

“DOWN ON HIS LUCK!” Powerful Long Complete School Yarn of Harry Wharton & Co.— Inside!

The MAGNET 2^D



*Aunt Judy Comes
to Greyfriars!*



Come Into The Office, Boys!

Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his readers. Write to him: Editor of the "Magnet," The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. A stamped addressed envelope will ensure a reply.

FROM A. Halse, a reader in East London, Cape Province, South Africa, comes another letter congratulating Mr. Frank Richards on his wonderful stories of the chums of Greyfriars, and two queries. The second question is the easier to answer. My chum asks how long our popular author has been writing these school stories? Just have a look at the number of this issue. You'll find that it is No. 1,106. Fifty-two issues of the MAGNET are published every year, so a very simple calculation will show you that Mr. Richards has been writing our principal stories for just over twenty-seven years!

That's a record that will take some beating, eh? Knowing what magnificent stories these are, you'll get some idea of the tremendous amount of work which Mr. Richards has done. My South African chum's other question is not so easy to answer. He asks: "How old is Frank Richards?"

I have mentioned before that Mr. Richards is a most modest man. That is why I have had to refuse the request of many readers who have asked me to publish his photograph. Being modest, he does not want his photograph published, and, for the same reason, he would possibly object to his age being publicly announced. As a matter of fact I don't know it, but you can take it from me, he is still a comparatively young man.

This reader also sends me along some information concerning

THE WORLD'S MOST MYSTERIOUS ILLUSION.

That is, of course, the Indian rope trick. Even to-day no one has settled the controversy of whether the trick has actually been done or not. Here, however, is an interesting story which throws light on a similar Indian illusion:

An Englishman in Ceylon was overtaking a native beggar one day when the latter suddenly yelled out: "Take care, sahib, a snake!" Glancing on the ground, the white man saw what appeared to be a large snake wriggle past his feet, and he jumped back quickly. The beggar, however, laughed, and then picked up the "snake." It was an ordinary bamboo walking-stick which the beggar subsequently sold to the traveller.

By some means or other, a kind of hypnotism, perhaps, the hard-headed white man had been forced to imagine that what he actually saw was a snake. The most feasible explanation of the Indian rope trick is that people who claim to have seen it have been similarly deluded.

I am sure some of my older readers are getting a little "fed up" with the Indian rope trick by now, so I'm going to make a request. No more Indian rope trick queries, please!

I'll tell you why I am making this request. Some time ago, in an endeavour to settle the matter, a journal controlled by the publishers of the MAGNET offered a large price for what was claimed to be a photograph of the trick being performed if it was genuine. As a result of this it was found that the "rope" in the photograph was actually a long rod of bamboo!

WHO ARE THE FINEST STILT WALKERS IN THE WORLD?

This is the rather unusual query which J. F. D., of Hexham, puts up to me. Undoubtedly the peasants in the Landes district of France have a claim to this distinction. In order to keep an eye on their sheep in this flat, marshy country, they walk about on stilts, which also allow them to cross marshes which are impassable on foot. They also carry a third stilt, or guide pole, with them, which has a small support at the top, on which they can sit when they want a rest.

Shepherds in certain parts of Hungary use stilts which enable them to get above the clouds of dust which their charges raise in the dry, arid countryside.

JOHN ASHMORE, of Shirley, near Birmingham, is intensely interested in astronomy. He sends along some interesting particulars concerning

THE FARTHEST PLANET,

which I herewith pass on to you. Do you know which known planet is farthest away from the earth? It is the new planet "Pluto," which was discovered by photography, by an American observatory in 1930. It takes 248 years to travel around the sun, and is 4,000 miles in diameter. But don't strain your eyes trying to look for it. It is 3,666 millions of miles away—so far away, in fact, that the largest telescope in the world can never make it appear as a disc.

Phew! That's enough to take anybody's breath away. My reader chum also tells me that it is fifty times fainter than the moon, so you can tell what chance you've got of spotting it!

HAVE you ever seen a canal running over a railway? And then a roadway running over both the railway and the canal? That is the unusual sight you will see if you ever pay a visit to Hanwell. One of my readers in that town has sent me a photograph of this unusual three-way crossing.

The railway is in a cutting which passes under the canal. The canal

crosses on an iron bridge, and immediately above the canal is the ordinary road bridge. At this particular point it is possible to see a barge floating above a train, and a motor crossing above the barge!

My Hamcell reader's letter reminds me of other

PECULIAR BRIDGES

which are to be found in this country. For instance, on the Manchester Ship Canal there is a point where another canal crosses above the main one. Furthermore, it crosses on a swing-bridge, which can be opened to permit ships to pass, while the canal above is completely cut in two by the opening of the swing bridge.

In Middlesbrough there are two unusual types of bridges crossing the Tees. The older is a Transporter bridge, consisting of a high structure, from which a portion of bridge is suspended. This portion moves backwards and forwards across the river, carrying vehicles and passengers slung from the high bridge above. The second—and latest bridge—is a wonderful vertical lift-bridge. The bridge is on the road level, but when a ship wants to pass along the river, the whole bridge rises up like a lift, ascending high enough to allow the top of the ship's masts to pass under.

Here comes a query from a Canadian reader who wants to know

WHAT DOES MAC MEAN?

He is rather puzzled to account for the fact that Scottish names begin with "Mac." He asks me why this is. The prefix "Mac" in front of a surname is not only Scottish, but also Irish and Manx. It is a Gaelic word and means "a relative or a son of." Thus "MacIntosh" means "the son of the chief"; "MacGowan" is "the son of the smith"; and "Macbeth" means "the son of life."

Surnames are curious things. Many of them were originally bestowed as nicknames, and some of them are rather amusing. Fancy, for instance, being called Peckcheese. Yet that is a proper surname, and was undoubtedly first given because of its owner's fondness for cheese. Here are some even stranger surnames, Triantafyllopoulos, which means "Rose"; Snooks, which means "seven oaks"; Mucklebone, whose ancestors must have been brawny fellows; and Manicord, who evidently liked to talk a lot.

These are all the surnames I have space for this week, as I must tell you something about next week's programme.

"FOOL'S LUCK!"

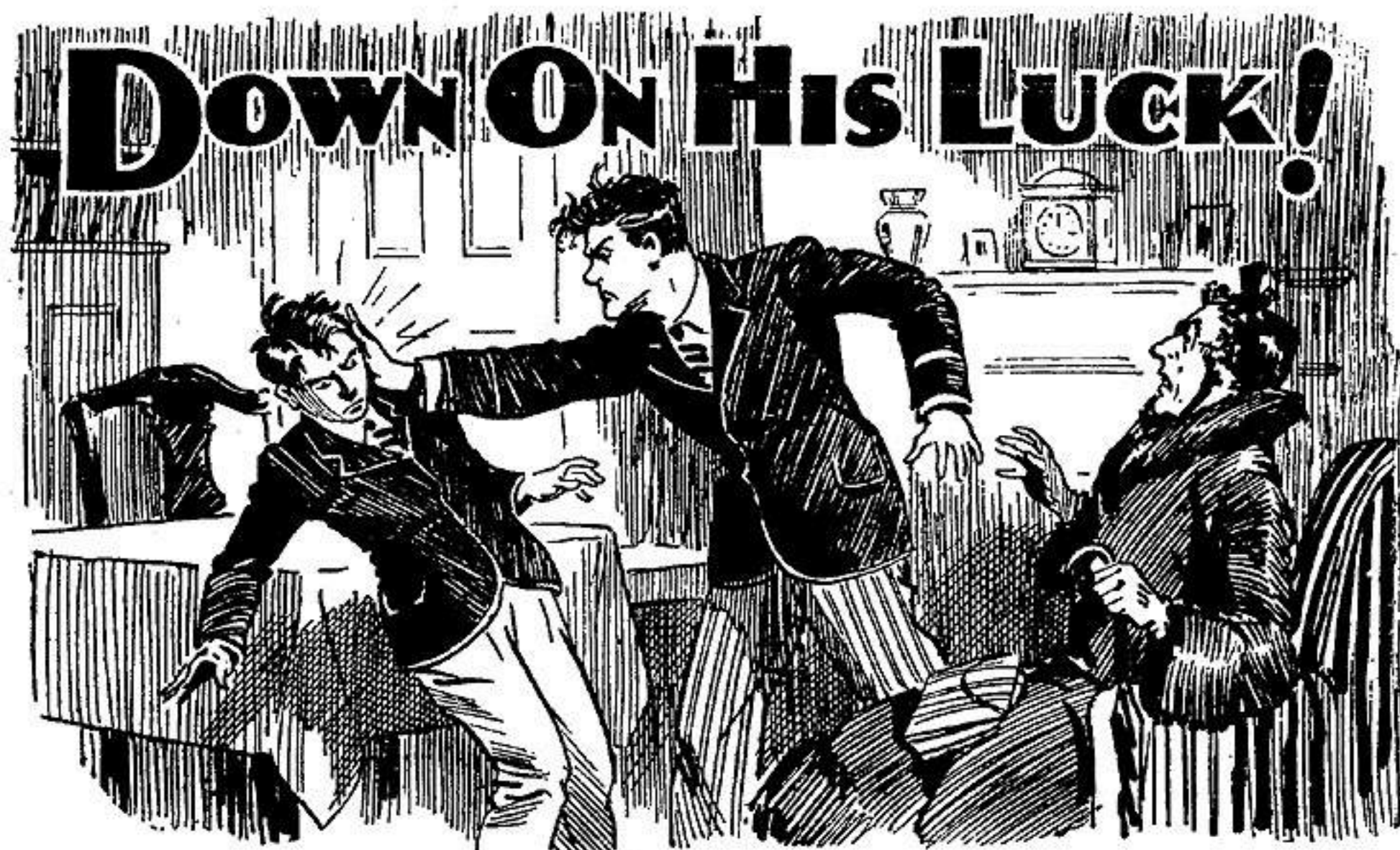
By Frank Richards,

is the title of the long complete yarn of the chums of Greyfriars. I can predict that 1935 is going to be a bumper year for these splendid stories. Next week's story will give you an indication of the many fine tales which are to follow it. You won't want to put down the MAGNET until you have read every line of it.

There will be the usual shorter features, too, including the ever-popular "Greyfriars Herald," and my little weekly chat with my chums.

By the way, Morton Pike's popular adventure yarn, "Captain Crimson," is drawing to a close, and next week will see the final chapters. Look out, then, for the announcement of another MAGNET masterpiece.

YOUR EDITOR.



Instead of shaking hands with his cousin, Horace Coker smacked his head!

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Unexpected!

"WATCH Coker!" shouted Bob Cherry.

"Eh? Why?"

"He's got a footer!"

"Oh! Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton & Co. of the Remove chuckled.

Coker of the Fifth Form had come out of the House with his friends, Potter and Greene, carrying a Soccer ball under his arm.

Apparently Coker was going to show his friends what he could do with that footer.

He stopped on the path that ran by the windows of Masters' Studies; there he dropped the ball.

"Like this!" said Coker. "Watch!"

Potter and Greene watched; so did a crowd of other Greyfriars fellows. The Famous Five were deeply interested. Dozens of fellows looked round. It was morning break, and there was a crowd in the quadrangle, and nearly all of them gave Coker attention.

The fact was that Coker with a football was always interesting. Horace Coker was keen on Soccer. It was rather a drawback that he couldn't play it for toffee. Being unaware of that circumstance, however, Coker was not worried by it.

Coker's opinion was that he was the finest footballer at Greyfriars, and that all the rest, in comparison, were merely also rans. Coker had that opinion entirely to himself.

On this cold and frosty morning Coker was looking bucked.

He looked so bucked that some fellows wondered whether he had, at long last, succeeded in worrying his Form captain, Blundell, into giving him a chance in the Fifth Form team.

But it was not so good—or so bad—as that.

The Fifth were to play a pick-up game that afternoon, which was a half-

BY

FRANK RICHARDS

holiday. Coker was going to play in the pick-up.

At all events, he was going to barge about the football field, getting in the other fellows' way and falling over his own feet, with a happy belief that he was playing Soccer.

So Coker was bucked.

Now he was going to show Potter and Greene something—and the rest of Greyfriars, too, if they cared to watch him. They did.

Having placed the ball, Coker glanced round.

He was rather pleased to see so many eyes on him. Coker liked getting the spotlight. He failed to see why most of the fellows were grinning. There was nothing, so far as Coker knew, to grin at.

"Go it, Coker!" sang out Bob Cherry encouragingly.

"On the ball, Coker!" chirruped Frank Nugent.

"Don't send it through Prout's window!" called out Harry Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker glared.

He was going to send that ball along the path. Prout's study window was more than a dozen feet away on his left hand. It was improbable that even

Coker's masterly kick would whiz the ball in such a very unexpected direction. Wharton's warning evidently was intended as a jest.

"Shut up, you cheeky fag!" bawled Coker.

"I say, you fellows!" Billy Bunter came rolling up breathlessly. "I say, Smithy says there's a joke on! What is it?"

"Coker's going to kick a footer," answered Johnny Bull.

"He, he, he!" cachinnated Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, get on with it, old bean," said Potter of the Fifth rather restively. Coker's friends were not enjoying that large and appreciative audience. "Let's see that wonderful kick of yours."

Coker pointed to an old elm about a dozen yards along the path. There was a hollow among the leafless boughs where the Head's gardener had lately cut away some dead wood.

"See that?" asked Coker. "Well, I'm landing the ball exactly in that. That's what I'm going to show you. See?"

"Not an easy kick, old man," said Greene.

"I don't say that you could do it, Greeney; or Potter, either. I fancy I can," said Coker.

"What a fertile fancy!" murmured Potter.

"Eh? What did you say?"

