

"THE DICTATOR OF GREYFRIARS!"

Sensational School Story of
HARRY WHARTON & Co.—Inside!

The **MAGNET** 2^D

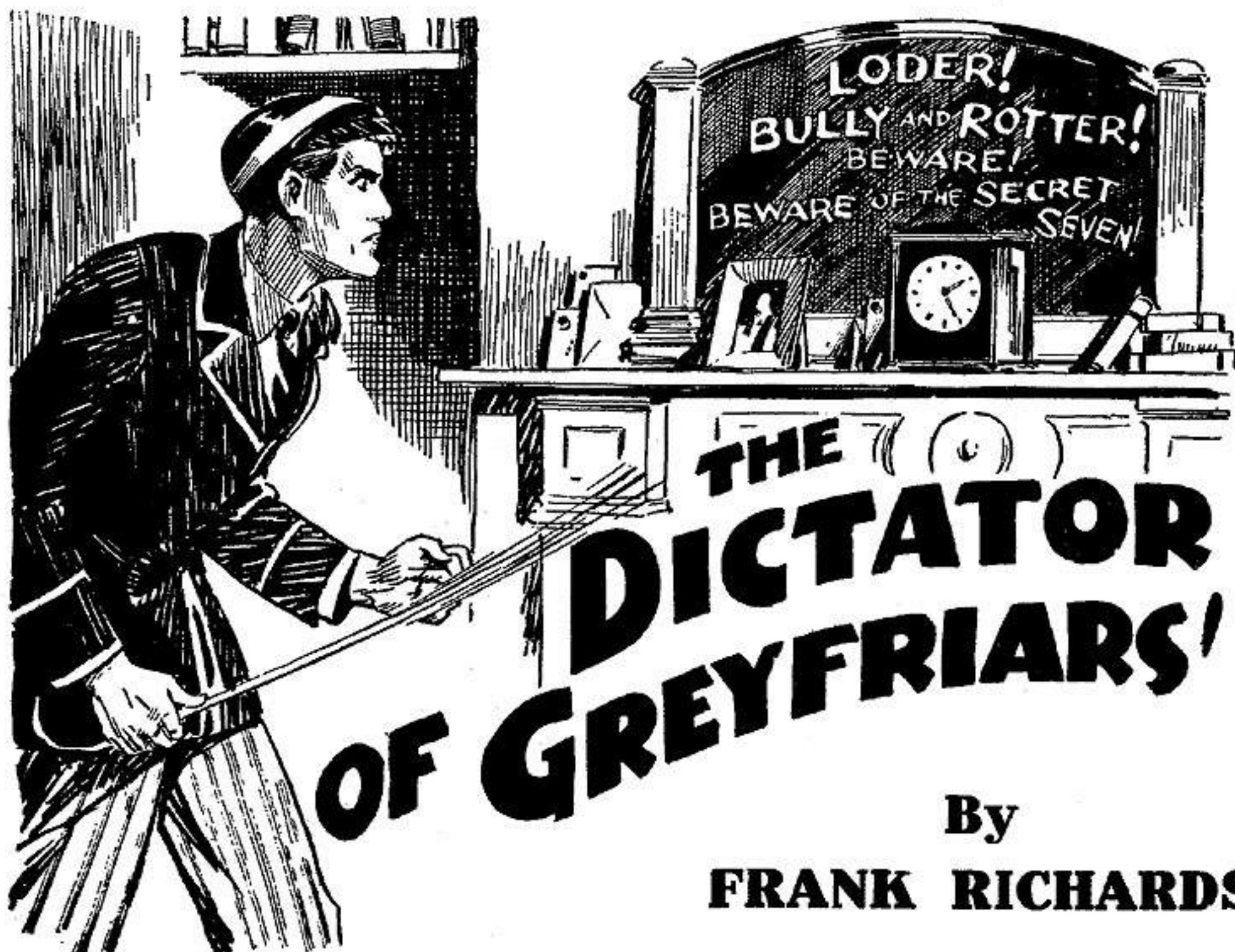
No. 1,398. Vol. XLVI.

EVERY SATURDAY.

Week Ending November 17th, 1934.



THE GREYFRIARS GHOST!



THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Consolation!

"**T**HICK!" said Bob Cherry.

It was thick!

Indeed, Hurree Jamset Ram Singh remarked that the thickfulness was terrific.

Bob was looking from the window of Study No. 1 in the Remove at Greyfriars.

Generally there was quite an extensive view from that window—part of the quadrangle and the old elms, the school buildings, and the playing fields in the distance. Now all that Bob could see was an ocean of grey mist.

The November fog had descended on Greyfriars School, wrapping it as if in a pall.

Even in the Form-rooms that morning it had been dim and misty, and the lights had had to be turned on. And since class it had thickened. And it was a half-holiday. That was the worst of it.

Fog during classes did not matter so much, but fog—thick fog—on a half-holiday was the limit!

Even Bob Cherry did not think of football that afternoon. He did not even propose a walk abroad. For once the open spaces did not appeal to the most strenuous member of the Greyfriars Remove.

The Famous Five had gathered in Study No. 1. Wharton and Nugent, the owners of the study, were roasting chestnuts at the fire; Hurree Jamset Ram Singh reclined in the armchair; Johnny Bull, lying full length on the study table, resting on his elbows,

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,396.

perused the entrancing pages of the "Holiday Annual"; Bob Cherry stared from the window, hoping to see a sign of the fog lifting. But he saw no such sign.

"It's beastly!" he remarked.

"The beastliness is preposterous," agreed the dusky nabob in the armchair.

"Looks like football—I don't think!" grunted Bob.

He turned from the window.

"Must do something," he remarked.

"What about a rag on Coker of the Fifth?"

"Oh, bother Coker of the Fifth!" said Wharton. "If we're going to rag anybody, we'll rag Loder of the Sixth."

Bob's face brightened.

"Jolly good idea!" he said. "Let's!"

"Fathead!" said Frank Nugent. "Loder will be indoors on a day like this. Can we walk along to his study and say 'Please we've come here to rag you, Loder!'"

Bob chuckled.

"Well, hardly!" he agreed. "But—"

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!" came from the Remove passage. It was a sound of woe.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! That's Bunter!" said Bob. "Sounds as if he's been damaged."

"Yow-ow-ow! Ow! Wow!"

Billy Bunter's dulcet voice was raised in anguish. That unmusical sound came nearer to the open doorway of Study No. 1. Bunter was coming along from the Remove staircase.

A fat figure stopped at the doorway; a fat face and a big pair of spectacles blinked in.

"Wow!" said Bunter. "Wow! Ow!"

He wriggled. "Yow-ow-ow! I say, you fellows— Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

"Go it!" said Bob encouragingly. "You're frightfully entertaining, Bunter. Sit up and watch, you men; Bunter's come along to give a performance."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beast!" groaned Bunter. "Ow! Wow! I say, you fellows, I'm hurt! I say, I've got a fearful pain! That beast Loder— Wow!"

"Oh, Loder!" said Harry Wharton, turning round from the fire. For once Billy Bunter's wowing and yowing elicited sympathy in Study No. 1. Generally, Bunter asked for all he received—and more. But since Gerald Loder had become head prefect and captain of Greyfriars fellows continually received what they had not asked for. Loder ruled with a rod of iron.

Billy Bunter rolled into the study.

He sat down on the nearest chair. After negotiating the Remove staircase Bunter wanted to sit down and rest. Bunter could do with a lot of rest. He had a lot of weight to carry about with him.

On this occasion, however, Bunter did not enjoy repose. Having sat down, he jumped up again instantly like a jack-in-the-box.

"Ow!" he yelped. "Wow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Evidently Bunter's dealings with Loder of the Sixth had caused him to feel a pain when he sat down. For once Bunter preferred to stand.

"Ow! Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" groaned the Owl of the

Remove. "I say, you fellows, Loder's given me six! Wow!"

"What for?" asked Bob.

"Nothing!"

"You always get it for nothing!" grunted Johnny Bull, looking up from the "Holiday Annual." "When Quelch was here he used to cane you for nothing. Now we've got Woose he gives you lines for nothing. If a prefect whops you it's always for nothing. If a fellow kicks you out of his study it's for nothing. What's the nothing this time?"

"Beast!"

Billy Bunter leaned on the study table and groaned. Whether he had got that six for nothing, or for something, evidently it hurt. Six from Loder always hurt.

"I say, you fellows, I never did anything—really and truly!" said the fat Owl of the Remove. "How could a fellow help bumping into a fellow in the fog?"

"In the fog?" repeated Bob.

"I'd been across to the tuckshop," groaned Bunter. "Mauly lent me half-a-crown. He's not so mean as some fellows—"

"I heard you in Mauleverer's study when I came down the passage," remarked Bob. "So Mauly tipped you half-a-crown to get shut of you? I'd have booted you out!"

"Oh, really, Cherry! Mauly lent me half-a-crown off a postal order I'm expecting. Well, I went across to the school shop. I ran into Loder as I was coming back—Ow! Wow! How could I help it?" groaned Bunter. "It's as thick as soup in the quad. I never saw Loder till I barged into him. He never saw me. Ow! Wow! Yow-ow! I was half an hour or more getting back from the shop to the House—groping about, you know. Blessed if I know how I got back at all; it's got thicker since I went across. Loder was coming out of the House, when I—Wow!"

Bunter groaned deeply.

"I didn't really run into him; he ran into me," he resumed. "Banged right into a fellow! He fell over on the steps. I think he knocked his elbow; I heard him say something about his funny-bone—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Then he grabbed me," groaned Bunter. "He made me bend over the step and gave me six. Wow! I can tell you he laid it on! Yow-ow-ow! I say, you fellows, I've got a fearful pain! Ow!"

Bob Cherry's eyes glistened.

"Loder's out in the quad, then?" he asked.

"Ow! Yes! Wow! I say—"

"The chestnuts are done," said Nugent, turning a glowing face from the fire.

"Never mind the chestnuts!" said Bob Cherry briskly. "You hear what Bunter says? Loder's out in the quad—in this fog! Loder's whopped a Remove man for nothing! Come on!"

Bob strode across to the door, catching up a fives bat as he went.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "My dear man, who's going to find anybody in that pea soup outside? Like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay."

"Come on!" Bob marched out of the study.

"Look here—"

Bob was gone.

"Oh, come on!" said Harry resignedly, and he followed Bob Cherry, and his comrades followed him.

Billy Bunter was left alone in the study.

But Bunter was no longer groaning.

Bunter had spotted the chestnuts. Bunter liked baked chestnuts. And Bunter was hungry. It was more than an hour since dinner, so Bunter, of course, was very hungry indeed.

No doubt Bunter felt that one good turn deserved another. The Famous Five were going to attend to Loder for him. So he attended to the chestnuts for the Famous Five.

Anyhow, he attended to them! There was a sound of munching, champing, and gobbling in Study No. 1. Billy Bunter forgot that licking from Loder. He had found consolation.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Looking for Loder!

"**H**OLD on, fathead!"

"No time to lose!"

"Hold on!"

Harry Wharton caught Bob by the arm at the foot of the stairs and dragged him to a halt. "This way—"

"That's not the way out!"

"Fathead!"

The captain of the Remove, holding on to Bob's arm, led the way in the direction of the Form-rooms—deserted on a half-holiday. The rest of the Co. followed on.

"Look here, we're losing time if we're going to catch Loder in the fog!" objected Bob Cherry, as they entered the Form-room passage.

With all sorts of powers in his hands, Gerald Loder is ready to stretch them to the utmost in his feud against Harry Wharton & Co., of the Remove. As a Dictator, he puts the veriest tyrant in the shade!

"We're not going out by the door, ass, for everybody in the House to know that we went out after Loder, fathead!" said Harry. "We've got to keep this dark. Do you want to be up before Prout?"

"Nunno!"

"Then dry up and come on!"

"Safe enough to drop from the Form-room window!" said Nugent. "We can get back the same way, and nobody the wiser. We've got to keep it jolly dark that we've been out of the House at all—if we get Loder."

"Yes, rather!"

"The ratherfulness is terrific."

"Suppose Woose has locked the Form-room door—" said Bob.

"He generally forgets."

The Remove Form Room was found unlocked. Mr. Woose, who was in Mr. Quelch's place as master of the Remove this term, was an absent-minded little gentleman, and could be relied upon to forget most things.

The Famous Five entered the Form-room. Harry Wharton, the last to enter, glanced back along the passage, to make sure that they were unobserved.

It was very necessary to keep that little game a secret. Whopping Loder in the fog was quite an attractive idea. But the consequences were terrific if discovery followed. Nothing short of the "sack" would be deemed adequate as a punishment for whopping a Sixth Form prefect. The fact that Gerald Loder deserved it a dozen times over would not count in favour of the whoppers.

"Oh, my hat!" breathed Wharton, as a little gentleman in glasses came round the corner of the passage at a distance.

He dodged into the Form-room and closed the door. He was in time to escape observation from Mr. Woose, but the new master of the Remove was coming up the passage.

"Quiet!" breathed Wharton.

"What—"

"Ware beaks!"

"Oh, my hat!"

Mr. Woose's footsteps were audible outside. There was no time to get out of the window before he arrived, and there could be no doubt that he was coming to the Form-room.

"Who is it?" breathed Bob.

"The Squeaker!"

"Get into cover!"

Fortunately the fog outside made the Form-room very dim and dusky. The Famous Five trod on tiptoe behind the desks and crouched down there.

They were hardly in cover of the desks when the Form-room door opened again, and Mr. Woose came in.

The crouching juniors were as still as mice. If Woose saw them there he would certainly want to know why. And delay meant that they would lose the chance of catching the bully of Greyfriars in the foggy quad.

The new master of the Remove crossed to Mr. Quelch's desk. He did not even glance in the direction of the boys' desks.

"Goodness gracious!" They heard his high-pitched voice which had earned him the nickname of the "Squeaker" in the Remove. "It does not seem to be here! Yet I must have laid the book somewhere! Now, I wonder where I laid that book? Goodness gracious me!"

The hidden juniors grinned. Evidently Mr. Woose's absent-mindedness had supervened. He had come to the Form-room to look for a mislaid book. As likely as not he had it in his pocket all the time.

Mr. Woose fumbled over the desk. Then he stepped away from it, and the juniors heard his squeak again.

"I did not leave it here! It is not in my study! Where in goodness gracious' name is that book? I remember I had it in my hand when I stopped to speak to Mr. Prout in the passage! Now, was that before or after class?"

Woose cudgelled his absent-minded brains.

"It was after class!" they heard him squeak again. "Then the book cannot be here as I did not come back to the Form-room after class. Possibly I slipped it into my pocket while I was speaking to Mr. Prout! Yes, goodness gracious, I remember now that I slipped it into my pocket! I wonder if it is still there! Goodness gracious me!"

There was a rustling as Mr. Woose went through his pockets. Then a sharp clang as something metallic dropped on the floor.

"Goodness gracious! What is that! Oh, the key of the Form-room! Bless my soul! I remember now that I forgot to lock the door! Dear me, here is the book in my pocket! Goodness gracious!"

With the missing book—now found—in one hand, Mr. Woose stooped to pick up the key with the other. The Famous Five suppressed a chuckle. There was something rather comic in this performance by the absent-minded Form-master to an unseen audience.

Key in one hand, book in the other, the little gentleman trotted out of the Form-room again. The door closed.

Click!

"Oh, my hat!" breathed Bob Cherry. "He's locked us in!"

With the key actually in his hand, even Mr. Woose did not forget to lock the door of the Form-room! He trotted away, little dreaming that he had left five prisoners in the Remove-room.

The juniors rose out of cover.

"Locked in!" said Johnny Bull. "We can get out—but we jolly well can't get back this way."

"Can't be helped!" said Bob. "Let's get going, at any rate! Loder won't hang about in the fog waiting for us!"

A window was opened, and one after another the Famous Five dropped into the fog outside in the quad. Wharton closed the window.

The Famous Five were out of the House, unseen and undiscovered. Getting back again after dealing with Loder presented a problem that had to be solved later. Certainly they could not walk in at the door after such an exploit.

For the moment, however, that problem was shelved. A still more difficult problem was to find Loder.

The fog was thick! It was rather like pea-soup!

They groped and stumbled their way to the path that ran down to the gates. Somewhere in that direction they hoped to spot Loder. The thickness of the fog favoured the enterprise so far as avoiding discovery was concerned. On the other hand, it made the enterprise exceedingly difficult. They could hardly see one another, and they could see nothing of anybody else.

"Thick, and no mistake!" breathed Bob Cherry.

"The thickfulness is truly terrific!"

"Quiet!" whispered Wharton. "The brute may be only a yard away, and if he hears our voices—"

"But where—"

"The wherefulness is preposterous."

"Keep on!" whispered Bob. "Loder must be an ass to go out in weather like this! He can't be moving quick, anyhow! Ten to one he's groping about, feeling his way! Listen!"

"Hark!" breathed Nugent.

There was a sound in the clinging fog—it came from the direction of the House. It was a sound of trampling footsteps.

"Quiet!" whispered Wharton again. "We're between him and the gate! Line up on the path and collar him as he comes by. Sounds as if he's coming straight for us."

Bob Cherry gripped the fives bat hard! He was very keen to lay that fives bat on Loder of the Sixth! Bob had had many a "six" from Loder's ashplant, which had been kept very busy since Loder had become captain of Greyfriars School. Now the fives bat was going to get busy.

"He's coming!" breathed Johnny Bull. "Sounds as if he's running!"

Heavy footsteps came trampling down the foggy path. The five juniors stood silent, with bated breath, waiting. The enemy was running fairly into the avengers' hands!

A dim, burly form loomed up and crashed right into the juniors before they were quite aware of it. Watchful as they were, that sudden crash took them rather by surprise, and they staggered right and left under it. But only for a second. Then their grasp closed on the burly form on all sides, and it was whirled over and brought to the ground with a heavy concussion.

Bob Cherry was ready with the fives bat.

His arm rose and fell rapidly! The fives bat was at work in a split second

more with a series of swipes as forcible as any that had ever been delivered by Gerald Loder's ashplant!

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Unexpected!

CECIL REGINALD TEMPLE of the Fourth Form grinned.

"All serene!" he whispered.

"Oh, rather!" murmured Dabney.

"Come on!" muttered Fry.

Temple, Dabney, and Fry stopped quickly along the Sixth Form passage. They stopped at the door of Loder's study, opened it, entered swiftly, and shut the door after them.

Safe inside the study they grinned at one another.

"All right for us," murmured Temple.

"Right as rain!" chuckled Fry.

"Safe as houses!"

"Oh, rather!"

Temple & Co. were feeling bucked.

ARE YOU A PRIZEWINNER IN OUR 100 PRIZES COMPETITION?

Here are the names and addresses of the readers who have been awarded prizes this week in our popular competition on "Why I Like The GEM":

J. HUMPHRIES, 4, Charlemont Road, Clontarf, Dublin.—Pocket Wallet.

J. JEMMETT, 42, Bennett Park, Blackheath, London, S.E.3.—Penknife.

G. RUSSELL, 31, Old Dumbarton Road, Glasgow, C.3.—Book.

R. UTTING, 54, Ashby Street, Norwich.—Fountain Pen.

J. HICKMAN, 47, North Street, Horsham, Sussex.—Penknife.

E. SHERRIN, Royston, Alexandra Road, South Farnborough, Hants.—Pocket Wallet.

There's still time for you to win a grand prize like the readers whose names appear above. All you require is a pen, a postcard and a penny stamp. Then just state briefly why you like our companion paper The GEM, and post the card to:

MAGNET 100 Prizes Competition,
5, Carmelite Street,
London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

(The GEM is on sale every Wednesday, price 2d.)

Loder of the Sixth had gone out. A fellow would hardly have expected him to go out in such an afternoon. But he had gone. They had seen him, in hat and overcoat, with a stick under his arm, leave the House.

Certainly the weather could not have tempted him out for a walk. No doubt he had an appointment that afternoon, and was keeping it, in spite of the weather. Fellows who knew Loder's manners and customs might have guessed that his appointment was at the Cross Keys or the Three Fishers to play billiards with some of the shady characters there.

At all events, he was gone. The Fourth Formers had seen him start. Now they were going to get busy in his study.

From under his jacket Cecil Reginald drew a large bottle of gum. He uncorked it and let the gum stream out into the seat of Gerald Loder's armchair.

Dabney picked up Loder's inkpot, and added the contents to the gum. Fry

raked out a shovelful of ashes from the grate as his contribution.

This was only a beginning. Temple & Co. were going to do a lot more yet.

"Those Remove kids," remarked Temple, "think they're the only fellows who can get back on Loder. Are they—what?"

"No fear!" grinned Fry.

"I fancy we can keep our end up in dealin' with that rotten bully," said Temple complacently.

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

Gum was still streaming from Temple's bottle. He chuckled as he watched it stream. Whoever sat in that armchair was likely to find it unpleasant.

Cecil Reginald was feeling pleased with himself.

Almost everybody at Greyfriars was up against Loder, the tyrant of the school. Even the "beaks" did not like him, excepting Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth who thought a great deal of him. Unfortunately Prout was now temporary headmaster in Dr. Locke's place, and Prout's backing enabled the bully of the Sixth to carry on practically as he liked.

Loder had a special down on the heroes of the Remove. But all the other juniors felt the weight of his heavy hand.

Fellows of the Fourth and the Shell, as well as the Remove, were members of the Greyfriars Secret Society, who called themselves the Secret Seven. But the Famous Five of the Remove were the leaders.

That did not quite please Temple of the Fourth. Temple was of opinion that when it came to handling Loder, he was equal to any man at the job.

Hence the present raid on Loder's study. That raid, and the success thereof, was going to demonstrate to the Remove, and the world generally, that Cecil Reginald Temple knew how to handle things.

Loder was safely out. There was ample time on hand. Temple & Co. were going to leave a surprise for him when he came back. Having watched Loder go, they had no fear of being caught in those dangerous quarters.

The last of the gum dripped from the bottle. The deep seat of Loder's armchair swam in gum and ink, with a mingling of ashes and soot.

Grinning, Temple & Co. turned from it, looking like Alexander of old for fresh worlds to conquer. Then all of a sudden they ejaculated "Oh!" as the study door opened, and Loder of the Sixth came in.

They stood petrified, and stared at Loder.

He was still in his overcoat, and had his stick under his arm, and his hat in his hand, which he threw on the table.

It was dim in the study, the window cloaked with fog, and Loder, of course, did not expect to see anyone there. For the moment he did not observe the Fourth Formers. He threw his stick on the table beside the hat, and peeled off his overcoat. Then he clasped the elbow of his left arm with his right hand, rubbed it, and snarled. Apparently that elbow was damaged.

Temple & Co. still stood petrified. Why Loder had come back they could not begin to guess. Obviously he had started out to go somewhere. Yet within five minutes here he was back again. No fellow could have foreseen that—not Temple of the Fourth, at all events.

