from Billy Bunter's sight.

"I say, you fellows!" yelled Bunter. "Oh, you beasts! Rotters!"

His yell died away in the fog.

"The fat fool!" snarled the Bounder. He stumbled over the edge of the path. Dimly, a shape of a building loomed through the heavy mist.

"Here we are!" whispered Vernon-Smith.

By a leafless, damp tree beside the path, the juniors gathered in a group, hardly able to see one another. Loder, when he came along that path, was not likely to see them; all his attention would be required to keep following the path, and not to step off it and go wandering. They had only to wait for their old enemy of the Sixth to drop like a ripe apple into their hands.

"Easy job!" murmured Johnny Bull.

"Easy enough—but not nice waiting here!" said Bob. "How long have we got to wait? Anybody know the time?"

"Quiet!" muttered the Bounder.

Wrapped in fog, almost as if in a garment, the juniors might have been alone in the universe, so far as any sight or sound of other human beings was concerned. Only faintly, there was a glimmer of light from the high mullioned windows of the library.

They waited.

There was a footstep, and they felt a thrill. But that footstep went blundering past in the fog, and they heard a gasping grumble.

"Bunter again!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Quiet!"

This time Bunter did not spot them: he blundered away helplessly and was gone once more. The Famous Five were feeling it a little on their consciences that they were allowing the hapless Owl to blunder about in that fashion. But it was nearly time for Loder to arrive now—and they could not give Bunter any attention.

A heavier footstep than Bunter's was heard; someone was approaching, walking steadily along the middle of the path from the House.

The Bounder's eye glittered.

"He's coming!" he breathed.

"For goodness' sake don't let's make a bungle in the dark!" muttered Bob. "If it was Wingate or Gwynne—or perhaps a beak—Larry—or old Capper, or—"

"I'll make sure! Wait!"

Leaving the Famous Five by the tree, the Bounder tiptoed away down the path and vanished. He went silently in the direction of the approaching footsteps.

In a few moments he was back again, his eyes gleaming with excitement.

"It's our bird!" The juniors remembered, afterwards, that he did not say that it was Loder. "I've spotted him all right—he'll be here in two ticks! You fellows grab him and up-and him—I've got the cane ready—"

"Right!" breathed Wharton.

They waited tensely. The footsteps came slowly up the path—a slow and heavy tread. It sounded more like a man's tread, but they supposed that Loder was coming slowly and carefully in the mist. Seconds passed that seemed like long minutes to the waiting juniors, ready to spring on the unseen, or half-seen figure, as soon as it came within reach.

Then, suddenly, there came a sound of a thud, as if two moving bodies had met in collision. The thud was followed by a startled squeak.

"Ow! Who's that—"

It was Bunter again, blundering about in the fog, and evidently he had run into the figure coming up the path!

The Bounder gritted his teeth with rage.

Harry Wharton & Co., listening, expected to hear Loder's voice. But it was not Loder's voice that followed Bunter's squeak!

"Who—what—is that Bunter? You foolish boy, what are you doing out of the House in this fog?"

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It was the voice of Dr. Locke, the headmaster of Greyfriars!

It electrified the juniors.

It was not Loder of the Sixth—it was the Head who was coming up the path in the fog, and whom they would have seized and up-ended in a few seconds more, had not Bunter blundered into him and so by chance revealed his identity.

"Oh, you fool, Smithy!" breathed Harry Wharton. "You said you'd made sure—"

He broke off suddenly as he realised that Smithy knew!

He knew that it was the Head. It was for the headmaster who had caned him that the reckless scapegrace of Greyfriars had laid this trap—upscrupulously deluding the juniors into the belief that it was Loder! As that knowledge rushed on his mind Wharton felt a gust of rage; and, without stopping to think, he struck out at the Bounder, and knocked him spinning into the fog.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

A Narrow Escape!

"BUNTER!"

"Oh! Is that you, sir? I'm lost!"

"You foolish boy! Keep carefully to this path, and it will lead you direct to the House— Why— what— Bless my soul! What is that?"

Crash!

There was the sound of a heavy fall and a cry of rage.

Dr. Locke broke off, peering about him in amazement.

"What—what—who—" he ejaculated.

He moved on up the path towards the library porch, groping and peering. He could hear the sounds of a struggle in the fog.

Whether Vernon-Smith would have thought of carrying on with his hare-brained scheme, now that he was found out and had no help to expect from the other fellows, Wharton did not know. But he knew that he was not going to give him a chance to do so. Stooping over the sprawling Bounder, he grasped him by the collar of his coat and dragged him away by main force. Smithy struggled fiercely as he went—but he went, dragged along like a sack of coke, kicking and struggling. Wharton seemed to have the strength of three fellows at that moment; and the Bounder was like an infant in his grasp. The Co. followed in amazement, only half realising how matters stood. Dr. Locke, standing on the path in wondering surprise, could hear their movements, but could not see them.

"Boys!" he called out sharply. "Who are you? Give me your names at once!"

But the struggling sounds receded and were lost in the fog. The Head, after listening a few moments, frowned, and went on his way, and entered the library—little dreaming what a narrow escape he had had! Billy Bunter, groping along in the opposite direction, was getting to the House at last, he, too, little dreaming of the catastrophe he had averted. Harry Wharton, in a burst of rage very unusual with him, dragged the struggling Bounder on and on, till they were far out of hearing of the headmaster. He stopped at last, panting.

The Bounder, breathless, spitting like a cat with fury, sprawled at his feet, Wharton's eyes gleaming down at him.

"You rotter!" panted Wharton. "You cur!"

"Smithy couldn't have meant—" stammered Bob Cherry, almost giddy with the narrow escape from having laid hands on his headmaster. "He couldn't—he wouldn't—"

"He could—and he did!" said Harry savagely. "He knew it was the Head! He was lying when he made out that we were going to ambush Loder! He meant it for the Head all the time!"

"Smithy—you villain—" gasped Nugent.

"You terrific and villainous rotter!" exclaimed the Nabob of Bhanipur.

Vernon-Smith scrambled up, red with fury, spluttering for breath. He was muddy from head to foot, from that rough dragging along the ground. The Guy Fawkes mask had slipped from his face, revealing it distorted with rage. Harry Wharton & Co. peeled off the masks and threw them away into the fog. They were done with them, and with the Bounder's scheming.

"You rotters!" panted Vernon-Smith.

"Do you own up?" asked Johnny Ball savagely. "Did you mean it for the Head all the time, you cur?"

"Yes, I did, you fool!" snarled the Bounder. "I heard him tell Lascelles he was going to the library, and that gave me the idea! And I told you it was Loder because you'd have been afraid to back me up in handling him."

"Afraid! It's not a question of that, you rotter! You wanted us to help you in ragging the Head because he whopped you for your filthy smoking! Why, you—you—you—" Bob Cherry gasped.

"The sack all round—and serve us right, if we'd done it!" said Frank Nugent. "You must be mad, Smithy!"

"Thank goodness that fatheaded Bunter barged into him and warned us in time!" panted Bob. "Thank goodness for that!"

"The thankfulness is terrific!"

"You rotten funks!" said the Bounder between his teeth. "Who'd have known it was us—"

"They'd have combed Greyfriars with a small comb to find out who had assaulted the headmaster!" said Bob. "There wouldn't be the slightest chance of keeping it dark. You'd know that, if you weren't in one of your rotten, unreasonable tempers, Smithy."

The Bounder laughed scoffingly.

"Well, I'd chance it!" he sneered.

"You might chance it," said Harry Wharton, with glinting eyes. "But do you think we want to rag the Head? Do you think we're such rotters, such hooligans, as to think of lifting a finger to lay on him? You were tricking us into acting like a gang of rotten ruffians, and, by gum, you're going to pay for it! Put up your hands!"

"I'll do that fast enough!" jeered the Bounder. "I'm just in the mood to give you a hiding for your pi-jaw, Wharton!"

"You'll give one or get one!" said the captain of the Remove grimly.

In the deep, shadowy fog the two Removites, equally angry and excited, closed in fight. The other fellows looked on in silence. Making all allowances for the Bounder's headstrong temper and unthinking recklessness, he had passed the limit this time by a long way—as there was little doubt that he would realise himself when he had had time for cool reflection. If ever a fellow deserved to have the arrogance knocked out of him, Herbert Vernon-Smith did; and the captain of the Remove proceeded to do his best to knock it out.

But the Bounder was a tough antagonist, and his blood was up; and he gave very nearly as good as he got. There

was bitter anger on both sides, and fierce resentment; and they hit hard and they hit often. The fight had gone on for three fierce minutes when an athletic figure loomed up in the mist.

"What is this?" It was the voice of Larry Lascelles, the maths and games master. "Upon my word—what are you juniors doing out of the House—fighting? Names!"

The fight ceased rather suddenly. The Bounder, perhaps, was reckless enough to carry on; but Wharton dropped his hands and stepped back at once at the voice of Mr. Lascelles.

"Is that you, Wharton?" exclaimed the maths master, peering at him.

"Yes, sir!"

"I am surprised at you—head boy of the Remove, out of House bounds, and fighting!" exclaimed Mr. Lascelles. "Give me your names, all of you. I shall report you all to your headmaster."

The names having been given, the juniors were shepherded back to the House by Mr. Lascelles. In the light, within doors, he frowned at the faces of Wharton and Vernon-Smith, only too plainly marked by those few minutes of fierce conflict.

"Let this go no further," he snapped. "You had better go to your studies. Your names will be given to the Head."

He left them; and the juniors, not in the best of spirits, made their way to the Remove passage. Vernon-Smith, dabbing his nose with his handkerchief, gave Wharton a sneering look as they crossed the landing.

"We'll make a finish of it to-morrow," he snarled.

Wharton nodded without answering, and went into Study No. 1, followed by his friends. The Bounder tramped on to Study No. 4. Harry Wharton looked in the glass and rubbed his face.

"Lines all round for us!" said Frank Nugent. "That doesn't matter a lot—but thank goodness we never touched the Beak! Smithy must be right off his rocker to think of such a thing."

"I wish I'd knocked him out before Larry barged in!" growled the captain of the Remove. "The utter oad—to try to trick us into such a dastardly thing. I'd never have believed that even Smithy was capable of it."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Got out of the jolly old fog, Bunter?" asked Bob, with a grin, as the Owl of the Remove appeared in the doorway of Study No. 1.

"I say, you fellows, I was lost in the fog for hours and hours and hours," said Bunter. "I came on some fellows got up in Guy Fawkes masks—playing some rotten trick, I fancy—"

"You silly ass!"

"Well, they cut off pretty quick when I spotted them," said Bunter. "One of them pushed me, and I knocked him down—"

"Oh, my hat! Did you?"

"Yes, and I got hold of a couple of them and banged their heads together and—"

"Great pip!"

"Fourth Form fellows, I fancy," said Bunter, blinking at the grinning juniors through his big spectacles. "Up to some lark in the fog, you know—but I fancy they didn't feel so larky when I was done with them."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! I say, I barged into the Head afterwards—he was lost in the fog, and I guided him home. 'Lean on my arm, old chap,' I said—just like that—"

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

The affair in the foggy quad had rather damped their spirits. But Billy Bunter's description of his adventures



Bunter blundered on in the fog directly towards the unseen group, and his outstretched, groping hand touched one of the juniors. "Oh, I say, you fellows, who's that?" he cried. "I say—" He broke off suddenly and gave a startled howl at the sight of the weird-looking face in front of him. "Oh! Ow! Yaroooh! Help!"

seemed to have a reviving effect. Study No. 1 rang with merriment.

"I say, you fellows, it's true!" said Bunter. "I was looking for those cads got up in Guy Fawkes masks, you know, to give them some more, when I barged into the Head! Lucky I did, or he might be wandering about now in the fog. He was quite bewildered! 'It's all right, old fellow!' I said to him. 'Rely on me to see you through!' And I did!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And I say, I lost the tuck I'd got at the shop in the fog! And what do you think?" said Bunter indignantly. "Toddy makes out that I scoffed it, and never lost it at all!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, cackle!" said Bunter. "I call it pretty thick, doubting a fellow's word! 'Tain't as if it was one of you chaps—you're not so particular in such things as I am! But Toddy knows me!"

"He do—he does!" chuckled Bob. "That's why he knows that you scoffed the tuck, old fat bean!"

"Oh, really, Cherry! Well, as the matter stands, there's no tea for me in Study No. 7," said Bunter. "And it's too jolly foggy to go back to the shop—besides, I've been disappointed about a postal order. I say, you fellows, if you'd like me to tea with you—"

Bunter paused, not very hopefully. Quite unaware of the great service he had inadvertently rendered to the juniors who had been fooled by the unscrupulous Bounder, he was also unaware that they were prepared to reward him for the same. So he was surprised, as well as gratified, when there came a hearty chorus:

"Trot in, Bunter!"

He trotted in.

"Sit down, old fat tulip!" said Bob amicably. "Lots of muffins—a bit cold, but right as rain! Jam and cakes! And scones!"

"Pile in, Bunter!"

"The pilefulness is the proper caper, my esteemed fat Bunter!"

"I say, you fellows, this is jolly decent of you," said Bunter, his fat face expanding in a wide grin of satisfaction. "I'm frightfully hungry, you know! I only had some ham and biscuits and a pot of jam at the tuckshop—I mean, I never had anything at the tuckshop, as I lost the stuff in the fog coming back to the House! So I'm fearfully hungry! I say, I like jam with my muffins! If you fellows don't want any of the jam, I'll take the pot—got a teaspoon?"

Harry Wharton & Co had come back to Study No. 1 to finish their tea. But they did not finish it. Bunter saved them that trouble.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Bitter Blood!

"YOU'LL be my second, Reddy?"

"No!"

"I'll find somebody else," said the Bounder, shrugging his shoulders.

"You're not going to fight Wharton!" exclaimed Tom Redwing, angrily and impatiently.

"I am!"

Prep was going on in the Remove studies. But in Study No. 4 Smithy and Redwing were not giving much attention to prep. Smithy had been spending some time in attending to his

nose, which was red and swollen from the encounter in the quad.

Brief as that encounter had been, there had been some very hard knocks exchanged. Smithy was not thinking of prep—he was thinking of what was going to follow in the Rag.

"Well, you'll get licked, and it will serve you jolly well right!" exclaimed Redwing.

"Sounds pally!" sneered the Bounder.

"You're not an easy fellow to pal with, Smithy! You're acting like a thorough rotter!"

"Thanks!"

"If I'd been there, and known what you were doing, I'd have done exactly what Wharton did!" exclaimed Redwing hotly. "You ought to be jolly well ashamed of yourself, Smithy."

"Here endeth the first lesson!" said Smithy.

"Last term you got sacked, and the Head let you come back this term. You'll never get another chance like that! Yet now you're asking for trouble worse than ever before!"

"My little way, old bean."

"What have you got to grouse about?" exclaimed Redwing. "You were whopped for having smokes. So would any other fellow have been. Skinner's been through it for the same reason, and Snoop, and other fellows. You got what you asked for, and it served you right!"

"I've had that before!" said the Bounder. "You're repeatin' yourself."

"I dare say the Head laid it on rather hard! What the dickens did you expect? Can't you take a licking? Are you made of patty?"

The Bounder flushed angrily.

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"Any other fellow would have got fix," he said. "I got a dozen, twice as hard! I don't like the Beak makin' exceptions like that in my favour."

"It was your own fault! Other fellows have been flogged for breaking bounds, and sacked for pub-haunting. You got off cheaply. The Head might have turfed you out, considering what happened last term."

The Bounder gave his chum a dark look.

Had his reckless, hare-brained scheme of a rag on the Head proved a success, it was very probable that Smithy would have been sorry for it afterwards, and realised what a rotten thing it was. But it had been a failure; the fellows he had deluded into helping him had treated him with contemptuous scorn, and the captain of the Remove had knocked him down on the spot, as soon as he knew how matters stood.

Vernon-Smith could not forgive that; and he could not forget it.

All the bitterness and evil in his nature had been roused—and there was a good deal of both. He thought, or chose to think, that the Head had treated him unjustly—and there was no doubt that he had been punished more severely than any other junior would have been!

He was still feeling twinges from that severe caning. Opposition only made the Bounder more obstinate; and it was like him to go on his own headstrong way all the more determinedly because of it.

"Well, listen to this," said Smithy, between his teeth. "I've had injustice, and I'm not the fellow to stand it! I'm going to get back on the Head, somehow, if I'm sacked the next day for it!"

"Then you're a fool as well as a rotter!" growled Redwing. "And I can tell you that all the Form will be down on you—even outsiders like Skinner would draw the line at that."

"And I'm going to lick Wharton, in the Rag, after prep," said the Bounder, with gleaming eyes. "Do you think I'm the fellow to be knocked head-over-heels—a fellow like Bunter?"

"I'd have done the same myself, if you'd tried to trick me into laying hands on the headmaster! So would any other fellow."

"Well, if you had, you'd have a fight on your hands—as it is, Wharton's got it coming to him! If you won't back me up, you can go and eat coke! I've had enough of your sermoning, anyhow! Go and give some to Loder of the Sixth! He keeps cigarettes in his study—and the Head hasn't whopped Loder for it yet," said Smithy, with a sneer.