"I said get on with it, old chap," said Potter blandly. "If Blundell sees you land that shot he will be jolly glad he's got you in the pick-up this afternoon."

"Well, watch me," said Coker.

Fifty fellows at least watched. All of them were prepared to dodge the footer if it came at them. Where it would go when Coker kicked it was a problem to which nobody knew the answer, but it was a safe bet that it would not land where Coker intended it to land.

Coker calculated carefully and kicked. He put the usual strenuous energy into that kick. It was such a kick as might

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,406.

Edgar Caffyn has set out to make all the trouble he can for Horace Coker, whom he regards as a rival for rich Aunt Judy's money-bags. And in his usual blundering way, Coker unwittingly gives his cunning cousin every assistance!

have carried the ball the length of a football field and then some if it had touched the ball. Unfortunately, it didn't!

How Coker missed the ball with his swiping foot Coker did not know. Other fellows knew. It was because Coker was a clumsy ass. But this explanation did not occur to Coker.

His boot swept by a ball that remained motionless. The terrific force he had put into that kick carried his foot on and upward. For a fraction of a second Coker stood stork-like on one leg, reaching for the sky with the other, then he sat down.

Bump!

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Greyfriars crowd.

They yelled and shrieked.

This was even better entertainment than they had expected. They had expected Coker to send the ball to the right or to the left or over his head—anywhere, in fact, except to its destination. But to see it lying untouched and Coker sitting gazing at it was really too rich. The old quad of Greyfriars echoed with merriment.

"Man down!" shouted Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Try again, Coker!" howled Johnny Bull. "Stick to it!"

"The stickfulness is the proper caper, my esteemed Coker!" chortled Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Coker scrambled to his feet.

He wriggled.

He had sat down rather hard.

"Oh!" gasped Coker.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Going on with the show?" yawned Potter.

"Don't be a silly ass, Potter! I—I think I missed the ball."

"Sort of seems that you did," remarked Greene. "But what did you sit down for, Coker? Tired?"

"Don't be a silly idiot, Greene!"

Coker was a wicker. He prepared for another shot. He had set himself a rather difficult task, but he was going to pull it off; he was determined on that.

His audience was increasing. Wingate of the Sixth came along with some more of that Form. Two or three Form-masters appeared at their study windows, attracted by the roars of laughter outside. Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, appeared at one window; Prout, master of the Fifth, at another; Capper, master of the Fourth, at another. Prout frowned. His impression was that Coker was making a fool of himself as usual. Prout did not like seeing a man in his Form making a fool of himself.

"Go it, Coker!"

"On the ball!"

"Play up, Coker!"

Encouraging shouts came from all sides. Coker was providing free entertainment in break, and everybody was anxious to see him get on with the good work.

Coker kicked again.

This time he did not miss the ball.

Better for Coker if he had. But he didn't. The ball flew—not in the direction aimed by Coker. A footer kicked by Coker seldom did!

Where it went was, for a moment, unknown to Coker. Then a fearful crash of breaking glass and a roar like that of a maddened elephant from Mr. Prout apprised him.

Wharton's warning had not, after all, been unnecessary. The ball had whizzed at an entirely unexpected angle—as so often occurred when it was propelled by Coker.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,406.

"Oh crumbs!"

"Prout!"

"Great pip!"

"Goal!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker gazed in horror. A whole pane had been smashed out of Mr. Prout's study window! Inside the study, Prout sat down with a bump, smothered by fragments of falling glass!

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Way of the Snipe!

EDGAR CAFFYN, the new fellow in the Remove, was standing by the letter-rack, in break.

There was no letter for Caffyn that morning, but he stood looking them over, and his eyes lingered on an envelope addressed in a handwriting that he knew.

The hand was that of his aunt, Miss Judith Coker, and the letter was addressed to Horace Coker, his cousin in the Fifth Form.

Six or seven other fellows had come along to look for letters, as was usual in break. Coker of the Fifth had not thought about it—being too busy demonstrating his powers as a goal-getter to Potter and Greene. The letter from Aunt Judy remained, so far, unclaimed, and Coker did not yet know that it was there.

Caffyn, looting by the rack, looked about him in the sidelong, stealthy way he had. The fellow, who had been nicknamed "the Snipe," had a furtive look in his eyes. He was keenly interested in that letter addressed to his cousin, Coker, and he wondered impatiently whether the other fellows, near at hand, would clear off, and give him a chance of making closer acquaintance with it.

The Snipe had absolutely no scruples. But, taking another fellow's letter, was a serious matter, and he dared not risk being spotted in such an action.

"Coming out, Caffyn?" Skinner joined him, with Snoop. These two rather shady fellows were the only friends Caffyn had made in his Form.

They had many tastes in common, though it was probable that, if Skinner had known Caffyn a little better, even he would have drawn the line at the Snipe of the Remove.

Caffyn shook his head.

"No; too jolly cold!" he answered.

"Bit parky in the quad!" agreed Skinner. And he lingered—which was not what Caffyn wanted at all.

"Oh, don't let me keep you!" said Caffyn uneasily.

"Come up to the study," said Skinner, "there's a fire there." He lowered his voice. "And a smoke, too; there's time before third school."

Caffyn shook his head again.

"No; you cut off," he said.

"What the dickens do you want to hang about for, Caffyn?" asked Snoop. "There's no letters for you."

Caffyn did not answer. Three or four other fellows, after looking at the rack, walked away. Skinner and Snoop remained, and Caffyn wished his friends at the other end of the earth. Skinner winked at Snoop. He had noticed the letter addressed to Horace J. Coker, and Caffyn's stealthy glance at it.

"One from your aunt, Caffyn," he remarked. "I know her fist! Coker gets a lot of letters from that old sketch."

"Terrific old dame, what?" grinned Snoop. "I've seen her!"

Caffyn nodded.

Had anyone alluded to Miss Judith Coker as a sketch and a terrific old

dame in the presence of Coker of the Fifth, there would have been punching of heads on the spot. But Caffyn did not mind.

"Coker's lucky, though," said Skinner. "Look at the hampers she sends him! And the tips! I've heard that he gets whopping tips from old Judy! I jolly well wish she was my aunt—though I'd certainly give her a hint to keep away from Greyfriars. Not the sort of relation a fellow wants to show off at school."

He winked at Snoop again. Skinner had made friends with Caffyn; but Skinner's idea of friendship did not prevent him making himself as unpleasant as possible. It had not taken Skinner long to discover that Aunt Judy and her wealth formed a bone of contention between Caffyn and Coker—at least, on Caffyn's side. So he rubbed it in.

"I dare say there's a tip in that very letter," he remarked. "A fiver as likely as not. Your aunt doesn't send you fivers, Caffyn."

Caffyn scowled.

"I don't suppose there's a tip!" he snapped. "Old Judy isn't any too pleased with Coker now. The way he's treated me since I've been here—"

"And you're so nice!" murmured Skinner.

"Oh, rats! Look here! If you fellows are going to have a smoke in the study before third school, you've no time to lose. The bell will go soon."

Skinner did not stir. He did not suspect that Caffyn intended to annex that letter and read it in private, to ascertain exactly how matters stood between Aunt Judy and the cousin whom he regarded as a rival for the old lady's money. But he could see that Caffyn, for some reason, wanted him to go. That was enough to glue the amiable Skinner to the spot.

"Oh, we'll stick to you, old chap!" said Skinner blandly.

Caffyn breathed hard.

Coker was in the quad, but it was practically certain that he would glance at the rack when he came in; to see whether there were letters for him. The Snipe's chance would be gone then.

Temple, Dabney, and Fry of the Fourth came along and stopped at the rack.

Caffyn gritted his teeth.

It was too late now, even if Skinner and Snoop went. The three Fourth Formers looked over the letters, and then stood chatting in a group.

Then Hobson of the Shell came up with Hoskins of that Form. And then Russell and Ogilvy of the Remove turned up.

Evidently there was nothing doing! To take Coker's letter openly was out of the question, and to "pinch" it surreptitiously was now impossible.

Caffyn made up his mind that he might as well have that smoke in Skinner's study. And he was about to move away when there came a sudden disturbance from the quad.

There was a crash of breaking glass, followed by a roar of voices, and a sound of loud laughter.

"Good gad! What's that?" exclaimed Temple of the Fourth. "Some ass breakin' windows?"

He rushed out, with his friends. Hobson and Hoskins, Russell and Ogilvy, rushed after him.

"Come on Snoop!" exclaimed Skinner. "Something's up!" In his curiosity to learn what was "up," Skinner forgot his desire to annoy his friend Caffyn; and he ran out of the House with Snoop.

Caffyn's eyes gleamed.

Something of an unusual nature was

going on in the quad; but he did not care what it was. This was his chance!

He gave one swift, stealthy glance over his shoulder. Two or three fellows were in sight, running for the door, but they had their backs to Caffyn.

In a moment he had whipped Coker's letter from the rack, and slipped it into his pocket.

Then he walked away—forcing himself to stroll in a casual manner, though he was more inclined to run.

He strolled into the Rag.

Nobody was there. Fellows who had been there had run out at the crash of glass in the quad.

Caffyn kicked the door shut, crossed to the fire, and dropped into an arm-chair. The letter was in his hands

presence. You may meet me at Court-field Station at three o'clock, and please tell Edgar that I am coming.

"Your affectionate Aunt,
"JUDITH COKER."

Caffyn whistled.

To-day was Wednesday. So it was this afternoon that Aunt Judy was coming. She was going to reconcile the two cousins, who barred one another, and make them friends.

Caffyn grinned.

Aunt Judy, no doubt, was picturing quite an affecting scene, in her kind old mind. She was going to reconcile two naughty boys who had quarrelled!

Of course, she didn't understand the matter in the very least.

Coming! Coker was not going to know! Let her arrive at the school irritated because Horace had failed to meet her at the station as requested! That would give an edge to her wrath, when Coker refused, point-blank, to be reconciled to the fellow he loathed—as most certainly Coker would!

The Snipe strolled out of the Rag, with a satisfied grin on his face. "Dishing" a fathead like Coker was not, after all, a difficult task! There was absolutely no cunning in Coker, and Edgar Caffyn was as cunning as a sackful of monkeys.

It did not even occur to the Snipe that honesty was the best policy. Had it occurred to him, he would have shrugged his narrow shoulders at the idea.

Yet, had he only known it, the task he



"You will be detained this afternoon, Coker," said Mr. Prout, "and I forbid you to kick a football in the quadrangle again." "But, sir—" "Another word, and—" "But I'm bound to say— Yaroooooooh!" roared Coker, as the pointer came down with a sharp rap on his knuckles.

again, and the envelope open. He tossed the latter into the fire, and unfolded the letter.

His eyes devoured that letter. In Miss Judith Coker's small, spidery handwriting, not easy to read, it ran:

"Dear Horace,—I am shocked and grieved by your letter. You are aware that it is my desire that you should be kind and considerate to your Cousin Edgar, now your schoolfellow at Greyfriars.

"Your remarks concerning Mr. Sarle, my solicitor, are impertinent. I fear that you dislike him simply because he is Edgar's guardian.

"You have made me very angry. But I am sure, my dear boy, that such was not your intention. I shall come down to see you on Wednesday afternoon, as it is a half-holiday. I shall insist upon your making friends with Edgar, in my

She did not know that Horace was a hot-headed, over-bearing ass, full of importance as a Fifth Form senior, who would not have been found dead with a pal in the lower Forms.

Neither did she understand that Caffyn was a cunning young rascal, whose chief object was to stir up trouble between his rich aunt and her favourite nephew, with the assistance of Mr. Sarle.

Very likely she would want to make them shake hands—perhaps before a lot of fellows!

Caffyn chuckled.

He could fancy Horace's feelings, if she did!

A bell began to ring. It was the bell for third school and was followed by a pattering of feet, of fellows heading for the Form-rooms.

Caffyn rose, and tossed Aunt Judy's letter into the fire.

Coker did not yet know that she was

had set himself, with Mr. Sarle's assistance, was much more difficult than he dreamed. The rogue despises the honest man, as a fool; yet somehow it is always the honest man who has possession of what the rogue is so anxious to get hold of! Which might be quite a useful thing for rogues to reflect upon!

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Vials of Wrath!

MR. PROUT rolled into the Fifth Form Room, with Olympian wrath in his portly countenance.

There was rather a lull in the Fifth. Even Blundell, the captain of the Form, a fellow whom Prout respected deeply, and even dreaded a little, was very circumspect.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,406.

Potter and Greene were quite dismayed.

They were used to their pal, Coker, being in trouble. Horace James Coker was born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward.

But this was really the limit; smashing a Form-master's study window with a Soccer ball, and scattering broken glass all over him. It was the limit, even for Coker, who was capable of many things.

All the Fifth knew that a thunderstorm was coming. The expression on Prout's face, when he had looked out of that gap in his study window, had been a plain warning.

Only Coker seemed unaware of impending catastrophe. He was the calmest man in the Form. Only Coker did not seem to realise how fearfully serious it was to bung in a beak's window on a beak's majestic napper.

Accidents will happen! The thing was an accident! That was how Coker looked at it.

Coker, in fact, was more bothered by the failure of his great shot than by its untoward consequences. He had intended to show Potter and Greene, and the world generally, what a terrific shot he was, when he had his shooting-boots on.

Somehow—Coker did not know how—that footer hadn't sailed away to the intended mark. It had shot off at an entirely unlooked-for angle and smashed Prout's window. Luckily, it had not smashed Prout! Even Coker would have realised that that would have been serious!