"Ow!" mumbled Loder, as he rubbed his elbow. "Wow! I'd better rub some embrocation on it, I suppose. Ow! I wish I'd given that fat fool a

dozen now, instead of six! Ow! Why what—"

His eyes fell on the startled, horrified, terrified Fourth Formers. He stared at them blankly.

In his surprise he forgot for a moment the pain in his elbow, caused by the sudden impact with the stone steps of the House, after his collision with Billy Bunter in the fog.

"What the thump are you doing in my study?" he demanded.

"Oh!" gasped Temple. "We—we were—"

He broke off dismally. Loder's eye was on the empty gum bottle in his hand. Loder's eye was beginning to gleam.

"Oh!" he said. "A rag—what? You thought I was clear of the House, and you came here— What have you been up to?"

"Oh!" gasped Fry. "Nothing!"

Loder slammed the door; then he picked up his cane. Temple & Co. exchanged dismal looks. They were "for it." There was no doubt about that. Cecil Reginald had not, after all, handled this matter so efficiently as the Remove men were wont to do. He realised that.

"Why—what—you—" Loder gasped, as he came across the study, and stared into the swimming seat of his chair. "You young scoundrels! Bend over, Temple!"

Cecil Reginald bent over, and took his six.

"Bend over, Fry!"

Six more!

"Bend over, Dabney!"

Another six!

"And now," said Loder grimly, "sit in that chair, Temple."

"Wha-a-t?" stuttered Temple.

"Are you deaf?"

"I—I—I say, Loder!" gasped Temple.

The dandy of the Fourth fairly shivered at the idea of sitting in gum and ink and soot and ashes in his beautiful trousers.

Temple's trousers, beautifully cut, beautifully creased, were a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. They were likely to be neither, after he had sat in the armchair prepared for Loder.

He gazed at the bully of the Sixth in horror.

Swish—swish!

The ashplant sang and rang round those beautiful trousers. Temple hopped and yelled.

"Sit in that chair!" roared Loder.

"Oh gad!" groaned Temple.

There was no help for it. Another swish of the cane helped the unhappy Cecil Reginald to make up his mind. He sat in the chair.

There was a squishy, squashy sound as he sat. Temple shuddered. Fry and Dabney gazed at him in silence. They felt that their own turn was coming.

They were right.

"You can get up, Temple," grinned Loder.

The hapless dandy of the Fourth rose from his seat. Gum and ink dripped from his trousers as he rose.

"Sit down, Fry!"

"I—I say— Yaroo!" roared Fry, as the cane swished across his shoulders. He sat down.

Squash!

"That will do," said Loder. "You can get up. Your turn, Dabney."

Fry vacated the chair, taking most of the ink and gum that Temple had left. Dabney sat down without waiting to be wished.

"You can get up," grinned Loder. "Now let's see." He looked into the chair when Dabney got out of it.

"You've mopped up most of that muck. But there's still some left. Clean it—with your hankies!"

"I—I say—"

Swish!

"Wow!"

With deep feelings Temple & Co. took out their handkerchiefs. Most of the ink and gum was adhering to their trousers, soaking through, and feeling most uncomfortable. But there was still some of the sticky stuff left in the chair, and the three hapless japers rubbed and rubbed at it till it was cleaned off, and their handkerchiefs were reduced to rags.

"If there's a spot left," said Loder genially. "I'll give you six more all round!"

There was not a spot left. Temple took a duster to finish polishing the leather seat of the chair. When the task was finished Loder's chair was more thoroughly cleaned and polished than it had been for weeks.

"Now," said Loder cheerily, "you can cut. Take two hundred lines each, and bring them to me before tea. Get out!"

Temple, Dabney and Fry got out. Loder sat down in the newly cleaned armchair, and proceeded to rub his damaged elbow with embrocation. He still had a pain in that elbow; but he was feeling cheered. The looks on the faces of Temple & Co. as they went had a cheering effect on Loder!

Outside in the passage the three looked at one another! Temple gave a horrid wriggle. Gum and ink were trickling over his trousers.

Dabney and Fry gave him deadly looks.

"You ass!" said Fry in concentrated tones.

"You fathead!" said Dabney.

"Not my fault!" muttered Temple.

"I—I—I thought the brute was safe out of the House, and— Whoop!"

As if moved by the same spring, Dabney and Fry kicked Cecil Reginald simultaneously.

Having thus testified their opinion of his leadership, they walked away. Cecil Reginald limped after them—rather wishing that he had, after all, left the Remove men to deal with Loder!

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Whopped in the Fog!

"DON'T!" urged Potter.

"For goodness' sake, don't!" implored Greene.

Horace Coker of the Fifth Form glanced at them coldly.

When Coker of the Fifth had made up his mind, it was useless for his friends to say "don't!" That was not likely to change his purpose. Indeed, they would have been more likely to

change it by saying "Do!" Opposition only made Coker more obstinate.

The three were in Coker's study in the Fifth. They were fog-bound, like most of the fellows that afternoon. Potter and Greene had got out the chess for a game when Coker came in and sorted out a malacca cane. He told them quite casually what he was going to do with that malacca. Casual as he was, his communication caused Potter and Greene to forget chess and to jump up in alarm.

"You can't do it!" exclaimed Potter.

"It's the sack!" said Greene.

"Rot!" said Coker.

"But you can't, you know!" urged Potter. "I know Loder's a brute and a beast—a tick and a rotter—any old thing you like! But a man can't whop a prefect."

"I can!" Coker pointed out.

"Prout will sack you!" gasped Greene.

"Prout won't know!" said Coker coolly. "I'm going to whop Loder!"

"I say, Coker, old chap—"

"I've been waiting for a chance like this!" said Coker grimly. "It's got altogether too thick! I'm not saying that he whops the fags too much—some fellows think he does, but I think fags can do with a lot of whopping! But when it comes to whopping a Fifth Form man, it's the limit!"

"But—I say—"

"Loder's nothing more than a dictator—"

"Yes, but—"

"Even the veriest tyrant is nowhere compared with Loder!"

"But you can't—"

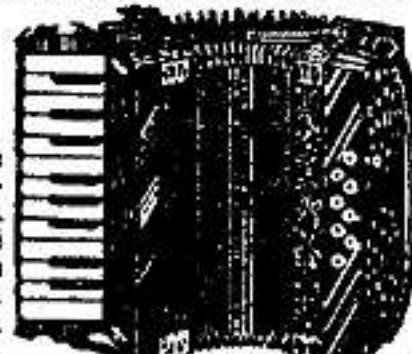
"He got away with it!" said Coker darkly. "I had to bend over in his study and take it, just like a fag! What was a fellow to do? I'd have thrashed the cad, but Prout would sack a man for punching a prefect—especially his precious head prefect that he thinks so much of. Loder got away with it—but I've got a chance now! He won't (Continued on next page.)



YOURS
for
3

£7.70 VALUE for 65/-
Built like a Piano with the
Power of an Organ
ILLUSTRATED LIST POST FREE

A remarkable opportunity to obtain a Real Piano Accordion at a greatly reduced price. Triple chord piano action. 14-fold bellows. 21 piano keys and 8 basses. Black polished. Complete with shoulder strap. Send only 3/- deposit. Balance 5/- monthly until 65/- is paid.



J. A. DAVIS & CO. Dept. B.P.38
94-104, DENMARK HILL, LONDON, S.E. 5

7/6
DOWN
BRINGS A
RILEY
BAGATELLE
TABLE

6ft. size, with accessories, carriage paid. 7 days' Free Trial. Balance monthly. Cash price £6/10. Write for list.

E. J. RILEY LTD.,
PINE WORKS, ACCRINGTON,
or Dept. 52, 147, **ALDERSGATE ST.,**
LONDON, E.C.1.

32 Free Billiard Tables. Send for details



FUN FOR WINTER PARTIES

Send for samples of the most amazing laughter-makers ever offered. Screamingly funny practical jokes, all quite harmless, such as Electric Snuff, Cigarette Bangs, Bird Warbler, Bending Spoon, Floating Sugar, Black-face Soap, Indoor Snowstorm, Musical Seat, Sneezing Rose, etc.

6 LEADING JOKES, listed 1/9, at SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY PRICE of 1/3, POST FREE. FULL ILLUSTRATED LIST OF 100 JOKES INCLUDED WITH EVERY ORDER.

B. J. HUNTER, 304, EDGWARE ROAD, W.2.

SEND
1/3
ONLY

know who whopped him in the fog! See?"

"But—but Loder won't go out into the fog, just to oblige you, old man!" argued Potter.

"He's gone out!" answered Coker. "I've just seen him go! I'm going after him! I'm going to grab him in the quad!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Up-end him!"

"Oh dear!"

"And give him six on his trousers, same as he did me!" said Coker. "I'd like to let him know who did it, too; but that wouldn't do, as it's the sack from Prout if it comes out."

"He'll spot you."

"Not with his nose grinding in the mud and my grip on the back of his neck!" said Coker cheerfully. "That's all right! But look here, you fellows can come and help, if you like."

"Help you whop a Sixth Form prefect!" gasped Potter.

"Yes—chance of a life-time in this fog!"

"I'll watch it!" gasped Greene.

"Well, if you funk it, I don't!" said Coker. "This is the first chance I've had to get back at Loder without getting old Pompos on the back of my neck! I'm not missing it, I can tell you."

"Coker, old man——" implored Potter.

"Rats!" said Coker.

He tucked the Malacca under his arm and walked out of the study. Potter and Greene gazed at one another.

"Well, he's asking for it!" sighed Potter.

"And he'll get what he's asking for!" said Greene.

And Potter and Greene settled down to chess again, leaving Horace Coker to his own devices. That was all that Coker's chums could do. Coker, like an obstinate horse, had to be given his head.

Coker, as he went down the stairs with the Malacca under his arm, was in a determined mood—not to say a ferocious mood. It was a couple of weeks or more since the new captain of Greyfriars had exercised his new authority to the extent of "whopping" Coker of the Fifth. But Coker had not forgotten! It was not a thing that Coker was likely to forget.

Only one consideration had prevented Coker from slaughtering Loder of the Sixth long ago. His natural inclination was to smash Loder up into so many pieces, that all the king's horses and all the king's men could not have put Loder together again! But Coker of the Fifth did not want to be sacked; and Prout most certainly would have expelled him for such an exploit. Seldom did Coker of the Fifth listen to the whisper of prudence. But even Coker realised that he did not want to be turfed out of Greyfriars.

But he did not forget! Somehow or other, some time or other, he was going to get back on the bully of Greyfriars! Now was the time!

That thick November fog, settling over Greyfriars like a deep grey cloak, gave Coker the chance he wanted! Just as if to oblige him, Loder of the Sixth had gone out into the fog! A fellow in that thick fog was merely a flitting shadow, unrecognisable. Even if Loder saw Coker he would not know him. And once Coker's grip was on him that was that! Sixth Former as he was, Loder was not the man to handle the hefty, beefy Horace. Loder was going to get back the six he had given Coker—with interest!

"My hat! It's thick!" Walker and Carne of the Sixth were looking out of

the doorway into the quad when Coker arrived there.

"Too jolly thick!" said Carne. "I'm not going out in this."

The two prefects glanced at Coker!

"Going out in the soup, Coker?" asked Walker in surprise.

"Blind?" asked Coker genially.

And he went out, leaving the two Sixth Formers staring! Coker had no politeness to waste on Walker and Carne, who were pals of Loder's. And he did not think much of the Sixth, anyhow, and liked to make that fact clear.

"Mad, I should think!" remarked Carne, as Coker's burly form disappeared down the dim steps of the House.

"Mad as a hatter!" said Walker.

Really, Coker's proceedings were rather unusual, or seemed so to fellows who did not know his purpose! It was cold, dismal, drizzly, and thickly foggy; but Coker had gone out into the quad, not only without an overcoat, but even without a hat! Obviously he was not going out of gates, but just going to walk in the quad! Walking in the quad when a fellow could not see a foot from his nose was so very unattractive an occupation that Walker and Carne could not help being surprised. And though Coker was not dressed for going out of gates, he had a walking-stick under his arm!

"Let's get back to the study," said Walker. "No going out in this! I don't envy even old Gerald his walk to the Three Fishers."

"Same here!" grinned Carne.

They were not yet aware that Gerald had given up his walk to the Three Fishers on account of his mishap on the steps, and the necessity of attending to a bruised and damaged elbow. Neither, of course, was Coker!

Coker's powerful brain pictured Loder groping slowly down the path to the gates, going slow on account of the fog. It did not occur to him that Loder might have gone back into the House. Neither did it occur to him that, if Loder was whopped by some person unknown in the fog Walker and Carne would remember having seen Coker go out with a stick under his arm! Coker was not one of those brainy fellows who can think of a lot of things at once. One idea at a time was enough for Coker's intellect—sometimes too much!

He went down the foggy path at a trot.

Loder was ahead of him by a good many minutes—at least, so Coker believed. But he had no doubt that a fellow would go slow in the thickness of the fog. Coker, on the other hand, went fast. He wanted to catch Loder before he got out of gates. If he bumped into him from behind in the mist it did not matter. He was going to bump into him, anyhow, as soon as he came on him, and bump him over and pin him down and whop him.

Bump!

Crash!

Coker was not a dozen yards from the House, when he bumped into somebody. Whether it was Loder or not, Coker did not know! Greatly to his amazement he was seized the instant he bumped, up-ended in the fog by unseen hands, and flattened down on his face. Somebody sat on the back of his head, grinding his nose into the gravel of the path. Somebody else stood on his legs, and a couple of unseen fellows gripped his arms and pinned them. Yet another got busy, a second later, in a manner that Coker never expected.

A terrific swipe descended on Coker's trousers

He heaved and struggled frantically.

This was what Coker had been going to hand out to Loder of the Sixth! Utterly unexpectedly, somebody was handing it out to Coker!

Whack!

"Urrrrgh!" came from Coker. With his features digging holes in the gravel it was difficult to speak. "Wurrgh!"

Whack!

Coker struggled wildly. He was being whopped! He had planned a whopping in the fog for Loder! He was getting a whopping in the fog himself! And a whopping in the fog or anywhere else was one of those things it was more blessed to give than to receive.

Whack!

"Yurrrrrgh!"

Whack!

Coker heaved and rocked! The unseen fellows who were holding him heaved and rocked with him. But they held him fast.

Whack!

It was six! Coker had got all the six, hard and heavy!

Then suddenly he was released! Five shadowy figures vanished in the fog. A chuckle floated back. That was all! But there was no silence! Coker sat up on the gravel and roared.

"Yow-ow-ow! Yaroooh! I'll smash you! Whooop! Yooop! I'll spifficate you! Yowow-ow-ow-whoooooop!"

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Something Like a Surprise!

GERALD LODER started.

Seated in the armchair in his study, Loder was still rubbing that damaged elbow. A sharp knock on the funny-bone is disconcerting, and Loder's funny-bone had had a sharp knock. It still ached and tingled painfully.

The bully of the Sixth was thinking that he had let Billy Bunter off too lightly. He was also thinking that he would be late for the convivial meeting at the Three Fishers if he did not re-start pretty soon.

But both Bunter and the Three Fishers were driven from his mind as a shadow fell over his study window from outside.

Somebody had climbed on the window-sill from the quad. Loder stared blankly at that dim figure through the misty glass.

Then a grin dawned on his face.

He could not make out who it was, but he could see that it was the figure of a junior. More ragers!

Temple & Co. of the Fourth had visited his study, thinking him safe out for the afternoon. He had dealt faithfully with Temple & Co. Now there were more coming—from the direction of the quad, evidently equally unaware that he was in the House. No doubt the young rascals thought it safer to sneak round to the window in the fog instead of coming by way of the Sixth Form passage and the door.

Loder rose quietly from the armchair and stepped behind the curtain that screened the bed-alcove in the corner of the room. He did not want to scare that junior away by letting him know the study was occupied. He wanted that junior to get in! Once inside, he could deal with that junior! He had picked up his ashplant, and he held it in a firm grip as he waited behind the curtain, watching.

There was a creak as the window opened.

Looking between the curtains, Loder saw a junior drop in at the window. It



Looking between the curtains, Loder watched junior after junior clamber over the window-sill, and drop into the study. "Rather a wheeze to drop in this way," said Bob Cherry, with a chuckle. "I wonder what Loder would say if he knew we were using his study window as a door?" grinned Nugent.

was Harry Wharton, the captain of the Remove. A voice followed him in from the foggy quad:

"All safe?"

"Safe as houses! Come on!"

Other heads rose into view. Junior after junior clambered over the window-sill. Loder stood still and silent, watching. His grin broadened. The Famous Five of the Remove were all there. Wharton, Nugent, Johnny Bull, and Bob Cherry stood in the study. Hurree Janset Ram Singh was climbing in.

"Rather a wheeze to get in this way," chuckled Bob. "We dodged out of the House without being seen; but anybody might have seen us coming back if we'd come in at the door, and that ass Woose locked the Form-room—"

"I wonder what Loder would say if he knew we were using his study window as a door?" grinned Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Dear old Loder won't know!" said Harry Wharton. "Dear old Gerald's got something else to think of at the present moment."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Buck up, Inky, we don't want to hang about here! That rotter Loder may come in!"

"Ten to one he'll go straight to Prout!" said Bob.

"Still, we'd better clear."

Loder listened in amazement. He realised now that the chums of the Remove had not, like Temple & Co., come to the study for a "rag."

Apparently they had been up to something in the quad and desired to keep it dark that they had been out of the House at all.

What on earth they could have been doing in the foggy quad that required

to be kept so secret Loder could not guess.

Whatever it was, Loder had spotted them! They were using his study as a means of entrance into the House unseen, believing him to be far off the spot! He was not so far off as they fancied!

"Not a word even to the other fellows in the Remove," said Harry Wharton. "We shall have to keep this fearfully dark."

"Yes, rather!"

"The ratherfulness is terrific!" gasped the Nabob of Bhanipur, as he dropped inside. "The esteemed Loder will be terrifically infuriated."

"Shut the window!"

Bob Cherry shut down the sash. Then the Famous Five started across the study for the door.

"Stop!"

Loder of the Sixth stepped out from behind the curtain of the alcove. He stepped directly into the path of the five.

They jumped!

Loder had expected to startle them by his sudden appearance! But he had not expected to startle them to this extent!

They fairly gaped at him, their jaws dropping!

They stared as if they could not believe their eyes! Indeed, they hardly could!

Having, as they supposed, whopped Loder of the Sixth in the quad and left him rolling and roaring on the gravel path at a distance from the House, it was rather difficult for Harry Wharton & Co. to believe the evidence of their eyesight.

Loder—evidently not whopped—stood

before them! They had left him, whopped, in the foggy quad—and here he was in the House, unwhopped! It was enough to flabbergast any fellow!

"Caught!" said Loder genially.

They could not speak! They could only gaze! They were bereft of speech in their utter amazement and consternation.

"What have you been up to in the quad?" asked Loder.

They only gazed!

"You sneaked out of the House, it seems, without anybody seeing you! You got in at my window so that nobody would see you coming back! You've been up to something! What?"

Still they only gazed!

One awful question was in all their minds. Who was it that they had taken for Loder in the dense fog and whopped? Evidently not Loder!

Loder stared. He could not understand the dumb amazement and dismay of the Famous Five! They were not the fellows, as a rule, to be so utterly taken aback and flabbergasted.

He swished the ashplant.

"Will you answer me?"

Harry Wharton found his voice.

"You—you—you're here!"

"You fancied I had gone out?" grinned Loder. "So did some other young rascals who are feeling rather sorry for themselves now! Now tell me what you've been doing out of the House."

"Oh!" gasped Wharton. "We—we—we went out, you know. No law against fellows going out of the House on a half-holiday, is there?"

"Not against the rules, is it, Loder?" asked Bob.

Pictured History of the Great War

Superbly
Illustrated
Brilliantly
Written



H. G. WELLS
contributes
**BRILLIANT
INTRODUCTORY
ARTICLES**

*in which the great author
reviews his impressions of
two famous articles he
wrote on the outbreak of
war in 1914 and his re-
actions to the possibilities
of war in the future.*

WORLD WAR

7^D

WEEKLY
PARTS

1914
to
1918

The Most
Vital War
Publication
yet Issued



TWENTY YEARS have elapsed since the greatest catastrophe in human history came upon the world. In the years that have passed since November 11th, 1918, thousands of books in all languages and millions of pictorial documents relating to the world's greatest war have been published. To-day sees the publication of the most interesting of them all.

THE WORLD WAR comes now to make plain to readers of to-day the events that led up to that war, to describe the main events of the war in every sphere, on land, at sea and in the air, to picture scenes and events of interest in every place in which war was waged, and to tell for those who fought, for those who waited at home, and to generations, then unborn, the whole story of the gigantic conflict that plunged the world into chaos and led eventually to these times of feverish unrest, political uncertainty, and trade depression.

To many thousands of the younger generation this intensely moving "Pictured History" of the greatest war will be the first comprehensive and photographic presentation of a period of British history which has conditioned every day of their lives, and will continue to dominate their lives to the very end.

NOTHING BUT AUTHENTIC PHOTOGRAPHS OF ACTUAL WAR SCENES are admitted by the Editor into the pages of this wonderful publication. It is beautifully printed and illustrated on a scale hitherto believed impossible in a publication sold at such a modest price. The completed work will contain no fewer than

3,000 Superb ILLUSTRATIONS

including numerous photographs and many facsimile reproductions of proclamations, posters, plans, maps, orders, and historic documents.



Part 1 On Sale Now

"It's against the rules to get in by a prefect's study window," said Loder. "I fancy I'll find out later what you've been up to in the fog! Just at present I'll deal with you for getting in at my study window! Bend over, the lot of you; you first, Wharton!"

The Famous Five breathed hard and deep! They were for it! Loder did not always want a pretext for whopping fellows he disliked; but there was no doubt that he had a good reason now. Certainly no prefect of Greyfriars would have allowed juniors to clamber in at his window and use his study as a passage into the House. Harry Wharton & Co. had selected Loder's study for that purpose in the absolute certainty that he was not there! But he was there—very much there! He grinned and pointed to a chair with the ashplant.

It was absolutely rotten luck! Had not Mr. Woose locked the Remove-room, the Famous Five could have got in the way they got out. That means of ingress being cut off, Loder's study had seemed to offer a perfectly safe alternative. And now—

"Bend over!" rapped Loder again.

Loder was enjoying this!

There was no help for it!

Loder's arm was quite tired by the time he had dealt faithfully with the five juniors, one after another. The juniors were more than tired.

"Now you can cut!" grinned Loder.

They cut!

In deep silence the hapless five made their way back to Study No. 1 in the Remove. There, they gazed at one another.

"We—we—we whopped somebody in the fog!" breathed Wharton.

"It—it—it wasn't Loder!" groaned Bob.

"But who—?"

"Must have been a senior. He was as big as Loder."

"But who?"

"The who-fulness is terrific!"

"Let's hope it wasn't a prefect!" groaned Nugent. "As soon as it becomes known, Loder will jolly well guess what we were doing in the quad!"