"He doesn't know, or Loder would be kicked out of the school! And you don't know, either, if you come to that—you only know what fellows say. It's no excuse for you, anyhow."

"I'm not in want of excuses! I've had enough pi-jaw—shut up!"

Redwing compressed his lips, and turned his attention to his books. No more was said in Study No. 4. Tom worked at his prep in a desultory way, and the Bounder sat and scowled, and thought bitter and vengeful thoughts.

After prep they joined the fellows going down to the Rag, Tom silent and uneasy; the Bounder implacable, with knitted brows.

The Removites, in the Rag after prep, were chiefly interested in the celebration which was coming off on the Fifth of November.

That topic was going strong when the Bounder strolled in. On that glorious anniversary, there was always rather a rag in the Lower School; and the fact that Mr. Quelch, the Remove master, would be off the scene, gave the Removites an unusual chance for "spreading" themselves a little.

Bolsover major suggested capturing Coker of the Fifth, by main force, and parading him as a guy—a suggestion which was received with laughter, but was not likely to be adopted.

Wibley's idea was to manufacture an effigy in the likeness of Loder of the Sixth, the most unpopular prefect at Greyfriars—more unpopular with the Remove than ever, since he had been put in charge in their Form-room.

Guying Loder in that manner rather caught the fancy of the Removites; it was certain to make Loder fearfully wild. On the other hand, it was equally certain to cause trouble, for Sixth Form prefects were not to be guyed with impunity.

"Won't do, Wib," Harry Wharton was saying, when the Bounder came in. "We'd all like to make Loder look a fool; but, after all, he's a prefect—"

"Rot!" said William Wibley, who was greatly taken with his idea. "I could make it exactly like Loder—like a jolly old twin! I can do these things! I think it's a jolly good idea!"

"So it is," said the captain of the Remove soothingly. "It's a ripping wheeze, old bean, and would be no end funny! But it won't do—Loder would have us all up before the Head if we guyed him! And the Beak's rather particular about his prefects."

"Wash it out, Wib!" The Bounder joined in the discussion. "No good suggestin' anything of the kind to Wharton! As head boy, master's favourite, and humbug generally, he's bound to set us a good example. And as a rotten funk, he's afraid, anyhow!"

Dead silence followed that remark. Harry Wharton rose to his feet, a glint in his eyes. It was his voice that broke the silence.

"I suppose that means that you want the scrap to go on, Vernon-Smith," he said quietly.

"Exactly that!" assented the Bounder. "Lascelles won't butt in here and save you from a thrashing!"

"You may wish that he would by the time you've got on with it a bit," granted Johnny Bull.

"The wishfulness will probably be terrific!"

"What on earth's the row about?" asked Squiff, looking from one to the other. "Have you fellows been scrapping?"

"Smithy's nose looks like it!" grinned Hazeldene.

"But what's the trouble?" asked Lord Mauleverer. "What the thump do you want to scrap for? Scrap-pin's a bore."

"Smithy played a rotten trick on us, and Wharton punched him!" said Johnny Bull. "I'd have punched him if Wharton hadn't."

"But what—" asked several voices. "Least said, soonest mended!" said Bob Cherry. "Smithy doesn't want it sung out all over Greyfriars."

The Bounder gave a scoffing laugh.

"Do you think I care?" he sneered. "Every fellow here can know all about it! I got up a rag on the Head, and these fellows were afraid to back me up."

"A rag on the Head?" repeated Squiff blankly. "What sort of a rag?"

"We were going to collar him in the fog and whop him!" said the Bounder coolly. "Only these fellows were funky. I told them it was Loder—only they found out in time and funk'd it!"

"Whop him?" repeated Peter Todd.

"Are you mad?"

"Mad as a hatter, I think," said Squiff, staring at the Bounder. "Why, you blackguard, if you laid a finger on the Head, we'd scrag you! By gum! I've a jolly good mind to knock you spinning for speaking of such a thing!"

"You awful rotter, Smithy!" said Lord Mauleverer. "Look here, you men, somebody's got to thrash Smithy; and if nobody else will take the trouble, I'll do it myself, by gad!"

Vernon-Smith looked round him with bitter defiance in his looks. Every face condemned him—even Skinner and Snoop looked disgusted. Tom Redwing left him, and walked out of the Rag again. He was a loyal chum; but he wanted nothing to do with Smithy just then. He shared to the full the general feeling of the fellows in the Rag.

"Well, that's the limit!" said Wibley. "I think you must be a bit off your rocker, Smithy!"

"So that's what Wharton punched you for?" said Ogilvy. "I hope he punched you hard, you unspeakable outsider!"

"Smithy doesn't seem to know there's a limit," said Bolsover major. "What about ragging him, just as a tip?"

"Good egg!"

"You can leave him to me," said the captain of the Remove quietly. "He's asking for trouble, and he's going to get it. Will some fellow get the gloves?"

"Don't worry about the gloves," said Vernon-Smith between his teeth. "You had no gloves on when you punched me in the quad, Wharton, and we're not going to have them on now!"

"Just as you choose!"

"Shut the door!" said Skinner. "There'll be a row if the prefects spot a fight going on without gloves."

Harry Wharton threw off his jacket. The Bounder did the same. Lord Mauleverer stood up to keep time. And in the centre of a circle of excited juniors, the captain of the Remove and the Bounder of Greyfriars faced one another, and the fight began.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

A Ragging for Smithy!

TIME!" Two-minute rounds were the rule; and seldom had there been so much solid slogging packed into two short minutes, as in the first round of that fight in the Rag!

Wharton was angry and determined; the Bounder was in a bitter, evil mood. It was hard and fast from the start, and both of them showed signs of damage when Mauleverer called time.

At the call, the captain of the Remove dropped his hands; but the Bounder did not seem to hear. Or perhaps, in his savage bitterness, he did not choose to hear. He came on without a pause, hitting out fiercely.

"Time!" yelled a score of voices. The Bounder was still hitting; and

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Wharton, taken by surprise, resumed his guard too late. Vernon-Smith's right landed in his eye, followed by the left on his mouth; and the captain of the Remove went spinning backwards, to fall with a crash on the floor.

"There was a roar of wrath in the Rag.

"Foul!"

"Time, you rotter!"

"Oh, you outsider!"

The Bouncer stood panting, staring down at Wharton sprawling at his feet. Half a dozen fellows gathered round the fallen junior. Bob Cherry lifted Wharton's head on his knee; Nugent sponged his face. Harry blinked at them dizzily. Two hard blows, taking him off his guard, had very nearly knocked him out. He was dizzy and dazed.

"You unspeakable rotter, Smithy!" said Lord Mauleverer, in low, cutting tones. "I'm not keepin' time for you—not much use keepin' time, you cad! Haven't you ever heard of fair play?"

"I—I never meant—" stammered the Bouncer.

"Oh, shut up!"

"It's all right," gasped Wharton. "I can go on in a minute!"

"You can't, and shan't!" said Bob Cherry. "You're not going to fight a fellow who goes in for foul play. What Smithy wants is a ragging, and that's what he's going to get!"

"Leave him to me!"

"Rats!"

"The ruffianism is terrific!"

"Collar the cad!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Look here," panted Wharton. "I tell you—I don't think Smithy meant to foul—anyhow, I'm going on—"

"You're not!" said Frank Nugent. Vernon-Smith—repentant of what he had done a second after he had done it—found, as generally happens, that repentance came too late. An angry crowd surrounded him, and he backed away, regret for what he had done

changing at once into dogged defiance and sullen obstinacy.

"Hands off!" he said between his teeth. "Hands off! I—"

He had no time to say more. Johnny Bull was the first to reach him, and he hit out, and Johnny went staggering back. But the next moment, half a dozen pairs of hands were on the Bouncer, and he was swept from his feet.

"Frog's-march!" roared Squiff.

The Bouncer struggled fiercely.

"Let me go!" he yelled. "You rotters—by gad—let me go—"

Up and down the Rag went the Bouncer, in the frog's-march. He yelled and struggled in vain. Not a voice was raised in his favour; the whole form were down on him, and made that fact very clear. It was Harry Wharton who intervened at last.

"Chuck it, you men!" he exclaimed.

(Continued on next page.)



"Linesman's" store of Soccer knowledge is at the disposal of all MAGNET readers. Send along your queries to him: c/o The MAGNET, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, and then look for a reply in this regular weekly feature.

SUCCESSFUL DRIBBLING!

ONE of my outside-right friends at Barkstone, Notts, has bumped against a football difficulty which practically all players who are called upon to dribble at speed have encountered. He finds the ball getting beyond his control—kicked too far ahead—when he is running along the touchline.

This very usual trouble must be overcome before an outside winger—or any other player who wants to progress by dribbling the ball—can be wholly successful. When the ball runs too far ahead of a player, it obviously gives the opponent a chance to nip in and clear. However, I can perhaps pass on a hint or two which may be helpful to my Notts chum, and also to others in the same boat.

The lack of complete control, that is, allowing the ball to run too far away, is generally due to the fact that it is kicked forward with the toe. The most successful dribblers in football are those who push the ball along with the outside of the boot. In the case of an outside-right, this would be the outside of the right boot.

By applying the outside of the boot instead of the toe to the ball, there is imparted to it backward spin, and this backward spin is in itself a preventive of the ball running too far away. The ball is stroked, rather than kicked. I don't know whether you have noticed that many good footballers are what we used to call, when I was in Lancashire, "toesey." The word meant that the toes were inclined to point towards each other whether the "toesey" person was walking or running. If the footballer's feet are made like that, then the stroke of the ball with the outside of the boot becomes perfectly natural.

Two other points in successful dribbling may be mentioned. The first is, keep

the eyes on the ball. The second is keep the body well forward over the ball. The player who does this and keeps the ball close to his feet, can swerve this way or that to beat an opponent who is coming in to tackle.

I think I have mentioned previously one good way of learning to dribble, but the advice will bear repetition.

Place sticks in the ground three yards or so apart, and dodge with the ball in and out of them. This not only helps in the ball control line, but teaches swerve as well. And body swerve is almost the greatest asset of a forward.

TAKE YOUR PATTERN FROM THE PRO!

A LETTER which made me smile comes from Hebburn-on-Tyne. How well I know that spot, and what great footballers it has produced in the past! It will produce some more good footballers if my correspondent's enthusiasm counts for anything. He is rather surprised, however—and so am I—that, in trying to get together a football team he met with the reply that a subscription of three-halfpence per week was too much. Well, I know times are hard, but really, one can't expect to get football for much less than three-halfpence per week, even though the boys are as young as thirteen! Stick to it, "footer fan," and your team will come through all right.

Another little problem comes from the same source. My chum wants to know whether he should take the advice of his friend and practise on the Saturday afternoons when the team has no match, or go to watch Newcastle United. The latter is his own preference.

I should think the average boy would find plenty of opportunities

for practising during the week, and to those who have an afternoon off. I should certainly recommend watching first-class players, if they can possibly afford it. But when you go to watch, take mental notes—especially of the way the stars in your particular position do things. It can be accepted as a fact that they have been through the mill, and know how things should be done.

THE REF HAD A REASON!

A READER who is very much interested in York City tells me that apparently the side suffered an injustice in a recent match, and he asks me for my views on the incident. It concerns the taking of a penalty kick. According to the details as related to me, York City were awarded a penalty kick. The player appointed duly took the kick, and placed the ball safely into the net. The referee ordered the kick to be retaken, apparently because of an infringement by the opposing goalkeeper.

In reading those particulars I am tempted to wonder whether there was not some other reason for the ordering of the penalty kick to be retaken.

The rules lay it down very definitely that every care should be taken not to benefit the side responsible for an offence. In relation to the taking of penalty kicks there is this instruction in the Referee's Chart: "When a goal results from a penalty kick, it shall not be nullified, although there may have been an infringement of the law by the defending side."

This is clear enough, and at least settles the question raised. But I emphasise that there was probably some other explanation of the referee's action in this particular case.

A Canning Town reader of seventeen years of age, very much interested in a football club, wants to know how he can arrange fixtures for his side. He asks me to put him in touch with other clubs. I am afraid that there is no record available of the secretaries or other responsible officials of these junior teams. The one thing I can suggest is that my correspondent inserts a small advertisement in one of the newspapers of his district, giving particulars of his team: their average age, whether they are strong or weak for their age, and stating he wants to arrange suitable fixtures. There must be several other junior teams in the same district wanting to do the same thing.

"LINESMAN."

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"Look here, he's had enough! Let him go, I tell you!"

"Rot!" roared Johnny Bull. "Keep back!"

"Shut up, Wharton!"

"Give him jip!"

"The jipfulness is the proper caper!"

"Bump him!"

Harry Wharton was pushed back by the excited Removites. But the Bounder, with a desperate effort, tore himself loose. He stood for a moment, crimson, dishevelled, his collar and tie gone, his hair a mop, glaring at the raggers; then, as they pushed on him again, he leaped to the door of the Rag, opened it, and darted out.

"After him!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Hold on, you duffers!" shouted Wharton. "For goodness' sake, chuck it." And he slammed the door after the Bounder.

"You're a silly ass!" growled Johnny Bull. "He hasn't had half enough!"

"Well, chuck it, anyhow."

And the ragging was "chucked" at that point. The Bounder was not seen again in the Rag that evening. He was not seen till the Remove went to their dormitory, where he gave Harry Wharton a black look, but did not speak. The captain of the Remove half expected a renewal of the trouble when Wingate of the Sixth had turned off the light and gone, leaving the juniors to themselves. But there came no word or sign from the Bounder. A good many remarks on the subject of foul fighting ran from bed to bed, but Vernon-Smith refused to be drawn. Apparently he had gone to sleep. At all events, he turned a deaf ear.

But the Bounder was not sleeping.

Long after the rest of the Remove had fallen asleep he lay awake, his restless eyes staring into the darkness.

Seldom, or never, had even the headstrong Bounder been in so black and bitter a mood. It had happened to him often enough that one reckless act had led to another till he found himself up to the neck in strife and trouble. Now it had happened once more, and he hardly realised how it was that he was on terms of enmity with his fellows, whom, at the bottom of his heart, he liked; and condemned by the whole Form much as he desired to be popular.

But he was in no mood to turn back, to admit himself in the wrong, and to attempt to retrieve false steps. That was not in his thoughts at all. If they turned him down, let them! If they made an enemy of him, let them! He would show them that he could hold his own, and more than hold his own! It was on such bitter lines as these that Vernon-Smith's thoughts ran as he lay awake and brooding long after the other fellows were sleeping the sleep of healthy youth. It was as if he had said to himself, like Satan of old, "Evil, be thou my good!" There was plenty of good in Smithy, but plenty of bad, too, and for the present the bad had the upper hand.

It was while he lay restless, wakeful, with bitterness rankling in his heart, that a new scheme formed in his mind, and he was thinking over it when at last he fell asleep.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Wibley is Willing!

"DON'T come in!"

Wibley called out those inhospitable words as someone knocked at the door of Study No. 6, in the Remove, and opened it. William Wibley was busy.

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It was the following day, and Wib was in his study after class, unpacking a parcel which had arrived during lessons. He unpacked it as eagerly as Billy Bunter would have unpacked a parcel of tuck. But it did not contain tuck; it contained a weird assortment of beards, moustaches, false noses, eyebrows, wigs, and so forth, dear to the heart of the president of the Remove Dramatic Society. A week or two ago Wibley had been ragged for his sins, and the contents of the property box had suffered considerably. Nothing else was of much consequence to Wib till he had replaced the damaged articles. Now that he was unpacking them and feasting his eyes on them he did not want to be interrupted.

It was the Bounder who looked in at the door, with a sarcastic smile as he noted Wibley's occupation.

"Busy?" he asked.

"Frightfully!" answered Wibley, without turning his head. "Don't barge in. Shut the door after you."

Instead of which Herbert Vernon-Smith stepped in. Wibley glanced round irritably.

"Oh, you!" he ejaculated. "Look here, you ass, if you want another row, go along to Study No. 1 or Study No. 13. Wharton or Cherry will oblige. I'm too busy."

"I don't want a row, you ass!"

"Well, hook it, anyhow," said Wibley. "I lent a hand ragging you yesterday. So did everybody else, excepting Redwing. I'm not going to scrap with you. Don't like fouling. Go and row with somebody else."

"I tell you I haven't come for a row!" growled the Bounder, though his eyes glistened. "It's about the theatricals."

"Oh!" Wibley's manner changed at once. "I didn't know. If you've come here to talk sense, all right. Take a pew, old bean."

Any remark on the subject of amateur theatricals was a direct way to win Wibley's heart. That was a subject he was always ready to discuss with friend or foe. The Bounder smiled sourly as he took a seat on the study table and watched Wib unpacking what, in his own mind, he regarded as Wibley's rubbish.

"New stuff?" he asked, affecting an interest he did not feel in the least.

"New lot just down," said Wibley. "You know those silly asses ragged my things because I made up as Mossoo to pull their leg—" Wibley broke off and held up a silvery wig, which in its way was quite a work of art. "I've got that for a schoolmaster's part in our next play. Some mop—what?"