It was irritating, for Coker had been very keen on pulling off that shot. Blundell had hesitated, and made rather a fuss, even about playing him in a pick-up game. That shot, if it had come off, would have shown Blundell what a goal-getter Coker was, given a chance. But it had not come off! It gave fellows a chance of making out, as they had made out only too often, that Coker couldn't kick a football for toffee.*

Roars of laughter had followed Coker's performance. He had brought down the house! That was not what Coker had

intended, at all. It had been far from his intention to give a comic entertainment. Those cheeky fags, Harry Wharton & Co., of the Remove, had been doubled up with merriment. Coker made a mental note to kick them at the first opportunity. They made out that he couldn't kick a footer! They would jolly well find out that he could kick fags, at any rate!

Prout, purple, fixed his eyes on Coker. Coker had never been a credit and a comfort to his Form-master. That term, he had been in hot water oftener than ever. Only a few days ago, he had had a thousand lines to write—an almost unheard-of impot. Now he was at it again, worse than ever.

"Coker!" said Prout, in a deep, deep voice.

"Yes, sir!" said Coker respectfully, but cheerfully.

"You have broken my study window."

"Sorry, sir! Quite an accident."

"How dare you, Coker, kick a foot-

ball through your Form-master's study window!" boomed Prout.

"It wasn't intended to touch your window, sir!" exclaimed Coker patiently. He thought that even an old ass, like Prout, might have guessed that. But he was willing to explain. "I was aiming at a spot a long way off the study windows, sir, but somehow—"

"You should not have been kicking a football in the quadrangle at all, Coker."

"We're allowed to punt a footer about in break, sir! Even the fags—"

"You are not allowed to break study windows, Coker."

"I've told you that was an accident, sir! I suppose the damage will go down in my bill!" added Coker, just to remind Prout of that circumstance.

"I scarcely," said Prout, breathing heavily, "know how to deal with you, Coker! Were you a junior, I should cane you. I am unwilling to cane a senior boy of this Form!"

Coker simply stared. He wondered whether Prout was going potty. Only that could account for his even thinking of caning a Fifth Form man—especially Coker!

"You have lately," resumed Prout.

"had a thousand lines to write! I shall not give you another such imposition, Coker."

Coker was glad to hear it! So were Potter and Greene! Life had been hardly worth living, in their study, while Horace had that whacking impot hanging over his head.

"I shall give you," said Prout, "a detention! You will be detained this afternoon, Coker, and I shall set you a task to occupy you till five o'clock. And I forbid you—I forbid you absolutely—to kick a football in the quadrangle again."

"This afternoon, sir!" repeated Coker.

"Yes! Now you may sit down!"

"I'm playing football this afternoon, sir!" Coker pointed out.

Prout glared.

"Coker! What did you say, Coker?"

"I'm playing football this afternoon, sir! A pick-up game in the Fifth!"

Prout went to his desk, where a pointer lay. He picked up the pointer. Coker wondered why. The rest of the Fifth hardly breathed. They knew why. For once, Prout was going to break the immemorial rule, and administer corporal punishment in a senior Form-room.

Pointer in hand, Prout came towards his class.

"Coker!" he said, "I have given you a detention for this afternoon. You will come into the Form-room at two o'clock, and you will remain until five o'clock. And if you add further impertinence to your offences, Coker, I shall beat you."

Coker jumped.

"Bib-bub-beat me!" he stuttered.

"Precisely! Now sit down, and do not say another word."

"But, sir—"

"Sit down!"

Coker sat down.

"But, sir—" he repeated.

"Silence!" boomed Prout.

"But, sir—"

Prout, clutched the pointer convulsively. Some of the Fifth wondered whether he was going to burst. He looked like it.

"Another word, Coker," he gasped.

"Another syllable—"

"I'm bound to say—Yaroooooooooh!"

roared Coker, as the pointer came down with a sharp rap on his knuckles.

"Now silence!"

"Wurrrrrgh!" gasped Coker, sucking his knuckles, and gazing dumb-founded at Prout.

Evidently the man was potty. He fancied he could rap knuckles in the Fifth, with a pointer, like Twigg in the Second Form Room.

"If you speak again, Coker," said Mr. Prout, in a sulphurous voice, "I shall order you to stand out before the Form, and bend over that desk! I shall beat you, Coker, if you utter another syllable."

Coker opened his mouth.

He shut it again.

Whether Prout was potty or not, only too clearly he meant what he said. The worst of it was, that if the old ass persisted, he could get away with it. Coker realised that.

Coker did not want six on his bags, with the whole Form staring on. He suppressed his feelings, and sat silent.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

A Shindy in the Changing-Room!

"I SAY, you fellows!" yelled Billy Bunter, "I say, they're going it in the changing-room!"

"Who—"

"Coker—"

"Oh, Coker! Come on, my infants!" roared Bob Cherry.

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"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a rush of fellows down the flagged passage to the changing-room. If Coker of the Fifth was "going it," plenty of fellows were interested to see the sight. Coker, it was probable, was having a row with somebody. Coker often had rows with somebody. Indeed, the fellows in the Upper School, with whom Coker had not had rows, could have been counted on the fingers of one hand. And in the Lower School the number of fellows Coker had rowed with was larger still. Coker would have been surprised if he had been called a quarrelsome fellow. But, for a fellow who was not quarrelsome, there was no doubt that he booked a record number of rows.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Hear him!" chuckled Bob, as the Famous Five arrived at the doorway.

Coker's bull-voico was heard, loud and strong.

A good many fellows were already gathered round the doorway, looking on and listening, when Harry Wharton & Co. got there. Coker seemed to be affording almost as much entertainment in the afternoon as he had furnished in the morning.

"Dummy! Ass! Fathead! Chump! Idiot!"

That string of names came from Coker, without a pause. Seemingly, he was expressing his opinion of some fellow in the changing-room.

Most of the Fifth were there, getting ready for the pick-up game. Coker, as he was under detention that afternoon, had no business there. But he was there—very much there! Nobody within a hundred yards, who was not deaf, could have failed to know that Horace was there.

"I say, you fellows," squeaked Bunter. "He's talking to Blundell!"

"Blundell!" gasped Harry Wharton. "Oh, my hat! Is that how Coker talks to his Form-captain?"

"Idiot! Blockhead! Foozling frump! Dunderhead!" Coker was going on. He had not, it seemed, got to the end of the list yet.

"He's giving Blundell that jolly old recitation!" grinned Herbert Vernon-Smith. "Stand clear for him when he comes out! I fancy he will come at the end of a football boot."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"By gum, he's the man to ask for it!" said Bob Cherry. "But what's the row?"

"Listen!"

"You ass! You fathead! The fact is, I believe you're not keen on my playing in the pick-up at all!" roared Coker, angry and indignant.

The juniors stared in. Even Caffyn, who was never found near the changing-room if he could help it, was there—doubtless drawn by the news that his cousin in the Fifth was kicking up another shindy. Caffyn stared in at Coker with a grinning face.

There was a crowd of the Fifth there, some changing for footer, some already changed. Coker stood facing a little bunch of them, with red face and flashing eyes. It was easy to see—and to hear—that Coker was excited.

George Blundell, the stalwart captain of the Form, was sitting on a locker, finishing lacing a boot. He seemed to be tolerating Coker with remarkable patience. No doubt he was sorry for poor old Horace, under detention on the day when, at long last, he had a chance to play footer.

Of course, it was like Coker, to get himself detained on such an occasion. It was Coker all over! Still, it was hard cheese!

"You're not keen on it, that's what's

the matter, Blundell!" roared Coker. "You're not keen on it at all. It's only a pick-up game, but you'd rather play some dud like Potter—"

"Thanks!" said Potter blandly.

"Or some ass like Greene—"

"Thanks!" grinned Greene.

"Or some barging bog-trotter like Fitzgerald—"

"Faith, and it's a pleasure to hear ye, Coker!" said Fitzgerald of the Fifth.

"Or bungling fatheads like Bland, or Tomlinson, or Hilton, or even Price—"

"Go it, Coker!" said Bland, Tomlinson, Hilton, and Price, with one voice.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"When you get a good man," resumed Coker, "you don't know what to do with him. I've jawed you over

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since the first day of term, and all you'd do for me is to stick me into a pick-up. And now—"

"Have a little sense, old man!" urged Blundell. "It's not my fault that Prout's detained you. I never asked him to. You did!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You can get me off!" hooted Coker. "Go to Prout and tell him I can't be spared from the game."

"I can't tell whoppers to that extent."

"Tell him the truth—that I'm the only man in the pick-up that knows anything about Soccer!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a shriek from the crowd at the doorway.

Coker glared round at them for a moment. But he had no time to waste on fags. It was time, in fact, for Coker to get into detention. But it seemed that he still hoped to play football that afternoon, in spite of Prout and all his works.

"Go to Prout!" he hooted. "Prout will listen to you. He won't listen to me. That's the sort of ass he is. But he'll listen to you. Tell him I'm simply indispensable in the game, and he will let me off."

"But you're not!"

"Fool!"

"Eh?"

"Idiot!"

Blundell finished lacing his boot, and rose from the locker. He was beginning to look restive. A fellow could sympathise with Coker, but there was a limit to even the most sympathetic fellow's patience.

"Now, look here, Coker," said the captain of the Fifth impressively. "I'll tell you how the matter stands. You're keen on footer, though you can't play the game for butterscotch. You turn up at practice like a good man, though you only make a fool of yourself when you're there. I was just an ass to give you a show in this pick-up. You're no use, and you're no ornament. You'll simply spoil the thing for everybody else. If you don't shove the ball through your own goal, it will be a miracle. If it was anything but a pick-up game for practice, I wouldn't have you within a hundred miles of it. Half the fellows want to lynch me for sticking you in. It's a stroke of luck for everybody that you've got yourself detained. With you in the Form-room, we can play footer. With you on the field, we couldn't. Now chew on that, and shut up!"

This was a very long speech for Blundell.

It was rather surprising that Coker let him get to the end of it, uninterrupted.

Coker's red face grew redder and redder as he listened.

He seemed to be getting near bursting-point when George Blundell concluded.

"Now look out for the fireworks!" murmured the Bounder, at the door.

"The fireworks will probably be terrific!" grinned Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh.

Coker gasped for breath.

"Now shut up, old man!" added Blundell. "Don't say any more!"

Coker did not say any more. It seemed to be borne in upon his mind that it was a time for action, not for words.

He jumped at his Form-captain.

"Look out, Blundell!" yelled a dozen voices.

But Blundell was looking out. Perhaps he realised that Coker had to break out, or burst. Anyhow, he was on his guard.

His left arm shot up, sweeping away the terrific drive that Coker aimed at his nose. His right met Coker's nose, as Coker charged on.

Blundell did not put any beef into the punch. But Coker did, for he was charging so hard and fast, that his nose fairly crashed on Blundell's fist, fairly hammering on it.

All the force, really, came from Coker. But it was a hefty knock. Claret spurted from Coker's nose. He staggered and sat down.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Greyfriars fellows.

"He, he, he!" cackled Billy Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Caffyn. "Try again, Horace!"

Coker scrambled up! He was ready to try again—and again—and again, and yet again; for Coker was a sticker and feared no foe.

But the Fifth Form men were there to change for football, not to watch a scrap between Horace Coker and his Form captain. Five or six big seniors jumped at Coker and collared him.

"Better get out!" said Tomlinson.

"Travel, old man!" suggested Hilton.

"Outside!" grinned Price.

"Leggo!" roared Coker. "I'll smash

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the lot of you? Let me get at Blundell! I'm going to pulverise him! I say—Whoop!"

Coker was whirled to the door. Hefty and beefy as he was, he was no match for half a dozen Fifth Form men. They spun him to the doorway and sent him whirling through.

"Look out!" yelled Frank Nugent.

"Give him room!" gasped Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker came flying out, all arms and legs. The juniors scattered fast to give him space for his flying stunts.

Only two moved too slowly! Billy Bunter and Edgar Caffyn. Coker's arms, whirling wildly in the air, hooked round their necks, and they went with him in his flight.

The three crashed together on the flags outside.

Bump, bump, bump!

"Whoop!" roared Coker.

"Owl! Wow! Owl!" shrieked Bunter.

"Oooooogh!" came in a spluttering howl from Caffyn.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared all the rest.

Coker scrambled up! He kicked Bunter in one direction and Caffyn in the other. Then he charged back at the doorway of the changing-room.

Coker could hardly have hoped, by these methods, to prevail on Blundell to beg him off from Prout. What he thought he was up to, in fact, was not clear. Probably he did not think at all. Thinking had never been Coker's long suit. He just charged.

The Fifth packed their gaol, so to speak, to meet him. How many fellows collared him Coker never knew. How many football boots landed on him was beyond his power of computation.

But one thing was clear; the Fifth Form men were fed up with Coker and his antics. They made that clear even to Coker.

Five minutes later the Fifth Form men were walking down to the football ground. They left a dismantled wreck of Horace Coker sprawling, gasping, gurgling and guggling on the floor near the changing-room door. It was past two o'clock; past the time of Coker's detention. But Coker was not thinking about that. He was only thinking of trying to get his second wind; and it was only slowly and painfully that he got it, giving utterance to a series of horrible gurgles in the process.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Prout Wants Coker!

"WHARTON!"

"Oh! Yes, sir!"

It was Mr. Prout who barked at him. Really, a Form-master had no right to bark at fellows who were not in his Form. His barks, as well as his bites, should have been reserved for his own boys.

But Prout, evidently, was cross. Coming on the Famous Five in the quad he barked at the captain of the Remove—just barked! The juniors could almost have supposed that it was Gosling's dog that had got loose.

Still, Wharton answered politely. Beaks had to be treated with tact, even when they exceeded the limit.

"Do you know where Coker is?" snapped Prout.

"Coker!" repeated Harry, to gain time.

They knew where Coker was—what was left of him, at all events. They had last seen Coker, or his remains, sprawling outside the changing-room.