"Oh, what rotten luck!"

"What putrid luck!"

"What silly ass could have been barging about in the fog? Hardly a man's out of the House!"

"Bother him, whoever he was! There'll be a row about this," said Harry. "Let's have the chestnuts, anyhow!"

"Where are they?"

The chestnuts were gone.

"Oh, my hat! That fat villain Bunter—"

Bunter was gone, as well as the chestnuts! Evidently they had gone together!

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Floggings for Five!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

Billy Bunter rolled into the Rag in great excitement.

Most of the Remove were there, and a good many of the Fourth and the Shell. Out-of-doors tempted nobody, with the fog nearly as thick as soup. Few fellows had ventured out that afternoon, and those few had been sorry that they did!

Loder of the Sixth, Coker of the Fifth, Billy Bunter, and the Famous Five, had all been out, and every one of them had reason to regret it. Loder had an aching funny-bone, and all the others had had "six"—and five of them were in dismal anticipation of more trouble to come!

The Famous Five were in the Rag

row. Leap-frog was going on up and down the big room, round the long table, when the fat Owl of the Remove rolled in.

"I say, you fellows," yelled Bunter. "I say, there's a row! I say, where's Wharton? Woose is after you, Wharton! He, he, he!"

"Anythin' happened?" yawned Vernon-Smith.

"What's up?" demanded Peter Todd.

"He, he, he! I say, you fellows, there's a fearful row on!" chuckled Bunter. "I say, somebody's been thrashing Coker of the Fifth!"

"Coker of the Fifth!" yelled the Famous Five, with one voice.

"Yes; he was collared in the fog——"

"Kik-kik-Coker was?" stuttered Bob Cherry.

"Yes, and whopped!"

"Oh, great pip!"

The Famous Five had still been wondering who it was they had collared, up-ended, and whopped in the fog outside. They had never thought of Coker of the Fifth!

Still, they felt now that they might have guessed it! If there was any trouble lying about, Horace Coker was exactly the fellow to barge into it! It was Coker all over!

"Coker!" gasped Nugent. "That ass Coker!"

"That fathead Coker!"

"That frabjous, fozzling fathead!" said Johnny Bull.

"You fellows know anything about it?" grinned Skinner. "Have you been larking in the fog?"

"Thank goodness it was only Coker!" murmured Nugent. "I've been worrying that it might have been a Sixth Form prefect—Sykes or Baucroft perhaps——"

"I say, you fellows—he, he, he!—it was Coker!" giggled Bunter. "I say, he came in roaring——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You could have heard him all over the House! Boiling with rage!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors.

"Loder's taken it up."

"Loder! What the thump does Loder care whether Coker's whopped or not?" exclaimed the Bounder. "Why, he's whopped Coker himself since he became head prefect! They loathe one another."

"He's taken it up, all the same, and gone to Prout about it!" said Bunter. "I heard him say this was a very serious thing."

Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged rather sickly looks. They were glad that it was only a Fifth Form man who had bagged that accidental whopping in the fog. But they realised that Loder would make the most of it.

As soon as he heard of what had happened, Loder would know why the Famous Five had entered the House surreptitiously by his study window. He was not likely to lose a chance like this against his old enemies of the Remove.

Not that Loder cared a straw whether Coker was whopped by juniors or not! Indeed, it was pretty certain that he would be pleased to hear of it. Plenty of fellows knew that he was afraid of the burly, beefy Horace, and loathed him for that very reason.

But the chance was too good for Loder to lose! He knew who must have administered that whopping, and he was going to bring down Prout's wrath on the whoppers! There could be no doubt about that!

"Lots of fellows were laughing," went on Bunter. "But Loder said it was very serious, and went to Prout. And Woose is looking for you fellows!"

"Blow Woose!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"I say, you fellows, what did you

whop Coker for?" asked Billy Bunter. "I thought you went out to catch Loder in the fog and whop him——"

"Shut up, you fat ass!"

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"That toad Loder never went out after all!" said Temple of the Fourth. "He came back——"

"The silly ass barged into me, going out of the House!" said Bunter. "He banged his funny-bone! I suppose that was why he came in again. Didn't you fellows know he had come in?"

"How were we to know, you blithering owl?" hissed Bob Cherry. "You told us he was in the quad in the fog, and we went to look for him."

"He, he, he!" chortled Bunter. "Did you get Coker by mistake? I say, you fellows, you must be silly asses! He, he, he!"

"Is that it?" roared the Bounder.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We thought it was Loder!" said Harry Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"How were we to know?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"That idiot Coker was bound to barge in where he wasn't wanted!" growled Bob Cherry. "Thank goodness I laid it on hard!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My dear boys!" A squeaky voice came from the doorway of the Rag as Mr. Woose blinked in owlishly over his glasses. "You seem very merry here! I am very, very glad to see that you are keeping up your spirits in this exceedingly dismal weather. Wharton——"

"Yes, sir!"

"You are wanted in the Head's study, my boy! Also Cherry, Nugent, Bull, and Hurree Singh! There appears to be some suspicion, Wharton, that you have been concerned in a somewhat rough practical joke on a Fifth Form boy, named—named Coker, I think—or is it Joker—no, Coker! I think his name is Coke or Coker, or something very similar. Please follow me to the Head's study!"

"Yes, sir!"

Mr. Woose trotted away, and the Famous Five followed.

Billy Bunter grinned at them as they went. Bunter was the cause of the disaster—it was his tale of woe in Study No. 1, and his unfounded information that Loder was out in the fog that had started all the trouble. But the fat Owl of the Remove seemed to find it amusing, all the same.

"I say, you fellows, you're for it!" chuckled Bunter. "I say, you'd better pack some exercise-books in your bags before you see Prout! He, he, he!"

Johnny Bull gave him a glare of concentrated ferocity.

"Pity you haven't done that yourself, Bunter!" he snorted.

"Eh—why?"

"Because I'm jolly well going to kick you!"

"I say—— Beast, leggo! Yaroooooh!" roared Bunter. "Whooop!"

Bunter landed on his fat hands and knees, roaring. The Famous Five walked out of the Rag after Mr. Woose, leaving William George Bunter no longer chuckling. Bunter did not, just then, feel like chuckling any more.

Not in a happy mood, Harry Wharton & Co. followed their Form-master to the Head's study, now the quarters of Mr. Prout, the temporary headmaster.

They found Mr. Prout looking his sternest. Loder of the Sixth was in the study, with a serious, grave expression on his face, as became a dutiful prefect who was reporting juniors for punishment. Prout could never have guessed, from Loder's look, how glad he was to report those especial members of the

Remove. But the Famous Five knew.

"Here are the boys, sir!" squeaked Mr. Woose.

"Thank you, Mr. Woose!" said Prout in his deep, booming voice.

And the Squeaker, with a rather commiserating look at the five, retired from the study, leaving them to their fate.

Prout's stern glance fell on the five.

"Loder reports to me that you entered the House by way of his study window this afternoon!" boomed Prout. "It appears that this occurred very soon after an attack on a Fifth Form boy in the quadrangle! I require to know whether you were the boys concerned in this—this attack on Coker of my Form?"

"The attackfulness was not terrific, honoured sahib!" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "It was simply a case of esteemed whopfulness!"

"What?" ejaculated Prout. "Bless my soul! I wish Mr. Woose would give you some special attention, Hurree Singh, in the matter of the English language!"

"Esteemed and honourable sahib——"

"Enough—enough! You admit that you were the boys concerned?"

"We whopped Coker, sir!" said Harry Wharton. "Loder can call it an attack, if he likes; but it was just a whopping with a fives bat!"

"Coker appeared to me considerably hurt, sir," said Loder. "I think that a great deal of violence must have been used——"

"You don't!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Wha-at?" stuttered Loder.

"What!" boomed Prout. "How dare you, Bull! How dare you contradict a prefect—my head prefect! Say no more! You admit your guilt! Your action is in keeping with the unruly traditions of Mr. Quelch's Form! I shall punish this action most severely! You will be flogged!"

Harry Wharton & Co. stood silent. They had hardly expected anything else. They were, as a matter of fact, thankful that Prout and Loder did not suspect that a mistake had been made in the fog, and that the "attack" had been intended for Loder himself! In that case, it was quite on the cards that it might have been the "sack" instead of a flogging. But it had occurred to neither the headmaster nor the head prefect that the affair was anything but a "rag" on Coker of the Fifth.

"To-morrow morning, after prayers, the flogging will be administered!" said Mr. Prout. "Leave my study!"

And the Famous Five left in silence.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Not Coker's Lucky Day!

"YOU silly ass!" said Potter

"Eh?"

"You silly fathead!" said

Greene.

"What?"

"You gabbling gasbag!"

Horace Coker stared at his study-mates. This was not the sort of talk to which he was accustomed to in his study.

"What the thump do you mean?" he roared.

Coker had come into the study rather expecting sympathy. He had failed in his stunt of catching Loder in the fog and whopping him. He had been caught in the fog and whopped himself! For these two reasons Coker felt entitled to sympathy from his pals.

Instead of which, they no sooner saw him than they started ~~singing~~ him.

"I hear there's five Remove kids up for a flogging in the morning!" snapped Potter. "Of course, that cur Loder jumped at the chance! Why couldn't you keep your silly mouth shut?"

"My what?" gasped Coker.

"Your idiotic gasbag! Your fat-headed jawbone! Your potty chin!" hooted Greene. "Fellows will call it sneaking, to give those fags away as you did!"

"I didn't!" roared Coker. "Why, I never knew who they were! I was grabbed in the fog and whopped—"

"And came in roaring like a rhinoceros, and gave Loder his chance!" snapped Potter. "If you'd kept your silly head shut—"

"I was whopped—"

"Hard, I hope!" said Greene.

"I never meant to give anybody away! How was I to know Loder would take it up?" roared Coker. "He hates me like poison, and I never dreamed he'd take any notice except laugh."

"Fathead!"

"Chump!"

Coker glared at Potter and Greene. Certainly it had never crossed Coker's mind to give the raggers in the quad away to authority. He had not thought of it for a moment. In fact, he had not thought at all. Thinking was not Coker's long suit. He had come in raging from the fog, and most of the fellows who heard what had happened roared with laughter over it. Not for a moment had it occurred to Coker that Loder of the Sixth had a clue to the whoppers and would be keen on getting them toco.

Having glared at Potter and Greene in speechless wrath and scorn, Horace Coker tramped out of the study and slammed the door after him, with a slam that woke every echo of the Fifth Form passage.

"Oh, here he is!" Hilton of the Fifth spoke to Price of that Form in the passage. "Sneakin's a rather new thing in the Fifth, isn't it, Coker?"

"You blithering, blethering, blathering tailor's dummy!" roared Coker. "Who's a sneak?" He shook a leg-of-mutton fist in the faces of Hilton and Price. "See that?"

Price started back. Cedric Hilton, however, surveyed Coker's huge fist with mild interest.

"Wants washin'!" he remarked.

"Wha-a-t?" stuttered Coker, taken aback.

"Washin'! Run out of soap?" asked Hilton.

"If you want it in your eye—" roared Coker.

"Take it away an' wash it!" advised Hilton.

And he strolled into his study, into which Price had rather hastily stepped.

Coker hardly restrained himself from marching in after them and banging their heads together. In great wrath, he stalked on to the games study at the end of the passage.

Quite a crowd of the Fifth were in the games study, kept indoors by the fog. Every eye was turned on Coker as he came in. Evidently the Fifth Form men had been discussing the latest topic. In fact, that topic had come as a windfall to all the school on that dull, dismal dreary afternoon, when there was nothing to be done but to make unpleasant remarks about the weather.

"Oh, here's Coker!" said Blundell, the captain of the Fifth. "Now, look here, Coker, what do you mean by it—what?"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,396.

"Mean by what?" hooted Coker.

"You jolly well know! You're not a prefect, I suppose, to make reports? What do you mean by giving fellows away?"

"Sneaking, you know!" said Bland.

"Nice sort of thing for the Fifth!" said Tomlinson, with a sniff.

"Faith, we'll have the fags calling 'Sneak' after us in the quad intirely!" said Fitzgerald.

"I never did!" roared Coker. "I never—I didn't—I—I wouldn't—I wasn't—I tell you, I never—"

"Then how did that cad Loder get after those fags?" demanded Blundell.

"I never thought—"

"That's a true word!" assented Fitzgerald of the Fifth. "You never did, and you never do, and you never will!"

"We're all down on that rotter Loder that's sneaked into old Wingate's shoes!" said Blundell. "They've got up a secret society among the fags to get back on the bullying brute, and what I say is—more power to their elbow! Then Coker goes and sneaks, and—"

"I didn't!" roared Coker. "And I'll punch your head if you say I did! I'll punch every fellow's head here! I'll—Here, leggo! Hands off!"

Coker, sputtering and spluttering with rage, was hustled out of the games study. Half a dozen big seniors hustled him out and upended him into the passage.

Blundell slammed the door after him.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Coker. He staggered to his feet. "I—I—I—I—"

He made a fierce stride at the shut door, but paused. Coker was a mighty man of his hands, and fancied that he was much mightier than he really was. But even Coker did not fancy that he could handle half the Fifth Form at once.

He paused, and turned away, foaming. In a state of mind that could hardly be described in words, he tramped across the landing to the stairs.

"Here he is!" yelled Vernon-Smith of the Remove.

There was a rush of feet. Smithy, Redwing, Squiff, Tom Brown, Bolsover major, and several other members of the Remove were there, evidently waiting and watching for Horace Coker.

"Here's the sneak!"

"Collar him!"

"We'll give him sneaking!"

Coker went over in the grasp of many hands. Hefty as he was, he had simply no chance.

Bump!

"Yaroooh!" roared Coker. "Oh, my hat! Oooooogh!"

Bump!

"Yooooop!"

"Roll him down!" yelled the Bounder.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker, struggling wildly, was rolled across the landing to the stairs. He rolled down, bumping from every step.

A series of frantic howls floated up from Coker as he went. A roar of laughter followed him.

On the next landing Coker righted himself, and resumed the perpendicular. He glared up at the grinning faces looking down after him.

"Come up and have some more!" shouted Smithy.

"Do!" implored Squiff.

"Sneak!" hooted the whole crowd.

Coker did not come up. He tramped down. He was quite at boiling point now!

It was all Loder's fault! Loder had made use of him, to score over his old enemies in the Remove! All that Coker had done was to open his mouth too wide—which was nothing new on Coker's

part! There was only one thought in Coker's infuriated mind now—to go to Loder's study in the Sixth and tell that cunning and unscrupulous prefect what he thought of him!

Coker tramped down the Sixth Form passage, boiling! He reached Loder's door. He did not knock! He turned the handle and hurled it wide open. He barged in, with crimson face and gleaming eyes.

"You rotter!" he roared. "You worm! You—"

"What?" boomed an unexpected voice. "Coker, are you mad? What does this mean? How dare you apply such epithets to me—your Form-master—your headmaster?"

Coker staggered.

Loder was not in the study.

Loder—rather late for his appointment at the Three Fishers—had gone out. Loder was not there! But Prout was!

Prout had dropped in for a word with his head prefect, as he often did. Finding Loder gone, he had sat down in Loder's armchair, to wait a few minutes, to see whether Loder came in. He did not suppose that Loder had gone out of doors in such weather.

Life is full of surprises, and no doubt Mr. Prout had had his share of them. But he had never had such a surprise as this!

He bounced out of the armchair, and stared at Coker, hardly able to believe his ears.

"Coker!" he gasped—"Coker! Such expressions! Upon my word! Your Form-master—your headmaster—you dare—" Prout choked. "Coker, I shall expel you—I shall—"

"Oh crikey!" gurgled Coker.

"You—you—you—I—I—I—" stuttered Prout. "I—I—I—"

"Oh crumbs! I—I didn't mean you, sir!" gasped the unhappy Horace. "I—I never knew you were here, sir! Oh crumbs! I—I thought Loder was here!"

"Then you intended those opprobrious expressions for my head prefect?" thundered Prout.

"I—I—I—" stammered Coker. He could not deny it.

Prout raised a plump hand.

"I believe you, Coker! I believe that you did not, could not, have intended such expressions for me! But you intended to apply them to my head prefect! Take a thousand lines, Coker!"

"Oh scissors!"

"Go!"

Coker went! He almost crawled away down the Sixth Form passage in an absolutely deflated condition. He went with almost a tottering step. And when Tubb of the Third howled "Sneak!" after him, Coker did not even turn his head, let alone pursue George Tubb and slay him. Coker was feeling quite down and out! Undoubtedly it was not his lucky day!

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Sneak!

GERALD LODER smiled in Hall the following morning.

Five floggings, one after another, brought that smile to Loder's face. Most of the fellows looked serious, some of them savage. Coker of the Fifth looked blackest of all. Not that Coker had any objection, in principle, to the flogging of fags. Indeed, he considered it good for them, and the more they had of it the better. But Coker of the Fifth was put into a rotten position over this affair. Coker resented that deeply.

The Famous Five went through it quietly.

They were at "war" with Loder of

the Sixth, and this time Loder had got the upper hand. It was all in the day's work.

Prout laid it on hard.

He felt that it was his duty to make an example of these reckless young rascals, and he did his duty with a firm hand.

He was quite unaware that his portly leg had been pulled by his favourite prefect. He did not even suspect that Loder was rather glad that Coker had been whopped in the foggy quad, and that he would have regarded the matter simply as a good joke had it not given him a chance to score over the chums of the Remove.

To Prout the matter was serious! He was a serious-minded gentleman, and took solemn views of everything. A mob of juniors had ragged and whopped a senior man—a man of Prout's own Form! And the offenders belonged to the Remove—a Form that was always giving trouble, ever since Prout had taken Dr. Locke's place as headmaster. That was enough for Prout.

The famous Co., when they wriggled out of Hall after the infliction, did not blame Prout. The blame was Loder's, and Loder was going to be made to sit up for it! It was time for the "Secret Seven" of Greyfriars to get to work again.

In the Remove-room that morning five fellows wriggled uncomfortably as they sat at their desks.

They were still feeling the effects at dinner-time, and Loder, glancing from the high table where the prefects sat, smiled once more, as he observed squirming movements among the Remove.

When the Famous Five came out into the quad after dinner, Coker of the Fifth barged into their way. They glared at him.

"Hold on a minute, you kids—" began Coker.

"Don't bother, you goat!" answered Bob Cherry.

"I don't want any cheek!" said Coker, beginning to glare. "I just want to explain. I was going to give you a thundering good hiding for ragging me yesterday, of course—"

"Get on with it!" grunted Johnny Bull.

Coker breathed hard.

"But I never wanted a prefect to butt in," he said. "Fellows are calling me a sneak for giving you away to Loder! I want you to understand that I never did! Not that it matters what you think, of course—you're only fags! Still, that's how it is! I never—"

"All serene," said Harry Wharton. "We know you're only a silly ass, Coker, and can't help it."

Coker breathed harder.

"I'm going to let you off a thrashing, because Prout's flogged you!" he said. "So you can think yourselves lucky."

Bob Cherry shook his head.

"You're the lucky man, Coker!" he answered.

"The thrashfulness would be a boot on the other leg, my esteemed and idiotic Coker!" remarked Hurreo Jamset Ram Singh.

"I don't want any cheek!" roared Coker. "And if you want me to bang your heads together, you've only got to say so."

"So!" said the Famous Five, with one voice.

That was enough for Coker! He waded in! A minute later the Famous Five were walking on their way, with cheery smiles, and Coker was left lying in the quad, gazing up at the sky, and wondering dizzily what had happened to him.

"Ow!" gasped Coker, as he sat up.

"Wow! I—I—I'll— Ow! Wow!"

"Taking a rest, Coker?" Loder of the Sixth strolled along and stopped to look down at the breathless, dizzy Fifth Form man. "Can't you find anything but the ground to sit on?"

Walker and Carne, who were with their leader, chuckled.

Coker staggered to his feet.

"Where are those fags?" he gasped.

"What fags?" asked Loder. "Fags been ragging you again? I'll deal with the matter, Coker—I won't allow fags to rag senior men. Who were they?"

Horace Coker did not answer that question. Loder had made use of him against the Removites the previous day. But even Coker was not to be made use of in the same way a second time.

"Find out!" he snarled.

"If you've got any complaint to make, I—"

"I haven't," hissed Coker, "and you jolly well know it, Loder! I jolly well never made any complaint yesterday, and you jolly well know that, too! You've made the fellows call me a sneak, with your rotten tricks! You jolly well know that I never said a word—"

"I know you were shouting it out all over the House!" said Loder. "It was quite right to inform a prefect—"

"I never did!" shrieked Coker.

"You certainly did, and I acted on the information," said Loder calmly, while Walker and Carne chuckled at the expression on Coker's rugged face. "Very right and proper, too! Who's calling you a sneak?"

"Everybody is!" hooted Coker. "Every man in my own Form—"

"This won't do!" said Loder, shaking his head seriously. "I can't allow this sort of thing! I'll speak to Blundell."

(Continued on next page.)

*"I'll help you with your sums
for that Fry's Cream Tablet"*

"Nothing doing. I've done 'em."

"All right, I'll swop two unused Malay States."

"Not for a whole bar. Half."

"Oh, all right—miser."

The most and the best
for a penny

FRY'S

**1d MONSTER
CHOCOLATE CREAM**



"What?" gasped Coker. "Look here, I—"

Loder did not "look there." He looked round the quad and spotted Blundell, with some other Fifth Form men, in the distance. He walked across to them at once, followed by his grinning friends.

"A word with you, Blundell!" said Loder sharply.

The captain of the Fifth looked at him. Blundell, a tremendous man at games, had a deep contempt for Loder, the slacker and black sheep. It was rather difficult for him to treat Loder with the respect due to the captain of the school in those circumstances.

"Well, what?" he grunted gruffly.

"I hear that you and some others have been chipping Coker for laying a perfectly just complaint about some Lower School fags who ragged him in the fog yesterday," said Loder calmly.

"This won't do!"

"Has Coker been sneaking again?" asked Blundell, breathing hard.

"Coker has very properly informed me of the way he's being treated. It's got to stop!"

Loder did not wait for a reply. He walked away with Carne and Walker, leaving the Fifth Form group breathing fury.

"They'll slaughter Coker, Gerald, old bean!" murmured Walker.

"Dear me!" said Loder.

Carne and Walker chuckled. Coker of the Fifth was not a brainy man, and he had simply no chance of keeping his end up with a fellow like Loder. The fact that Loder was secretly funky of Horace's brawny fists made him implacable towards that beefy youth. Coker once more had opened his mouth too wide, and given Loder a chance to score.

Blundell and his companions walked over to Coker. They gave him deadly looks as they approached.

"Sneaking again?" said Blundell.

"Has Loder appointed you spy in the Fifth?" asked Tomlinson.

"Kick him!" said Blundell.

"Look here!" roared the indignant Coker.

Half a dozen Fifth Form men kicked him all together. They kicked him hard, and they kicked him often.