The Bounder showed some interest in that silvery wig.

"Looks like the Head's own mop!" he remarked.

"It's meant to," explained Wib. "When I get myself up as headmaster in the play, I'm taking old Locke for a model. Why not?"

"You have jolly good ideas, old man."

"I'm the man for them," answered Wibley complacently. There was no false modesty about William Wibley. In this particular line he was clever, and he knew it, and made no secret of his knowledge.

"I've been thinking of a wheeze," said the Bounder, watching Wibley furtively out of the corner of his eye. "That white mop would come in useful. It's a jape, of course."

"What sort of a jape? I don't half like your japes, Smithy. Too jolly dangerous."

"All right this time," said the Bounder, with a laugh. "It's a jape on

Loder of the Sixth. We owe him a few."

"I'd face anything short of the sack to make that rotten bully sit up," said Wibley. "But what's the idea? Blessed if I see how amateur theatricals will help."

"Help a lot in your hands," said Smithy. "You can do things in that line that no other fellow can do."

Wibley almost purred. He rather liked this flattery, like pineapple, in chunks. Smithy, to gain his own ends, was prepared to give him all he wanted—to lay it on with a trowel if necessary.

"We all know that Loder breaks bounds after lights out," said the Bounder.

"Fellows say so," assented Wibley.

"Well, I know it for a fact," said Vernon-Smith. "Suppose the Head caught him out of bounds at night?"

"Serve him jolly well right; but he won't; Loder's too jolly deep," answered Wibley. "And I suppose you're not thinking of sneaking even about a cad like Loder?"

"Of course not, you ass!" said the Bounder irritably. "Give a fellow a chance to speak! The idea is to scare him out of his wits by making him believe that the Head has caught him out of bounds."

"Blessed if I see how—"

"Suppose we make up a figure, dressed like the Beak, silvery mop and all, so like him that any fellow would take it for old Locke, especially in a dim light? You could do it on your head, as easy as you make up for the stage."

"Easy! But—"

"If the things cost somethin', that doesn't matter. I'd be more than willin' to stand all exes to make Loder sit up. You can order anythin' you like at old Lazarus', and leave it to me."

"Good man! But how—"

"I've been keepin' my ears open. Loder's going out of bounds on Monday, and he's not likely to be back much before midnight."

"We shall all be fast asleep in dorm long before that. No midnight stunts for me," said Wibley.

"Loder has a key to the Sixth Form lobby, like all the prefects," went on Vernon-Smith. "He may go out that way, or drop from his study window. He will leave his curtains drawn, his light off, and his door locked, so that anybody would fancy that he was asleep in bed. Well, suppose, when he comes back, that, instead of finding the study empty and dark, he finds the light on and the Head sitting there, waiting for him?"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Wibley.

"Well, that's the stunt. I've got a key that fits his study door, so if he locks it after him, that will be all right. We wait till the Sixth are in bed, and then land our imitation of the Head in Loder's study armchair to sit up and wait for him."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Wibley.

"Like the idea?"

"Ha, ha! Ripping! By gum, I wonder I never thought of that myself. It's just one of my own wheezes!" chorled Wibley. "Only there's one thing you've forgotten. Loder will get the scare of his life, and goodness knows what he will do. But he will spot, sooner or later, that it's only a dunny, and you can bet that he will smash it up. And it will cost pounds."

"That's nothing!"

"Well, I suppose it's not much to you, as you're rolling in money," said Wibley. "I couldn't afford it."

"Leave me to foot the bill as it's my



"Time!" yelled a score of voices. Heedless of the call, Vernon-Smith still hit out. His right landed in Harry Wharton's eye, followed by a left to the mouth, and the captain of the Remove went spinning backwards, to fall with a crash on the floor! There was a roar of wrath in the Rag. "Foul!" "Time, you rotter!" "Oh, you outsider!"

jape! You'll do your part by putting in the clever work—I can't do that."

"Right as rain!" said Wibley. "That's fair! You put up the cash if I put up the brains, what?"

"Exactly," assented the Bounder, very carefully refraining from stating what he really thought of William Wibley's brains. "Look here, I've bagged the key of the garret next to the Remove box-room—the room's never used, and we can work there without anybody barging in. Of course, it will have to be kept frightfully dark. Loder's as keen as mustard, and if a syllable got out he would spot us. Not a word in the Remove till afterwards."

"Right!" assented Wibley. "If the fellows get curious, I'll tell them I'm at work on an effigy, and they'll think it's a guy for the Fifth of November, see? It will be an effigy, so that will be the truth, what?" And Wibley chuckled at his own astuteness.

The Bounder started for a moment. Then he laughed.

"My hat! You do think of things!" he exclaimed. "Ripping! And you think you can produce a jolly old twin of the Head?"

"Easy!" said Wibley disdainfully. "On my head! If you like to go to the expense, I can have the face modelled in wax from a photograph of the Head—there's a man in Courtfield does that work."

"By Jove! I can see that I couldn't have handled this without your help!" said the Bounder. "That's the very thing."

"It will cost money, you know," said Wibley warningly.

"That's all right!"

Wibley rubbed his hands! This was a jape after his own heart! The expense would have prevented him from carrying it out on his own; but

expense was nothing to the wealthy Bounder.

"Gorgeous!" he said. "My only hat! Fancy Loder's face when he barges into his study at midnight and finds the Head sitting up waiting for him! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" echoed the Bounder.

"It will be rather a pity to have the thing smashed up—but you can bet Loder will do it when he tumbles! But he will have the scare of his life first! Anyhow, we couldn't keep such a thing about—it would have to be taken to pieces afterwards!" remarked Wibley. "The Head would be in rather a wax if he found out that we'd been manufacturing a twin of him to jape one of his precious prefects. We shall have to keep it jolly dark."

"Dark as pitch," said Vernon-Smith, slipping from the table. "It's a go, then! When are you going to begin?"

"I'll cut down to Courtfield on my bike as soon as I've put those things away and see old Lazarus about the stuff we shall want. No time like the present," said the enthusiastic Wib.

"Good man!"

Vernon-Smith left the study, leaving Wibley chuckling gleefully over that great wheeze of scaring the bully of the Sixth out of his wits. The Bounder grinned sarcastically as he went down the passage. It had been easy enough to befool the enthusiastic and unsuspecting Wibley—and the Bounder had done so with cool unscrupulousness. It had not even occurred to Wib that when the fellows supposed that he was at work on an effigy for Bonfire Night, they would be supposing the exact truth. It was no jape on Loder of the Sixth that the Bounder was planning.

He was planning to guy the headmaster on the Fifth of November, unscrupulously making use of poor Wib for

the purpose, and intending to draw all the Remove into the game. That was the Bounder's retaliation for the ragging and for his condemnation by the Form—and for the consequences, which were certain to be serious, he did not care a single straw!

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Billy Bunter Wants to Know!

"I SAY, you fellows, Wib's got something on."

"Tell us something we don't know?" suggested Bob Cherry.

Billy Bunter blinked at him. Bunter liked to be first with the news.

"Oh, really, Cherry! Did you know that Wibley had something on?" he demanded.

"Yes, rather!"

"What has he got on, then?" Bunter demanded.

"His hat!"

"You silly ass!" squeaked Bunter, greatly annoyed, while the chums of the Remove chortled. "I mean, he's got something else on—"

"His jacket?"

"Oh, don't be a goat!" snorted Bunter. "Something's up. He keeps the key of that garret next to the box-room in his pocket. I say, Skinner and Snoop used to go there to smoke! You fellows think that Wib goes there to smoke cigarettes?"

"Fathead!"

"Well, what's his game, then?" demanded Bunter. "I asked him, and he said he was making an effigy. If he's making a guy for Bonfire Night, why can't he let a fellow see it? I've been up after him twice, and he shut the

(Continued on page 15.)

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THE NEW Greyfriar

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MY WORST AND BEST EXPERIENCE

By BILLY BUNTER.

The worst eggexperience I can recall was the occasion when I tried to get my own back on Loder. What I did was to stand outside the Sixth Form room while the Head was out and indulge in a spot of ventriloquism. Imitating the Head's voice with lifelike fidelity, I called out fiercely: "Loder! You are taking advantage of my absence to waste your time in perusing a pink sporting paper! Stand out and bend over!" Then, as Loder tottered out before the class, I thundered: "Wingate! Kindly pick up that ashplant and give Loder two dozen strokes with the maximum force and the minimum delay!"

There was a gasp from the Sixth at that unexpected order.

Unforehappily, there was a gasp from voices truly also, the next moment. Unknown to me, the Head had appeared behind me just in time to hear every word I had uttered!

Let us draw a veil, dear reader, over the partly seen that followed. Suffice it to say that it was the worst eggexperience I have ever had—and that's saying something!

As for my best eggexperience, I plump for the time when I entertained Wharton and Mauly and other of my pals at Bunter Court. I'm one of those fine, jocular fellows who get the most pleasure out of seeing other people happy—and I can tell you I made 'em all happy on this occasion! Bunter Court was a land flowing with milk and honey, servants and maids grovelled and fawned in all directions, and my pals saw life as it's lived among the aristocracy to which I belong!

Of course, if you ask them about it, they'll tell you I hired the house in Mauly's name, painted "BUNTER COURT" outside it and borrowed munny right and left from them when I got them there. This is a typical eggexample of their jellous prevarications. It just shows what ungrateful beasts they are, duzzent it?

But it still stands out in my memory as my very best eggexperience!

(Next week's experiences are by Claude Hoskins.)

"POCKET" PREFECT "GUYED!"



THEN CAME TROUBLE

Indignation over the recent appointment of Coker minor to the rank of a prefect has reached fever pitch this week. As previously explained, we bear Horace Coker's brainy young brother no ill-will. But we do jolly well object to a chap not much bigger than Wun Lung having the right to order us about. "Pocket" dictators are all right for Austria and Cuba and places like that; but it's going to be a long time before "pocket" prefects are all right for Greyfriars!

Naturally, we made a guy of Coker minor this week. Naturally, we took out the guy into the quad to show it round. Naturally, there were roars of laughter.

Equally naturally, Coker minor didn't like it when he saw it. He's a quiet little fellow who wouldn't say "Bo!" to a goose in the ordinary way. But his cheeks turned pink and his eyes goggled when he saw a libellous caricature of himself being carted around for the public entertainment.

Coker minor shouted "Stop!" We tramped on regardless, pretending not to hear him in the general pandemonium. We weren't out for a public row with Coker minor. All we wanted was to do the

round of the quad once, and having registered our feelings on the subject quietly return to our quarters.

But the programme was not carried out. Coker major, who is still taking the unexpected line of aggressively defending his minor's prefectship, suddenly loomed up out of nowhere. He took one look at his minor and one look at the guy, then charged.

An instant later the air was filled with the din of battle and Coker major was busily engaged in mopping up the ground with half the Remove. At least, he was trying to do so, but even Horace Coker is apt to find it hard to deal with a score of Removites at once. He found it so difficult on this occasion that within three seconds he was stretched out on the grass, wondering whether a cyclone had struck him!

Coker minor, thinking it was time he asserted himself, then rushed in and started lashing out with his ashplant.

We didn't stop to think. We just gave him a small dose of Horace's medicine and Coker minor ceased to take much more interest in the proceedings.

But victory, alas! was short-lived. Scarcely had the

A jumping cracker, thrown in to a Remove study by a passing fag, caused an alarm of fire on Wednesday evening.

CRA

Fire

The study affected was No. Bunter, who happened to be the sole occupant, was doing in front of the fire when firework was thrown. Wakened up in a panic, he threw what he thought to be water on it, only to discover too late that it was not water, but benzene, which Peter Todd had been using to clean a stain on his suit!

There was a miniature explosion and a flash of flame. Bunter, seeing fire run

DICKY NUGENT'S WEEKLY WISDOM

Our Form master has bidden us to handle fireworks. The silly old fogey says nothing wrong in hurling a bombshell at us; yet he's got to dish out wackings galore if we chuck a moor Chinese cracker at him!

(Continued from previous) cheers of the victors died away before Wingate and North and several other prefects raced on the scene.

Wingate & Co. are not at all keen on Coker minor as a prefect themselves. But the circumstances didn't prevent them taking stern measures on the spot. They must have considered that the honour of the prefects was at stake. Never, at any rate, in history, have so many fellows been called on to bend over.

The Anti "Pocket" Prefect Movement in the Remove is still going on, of course. For the time being the ardour of its adherents has been decidedly damped!

APOLOGY

I hereby offer my sincere regrets to anybody I accidentally shot the other evening, and would take the opportunity of explaining that I mistook what turned out to be a firework display for an invasion by some dastardly foreign enemy.

(Signed) PAUL PROUT, M.A.

MISSING CLOBBER

Reported missing: 24 toppers, 15 suits, 20 pairs of shoes, 1 ton of straw, and 2 gross of matches. If the owners will turn up in the quad at eight o'clock to-night, we may be able to throw some light on their losses.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?



The Famous Five never give way to seniors, except prefects. When, arm-in-arm, they encountered Coker, they remained unmoved—but Coker didn't!



S. Q. I. Field can balance vertically on his hands on the parallel bars for a great length of time. His chums wish they could emulate the feat!



Bunter is always showing off his "gold" watch—but Removites know that Lazarus, the Court pawnbroker, told him it was worth only five shillings!

Star Herald

EXTRA
GOOD
EDITION

BY HARRY WHARTON.

November 4th, 1933.

HIRE A HUMAN GUY!

REMOVE KIDNAPPERS, LTD., have for sale or hire several excellent human scarecrows, secured at great expense from the Upper Fourth and just right for use in Guy Fawkes celebrations.—For terms, apply REMOVE KIDNAPPERS, LTD. (Manager, P. Bolsover), Study No. 10, Remove.

CRACKER CAUSED IT

Fire Outbreak Quickly Quelled

Along the carpet and up the legs of the table, bellowed: "Help! Murder! Police! Fire!" and, with his customary coolness and courage in emergency, bolted from the study and didn't stop running till he reached the quad.

Other fellows from adjoining studies, looking in to see what was happening, saw the fire extending rapidly, and Wharton, who was one of the first on the scene, realised that prompt steps were needed. He accordingly sent Nugent down to summon Mr. Quelch and, with the help of those who were left, started a bucket chain going between Study No. 7 and the water-tap at the end of the Remove passage.

As a result of his prompt move water was very quickly pouring over the flames in Bunter's study, and by the time Mr. Quelch arrived the fire had been completely extinguished.

The fag who was responsible for all the trouble has so far resisted all offers to confess; he prefers to blush unseen and waste his fragrance on the desert air. We can't say we altogether blame him.

In the meantime, Wharton has received a pat on the back from the Head over the affair. Dr. Locke referred to it after prayers on the following morning and described Wharton's action as "most commendable."

Other Forms kindly note!



EXPERTS PRAISE RECORD GUY

"Ugliest Face Ever!"

—Judges

The annual competition to see who could make the ugliest guy produced an unusually fine crop of effigies in the Rag last night. The judges had an extraordinarily difficult problem to decide which was the most unprepossessing of the collection—until they came to Bull and Field's joint entry.

But Bull and Field's entry made the problem simple. Unquestionably it was a masterpiece.

Wharton and Wibley and Vernon-Smith were the judges. When they reached it they could only gaze at it in silent wonder for a time, spellbound with admiration.

"It's — it's unique!" gasped Wharton at last.

"The ugliest thing I've ever seen in my life!" Smithy declared.

"Hideous beyond description!" was Wibley's verdict. "Look at the evil in that eye—the depravity in that chin!"

"There's something vaguely familiar about it, I must say," Smithy admitted.

"Just the feeling I've got myself," Wibley remarked.

"Tell us whom your guy represents, Squiff, will you?"

There was no need for Squiff to do it, as it happened. Before he had time to answer, the "guy" answered for himself. Working loose the gag that bound his lips, he suddenly yelled: "Lemme go, you jays! I guess you know who I am; my name's Fish, an' if you'll lemme go, I guess I'll make potato-scrappings of the lot of you!"

Bull and Field were disqualified!

TRAGEDY of the "FIFTH"

Firework Inventor's Sad Story

"The firework inventor's lot is not a happy one."

George Bulstrode, the celebrated student of pyrotechny, buried his head in his hands and sobbed like a child, as he made that remark to our Special Interviewer.

"Cheer up, old bean," our S. I. said encouragingly. "Of course, we know the Fifth falls on a Sunday this year, so things won't be quite so hectic as usual. But people are bound to keep it up in the old style on the Saturday instead."

Bulstrode laughed bitterly.

"I don't doubt that they will. I'm not referring to that. What I'm talking about is the crass stupidity—the maddening imbecility—of those antediluvian creatures known as firework manufacturers!"

"Here am I, a humble firework inventor with perhaps a touch of genius that few possess, devoting my time, my money, my life's blood to the glorious cause of inventing pyrotechnical novelties."

"What encouragement do I get? NONE!"

"Ideas? Why, I'm simply reeking with 'em! Not vague theoretical ideas, but ideas that can be turned into practical realities!"