But the Famous Five were not in a

hurry to give the news. They could see that Prout wanted to find Coker. But they doubted whether Coker wanted to be found.

"Yes, Coker, of my Form!" rapped Prout. "I have been looking for him—everywhere! He is late for detention! Have you seen him?"

"Oh! I—I saw him at—at dinner, sir!" stammered Harry.

Prout gave him a glare.

"Are you a fool?" he rapped.

"Oh! I—I hope not, sir!"

"Do you suppose that I asked you whether you saw a boy of my Form at dinner?" boomed Prout. "Do you suppose I am interested to know whether you saw a boy of my Form at dinner?"

Wharton did not suppose so. He was only trying to gain time. Still, he could not tell Prout that.

Prout, snorting, turned away.

Prout's wrath was boiling. A detention was really rather a light punishment for a fellow who had buzzed a football through his Form-master's window. And it looked as if Coker was coolly keeping out of detention, by the simple process of keeping out of sight. Which was intensely exasperating to Prout.

Prout rolled off in search of Coker. The Famous Five exchanged smiles.

"The old scout's waxy!" murmured Johnny Bull.

"The waxfulness is egregious and preposterous!" agreed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "The esteemed old bean is terrifically infuriated."

"Coker's got detention for busting that window, of course," said Harry. "I fancy the silly ass must have forgotten it; he was so keen on getting mopped up by the Fifth! I'll cut off and warn him if he's still there. It will be better for him to turn up of his own accord without waiting for Prout to root him out. Prout doesn't look as if he'd stand much more from Coker."

And with that good-natured intention, the captain of the Remove cut off to the House at a rapid run to give Coker the tip.

Prout, apparently expecting to find Coker in the quad, rolled in search of him, asking fellows he met if they had seen him.

"I heard that he was playing football this afternoon, sir!" said Vernon-Smith, when questioned. Smithy considered that it would be rather a jest to send Prout rolling off to the football ground for a fellow who wasn't there!

But Prout only snorted. Coker was capable of turning up for football while he was under sentence of detention; but the other Fifth Form men were not likely to let him.

"Nonsense!" snorted Prout. He rolled on. "Hobson, have you seen Coker?"

"I saw him with a football this morning, sir!" answered the Shell fellow innocently. He was not going to mention what he had seen since.

Another snort from Prout!

Then he sighted Caffyn of the Remove and beckoned to him. The Co., who were waiting for Wharton to rejoin them, gave Caffyn expressive looks as he went up to the Fifth Form master. He did not heed them.

"Caffyn," said Mr. Prout, "I understand that Coker of my Form is a relative of yours. Perhaps you know where he is now. Have you seen him since dinner?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" answered Caffyn. "But I haven't seen him since he was fighting with Blundell, sir."

Mr. Prout gave quite a jump.

"Fighting with Blundell!" he repeated. "Upon my word! Is it impossible to keep that obstreperous boy

within the bounds of discipline and order! Did you actually see Coker fighting with my Head Boy, Caffyn?"

Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull, Frank Nugent and Hurree Singh, looked at Edgar Caffyn as if they could have eaten him.

Evidently, it was not the Snipe's idea to pour oil on troubled waters! Pouring oil on flame seemed to be more in his line.

"I think they were having a row about the football, sir!" said Caffyn meekly, heedless of the glares of the Co. "It was in the changing-room—Coker's there now, sir, if you want him!"

"Upon my word!" repeated Prout. Breathing deep wrath, the portly master of the Fifth rolled off towards the House. Caffyn winked at space.

The next moment a heavy grasp fell on his shoulder and he was spun round, to face Bob Cherry's indignant glare.

"You worm!" roared Bob.

"Anything the matter?" yawned Caffyn.

"You've been sneaking about Coker, you snipe!" hooted Johnny Bull.

Caffyn raised his eyebrows.

"I had to answer a Form-master, hadn't I?" he said. "Prout asked me where Coker was—"

"You hadn't to tell him about the silly ass scrapping with Blundell, you toad!" snapped Frank Nugent.

"The sneakfulness is terrific."

"Coker shouldn't do these things if he doesn't want them mentioned," drawled Caffyn. "Let go my shoulder, Cherry! If you're looking for a row, you can look out for my Cousin Coker. I heard him tell Potter that he's going to kick you all round for grinning at him when he smashed Prout's window."

"Let him try it on!" growled Johnny Bull.

"The kickfulness will be a boot on the other leg!" grinned the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Coker's a born idiot!" said Bob Cherry. "That's no reason why you should make matters worse for him with Prout. The blithering ass has trouble enough on hand without you making it worse. Bump him!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Let go!" yelled Caffyn furiously, and he wrenched his shoulder away from Bob's grasp.

As Bob grabbed at him again he struck out, catching Bob Cherry on the nose with a set of sharp knuckles.

The next moment he was seized and swung off his feet in four pairs of hands!

Bump!

"Whoop!"

Bump!

"Whoop-hoop!" roared Caffyn.

Bump!

Caffyn rolled over, and yelled frantically. Bob Cherry winked at his comrades.

"Now all jump on him together!" he said. "Mind you land with both feet! Jump when I say three! One, two—"

Caffyn did not wait for "three." He bounded up and ran for his life.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! He's gone!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come back, Caffyn!" roared Bob.

"We haven't done with you yet!"

Caffyn vanished.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

The Face at the Window!

"U RRRRRRRGGGGGGH!"

That gurgling sound greeted Harry Wharton as he arrived rather breathlessly at the changing-room.



The Fifth Form men spun Coker to the doorway, and then sent him whirling out of the changing-room. Billy Bunter and Edgar Caffyn failed to dodge in time, and Coker's arms, whirling wildly in the air, hooked round their necks, and they went with him in his flight. "Whoop!" roared Coker. "Ow! Wow!" shrieked Bunter. "Oooooogh!" spluttered Caffyn.

He grinned.

Coker was on his feet now. He leaned on the wall, in a very rumpled, dusty, and dishevelled state. He was still gasping wildly.

From his nose, where it had jammed on Blundell's fist, trickled a stream of red, unheeded. Coker had more serious damages than that to worry about. He felt rather as if he had been under a lorry.

"I say, Coker—"

Coker glared at the captain of the Remove. This was one of the cheeky young rascals who had howled with laughter when he made his shot with the footer that morning! Coker had been going to kick him at sight! Luckily, Coker was too used up at the moment to kick anybody. He glared instead.

"Prout's after you!" gasped Wharton.

"Blow Prout!"

"He's looking for you in the quad."

"Let him look!"

"Well, I thought I'd give you the tip—"

"Like your cheek!"

"You silly fathead!" roared Wharton. "Prout looks as if he's just going to boil over, and I shouldn't wonder if he took you to the Head for a whopping. If you've got the sense of a bunny rabbit, you'll cut off to the Form-room for your detention."

"I don't want any advice from a cheeky fag!" answered Coker.

"Fathead!"

Harry Wharton left him with that. He had warned him, and it was up to Coker to take warning or not, as he chose.

Luckily, Coker had sense enough to take the warning. He was not going to admit that he wanted a tip from a fag—neither was he going to admit that

Prout's wrath had any terrors for him. But when Wharton was gone, Coker decided to get off to the Form-room.

He got off!

It was about three minutes later that Prout came rolling along to the changing-room, looking for Coker.

Wharton's tip had come in ample time. Prout glared into the changing-room, but Coker was not there. Neither was he visible outside.

"Upon my word!" breathed Prout.

A suspicion smote him that Caffyn might have been pulling his leg. He remembered that he did not like that junior's looks. There was, he thought, something sly and furtive about Caffyn's face.

Anyhow, Coker was not there. Once more Prout rolled off in search of the elusive Horace. As he had already been to the Form-room at two o'clock, and failed to find the detained senior there, he did not think of looking there again. So Coker waited for him in the Fifth Form Room, while Prout sought him elsewhere.

Being in the Fifth Form Room, Horace Coker, naturally, was not to be spotted elsewhere! So Prout failed to spot him!

He rolled into the quad again, wrathier and wrathier. From a distance shouts reached him from the football field.

Prout stared in that direction.

He had snorted at Vernon-Smith's hint that Horace was playing footer. Now he began to wonder whether, after all, it was possible. Coker was somewhere! He could not have dissolved into thin air!

The Fifth Form master decided to give the footballers a look in. He rolled down to the field.

The pick-up game was going on. It

was only a practice game—seven a side, picked up from the Fifth. In a more important game than that Coker would never have been given a chance. Still, the Fifth Form men were glad that he wasn't there! Practice was more difficult than useful with Coker barging about.

Mr. Prout stopped and blinked at the footballers. There was plenty of mud about, and he was not sure whether one of the muddy men was not Coker. He called to Blundell.

The captain of the Fifth heard him, but he heeded not. He preferred to turn a deaf ear. It was only a pick-up, but really, he thought, Prout might have had tact enough not to interrupt. But Prout was not to be denied.

"Blundell!" he hooted. "Blundell! I called you, Blundell!"

George Blundell breathed hard, and came over to him.

"Yes, sir?" he grunted.

"Is Coker there?"

"Coker?" Blundell stared. "No, sir! Isn't he in detention?"

"He has not come in for detention. Blundell! I thought that perhaps—"

"He's not here, sir."

"Very well, Blundell!"

Mr. Prout rolled away again, and Blundell went back to the game. He murmured as he went something that sounded remarkably like "old ass."

Prout returned to the quad. He was not merely boiling now—he was boiling over! Coker was defying his authority—as he had done before! Coker was deliberately keeping out of sight, instead of going into detention! Prout had no doubt of it.

As he saw Dr. Locke walking in the quadrangle by the Form-room windows, Prout rolled up to him.

The headmaster of Greyfriars was walking and talking with Mr. Quelch, the Remove master. They were deep in conversation on some subject of deep interest—doubtless one of those obscure passages in Sophocles or Euripides, in which they were intently interested. Prout interrupted them.

Had he glanced at the window of the Fifth Form Room, not a dozen feet away, he would have beheld a rather sulky, rugged face staring out.

But he did not glance at that window; his eyes were fixed on the headmaster.

"Dr. Locke!" he almost gasped.

The discussion of Sophocles, or Euripides, whichever it was, broke off. Mr. Quelch looked slightly impatient. But the Head turned his attention to Mr. Prout, with his usual urbane courtesy.

"I am sorry, sir, to trouble you with a matter pertaining to my Form," said Mr. Prout, breathing hard. "But I must report Coker to you, sir."

"That troublesome boy, Mr. Prout!" said the Head.

"Yes, sir! You will hardly believe, sir, that Coker, who was ordered by me to repair to the Form-room for detention, is deliberately keeping out of sight, and that I have been looking for him for an hour in vain! Where he can be I have not the faintest idea, unless, indeed, he has had the unexampled audacity to go out of gates—"

Mr. Quelch started.

Pacing up and down the path by the Form-room windows, in discussion with the Head, Quelch had been aware for some time of the face staring from the window of the Fifth Form Room!

Prout's statement, therefore, surprised him.

Dr. Locke, who had been too deep in Sophocles—or Euripides—to notice the face at the window, frowned.

"This is very serious, Mr. Prout!" he said.

"So serious, sir, that I can only request you to deal with Coker," said Mr. Prout. "Unwilling as I am that a flogging should be administered to a senior boy—a boy of my Form—I can only request—"

"Mr. Prout!" ejaculated Quelch. "If you are looking for Coker—"

"I shall look for him no longer, sir! I leave the matter in the hands of Dr. Locke!" said Prout.

"But, sir—" almost gasped Mr. Quelch. "If you directed Coker to go to the Form-room—"

"I did, sir!" grunted Prout, not at all pleased by the Remove master barging in, and he turned a plump shoulder on Quelch. "Dr. Locke, if you will deal with the boy at calling-over—"

"Certainly, Mr. Prout! I will—"

"But have you looked for him in your Form-room, Mr. Prout?" exclaimed Quelch.

"What—what? Certainly I have!"

"Then it is very odd that you did not find him there."

"I fail to understand you, sir! I fail to follow your meaning, Mr. Quelch!" barked Prout. "I did not find the boy there, sir, because he was not there!"

"But he is there!"

"Nonsense!"

"Mr. Prout!"

"I repeat, nonsense!" exclaimed the goaded Prout. "This is mere trifling, Mr. Quelch, and I repeat—"

"Look, sir!" snapped the Remove master. He tapped Prout's plump arm with one hand, and pointed to the Fifth Form window with the other. "Look!"

Prout looked.

He blinked.

He almost fell down at the sight of

the face of Horace Coker staring at him from the window of the Fifth Form Room.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Prout.

"That, I think, is Coker!" said Mr. Quelch grimly.

"That—that—that certainly is Coker!" stuttered Prout.

"For half an hour at least, sir, Coker has been standing at that window," said Mr. Quelch. "No doubt he is waiting for you, in your Form-room, sir."

"Bless my soul!"

Dr. Locke smiled faintly.

"It would appear that Coker is not, after all, eluding detention," he remarked mildly. "No doubt he was a little late, and you missed him in the Form-room, Mr. Prout. But it would appear—"

Prout, speechless, rolled away. The headmaster and the Remove master gazed after him for a moment, both smiling. Then they plunged again into Sophocles or Euripides, and forgot all about Prout and Coker.

Prout rolled into the House and came into the Fifth Form Room. Coker turned from the window.

"So—so—so you are here, Coker?" breathed Prout.

"Yes, sir. I've been waiting for you," said Coker.

"You were not here at two o'clock!"

"I didn't notice the time, sir."