Coker roared and bellowed. He was fairly driven into the House, dribbled like a football.

It seemed to Horace Coker that it was time for the skies to fall. Coker of the Fifth had plenty of faults—indeed their name was legion. But if there was one thing that Coker was not, it was a sneak. Yet everybody was calling him a sneak; and the Form were kicking him for sneaking.

It was Loder's doing, of course—this was Loder's way of taking it out of the burly Horace. Coker's feelings on the subject could not have been expressed in words. Even the secret society of Greyfriars did not feel so fiercely vengeful towards Loder as did Coker of the Fifth.

Thinking was not much in Coker's line. But now all his thinking powers, such as they were, were concentrated on one object—to make Loder of the Sixth suffer for his sins.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

The Clue of the Cap!

"SOMEBODY'S been here!"

"Looks like it," grinned Walker.

"Just a few," smiled Carne.

Loder & Co. had been in the prefects' room at the end of the Sixth

Form passage. There had been a prefects' meeting after class, called by Loder, and presided over by Loder as head prefect.

The subject under discussion had been the Secret Seven. And Loder had impressed upon the august body of prefects the necessity for tracking down those unknown young rascals and getting them expelled. He had not found the meeting by any means unanimous on that subject.

Certainly it was the duty of the prefects to get after a band of young sweeps who formed themselves into a secret society, to avenge their wrongs and grievances on the captain of the school. But Loder suspected—more than suspected—that some of the prefects were extremely lukewarm about it. He even suspected some of them of wishing good luck to the Secret Seven.

He was not in the best of tempers when he came along to his study after the meeting. And his temper was not improved by what he found there.

Somebody evidently had been in the study. The window, left wide open, showed the way that somebody had come and gone.

That unknown somebody had left plenty of traces behind him. He had left a heap of soot and cinders in Loder's armchair. He had left Loder's inkpot upside down in the middle of Loder's table. He had emptied a bottle of liquid blacking along Loder's mantelpiece.

But that was not all. He had left also an inscription chalked on Loder's looking-glass in large capital letters:

**"LODER! BULLY AND ROTTER!
BEWARE!
BEWARE OF THE SECRET
SEVEN!"**

Loder gritted his teeth as he looked at it. Carne and Walker smiled. Being Loder's own special pals, they might have been expected to share his anger and indignation. Instead of which they smiled.

"Who did that?" breathed Loder.

"Somebody you've whopped lately, old chap," remarked Walker. "That gives you two or three dozen to choose from, doesn't it?"

"Oh, shut up!"

Loder glared round the study. He glared from the window. The fog of the previous day had cleared; but it was misty. No doubt it had been easy enough for some active junior to slip in at his study window from the quad, unnoticed, after ascertaining that Loder was busy with the meeting in the prefects' room.

"The Secret Seven!" said Carne. "If you could get hold of that cheeky young rotter, Gerald, you'd have one of the gang!"

"I'll get them all, sooner or later," said Loder, between his teeth. "And I'll see the lot of them sacked! They've done more than enough to get the sack, if they could only be spotted. Why—what—My hat!"

Loder pounced on a small object that lay just under the window.

It was a schoolboy's cap.

He fairly gloated over it.

Carne and Walker looked at it, and whistled. Apparently the fellow who had climbed in at the window from the quad had dropped his cap in so doing. That was not surprising, but it was rather surprising that he had been careless enough to leave it there.

Still, it was quite possible that he had heard Loder coming to the study,

and had bolted from the window in a hurry. Anyhow, there it was.

"I fancy I've got him now," said Loder, with savage satisfaction.

He turned the cap over, and looked inside it.

"Sure thing!" agreed Walker.

There seemed to be no doubt about it. It was an invariable rule at Greyfriars for fellows' names to be written in their caps. There was no doubt whatever about identifying the owner of that headgear.

"What's the name in it?" asked Carne.

"R. Cherry!" Loder read it out.

"That young ruffian! Just the fellow to play games like this," said Carne.

"Well, you've got him now."

Loder's eyes glittered. He had got him now—that was a cert. He tucked the cap into his pocket, and picked up his ashplant.

With set lips he strode out of the study in search of R. Cherry. He looked in the Rag first, where a number of juniors were gathered after class.

"Is Cherry here?" he called out from the door.

A dozen fellows looked round.

"No!" answered Harry Wharton.

"Where is he?"

"I think he was with Mr. Woose after class," answered the captain of the Remove. "I haven't seen him since."

Loder stared round over the faces of the juniors. He had no doubt that some of them could have told him where R. Cherry was, if they had liked. But nobody did so, and he tramped out of the Rag again.

Four members of the famous Co. exchanged a grin as he went.

"He bites," murmured Frank Nugent.

"The bitefulness is terrific!"

"Anything up, you fellows?" asked Skinner. "What's Cherry been doing?"

"Latin verbs," answered Wharton.

Skinner stared.

"Latin verbs. Mean to say Loder's on his track for doing Latin verbs. Wharrer you mean, you ass?"

"Just what I say! Merely that, and nothing more!" drawled the captain of the Remove. "Bob's a bit slow with his verbs, you know, and he asked Woose to give him some extra toot."

"Extra toot—Bob Cherry!" said Skinner, almost dazedly. Extra tuition was not, as a rule, a thing that appealed to R. Cherry of the Remove.

"The extrafulness of the esteemed toot was terrific!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh gravely.

"And my belief is that Bob's with Woose now!" said Johnny Bull, with a cheery grin.

"Then what does Loder want him for?" asked Snoop.

"Better ask Loder! He always wants somebody for something."

"I'll say you guys are pulling Loder's leg a few!" remarked Fisher T. Fish.

Whereat the Co. chuckled.

Meanwhile, Loder, ashplant in hand, was still seeking Bob Cherry. He went up to the Remove passage, and looked into Study No. 13. Mark Linley was there, swotting; and little Wun Lung the Chinese, curled up in the armchair. Neither was able to give any information regarding Bob Cherry's whereabouts, and Loder went downstairs again breathing fury.

Then he suddenly spotted Bob. That cheery youth was coming away from Masters' Studies with a book under his arm.

Loder bore down on him.

"So I've found you!" he said.

Bob glanced at him.



"Yaroooooooh!" roared Coker. "Oh, my hat! Ooooooogh!" "Roll him down!" yelled Vernon-Smith. Coker, struggling wildly, was rolled across the landing to the stairs. Bump, bump, bump! He rolled down, bumping from step to step. A series of frantic howls floated up from Coker as he went. A roar of laughter followed him.

"Been looking for me?" he asked innocently.

"Bend over!"

"Eh!" demanded Bob, backing away a step. "What for?"

"You know well enough!" Loder swished the cane. "You've been ragging in my study, you young scoundrel, and chalking up cheeky messages—"

"But I haven't!" said Bob.

"Don't tell me lies!" yapped Loder. "Bend over! I'm going to give you the licking of your life!"

"But, I say—"

"That's enough!"

Loder strode at him, and Bob dodged back again. Loder made a spring, rather like a tiger, and Bob jumped actively back and eluded him again. With a gasp of rage, Loder rushed at him, and the junior dodged along the passage as far as the door of the Remove master's study.

There Loder grabbed him.

With his left hand grasping Bob's collar, the bully of Greyfriars laid on the ashplant with the right.

Whack!

"Ow! Wow! Yaroooh!" roared Bob, at the top of his voice. "Help! Rescue! Leave off, you rotter! Whooooop!"

Bob's voice, which was never a whispering zephyr, rang through the House. It drew attention from all sides.

Mr. Woose's door opened.

The Squeaker blinked out at the scene over his glasses.

"What—what—what—" squeaked Woose.

"Stop him, sir!" roared Bob. "Make him leave off, sir! I appeal to you, sir!"

"You young rascal!" gasped Loder.

"You rotten bully!" yelled Bob.

"Loder! Cherry! What—?"

Mr. Woose was a fussy little gentleman. He had none of the strength of character of his predecessor, Mr. Quelch. He dreaded the pompous Prout, and did not want trouble with Prout's favourite prefect. Still, he felt bound to intervene here.

"Loder! Stop! Tell me at once why you are caning this boy!" exclaimed little Mr. Woose, with unwonted asperity.

Loder paused. Woose or no Woose, he was going to give the ragger of his study the thrashing of his life.

"Cherry climbed in at the window of my study, sir, while I was at the prefects' meeting after class," he said. "He has done a lot of damage there."

"I didn't!" roared Bob.

"Loder, you are making a very serious mistake!" exclaimed Mr. Woose.

"Nothing of the kind, sir!" rapped Loder. "I know what I am about, and I will thank you, sir, not to interfere!"

Loder would never have dared to speak like that to Mr. Quelch. Even the mild little Woose coloured with indignation.

"Loder, release that boy at once! I repeat that you are making a mistake—a very serious mistake—"

"And I repeat that I am doing nothing of the kind, and I am going to cane Cherry!" hooted Loder.

"I shall place the matter before Mr. Prout—"

"I'm willing to go to Prout, sir!" gasped Bob.

"I think, sir, that you had better not interfere!" said Loder.

"And I tell you that I shall assuredly do so!" squeaked Mr. Woose. "I shall most certainly interfere, Loder! Cherry, come with me to your headmaster."

"Look here, sir—"

"You need say no more. Loder! You may speak before Mr. Prout!" squeaked the new Remove master, angrily and indignantly. "I will not allow this reckless caning of boys in my Form! I repeat that I will not allow it! Come, Cherry!" He caught Bob by the shoulder. "Mr. Prout shall deal with this matter."

Loder, gritting his teeth, followed Mr. Woose and Bob Cherry to the Head's study. He had no doubt, none whatever, that Prout would support him, as usual, and that Bob would get a licking from Prout. But he would have preferred to administer the licking himself.

However, he found consolation in the thought that Prout would probably comb Woose's hair for him for interfering with a prefect in the execution of his duty.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Not Nice for Loder!

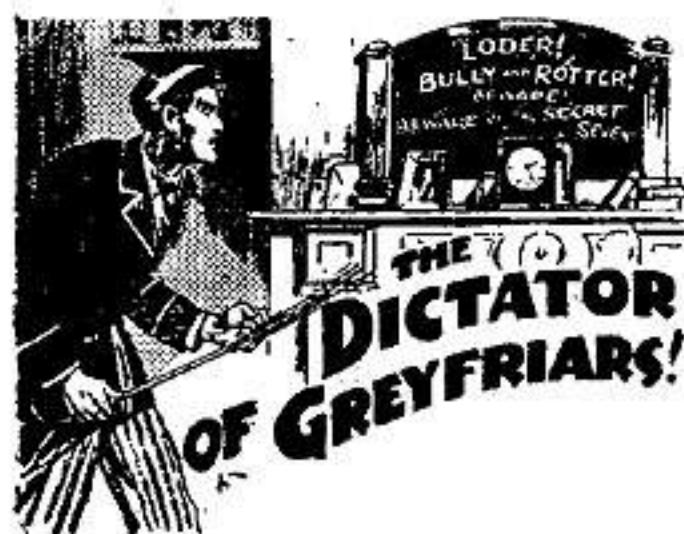
"A REMOVE boy!" said Mr. Prout grimly.

He turned a knitted brow on Bob.

"Cherry! Only this morning I gave you a flogging—"

(Continued on page 16.)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,396.



(Continued from page 13.)

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir!" said Bob meekly.

Prout stared.

"Eh, what? Is that intended for impertinence, Cherry?" he boomed. "I warn you, sir, to take care! I have my eye on you—I have my eye on all the Remove—the most troublesome Form in the school! I hope it may not be necessary for me to expel boys of that Form! I say that I hope so; but I do not feel sure—I do not feel at all sure!"

"Mr. Prout—" gasped the Squeaker.

"Proceed!" boomed Prout. "What has the boy done now, Mr. Woose? I have no doubt that he has been rebellious, reckless, disobedient. Loder—is that you, Loder? You may hand me the cane from my table."

"Certainly, sir!" said Loder.

"But, sir—" gasped Woose.

Prout swished the cane.

"Mr. Woose, you may rely upon me to administer adequate punishment!" he boomed. "If it is a matter that you prefer me to deal with, instead of chastising the boy yourself, you may rely upon me—"

"B-but—" stuttered Mr. Woose.

Prout, of course, was misunderstanding. He supposed that Woose had marched Bob in for punishment. As usual, he gave nobody a chance to explain. Prout could always do all the talking that was required, and a little over.

"You may rely upon me to deal out justice—strict justice!" boomed Prout.

"I intend to take the sternest measures with your Form, Mr. Woose, and establish some sort of discipline in the Remove! It was left by Mr. Quelch, sir, in a most unruly and disobedient state—you have no doubt found it so. What has this boy done now, Mr. Woose?"

"Nothing, sir!" gasped the new Remove master.

"Wha-at?"

"Nothing! I—"

"Really, Mr. Woose, you have not brought the boy to me because he has done nothing, I presume?" boomed Prout.

"No, sir, I mean, yes, sir! You see—"

"I do not see!" boomed Prout. "I do not see at all! I fail to understand you, Mr. Woose! I entirely fail to comprehend your meaning, sir!"

"I—I—I mean—" stuttered poor little Mr. Woose. "I mean—"

Loder cut in.

"Mr. Woose intervened, sir, when I was caning Cherry for an act of ruffianism in my study!" he said. "He refused to allow me to proceed with the caning."

Prout blinked at him. His slow brain grasped the correct state of affairs—not rapidly.

"Oh! I—I see! I understand! Mr.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,396.

Woose, I am surprised! I am very much surprised! You are aware, sir, that I have every confidence in Loder! It is not my desire, sir, that my prefects should be interfered with, sir, by members of my staff, in the execution of their duty!"

Loder gave the unhappy Mr. Woose a vaunting look. As he had expected, Prout was combing that gentleman's hair for him!

"Yes, sir! No, sir! Not quite, sir!" stammered Mr. Woose. "But—but the circumstances, sir—"

"I can imagine no circumstances!" boomed Prout.

"The boy is quite innocent of—"

"Are you accusing Loder of injustice, sir?" boomed Prout. "If so, sir, say so plainly! Speak frankly, sir!"

"Goodness gracious! I—I—not exactly—but yes, certainly—"

"Loder, you may speak! You say that something has occurred in your study. What the juniors call a rag, I presume. You caught Cherry in the act?"

"No, sir, not exactly; but I found absolute proof that it was Cherry who climbed in at the window while I was at the prefects' meeting."

"You hear that, Mr. Woose?"

"I hear it, sir—but—"

"You doubt Loder's statement?"

"Certainly I do!" squeaked Mr. Woose indignantly. "Loder's statement is absolutely incorrect!"

Snort, from Prout.

"You say that you have proof, Loder?"

"Absolute proof, sir!"

"In what way?"

"The boy who climbed in at my window, sir, dropped his cap and left it lying there," said Loder. He jerked the cap from his pocket. "I found this under my window in the study, sir! Cherry's name is in it."

"Goodness gracious me!" ejaculated Mr. Woose, quite taken aback.

Loder suppressed a grin.

"Cherry seems to have succeeded in deceiving Mr. Woose, sir! But I suppose Mr. Woose is convinced now—"

"Not at all!" gasped Mr. Woose. "I quite fail to understand how the boy's cap was dropped in your study, Loder, but—"

"What?" boomed Prout. "What? The boy drops his cap in Loder's study, and it is found there, and you still doubt that it was this boy who entered the study, Mr. Woose? Are you serious, sir?"

"Quite! I assure you—"

"Nonsense!" boomed Prout.

"But, sir, I—I—"

"Absurd! The matter admits of no doubt, no doubt at all! Cherry, you will be severely caned!"

"But I never did it, sir!" said Bob.

"I never went anywhere near Loder's study after class, sir, and I can prove it."

Loder's lip curled.

"What! If you mean that you can produce witnesses—" exclaimed Mr. Prout.

"Yes, sir, that's it!"

"I'm afraid, sir, that this boy's friends in the Remove would not scruple to bear him out in any untruthful statement," said Loder.

"Do you think so, Loder? Shocking!" exclaimed Mr. Prout. "Very shocking indeed! Cherry, I shall not accept the evidence of any Remove boy—"

"Mr. Woose isn't a Remove boy, sir!" said Bob meekly.

"What! Mr. Woose! What do you mean?"

"I've been with Mr. Woose ever since

class, sir!" said Bob in the same meek tone. "He knows—"

"Certainly!" squeaked Mr. Woose.

"Certainly! That is why—"

Prout stared from one to the other.

"You have been with Mr. Woose since class?" he ejaculated.

"Yes, sir!"

"Do you bear out that statement, Mr. Woose?"

"Certainly I do, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Woose. "I have been giving Cherry some assistance in his Latin—assistance that he very much needs—and he had left my study only a few minutes when I heard Loder, sir, caning him in the passage, and came out—"

Loder stood rooted to the floor of the Head's study! He felt as if his head was turning round!

He had absolute, complete, and convincing proof that Bob had climbed into his study in the cap that had been dropped under the window!

Yet if Bob had been with Woose ever since class it was perfectly certain that Bob could have been nowhere near Loder's window!

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Prout. His eyes turned on Loder's confused face. "Loder, you appear to have made a mistake—a very serious mistake! Am I to understand, Loder, that you were actually caning Cherry for something that it is obvious that he could not have done?"

Loder gasped.

"It's his cap, sir!" He held it up.

"His name's in it, sir!"

"Certainly, that is very strong presumptive evidence," said Mr. Prout; "but before punishment is administered, Loder, you should make sure—you should make assurance doubly sure! Did you give Cherry an opportunity to explain that he had been with his Form-master?"

"I—I—I—"

"Some other boy," said Mr. Prout. "must have taken Cherry's cap. Such carelessness among the juniors is not, I believe, uncommon. But carelessness in a prefect, Loder—a head prefect—is a very serious matter! Very serious indeed."

"I've been nowhere near Loder's study, sir!" said Bob meekly.

"I believe you, Cherry; I have no alternative but to believe you in view of your Form-master's statement. Loder—"

"I—I thought—I—I was sure—" stammered Loder.

"You have acted thoughtlessly, Loder! You have acted unjustly! Unintentionally, no doubt—but that does not alter the facts!" said Mr. Prout sternly. "You have punished Cherry without cause! You will express your regret to Cherry, Loder, for having done so."

Loder gulped.

He came very near at that moment to telling Prout what he thought of him!

"You hear me, Loder?"

"Oh! Yes, sir!" gasped the hapless bully of Greyfriars. "I—I—I seem to have—have made a mistake—I—I—I'm sorry, Cherry!" The words seemed to be dragged from Loder like teeth at a dentist's.

"Pardon is granted, Loder!" said Bob cheerfully. It was worth the whack he had received to watch the expression on Gerald Loder's face as he said that.

"Very well, very well, you may go, Cherry," said Mr. Prout. "You may take your cap! Loder, I think you had better express your regret to Mr. Woose! I am sure, my boy, that you feel a very deep regret for this very unfortunate mistake on your part."

Bob Cherry left the study—leaving Loder expressing his regret to Mr.

Wooso! He could guess exactly how much regret Loder was feeling! Loder's only regret, in point of fact, was that he could not finish Bob's whopping, and hand out another to Wooso and another to Prout!

When Loder of the Sixth got back to his study he stamped into the room and slammed the door with a slam that woke echoes far and near. Walker and Carne were gone, but Loder, with a start of rage, discerned that somebody else had been in the study in his absence.

On his table, pinned down by drawing-pins, was a large sheet of cardboard. On that sheet was inscribed in big capitals:

"LODER THE BULLY!
LODER THE BLACKGUARD!
LODER THE FUNK!
RATS!"

Loder trembled with rage. His

furious glance turned to the open window.

He gave quite a jump as he saw a school cap lying on the floor inside!

He caught it up!
He glared into it.

Inside was written the name "C. R. Temple." That cap belonged to Cecil Reginald Temple of the Fourth Form.

Grasping it in his hand, Loder strode to the door.

Then he paused.

It dawned on him that if he hunted down the owner of that cap history would repeat itself! Whoever was the second visitor to his study, it was not the fellow whose name was written in the cap! He realised that if he hunted down Temple of the Fourth it would be only to discover that Temple of the Fourth had an impeccable alibi! Infuriated as he was, Loder did not want to make a fool of himself a second time!

He hurled the cap into the quad and slammed the window.

Later, when he passed near the Rag, he heard loud shouts of merriment from that apartment. Apparently the juniors there were making merry! Loder did not need telling the cause of the merriment!

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

"Goal!"

"SUNNY, of course!" snorted Coker.

Potter and Greene could only stare.

In November a sunny day was rather a catch, in the opinion of Potter and Greene. But Horace Coker spoke as if it were a special grievance he had against Nature.

(Continued on next page.)



Send your footer queries to "Linesman," c/o The MAGNET, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. It's his job to answer knotty problems—and it's a job he likes.

IN-AND-OUT FORM!

I WANT to start this week's talk with a frank confession. I have had a question sent to me by a reader from Cardiff to which I am quite sure I cannot give a wholly satisfactory answer. Here is an extract from the letter: "Can you tell me, please, how I can maintain a consistent level in my football games? After some matches my captain comes to me and says that I have done very well. After other games I don't get any praise, for the simple reason that I don't deserve any. How is it that my play varies such a lot?"

There is more in the same strain in the letter, but I can sum up the whole epistle in one short sentence: The writer wants me to explain the mystery of form. And, really, it can't be done. There are days when everything seems to go right—at football, at work, or at school. There are other days when some little imp, as it seems, persistently prevents you from doing your best.

Sometimes, of course, the explanation of this in-and-out form is a matter of health. But that is not the complete solution. I have gone on to the football field feeling as fit as a fiddle, yet I have played below my best. Every well-known footballer has had the same experience. If every player was always at his best we should not get those strange results of big football matches which continually come to surprise us.

I think we have simply to accept these ups and downs of form as a part of our make-up, always being careful, of course, that we don't do things which we should not do—such as having a big meal immediately before a game is due to start.

The best of players have their bad matches. And the one thing to do after a bad game, is forget it. Try not to go on the field for one game worrying about

the failures of the previous contest. It is the play of the moment which matters: not what has gone before. I admit that it is easier to say forget a bad match than to carry out the advice. But the effort to forget is worth while.

AN IMPORTANT RULE!

IT was Joe Smith, who played so long at inside-left for Bolton Wanderers, and who is now manager of Reading, who once brought home to me the way in which even the best players worry over failure. This player was one of the most successful penalty kick artists the game has ever known. I happened to meet him, however, after one match in which he had failed to score from the penalty spot, and this is what he said: "I shall never score with a penalty kick again."

What he was driving at, in using the expression, was that having failed he would, when he again came to take a penalty kick, be worrying so much about the previous failure, that he would probably fail again.

I am afraid I must leave my reader only partly satisfied concerning the mystery of form, and pass on to deal with some other questions of interest.