"Look at the inventions I've created this season!"

"There's the Greyfriars Porpoise—a marvellous little firework which rolls round and round, making funny squeaking noises."

"There's the Horace Coker Rocket, which goes up in the air, swells to an enormous size, and bursts with a noise like a bull roaring!"

"There's the Sidney Snoop Streamer, which slithers through the air like a snake. There are dozens of other topical novelties which would sell like hot cakes if only they were known!"

"But there's no room for a brilliant genius in the firework trade. Those silly old buffers of firework manufacturers are still content to carry on with their old-fashioned Traffic Lights, Witch's Cauldrons, and Whirly-twirlers. They even turn out Catherine Wheels still!"

Our S. I. shook his head sadly.

"It certainly does seem hard, old chap," he remarked sympathetically. "Why don't you make specimens and send 'em up?"

"Fathead! I've done so already, of course!" snorted Bulstrode. "But what do you think the silly asses had the nerve to write back?"

"I can't imagine for the life of me!"

"Then I'll tell you," said Bulstrode. "They actually wrote back to say that the fireworks I had sent them wouldn't work. Wouldn't work, you know! Jevver hear anything like it?"

And Bulstrode, with a final hopeless gesture, buried his head in his hands and sobbed more bitterly than ever.

'Lonzy's Little Letters

Dear Editor,—If the persuasive vocal faculties of reason may peradventure be permitted to manifest themselves auricularly in the contemporary period of the unleashing of those normally articulate infantile psychological repressions associated with the release of the late lamented Guido Fawkes, may I suggest that a more appropriate method of commemorating the event would take the form of the effectuation by historical students of numerous academic perorations or rhetorical discourses and dissertations on the subject for our general edification. Surely, dear Editor, such commemorative activities would be an ameliorative improvement on the pyrotechnics of tradition?

Yours for human elevation,

ALONZO TODD.

('Lonzy's suggesting extra history instead of fireworks! Grooogh!—Ed.)

WARNING!

For goodness' sake don't fire any rockets while Quelch's about. Since he was hit on the nose by one last night he's liable to "go up in the air" at any moment!

GREYFRIARS FACTS WHILE YOU WAIT!



Hiring a speedboat. Horace Coker gave a thrilling exhibition in Pegg Bay. Several fishing smacks had hair-raising escapes as Coker whizzed by!

Harry Wharton insists on the Remove football XI taking great care of their boots. He believes it results in better marksmanship—and more goals!

Bob Cherry once offered to teach Bunter to swim—but after the Owl had dragged him under and nearly drowned him, Bob decided to let Bunter flounder alone!



(Continued from page 13.)

door in my face. The second time Smithy came up and kicked me. What's it got to do with Smithy, I'd like to know!"

"Better ask Smithy!"

"Well, he's so beastly bad-tempered since the fellows ragged him. I think you ought to finish that scrap with him, Wharton! What he wants is a jolly good hiding!"

"Give him one!" suggested the captain of the Remove. "We'll pick you up and carry you home afterwards—if there's any of you left."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm not going to soil my hands on the fellow! I can tell you this, what's going on is between Wib and Smithy—and that looks to me like smoking!"

"Rats!" said Frank Nugent. "Wib's a good many sorts of an ass, but not that sort! If he says he's making a guy, he's making a guy. No bizney of yours, fatty."

"Yah!" was Bunter's reply. The more anything was not Billy Bunter's business, the more he was interested in it. "I say, you fellows, Wibley hasn't any right to bag the key of that garret. Look here, suppose you fellows bag him and bag that key, and then we can find out what's up!"

The Famous Five laughed. They were not in the slightest degree interested in finding out what was up. Inquisitiveness was Bunter's chief characteristic, and he never could understand that other fellows were not afflicted in the same way. Bunter always wanted to know!

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" grunted Bunter. "Look here! I say, you fellows, don't walk away while a fellow's talking to you! Beasts!" added the Owl of the Remove, as Harry Wharton & Co. did walk away.

Bunter rolled into the House and up to the Remove passage.

Afflicted with curiosity, Billy Bunter wanted to know; and Billy Bunter meant to know. Vernon-Smith was lounging in the doorway of Study No. 4, and he glanced sourly at Bunter. Bunter rolled on to Study No. 6, and blinked into that study. Wibley was not there! Bunter could guess where he was—up in the garret on the box-room staircase, engaged in his mysterious occupation. The fat Owl was going to investigate; but Smithy's eye was on him, and he did not want to be kicked again. But the Bounder, as if on purpose to oblige the inquisitive Owl, stepped back into his study, and the coast was clear.

Bunter immediately scuttled along to the box-room stairs at the end of the passage. He puffed and blew up that staircase in a hurry, anxious to get out of sight before Smithy looked out of his study again.

At the head of those little stairs there were several small garrets, as well as the Remove box-room, disused, or used only for lumber. One of these was the room appropriated by Wib for his

secret work—now progressing at a great rate under Wib's skilful hands. Billy Bunter turned the handle of the door, and, as he expected, found it locked.

"Who's there?" called out Wibley from within.

"I say, old chap—"

"Cut off, you fat frog!"

"Look here, what are you up to, Wib?"

"Snuff!" answered Wibley.

"You silly ass!" howled Bunter. "I say, old chap, you might let a fellow into the secret! You know how I can keep a secret."

"Roll away, barrel, before I come out and roll you."

"Beast!"

Billy Bunter stooped outside the door and applied a spectacled eye to the keyhole. He had a partial view of the room within. He had a glimpse of Wibley, who was holding a wig of silvery hair in his hand. But Wibley's work, whatever it was, was out of range of the keyhole—no doubt Wibley was aware of Bunter's manners and customs and on his guard against the fat junior's keyhole work!

As Bunter blinked through the keyhole he was unaware of a soft and stealthy step ascending the box-room stairs. Without a sound Vernon-Smith stepped on the little landing behind him.

Standing on his left foot, he lifted his right. Bunter, stooping at the keyhole, was placed in a very favourable position for treatment!

Thud!

FREE GIFTS!

FREE GIFTS!!

FREE GIFTS!!!

Full details in next week's

MAGNET

"Yaroooooop!" roared Bunter, as the Bounder's foot landed.

He crashed on the door, slid over, and rolled on the landing, roaring.

"Yooop! Whooop! Yaroooooh! Beast! Oh erikay! Wow!"

"Have another?" asked the Bounder, grinning.

"Ow! Beast! Keep off!" yelled Bunter.

He scrambled to his feet, dodged across the landing, and jumped for the stairs. The Bounder's foot shot out, and caught him as he went. Bunter did those stairs in record time!

Bump, bump, bump, bump!

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

"Ow, wow, owl! Beast! Wow!" roared Bunter.

He picked himself up in the Remove passage, and glared up at the Bounder, who was grinning down the stairs at him. Bunter was hurt—and Bunter was enraged! Even the worm will turn! Bunter had an apple in his pocket. He clutched it out. Only in a moment of the most intense exasperation could Billy Bunter have thought of parting with anything eatable! But he was intensely exasperated now. His fat arm

swung and the apple flew, and it took Smithy entirely by surprise.

Crash!

Bunter's aim was not generally good. This time he scored a bull! The apple landed fairly on Vernon-Smith's nose with a horrid jar, and made that organ feel, for the moment, as if it had been driven through the back of his head. Smithy staggered, with a howl, and sat down on the landing.

"Oh erikay!" gasped Bunter.

What would happen next, Bunter could guess only too well, if the Bounder got hold of him. He turned, and fairly raced down the Remove passage. Before Smithy had got down the box-room stairs, Billy Bunter had reached the Remove landing at the other end of the passage. He bolted across it like an escaping rhinoceros, and there was a terrific concussion as he crashed into a Fifth Form man, who was coming towards the Remove studies. Two wild yells were blended into one, as two forms mixed in a sprawling heap on the landing.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Astute!

"I T'S up against us!" said Coker.

"Um!" said Potter.

"Hem!" said Greene.

Coker gave them a glance of some bitterness. Ever since he had heard those cheeky young scoundrels of the Remove, in the quad, discussing an intended rag on the Fifth, Horace Coker had had the matter in mind.

His study-mates, Potter and Greene, displayed little interest. The honour and dignity of the Fifth seemed to mean nothing to them! At the present moment, they were talking—or trying to talk—football! Potter had been picked out by Wingate, the captain of the school, to play in the first eleven. Rather naturally, he was full of it. Greene nourished a faint hope of the same distinction. This matter engrossed their thoughts—the exclusion of Coker, and of the honour and dignity of the senior Form to which they belonged! They were discussing it—though it was really difficult to discuss anything with Coker in the study. Coker always seemed to regard a conversation as his own private property. He liked to select the topic, and to say about it whatever was to be said! It was for fellows less gifted than Coker to listen and be edified.

"Lot you care!" said Coker, more in sorrow than in anger. "I tell you that those young sweeps in the Remove are planning a rag on the Fifth! I actually heard them saying so—right in my hearing! Perhaps you like the Fifth Form to be ragged by cheeky fags!"

"Oh, let 'em get on with it," said Potter. "We'll jolly well thrash 'em all round, if they try it on!"

"I noticed something yesterday," remarked Greene.

"Oh! What did you notice?" asked Coker.

"I noticed that Wingate had his eye on me at footer practice," said Greene innocently. "He said something to Gwynne—I wish I'd heard what it was. But he was too far off."

Snort from Coker.

"For goodness' sake chuck it!" he snapped. "Even Wingate isn't ass enough to play you for Greyfriars, Greeney. He's ass enough to play Potter I know; still, there's a limit."

"Look here—" bawled Greene.

"Don't yell at me!" said Coker. "I've been telling you, time and again, that those young sweeps in the Remove have

got something on, up against the Fifth! I'm going to put the kybosh on them! But the question is, what are they up to? I'm going to spot them."

Potter and Greene gave up football as a topic. It was plain that Coker was going to talk.

"I've been keeping rather an eye on them, since I heard what they were up to," went on Coker. "It's plain that there's something on. They're rather out of hand, now their beak's in sanny and can't whop them as they need. What they want is whoppings, and plenty of them. I've told you that before. Well, I haven't been able to spot their game, whatever it is—but I've thought of a way."

Coker paused, but not for a reply. He had little use for replies.

"You know Bunter?" he said. "Fat little beast in specs, always spying and prying. Nothing goes on in the Remove, or anywhere else, for that matter, without that little beast worrying it out. See?"

"Nunno!" murmured Potter.

"You wouldn't!" agreed Coker. "You haven't my brains, old chap! Well, I'm going to pump Bunter! Ten to one he knows, and if I pump him, I shall get it out of him! I'm going to ask him to this study, and stand him a cake."

"Oh!" said Greene.

"Rather astute, what?" asked Coker. "He will gabble it all out, while he gobbles the cake. If he doesn't, I shall

have him here, you see, and shall whop him till he coughs it up. We shall know the whole thing then."

"Ah!" said Potter. "Um!"

"Um!" said Greene.

Obviously Potter and Greene weren't interested. Coker rose from the arm-chair.

"I'll go and speak to the little beast now," he said. "You fellows stay here—I may want you."

And Coker went down the passage. Potter and Greene exchanged a glance, and a moment after Coker was gone, they were gone, too. They went into Blundell's study to talk football—which they seemed to prefer to Coker's deep-laid schemes for dealing with that cheeky Form, the Remove.

Coker went down to the landing at the end of the passage, and walked across it towards the Remove studies.

He was half across, when a fat figure came bolting out of the Remove passage and fairly flashed across the landing.

Bunter did not even see Coker before he crashed. Coker saw Bunter, but had no time to dodge the collision.

It was a terrific crash! Billy Bunter's uncommon weight told in a charge! Coker went over on his back as if a cannon-ball had struck him. Bunter staggered over Coker, and mingled with him on the floor.

"Ooooooogh!" gasped Coker.

"Urrrrggh!" spluttered Bunter.

"Oh, my hat! Ow! Gerroff!" gasped Coker.

"Ow! Wow! Urrggh!" gurgled Bunter, sprawling over Coker's face in a winded state. "Ow! Errrrrrrrrr! Ooooh!"

Coker heaved him off, sat up, grasped him, and smacked. Loud roars from Billy Bunter accompanied the smacks. Coker forgot, for the moment, that he was coming along specially to invite Bunter to a cake! He remembered only that he had been floored, and he smacked, and he smacked hard, and he smacked often. There was a patter of running feet in the Remove passage, and the Bunder came in sight, in hot pursuit of the fleeing Owl.

But at the sight of Billy Bunter wriggling in Coker's hefty grasp and emitting a series of wild howls, one to each hefty smack, Vernon-Smith came to a halt. He burst into a laugh, and walked back up the Remove passage, leaving Bunter to it.

"Ow, ow, ow!" roared Bunter. "Leggo, you beast! Oh crikey! Oh lor'! Wow!"

"There!" gasped Coker, letting the fat Owl go at last. "That'll teach you to barge a Fifth Form man off his feet, and—"

"Ow, ow, ow! Wow!" roared Bunter. He staggered up, spluttering wildly. Coker was lifting his foot, to give him

(Continued on next page.)

COME INTO THE OFFICE, BOYS!

Always glad to hear from you, chums, so drop me a line to the following address: The Editor, The "Magnet" Library, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. A stamped, addressed envelope will ensure a reply.

LAST week I whetted your appetite with an occasional reference to wonderful free gifts which are being prepared for you loyal MAGNET readers. You will pardon me if I still keep you curious, for I want this coming series of free gifts to be talked about all over the world for many days to come. Hence this idea of mine of playing upon your curiosity. In all truth, however, I can say that these coming free gifts will make fresh MAGNET history. They are stupendous, colossal, superb—oh, and I could put in hundreds of other expressive words and then fail fully to do them justice! What form these free gifts will take, how many they will number, and when they will start coming into your hands will be divulged in next week's all-star issue of the MAGNET. Order it now; be in the know; be on the safe side, as this issue will be speedily out of print. Finally, keep curious—I mean that nicely, of course—until next Saturday, for then you will learn the great news!

'Travellers' tales are always very interesting, even though they are sometimes very far fetched. Here's one I came across last week. Have you ever heard of

THE SNAKE STONES OF SINGAPORE?

A white traveller came across a native boy who had just been bitten by a venomous snake. It was too far to get him to a hospital, but the native boy didn't worry. He took two little stones from a leather bag and placed one over each of the tiny wounds. Now comes the almost

unbelievable part. Those two stones clung like bloodsuckers to the boy's arms! They hung there for twenty minutes, and then dropped off. When the white man got the native to hospital the nurse didn't even bandage the arm. She said that the stones had absorbed every bit of poison!

That's a yarn that takes some swallowing, but it happens to be told by a well-known traveller who has a reputation for truth. Perhaps, if there are any MAGNET readers who have been to Singapore, they'll be able to give us some further information regarding these most useful stones to have in a tropical country.

IN response to requests by several readers, here is another selection of

THINGS YOU'D HARDLY BELIEVE!

An Insect that Builds a Home 500 Times Bigger than Itself! You might have seen ants and ant-hills, but have you ever seen an ant-hill ten or twelve feet high? That is nothing unusual in the tropics, where these hills are built by ants which are barely a quarter of an inch in length!

Schoolmasters who Daren't use the Cane! Don't you wish you went to school in Portugal? Caning has been abolished there in all the schools, and a master who dared break the Government order on the subject would render himself liable to arrest!

Rabbits are First-Class Swimmers! They are not fond of water, which is why you've probably never seen a rabbit swim. But wild rabbits, when pursued by their enemies, frequently take to water

and prove that they have nothing to learn about life-saving in this manner!

Pythons can Travel as Fast as a Horse! Travellers have been pursued, when on horseback, by pythons, and have had to save themselves from being overtaken by shooting the python. But the black mamba snake is even swifter and can actually spit its venom from a distance. The venom is so poisonous that it can kill a man in a few minutes!

A Tribe of Crab-Toed People! Investigations in the State of New York, U.S.A., revealed the fact that there are 184 people living in a certain community who have crab-toes. Their hands and feet resemble the claws of a crab or lobster!

Have you ever heard of

STINKSTONE?

J. C. B., of Southampton, has, and he asks me to tell him what it is. It is a variety of limestone which gives off an extremely unpleasant odour when it is being quarried—hence its name. Actually the smell is due to sulphuretted hydrogen which is in the rock, and which escapes when it is quarried.

Space is running short again, chums, so here is next week's bumper programme. Don't, on any account, miss

"DOWN WITH THE TYRANT!"

By Frank Richards.

You'll be sorry if you do, because it's a top-notch yarn that's absolutely crowded with interest, excitement, thrills, and fun! Take my tip and place your order for next week's MAGNET without any delay.

You'll be thrilled, too, when you read the final story dealing with the amazing adventures of Umzugaan, the Mighty!

A special "Greyfriars Herald" supplement will also appear, and I'll do my best to answer some more readers' queries which I have not space to deal with this week.

Cheerio, chums!

YOUR EDITOR.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,342.

a start on his homeward way, when he suddenly remembered that he wanted Bunter. So instead of kicking him, he grasped him by a fat shoulder.