Prout gazed at him. He had been up and down and round about, all over Greyfriars, for Coker, while Coker was waiting for him in the Form-room. He had inquired of a dozen fellows, none of whom had seen Coker. No wonder they hadn't, if he had been in the Form-room all the time! Only Caffyn—that furtive-looking new boy in the Remove—had told him that Coker was in the changing-room, and sent him on a wild-goose chase! Prout set his lips.

In silence he gave Coker his task, and saw him sit down to it. Then he rolled out of the Fifth Form Room, and took another little walk round Greyfriars. This time he was not looking for Coker, but for Coker's cousin! He came on Caffyn in the quad, with Skinner and Snoop.

"Caffyn!" said Mr. Prout in a deep voice. "Caffyn—I think your name is Caffyn—Caffyn, no doubt you consider it amusing—very amusing—to deceive and delude a Form-master and waste his time! No doubt you regard it as a jest, Caffyn! I do not regard it so, however! I shall box your ears, Caffyn!"

Smack!

Prout rolled off, feeling a little comforted. He left Skinner and Snoop staring, and Edgar Caffyn claspings a burning ear, and yelling.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Aunt Judy!

"LITTLE boys!"

Harry Wharton & Co. did not look round.

It did not dawn on their minds that they were being addressed.

The Famous Five were going over to Highcliffe that afternoon to tea with Courtenay and the Caterpillar, their old friends whom they had not yet seen this term. They walked through Courtfield, and about half-past three they were passing the railway station in the High Street. They did not observe a lady in a cloak and an old-fashioned bonnet who was standing in the station entrance, watching her surroundings as if in search of somebody, with an expression of growing irritation and impatience on her face.

"So this is what Jones minor was reading—"

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But Miss Judith Coker observed them. She knew them quite well by sight, and hailed them, quite unaware that Greyfriars fellows were not boys at all, but "men," and, above all, not little boys!

Miss Coker had arrived by the three train, as stated in her letter to Horace, which had fallen into the hands of the wrong nephew.

Having bidden Horace meet her at the station, aware that it was a half-holiday at Greyfriars, Aunt Judith naturally expected to find him there.

She did not find him there. So she waited, thinking that perhaps dear Horace was a little late. Boys would be boys!

But waiting for half an hour had an irritating effect. This was really very thoughtless and inconsiderate of Horace!

Fully expecting Horace to turn up, late and breathless, Miss Judith did not like to take a taxi to the school and leave him to find her gone when he did arrive at last.

But she was growing very cross. It was a cold winter's day. The station was draughty. Miss Judy's nose was glowing at the tip. She was making up her mind at last to wait no longer for a thoughtless, inconsiderate boy when she sighted the chums of the Remove passing along the pavement and called to them. No doubt they could tell her where Horace was.

But they passed on, regardless, never dreaming that they were the little boys to whom she called—unaware, in fact, that they were little boys at all! Really, they weren't little boys, though they may have seemed so in Miss Judy's elderly eyes.

"Little boys!" repeated Miss Coker sharply.

Still unaware, the Famous Five walked on. Fortunately—or unfortunately, according to the point of view—Miss Coker had her umbrella with her. She was seldom seen without her umbrella, which was as well known at Greyfriars as Aunt Judy herself. Indeed, it was related that Coker would never have passed up into the Fifth but for Miss Judy's umbrella. Fellows stated that Miss Coker had brandished it over Dr. Locke's head till he consented to give Coker his remove! Probably the story was exaggerated.

Anyhow, the umbrella came in useful now. Miss Coker was accustomed to drawing the attention of porters, cabmen, and such persons by poking them with it. Now she marched after the Famous Five, and poked.

Harry Wharton happened to be the nearest, so he got the poke.

He gave a wild howl. Something—he did not know what for the moment—jammed into his ribs, and he felt punctured.

"Yee—hoop!" howled the startled captain of the Remove. "What the thump—"

He spun round.

"Little boy!" said Miss Coker.

Wharton blinked at her. He had clenched a fist as he spun round, prepared to punch the silly ass who had skewered him in the ribs. He unclenched that fist in rather a hurry.

"Oh!" he gasped. "Ah! M-M-Miss Coker! Oh!"

"The esteemed Miss Coker!" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

And all the five raised their hats very politely.

"I called you, but you did not hear me," said Miss Judith pleasantly. "I think I remember that you are Greyfriars boys."

"Oh! Yes, madam!" gasped Wharton, with a wriggle.

He was wondering whether a rib was dislocated. It felt like it.

"Your name is Barton, little boy, is it not?"

"Wharton, Miss Coker!"

"Oh, yes, yes! I remember! Where is Horace?" asked Miss Coker.

The Famous Five smiled. What Miss Coker did not know about schools and schoolboys would have filled large books.

She saw little, if any, distinction between senior Forms and junior Forms; she fancied that the fellows all knew one another by their Christian names; and, to her mind, a great and mighty man like Wingate of the Sixth Form was much the same as an inky fog like Tubb of the Third—they were all nice little boys at school!

Many Greyfriars fellows, asked about Horace, would have been quite at a

**STAND BY FOR THIS WEEK'S
WINNING JOKE!**



Passer-by (venturing remark to patient fisherman): "How are the fish to-day, sir?"

Fisherman: "I can't say yet—I've dropped them a line, but got no answer!"

J. S. Jackson, of 7, Albert Street, Whitworth, Rochdale, who sent in the above funny-bone tickler, carries off one of our

USEFUL POCKET KNIVES!

**MORE FUNNY STORIES
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loss—unless they had supposed that the Latin poet of that name was meant!

Luckily, the Famous Five had made Miss Coker's acquaintance already, and knew that her elder nephew was named Horace.

"Coker?" said Bob Cherry. "He's at the school, ma'am."

"At the school?" repeated Miss Coker sternly.

"He was when we left," said Nugent.

"Has he not started yet?" exclaimed Miss Coker.

The chums of the Remove were unable to reply to that question. They were not aware that Horace Coker was supposed to have started for anywhere.

"It is extraordinary!" said Miss Coker. "Did Horace tell you that he had my letter this morning?"

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Bob involuntarily. "We—we don't know the Fifth very much, madam. They—they don't tell us things."

"I cannot imagine why Horace has not come," said Miss Coker. "But if you are sure that he is still at the school, he cannot intend to come."

"Oh!" Wharton grasped it suddenly. "Did you expect him at the station, ma'am?"

"What? Naturally I did, as I told him in my letter to meet me here at three o'clock," said Miss Coker crossly. "I am very angry with Horace! Such thoughtlessness—such want of consideration—"

"Not Coker's fault, ma'am!" said Harry, glad to be able to put in a word for Horace. "He's got detention."

"He can't come out of gates to-day, ma'am!" said Bob. "Not his fault at all. He would get into a fearful row if he came out."

Miss Coker's face cleared. "Oh! Then that is the reason!" she exclaimed, much relieved. "Dear Horace! I should have known—I should certainly have known—that he would not be so neglectful. The poor, dear boy!"

"I'm sure he would have come if he could, ma'am," said Bob. "But a fellow can't come out when his Form-master gives him a detention."

"I quite understand," said Miss Coker. "It is not Horace's fault, though it is very, very inconsiderate of his schoolmaster to detain him when I expected him at the station. But schoolmasters are so thoughtless!"

The chums of the Remove smiled as they wondered what Prout would have thought of that!

"But why has not Edgar come?" asked Miss Coker.

"Edgar?" repeated Wharton blankly.

"I told Horace, in my letter, to tell Edgar!" said Miss Judith. "And, if Horace could not come, surely Edgar should have done so."

"Oh, Caffyn!" said Harry, remembering that he had heard that Caffyn was named Edgar.

"Edgar is not detained also, I suppose?" asked Miss Judith.

"No, Caffyn isn't."

"He should certainly have come in Horace's place," said Miss Judith. "Horace must have told him, as I bade him to do so. Poor, dear Horace is not to blame, but Edgar is very remiss—very! Plummy—I think your name is Plummy, little boy—"

"Cherry, ma'am!" said Bob, with a red face.

"Dear me! I thought I remembered that your name was Plummy!" said Miss Coker. "I knew it was some kind of a fruit or a vegetable."

Bob Cherry breathed hard, quite conscious of the suppressed smiles of his comrades.

"But I was going to say, Plummy—I mean, Gooseberry—did you say your name was Gooseberry—"

"Cherry!" hissed Bob.

"Yes, yes, of course, Cherry!" said Miss Coker. "A very pretty name, little boy, and very suitable indeed to a little lad with such rosy cheeks."

Bob's cheeks were very rosy indeed just then!

"Cherry, you may call a taxi for me," said Miss Coker.

Bob Cherry called a taxi, and was very glad indeed to see Miss Coker whiz away for Greyfriars in it. He had had enough of Coker's Aunt Judy.

"Let's get on!" said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Quite a dear old soul, but I'm glad she's Coker's aunt and not
THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,406.

mine! I believe she's fractured one of my ribs!"

"Come on, Plummy!" said Johnny Bull, with a cheery grin.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly ass!" roared Bob.

"Sorry," said Johnny. "I mean Gooseberry—I knew it was a fruit of some kind, or a vegetable."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The next moment Johnny Bull's head was in chancery. Three members of the Co., chuckling, grasped Bob and dragged him off.

The Famous Five resumed their way to Highcliffe, Bob's face more than ever like a ripe cherry!

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Not Nice for Caffyn!

"COMING up to the study?"

"No!"

"What are you hanging about for?"

"Nothing."

Skinner was puzzled. He could not quite understand Caffyn that afternoon.

Loafing about the doorway, with his hands in his pockets, did not seem to Skinner an attractive way of spending a half-holiday.

Loafing was rather in Skinner's line, but he preferred a study to loaf in on a sharp winter's afternoon. And he had a supply of smokes in his study, which Caffyn was generally keen enough to share. Likewise, he had arranged with Snoop for a game of banker, with Caffyn sitting in.

But Caffyn hung about the doorway, looking out into the quad, his eyes continually on the gates, as if in expectation of seeing somebody.

"Getting a visitor this afternoon?" asked Skinner.

"Oh, no!"

"Just interested in the pigeons in the quad?" asked Skinner sarcastically.

"That's it!" said Caffyn. "Don't let me keep you!"

Skinner eyed him. He was puzzled. There was rather a change in Caffyn's appearance, too. Generally he was slovenly, careless in his dress, and not fearfully clean. Now he was newly swept and garnished, so to speak. His face shone from recent washing, his jacket was brushed, his collar spotless. He looked as if he had taken particular care to make a good impression on somebody—which was odd, if he was expecting nobody.

Caffyn, of course, was expecting his Aunt Judith. He knew that she was coming, though Coker did not.

He would have taken the trouble to meet her at the station, but he could not let it come out that he knew she was coming that afternoon. As Coker had never had Aunt Judy's letter, he had not, of course, told his cousin what was in it, as bidden; and Caffyn had to affect ignorance. Certainly he would not have liked anyone to discover how he had obtained his knowledge.

But he had prepared for the visit. He was washed and clean and neat, quite different from his usual looks. And he was prepared to make himself very agreeable and attentive to Aunt Judy, while Coker was kept off the scene by his detention in the Form-room.

It was nearly four o'clock, and he wondered how much longer he had to wait. The old sketch—that was how Caffyn thought of his aunt—must have waited at the station for Horace, expecting to see him there! Caffyn charitably hoped that the waiting had put an edge on her temper.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,406.

He hoped she would not learn that Horace had been detained that afternoon. That was an excuse for not meeting her at the station, which he had not, of course, foreseen, when he "pinched" the letter.

Still, Coker was ass enough not to think of mentioning it. Coker was ass enough for anything!

A taxi turned at the gates, and Caffyn had a glimpse of an ancient bonnet inside. He grinned.

"Hallo, that's Coker's aunt!" said Skinner, staring. "I saw her here last term! Your aunt, too, Caffyn! You silly ass, why didn't you say you were expecting a visitor?"

"I wasn't!" said Caffyn. "My aunt never told me she was coming."

"You've specially washed your neck, which hadn't been washed for a week, and waited here half an hour, without knowing that she was coming?" jeered Skinner. "You can tell that to the marines."

"Oh, go and eat coke!" said Caffyn.

He went down the steps to meet his aunt as the taxi stopped. He was in time to open the door for Miss Judith to step out.

"Aunt Judy!" exclaimed Caffyn, looking as delighted as he could. "What a pleasure to see you here, aunty! How well you're looking."

To his surprise Miss Coker gave him a stern glare.

Caffyn, of course, had no idea that the old lady had met Harry Wharton & Co. in Courtfield, and had been "put wise" by them. Like many cunning tricksters, he did not realise that the most cunning trickery is at the mercy of any and every accident.

"Why did you not come to the station, Edgar?" demanded Miss Coker crossly. "As Horace was detained by his schoolmaster you should have come in his place. You should not have allowed me to wait there as I did."

Caffyn blinked. How Miss Coker, who had just come down by train, knew that Horace was detained, was a mystery to him.

Without waiting for an answer, Miss Coker passed into the House. Caffyn stared after her and scowled. Apparently Miss Judith was not annoyed with Coker, but with him!

She took it for granted that Coker had told him what was in the letter, as certainly Coker would have done had he had the letter.

He ran into the House after his aunt. She was already speaking to Gosling, the porter, asking to be shown to Mr. Stout. She remembered that Coker's Form-master was named Stout: Aunt Judy was a little weak on remembering names.

"Stout, madam?" stammered Gosling. "No sich gentleman 'ere madam—"

"Nonsense!" said Aunt Judy. "Take me to Mr. Stout at once! Or possibly the name is Snout! I would not be certain whether it is Stout or Snout. He is my nephew's schoolmaster."

"Oh, Mr. Prout!" gasped Gosling. "This way, mum!"

He showed the visitor to Mr. Prout's study.