Often when I have been watching matches," writes "Magnetite," from Rotherham, "I have been surprised when the linesman has allowed the play to go on even though I have been quite certain in my mind that the ball has just gone over the line."

Possibly the impression of my Rotherham friend has been correct, because linesmen, like other people, are liable to make mistakes. Personally, however, I should be inclined to trust the people who are given the linesmen's work. I have an idea that my friend may not be quite correct in his version of when a ball is out of play.

The rule-book lays it down very distinctly that the ball is in play until the whole of it has passed over the line.

I remember a Cup Final—Newcastle v. Arsenal, it was—when there was a big argument as to whether the ball had been out of play just prior to a goal being scored by Newcastle. The photographs showed the white line, over which the ball had run, quite plainly. But the referee declared that the whole of the ball had not been over the goal-line. Perhaps all my readers will remember this important rule.

SUPERSTITIONS!

FOOTBALLERS, like other people, are full of superstitions. Many of them think it is lucky, or unlucky, to do this or that. The least little thing will make some teams believe more firmly in luck, or omens. There is little or nothing in these luck stories, really. I can't believe, for instance—and you don't believe—that because the members of a football team pass a funeral on the way to their match that the result of that match will be affected. The players do think so. Neither should it really matter whether a player puts his left boot on before his right, or vice-versa, or the position he occupies in the line when he goes out of the dressing-room on to the field. But Jock Rutherford, who used to play for Newcastle, wouldn't take any other place in the line than last.

In this connection, I should like to tell you of two sides to a "luck" story. Manchester is not very far from Burnley, and when the Manchester United players have to travel to Burnley they go by charabanc.

Last season, however, the driver heard that one part of the road which would have been taken in the ordinary course of events was "up," and he went by a different route. The Manchester United team duly won the match, and they thought the change of route had changed their luck.

This season, when Manchester United were again due to play at Burnley they told the driver of the motor-coach to go the same round-about way he had taken them the previous season. Alas for superstition! On that round-about journey the motor-coach was involved in an accident, and two or three of the players were hurt.

Am I now suggesting that there is no such thing as luck in football? I wouldn't go so far as that. It is all very well to say we don't believe in luck, but—well, most of us do.

"LINESMAN."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,396.

"Want some more fog?" grunted Potter.

"Exactly!"

"Oh, my hat!" said Greene.

"What I mean is, a fellow had a chance in a fog!" said Coker. "I should have got that cad Loder and whopped him the other day if those cheeky fags hadn't barged in and whopped me! There's nothing to grin at! I don't see anything funny in a mob of cheeky fags whopping a Fifth Form man if you do!"

"They did you a good turn, old man," said Potter. "You'd have been spotted, fog or no fog, and bunked! And if you're still dreaming about whopping prefects, thank goodness there's no fog!"

"After dark, though!" said Coker musingly.

"Why not give it a miss?" suggested Greene. "Let Loder rip, what?"

Snort, from Coker!

"The fellow's beneath my notice, if you come to that," he said. "Prout can appoint him captain of the school if he likes; but he's a rotter and a toad and a sneaking cur and—"

"Speech may be taken as read!" murmured Potter. "Loder's all the unpleasant things mentioned in the dictionary. No need to run through the list."

"But look what he's done!" said Coker. "Fellows are calling me a sneak—"

"Well, if you give fellows away to a prefect—" said Greene argumentatively.

"I did nothing of the kind!" shrieked Coker, showing signs of excitement, as he always did on this topic. "That cunning rotter twisted what I said into something of the sort! Just his rotten artfulness! The worst of it is, a man can't thrash him as he deserves. It's a silly rule that prefects can't be punched, but there it is. If a fellow punches a prefect, he's got to keep it dark. A fellow doesn't like doing things in a surreptitious way, but what's a fellow to do? Loder's got to have it!"

Potter and Greene yawned. They were tired of this subject. It was of deep and intense interest to Coker, but it had palled on his comrades.

The three were walking down to the football ground for games practice. Coker had a football under his arm.

Coker was assiduous at games practice. The fact that he could not play footer for toffee made no difference to that.

Larry Lascelles, the games master, was on the senior ground. He was there to coach and instruct; but Coker wanted neither coaching nor instruction from Mr. Lascelles. Coker was one of those fellows who knew!

Perhaps it was Coker's belief that he was a born footballer, and in no need of instruction, that helped to make Coker the player he was! Certainly his Soccer was a sight for gods and men and little fishes!

"There's the cad!" said Coker, with a nod towards Loder of the Sixth, who was talking to the games master. "What does he want on our ground?"

"Well, he's skipper now," remarked Greene. "May be looking for men for the First Eleven."

"Fat lot he knows about it!" grunted Coker. "Barging in, to throw his weight about, that's all! Lascelles doesn't like him any more than we do."

Potter and Greene nodded assent to that. Loder's proceedings since he had been captain of the school had not endeared him to Larry Lascelles. There

were strained relations between the captain of Greyfriars and the games master.

They could not hear what Loder was saying to Mr. Lascelles at the distance, but they could discern signs of impatience in Larry's manner.

A gleam came into Coker's eyes.

"By gum! I'll make that cad sorry he's barged in here!" he breathed. "I say, what price getting him with this footer?"

"For goodness' sake, don't!" said Potter, in alarm. "You know what you are with a footer, Coker! You'll get the wrong man."

"Don't be a silly ass, Potter!"

"If you land it in Blundell's eye, you—" said Greene.

"Don't be a fathead, Greene!"

Coker walked on, nearer to Loder. Potter and Greene walked off and left him. When Coker kicked a footer about, the neighbourhood was not safe—except for the object aimed at by Coker.

Coker dropped the footer to the ground. He calculated the distance with his eye, and waited for Loder to leave Mr. Lascelles. A few moments later Loder walked away; all the Fifth Form men were glad to see him go. Coker, with a cheery grin on his face, waited.

Loder was coming towards him! Larry Lascelles had gone into the field. All was safe now.

Affecting to be unaware of the approach of Loder—for, of course, the thing had to be made to appear an accident—Coker took aim.

Knocking Loder over backwards with a football on his features was a very attractive idea to Coker, but evidently it was necessary for it to look accidental; even Coker understood that.

Loder was about ten feet away when Coker took a kick at the ball, missed it, flourished a football boot high in the air, and sat down. Coker often kicked for goal in this original way.

Bump!

"Oh!" gasped Coker.

Loder stared at him and laughed.

Coker scrambled up! That laugh did it! Coker did not care now whether Loder knew that he was making a goal of him or not! His only thought was to land that ball on Loder's grinning face!

He kicked!

This time he got away with it!

The ball flew! There was plenty of beef in Coker's kick, when he succeeded in landing it. The ball went like a bullet.

Unfortunately it went nowhere near Loder! So far from suspecting that Coker was kicking the ball at him, that idea never entered Loder's mind for a moment.

Really, it was not likely to occur, even to a suspicious mind like Loder's, when the footer flew almost at right angles and came nowhere within twenty feet of him.

It flew into the football field.

Loder only wondered why Coker was recklessly kicking a footer into the midst of a group of fellows gathered round Mr. Lascelles. He walked on regardless.

Coker saw that he had missed. For a fraction of a second he wondered where the ball had gone!

Then a fearful yell from the football field informed him. Larry Lascelles staggered forward as a whizzing football crashed on the back of his head, and fell on his hands and knees, yelling.

There was an outburst of startled exclamations from the Fifth Form footballers. They stared at the sprawling

games master and then stared round to see who had done this.

"Ow! Oh! Ah!" gasped Mr. Lascelles, sitting up dazedly and passing his hand over the back of his head.

"What—who—what—"

"Coker!" roared Blundell.

"That ass Coker—" shrieked Bland.

"Playing potty tricks on Larry!" gasped Fitzgerald. "Is he mad entirely? Coker, you blithering gossoon—"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Coker.

There was a rush of the Fifth Form footballers—at Coker! Why Coker had done this, why he had knocked over the popular games master with a footer on the back of his head, they did not know. Neither did they stop to inquire. They just went for Coker!

"I say!" gasped Coker. "I say—I mean—look here—hands off—yaroooh! Stop kicking a chap—whoop! I say, I'll smash you, Blundell—I'll spifficate you, Bland—I'll—yaroooh!"

How many football boots landed on Coker he never knew! They seemed to rain on him!

For several hectic minutes Horace Coker led the life of a Soccer ball! Every fellow there got in one or two, some half a dozen. What was left of Coker squirmed away, at last, and escaped.

Coker did not join in the Fifth Form games practice that afternoon. He was busy in his study rubbing liniment over his numerous damages. He used up quite a lot.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

From Information Received!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

Billy Bunter gave quite a start and blinked round Study No. 1 through his big spectacles. Bunter was surprised.

It was after prep when the fat Owl of the Remove barged into that study. He expected to find Wharton and Nugent there, and perhaps Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull, and the Nabob of Bhanipur. They were all there, and so were a crowd of other fellows.

Study No. 1 was packed.

Besides the Famous Five, there were Smithy, Redwing, Toddy, and Lord Mauleverer, of the Remove. There were Hobson, Stewart, and Hoskins, of the Shell. There were Temple, Dabney, Fry, and Scott, of the Fourth. Evidently Bunter had barged into a great meeting.

And as the Owl of the Remove rolled, in, the whole meeting spoke with one voice.

"Buzz off, Bunter!"

Instead of buzzing off, the fat Owl closed the door behind him and stood against it, blinking at the meeting.

"Get out, fathead!" said the Bounder.

"Yaas, buzz off, old fat bean!" urged Lord Mauleverer.

"I say, you fellows, what are you all up to?" asked Bunter. "Is it a feed?"

"No, you cormorant!" grunted Johnny Bull. "Buzz off!"

"I've got something to tell you fellows—"

"Go and tell it in some other study!" suggested Harry Wharton.

"Beast!"

"Kick him out!" said Temple.

It was, as a matter of fact, a meeting of the "secret society" of the Lower School. Bunter was superfluous. Secrets entrusted to Bunter were not likely to remain secret very long.

"I say, it's about Loder—" said Bunter.

"Oh! What about Loder?" As that



With his left hand grasping Bob Cherry's collar, Loder laid on the ashplant with his right. Whack, whack, whack! "Ow! Wow! Yaroo!" roared Bob, at the top of his voice. "Help! Rescue!" Mr. Woose's door opened, and the master of the Remove blinked out. "Stop him, sir!" roared Bob. "Make him leave off, sir! I appeal to you, sir!"

meeting had been called on that very subject, the meeting was willing to give Bunter a hearing.

"I say, you fellows, I can tell you it's a jolly good chance to get back on that beast!" said Bunter eagerly. "I say, he's going out of bounds to-night."

"How do you know?" demanded Bob Cherry.

Bunter winked a fat wink.

"I get to know things!" he remarked. "You fellows never get on to anything. I know all about it! Not that I was listening, you know! That's a thing I wouldn't do, as you know, of course. But—"

"Oh, clear off!" grunted Johnny Bull. "Take your dashed eavesdropping to some other study."

"Oh, really, Bull!"

"Hold on!" interposed the Bounder. "Let's hear it! Spies can be used against the enemy in war-time."

"If you're calling me a spy, Smithy, you cheeky beast—"

"Get it off your chest, fatty!"

"It was by sheer accident, of course," said Bunter. "I'm not the fellow to listen, I hope! I only wondered what Loder and Carne were talking about—I mean, I got behind the elm because Loder's such a beast—he would whop a chap as soon as look at him—"

"Never mind why you got behind the elm," said Smithy. "We can guess that part."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, they were fixing it up for to-night," said Bunter. "They're going out by the door of the Sixth Form lobby at eleven o'clock. They're going over to the Three Fishers. I heard every word! Of course, I wasn't listening—"

"Bunter hears things without listenin'!" remarked Temple of the Fourth.

"Oh, rather!" grinned Dabney.

"Well, look here, see what a chance it is!" urged Bunter. "Suppose a fellow came down quietly from the dorm and bolted the lobby door after they're gone out! Shut 'em out for the night, what? What would they say to Prout when they had to knock up the House in the middle of the night to get in?"

Bunter's eyes gleamed behind his spectacles.

"Might be the sack for 'em!" he said. "Prout's only got to find out the kind of rotters they are, you know! What?"

The meeting of the secret society exchanged glances.

"Too thick!" said Harry Wharton. "Getting a man sacked is rather too much. Besides—"

"I say, you fellows, it's the chance of a lifetime!" urged Bunter. "I'd do the trick myself, only I'm a pretty sound sleeper, you know, and I mightn't wake up! I don't funk it, you know; but being such a sound sleeper—"

Bob Cherry winked at the meeting.

"That's all right, Bunter," he said. "I'll wake you up!"

"Eh?"

"Rely on me," said Bob gravely. "I'll stay awake specially, and call you at half-past eleven."

"Oh! Ah! Yes! But—but you might doze off, you know—"

"I'll stay awake, too, in case Bob dozes off!" said Nugent. "We'll wake you up all right, Bunter!"

"Hear, hear!" said Johnny Bull. "Rely on us, Bunter! We'll all see that you wake up in time!"

"The wakefulness will be terrific."

"Bunter's the man!" said Vernon-Smith.

"Yes, rather!"

Billy Bunter blinked round at the crowd of juniors through his big spectacles. He did not seem so enthusiastic.

With so many fellows keen on staying awake to arouse him at the appointed hour, it was evident that the fat Owl could rely on being roused. That was not the difficulty. But there seemed to be some other difficulty!

"Oh! I—I say, you fellows, the fact is—" stammered Bunter.

"It's settled!" said the Bounder. "Bunter does the trick!"

"Hear hear!"

"It's not settled!" roared Bunter in alarm. "Don't you fellows get waking me up to-night! I'm jolly well not going down in the dark, I can tell you."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at! Suppose a fellow got copped out of dormitory bounds!" said Bunter warmly. "If you fellows funk it, you can funk it, and be blowed; but you're jolly well not shoving it on me, I can jolly well tell you! Yah!"

And Billy Bunter promptly rolled out of Study No. 1 and slammed the door after him. Bunter was keen on making the bully of Greyfriars suffer for his sins, but, evidently, he was not keen on taking a hand, personally, in the matter. Like the monkey in the story, Bunter preferred a catspaw to pull his chestnuts out of the fire.

There was a chuckle in Study No. 1 when Bunter was gone. Then the meeting settled down to business again. The captain of the Remove looked thoughtful.

"We're not going to bolt Loder out of the house," he said. "That's rather too steep! But what's the matter with a few fellows waiting for him in his study when he comes in?"

"The Secret Seven?" grinned the Bounder.

"Exactly—only three or four will be enough—it's a bit risky for a crowd to

get out of the dorm. We can handle it." "Better leave it to us!" said Hobson of the Shell thoughtfully. "You Remove kids are rather asses, you know."

"Look here, you fat-headed Shell-fish—"

"Well, you look here—"

"Don't rag!" said Temple of the Fourth. "The fact is, you'd better leave it to us! We're on this. We owe Loder one specially."

"We do!" agreed Fry.

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"Rot!" said Bob Cherry. "Better leave it to the Remove—"

"Don't be an ass, Cherry—"

"You Fourth Form fathead—"

"You Remove tick—"

Argument was waxing warm in the secret society of Greyfriars. Harry Wharton held up his hand.

"Order!" he said. "Toss up for the job, as usual—that's the rule of the Secret Seven."

"Done!" said Hobson. And Temple nodded assent.

Cecil Reginald Temple had the luck of the toss. He smiled with satisfaction.

"That's all right!" he said. "Leave it to me! We'll shut off the light in Loder's room so that he can't turn it on when he comes in and tackle him in the dark. Take the lamp out of the bracket, you know! Safe as houses! And we'll fix Loder with his waste-paper-basket over his napper and leave him like it—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a chuckling discussion in Study No. 1, and then the meeting broke up. All was cut and dried, and the carrying out of the scheme was left in the more or less capable hands of Cecil Reginald Temple. If Loder carried out his plan of breaking bounds that night, a surprise was to await him on his return if all went well!

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Horace on the Warpath!

POTTER and Greene were worried. Coker was the worry.

In the study that evening Coker had said hardly a word! That alone was unusual and alarming. Coker, as a rule, said many words.

Indeed, his conversation generally resembled the little brook in the poem, which went on for ever. It lacked, perhaps, quality; but its quantity left nothing to be desired.

For once, Potter and Greene were able to get through prep without incessant interruptions from Coker's too-active chin. That was satisfactory, as far as it went—it was a much-needed rest. Still, it made them uneasy. It was such a change in Coker!

Coker was silent, gloomy, thoughtful. They knew of what he was thinking—his deadly feud with Loder of the Sixth!

Loder had not been punished yet. Coker's essays at punishing Loder had, so far, had a boomerang effect, landing on Coker himself! That, of course, only made the great Horace more determined.

Loder had to be dealt with! Coker had to deal with him! The question was how? Potter and Greene did not see any "how." Almost every fellow at Greyfriars would have liked to thrash Loder. But nobody could get on with it, without getting bunked for that exploit, which was not good enough. That was the subject of Coker's unusual deep meditations. Coker could not forget

the whopping of two or three weeks ago. Though lost to sight, it was to memory dear, so to speak! Since then, Loder had made him look like a sneak—taking mean advantage of Coker's happy custom of opening his large mouth too wide! Loder had to have it! Coker had to give it to him! That was that!

Coker was still silent, still thoughtful, still gloomy, when the Fifth went up to their dormitory. Potter and Greene noted with alarm that Coker took a fives bat up with him, under his arm.

Coker was capable of many strange things, but obviously even Coker could not be thinking of playing fives in the dormitory in the dark!

That fives bat could be intended for only one purpose—whopping somebody!

GREYFRIARS CARTOONS

By HAROLD SKINNER.

No. 22.—CLAUDE HOSKINS, the musical genius of the Shell.



Here's old Hoskins playing a sonata, Crash! Bang! Thud! He's a terror on the keys! Someone give me an over-ripe "tomato," See if I can stop his heavy-handed melodies.

Now he's starting Glassowiski's Prelude, Crash! Bang! Thud! What a beastly awful din! Hour by hour he thumps until you feel you'd Like to rush in suddenly and jab him with a pin!

Coker's worried chums hardly needed telling who the "somebody" was. Evidently it was Loder of the Sixth!

Coker's brilliant idea of whopping Loder in the fog had turned out a ghastly frost. Yet if the whopping was administered at all, it had to be administered under cover; it was urgently necessary for the identity of the whopper to remain a secret. Horace had hoped for more fog, to give him another chance. November persisted in being sunny, just as if the weather itself wanted to annoy Coker. The mantle of night would answer the same purpose.

Hence the fives bat in the dormitory! It was all clear to Coker's worried chums.

Had there been any chance of Coker getting by successfully with such an enterprise, Potter and Greene would not have minded. They would have been glad to hear that the bully of Greyfriars

had been batted by some person or persons unknown. The trouble was that Coker had a perfect genius for bungling, and that the person was not likely to remain unknown. And they did not want old Horace to be bunked.

Coker slipped that fives bat under his pillow when he went to bed. Only too plainly he did not intend to remain there till rising-bell.

Potter and Greene, greatly worried, did not close their eyes. They were quite sure that Coker was staying awake, waiting. They resolved to stay awake also, and endeavour to restrain him when he got going.

But at eleven o'clock that resolve had given out, and Potter and Greene had given in. Both were fast asleep.

So, indeed, was Coker. Horace had grimly resolved not to close his eyes, but they closed, apparently, of their own accord; and, in point of fact, he was asleep before either Potter or Greene.

Generally Coker was a heavy sleeper. But this time he slept lightly. The important enterprise on his mind disturbed his slumbers.

Several times he stirred and grunted in his sleep and nearly awoke. Finally he quite awoke.

He rubbed his eyes, sat up, and blinked.

It was very cold. Sitting up, with his blankets drawn round him, Coker wondered a little whether it was a good idea, after all, to pay Loder a nocturnal visit. Thrashing Loder was attractive, but so was bed; never, indeed, had bed seemed so nice and warm and comfortable.

But Coker was a stickler. With an effort he heaved himself out of bed. Then he dressed quickly in the dark.

He groped for the fives bat he had placed under his pillow. Of course, he dropped it beside the bed when he found it. It would not have been Coker otherwise.

Thud!

Coker caught his breath. He did not want to wake any of the Fifth. Such an enterprise as whopping Prout's favourite prefect in the middle of the night required the deepest secrecy.

He wondered whether anybody had awakened. Somebody had. Potter, in the next bed, started out of the land of dreams.

"Wha-a-t's that? Is that you, Coker?"

Coker glared at him in the gloom.

"Don't yell!" he hissed.

Potter sat up. His worst forebodings were realised. Coker evidently was on the warpath.

"Coker, old man—" whispered Potter.

"Don't roar!"

"Go back to bed, old chap!" urged Potter. "I say, you'll get into a fearful row if you go after Loder at this time of night!"

"Don't shriek!"

Potter breathed hard.

"Look here, Coker, you ass—"

"You can shut up! Or perhaps you'd like to come?" suggested Coker. "You can hold Loder down while I whop him! He may need holding."

Potter thought that very probable, but he did not think of going with Coker to hold Loder down. If Coker was going to be bunked by Prout in the morning, Potter did not want to catch the same train.

"Coming?" asked Coker.

"No, you ass! No, you fathead! Look here, chuck it—"

"Don't bawl!"

"I tell you—"

"Don't bellow!"

Coker left the dormitory and stole down passages and staircases. After taking several wrong turnings, he arrived in the Sixth Form study passage. There a pale glimmer of starlight from a window enabled him to pick out Loder's door. At that door he stopped and listened.

The study was silent—like all the rooms at Greyfriars at that hour of the night, getting on for twelve.

With the fives bat gripped in his right hand, he opened the door with his left and stepped in.

What happened next seemed like a dream, a ghastly nightmare, to Coker.

Hands reached from the darkness, fastened on him, and dragged him down, and, before even a gasp could escape from him, a dusty duster was pressed over his mouth, silencing him. Coker's brain fairly reeled and spun with the utter surprise of it.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Temple's Triumph!

CECIL REGINALD TEMPLE suppressed a chuckle.

It had been easy!

Temple of the Fourth had expected it to be fairly easy, so well had he laid his plans. But he had hardly expected it to be so easy as this.

It had, indeed, gone like clockwork.

Soon after eleven Temple, Dabney & Co. had stolen quietly down from the Fourth Form dormitory. They had found that Billy Bunter's information was correct—Loder was not in his room. Obviously, if he was not there at that hour, he had gone out of school bounds with Carne as arranged; and all that Temple, Dabney, Fry, and Scott had to do was to wait quietly for him to come in, and deal faithfully with him when he came.

Of course, they had to be wary. Carne would be with him in the passage, going to his room farther on. If there was a sound when they seized Loder, Carne would hear it, and all the fat would be in the fire. Very, very cautious indeed were Temple, Dabney & Co.

They did not expect to hear Loder's footsteps coming. Coming back from an excursion out of bounds, he would, of course, be careful to make no sound. They did not expect to hear anything of him till the door-handle turned. They waited and watched.