"Ow! Leggo!" roared Bunter.

"Come to my study——"

"Beast! Leggo! Rescue!"

"I've got a cake——"

"Eh?"

"A big plum cake——"

"Oh!"

Bunter ceased to roar. He blinked at Coker through his big spectacles in astonishment. Coker had really not acted like a fellow who was going to ask a fellow to share a cake! Still, if there was a cake, Bunter was not the man to remember grudges—not till the cake was gone, at least.

"Come on," said Coker. "I've smacked you for barging into me, and serve you jolly well right! All the same, I was coming to ask you to my study to scoff a cake! Come on!"

Billy Bunter still felt dubious. But there were two good reasons for accompanying Coker—there was the cake and there was Coker's grip on his fat shoulder!

"Oh! All right!" gasped Bunter.

And he went!

He rolled into Coker's study in the Fifth. Horace followed him in, and glanced round for Potter and Greene.

"You fellows——" began Coker.

Then he stopped, as he discovered that he was addressing empty space! Potter and Greene were gone.

Coker frowned! Bunter, however, did not frown. He even forgot Coker's hefty smacks! There was a cake on the study table—a large cake—a plum-cake! Bunter liked plum-cakes, and especially he liked them large!

"Those cheeky asses——" grunted Coker.

"Fine!" said Bunter.

Why Coker had asked him there to have a go at that cake Bunter did not know, and couldn't guess. But he didn't particularly want to know! What he wanted was the cake! He sorted out a knife, cut the cake, and started. And he hoped that Coker's amazing good-humour and hospitality would last as long as the cake!

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Pumping Bunter!

GOBBLE, gobble, gobble! Billy Bunter was losing no time.

With a fellow like Coker you never could tell! At the present moment he sat on the corner of the table, swinging his long legs, and regarding Billy Bunter with a good-humoured expression.

But Coker's temper was uncertain. There might be a change. The Owl of the Remove sagely got on with the cake as fast as he could.

"Like it?" asked Coker genially.

"Yes, rather! Groogh!" said Bunter, with his mouth full. "Fine!"

"What's going on in the Remove?" asked Coker abruptly.

"Eh?"

"You generally know what's going on," said Coker.

"What-ho!" said Bunter. "Precious few things I don't get on to, I can tell you, Coker!"

"Well, I know there's a rag on, and it's up against the Fifth," said Coker. "Tell me all about it, Bunter."

Bunter, with his mouth full of cake, blinked at Coker through his big spectacles. If the Removites were planning a rag on the Fifth Form, Billy Bunter certainly knew nothing whatever about it.

"Cough it up!" said Coker encouragingly.

"Oh, really, Coker! There's nothing on that I know of—not up against the Fifth, anyhow! Haven't heard a word."

Coker, with a careless sort of gesture, picked up a fives bat and twirled it in the air. Bunter's blink grew alarmed. He noted that Coker was between him and the door.

It dawned on Bunter's fat and fatuous brain now that Coker had brought him there to ask him questions. Coker suspected something, and was in search of information.

The cake was a bribe. If the bribe failed in effect, there was the fives bat! As this dawned on Bunter he felt an inward quake. The cake was distinctly nice—the fives bat distinctly wasn't!

Bunter realised that he would have to be wary if he was to get out of Coker's study with the cake inside and not with the bat outside!

"Think again!" said Coker sarcastically.

"You—you see——" stammered Bunter.

"You can finish the cake if you like," said Coker.

"Oh, good! Mind if I take it to my own study?" asked Bunter. "I—I'd like to give Toddy some."

"Stay where you are!"

"Oh! Certainly! I—I like being here, Coker! It—it's so nice to—to be with a fellow like you!"

"Well, what's up in the Remove?" asked Coker genially. "I want to know all about it. Get it off your chest!"

"It's nothing to do with the Fifth Form, really, Coker," said Bunter. "Not so far as I know, at any rate. Wibley and Smithy have got something on between them, that's all."

"I fancy the whole crew are in it," grinned Coker. "Never mind—what is it? That was Smithy chasing you when you barged into me, wasn't it? Had he caught you spying?"

"Oh, really, Coker! I hope I'm not the fellow to spy! I've a right to go into the garret next to our box-room if I like! I call it cheek of those fellows to bag the key and lock the door on other chaps."

Coker's eyes gleamed! He was learning something now! Something was going on behind a locked door and precautions taken to prevent the tattler of the Remove spying it out! Coker was going to know what it was!

"So they keep the door locked, do they?" he asked.

"Yes, the cheeky beasts!" Bunter took another huge bite. "And that beast Smithy made out that I was looking through the keyhole, you know, and he kicked me—hard!"

"They won't keep much from you so long as keyholes are made to doors!" said Coker contemptuously. "Spying little beast!"

"Oh, really, Coker——"

"Well, what did you find out through the keyhole?" continued Coker; which was rather cool, after his remark on the subject of Bunter's keyhole system of acquiring information.

"Oh! Nothing!" said Bunter.

Coker made a motion with the fives bat.

"You like the cake?" he asked.

"Yes; fine!"

"Would you like a whopping with this bat, too?"

"Eh! No!" gasped Bunter.

"Well, you can take your choice," said Coker genially. "I know those young scoundrels have got something on against the Fifth—I've actually heard them saying so. It's pretty clear that what's going on in that garret has something to do with it. They're getting up something! You're going to tell me what it is, Bunter."

"But I never saw——" began Bunter. "Yaroooooh!" he went on, as the fives bat came into sudden and sharp contact with his tight trousers.

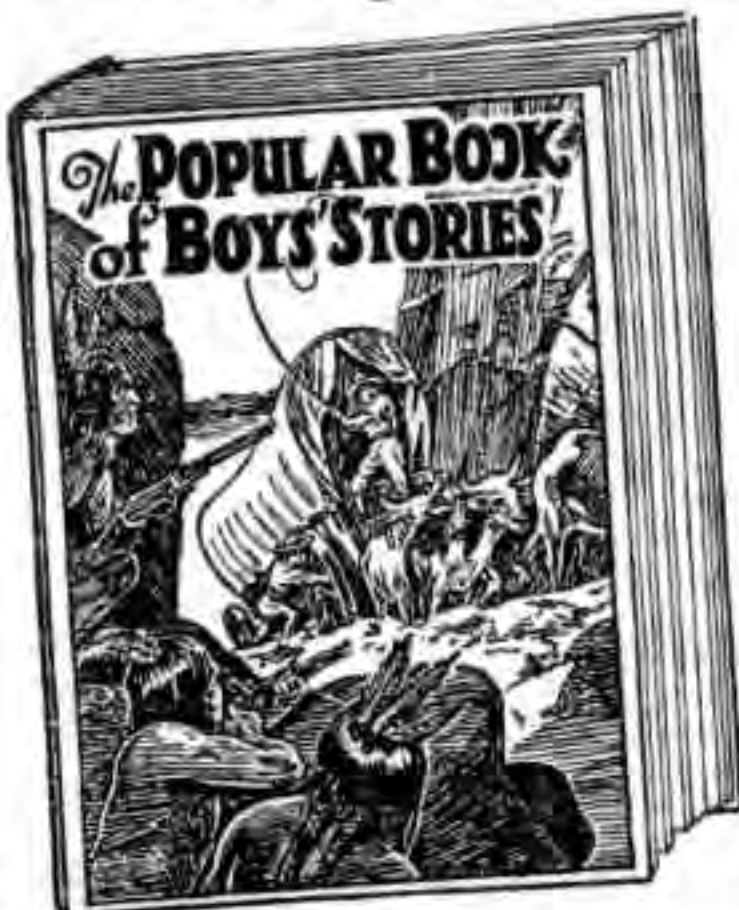
"Have some more?" smiled Coker. "You can have the cake, or the bat, whichever you like—I don't mind which! But you're going to tell me what they're up to, in either case!"

"Oh lor!" gasped Bunter.

"Get on with it!"

Bunter blinked at him. He was rather in the position of one of those prisoners of ancient times, put to the torture to extract information from them. A prisoner put to the torture,

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"Cough it up!" said Coker encouragingly. "Oh, really, Coker!" said Bunter. "There's nothing on that I know of—not up against the Fifth, anyhow! Haven't heard a word!" Coker, with a careless sort of gesture, picked up a fives bat and twirled it in the air. "Think again, you fat ass!" he said sarcastically.

naturally, would say anything that came into his head! So did Bunter.

He had not the faintest idea of what was going on in that locked garret, or whether it was some jape up against the Fifth Form or not. But it was clear that he had to give Coker information, or be thrashed!

His fat imagination was the only possible source of information! So Bunter, with one eye on the cake and the other on the fives bat, proceeded to draw on his imagination.

"I—I—I say, you—you won't let the fellows know I've told you!" gasped Bunter, saying that merely in order to gain time.

"I'm not likely to get chatting with fags," answered Coker disdainfully. "Don't be a young ass!"

"Well, they—they're—" Bunter paused to take another bite. "They're getting up a tremendous jape on—the Fifth, Coker—"

"I knew that! What's the game? That's what I'm after."

Bunter cudgelled his fat brains! He had to tell Coker something! Anything would do, so long as he told him something! Coker was prepared to believe anything, so long as it was in accord with his suspicions. With that for his only guide, Bunter proceeded.

"They—they're going to rag your study, Coker!" he stammered.

"That's all very well," said Coker. "But I don't see why they should be working up anything in the garret for a rag on the study. You'd better tell me the whole truth, Bunter!"

"Oh! Yes! I mean, that's where they keep the—the things!" stuttered Bunter.

"What things?"

Bunter had to think that out. It was

rather difficult to make it up as he went along, especially as he was also giving his attention to the cake.

"Get on with it!" snapped Coker. "Don't think you can hide anything from me, Bunter! I can see you know all about it."

Bunter wished that he did! It would have made the thing easier! However, he had to say something.

"The—the—the paint!" said Bunter, with a brilliant inspiration. "They—they're going to paint your study green, Coker."

"Paint my study green!" gasped Coker.

"All the studies in the Fifth!" said Bunter recklessly. Now that he had got the idea, Bunter was not the fellow for half-measures. "They're going to come along when the Fifth are playing football on Saturday, and paint every study in the passage. They've got the cans of red paint all ready in that garret—"

"You said green."

"D-d-did I? I mean green and red. And blue!" said Bunter; "and—and purple! No end of paint! Stacks of cans!"

Coker whistled. He had fancied that he would get information. He was getting it! There was no doubt that he was getting it!

"You see, I spotted them!" said Bunter. "Stacks of cans of paint—Smithy's got lots of money, you know! 'Paint Coker's study green,' I heard him say, 'because Coker's green!' His very words!"

"Oh! He thinks I'm green, does he?" said Coker grimly. "Well, I'll jolly soon show him whether I'm green

or not! And they're all in it? What, Wharton and his gang?"

"The whole lot!" said Bunter cheerfully. "The idea is for every man in the Remove to take a hand, and paint all the studies at the same time."

"I see! And suppose some of the Fifth happened to be in the studies—have they thought of that?"

"Oh, yes! In that case they're going to bind them hand and foot—"

"Eh?"

"And gag them—"

"What?"

"And stun them if they resist—"

"You young ass!"

"I—I mean," stammered Bunter, realising that he was piling it on rather too thick, even for Coker, "I mean, they're going to collar them, and lock them up in one of the studies. And paint them, too!" added Bunter. "Any Fifth Form man caught in the studies is to be smothered with paint!"

"So that's the game, is it?" said Coker. "And if I hadn't spotted it, they'd have got away with it! I knew that the young scoundrels were getting up a big rag—but I'm blessed if I ever thought they'd have the nerve for such a stunt as that! You actually saw the paint?"

"Tons of it—I mean stacks of it! Stacks of cans—right up one wall of the room!"

"Phew! No wonder they keep the door locked. The beaks would want to know what they were doing with all that paint, if they spotted it. Phew! I suppose they got it a bit at a time."

"That's it," said Bunter calmly. "That's what first got my eye on them—seeing fellows taking cans of paint up

the box-room stairs. Of course, it's not a thing I'd like to have a hand in, Coker."

"No; you're too funky," agreed Coker. "Well, you'd better not mention that you've told me, Bunter. I fancy they would make you sit up for giving their game away! I shan't say a word, of course. You can finish the cake—"

"I've finished it."

"Then you can cut."

Having finished the cake, and finished pulling Coker's egregious leg, Billy Bunter was glad to cut. He was greatly relieved, as he rolled out of the study, leaving Coker of the Fifth in a very grim and thoughtful mood. And the fat Owl did not chortle till he had turned the corner, and was safe out of Horace Coker's hearing.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Some Guy!

"SMITHY—"

"Well?"

"I'd like to know what you're up to," said Redwing, in a low, uneasy voice.

The Bounder laughed.

"What makes you think I'm up to anything?" he inquired.

"I know you are," answered Tom. "I know you well enough, Smithy! I only hope it's nothing that will land you into serious trouble. You can't have forgotten what a narrow escape you had last term."

"I haven't forgotten that the Beak will push me out of Greyfriars, if he gets half a chance!" sneered the Bounder. "He's had it in for me for a long time."

"That's rot, Smithy! He's given you another chance, and you're making the worst of it, instead of the best. If it's the sack again, it's the sack for good."

"They can't sack a whole Form," said the Bounder.

"What?"

"And even the Beak can't pick me out and say that I was any worse than the rest! Floggings all round!" grinned Smithy. "Rather fun, what?"

"I don't understand you!"

"Of course you don't! I shouldn't be saying a word, if you did!" retorted the Bounder coolly.

"Look here, Smithy! What have you got on?" exclaimed Redwing. "I know jolly well that you're heading for trouble."

"If I am, I shall be in good company. Come over and speak to the fellows," added Smithy, and he walked across to where the Famous Five were sauntering in the quad.

Redwing following him uneasily.

Harry Wharton & Co. were chatting on the subject of the Fifth of November the next day. They ceased as the Bounder came up, and eyed him rather uncertainly.

Since the row in the Rag some days ago, the chums of the Remove had hardly known what to make of Smithy.

That he deeply and bitterly resented the ragging was no secret. But he had said little or nothing on the subject. The intended fight with the captain of the Remove seemed to have been forgotten by him. Wharton was glad enough of that. He was not a fellow to nurse grudges, and he did not want trouble with Smithy. Also, as football captain, he wanted to keep on as amicable terms as possible with one of the best men in the Remove team.

It was hard to forgive Smithy's trickery; but schoolboy memories are short, and the matter would have been

forgotten, or half-forgotten, in a short time. Certainly the cheery Co. did not want to keep up trouble. But though Vernon-Smith gave no outward sign of hostility, they knew very well that he was full of rancour, and avoided him a good deal.

Now, as he came up to them in the quad, they could not avoid him, and they more than half-expected an outbreak of the Bounder's savage temper. But his manner was quite cool and calm.

"I've got something for the Fifth," he remarked. "You fellows like to see it?"

"Lead on, Macduff!" said Bob Cherry cheerily, relieved to find that it was not another "row."

"It's in the woodshed," said Smithy. "I've tipped Gosling to let me have a key. Some guy, believe me!"

He walked away towards Gosling's woodshed, the juniors following him. Gosling generally kept that shed locked; but the old porter of Greyfriars was amenable to the influence of tipping, and Smithy had easily obtained the loan of a key in return for a half-crown. Gosling saw no harm in a fellow keeping a guy in the shed till the great day came.

Vernon-Smith unlocked the door, and the chums of the Remove followed him in. In a rather dusky corner of the shed was a figure sitting in an old chair, covered by a large piece of sacking from view.

"That the guy?" asked Nugent.

"That's it!"

Vernon-Smith removed the screening sacking, and revealed the guy. It was a life-size figure, sitting in a chair, and the juniors grinned as they looked at it. The features had been worked in plasticine, and had a resemblance to the rugged features of Horace Coker of the Fifth Form. In order that there should be no mistake, a placard was pinned on the chest, bearing the inscription in large letters:

"THIS IS COKER!"

HERE'S ANOTHER GUY!"

"Some guy!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Rather a jest on old Coker!"

"Wibley helped me with it," drawled the Bounder. "Wib would have preferred to make it Loder—but that's too jolly dangerous! No need to ask for trouble with the prefects!"

"I knew you had something on with Wibley," remarked Nugent. "Bunter's frightfully curious about it."

The Bounder laughed.

"Well, here it is! Like the idea?"

"Ripping!" said Harry Wharton, laughing. "There will be a row with Coker, when he sees it on bonfire night. But we needn't mind a row with Coker—the more the merrier."

"My idea is to keep it covered till we get it to the bonfire," explained the Bounder. "We carry it in procession, as usual, but draped with that sacking. Nobody will know who or what it is—till we set it up on top of the bonfire, with all Greyfriars looking on! Then it will be too late for Coker and his pals to rush it."

"Good egg!" said Johnny Bull.

"The goodfulness of the egg is terrific!" concurred Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"At the jolly old psychological moment, Wharton pulls off the drapery and reveals the effigy to the admiring eyes of the whole school," said the Bounder, laughing. "It will make the fellows chortle."