"Miss Coker, sir!" said Gosling, announcing the visitor.

"What? What?" Prout was correcting a pile of papers for the Fifth, and was not pleased at the interruption. "What? Oh! Pray enter, madam!"

He heaved his weight out of his chair.

"Mr. Snout," said Miss Judith, advancing with her most winning smile, "please excuse me—"

"My name, madam, is not Snout," said the Fifth Form master stiffly.

"I should have said Stout," said Miss

Coker. "I understand that Horace is detained this afternoon, Mr. Stout; but as I have come to the school specially to see him I am sure you will excuse him—"

"Really, Miss Coker, my name is not Stout—"

"I am sure that dear Horace's fault, whatever it was, cannot have been very serious, Mr. Snout. He is such a dear, good boy. Will you tell him at once that I am here, Mr. Stout?"

Prout breathed hard. He was not pleased by either Snout or Stout as a name, and he wondered whether even this extraordinary old female supposed that Form-masters rushed about to tell detained boys that their aunts had called to see them.

"Really, Miss Coker!" he repeated.

"Poor, dear Horace!" said Miss Judith. "Was it not a little—just a little—thoughtless to detain him this afternoon, Mr. Stout, when I was coming specially to see him? Men are so thoughtless."

"I was quite unaware—"

"So very thoughtless," said Aunt Judy. "I do not really think that schoolmasters should be so thoughtless. As an example to the little boys—"

"Gosling!" roared Prout. "Go at once to the Fifth Form Room and tell Coker that he is excused from detention as his aunt has called. Take Miss Coker to the visitors' room."

"Yessir! This way, mum."

"Thank you so much, Mr. Snout—"

"My name is not Snout, madam."

"I should have said Stout!"

"My name is Prout, madam."

"Dear me! I am not good at remembering names, Mr. Sprout. But I shall be very careful to remember that dear Horace's master is named Sprout. Thank you so much, Mr. Sprout!"

Miss Judith followed Gosling, and Prout's door closed on her. Prout sank back into his chair gasping.

In the passage Caffyn caught at Miss Coker's arm.

"Aunt Judith—"

"Go away, Edgar!"

"But, I say, aunty—"

Miss Coker shook off his hand.

"Go away! I am angry with you."

Edgar! I will see you later—when I have seen dear Horace!"

"But, I say—"

"So inconsiderate! That very cold station—cold and draughty! Poor, dear Horace was detained and could not come. But you were not detained, Edgar; you should have come. I am very angry!"

"But—"

"Go away!"

Miss Judith whisked on, leaving Caffyn gritting his teeth.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Horrid for Horace!

"YOU have been fighting, Horace!"

That was Miss Coker's first remark when Horace arrived in the visitors' room.

Horace Coker's nose—like Marian's in the ballad—was red and raw.

A hefty punch on the nose was bound to leave traces. Coker's nose seemed to have blossomed since it had impinged on Blundell's fist in the changing-room; it leaped to the eye, as it were.

Evidently it leaped to Aunt Judy's eye.

"Eh? Oh, yes!" said Coker. He passed his hand over his damaged nose.

"I scopped with a fellow. I say, I'm jolly glad to see you, aunty!"

Miss Judith was frowning at Coker's nose. But her frown melted away.



"Gosling!" roared Prout. "Go and tell Coker that he is excused from detention, as his aunt has called, and take Miss Coker to the visitors' room." "Thank you so much, Mr. Snout—I mean Stout!" said Aunt Judy. "My name is Prout, madam!" "Thank you so much, Mr. Sprout!"

Caffyn, with all his cunning, could never quite make Aunt Judy feel that he was glad to see her. But Coker really was glad. He was fond of his Aunt Judy. If she was, as some of the Greyfriars fellows thought, rather a "sketch," Coker did not regard her in that light. He was ready to punch the head of any fellow who did.

Coker had his faults—indeed, their name was legion—but insincerity was not one of them. If he had not liked Miss Judith, that fact would have been quite clear—probably painfully clear. But he did like her, and was glad to see her, and the hearty ring in his voice did more for him in her favour than all Caffyn's cunning was ever likely to do in his disfavour.

"Come up to the study, old dear," went on Coker. "More cosy than this. I say, we'll have tea in the study—what? I've been in detention; that old ass Prout made a silly fuss about a trifle. Come up to the study."

"Very well, dear Horace. But why have you been fighting again?" asked Aunt Judy.

"Oh, just a row!" said Coker carelessly. "Fellows do have rows, you know."

"But your nose—" "Nothing like Blundell's nose is going to be like next time I see him!" said Coker grimly. "Trust me for that!"

Miss Judith's frown returned. "Horace, I fear that you are quarrelsome—"

"Me!" ejaculated Coker in surprise. "Every time your father has shown me your report, Horace, it has contained some allusion of the kind. I have heard so from your headmaster and from your Form-master; I have been

told again and again that you are continually engaged in quarrels, Horace."

"Well, I do seem to get mixed up in rows," admitted Coker. "But it's never my fault, aunty, you can take my word for that. There never was a more peaceable chap—peaceable and good-tempered and patient and all that. A fellow has to whop fags sometimes; it does them good. As for that ass Blundell of my Form—"

"Is Blundell a very bad boy?" asked Miss Judith, relenting again.

"Eh? No; one of the best," answered Coker innocently. "One of the best chaps at Greyfriars. Everybody likes him."

"Then why do you quarrel with him?" asked Miss Judith, frowning again.

"Oh, we didn't exactly quarrel!" said Coker. "Just a row. He was rather cheeky, you know. The best fellows have their faults. I'm jolly well going to whop him—"

"You are going to do nothing of the kind, Horace."

"Eh?" "I forbid you to be so quarrelsome. I am shocked and grieved. Your face is in a disgraceful state."

"Oh, that's nothing!" said Coker. "You should have seen me after my scrap with Tomlinson last term—"

"Edgar, I am sure, is not continually quarrelling and fighting," said Miss Coker severely.

"Funky little snipe!" said Coker contemptuously. "Catch him scrapping with anybody more than half his size!"

"You have not made friends with Edgar, Horace?"

"No fear! I bar the little beast!" The effect of Coker's affectionate greeting had worn off now. Miss Judith

was beginning to look a little like a Gorgon.

"Let us go to your study, Horace," she said frigidly. "I have come to see you specially to see you make friends with Edgar."

"Oh, my hat!"

"I have, of course, no right to give you commands," said Miss Judith, with a great deal of dignity. "You have always been my favourite nephew; but I am, after all, only your aunt. If you do not value my good opinion, or my affection, Horace, I have no more to say."

"But I do, old dear," said Horace— "lots and lots! Only don't ask me to be friends with that snipe!"

"What has he done?"

"Well, he's a snipe!" said Horace. "I don't want to say anything against the fellow; but a nastier, meaner, rottoner little snipe never—never—never sniped!"

"He always speaks kindly of you, Horace."

"That's only his humbug!" said Coker. "He loathes me more than I do him; I jolly well know that."

"Edgar!" Caffyn was lurking by the open door. "Edgar! Come with me to Horace's study."

"Yes, aunty!" grinned Caffyn.

Coker breathed hard and deep. Fortunately, however, he succeeded in restraining his feelings.

He marched off with Miss Judith, Caffyn following. They arrived in Coker's study in the Fifth Form passage.

Potter and Greeno were there. They had come in hungry after the football and were ready for tea.

(Continued on page 16.)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,406.



(Continued from page 13.)

At the sight of Miss Coker they exchanged a dismayed glance. They wanted tea with Coker, but not with Coker's aunt.

Coker gave them an inimical glare.

In that row in the changing-room all the Fifth Form fellows had lent a hand in helping Coker out. Potter and Greene, in the excitement of the moment, had rather forgotten that they were Coker's pals.

They rather hoped that Coker had not noticed it, among so many fellows; but Coker had. One of the football boots that had landed on him was Potter's. Coker still felt a twinge in the spot.

"You fellows want anything here?" asked Coker coldly.

"Eh? No; not specially," murmured Potter.

"Then perhaps you wouldn't mind clearing."

"Oh, all right!"

Potter and Greene cleared. Coker's frowning eye followed them out. Miss Judith's eye was on Coker.

"Are not these the boys who are your great friends, and who came to stay with you in the Christmas holidays, Horace?" she asked.

"Oh, yes!" answered Coker.

"Have you quarrelled with them, too?" asked Miss Judith grimly.

"Well, not exactly, but—" stammered Coker.

"Is there anyone in the school with whom you have not quarrelled?" further inquired Miss Judith.

"Well, there's some fellows I don't know at all," said Coker.

Caffyn gave a snigger.

"Don't make that row here," said Coker, barely restrained by the presence of Miss Judith.

"Don't be cross, Horace," said Caffyn meekly.

Coker's eyes smouldered.

"I've told you not to call me Horace, more than once, you snipe," he said.

"If you think you're going to cheek me because Aunt Judith's here—"

"Horace!" It was Aunt Judy who spoke now. "Horace, control your temper!"

Coker just managed to do it.

"Your temper, Horace, is your undoing," said Miss Judith severely.

"You are, as Mr. Sprout has said more than once, an ungovernable boy. I am no longer surprised that you cannot make friends with Edgar, since you quarrel and fight with your own friends. At this very moment you are disfigured by a dreadful fight with another boy."

"You—you see—" mumbled Coker.

"Your nose—"

"Oh, blow my nose!" said Horace.

"That's all right."

"Horace!"

"Let's have tea!" said Coker hastily.

"I'll cut down to the tuckshop—"

"First," said Miss Judith icily, "I must carry out the intention with which I came to the school to-day. I must see you make friends with Edgar. Edgar, I am sure, is willing."

"Oh, yes, aunty!" said Caffyn. "I've

always been willing to be friends with Horace. I'm so sorry that he doesn't like me. I should be so glad to be friends."

"You hear that, Horace? Let me hear you say the same!"

"Oh, rot!" said Coker.

"What?"

"I—I—I mean—"

"Edgar! Shake hands with your cousin! Horace, shake hands with your Cousin Edgar!"

Coker crimsoned with discomfort and annoyance.

"Fellows don't shake hands," he mumbled.

"Is my wish nothing to you, Horace?"

Coker almost choked.

Caffyn held out his hand. Coker glared at it.

Slowly he made an effort to lift his own hand. He was glad, at least, that he had turned Potter and Greene out, and that there were no eyes on this scene. He would much rather have smacked Caffyn's head, than shaken hands with him.

But under the eye of Miss Judith he felt that there was no help for it.

Slowly, slowly, he made the effort. Miss Judith's eyes were on his face, grimly. She was not observing Caffyn.

Coker was, and he read the mocking glimmer in the Snipe's eyes, the malicious sneer on his face. It was too much for Coker—already at breaking-point. His hand came up, and smacked Caffyn's head.

Smack!

It rang through the study like a pistol-shot.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Not Quarrelsome!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. smiled when they came on Coker of the Fifth in the quad the following day.

Plenty of fellows, in fact, smiled when they saw Coker. Though by no means a humorist, Coker added quite a lot to the gaiety of existence at Greyfriars in one way or another.

Striding in the quad with his hands driven deep into his pockets, and a deep frown on his rugged brow, Coker had the look of a fellow who had collected most of the troubles of the troubled universe.

"Old Coker doesn't look fearfully bucked by aunty's visit yesterday," remarked Bob Cherry. "Did the dear old soul forget to tip him the usual fiver?"

"He, he, he!" That cachinnation came from Billy Bunter. "I say, you fellows, there was a fearful row in Coker's study yesterday! You fellows missed it going over to Highcliffe. I say, the old frump—"

"The what?"

"The old frump!" said Bunter cheerfully. "The old frump made Caffyn come to Coker's study for some reason, and Coker half-killed him! From what I hear, Coker sprang at him like a tiger—"

"Bow-wow!"

"Like a famished tiger!" said Bunter impressively. "Hurled himself at him. Smashed him right and left. Blacked both his eyes."

"They weren't black at prep last night," remarked Nugent.

"Well, perhaps not quite blacked them," said Bunter. "But I can tell you fellows he slogged him frightfully. I heard the blow."

"Only one?" grinned Bob. "Slogged him frightfully with one blow?"

"Oh, no; dozens and dozens!" said Bunter hastily. "If old Judy hadn't

dragged him off, I fancy he would have nearly finished Caffyn. I believe she dragged him off by the hair of his head. I didn't exactly see it—"

"No; I fancy you didn't, exactly."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But I can tell you there was a fearful row. I was in the passage. I heard it all. Some of the Fifth came out of the games study to see what was up. The old sketch marched right off. Caffyn took her to the station. I say, the Snipe's cut that fathead Coker right out with the old picture. I can tell you he'll get the tips now. Coker followed her out, and she wouldn't look at him, or even speak to him. Just marched off with the Snipe. He, he, he!"

The juniors glanced at the rugged, clouded face of Coker, pacing the path under the elms. It was clear that there had been trouble, though certainly they did not believe the thrilling details supplied by the Owl of the Remove.

Harry Wharton frowned a little.

"That fellow Caffyn is a mischief-making little beast," he remarked. "Ever since he's been here he's been causing Coker trouble in one way or another, and the silly ass digs up more than his share, anyhow."

"He's after the old dame's money," grinned Bunter. "I can tell you I heard him talking it over with that solicitor Johnny Sarlo, the day Caffyn came—"

"You hear too much," remarked Bob Cherry. "Let's kick Bunter for hearing so much, you men."

"Good egg!"

"Beast!" hooted Bunter; and he retired from the spot without waiting to be kicked.

"Poor old Coker!" sighed Bob. "He's rowed with his pals. I wonder if there's a man at Greyfriars he hasn't rowed with."