The door-handle turned at last, the door opened, and an unseen figure entered—to go down instantly under the combined attack of four ready fellows. Fry and Dabney had its arms. Scott had the back of its neck. Temple had the duster all ready, and crammed it over the mouth.

There was hardly a sound. The fellow they had collared was a powerful fellow, but four pairs of hands were enough for him. He was pinned down, helpless, and was, too, so overcome by astonishment at the unexpected attack that he seemed paralysed. Fry had a looped cord ready. Wrists were jammed together, the loop slipped over them, and drawn tight. Then Fry expended a moment in silently closing and latching the door. Then he sat on the fellow on the floor, who was beginning to wriggle frantically.

A faint gurgle came from under the duster.

Temple jammed it harder over the mouth. He also had a looped cord ready. This was passed over the head and drawn tight, fixing the duster in place. Not a gurgle came now from the prisoner.

"By gum, we've got him!" breathed Temple at last.

"Oh, rather!" murmured Dabney.

"Quiet!" whispered Scott. "Carne mayn't be in his room yet."

"He's trying to kick."

"Tie his legs!"

"Ow! Wow!" gasped Dabney.

"Don't make that now, you ass!"

"Ow! I got his hoof on my knee! Ow!"

"Shut up, fathead!"

Legs were grasped, and the kicking hoofs secured. Another cord was knotted round the ankles. Kicking ceased.

Temple & Co. listened anxiously. But all was still! If Carne of the Sixth had been in the passage he had heard nothing.

"All serene!" breathed Temple.

He chuckled softly.

"I'd like those Remove kids to see this!" he murmured. "That fathead Hobby, too! Bet you they wouldn't have handled it like this."

"No fear!" agreed Fry.

"Sit him up! Keep hold of him!"

Temple had Loder's wastepaper-basket at hand. Inverting it, he jammed it over the head of the unseen prisoner in the dark.

There was a wild wriggle from the prisoner. But he was tied and held, and he could raise no objections. The wastepaper-basket fitted over his head like a large size in helmets, coming down to his chin.

So far, the raiders had worked in darkness. Now, however, that the victim's face was buried in the wastepaper basket, and there was no danger of his spotting them, Temple pulled the curtain from the window, letting in the dim starlight.

The light was faint; but it dimly revealed the strange figure sitting on Loder's carpet, helmeted with the inverted basket. The Fourth Formers chuckled softly.

"Looks a picture!" murmured Fry.

"We're not done yet!" grinned Temple.

He crossed to Loder's bed, in the alcove. A jerk removed the bed-clothes to the floor. Temple selected a sheet, which he draped over the wastepaper-basket, falling all round the wearer thereof. A few pins secured it in place. A convulsive wriggle seemed to indicate that one of the pins had gone deeper than Temple intended. Little accidents like that, however, could not be helped, when a fellow was working in haste in the merest glimmer of pale starlight.

"I fancy that will do!" murmured Temple.

"Oh, rather!"

"Loosen that cord round his legs! Give him a chance to wriggle loose—in an hour or so! Then he can walk round the House if he likes and wake

somebody up to attend to him."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Quiet!"

The Fourth Formers gurgled with suppressed merriment at the idea of Loder of the Sixth barging about the House at midnight with a sheet over his head, waking up somebody to release him.

The knots round the prisoner's legs were loosened a little—not too much! He was not to be given a chance of getting out of the study before Temple & Co. were safe back in their dormitory.

They had finished in Loder's study now. Silently Temple opened the door, and the four juniors filed out on tiptoe, and the door was closed again.

Silently they crept away to the stairs. Five minutes later they were in the Fourth Form dormitory and in bed. Nothing, so far as Cecil Reginald Temple could see, could have been more masterly and successful. He went to sleep in a very satisfied frame of mind.

Probably he would not have felt very satisfied had he glimpsed the enraged, infuriated face under the wastepaper-basket in Loder's study.

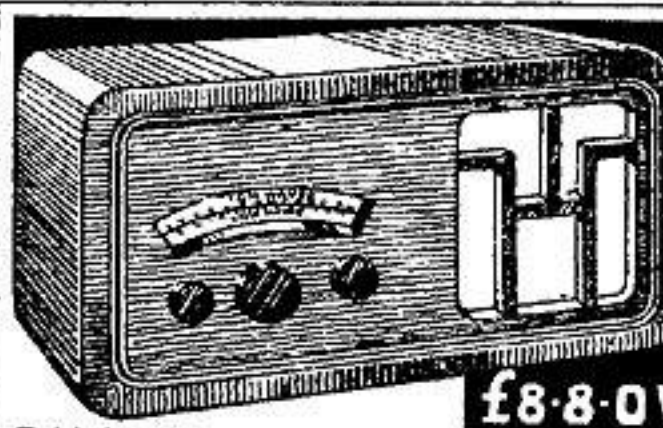
In that study the wretched prisoner was wriggling and wriggling and wriggling, in a frame of mind that baffles description.

Even yet Coker of the Fifth could hardly grasp what had happened!

He knew that it could not have been Loder who seized him when he entered Loder's study! At least four pairs of hands had been on him, and Loder, of course, had only one pair! Neither would Loder have treated an invader of his room in this extraordinary way. A faint sound of whispering had not enlightened Coker as to the identity of his assailants, though he guessed that they were juniors.

But that only made the thing more amazing and inexplicable. Nobody, except perhaps Potter and Greene of the Fifth, knew of Coker's plans for that night, so how could a gang of

(Continued on next page.)



YOURS FOR 3/-

DEPOSIT

£8-8-0 VALUE FOR 79/6

BALANCE 5/- MONTHLY

THE FAMOUS 'JADTONE' THREE

All British Construction. Mullard Valves. Metal Chassis. Balanced Armature Speaker. Gram. Pick-up. Selectivity Tappings. Illum. Tuning. Walnut polished Cabinet. Complete with 90 H.T. Batt. and Accumulator. All British and Foreign Stations powerfully received. 12 Months' Guarantee. Delivered ready for use. Cash 79/6, or 5/- monthly. Write for illus. List.—**DAVIS & CO.** (Dept. B.P. 105), 94-104, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5.

TELL FATHER

about the wonderful times you and your chums can have at home with a Riley Billiard Table. 8/- down brings delivery on 7 days' free trial. Balance monthly. Write for art list. **E. J. RILEY, LTD., Belmont Works, ACCRINGTON.** or Dept. 33, 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1.

32

Free Billiard Tables. Send for details.

FOOTBALL JERSEYS

Full Size, Stripes, Plain Shades, Aston Villa, and United designs. Post Paid. Per doz. Superior qualities 15/6, 21/- per doz.

SPECIAL OFFER.

HIDE FOOTBALLS (18 panels), Complete with best Bladder. Post Paid. 10/6

JAMES GROSE, Ltd.

378-381, Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

juniors have laid in wait for him in Loder's study? It was astounding.

Still more astounding was the fact that Loder had not intervened. True, there had been little noise, but the happenings in the room ought surely to have awakened Loder! Yet there was no sound or sign from him.

Coker wriggled frantically.

He had come there to whop Loder with a fives bat. But after a quarter of an hour of ineffectual wriggling, he would have been glad of Loder's help to get out of this!

Difficult as it would have been to explain why he had come to the study, he would have been glad had Loder woken up and released him. But Loder seemed to be sleeping like a log. It had not dawned on Coker's powerful brain that Loder was not there at all!

He wriggled and wriggled!

It was a relief, at length, to feel that his feet were coming loose.

He kicked them free at last.

Once his legs were free, Coker contrived to scramble on to his feet. But he had no chance of loosening his hands or getting the wastepaper-basket off his head.

He had quite a ghost-like look, draped in the white sheet, in the darkness. Had Loder been there, and had he awakened to see that spook-like figure in the dark, he would probably have had the shock of his life.

Breathing spasmodically through his nose, completely blindfolded by the wastepaper-basket and the sheet, Coker lurched and swayed.

His knees caught on something, and he pitched forward. He felt that it was a bed he pitched on.

Then it dawned on him that Loder could not possibly be there! The soundest sleeper in the wide world would have awakened promptly with the beefy Horace landing headlong on him.

Coker struggled off the bed. He had his bearings now, and was able to grope to the door, feeling his way with his feet.

Had the door been latched, Coker would have been a prisoner in the study. But Temple & Co. had intentionally left it unlatched. With a feeling of great relief, Coker got it open with his foot, and swayed out into the passage.

Coker's thoughts were concentrated on one thing now—getting back to his dormitory, somehow, and getting that awful wastepaper-basket off his head. He was not thinking of whopping Loder! He wished he never had thought of whopping Loder! He was thinking wholly and solely of getting his head out of the wastepaper-basket.

Getting back to his dormitory presented difficulties. But Coker nourished a hope of getting back, undiscovered. He had a hopeful nature. Swaying and lurching, with feelings that could not have been expressed in words, if he had been able to utter any, Coker pottered along the dark passage, glimmering ghost-like in the gloom.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Ghostly!

GERALD LODER scowled as he inserted the key into the outside of the lobby door. Arthur James Carne was not looking amiable.

The two black sheep of the Sixth had returned from their nocturnal excursion, not in a good temper. Such excursions, since Loder had been head prefect of the school, were safer than they had been in the days when Wingate ruled. There was nobody to keep an eye on

Loder and call him to account. Prout trusted him, and he did not care a straw for anybody else.

Such excursions, nevertheless, had their little drawbacks. Loss of sleep, excitement in a stuffy, smoky atmosphere were hardly good for the health. Billiards and banker were hardly healthy for the finances. Loder would set out on such excursions with an anticipation of enjoying himself. But he would come back looking as if he had missed the joy, somehow.

At the present moment he had a headache, he was tired and nervy and ill-tempered, he had not a shilling left in his pockets, and he had handed over IOUs for more money than he had any reasonable prospect of paying.

As he unlocked the door of the lobby, to let himself and his companion in, he was feeling like a bear with a sore head, only more so.

"Don't make a row, you ass!" he grunted, as Carne bumped against the door in the dark, following him in.

"Oh, don't jaw!" grunted Carne, in reply. "Keep that for the fags! I don't want any of it!"

Carne also had found the joys of banker rather delusive at the Three Fishers, and his temper was no better than Loder's.

"Shut up, you cheeky dummy!" snapped Loder.

"Go and eat coke!"

Loder breathed hard, and closed the door and relocked it. He did not venture to turn on a light at that hour; even Prout's trusted favourite had to be careful.

He groped across the lobby to the door that opened on the Sixth Form passage. That door was not locked. Loder reached it and opened it, and Carne followed him through.

"What the thump!" ejaculated Carne, as he suddenly bumped into Loder's back.

Loder had stopped, suddenly and unexpectedly, just in front of him.

"Look!" panted Loder.

"What—"

"Oh, look! What—what—what is it?"

"Good heavens!" gasped Carne.

The passage ahead of them was very dark. Only a faint gleam of starlight came in at a window. In the deep gloom a white figure loomed up before their eyes—a ghostly figure that was advancing slowly towards them.

Loder and Carne stared at it, with their eyes almost starting from their heads. It was past midnight; the House was silent and still, and wrapped in darkness. Silent, save for a shuffling sound as its feet dragged, that spectral figure approached the two startled and terrified Sixth Formers.

"Oh!" gasped Loder. "What—what is— Oh!" His teeth chattered.

"It—it—it—" stuttered Carne.

They stood transfixed, their eyes bulging at the spectral form. Carne was the first to wake to action. He gave a backward jump into the lobby, stumbled over, and sat down with a heavy bump. In the daylight, of course, Carne did not believe in ghosts, but in the silence and darkness of midnight that ghostly figure scared him almost out of his wits.

Loder, his eyes fixed on the strange figure, backed through the doorway after Carne. He groped for the door to shut it; he stumbled over Carne's sprawling legs and thudded on the lobby floor.

Shuffle, shuffle, shuffle, came the groping footsteps of the ghost coming down the passage towards them.

Loder scrambled desperately up. What it was—what it could possibly be—he did not know and could not guess,

but he knew that it sent icy thrills of terror down his spine.

He grabbed at the door and slammed it, heedless of the noise and heedless of the fact that he was treading on Carne's face.

Carne was not heedless of it; he gave a fearful howl.

"Ow! You idiot! Wow!"

Loder, panting, groped for the key of the lobby door. He turned it swiftly, and there was a locked door between him and the ghost.

Locked doors really could not have kept out a genuine ghost. Such immaterial beings—if any!—might have passed through a keyhole, or through solid wood, like wireless waves. Still, Loder felt safer with the lobby door shut and locked.

Carne was picking himself up, grunting and growling. He had been horribly frightened, but he was thinking chiefly at the moment of his nose, on which Loder had trodden in the dark.

He clasped his nose, caressing it tenderly.

"You idiot!" he breathed. "You dummy! You dolt! You clumsy ass! You frabjous fathead! You—you—"

Loder panted.

"Wha-a-at is it? What can it be? What—"

"Ow! My nose—"

Shuffle, shuffle, shuffle! Through the closed door Loder could hear that sound of dragging footsteps.

"Listen!" he gasped. "It—it—it's coming!"

Carne listened and almost forgot his damaged nose. The shuffling of the spectral figure was drawing nearer and nearer.

"What can it be?" gasped Loder.

"It—it—it's coming!"

The shuffling sound came closer and closer. They listened to it in terror. There was a faint brushing sound on the other side of the lobby door. Loder and Carne felt their hearts almost cease to beat.

The spectre had reached the end of the Sixth Form passage; it was touching the lobby door at the end—only the thickness of the wood was between them and the groping ghost!

"Shuffle, shuffle! Rustle! The ghost seemed to be trying to grope a way through the solid wood.

Loder and Carne backed away from it across the lobby to the outer door. There was only one thought in their minds—to get away from it, whatever "it" was.

Loder groped for the key of the outer door with trembling fingers. His hand shook so much that he could hardly turn the key back when he found it. But he got the door open, and the two terrified fellows got out into the air again. Loder shut the door.

In the dim starlight of the November night they looked at one another with ghastly faces. Neither had a vestige of colour in his cheeks. Loder wiped the trickling sweat from his brow.

"What—what—what was it?"

"Listen!"

They could hear nothing now. The ghost had not apparently been able to get into the lobby from the Sixth Form passage. They could no longer hear the shuffling and rustling—which was a relief. They stood, with thumping hearts, listening intently. But the silence was unbroken.

Minute followed minute, dragging by. From the clock tower came a chime. It was one o'clock.

"We—we—we've got to get in!" muttered Loder at last.

Carne shuddered.

"If—if it's still there—"



"You say that you have proof that Cherry climbed in at your study window?" boomed Prout. "Absolute proof, sir!" said Loder. "The boy who climbed in at my window, sir, dropped his cap, and left it lying there." He jerked the cap from his pocket. "I found this under my study window, sir! Cherry's name is in it!" "Goodness gracious me!" ejaculated Mr. Woose, quite taken aback.

Loder tried to pull himself together. Out in the open, and out of sight and hearing of the ghost, his funk was not so overpowering.

"It—it can't be anything! It's some fellow larking—it must be! It can't be anything else!"

"I—I suppose it must be. But—but—"

"We've got to get in!"

"Yes, but—"

"It can't be anything but some silly ass larking—"

"Well, look here, you get in," muttered Carne. "I—I'll wait here, and—and you can open my study window for me."

Loder gave him a savage look.

"You rotten funk! I tell you it's only some fellow larking—"

"Well, if you're sure it's only some fellow larking, why can't you go in?"

Gerald Loder made no answer to that. He was sure—quite sure—that it was only some fellow larking. For what else could it be? But he did not want to go in and face it, all the same—especially alone. Ghosts, so improbable in the daytime, did not somehow seem quite so improbable at midnight's stilly hour.

"We've got to get in!" he muttered at last desperately. "We can't stay out here all night! Look here—"

"You go in first—"

"Oh, shut up!"

"Look here, let's wake up Walker. He can let us in at his window," muttered Carne.

"He sleeps like a top—"

"We'll try."

Carne moved along to the window of Walker's study. Loder hesitated a moment and followed him.

Tap, tap, tap!

Walker was fast asleep in bed. That gentle tapping at his window did not awaken him.

Tap, tap, tap! TAP!

"Don't wake up the House!" breathed Loder.

"Oh, don't be an ass! We've got to wake up the silly fool, or stay out here all night!" snarled Carne.

Tap, tap, tap! TAP! TAP!

A window opened. But it was not Walker's study window; it was a window above. A nightcapped head was put out. Prout, whose pate was no longer protected by the natural thatch of earlier years, wore a nightcap to keep off winter's chilly draughts.

"What is that?" The deep, booming voice came from above. "What—what—"

"Oh gad!" breathed Loder.

At the sound of Prout's booming voice the breakers of bounds forgot even the ghost. In utter terror they crouched low in the darkness under Walker's window-sill, hoping that the eyes above would not pick them out in the deep shadows.

"What—what— Who is there?" boomed Prout. "I heard a slam—I am certain that I heard a door slam—and now— What—what—"

He leaned out, peering down. Loder and Carne felt icy chills of dread. Worse even than ghosts, the "sack" loomed before them if Prout spotted them out of bounds at that hour. Fortunately for them, the November gloom wrapped them as in a garment.

But Prout was evidently alarmed. Clearly he had heard the slam of the lobby door when Loder slammed it on the ghost. November chills brought on twinges of Prout's rheumatism, and he slept lightly.

There was a sudden streaming of light into the November night as Prout switched it on in his room. Crouching with beating hearts under the stone window-sill, Loder and Carne saw strange shadows dancing in the quad—

caused by Prout in his room getting into his dressing-gown—which meant that Prout was coming down to investigate.

Ghost or no ghost, the breakers of bounds had to hunt cover before Prout came down. Desperately Loder cut back to the lobby door, Carne at his heels. James Walker was still sleeping.

They scrambled through the dark lobby to the door of the Sixth Form passage. There Loder hesitated a moment; but he dared not hesitate with Prout coming down. Desperately he unlocked the door and shivered through. No ghostly figure greeted his eyes. Coker of the Fifth was far afield by that time. They ran for their rooms.

Loder gasped with relief when he was in his study—Prout not yet on the scene. He gasped again as he caught his feet in tangled bedclothes strewn on the carpet, and stumbled over—and his head came into sharp contact with a fives bat which some person or persons unknown had left lying on the floor. Evidently somebody had been in that room during his absence—and equally evidently the "ghost" was not a spectre from another world revisiting the glimpses of the moon!

Breathing unutterable fury, Loder rolled, half-dressed, into bed, turning a deaf ear to the sounds that came through the silence of the sleeping House.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Horrible for Horace!

HORACE COKER in the meantime was having the time of his life.

Exactly what was happening Coker did not know.

He had got out of Loder's study. THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,396.

Feeling his way with his feet, shuffling and rustling along, he got to the end of the passage.

Then Coker heard sounds.

He could not hear very distinctly through the wastepaper-basket and the sheet. But it seemed to him that he caught a sound of startled whispers—and then, quite clearly, the loud bang of a door.

Somebody, it seemed, was up as well as Coker!

He expected more happenings if somebody was up. He could not speak through the gagging duster. But though he was not audible, he was visible. Whoever was there must have seen him!

But nothing happened after the slamming of the lobby door. Coker was puzzled and perplexed. But all the happenings of this wild night had been puzzling and perplexing, and Coker gave it up.

Groping about, he found himself brushing on a door, and realised that it must be the lobby door at the end of the Sixth Form passage. That gave him his bearings, and he made sure of it before quitting the spot. It did not occur to him that two Sixth Form fellows on the other side of that door were listening to his gropings and shufflings in dire terror!

He shifted at last and groped away. From that spot he could find his way to the staircase. He still nourished a hope of getting back to the Fifth Form dormitory undiscovered. Hope springs eternal in the human breast!

But it was not easy work, with his hands tied and his eyes blindfolded. A couple of minutes would have done it under ordinary circumstances. But these circumstances were far from ordinary.

But he got to the stairs at last. While

Loder and Carne were shivering in the quad, Coker was crawling up the stairs. It was hard going. But he did it. He got to the big landing from which the dormitory passages opened. He stopped there to calculate carefully the direction of the Fifth Form dorm. He did not want, if he could help it, to barge into the wrong dormitory and wake up a swarm of juniors in the middle of the night!

Having calculated, he stepped on, feeling his way, one foot at a time. A fellow with his head in a wastepaper-basket could not be too careful!

He found himself in a passage.

He was suddenly conscious of light. Somebody had switched on the light in the passage. It penetrated dimly through the sheet and the wastepaper-basket.

A sudden startled voice boomed out:

"What—what—what is that?"

Coker felt a spasm of horror. It was Prout's voice! Prout was up! And he realised, too, that this was not the way to the Fifth Form dormitory. He was heading for masters' rooms, or he would not have encountered Prout!

"Who—what—" boomed Prout.

Coker backed desperately. He was close to the corner, and by luck he backed round it and disappeared from Prout's sight.

Desperately he stumbled on, groping wildly with his feet. He had to get somewhere before Prout collared him.

From round the corner came the startled boom of Prout.

"What—what—who— Bless my soul! I saw—am sure I saw— Have my eyes deceived me? What—"

But Prout was not coming! That glimpse of a white, ghostly figure had startled Prout, and it had vanished too

suddenly for him to discern that it was a fellow with a sheet over his head.

Coker heard another voice as a door opened in the distance.

"Goodness gracious! Is anything the matter? Is that Mr. Prout? What has happened? Is it burglars? Goodness gracious me!" It was the startled squeak of Mr. Woose.

"I saw a white figure, Mr. Woose— Bless my soul, it gave me—quite a— a shock! A figure in white—"

"Goodness gracious!"

"Most extraordinary, Mr. Woose: I was awakened by a slamming door, and as I lay awake I heard sounds outside the House—extraordinarily like tapping at a window—very like, indeed, to tapping at a window! And now I have seen—I am sure I have seen—a strange figure in white—"

"Goodness gracious!" gasped the Squeaker.

Coker heard no more.

He had reached a door. He hoped that it was the door of the Fifth Form dormitory. Anyhow, he had to chance it. He kicked.

He could not open that door with tied hands. It had to be opened unto him by someone within. He had to wake up that someone. He had no doubt that Potter was fast asleep—that was the sort of thing he had to expect from a fellow like Potter!

He kicked!

Prout and Woose would not be long getting on the scene. He had to get cover. He kicked and kicked again. He hoped from the bottom of his heart that it was the Fifth Form dormitory door at which he had arrived.

That hope was unfounded. It wasn't!

Kick, kick, kick!

Prout's boom came from the distance. He had heard!

"Hark!"

"Goodness gracious!"

"Did you hear?"

"Yes, indeed—goodness gracious me!"

"This way!" boomed Prout.

Mr. Woose followed hard on the heels of Prout.

Meanwhile, Coker was kicking frantically at the door.

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

Not Loder!