"Hear, hear!"

Vernon-Smith carefully covered up the figure from view again. The juniors left the woodshed, the Famous

Five grinning at the thought of Horace Coker's face when he should see that guy on top of the bonfire; but Redwing looked thoughtful and worried. Smithy locked the shed door again, and put the key in his pocket.

He strolled away, whistling, and Redwing went with him.

"Is that all, Smithy?" asked Redwing suddenly.

"Eh, what?"

"If that's all, there's no harm in it," said Tom. "It's a jolly good rag on Coker! But—"

"But what?"

"I can't help thinking that you've got something else up your sleeve, Smithy!" said Tom uneasily.

"You're gettin' suspicious in your old age, Reddy!" said the Bounder, mockingly. "What else could I have up my sleeve?"

"I don't know. But—" Tom's worried look deepened. "That Coker guy isn't what you and Wib have been so busy on in the garret. I've spoken to Wibley, and he only laughed and told me to ask you. Look here, Smithy, I'm jolly uneasy! What are you up to? You're up to something, and Wibley's in it."

"Not likely to be anything dangerous, with Wibley in it!" sneered the Bounder.

"Not unless you're taking him in, and making use of him; he's rather an ass!" said Tom.

"Better tell him so!" drawled the Bounder, and he walked away.

Tom Redwing stood looking after him, with a troubled brow. He felt, rather than knew, that his chum was getting into dangerous courses; but it was clear that Smithy meant to tell him nothing.

And he was not likely to guess what was in the Bounder's cunning and unscrupulous mind. It was all out and done now! After dark, on Saturday, the effigy of the Head, now completed in the locked garret, was to be lowered on a cord from the window. It would be easy enough for the Bounder to transport it to the woodshed, and put it in the place of the effigy of Coker of the Fifth!

Draped in the sacking, it would be unseen—until the juniors had paraded it, and it was set on top of the bonfire—and the bonfire lighted!

Then the covering would be jerked off—by the hand of the captain of the Remove! The effigy, recognisable as the Head of Greyfriars by all eyes, would be revealed—and the Bounder chuckled at the thought of the general horror and consternation, when the whole school beheld the Head guyed in that manner!

The row that would follow would be terrific! Certainly, the whole Form would be flogged for such an outrageous and disrespectful insult to their headmaster.

For that the Bounder cared nothing! Or, rather, he looked forward to it with enjoyment!

He was going to guy the headmaster who had caned him; he was going to drag into his own rascality the fellows who had ragged him and condemned him! That was the Bounder's revenge! In his present bitter and vindictive mood, he had no scruples whatever! Redwing, though he guessed that the Bounder was planning some act of unusual audacity, was not likely to guess what it was.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

An Awful Discovery!

"**P**REP!" said Coker sarcastically. Potter and Greene looked at him. "Prep's prep!" said Potter. "If you're cutting prep, Coker, you'll have trouble with Prout in the morning."

"Blow Prout!" answered Coker.

"Well, you can blow him if you like," said Greene. "But I'm jolly well getting on with prep! And you'd better do the same, old bean."

"You know what I got out of Bunter—"

"I know what he got out of you!" said Potter flippantly. "A cake! We could have done with it for supper."

"I told you those cheeky young sweeps were getting up a rag on the Fifth. Well, now I've spotted the whole thing. Perhaps you'd like them to get away with it!" said Coker, still sarcastic.

"It's gammon!" said Potter, shaking his head. "They'd never dare! The Head would come down on them like a ton of bricks, if they did anything of the kind. There's a limit, and that's over the limit!"

"Bunter was pulling your leg, old chap," said Greene. Horace Coker gave Greene a fixed look.

"Do you mean that I'm a fellow whose leg could be pulled by a silly fag, William Greene?" he asked very distinctly.

"Well, you see—"

"If you mean that," said Coker, rising, "you've only to say whether you'll have the gloves on, or have it without gloves."

"Oh crumbs!" said Greene. Greene wanted to get on with prep, and really did not want to scrap with Coker. "Look here, old chap, I'll bet you ten to one that it's all my eye! They'd never dare to do anything of the kind."

"They've got the cans of paint stacked up in a locked garret," said Coker. "They're at prep now, and fellows can get along and see what's what! Will you believe it when you see it?"

"When!" said Potter.

"Well, come on, then," said Coker. "I've got a chisel for the lock. That won't stop me! We'll get along and see! And if they've got the paint there, I shall expect the Fifth to back me up in giving the cheeky little brutes their own medicine—see? We'll smother their studies from end to end. Coming?"

Potter and Greene sat tight. In the first place, they had their prep to do—not being quite so regardless of Mr. Prout as Coker was. In the second place, they did not want a shindy with the Remove. In the third place, they did not believe a single word that Billy Bunter had told Coker. So they did not stir.

"Are you coming?" asked Coker, looking back from the door.

"Well, look here," said Potter. "If you're going scouting, you'll do it better alone, Coker! We'll take your word for what you find!"

"Well, I dare say you fellows would make some blunder, and bring the whole horde of young rotters out on our neck," assented Coker. "Perhaps I'd better go alone—all right."

And Coker went alone.

Potter and Greene exchanged a grin, and got on with prep. They did not expect Coker to make any startling discoveries. Coker, however, as he made his way to the Remove passage, was convinced that he was going to find proof positive. And once he had beheld, with his own eyes, the preparations for that tremendous rag on the Fifth Form, and reported the same in the games study to an indignant Fifth, the rest would be simple. The Remove were going to get what they had planned for the Fifth! Once he had proof positive, the evidence of his own eyes, the Fifth Form men would not fail to back him up.

Coker was wary as he entered the Remove quarters. Prep was on, and the Lower Fourth were in their studies. Fellows were supposed not to come out of their studies in prep; but they sometimes did, all the same. Coker trod up that passage on tiptoe.

Obviously, if an alarm was given, his investigation could never be carried out. The Remove would rise as one man to deal with him, and he would leave the premises on his neck. That, naturally, was not what Coker wanted.

With great caution, therefore, Horace Coker negotiated the Remove passage and reached the box-room stairs. He reached them undiscovered, and tiptoed up the stairs to the landing above.

There were several doors, one of which, he found, was locked! It was the door of the garret next to the box-room. It was locked, and the key gone—bearing out Bunter's story, so far, at least.

(Continued on next page.)

Grand-dad
says BROCK'S

Dad
says BROCK'S

and I
say BROCK'S

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That lock was not a specially strong one; but had it been a Chubb lock it would not have stopped the investigating Coker. The ancient door was a little loose, and Coker had little difficulty in inserting his chisel between door and jamb. He wrenched at it; there was a crack, and the lock gave. The door flew open.

Blackness, like the inside of a hat, confronted Coker. Through it came the dim glimmer of a window. The November evening was dark and misty. Coker peered into the mysterious garret.

He groped for a switch by the door. He found that there wasn't one! When the electric light had been installed at Greyfriars school the disused garrets had not been included in the scheme. Coker, of course, did not think that till he found that it wasn't there.

He gave a grunt, and felt in his pocket for matches. He was not sure that he had any. He found that he hadn't.

Coker breathed hard and deep.

But by this time his eyes were becoming rather used to the dimness of the room, and he began to make out the interior in the faint glimmer from the small square window.

Something—some still object—was between him and the window. Slowly he made it out.

He gave a sudden start.

It dawned on him with a jump that it was a human figure seated in a chair. Coker gazed at it dumbfounded.

Someone was there!

He had not heard a sound—not a movement—nothing. Yet someone was there, for Coker could now see him. Whoever it was sat in the chair by the window, motionless, silent. Was one of the young rascals there, when he ought to have been at prep? Had he fallen asleep in the chair, or what? Coker was quite mystified.

He stepped into the room. The figure in the chair did not move. Coker felt his heart beating rather quickly. There was something queer about this—something uncanny.

"Look here, who are you?" rapped Coker. "I can see you, you young sweep. Who are you, and what are you up to?"

No reply.

Coker strode at the figure in the chair. He groped at it, and his hand came in contact with a shoulder. He shook!

"Now," said Coker grimly, "don't yell out and bring the other young rotters up here in a mob. If you do, I'll smash you, see? But answer me when I speak to you, or I'll give you a thump that will make you speak fast enough. Who are you?"

Silence!

Coker lifted a hand.

"Are you going to answer?" he demanded.

Apparently the figure wasn't. At all events, it didn't. And Coker, naturally irritated by such disrespectful treatment, smacked—and smacked hard.

Thud!

He expected to hear a yell, or at least a yelp, from the fellow whose head he had smacked. But there came no sound, only a thud as the figure fell from the chair to the floor. Coker stared at it blankly.

"You young sweep!" he exclaimed.

Silence!

"Are you pretending you're hurt, or what? Get up at once!" hooted Coker.

No answer, no movement! The figure, barely visible in the darkness, lay inert at his feet, as if lifeless. Alarm crept

into Coker's heart. Had the fellow been in a fit, or something of the sort, sitting there in the dark? Was he unconscious, or—or—Coker drove away the awful thought.

"Will you get up, or speak?" gasped Coker.

The figure on the floor did neither.

Coker backed away from it, thoroughly alarmed now. There was an awful suggestion of lifelessness about that still, dark form on the floor. It lay on its side, absolutely without motion. If only a fellow could get a light! Coker went desperately through his pockets in search of a loose match. By great good luck he found one—just one. With a trembling hand he scratched it on his boot, leaned over the still form, and gazed at it in the flickering light of the match.

Horror seized him.

He saw the still figure now—the old, scholarly face, the silvery hair. It was not a Remove fellow, it was the Head! How the Head of Greyfriars came to be in that garret, locked in, was a mystery Coker could not have fathomed.

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had he attempted to fathom it. Perhaps the Head had heard something of what was going on and had looked in to investigate, and some young rascal had turned the key on him! That seemed possible to Coker. Anyhow, there he was—Dr. Locke, headmaster of Greyfriars, stretched at Coker's feet, lifeless!

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER. Mysterious Disappearance of the Body!

"O W!" gasped Coker.

The match went out. Gazing in utter horror and terror at the lifeless form at his feet, Coker had not noticed the match burning down.

He noticed it when the flame reached his fingers!

He could not help noticing it then, and he gave a sudden howl and dropped the burnt match.

"Ow!" repeated Coker, sucking his fingers. "Wow!"

But a little burn was nothing in the awful circumstances. Coker almost forgot it the next moment. Alone in the dark with that lifeless form, he was tempted to flee, but he resisted the temptation. He bent over the still form, groped for the heart, and pressed his hand there to ascertain whether the spark of life still lingered. It didn't! That was not really surprising, as the

whole figure was the handiwork of William Wibley of the Remove, and Wibley, cleverly as he could construct a figure, was no magician, and couldn't possibly breathe into its nostrils the breath of life.

But Coker was unaware of that. To Coker's eyes, by the flickering light of the match, the figure was that of Dr. Locke, and it was perfectly plain that there was no life in it. Naturally, Coker did not guess that it never had been alive, and never could have been.

"Oh dear!" groaned Coker. "He—he—he—he—he's dead! Oh crikey! I—I—I hardly touched him! A smack that couldn't have hurt a fly. It must have been a fit, a stroke, a seizure, or—or something. Oh crikey!"

Coker's concern for his unfortunate headmaster was deep. But he was also concerned about himself. He had smacked the figure's head and knocked it off the chair. People might make out that that had done it. It was a terrifying thought!

In his mind's eye Coker saw judge and jury. He heard in his mind's ear, as it were, the awful question: "Did you strike a blow?" He couldn't deny that he had. Had that done it?

Coker scrambled to the garret door. He had to get help. It was barely possible that the Head was not past medical aid, though certainly Coker had been unable to feel any heart beating.

He rushed out of the garret for the stairs, found them, in the dark, rather sooner than he expected, and went down headlong.

Bump! Crash! Thud!

Coker hardly knew how he got down to the Remove passage. He only knew that he got down very quickly. He was vaguely conscious that he roared as he landed there.

Half a dozen doors in the Remove passage opened. Fellows stared out.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" shouted Bob Cherry. "Coker, what the thump—"

"Fifth Form cad!" yelled Peter Todd.

Coker staggered to his feet.

"Collar him!"

"Hold on!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, coming out of Study No. 1 at a run. "What on earth's the matter, Coker?"

The ghastly paleness of Coker's face, the horror of his whole look, struck the captain of the Remove at once. It struck other fellows, too, and many hands that were stretched out to collar Coker dropped again.

"Has the fathead seen a ghost, or what?" exclaimed the Bounder.

"Coker, what—"

"The Head?" gasped Coker.

"The Head?" repeated Wharton.

"What about the Head?"

Coker, hardly able to speak, pointed up the box-room stairs. The Bounder gave a violent start. Wibley suppressed a whistle. They knew at once what Coker must have seen, though the other fellows had not the faintest idea. The Bounder, compressing his lips, slipped away from the crowd and ran up the box-room stairs, unnoticed. He heard a buzz of voices as he went.

"The Head's not here, is he?" exclaimed Frank Nugent. "What the dickens do you mean, Coker?"

"He—he—he—" Coker gabbled. "I—I only just touched him. I—I never meant to hit him hard—merely a smack—"

"You—you—you smacked the Head?" gasped Bob Cherry.

"I never knew it was the Head!" groaned Coker. "How was a fellow to see in the dark? I hardly touched him, but he fell—"



Thud! Coker expected to hear a yell or at least a yelp from the fellow whose head he had smacked. But there came no sound—only a thud, as the figure fell from the chair to the floor. Coker stared at it blankly. "You young sweep!" he exclaimed. Silence! "Are you pretending you're hurt, or what? Get up at once!"

"Great pip!"

"And—and—and he's dead!" groaned Coker.

"Dead?" yelled the juniors.

"The silly ass has fancied something in the dark," said Harry Wharton. "We'd better see what's happened. Get a light, somebody. There's no light up there."

Loder of the Sixth came striding along the passage. Loder was the prefect on duty that evening.

"What's all this?" hooted Loder. "What are you all doing out of your studies? What the thump are you doing here, Coker?"

"He's dead!" moaned Coker.

Loder jumped.

"Eh? Who is?"

"I hardly touched him——"

"Who?" yelled Loder.

"The Head!" groaned Coker.

"Mad?" asked Loder, staring.

"Coker found somebody up there and hit him, and he thinks it was the Head," said Harry, in wonder. "Can't have been, of course!"

"Mad, I suppose," said Loder with a snort. "Get a light, some of you. I'd better go up and see if anything's happened!"

"It wasn't my fault!" groaned Coker.

Nobody but Coker believed that there had been a tragedy. But Coker, of course, could not doubt it. He leaned on the wall and groaned. Harry Wharton cut off to his study for an electric torch. Five or six other fellows did the same.

Meanwhile, the Bouncer was not losing a second. Owing to the barging-in of the ineffable Coker, Smithy saw his whole scheme falling to pieces. But he acted promptly. Leaving the startled, buzzing crowd behind him, the Bouncer darted into the garret. The rope, which he had intended to use on the evening of November the Fifth to lower the effigy from the window, was already there.

Hurriedly, the Bouncer tied one end of it round the effigy on the floor, opened the window, and lifted the Head's double out. Rapidly he paid out the rope till the figure rested on the ground in the darkness below. Then

he threw the rope after it, and swiftly closed the window. Later, he could dodge out of the House and collect the effigy and get it away to the wood-shed. For the present, he was thinking only of getting it out of sight.

As he fastened the window again, there was a tramp of feet on the box-room stairs. A light gleamed over the landing. Loder, with an electric torch in his hand, was coming—after him, a dozen Removites, with flashing lights. The Bouncer turned coolly to the door. His heart was beating fast, but he was perfectly cool.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Somebody's there!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Who the dickens—Smithy!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"I ran up!" said the Bouncer calmly. "Nothing here that I could see! But show a light round!"

Half a dozen lights flashed round the room. There was an old box, which Wibley had used as a bench. There was a chair! There were some grease-paints, and some odds and ends of things left by Wibley after he had done his work.

But there certainly was no headmaster—not a sign of him. Wibley stared in at the doorway—and grinned! He realised that the Bouncer must have put in some quick work and got rid of the body, as it were. Nothing remained for the investigators to discover.

"The blithering ass!" growled Loder. "Is he mad, or what? Look here, Coker, you fool, what did you mean?"

"Have—have you found him?" came Coker's faint voice up the stairs.

"No, you idiot! There's nobody here!"

"The—the body——"

"There isn't any body!" roared Loder angrily. "Have you been dreaming, or are you off your rocker, or what?"

"Nun—nun—no body!" stuttered Coker.

"No, you dashed lunatic!"

"I tell you he fell—I—I tell you he's dead—I—I tell you——" gabbled Coker.

"Come up and look then, you born idiot!"

Coker, utterly amazed, staggered up the box-room stairs again. He stared in

at the door. A dozen juniors were grinning—Loder was scowling! Coker did not heed them. He stared round for the body. He could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw that there was no body! But he had to believe them—for there certainly wasn't!