"Not if he's met him," said Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker caught that sound of merriment, and glanced round. The Famous Five became grave again at once. Coker made them smile; they could not help that. Still, they could feel sympathetic with a fellow down on his luck. And Coker was down on his luck, it seemed.

Horace came over to them. As he seldom approached the heroes of the Remove without hostile intentions, they were on their guard at once.

But this time Horace made no hostile movement. The fact was that Coker wanted to speak to somebody. He was treating Potter and Greene with lofty disdain, and speech was barred by a lofty and disdainful attitude. Potter and Greene, probably, were not sorry to have a rest from Coker's conversation. They had often wished that there was less of it.

"Look here, you kids," said Coker. "I'm going to ask you something, and I want you to answer me frankly. Don't be afraid to answer me plainly. I shan't get shirty and thrash you."

The Famous Five exchanged a smile. How many times Coker had started to "thrash" the heroes of the Remove they could not remember. It was exactly the same number of times, however; that he had found it a task beyond his powers.

Coker being down on his luck, the chums of the Remove did not reply as they would have done otherwise. They kindly tempered the wind to the shorn lamb.

"Go it, Coker!" murmured Bob.

"Am I a quarrelsome fellow?" demanded Coker.

"Eh?"

"What?"
 "Oh, my hat!"
 Really, it was difficult to answer that question, without offending Coker.
 "Do I quarrel and row, and rag, and all that?" demanded Coker.
 "Um!"
 "Is there a better-tempered or more peaceable chap in all the school than me?" went on Coker.
 "Oh crikey!"
 "I can't make it out," went on the worried Coker. "Everybody seems to have an idea that I'm a quarrelsome ass that can't keep his temper. Prout's even put it in my term's report! Fancy that! Even the Head's said so! I

thought old Locke would have more sense, you know. Now my Aunt Judy's got the same idea in her head!"
 Harry Wharton & Co. could only gaze at Coker! If he was unaware of that little failing of his, they did not want to point it out to him. Really, they did not know what to say.
 "Fellows get up rows with me," went on Coker. "I don't deny that! Look at the way Blundell cut up rusty in the changing-room yesterday, simply because I pointed out to him what a fool he was."
 "Oh!"
 "Then old Prout—making a fuss about a little accident with a Soccer ball and

a pane of glass! You'd have thought it was something serious, by the way he carried on in the Form-room."
 "Oh!"
 "Then Wingate of the Sixth—a chap I really like!" said Coker. "I happened to mention that I couldn't understand why the fellows elected such a dud as captain of the school and he pushed me out of his study! Actually pushed me out of the room."
 "Oh!"
 "As for that snipe Caffyn, who could be friends with him?" said Coker. "Perhaps I was hasty in smacking his head while Aunt Judith was there—"
 (Continued on next page.)



Our footer expert rattles off more "Answers to Readers" this week, chums. If you've a Soccer problem you want solving, send it along to "Linesman," c/o The MAGNET, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, and then watch out for his reply in this regular weekly feature.

THE WILL TO WIN!

THE Cup Competition is beginning to sort itself out. Some teams have failed, while others have got over the first big hurdle. A few clubs in recent years have been "inconsistent" in this matter of passing on to the later rounds of the competition. One year they have succeeded, the next year failed, and so on. But, speaking generally, it is the same set of clubs that get through year after year.

Of course, luck enters into it to a great extent. But I am not one who believes that all the luck goes to one or two clubs and all the ill-luck to others. A team has a run of bad luck and gets known as an unlucky side. Sooner or later the tide is sure to turn.

The great thing for players to remember, and this refers to boys as well as to professional footballers, is that when the "cards" are not running well it is no use getting down in the dumps and ceasing to try.

I once heard a young captain say after his side had been beaten in a school match: "Oh, we'll never win a match; we're too unlucky. What's the good of trying?" He was quite right. His side never would win a match if they continued to think and act on those lines. The thing to do when you seem to strike an unlucky patch is to roll up your sleeves and say to yourselves: "We'll win this game, bad luck or good!" It's ten to one that you will win a match before very long.

To get back to my original thought—the Cup. The teams that have failed can now settle down to the business of the League in real earnest. If they are near the top they can concentrate on the Championship or promotion. If near the bottom, they can pay all their attentions to the business of getting away from the danger zone, without having to stop every now and again to fight a stern battle in the Cup Competition.

Believe me, it is no "fox and the grapes" stuff when you read of managers saying they are thankful when their team "goes out." Charlton Athletic are a case in point. I am sure Manager Jimmy Seed meant every word when he

said: "We are not worrying unduly about our defeat at Exeter. We can now turn all our attentions to promotion." And in this respect they have a pull over some of their rivals.

SPECIAL TRAINING!

A GREAT amount of time in preparing for Cup-ties is spent in what we call "special training." This always sounds very intriguing to me. A visit to the seaside, hot baths, walks along the front, and plenty of amusement in the hotel. There is no doubt that the players do enjoy this to a certain extent.

It is not quite so easy as reports make out; but, nevertheless, the footballers do look forward to it. So much for that side of it.

Now I want to dwell for a moment on the wisdom of this "special training." That may make you wonder a little. "Are you suggesting that a trip to the seaside doesn't do the players any good?" you will ask, perhaps with a smile. I am not saying quite that. What I am saying is that I am not sure whether the sudden change of surroundings, food, sleeping accommodation, and air have an immediate beneficial effect on the players. Haven't you noticed, when commencing your summer holidays, that for the first day or two you feel rather sleepy and lifeless, yet when you go to bed you don't seem able to get to sleep? I am sure you have. Star footballers are in the same boat. They probably feel just the same. And if they only go to the seaside a few days before the important match they may not have time to shake off this sleepy effect before the great event arrives.

I think a better plan would be to take the players away for this "special training" at least ten days before the event, and then they would have time to reap the full benefit of the bracing air.

THE REFEREE WAS RIGHT!

LET me turn now to some queries. I have one from "A. G.," whose home is in Nottingham. "A. G." tells me that in a recent school match he thinks the referee made a mistake, and he has asked my advice before

he tackles the master, who was refereeing about it.

"Our outside winger," he writes, "received the ball on the touch line and cut in towards goal. By the time he reached the penalty area he was practically on the goal-line, but, as there was no one up to accept a pass, he shot for goal. To everybody's surprise the ball finished in the net. On observation, however, the goalkeeper noticed that there was a hole in the side of the net, and the ball had gone through it and not between the posts at all. After some discussion with the linesman the referee was satisfied that this was so, and he would not allow the goal to count. Instead, he gave a goal kick to the other side. I think he should have dropped the ball where our player kicked it from. Which of us is right?"

I must say that it is a good thing that "A. G." did consult me before he spoke to his master, because there might have been awkward consequences.

The master who was refereeing the match was quite right in awarding a goal kick. The ball had gone behind the line, not between the goal-posts, so there was nothing else to do.

As a matter of fact, there was a suspicion of a "through the net" incident in a First Division game not so long ago. But as the referee didn't seem to think the ball had broken the net, he allowed the goal to stand. Leeds United were playing Preston North End, and if that goal had been denied to Leeds, the North End would have gained an extra point.

It is the linesman's job to see that the net is in a good condition before the play starts. I expect you have seen these officials run up to the net and examine it just prior to a game. Well, they are looking to see if there are any holes where the ball can go through, and so cause incidents like these described.

I have another query from a reader in Bristol who seems to be having some difficulty with the studs on his boots during the wet weather. He says that for the first two or three months of the season this problem gave him no trouble at all, but when the muddy grounds came just before Christmas—you remember that amazing day when 199 goals were scored by the clubs in the four Leagues—he found that he could not keep his feet at all. In fact, he reports that on two occasions, in successive matches, the treacherous state of the ground caused him to slip and put the ball through his own goal.

My conclusion, after reading the letter, is that the trouble is due to studs that are very much worn. On the hard grounds those were just what my chum needed, but on slippery surfaces his studs ought to be as long as the rules will allow. Most boot shops sell the correct length of stud.

"LINESMAN."

"Oh!"

"But the sneering little beast fairly made me do it! It's made Aunt Judy think more than ever that I'm quarrelsome. Me, you know!" said Coker, more in sorrow than in anger. "I've been thinking it over!"

The juniors politely refrained from asking Coker what he had been doing it with! They only wondered!

"Thinking it over," resumed Coker. "And I admit that it does look as if I have more rows on hand than other fellows as a rule."

"Just a few!" gasped Wharton.

"But I can't say honestly that I've never been to blame in any of the rows I've had!" said Coker. "That's quite clear to me."

"Oh!"

"That makes it all the harder on a chap," said Coker. "Aunt Judith's gone off in a fearful huff, thinking me a quarrelsome ass, just because I smacked Caffyn's head for being cheeky! I suppose a Fifth Form man can smack a fag's cheeky head! I've whopped you kids often enough——"

"Eh?"

"But you always deserved it—always asked for it!" said Coker. "And I haven't given you all you deserve, either. I was going to kick you all round for your cheek in sniggering yesterday when that ball went through Prout's window. But I let you off."

"That was fearfully kind of you, Coker!" said Bob Cherry solemnly.

"The kindness was terrific!"

"Well, I'm a kind-hearted chap," said Coker, on whom sarcasm was a sheer waste of breath. "I've never whopped you except for your own good, and when you deserved it. Same with the other grubby little scoundrels."

"The—the what?"

"But answer my question frankly," said Coker. "Am I a fellow who, in common fairness, could be called quarrelsome, or overbearing, or anything of that kind?"

Coker looked very seriously at the Famous Five. Evidently he expected an answer in the negative. It seemed that Coker had been taking himself to task; trying to find out whether he was, possibly, in some slight degree to blame for his many and various rows. It seemed also that he had found his conscience quite clear on that subject!

"Well, you see——" murmured Wharton. He really did not quite know how to put it. He hesitated.

But that was enough for Coker! He did not allow the captain of the Remove to finish. He raised a warning hand.

"I don't want any cheek!" he said.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Then I'd better not tell you what I think," he remarked.

"I said I didn't want any cheek!" roared Coker. "And if you cheeky little scoundrels want me to mop up the quad with you, you won't have to ask me twice, see?"

"Anybody think Coker a quarrelsome chap?" inquired Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Peaceable as Coker was, anybody might really have taken him for a quarrelsome chap, judging by his next proceedings!

He grabbed at Bob Cherry with one hand, and at Harry Wharton with the other, and there was a sounding crack as he brought their heads together.

Bang!

"Whooop!"

"Yaroooop!"

What happened next happened swiftly. Coker hardly knew what happened. Five pairs of hands strewed him in the

quadrangle, rolled him over, bumped him, rolled him over again, and left him breathless and gurgling.

The Famous Five walked away, leaving Coker to gurgle.

Really, it seemed that a peaceful life was impossible to a peaceable fellow like Coker. He seemed to get into as many quarrels as a quarrelsome fellow!

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Looks Blue!

BILLY BUNTER'S eyes gleamed through his big spectacles.

Bunter was leaning on the banisters of the Remove landing, thinking. Bunter had food for thought. He had, as it happened, no other food; so he had ample food for thought.

It was tea-time. Even when it was not a meal-time, Bunter's fat thoughts generally turned on meals. At meal-times, naturally, he concentrated on that important subject.

Times were hard! A postal order which Bunter had been long expecting had not arrived. Lord Mauleverer was tea-ing out; so there was nothing in Mauly's study. The Famous Five were tea-ing out; so there was nothing in Studies Nos. 1, 13, or 14. Billy Bunter would not have hesitated to tea out with them, asked or unasked; but for the fact that they were tea-ing with Vernon-Smith in Study No. 4. And Bunter knew what to expect if he barged into the Bounder's study! Worst of all, Peter Todd also was tea-ing out with a man in the Fourth, so there was nothing in Bunter's own study, Study No. 7.

Having had tea in Hall—to make sure of one tea, at least, in case the worst came to the worst—Bunter was now adorning the Remove banisters with his fat person, thinking it over.

That was how he came to notice Caffyn.

And a gleam shot into his little round eyes behind his big round spectacles as he noted the Snipe.

Caffyn was coming up the Remove staircase, rather quickly; and there was a certain furtiveness about him that Bunter observed at once. He had a small parcel, which he seemed to be trying to keep out of sight.

He hurried across the landing and disappeared into Study No. 1. A few minutes later he came out again and went downstairs. He came out without the parcel.

Bunter's eyes, and spectacles, watched him over the banisters. Caffyn vanished below.

The Owl of the Remove breathed quickly.

Caffyn had taken a parcel into his study at tea-time. Obviously—to Bunter—it contained something for tea.

Bunter could quite understand the secretive way in which he had taken it in. Bunter was rather secretive in that way, when he was in possession of tuck that he did not want to whack out with anybody.

"Greedy beast!" murmured Bunter.

Caffyn, evidently, had something nice for tea; and he preferred not to let that circumstance come to the knowledge of his friends, Skinner & Co. That was the only theory on which Bunter could account for Caffyn's proceedings; and it seemed very probable. Caffyn, undoubtedly, was that sort of fellow.

Had Caffyn remained in the study, Bunter would have considered giving him a friendly call for once. True, he did not like the Snipe; but there were times when grudges should be forgotten; and tea-time was one of those times.

But Caffyn had not remained in the study. He had gone downstairs again; and, so far as Bunter had been able to follow his movements, he had gone off in the direction of Masters' Studies.

The parcel was in Study No. 1. Wharton and Nugent were not there—they were tea-ing with Smithy, with the rest of the Co. Nobody was in the study!

The coast was clear!

Billy Bunter detached himself from the banisters, rolled up the Remove passage, and rolled into Study No. 1.

How long Caffyn would be gone he did not know; but a few minutes were enough for Bunter.