HARRY WHARTON woke suddenly. So did several other fellows in the Remove dormitory. There were startled voices from bed to bed.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"What on earth's that?"

"Something's up!"

"House on fire, or what?"

Harry Wharton, in utter amazement, jumped out of bed. Who could be banging at the Remove dormitory door in the middle of the night was a mystery. But the captain of the Remove cut across to the door to see what was up.

Kick, kick, kick! came wildly from outside. Somebody, it was clear, was frightfully anxious to get in. There were startled voices all through the dormitory. Even Billy Bunter was awake.

Wharton threw the door wide open.

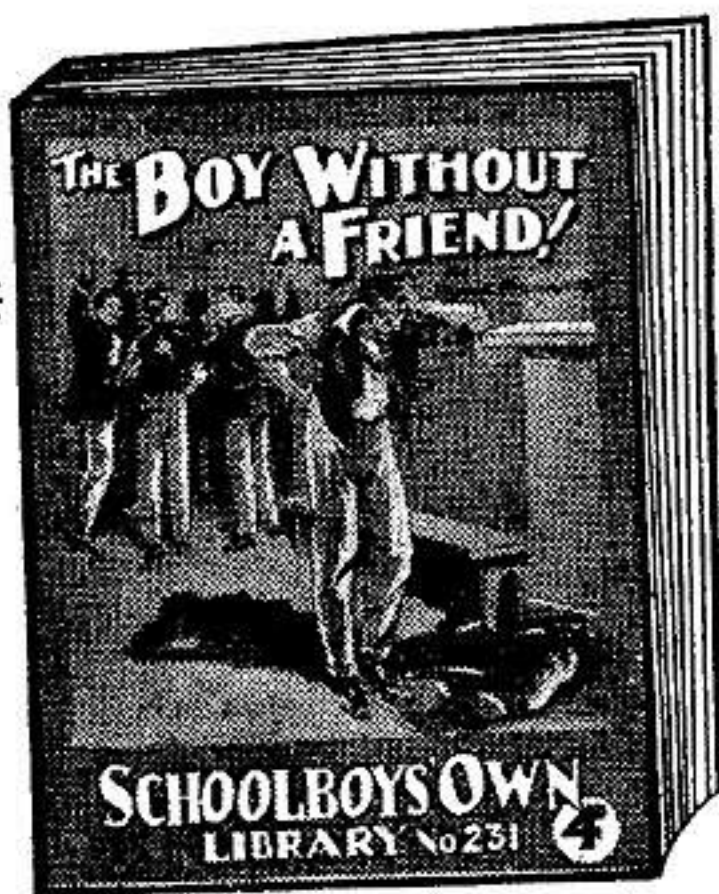
"What—" he began.

He broke off with a yell.

Before his eyes was a startling, ghostly figure in white! It loomed spectre-like from the darkness of the passage.

Wharton fairly staggered back.

The ghostly figure lurched in. Startled eyes turned on it on all sides. There was a howl from Billy Bunter.



Ask for

"THE BOY WITHOUT A FRIEND"—No. 231 of

**SCHOOLBOYS' OWN
LIBRARY**

On Sale at all
Newsagents

4^d.

**A Book-Length
Yarn
for 4d. Only!**

A form with over forty boys in it and not one who wants to chum with him! Such is the position in which Julian Devarney, the new boy of the Remove Form at Greyfriars, finds himself. Why is he without a friend? Read this powerful book-length yarn of the exciting adventures of Harry Wharton & Co. It's a school story that is different, and you will revel in it from first line to last.

"Ow! Help! I say, you fellows, it's a gig-gig-gig-ghost! Yaroooh!"

"What the thump—" gasped Bob Cherry.

"What the dooce—" stuttered Lord Mauleverer.

"Oh, my hat!"

The ghostly figure lurched in, and collided with Harry Wharton. If the captain of the Remove had supposed for a moment that it was a grisly phantom, he was undeceived when it banged into him. It felt solid enough—very solid—too solid, in fact, for comfort! It banged into Wharton, and he sat down, and the ghostly figure sprawled over him—feeling very solid indeed!

"Whoop!" roared Wharton. "What the—who the— Help!"

"I say, you fellows, keep it off!" yelled Bunter. "I say—Yarooooop!" Billy Bunter plunged under his bedclothes, palpitating.

Bob Cherry had found the switch by this time, and flashed on the light. Sudden illumination revealed the strange figure sprawling on the floor.

Wharton scrambled up. He stared in bewilderment at the weird figure. Two long legs thrashed out from under a tangled sheet.

The thing was evidently human!

"Is—is—is it some ass playing ghost, or what?" gasped Wharton. He grabbed the sheet away—and gave a yell as he inadvertently found some of the pins with which Temple of the Fourth had secured it in place.

The sheet removed, the astounded juniors expected to see a face! But all they saw was an inverted wastepaper-basket.

Then Wharton guessed! He remembered that Temple of the Fourth had planned to bonnet Loder with a wastepaper-basket.

"Oh crikey!" he gasped. "Loder!"

"L-Loder!" stuttered Bob.

"Must be. You remember—"

"Oh crunibs! Ha, ha, ha!"

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

They gathered round the strange figure, that was making wild efforts to get on its feet. They yelled. Evidently—to the Removites—this was Loder! Temple & Co. had got away with their little game—they had helmeted Loder of the Sixth with his own wastepaper-basket—and here he was! Apparently he had wandered as far as the Remove dormitory in search of release.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows!" The roars of laughter drew Billy Bunter's head out from his bedclothes like that of a tortoise from its shell. "I—I say, what—"

"Loder!" gurgled the Bounder. "They got him!"

"Loder!" gasped Bunter. "He, he, he!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Ponderous footsteps came along the dormitory passage. But even Prout's elephantine tread was drowned by the roars of merriment.

The strange figure got on its feet. It swayed and lurched. It did not speak—it couldn't! It wriggled wildly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Not a fellow doubted that it was Loder's face hidden in the wastepaper-basket. They roared and howled.

"Boys!" Prout's boom came in at the doorway. His portly form almost filled it. Behind that portly form little Mr. Wooso blinked in over the glasses that slanted down his nose. "Boys! What—"

Prout broke off at the sight of the strange visitant to the Remove dormitory. The sheet was off it now, and lay

on the floor. It no longer looked ghostly. But Prout knew that this must be the spectral figure he had spotted at the corner of the passage.

With a purple face, he strode in.

"Who is this?" he roared. "Wharton! Cherry! Nugent—all of you—what are you doing out of bed at this hour? What—"

"He woke us up, kicking at the door, sir!" said Harry, suppressing his merriment.

"The wakefulness was terrific!" chuckled Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Who is it?" roared Prout.

"I—I—I think it—it's Loder, sir!" gasped Wharton.

"Loder? Are you out of your senses, Wharton? Can you imagine for one moment that a prefect—my head prefect—would be playing such a foolish trick in the dead of night? Be silent, you foolish boy."

Prout strode at the lurching figure.

"Who are you?" he thundered.

No answer.

COME INTO THE OFFICE, BOYS!

"SURELY the MAGNET must be one of the oldest boys' papers in the world?" comments one of my old readers, who tells me that he has read our paper for over ten years. It certainly is. Already the good old MAGNET has been in existence for nearly twenty-seven years—and it is going stronger than ever! That's a record to be proud of, chums, and it's a tribute to the many fine authors who contribute to our pages, and especially to Frank Richards, who has never let you down yet. I wonder if you know which is

THE OLDEST PAPER IN THE WORLD?

You needn't rack your brains. I'll tell you. It is the "Peking-Bao," which claims to have been published for 1,534 years! This is a record that wants some beating, eh? But who knows?

Originally the "Peking-Bao" was written on silk paper. After many years, printing was introduced, and it was printed from wood blocks. It was published at irregular intervals until the year 1800. Then it became a daily paper. We've got to take our hats off to the Chinese where "long-lived" newspapers are concerned!

Although space is short, we must find room for

NEXT WEEK'S SUPER ATTRACTIONS!

The long complete yarn of Harry Wharton & Co. is entitled:

"THE BROTHERHOOD OF JUSTICE!"

By Frank Richards.

This popular author has "let himself go" in this grand tale, and you'll find that it will grip your attention from the very first line. You can't have too much of a good thing, and this yarn is certainly one of the best you have ever read. Don't miss it, on any account—and don't let your chums miss it, either. Tell them about it. They'll thank you for putting them on to a good thing.

There will be more chapters of Morton Pike's thrilling story of the Olden Times a "full-of-smiles" issue of the "Greyfriars Herald," and another interesting Soccer talk. If I can manage to find a corner to squeeze in my little chat, I will deal with a number of readers' queries which I have not had space to answer this week.

Cheerio, chums!

YOUR EDITOR.

"Who are you? Answer me at once! I can see that you are a senior boy! Speak!" bawled Prout.

Still the occupant of the wastepaper-basket did not speak.

Prout, breathing wrath, grasped the wastepaper-basket, and dragged it up over the hapless head within. It came off! A face, with the lower half hidden by a tied-on duster, was revealed.

Only the upper half of the face could be seen. But it was enough! It was easy to recognise!

It was not Loder's!

Harry Wharton & Co. stared at it in stupefaction! They had not doubted for a second that this was Loder, the unhappy victim of Temple & Co. But it was not Loder! It was Coker of the Fifth!

"Cook-Cook-Cook-Coker!" stuttered Wharton.

"Kik-kik-Coker!" gurgled Bob Cherry.

"Coker!" roared Prout. "Coker! Upon my word! Coker! Boy, why are you doing this? What does it mean? What—"

"Goodness gracious!" squeaked Mr. Wooso. "It—it is a boy in your Form, Mr. Prout—it is Coker—goodness gracious me!"

Coker did not speak! He couldn't! His look was eloquent; but his tongue was perforce silent. Prout, gasping, jerked away the duster. He grabbed Coker by the shoulder and shook him.

"Coker! Speak! What—"

"Grooooooh!"

"Explain!"

"Urrrrgh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" roared Prout. "Coker! Come! I will question you in the morning! Come! This is—is unparalleled! Come!"

Coker, gurgling, was marched away. Mr. Wooso saw his Form back to bed, and turned off the light. But it was long before the Remove slept again. Ripples of laughter ran from bed to bed. Evidently, Temple & Co. had blundered somehow. Coker had barged in, as he had a genius for doing, and got what was coming to Loder. Just as he had bagged the whopping in the fog, so he had bagged the wastepaper-basket in the study! It was, of course, Coker all over. The Removites were sorry that it wasn't Loder—but they found it very entertaining, all the same—ever so much more than Coker did!

Coker had a painful—a very painful interview with Mr. Prout in the Head's study in the morning!

He came away from that interview looking and feeling as if he found life hardly worth living.

Smiling faces on all sides brought no comfort to Coker. The fact that he was adding considerably to the gaiety of existence at Greyfriars was no consolation to him.

Coker gave up the idea of whopping Loder! He was a sticker—but he was fed-up! Besides, he had now another object for his stern wrath! Much more than whopping Loder, Coker wanted to whop the fellow who had helmeted him with Loder's wastepaper-basket. And Coker set all his wits to work to find out that fellow!

Fortunately for Cecil Reginald Temple, Coker's wits were not equal to the job!

THE END

(The next yarn in this grand series is entitled: "THE BROTHERHOOD OF JUSTICE!" Make sure of enjoying it, chums, by ordering your copy of the MAGNET in good time!)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,396.

CAPTAIN CRIMSON!

By
MORTON PIKE.

WHAT'S GONE BEFORE.

Dan Hickerman, an Excise officer, is informed by a Government spy that Squire Dashwood, the most popular figure in Widewater, and Septimus Parslow, headmaster of the Grammar School, are Jacobites, and must be arrested. Unlike Parslow, a born tyrant, the squire is respected by the Grammar School boys. In consequence of this, young Jack Lennard warns the squire, after which the two are forced to flee the country. Thanks to Captain Crimson, a mysterious highwayman, Jack succeeds in reaching Paris in safety, where he joins a School of Medicine. Later, he rushes to the aid of an officer and fellow-countryman who is wounded in an affray with two ruffians. After taking the man to his lodging, where he dresses the wound, Jack divulges his name.

(Now read on.)

Uncle Don!

THE wounded officer started, staring hard at the speaker.

"And what is your father?" he asked.

"A doctor—formerly surgeon to Honeywood's Dragoons, sir."

"Not living at Widewater, in Essex, surely?"

It was Jack Lennard's turn to stare.

"That is our home, sir, but how in the name of wonder do you know it?" he cried, as the man sprang from the rush-bottomed chair and gave a glad laugh that made the attic ring.

"Because there are some things one never forgets, Jack the happy moments in one's life, I mean. I spent some very happy ones in a certain white-gabled house with a walled-in garden behind it in which there grew a giant quince-tree. Is my memory at fault after ten years of exile, Jack? Do they ever speak of the scapegoat, Donald Murray, who took service with the French king for conscience sake? You were a little chap when I last saw you. Have you forgotten Uncle Don?"

"Could I ever forget the one who first taught me to sit a horse, and of whom my mother speaks so often, with tears in her voice, uncle: though I had not known you from Adam, here, in Paris, and in that strange dress!" exclaimed the delighted lad. "Now I shall be lonely no longer!"

"Hum! I am not so sure of that if you are counting on my presence! I am here only for a few days upon very private business, and before the week is over I must rejoin my regiment—unless the unexpected happens," laughed the exile. "Neither do I fancy your father would wish you to be in my company, Jack. I am a lieutenant in Fitzjames' Dragoons, exiles like myself,



"You shall eat your words!" nissed Borden.

and I must not tamper with your loyalty to German George."

"You will never succeed in doing that, Uncle Don," cried Jack. "But how came you to be attacked to-night?"

"Hang me, if I know. Paris is full of ruffians, and on my way to meet Jim Borden, a friend whom your worthy father would style a fellow rebel, I was set upon by those two, who were most likely after my purse which they would have found a slender one at best," smiled the Jacobite. "And that reminds me, I am leaving my companion waiting at our rendezvous in the rain all this time, wondering what on earth detains me!"

A quick tap came on the door which was flung open at the same moment, and another cloaked figure entered.

"So there you are, Murray," cried the newcomer.

"By all that is wonderful on this night of surprises, how did you find me here, my dear Borden?" exclaimed Uncle Don.

"I had a glimpse of you vanishing into a doorway in company with another figure, and when I had once discovered the house, a blind man might have followed the blood spots on every stair. What has happened to you?" replied the newcomer.

Before Uncle Don could make answer, however, the door opened again, and on the threshold paused a lad, drenched with rain, carrying a sodden portfolio

under his arm. It was Pierre Lerolle, an artist who shared Jack's room.

Mr. Borden whispered some quick words to Donald Murray, and among them Jack caught the words: "his Highness," and "almost eleven now."

"Egad, you're right, Borden," cried the wounded man, dispensing with any introductions. "Jack, my dear lad, affairs of state claim us. To-morrow I will pay you a longer visit—for the present, good-night and forgive this want of ceremony!"

He snatched up his cloak while he spoke, and hurriedly followed the other man out on to the dark landing, leaving behind him the impression of a bright smile and a handsome presence clad in scarlet, with silver buttons on the big cuffs, horseman's boots that could be heard clumping noisily down the staircase, and a white cockade in his hat.

When the two had gone, Jack Lennard poured out the story of that astonishing adventure to his rain-soaked room-mate, who listened with a serious frown.

"It is indeed extraordinary, Jacques; but who was the other man with the smile of a fox?" he asked. "And why did he stand outside the door there listening to your conversation? I watched him for several minutes until the stair creaked, and then he came in very quickly like one who does not wish to be discovered eavesdropping!"

"I will ask my uncle to-morrow, Pierre," said Jack, frowning in his

turn. "Anyway, we were not talking secrets."

Jack Lennard had not taken kindly to Mr. Borden, an oddly white-faced gentleman, who had turned his back somewhat rudely on the lad, and seemed in such a desperate hurry to be off.

A Friendly Warning!

JACK and Pierre only boasted two cups between them, so when Uncle Don arrived early next morning, as they were about to partake of breakfast, Pierre borrowed another from Madame Rouge, their neighbour on the top landing, whose husband was a clerk in the office of the lieutenant of police.

Madame mothered the two young students, and Rouge himself was a good fellow, who often brought his pipe into their room of an evening, and told them the latest news from the court and city.

"Ha," said Uncle Don, sipping hot coffee and nibbling a roll, "if you want to be a soldier, Jack, you ought to have been with me in the Battle of Fontenoy last month, when the Irish Brigade saved the day, and made mincemeat of fat Cumberland's battalions. We of Fitzjames' Dragoons lost heavily there, and I had two horses shot under me!"

"Gently, uncle!" laughed Jack. "You forget that I might have made part of that very mincemeat you speak of, for I should have been fighting for King George!"

"Yes, you young dog, I hadn't thought of that!" smiled the Jacobite. "But we're going to alter everything; and send George scuttling back to his beloved Hanover, the little German rascal. Then you'll thank your stars that you will have a true friend at court. I had my orders from Charles Edward himself last night, but what they were must rest a secret for the moment," and the speaker favoured his nephew with a knowing wink.

"What, the Young Pretender here in Paris, uncle?" cried Jack Lennard. "I thought the Government of France did not favour his foolish attempt."

"We'll call him the prince, if you've no objection, for prince he is, although an exile like myself," said Uncle Don. "Yes, he is in Paris on a flying visit, and passing as the Chevalier Douglas, for reasons of his own, and to avoid the English spies. It's odd, too, Jack, that he lodges with one Major O'Donnell, an old officer of Clare's regiment, in a house at the corner of that passage where you and I met under somewhat unusual circumstances—eh, boy?"

"If the old gentleman has a pegleg, and a pigtail as long as a pump-handle, then I know him well by sight," said Jack. "We have even spoken."

"The same—he lost a limb at Philipsburg," nodded his uncle. "To-night there is to be another council of war at his lodging, when Borden tells me quite a number of the prince's adherents are expected; several from England who will bring good news of who is for us, and who against us."

Jack and Pierre exchanged a look, the same thought in both minds.

"And who is Borden, Uncle Don?" asked Jack bluntly.

"Jim Borden! We call him the indispensable," he replied. "Without his aid the prince would know little of the doings of George and his ministers, and he risks his life and liberty by crossing the Channel every week. We only wait now for Borden to give us the word."

"In plain English, then, Mr. Borden is a spy?"

"I suppose that is what one would call him," said Uncle Don; "but how necessary they are!"

"That may be; but I'm not a conspirator, and I don't like your Mr. Borden, although I only saw him for a moment!" said Jack emphatically. "I only hope your wonderful prince does not invade old England until I am back there again, so that I may have the chance to fight against him."

"Bravo, boy!" laughed Uncle Don, clapping him on the shoulder with great good humour. "I love to find someone with the courage of his opinions, even though they differ from my own. And now, my sojourn in Paris being a short one, and nothing to do until nightfall, quit your studies for once, the pair o' ye, and we three will take a stroll through the most interesting city in the world, and see some of the sights."

As they sallied forth, one on either side of the handsome officer, a man in a plain, snuff-coloured suit stepped from the opposite doorway, where he had been lurking an hour or more, and followed in their wake.

He kept some way behind, but in spite of the traffic in the streets it was easy to keep them in sight, for Uncle Donald was not only a conspicuous figure in the scarlet coat with the yellow vest and breeches, but he stood head and shoulders above the other folk.

They crossed the river by the old Pont au Change, with its quaint houses on either hand, and their overhanging signs.

They viewed the frowning prison-fortress of the Bastille from a respectful distance, and marvelled at the wealth and poverty that thronged the streets, side by side; the half-naked beggars, and the gilded coaches with their attendants in gorgeous liveries.

In the Place Louis XV, they stood to watch a battalion of the French Guard in blue and silver go by.

"Those are the fellows who told the British Guards to fire first at Fontenoy," said Uncle Don.

"And did they?" queried the lads.

"Ay, that they did, bowling nineteen officers and ninety-five men over by way of a start, and wounding several others."

"Not so bad, then, for the soldiers of German George, as you call him," smiled Jack, with a sly glance at the speaker.

"Nay, properly led, and fighting under the right king, nothing can beat our redcoats; I have ever held that, Jack," replied the Jacobite officer proudly.

"Then where are the troops coming from to put this wonderful prince of yours on the throne, uncle? Will the French help you?"

Donald Murray emptied his glass, and leaned across the little table at which they were dining under the shade of a big plane-tree.

"State secrets, Jack, but I'll tell you this much," he said, in a low tone. "The troops will come from Britain itself. Half the nobility are with us at heart, and only wait the prince's landing to sport the white cockade! As for King Louis, he has already promised us aid, but his ministers are fearful of stirring up another war until their own wounds are healed, and that is why his Highness is here under an assumed name, lest the turn of a card might lodge him in that prison we saw this morning. Mark you, my dear nephew, I have made no attempt to tamper with your loyalty for the love I have for your mother, and the respect in which I hold your father also, but you shall have your heart's wish before long, and go a-soldiering on the right side!"

They sat for a long time, talking, sometimes in English, sometimes in French, all the while the man in the plain snuff-coloured suit at the next

table sipping his wine and listening with his back towards them. When at length they rose to go the eavesdropper got up, sauntered leisurely in the same direction, until he saw them enter the doorway of the boys' lodging, and only then turned on his heel, walking quickly away.

Had he waited another moment, he would have seen that the officer of Fitzjames' dragoons did not mount the steep staircase.

"This has been an extraordinary meeting, boy," said Uncle Don, laying both hands on Jack's broad shoulders. "Doubtless you will tell your parents all about it when you write home, though I think I shall see them before you do! Farewell, Monsieur Lerolle, I am delighted to have made your acquaintance."

With his cloak over his arm, and a proud swagger in his gait as though the whole street belonged to him, Donald Murray strode away.

Jack watched him until he had turned the corner, and then followed Pierre up the steep staircase.

On the top landing Madame Rouge intercepted them with a packet for Monsieur Lennard—a rare thing in those days, a letter from home!

As Jack read the letter, seated on the edge of his cot, a sharp exclamation made Pierre turn round.

"Good news, or ill?" queried his friend.

"Both!" exclaimed Jack. "I am returning to England to-morrow!"

"Oh, impossible! I shall be like the dog without the tail, Jacques!"

"It cannot be helped. I am very sorry to leave you, Pierre, but this is from my father. He says that serious things are about to happen. That I must not leave it until it is too late—he writes very guardedly, because the letter might fall into other hands—but the Pretender is at the bottom of it, I know!"

The French lad was plunged into the depths of despair at the sudden news, but before he could trust his voice, a tap came on the attic door, and Madame Rouge's husband peered into the room.

"The young messieurs are back, then—ah, well," said the clerk in the office of the lieutenant of police. "I thought you might like to hear something quite out of the ordinary run of things." Rouge slipped into the room, pushing the door to behind him. "We have been very busy preparing warrants for the arrest of several conspirators to-night, and so serious does the Minister think it, that two companies of the French Guard will be employed to make sure none of them escape."