"I—I—I——" gabbled Coker. "I—I saw him—he—he fell—I struck a match and saw him—I—I—I saw him——"

"You'd better see a doctor next!" growled Loder. "Get back to your studies, you young sweeps."

The Removites, grinning, went back to their studies. Loder snorted angrily, and stalked away. Coker of the Fifth tottered out of the Remove passage like a fellow in a dream. He had seen what he had seen—there was no doubt about that! But where was the body? Had there been a body at all, or had he fancied it? How could he have fancied it? Utterly bewildered, Coker tottered away. As he reached the Fifth Form passage, he stopped, his eyes almost starting from his head. At the corner of that passage, two masters were standing in conversation. One of them was Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth. The other was Dr. Locke, the headmaster of Greyfriars—obviously alive!

Coker blinked at him.

Mr. Prout glanced round.

"Coker! What are you doing out of your study in preparation? Take a hundred lines, Coker, and go in at once!"

Coker tottered on! It was no use trying to think it out, and Coker's bewildered brain gave it up.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Light at Last!

"WIBLEY, you fathead——"
"Hallo, what's biting you?" inquired William Wibley.

It was after prep that Friday evening, and Harry Wharton, instead of going down with the rest, dropped into Wibley's study.

"You blithering ass, Wibley," he said. "I've come here to ask you some

questions. That ass Coker never imagined the Head in the garret—even Coker isn't idiot enough for that. You've been busy there for days—and it's pretty well known that you were making an effigy. You've been making an effigy of the Head."

Wibley grinned.

"Guessed that one?" he asked.

"It wasn't hard to guess, after what happened to Coker. I should never have dreamed of it, otherwise. Are you owning up?"

"No harm in letting you know now," said Wibley. "The game's up, of course. As you've guessed, I don't mind telling you—but don't hoot it out all over the Remove—the Beak would be in a wax if it got to his jolly old ears. That dummy Coker has spoiled a terrific jape on Loder."

"On Loder?" repeated Wharton.

"That was the idea—Smithy's idea, really—sticking that jolly old second edition of the Head in Loder's study for him to see when he comes in after breaking bounds on Monday night."

Wharton stared at Wibley.

"So that was the stunt, was it?"

"Yes, and a jolly good one! It's cost a bit of money, but Smithy doesn't mind that—he's got lots. But of course, it's all up now. Smithy had just time to drop it out of the window before the crowd got up to the garret."

"I fancied he was up to something," assented Wharton. "The thing must have been smashed up if Smithy dropped it from that high window."

"Smashed to smithereens!" said Wibley. "Smithy's gone out to gather up the pieces and hide them somewhere. I offered to go with him, but he said he'd rather go alone—and I'm not keen on breaking bounds at night. Smithy will manage all right."

"You don't think Smithy's been pulling your leg?"

"Eh? How?"

"You think he really wanted that dummy of the Beak for a jape on Loder?"

"What else could he have wanted it for?" asked Wibley, staring.

Wharton did not answer that. There were vague and uneasy suspicions in his mind; but if the Bounder was playing some cunning game in secret, it was clear that Wibley was no party to it. Wharton's belief was that Wibley had been taken in, just as the Famous Five had been taken in on a previous occasion by the wily Bounder.

"Did Smithy tell you he dropped it from the window?" he asked.

"Yes—he had just time."

"He didn't lower it on a rope or anything?"

"He said he hadn't time for that. The thing's smashed to smithereens, you can depend on that," said Wibley. "I'd make it all over again, if Smithy would stand for the expense—but he doesn't seem to care about it."

"You howling ass!" said the captain of the Remove.

"What the thump do you mean?"

"Fathead!"

With that reply, Harry Wharton left Wibley's study, leaving Wibley surprised, and ran up the box-room stairs and into the box-room. If the Bounder had gone out to collect what was left of the effigy, that was the way he must have gone. Wharton climbed swiftly from the window to the leads outside, and slid down the rainpipe to the ground.

Quietly he groped his way along to the wall under the garret window high above. A fall of forty feet must have smashed the effigy to smithereens, as Wibley had put it—but it could have been lowered safely on a rope, if Smithy had had one handy. That was what

Wharton suspected. All was dark and silent when Wharton reached the spot; the Bounder, if he had been there, was gone.

The captain of the Remove turned on a glimmer of an electric torch. If the figure had been smashed by its fall, there was not a single fragment of it to be seen. But close by the wall lay a coil of rope.

Wharton's eyes glinted.

Obviously, the Bounder had lied to Wibley to keep him from making any inquiry as to what he had done with the effigy of the Head. It had not been destroyed.

The Bounder had found it there intact, and had picked it up and carried it off, leaving the rope to be collected on his return.

Where was it now—and what was it that the Bounder intended? The vague suspicion in Wharton's mind crystallised into a certainty.

He hurried away in the direction of the woodshed. Smithy had a key to the shed, and there was little doubt that that was the hiding-place for the effigy that Wibley believed no longer existed.

Breathing hard after a swift run, Wharton drew near the woodshed, making no sound as he ran lightly. Dimly a form loomed up before his eyes in the November mist. It was the form of someone who was carrying a burden on his shoulder. Wharton dropped into a walk. He could see only a dim glimpse of the fellow in front of him, but he knew that it was the Bounder, and he knew what Smithy was carrying.

There was the click of a key. The woodshed door opened, and the dim form disappeared within.

A moment later there was a glimmer of light from the little window of the shed. Wharton stepped to the window.

A candle burned within.

By its light he saw the Bounder standing with his back to him. At Vernon-Smith's feet lay a figure that made Wharton jump as he saw it. For a moment he could almost have believed that it was Dr. Locke who lay there. The face, cleverly modelled in wax, was the Head's face—the garb was the Head's over again. No wonder Coker had supposed that it was the Head! Wharton set his lips.

He guessed already what the Bounder was going to do—he had jumped to Smithy's cunning scheme for guying the Head, and dragging all the rest of the Form into his own disrespectful rascality. But he watched.

Smithy stepped to the corner where the figure of the Coker guy sat in the chair under the sacking. He jerked away the sacking, grasped the Coker figure, jerked it to fragments, and staked the remains away behind a pile of faggots. That Coker guy had been merely a deception, to ensnare the Remove fellows—Smithy was done with it now.

In the place of the Coker guy the Bounder placed the effigy of the Head in the chair and fastened it there. He covered it with the sacking.

In the candle-light Wharton discerned the derisive grin on his hard face. He trembled with anger as he watched.

It was all clear now. Smithy had intended to leave the matter of exchanging the figures till the Fifth of November, but Coker's exploits in the garret had forced his hand. Now he had made the exchange—the Coker guy had ceased to exist, and the Head's effigy sat in the chair in its place—not to be revealed till it crowned the bonfire, under the eyes of all Greyfriars! Wharton had seen enough.

He hurried away, and Smithy, when he blew out the candle and left the woodshed, locking the door behind him, little dreamed of the eyes that had been on him.

Ten minutes later the Bounder strolled into the Rag, his hands in his pockets and a grin on his face. Harry Wharton looked at him—but said nothing. There was to be a surprise on the Fifth of November, but it was the Bounder, little as he guessed it, who was going to get the surprise.

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

Another Guy!

"PLEASE to remember——"

"I say, you fellows——"

"The Fifth of November."

"I say, you——"

"The gunpowder treason and plot!" chanted Bob Cherry. "I see no reason, at this merry season, why Coker shouldn't have it hot!"

"I say, you fellows, that beast Coker has been kicking me!" squeaked Billy Bunter. "He makes out that I've been pulling his leg, you know! What was a fellow to do, when a beast had a fellow in his study with a fives bat, you know? Of course, I had to spin him a yarn to get away. I never knew he'd go rooting into that garret looking for cans of paint! I say, you fellows, we're going to have a rag on the Fifth! What about ragging Coker?"

"All serene, old fat man," said Bob. "We're going to guy Coker—and if he kicks up a shindy about it we'll rag him fast enough. Hallo, hallo, hallo—where's Smithy? Smithy, old man, we're ready for the jolly old guy!"

Misty darkness had set in on the evening of the Fifth. On other nights fellows would have been in House bounds, but on the Fifth of November there was a relaxation of the rule. In the school field the bonfire was piled high, ready for lighting; crackers and squibs and rockets were already going off; happy fags in grotesque Guy Fawkes masks were making night hideous. Herbert Vernon-Smith, with a cheery if rather sardonic grin on his face, joined the crowd of Remove fellows in the quad.

"This way, you men!" called out the Bounder.

And a crowd of fellows, with the Famous Five to the fore, followed him to the woodshed. Candles were lighted there, and revealed the covered effigy in the chair. Nothing was to be seen of it under its careful covering of sacking, and, but for the discovery that Wharton had made the previous night, there would have been no suspicion.

"Carry it carefully," said the Bounder. "We don't want to reveal jolly old Coker till we've got him on the bonfire. Coker's got an eye on us, and we don't want a gang of the Fifth to rush our guy."

"Right as rain," said Bob. "Come on!"

"Hold on a minute," said Harry Wharton quietly. "Let's have a look at the guy first."

The Bounder started, and gave him a swift, suspicious glance.

"You've seen it," he snapped. "I showed it to you yesterday. What's the good of wasting time?"

"I have a reason, that's all," said the captain of the Remove; and he stepped towards the effigy to pull aside the sacking.

The Bounder sprang forward and caught him by the arm.

(Continued on page 23.)

UMZUGAAN, THE MIGHTY!

By
ROLAND HUNTER.

Four moons have come and gone, and only two remain in which Umzugaan, a mighty man of valour, can avenge his father's death. BUT THE HOUR OF VICTORY IS NOT FAR DISTANT!

The Voodoo Warning I

UMZUGAAN paused within four yards of an enormous ant hill. The artificial hillock was swarming with the insects, all scurrying this way and that, coming and going, in what seemed like utter confusion. But the keen eyes of Umzugaan saw that they were busy sealing up the numerous entrances and exits to their wonderful home.

Umzugaan gave the ants a wide berth. When termites are busy they hate to be disturbed. Besides, their activity had its meaning. Umzugaan studied the sky. The sun beat down with pitiless heat, but to the south-west, low down on the skyline, was one faint streak of black.

Bad weather was coming, and the ants knew it. They were protecting their citadel from possible flooding.

Umzugaan held on his way, following the trail of Masasi, the devil-man, and the black lion that walked by his side.

Umzugaan's father had been killed by the black lion. Umzugaan believed that Masasi had plotted the crime at the suggestion of Intali, who was now head man at Klierdorp.

Having sworn a vow of vengeance, Umzugaan meant to slay the black lion and also Masasi. And if he got the proof he wanted, then Intali would die also.

At the moment Masasi was only a few hours ahead of the young Zulu. He quickened his pace across the scrubland and down the slope to the valley that bordered the foothills.

The valley was jungle-clad, and Umzugaan followed the spoor of Masasi through the dense forest, travelling with speed and caution in the steaming tropical heat, until he gave a guttural exclamation, and stopped dead in his tracks.

There was no danger—no wild beasts, no reptiles. Just a dead he-goat, hanging by its horns from the bough of a tree!

Umzugaan retreated slowly to the nearest thicket, to think things out. His face was wet with perspiration, yet his blood ran cold in his veins. He knew what that dead goat meant!

It was a Voodoo warning which no man dare disregard. It meant—keep off! True, Masasi must have passed it, but then Masasi was a witch-doctor.

As Umzugaan stood there, trying to persuade himself that what Masasi could do he could do also, the wind began to moan and howl in the tree-tops. The sun still shone, but the storm was coming. The wind was heralding it, blowing suddenly into a hurricane, so that the forest trees swayed before the force of it.

Here and there trees, long since rotted at the heart, came crashing down in



Having flung the papaloi from him, Umzugaan whirled his knobkerrie round his head, clearing a circle before the altar!

destruction, as the shrieking wind swept over the forest.

Suddenly a lithe shape, a streak of spotted yellow, bounded into view, stood for a moment, listening, turning its head this way and that. Satisfied that he was safe, the cheetah made a frantic leap at the swinging body of the dead he-goat.

With one snap, the cheetah got a grip with its teeth on one of the limp legs, and dragged the Voodoo warning from the tree.

No sooner did the dead he-goat hit the ground than the wind howled in fury, and a tree crashed down across the clearing. The cheetah bounded aside to escape, and saved its life, but the heavy trunk dropped across its tail and held it there, captive.

Umzugaan drew a deep breath. A dead he-goat on the ground was not a Voodoo warning. It meant nothing except when hanging from a tree by its horns.

The Zulu's eyes gleamed.

"Thou hast served me in removing the warning," he said. "Now will I serve thee!"

Stooping, he placed his strong arms around the tree, and, exerting all his terrific strength, managed to raise the fallen trunk six inches from the ground. His muscles cracked under the strain and his eyes bulged. But the cheetah wriggled its tail free and darted to one side as Umzugaan let the tree fall again. For a moment the animal stood there, surveying the young Zulu, then, with a whisk of its tail, it bounded away like a spotted streak of yellow lightning,

heading for the rocky foothills where it had its den.

Umzugaan was grim. It was a risky thing to defy Voodoo, but Masasi had passed that way, and he meant to catch the devil-man, sooner or later.

The wind had dropped again as suddenly as it had risen. There were clouds in the sky now. The swift, short-lived hurricane had only been the forerunner of worse things to come.

Umzugaan was cautious. With every sense alert, he moved silently along the half-overgrown path until the scent of man reached his quivering nostrils. Then he crept along, spear ready. He paused on the verge of a clearing, parted the leaves of a bush, and peered through the aperture thus made.

He drew in his breath at the sight of a Voodoo altar set there in the glade. It was a rough table made of wood, with a coloured cloth on it, adorned with figures of snakes. The usual Voodoo figures were set on the table—the cross of wood, the human skull, the rattles made of snakes' bones, and the little bundles of hide which Umzugaan knew were packets containing Voodoo charms.

What made Umzugaan's eyes bulge most, however, was the carved wooden god in the centre. It was no Voodoo god. It had once belonged to his father! It was his family god! Masasi must have had it! Masasi had passed that way. Here was proof that Masasi had plotted the murder of his father!

Umzugaan stared at the figure. Before it burnt the Voodoo lamp—half a coconut shell, filled with palm oil, in

which floated a fibre wick, burning with a steady flame.

Umzugaan burst into the clearing, and at once, from behind the altar, came an old native, clad in white from neck to ankle, with a white turban on his head.

He was the papaloi, or high priest, but Umzugaan was past caring about that. He seized the old man by the arm.

"That god—who gave it thee? Answer me—quickly!"

The papaloi's eyes flashed angrily.

"Who art thou not to heed the Voodoo warning?" he growled. "Let me go! I will curse thee! Masasi, the devil-man, placed the god on the altar to appease the Voodoo spirits of the mountains! What is that to thee?"

"The god belongs to my family. I will take it!" snapped Umzugaan.

He thrust the papaloi from him, and with one long stride reached the altar and snatched the carved wooden god from its place.

The papaloi darted to the side of the altar, where stood a drum, and before Umzugaan could turn, the booming note throbbed out, to be answered by a wild shout from the village close at hand—the village Umzugaan had not seen. Men came surging into the clearing, with gleaming spears and knives.

Flinging the papaloi from him, Umzugaan darted to the altar, set his back against it, and fought. The carved god was stuck in the belt of his kaross—an ugly figure grinning at the Voodoo worshippers and exciting them to a frenzy.

The battle song of Umzugaan awoke the echoes.

"Umzugaan, the son of Umzugaan! Who can stand against me?"

He fought with his spears until they were either broken or snatched from his hand. Then he whirled his knobkerrie round his head, clearing a circle before the altar.

The knobkerrie splintered and broke in his hand after a while, and Umzugaan was without weapons. He turned, seized the Voodoo lamp, and, with one sweep of his arm, flung it in the faces of his foes.

The effect was amazing! The wick burnt, the oil splashed the bare bodies, and the fighters recoiled. But the real reason was the violation of the altar. Everyone expected to see Umzugaan struck dead by the lightnings of Papa Legba, the Voodoo god. Even Umzugaan, appalled by what he had done on the spur of the moment, stood there like a statue. But nothing happened!

The silence was broken by the shrill voice of the papaloi.

"Papa Legba, curse him!" he wailed.

"Who talks of cursing?" cried Umzugaan. "Papa Legba fights for the truth and right. Now curse these people, Papa Legba! Curse them with thy wind, thy rain, thy thunder and lightning!"

Before the words were out of the young Zulu's mouth, the wind came shrieking up with tropical fury, the clouds blotted out the sun, and the lightning crackled in the tree-tops; to be followed by the earth-shaking crash of thunder.

The Gratitude of a Beast!

UMZUGAAN had not been ignorant of the approaching storm, but the Voodoo worshippers had not troubled to notice it. Now they went down flat on their faces in terror. Papa Legba, their

god, had ignored the words of the papaloi, but he had heard the stranger.

Umzugaan saw his chance and took it. He leapt over the prostrate forms, thrust the old papaloi aside as he endeavoured to seize him, then fled away through the forest towards the rocky foothills.