Jack held his breath, aware that Rouge was looking pointedly at him as he spoke.

"Yes," continued Rouge. "Not a few of them are countrymen of yours, and, would you believe it, your own name was brought to us as one to be included among the prisoners! Oh, you need have no fear—my chief has had inquiries made at the Ecole de Medicine, where they gave you the best of characters, and I put in my humble word as your neighbour, so you may not figure in the dossier with Monsieur your uncle the Capitaine Donald Murray—he is for the Bastille, poor man, with a very exalted personage of whom I dare not speak!"

"Tell me, Rouge, for you seem to know everything," cried Jack, springing up suddenly. "Have you met an Englishman whose name is Borden?"

"Ma foi! Is it not Monsieur Borden who has given us the list of the

conspirators, and told us where to find them!" grinned Rouge, with a shrug of his shoulders. "At eleven o'clock to-night, the Guard will take possession of our street, with a half-company at the other end of the Passage of the Black Cats. It is now striking nine—I hear my wife calling that supper is ready—I thought monsieur might like to hear these things!"

Rouge then went out, whistling. "Oh, the excellent Rouge!" exclaimed Pierre. "And the abominable Borden! What is to be done, my poor Jacques?" "Uncle Don has got to be saved—and there are only two hours for it!" cried the distracted lad. "Don't speak to me just now, I must think!"

An Interrupted Meeting!

THE house of "Major Pegleg," as the boys called him, was a very old one, and stood at the corner of the Passage of the Black Cats, part of it extending across the mouth of the passage itself, the door being within the archway.

There was no back entrance at all, but the windows at the rear overlooked the little square where Uncle Don had fought for his life the night before, and in a room on the ground floor twelve gentlemen sat round a table, playing for a very high stake—the Crown of England!

Several of the party bore high titles, among them being the aged Marquis of Tullibardine; but there was one there, a stranger to the rest, whom Donald Murray had introduced as Captain Smith, a silent man with a strong, rather hawklike profile.

"Well, my friends," said a blue-eyed young man with fair hair thickly powdered, whom the others addressed as "Your Highness," "I understand that the earl of Trimmingham, who has but recently crossed the Channel, brings us a goodly list of those who wait our arrival to fly to arms for King James III—my lord, we are all atten-

tion, for, since of money we have, alas, very little, we must fall back on the stout hearts and sharp swords of our faithful adherents."

"Your Highness' words touch me on the raw," said the earl, a flabby-faced young man of thirty in a skyblue satin coat. "But for the carelessness of my messenger who let himself be robbed of the jewels I entrusted to him, as you already know, there'd have been money in plenty. However, here are those on whom we may count," and he read off more than half the names in the peerage, half a dozen bishops, and country gentlemen galore.

A murmur of satisfaction went round the circle, and the prince poured out a bumper of brandy in which to toast that loyal list. Before he could speak, however, the voice of Captain Smith cut the silence like a knife.

"Your Highness had best pause," he said. "My Lord Trimmingham may believe what he likes. I tell you that not ten of those he mentions will risk their heads when it comes to the point. They have not forgotten what followed the rising of 1715!"

Every eye was turned on the bold speaker, and Trimmingham flushed like a turkey-cock.

"Zounds, sir!" he cried. "Do you call me a liar?"

"No, my lord, only a fool!"

"Stop my vitals! This is too much!"

"Your lordship can have more if he wishes!" said Captain Smith, touching the handle of his sword significantly.

"Gentlemen—I beg of you!" cried the prince. "This is no way to advance the Cause!"

Mr. Borden, his eyes narrowing down to mere pin-points, half-rose in his chair, and pushing one of the candlesticks aside, looked curiously at the inter-rupter.

"What is your real name and rank, sir?" he demanded, with a slight sneer on his thin lips, and a lift of his bushy eyebrows.

"I have several, Mr. James Borden, but none that appear on the list of these gentlemen present, which you handed this morning to the Minister of Police."

Every man sprang up, and Donald Murray's blade came half out of its sheath. But the stranger, who had kept his eyes fixed on Borden's, stood up in his place, very quietly, and pointed an accusing arm at the man whose face had turned livid.

"You shall eat your words!" hissed Borden. "But I do not fight with unknown traitors! I demand to know who in Heaven's name you are!"

"And I decline to gratify the curiosity of the ing's spy. Folk in England call me 'Captain Crimson,' and that must suffice you. In my turn, may I ask where you are going?"—for Borden had stepped quickly backwards towards the door, out of reach of those drawn swords in the hands of the startled conspirators.

"I left my weapon in the hall, Mr. Mountebank."

"Where it had better remain, for you will not want it any more."

Before any of the company had an inkling of what was about to happen there was a sharp report, and Borden dropped, stone dead, on his back!

"There are moments, your Highness, when one must take the law into one's own hands," said the slayer, replacing the pistol. "I am here to-night, not that I am one of you, for I am not, but there are those in this room whom I would willingly save. To Donald Murray I once owed my life, and I have just paid that debt in full. That carrion there has betrayed you all—fly while there is yet time!"

(Will the conspirators take heed of the mysterious Captain Crimson's warning, or will they be caught like rats in a trap? Don't miss next week's nerve-tingling chapters of this powerful story, whatever you do, boys!)

FREE APPROVAL

Write for Fully Illustrated Musical List. The "SOUTHERN ISLES" **UKULELE BANJO**

You can play this delightful instrument with very little practice with the aid of our Free Lightning Tutor. Brass Fretted Finger-Board; sweet, mellow tone; solidly built; highly polished finish. 30/- VALUE for 11/9. We will send you one of these "Southern Isles" real Ukulele Banjos upon receipt of your name and address. If entirely to your satisfaction you send 1/6 on receipt and 1/- fortnightly until 11/9 is paid. Full cash with order or balance within 7 days 10/6 only.



30/- value for 11/9

J.A. DAVIS & CO.

Box B.P. 49, 94-104 DENMARK HILL, LONDON, S.E.5

HAVE YOU A RED NOSE?

Send a stamp and you will learn how to rid yourself of such a terrible affliction free of charge.

Address in confidence: T. J. TEMPLE, Specialist, "Palace House," 128, Shaftesbury Avenue, LONDON, W.1. (Est. 30 years.)

BE STRONG

I promise you Robust Health, Doubled Strength, Stamina and Dashing Energy in 30 days or money back! My amazing 4-in-1 Course adds 10-25 lbs. to your muscular development (with 2 ins. on Chest and 1 1/2 on Arms), also brings an Iron Will, Perfect Self-control, Virile Manhood, Personal Magnetism, Surpassing your friends! Complete Course, 5/-. Details free, privately.—STEBBING INSTITUTE (A), 23, Dean Road, LONDON, N.W.2.

BE TALLER!

Increased my own height to 6ft. 3ins. OLIVIER GAIN 2 1/2 to 3 INCHES! Fee £2 2s. STAMP brings FREE Particulars.—P. M. ROSS, Height Specialist, SCARBOROUGH.

160 "KANGAROO" PKT. FREE.

Contains Australia, 4 mint Colonials, Sudan, 100 Titles of Countries. 2d. postage, requesting approval.—Lisburn & Townsend, Ltd. (U.S.S.), Liverpool.

STAMMERING!

Cure yourself as I did. Particulars free.—FRANK B. HUGHES, 7, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.1.

All applications for Advertisement Space in this publication should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, The MAGNET, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.



5/- SECURES

1935 Model

ORCHESTRAL PIANO ACCORDION

and 12 monthly payments of 5/10.

Cash Price £3/10/0 Net.

Usual Price £4/4/0. Send for Complete List.

GEORGE GROSE,

Ludgate Circus, New Bridge Street, London.

BE TALL

Your Height Increased in 14 days or Money Back. Amazing Course, 5/-. Send STAMP NOW for free book.—STEBBING SYSTEM, 23, Dean Road, LONDON, N.W.2.

506 STAMPS FREE!

ROUMANIA (Airmail), Stamp, Perula, Cuba, etc. 2d. postage. Request approval.

A. EASTICK, 22, BANKSIDE ROAD, Bournemouth.

BLUSHING,

Shyness, "Nerves," Self-consciousness, Worry, Habit, Unreasonable Fears, etc., cured for money back! Complete Course 5/-. Details—L. A. STEBBING, 23, Dean Road, London, N.W.2.

BE BIG!

Readers of "The Magnet" who are troubled about their Height, Physique or General Health should write for my two FREE illustrated books, enclosing 2d. stamp.—P. CARNE, RHIFRINA, CARDIFF, S.W.



Send no Money

NO DEPOSIT REQUIRED

We will send for your free approval, upon receipt of a postcard, our famous "SOUTHERN ISLES" UKULELE. If satisfactory you pay 1/- fortnightly until 11/9 is paid. Every Musical Instrument supplied on equally attractive terms. Write for Fully Illustrated Catalogue. Seven Days' Free Trial allowed.

J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. B.P. 145), 94-104, DENMARK HILL, LONDON, S.E.5.

KOOKING KONTEST

Enter your name now for the Umpteenth Annual Herring-Toasting Kompetition for Fags. First Prize: 1 Pocket Nife (slitely dammidge), 6 Selected Konkors, and 1 Stick of Chewing Gumm. Penholder toasting-forks provided. Bring your own herrings!—Parties. from DICKY NUGENT, Second Form Room.



No. 111 (New Series).

THE NEW Greyfriars Herald

EDITED BY HARRY WHARTON.

November 17th, 1934.



MAN-EATING TIGER

Lost, stolen, or strayed. Last seen raging off in the direction of the Remove passage. Answers to the name of "Coker." Feared that he has met with accident. Finders are requested to trap him in wire-netting and drag him along to his keepers.—POTTER & GREENE, Games Study, Fifth Form.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW ON THE REMOVE—FOURTH MATCH

1. HARRY WHARTON'S. Well, chaps, the Upper Fourth are improving. No doubt about it! That goal of Temple's was a real top-notch—winner all the way. Bulstrode in goal didn't even see it! Apart from that spectacular solo effort, I must really congratulate the Fourth on their vastly improved combination. They don't, of course, co-operate with the machinlike faultlessness of the best teams in the country—that's not to be expected. But they certainly do display a greater tendency to work together than they did at the beginning of the season, and if they continue to steer clear of the more selfish style that characterised their play earlier on, they'll soon be doing well!

Our own team shaped quite nicely, but the passing was not, I thought, quite up to standard, and the wingers showed a fondness for hanging on to the ball just a shade too long. But mistakes are made in every game, and I'm not going to rag them over it!

2. CECIL REGINALD TEMPLE'S. I'm not in the habit of boasting, but with just a bit of luck I should have scored six goals instead of the brilliant singleton I actually did score! As luck would have it, Bull or Bulstrode or Cherry seemed to barge in from nowhere every time, just when I was on the point of scoring—otherwise, dear men, I can assure you, that singleton would have been a spanking half-dozen.

Nobody, I think, will dispute our complete superiority over the Remove kids. In every part of the field we seemed to overwhelm them; most of the time they didn't seem to have a leg to stand on! That that superiority didn't produce a cricket score can only, I imagine, be put down to that same bad luck that haunted me!

Our goalie was brilliant, our backs superb; our halves the last word; our forwards the brainiest, most dashing and most enterprising quintet ever seen in junior football.

There was only one thing we lacked—and that was Luck!

(Having read Wharton's modest description and Temple's panegyric, readers may be excused for assuming that the Fourth won comfortably. Sorry, old sports, but you're wrong. The result was: Remove 3, Upper Fourth 1.)

Steeplejack Wanted

When practising ventriloquism yesterday, Bunter threw his voice up to the roof of the School House—and, so far, it hasn't come back!

Hi

Don't hoften use threats, but this 'ere notice is to warn all and sundry that the next young rip wot sends me bottles of water made up to look like gin will be reported to the 'Ead. Hi don't hintend to stand no more of it!—WM. GOSLING, Porter's Lodge.

HELPING the HEAD

By DICKY NUGENT

"Ten ginnies!" mermered Jack Jolly, reflectively. "It's a big prize!"

"Just for pianer-playing, too!" sighed Merry. "I wish I'd taken up pianer-playing instead of ping-pong."

"All the mewsical chaps in the skool are going in for it," remarked Bright. "Mr. Noyes, the mewsic master, thinks it will be a stern tussle for first place between Rumpuss and Slamkeys!"

"Ratts!" spoke a culchered voice from the study doorway, just then. "Those mizzerable keyboard-punchers won't stand a giddy earthly, beleeve me!"

The chums of the Fourth turned round in serprize. It was Dr. Birchmall, the revered and majestik head-master of St. Sam's himself, who had joined in the confab.

Dr. Birchmall came into the study, grinning all over his dile, and closed the door after him.

"The winner of the Funguss Prize for Pianer-Playing will be neither Rumpuss nor Slamkeys, my boys," he said, with a slite leer. "There is one piannist at St. Sam's who is going to make rings round them both. That piannist is myself!"

Jack Jolly & Co. jumped. "But—but you can't play the pianner, sir!" gasped Jack Jolly.

Dr. Birchmall winked. "Trew, my dear Jolly. That is why I have called on you. I want you and your



friends to help me to overcome that little difficulty."

"What the merry dickens—"

"I will let you into the secret, boys," said the Head, sinking his voice to a meer wisper. "Underneath the platform in the Hall where the kompetition is to be held, I have placed a gramophone, which I have connected up with a loud-speaker fitted inside the pianner. A record of Paderewski playing the pianner is on the turn-table, all ready for playing. Need I say more?"

Jack Jolly & Co. stared. "You—you mean you want us to put on the record when it's your turn to play, sir?" asked Merry.

The Head nodded.

"Just that! You, Merry, will stand in front of the platform and signal to your friends hidden underneath it—and as soon as you signal, they will put on the record and I will pretend to play. The judges will then conclod that I am really playing and will natcherally award me the prize!"

"Grate pip!"

"But, sir!" eggsclaimed Bright. "Isn't that a rather dishonnest way of winning the prize?"

Dr. Birchmall larfed.

"Honi swat key madi ponge," he said, lapsing in French with skollerly ease. "What's more, all's fair in love and pianner-playing. Now, boys, what do you say?"

"Um! Well, sir—"

"I shall, of corse, birch you black and blew if you refuse," said the Head casually, as he persevered the hezzitation. "On the other hand, I shall not fail to reckernize any help you give me. You know how generous I am, boys, and you can rely on it that if I win the ten ginnies, I shall give you at least tuppence-ha-penny out of it!"

The chums of the Fourth looked at each other.

"Well, sir, I really think you're an unskrewpulum roague," grinned Jack Jolly. "But rather than be birch, black and blew, we'll certainly help you, won't we, chaps?"

"Yes, rather!"

"Good!" grinned the Head, preparing to depart. "See you on the grato nite, then, boys—and for goodness' sake keep it dark!"

The nite of the grate pianner-playing kontest arrived, and a large crowd in the Hall listened to the efforts of the mewsiclans of the skool.

At last the Head's turn came. There was a buzz of serprize as he took his seat at the pianner, for nobody had imagined him to be a piannist before.

Dr. Birchmall winked at Merry, who was in the front row, and Merry signalled to his pals, who were hidden beneath the platform. Then came a painful minnit of silence, and the Head began to wonder what had gone wrong.

The cause of the delay, as a matter of fact, was an un-

forchunit axcident. While waiting for his cuo, Bright had carelessly leaned his elbow on the record and busted it, and while the Head was impatiently waiting, Jolly and Bright were frantically searching for another record to replace it.

In the nick of time they found one, and at last, to the Head's grate releef, a burst of mewsic came from the concealed loud-speaker in the pianner. Dr. Birchmall, promptly responding, allowed his fingers to wander over the keys as though he was actually playing.

And then, to the Head's serprize and dismay, there was a chuckle from the awdience. The chuckle became a larf, and the larf a roar—and soon the grate crowd was larfing and shrieking with larfter!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ho, ho, ho!"

"He, he, he!"

"What the thump—"

gaped the Head.

Then he realised what was causing the mirth.

In their hurry his helpers had not noticed what kind of a record they were putting on. It turned out to be, not a pianner solo, but a FULLY-LEDGED BRASS BAND!

Even the Head couldn't hope to convince the judges that he was producing the mewsic of a brass band by his own efforts on the pianner. With an angry snort, he got up from the stool, jumped off the side of the platform, and made a dive to get at Jolly and Bright.

He was unlucky. Jolly and Bright had already made themselves scarce. They had rightly come to the conclusion that no reward worth staying for was likely to result from their efforts at Helping the Head!

Dick Rake on—

MY THEATRICAL CAREER

I've always had ambitions to go on the stage.

When I came to Greyfriars and discovered the Remove Dramatic Society, I joined at once and took a "header" right into junior theatrical circles. Alas! My Thespian abilities were not recognised in the least.

But where there's a will, there's a way. I was determined to win my way to the top of the theatrical tree somehow. I decided to do it through the Courtfield Academy of Dramatic Art, where for a mere two-pounds-ten they give you detailed instruction in the art of acting and turn you into a "star" before you know where you are—or so you gather from their ads., anyway.

For six weeks I toiled at class-work in Courtfield and at homework in front of the mirror in Study No. 6.

At last my lessons were over and I was given a handsome diploma which stated that I had taken their course and was qualified to act in any part allotted to me. In a fever of excitement, I rushed to Wib.

"Get a load of this, old bean!" I chortled. "Now, tell me I can't act, if you dare! With this giddy diploma I shall expect to help you a lot in your forthcoming production of 'Julius Caesar.'"

Wib. looked at the diploma. "Nothing like being keen, anyway," he remarked, approvingly. "Still, this diploma doesn't prove that you can act."

"I can jolly soon prove that, anyway," I said, enthusiastically. "Just listen! Friends, countrymen, Romans—"

And I proceeded to reel off a few yards of Shakespeare as taught at the Academy. Wib. listened with rapt attention, and nodded when I had finished.

"There!" I gasped. "Now do you think I'm going to be of any use to you in 'Julius Caesar' or not?"

"Old man, you most certainly are!" said Wibley. "Many thanks for the offer, which is gladly accepted."

"Good!" I beamed. "What part shall I take? Caesar's?"

thusiastically. "Just listen! Friends, countrymen, Romans—"

And I proceeded to reel off a few yards of Shakespeare as taught at the Academy. Wib. listened with rapt attention, and nodded when I had finished.

"There!" I gasped. "Now do you think I'm going to be of any use to you in 'Julius Caesar' or not?"

"Old man, you most certainly are!" said Wibley. "Many thanks for the offer, which is gladly accepted."

"Good!" I beamed. "What part shall I take? Caesar's?"

Wib. stared. "Caesar's? But you don't imagine I'm giving you an acting part in the most important production of the season, do you?"

I felt a sudden quail. "Er—what exactly had you in mind for me?" I asked.

"Nothing to do with the acting, of course—you're far too amateurish for that yet," said Wib. "Matter of fact, I'd mapped you out as a scene-shifter!"

And there, dear reader, I think we can leave My Theatrical Career!

Wib. stared. "Caesar's? But you don't imagine I'm giving you an acting part in the most important production of the season, do you?"

I felt a sudden quail. "Er—what exactly had you in mind for me?" I asked.

"Nothing to do with the acting, of course—you're far too amateurish for that yet," said Wib. "Matter of fact, I'd mapped you out as a scene-shifter!"

And there, dear reader, I think we can leave My Theatrical Career!

Bolsover Major says—

SNOOP'S A WORLD CONQUEROR

After a terrific battle lasting two seconds, my young protege, Sid Snoop, lost to George Tubb, of the Third. But if you think I've given up hope of seeing him win a world's championship one day, you've made a mighty big mistake!

When Snoop stepped into the ring, he was quite under the impression that his opponent weighed several stones less than himself. This, it seems, was a complete misunderstanding on his part. As a matter of fact, Tubb turned out to be almost as heavy as Snoop! A fine trick to play on the lad, for a start, wasn't it?

The shock of that discovery alone, was enough to put Snoop off his stroke; but I'm not going to put up that plea to account for the result. Snoop lost the fight, if you want to know, because Tubb wasn't gentlemanly enough to give him time to get going properly. The savage Tubb ignored the elementary laws of politeness and just waded in.

No, I'm not abandoning hope in Snoop as a world-conqueror just because of this little accident! When I look back on his career, I see plenty of reason to hope for great things from him yet. He has licked Hop Hi, Dicky Nugent, and Gatty—all three stalwart fighters, reaching up to his shoulders at least—and he hasn't hesitated on occasions to challenge Bunter major and Alonzo Todd.



INKY'S BIRTHDAY GUIDE

This week: BOB CHERRY

Here is a horoscope full of great joyfulness and esteemed promise of goodfoll things to come. The esteemed and vociferous Bob was indeed born under a lucky star—in fact, one may permitfully allow oneself to say that the lucky-starfulness was simply terrific!

Our honoured pal could not pickfully have chosen a birthday that would have made him more brightly happy and contented. He will breezefully sail through life as though it were an esteemed and idiotic pionic, and such trivial troubles as he findfully comes across he will brushfully sweep aside without the most slightful difficulty!

A career in the open-air would seem the esteemed and proper caper for the honoured Bob. A coopful career in an office would restrictfully limit his energetic and active jump-aboutfulness. The all-wrongfulness of such a life for our esteemed and violent pal would be terrific!

But whether his career takes him to the great open-spacefulness or the office coopfulness, you may dependfully rely on it that Bob will always be the samefoll Bob, brimming over with the cheerfulness and chirpfulness he always showfully displays at Greyfriars!

These letters, put in their right order, give the name of a popular schoolboy character. What is the name?

THRYWRBAANOH

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?



George Bulstrode is a keen fisherman, and has a "fab" in any "place" with a "sprat" to catch a "mackerel" without "carping" if he comes across a "red herring" instead of a "whiting" or a "goldfish." The only "porpoise" he dislikes to hook is Bunter. A "whale" of a fellow!



Tom Brown, the New Zealander, startled Greyfriars by spinning a 75-foot long rope in the quad. He explained that the reason why he "roped in" Loder of the Sixth was because Loder blundered in the way—but Loder still believes "Brownie" got him "all tied up" on purpose.



When the Famous Five visited India with Hurree Singh, the Nabob of Bhanipur, they saw "Inky" enthroned in state, with rich tapestries and carpets abounding. In his study at Greyfriars, though, "Inky" does not appear to miss his magnificence. A corner of the study table is good enough for him when at "prep."



Viewing a hippopotamus at a Courtfield circus, Billy Bunter expressed admiration for its tremendous molars. As an expert at "champing" himself, Bunter certainly ought to know a good pair of jaws when he sees them! Bob Cherry says Bunter could eat most, though!



When the storm clouds fly low over the Shoulder, at Pegg Bay, there are few fellows who would care to scale it. Tom Redwing, bred by the seas, did it the other day, to rescue a fag who had climbed too far. Redwing brought him down—and was congratulated by the Head!