A howl of rage soon told him that his flight had been seen, and that he was being pursued.

Umzugaan found a trail which took him upwards towards the lofty snow-capped mountains. Up and up, higher than the tree-tops of the forest below—always up towards the peaks, while the storm raged about him.

The clouds burst asunder, and the rain pelted down with terrific force.

Yet the Voodoo worshippers hung close on his heels.

Umzugaan toiled up the steep slope to the plateau, then raced across the level ground; not because he was afraid to fight, but because he wanted to live and wreak vengeance on Masasi, the devil-man.

The plateau ended abruptly in a precipice. Once there had been a frail rope bridge there, but now it dangled down the cliff.

It had been cut, and Umzugaan was at the mercy of his numerous foes. He glanced this way and that, and as the lightning flashed in orange flame, he saw a man seated on a rock on the other side of the gorge, gibbering at him. It was Masasi himself, with the black lion, in terror of the storm, cowering by his side. Masasi had delivered Umzugaan to the Voodoo worshippers!

The Zulu raced to one side. He had seen a tree growing on the brink of the precipice. The boughs stretched out over the great gorge, and as the Voodoo worshippers rushed at him, crying hoarsely, Umzugaan leapt at the tree. His hands grasped a bough, and he swung there for a space, to and fro. Then suddenly he let himself go hurtling through the air over the gorge, to land with a terrific jolt on the other side.

The Voodoo worshippers yelled in baffled rage, and hurled their spears at him, but the missiles fell short and clattered down into the gorge. Umzugaan started running. Masasi and the black lion had already fled in terror along the edge of the precipice, and the Zulu pursued them hotly, forgetting that he was entirely without weapons.

Masasi took to a narrow path that led down into the gorge. It ran close to the face of the cliff in a steep descent. Umzugaan followed, down and down, with steep cliffs towering over his head on one side, and a sheer drop on the other. The foothold was treacherous, and one false step would mean death on that path.

Masasi and the black lion vanished round a buttress of the cliff face. The wind howled as if to tear Umzugaan from the path; the rain beat down on his naked body, but he held on his way grimly.

As he rounded the corner, he grew puzzled. The lightning lit up the scene with a lurid light. The path stretched downwards before him, but the devil-man and his grim pet had vanished.

Umzugaan took a few more steps, and then a flash of lightning seemed to strike the cliff within a few yards of him. The acrid reek of sulphur was in his nostrils. The thunders crashed with a force that half-stunned him, and he flung himself against the cliff to prevent himself falling into the gorge.

Suddenly his feet slipped from under

him, and he fell to the path and rolled helplessly into the mouth of a cave he had not noticed there before. The next moment a great boulder crashed down from above and closed the cave-mouth, except for a space at the top barely two feet wide, where the vivid violet flashes of the lightning showed every few moments.

Dazed and bewildered, Umzugaan lay where he was for a time. Suddenly a fierce growling fell on his ears and he sat up. Peering into the gloomy depths of the cave, he saw two great eyes focused on him and drawing nearer and nearer. His nostrils quivered. He smelt man! He smelt lion!

Then came a flash of lightning outside, and through the aperture above the fallen boulder, it lit up the cave as if with an arc-lamp. Umzugaan knew then! He was bottled up in that cave, unarmed, with Masasi and the black lion!

He saw Masasi there, gibbering at him from behind the lion, urging on the great brute. Umzugaan came to his feet and waited.

Thinking the man meant to attack first, the lion snarled and sprang savagely. It was what the Zulu wanted. He sprang aside, and the flaying paws of the lion missed him by inches. He crashed against the wall of the cliff, recoiled, and hurled himself full at Masasi. The devil-man was taken by surprise. Umzugaan's great fist struck him full in the mouth, and as he went reeling back with a cry of pain, the young Zulu, snatching a knife from Masasi's belt, spun round to face the lion again.

He was only just in time, for the lion was pouncing for the second time. Umzugaan tried to avoid it again, but this time one paw mauled his left arm, spinning him round and flinging him down heavily on his face.

The Zulu regained his feet and, before the lion could turn, had flung himself on the brute's back, gripping the tangled mane and hanging on for dear life.

The cave trembled with the echoes of the lion's furious roars of rage and pain. Locked together, lion and Zulu threshed this way and that, while Masasi cowered at the far end of the cave in fear and trembling. The dust flew up in clouds, and the storm raged unheeded outside.

Umzugaan edged himself farther on the lion's back, until he was leaning on the brute's head. Then he reached over with his strong right arm and drove his knife to the hilt in the animal's heart. The lion roared and reared up on its hind legs, stood practically upright for a second with Umzugaan clinging to its mane, then crashed over backwards, crushing the Zulu against the floor of the cave, then rolling off him to breathe its last.

The storm still raged outside, but inside the cave was silence. Masasi sighed, partly in relief, partly in fear at the loss of his grim pet. Then, with vengeance on his painted face, he crept forward cautiously to where Umzugaan lay, stunned and senseless. The Zulu's left arm was badly mauled. His head was cut and bleeding.

Masasi studied him for a second and saw the carved wooden god in the belt of his kaross. The devil-man's eyes glinted as he took it and stuck it in his own belt. Then he plucked the knife from the heart of the black lion, and knelt beside Umzugaan. The lightning flashes played on the steel as it poised over the helpless Zulu's heart.

Another second, and Umzugaan would have perished. But the light that came into the cave over the top of the fallen boulder was suddenly blotted out. Instinctively Masasi raised his head and saw a lithe, yellow, spotted form of a cheetah crawling into the cave, spitting and snarling.

Masasi screamed, and fled to the far depths of the cave, where he vanished in the darkness.

The next moment from outside came a flash of lightning fiercer than any that had gone before, and the thunders boomed in the same second, so that the mountain shuddered at the impact. Then, in the dim recesses of the cave, whence Masasi had fled, came the deep, rumbling crash as part of the roof fell in.

The cheetah came back, quivering with fear. But it soon forgot the danger it had so narrowly escaped. It stood by Umzugaan and licked his hurts. It was the same cheetah the Zulu had rescued in the forest.

"Rather the gratitude of a beast than the hate of man," murmured Umzugaan.

He struggled to his feet and made his way to the depths of the cave. One part of his vow had been accomplished—he had slain the black lion. Now he wanted to find out if Masasi had perished. On examination, however, he found a current of pure air finding its way through the mass of debris. He decided that there had been a path that way leading from the cave to some other part of the cliff-face. Masasi must have got through just in time, and the fall of roof had saved him from the teeth of the cheetah.

To make matters worse, Umzugaan missed the family god he had taken from the Voodoo altar. He had gained it only to lose it again!

He washed his hurts in the water that trickled down the walls of the cave, and found beetles under the stones, which he crushed to make the healing poultice known all over Africa.

Then Umzugaan rested, feeling weary and weak. The cheetah lay beside him, while the storm raged outside. Eventually, when his strength had returned, the young Zulu found the knife that had dropped from the hand of Masasi. He skinned the black lion and stretched out the pelt to dry.

The cheetah found plenty to eat then, while Umzugaan went about the cave, finding seraps of brushwood that Masasi must have gathered, intending to make his home there for a time. The Zulu collected a pile and set stones round it, then made fire from two flints. The brushwood smouldered, and he went down on his hands and knees and blew the spark into a flame.

Fiercer and fiercer burnt the fire, and Umzugaan was about to cook some of the lion meat by means of it, when a stone in the heart of the blaze burst with a terrific report, flying in splinters around him.

The Zulu had heard of firestones that exploded in fires, but he had never come across them before.

Having eaten and drank of the water at the far end of the cave, Umzugaan rested again for the remainder of that day and through the night, for he had lost much blood and was weary. All that time the cheetah remained with him, and they slept together while the storm continued with unabated fury outside.

Tricked!

THE following day, Umzugaan sought to escape from the cave, lest Masasi should return with many warriors. It was useless

to try to clear the underground path by which Masasi had gone, for the way was blocked with tons of fallen rock and earth. On the other hand, the boulder that blocked the mouth of the cave, leaving an aperture two feet wide at the top, was too high and smooth to climb. He went to the debris at the far end of the cave, and rolled many rocks from that spot to the big boulder, setting them in a sort of cairn, up which he was eventually able to climb to the aperture. He squeezed himself through and so gained the path set against the face of the cliff. The cheetah bounded up and followed him.

The Zulu had lost the trail of Masasi, for the first time since he had left Klie-dorp. But he knew what to do. Masasi had presented his family god to the Voodoo worshippers in return for their protection and aid. Umzugaan had taken the god. Masasi had regained it, and it was highly probable that Masasi would return it to the Voodoo altar. Therefore, Umzugaan went in search of the Voodoo altar.

With the cheetah by his side, he strode into the forest. He had the skin of the black lion hung over one shoulder and fastened across his breast, while secured to his belt by a thong fashioned from the lion's skin was a heavy lump of firestone. It was the best he could do in the way of weapons, and might serve him in an emergency.

He entered the forest, and proceeded with caution. After a mile or so the cheetah began to whimper and show signs of uneasiness, while Umzugaan sniffed the air. They were approaching the village, and heading into danger. The Zulu could hear the babble of voices, and a drum began to throb.

Instinctively he left the path and took to the dense thickets of the jungle, making a wide detour to avoid the clustered huts. He found the glen where the Voodoo altar stood, and parted the leaves of a thicket and peered into the clearing. He saw the altar, saw that his guess had been right, for the carved wooden god of his family stood once more on the altar with a Voodoo light burning before it.

But, what was more important, Masasi was there, standing by the altar, as if waiting for someone. Umzugaan's anger surged up within him at the sight. He broke through into the clearing, and the devil-man screamed with fear at the sight of him. A knife flashed, but the Zulu struck it from Masasi's hand. Then the strong fingers of Umzugaan closed on the devil-man's throat.

"The black lion is slain!" growled Umzugaan. "Now it is thy turn, O Masasi!"

Masasi would have died there before the Voodoo altar had nothing happened to disturb Umzugaan. But a loud voice cried out:

"Hold!"

Umzugaan had been too intent to notice the approach of the Voodoo worshippers. Throwing the witch-doctor aside, he saw the papaloi in the centre of the glade, leading a young goat on a cord, and all around the glade were warriors, with their gleaming spears held ready. Umzugaan was trapped!

The papaloi levelled an accusing finger at Umzugaan.

"This time thou shalt not escape!" he thundered. "Papa Legba demands a blood sacrifice. We have brought the goat, but now thou art here. Papa Legba shall choose between thee and the goat!"

He waited while two warriors lit a fire in the centre of the glade. The goat was hauled to one side, and as the smoke of the fire ascended to the tree-

tops, the papaloi began chanting a prayer to Papa Legba.

"The man or the goat? Send a sign, Papa Legba—send a sign!"

The people swayed to and fro in fervour, and echoed the chant, but nothing happened, except that the goat, scared by the din, jerked the cord from the hand of the papaloi, and strayed close to where Umzugaan stood.

In that second, a lithe, yellow spotted form leapt out of the thicket, flashed past the warriors, and then leapt at the goat. The cheetah's teeth closed on the hairy throat, gave a jerk, and the sacrifice breathed its last. The cheetah gave the victim a toss that flung it in the air so that it came down on the spotted shoulder of its slayer, and another bound took cheetah and its prey back into the thicket.

It was all over in a flash, and everyone was too surprised to interfere. Whether the cheetah felt that the goat was a menace to Umzugaan, the Zulu could not tell, but he seized his advantage eagerly, crying out with his booming voice:

"Behold, Papa Legba sends his sign, and has taken the sacrifice! I will take what is mine, and leave thee."

He snatched the carved wooden god from the altar, but immediately the warriors growled menacingly and closed in on him.

"Set down the god!" cried the papaloi.

"It is mine! Masasi stole it!" said Umzugaan. "Let Masasi say if I lie!"

But Masasi was nowhere to be seen. He had taken himself off, anxious only to get as far from Umzugaan as he could.

Umzugaan stood with the carved wooden god under the skin of the black lion which he wore.

"Hearken!" cried the papaloi. "Twice hath our god, Papa Legba, spoken in thy favour—once when he sent the storm at thy bidding—once when he took the goat instead of thee. So be it, then. Set down the god on the altar and go in peace."

Umzugaan shook his head.

"The god is mine. If I cannot have it, then thou shalt not have it, either. Let it burn, to the glory of Papa Legba!"

He brought his hand from under the lion's skin, and flung something full into the heart of the fire. For a moment there was silence, but it was shattered by the roar of an explosion as a firestone burst in the centre of the fire, scattering fragments in all directions.

Umzugaan had thrown the firestone and kept the god. But the Voodoo worshippers did not know that, nor cared. They were flat on their faces, quivering with terror, while Umzugaan turned and ran from them, helter-skelter through the forest. Whether the papaloi and his people ever discovered how they had been tricked, Umzugaan did not know, but they never attempted to pursue him, nor did he see the cheetah again.

He picked up the trail of Masasi, who no longer had the black lion to walk by his side. The devil-man was travelling fast to the south, and Umzugaan knew where he was going. He was heading for Klie-dorp to warn Intali that Umzugaan knew the truth and was coming to fulfil his vow of vengeance.

THE END.

(Watch out next week for the final yarn in this thrilling adventure series and for full particulars of the splendid FREE GIFTS which will shortly be presented to every reader of the MAGNET.)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,342.

THE GREYFRIARS GUY!

(Continued from page 24.)

"Let it alone!" he exclaimed fiercely. Harry Wharton clenched his hand and struck out, and Vernon-Smith staggered and bumped on the foot of the woodshed. There was a startled buzz from the crowd of Removites.

"What the dickens—" exclaimed Nugent.

"My esteemed and absurd Wharton—" ejaculated Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Look!" said the captain of the Remove. He jerked the covering from the figure in the chair.

There was a gasp of stupefaction from the juniors. Instead of the Coker guy it was the effigy of the Head that was sitting there, so life-like that it might have been taken for Dr. Locke himself.

The juniors stared at it open-mouthed. "Why, what—what—" stuttered Bob Cherry.

"What the thump—"

"What does this mean?" gasped Nugent.

"I'll tell you," said the captain of the Remove quietly. "Smithy's been tricking us again. This is what Coker saw in the garret last night. Smithy tricked Wibley into making it for him with a yarn about a jape on Loder of the Sixth. His game was to plant it on us, and drag us all in to guying the Head. A flogging all round for the whole Form. Smithy doesn't care about that. A rotten, dirty, disgraceful trick! He doesn't care about that, either!"

"You rotter, Smithy!" gasped Wibley.

"Oh, you cad!" yelled Squiff.

"Collar him!" roared Johnny Bull. The Bounder, white with rage and disappointment, staggered to his feet. He was collared on all sides at once. A dozen hands grasped him.

"Now," said Harry, "this rotten rubbish is going to be smashed up before anybody but ourselves can see it. Lend a hand, you men!"

It did not take long to deal with the effigy of the Head. Many hands made light work. In about three minutes it was distributed over the floor of the woodshed, in hundreds of fragments. The Bounder, safely held, watched its destruction, with bitter rancour in his looks.

"That's that!" said Bob Cherry grimly. "And now to deal with that unspeakable rotter—"

"The Coker guy is done for, and Smithy's guy has gone the same way," said Harry Wharton. "But we want a guy, and here's Smithy, and there's a bucket of sooty water in the corner."

"Hear, hear!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hands off!" yelled the Bounder, struggling fiercely. "You rotters! I—I— Oh crikey! Oh, my hat! I'll— Ow!"

Struggling in vain, the Bounder was jammed down into the vacated chair, and his arms and legs tied to it. Then Johnny Bull picked up the bucket of sooty water.

That bucket was upended over the Bounder's head.

Slowly but surely the thick, sooty mixture flowed down over him and streamed on him from head to foot. The Bounder disappeared from sight under an oozing coat of sooty mixture.

"Urugh! Gurggh! Oooooogh!" came in suffocated gurgles from the hapless Bounder. "Ow! Ooogh! Groooooogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Here's another guy!" roared Bob Cherry. "Up with him! March!"

That extraordinary guy was paraded, and eventually taken to the school field, where the bonfire was already blazing, and squibs and crackers making a merry din. But that "guy" was not placed on the bonfire. The chair was set down at a little distance from the fire, surrounded by Removites, wearing masks. And the Bounder, blinking through the sooty mixture, was a spectator of the Guy Fawkes celebration.

Not till the celebration was over was the infuriated Bounder released and allowed to hurry away in search of soap and hot water, which he badly needed. And jeers and boots from the Removites followed him as he went.

Smithy's scheme had been a failure, as Smithy, perhaps, realised that it deserved to be, and the punishment had been made to fit the crime. The Remove laughed loud and long over that "Guy Fawkes" celebration. But the Bounder of Greyfriars, at least, was not "pleased to remember the Fifth of November."

THE END.

(There will be another topping page of Harry Wharton & Co. in next week's MAGNET, entitled: "DOWN WITH THE TYRANT!" It's full of exciting situations, chums. By the way, every "Magnetite" should make a point of ordering his copy EARLY as this issue will contain full particulars of our coming FREE GIFTS.)

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