Caffyn was a snipe! He was a rank outsider! He played rotten tricks on that ass Coker, who was too big a fool to keep up his end against him. For these excellent reasons Bunter considered that it would serve Caffyn right to have that parcel of tuck snaffled.

Had not Bunter thought of these excellent reasons for snaffling the tuck, no doubt he would have thought of some others. The lure of the tuck was irresistible.

The fat Owl cut across the study cupboard, where he naturally expected to find a parcel of tuck.

But the cupboard, like Mrs. Hubbard's, was bare!

Bunter blinked into it in vain. Neither his eyes nor his spectacles spotted anything in the shape of tuck.

"Oh, the rotter!" breathed Bunter. "Rotten, suspicious beast! Isn't it just like him!"

Caffyn had not placed that parcel in the cupboard. Just as if he fancied that tuck might not be safe there with Bunter about! Bunter could hardly have expressed his scorn for such suspiciousness and distrust!

Still, the parcel was in the study somewhere! Bunter proceeded to look for it. A bulge in the cushion on the armchair caught his searching eye.

He whipped away the cushion! There lay the parcel!

Bunter pounced on it.

It was not a large parcel, but it was rather heavy. It was wrapped in brown paper, and tied with string, as if Caffyn had brought it in from a shop.

The fat Owl picked it up swiftly, slipped it under a podgy arm, and shot across to the door.

He could not venture to remain on the spot to devour his prey, with the danger of Caffyn returning any moment.

As he emerged rather breathlessly into the Remove passage, he blinked anxiously towards the stairs. To his relief, Caffyn was not in sight yet.

He rolled up the passage.

He did not go into his own study, No. 7. From old experience Bunter knew that a fellow who missed tuck was very likely to look into the fat Owl's study to inquire after it!

He tapped at the door of Study No. 6, where he could hear the voices of fellows at tea, and rolled hastily into that study.

Wibley, Morgan, and Micky Desmond all looked at him expressively, as he came in and shut the door after him.

Judging by their looks, they were not hospitably anxious to see William George Bunter at tea-time.

"I say, you fellows——" gasped Bunter.

"Anybody ask that fat frog here?" inquired Wibley.

"Oh, really, Wibley——"

"Travel, ye fat omadhaun," said Micky Desmond, "and take yer features wid ye. Sure they offend me eyesight!"

"Oh, really, Desmond——"



Bunter grabbed hold of Caffyn, and the two struggled together, stumbled, and went over. All the while they struggled, more and more paint was rubbed off Bunter, and rubbed on to Caffyn. "Draggimoff!" shrieked Caffyn. "He's smothering me!" "Ha, ha, ha!" roared the onlookers.

"Get out, look you!" said Morgan. "Shut the door after you!"

There was the sound of footsteps in the passage. Whether they were Caffyn's footsteps or not, Bunter did not know. But he was not likely to take the risk of getting out of Study No. 6 with Caffyn's parcel under his arm.

"I say, you fellows, I've got something here," said Bunter. "Don't you fellows like cake?"

Whether it was a cake or not in the parcel Bunter did not know. He hoped that it was. Anyhow, it was tuck!

"You've come here to whack out a cake?" asked Wibley, in astonishment.

"Sure and wonders will never cease!" remarked Micky.

"Oh, really, you fellows! I thought of you chaps at once when this parcel came from—from Bunter Court!" said the fat Owl of the Remove. He laid it on the table. "I say, what have you got for tea? I'll have some of that toast. And some of those sardines. You see, the fellows in my study are tea-ing out, so I've brought the parcel here."

Bunter pulled a chair to the table. He sat down. Wibley & Co. eyed him, but they did not say him nay. Tea, as it happened, was rather thin in Study No. 6 that afternoon. A fellow with a parcel of tuck from home was welcome, so far as that went.

"Oh, all right!" said Wibley. "Go it!"

Bunter went it.

As he was going to whack out the contents of his parcel of tuck, he was entitled to a share of what was going, and he lost no time in annexing it.

In a very short time the toast and the sardines were lost to sight.

Meanwhile, Wibley cut the string of the parcel.

"Feels pretty heavy for a cake!" he remarked.

"Well, I'm not sure it's a cake, as I haven't opened it yet," said Bunter, with his mouth full of toast and sardines. "But it's something jolly decent, old chap, anyhow! I always get good things from Bunter Court."

Wibley looked at the parcel and looked at Bunter. As there were no stamps or postmarks on the parcel, evidently it had not come by post. Still, no fellow in the Remove expected Billy Bunter to tell the truth! Whether it came from Bunter Court, or a shop in Courtfield, did not matter much, so long as it contained something good.

Bunter finished the sardines, while Wibley removed the string, and unrolled the brown wrapping-paper.

The contents of the parcel were revealed.

Wibley gazed at them.

He gazed and gazed!

"You—you—you—" stuttered Wibley, as he gazed at a tin marked "Blue Paint." "You—you spoofing villain!"

"Eh? What—?"

"Paint!" yelled Micky Desmond.

"Blue paint!"

"Blue paint!" howled Morgan.

"Wha-a-at?" gasped Bunter. He jumped up in amazement and alarm. The contents of the parcel were amazing! The looks of the three juniors in Study No. 6 were alarming. "Did you say pip-pip-pip-paint?"

His eyes almost bulged through his spectacles at the sight of the can of paint.

Why on earth Caffyn had surreptitiously sneaked a can of paint into Study No. 1 was an utter mystery to Bunter.

He had taken it for granted that

there was tuck in the parcel. What else could a fellow have thought?

Who could have guessed that a fellow would be sneaking a can of paint into his study—hiding it there, too? Certainly not Bunter!

"Pip-pip-pip-paint!" gasped Bunter. "Why, he's mad! Must be mad! I—I say, you fellows—"

"Paint!" roared Wibley. "The fat villain's bagged our toast and sardines, making out he had a parcel of tuck, and it's—it's paint! Pulling our leg all the time!"

"Faith, it's the limit, even for Bunter!" gasped Micky Desmond. "Ye thafe of the world—"

"I—I say, you fellows!" gasped Bunter. "I—I say—" He made a jump towards the door. Wibley & Co., at the moment, were more dangerous than Caffyn!

"Collar him!" yelled Morgan.

Bunter was promptly collared.

"I'll give him paint!" howled Wibley. "Bagging our tea, and making out that it was tuck! I'll give him paint!"

Wibley hooked off the lid of the can. He grabbed Bunter's handkerchief, twisted it, and dipped it into the blue paint.

"I say, you fellows!" yelled Bunter. "I say—I never knew—I thought—I never—I—I—yuuuuuurrgrggh!"

"Hold him!" yelled Wibley, and Micky and Morgan held Bunter by his fat arms, while Wibley dabbed with a handkerchief, thick with paint, at a fat face.

"Urrrggh!"

"Give him paint!"

"Let him have his paint!"

"Gurrgh! I say, you fellows—urrgrggh!" gurgled the hapless Owl.

Bunter had believed, without the shadow of a doubt, that there was tuck

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in that parcel. But Wibley & Co. did not give him credit for that belief. A fellow knew what was in his own parcel!

They had no doubt that the astute Owl had pulled their leg, pretending to be the happy possessor of a parcel of tuck, for the purpose of annexing tea in the study!

So they gave him the paint!

In a couple of minutes Bunter's fat face was blue! Wibley dabbed it over his nose, his cheeks, his podgy chin, and some went into his mouth, making Bunter gurgle horribly.

"Wurrrgh! Leggo! I never knew—wurrrgh! I say—gurrrgh! Oh crikey! Yurrrrrgh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now you can cut," said Wibley. He shoved the sticky handkerchief down Bunter's neck. "Roll him out!"

"Gurrrgh!"

Bunter rolled out. The grub-raider of the Remove had often had cause to repent his grub-raiding proclivities. But never had he repented so deeply as now. Bunter looked—and felt—blue, very blue!

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Blue for Two!

EDGAR CAFFYN stood by the corner of Masters' Studies at a window.

The winter dusk was falling in the quad, and fellows who were out of doors were heading for the House. But Caffyn did not see them, or the darkening quad. The corner of his eye was on Masters' Passage—though anyone who had passed and happened to notice him, would have supposed that he was looking from the window. He was waiting for Mr. Prout to pass, on his way to tea in Masters' Common-room.

There was an elephantine tread in the passage, and the portly form of Prout rolled by. Monsieur Charpentier, the French master, was with him, walking by his side. Prout was talking, and Mossoo had to be content with gestures; Prout's conversation was always a one-sided affair.

As he heard the heavy tread and the deep, fruity voice, Caffyn was careful to keep his face to the window, his back to the passing masters. He did not want Prout to notice him there.

But Prout did not even observe that there was a junior standing at the window at all. He rolled on with Monsieur Charpentier, and disappeared in the direction of the Common-room.

Not till he was gone did Caffyn turn from the window. Then he hurried away to the stairs.

Prout was safe now for half an hour at least. And while he was busy with tea Caffyn was going to be busy in his study.

Caffyn had not forgotten the box on the ear that Prout had given him a few days ago. He had a good memory for such things.

He had allowed a few days to elapse, so that suspicion was unlikely to fall on him when a "rag" happened in Prout's study. Suspicion, he rather hoped, might fall on Coker, who was in his Form-master's black books as usual. But Caffyn did not mind much where it fell so long as it did not fall in his own direction.

The Snipe scuttled up the Remove staircase and went into Study No. 1, where he had left the can of paint.

He had fetched that paint specially from Friardale after class, and had taken care that no one was aware of the fact. Certainly it did not cross his mind

that Bunter, suspecting tuck in the parcel, had discovered paint there—to his cost!

Prout, when he came back to his study, was going to find wet paint daubed all over the room—a state of affairs that was certain to throw Prout into a state of fury; and would repay him, in full, for that box on the ear that he had given Caffyn and long since forgotten.

But the best-laid schemes of mice and men "gang aft agley," as the poet has remarked. Caffyn, lifting the cushion on the armchair in Study No. 1 to pick up the parcel he had left out of sight there, did not pick it up. The parcel was gone!

The Snipe stared blankly at the empty chair.

Where was the parcel?

He had taken care to put it out of sight, in case either of his study-mates or any of their friends happened to look in. Yet it was gone!

Caffyn gritted his teeth.

He had hung about a quarter of an hour to make sure that Prout had left his study to go to tea with the other beaks. Now all was safe to rag Prout! All was cut and dried—and strangely, mysteriously, the parcel containing the can of paint had vanished from the room!

"Who the thump—" breathed the enraged Caffyn.

He had walked a mile each way to the village to get that paint. He had paid for it with his own money—and he did not like parting with money. Now it was gone! Who on earth could have bagged his can of paint? What could anyone have wanted a can of blue paint for, if it came to that?

He looked round the study. There was no sign of it! Whoever had bagged it had taken it out of the room.

Had Wharton or Nugent come in and found it? But neither of them would have opened a parcel that did not belong to him. It was not that! The occurrence was utterly mysterious to the Snipe.

And it quite knocked on the head his intended rag on Prout! That box on the ear had still to go unavenged!

The revengeful Snipe was feeling mystified and savagely enraged as he left the study, at last. He was going to Skinner's study to smoke cigarettes after tea, and the rag on Prout being so mysteriously off, he headed for Study No. 11.

But he did not reach Study No. 11, for as he went up the passage the door of Study No. 6 opened; a weird and remarkable figure rolled, gasping and spluttering, into the passage.

"Urrrrgh! Oh! Ow! Beast! Wurrrgh!" spluttered the strange figure as it rolled. "Wurrrgh!"

Caffyn stared blankly at Billy Bunter.

The ample figure of the Owl of the Remove was unmistakable; but nobody could have recognised his features. They had disappeared under thick blue paint!

Paint was daubed on Bunter's face—paint trickled down his fat chin and spotted his collar, his tie, and his waistcoat!

He was of the paint, painty!

"Urrrrgh! Beast! Wuurrrgh!" gurgled the hapless Owl of the Remove, as the door of Study No. 6 slammed after him. "Oh crikey! I'm sticky! I'm smelly—urrrgh!"

Caffyn fairly gasped. He knew now what had become of his blue paint! It was plastered all over Bunter! How, and why, was a mystery. But there was no doubt that he had found the missing paint!

Hazeldene, looking out of Study

No. 2, gave a jump at the sight of Bunter. He jumped almost clear of the floor.

"What—what—what—" he stut-tered. "Is—is that Bunter?"

"Gurrrgh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Hazel. "Where did you pick up that paint?"

"Urrrrgh!" gurgled Bunter. "I've got some in my mouth—urrrgh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at! Look at me!" gasped Bunter. "It's that cad Caffyn's fault! Urrrrgh! How was a fellow to know that he had paint in a parcel? What did he want paint for? I—I thought it was tuck, of course—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Hazel.

"Beast! Look at me!" howled Bunter. "They made out that I was pulling their leg, and smothered me with paint—urrrgh! I wasn't—I thought there was tuck in the parcel—who'd have supposed that that sneaking Snipe would have brought in a can of paint—"

"Solve you jolly well right!" exclaimed Caffyn. "So it was you!"

Bunter blinked round at him through smudged spectacles. His eyes fairly glittered through those smudged spectacles at the sight of Caffyn.

"You rotter!" roared Bunter. "What did you want with a can of paint in the study?"

"What did you want with my parcel?" grinned Caffyn. "You should leave other fellows' parcels alone, you fat boulder!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a yell along the Remove passage. Six or seven fellows were looking out of the studies now, and they seemed to find Blue Bunter entertaining.

Billy Bunter breathed fury—and paint! He gave the Snipe of the Remove the deadliest of deadly glares.

Had Bunter been a fighting man the Snipe would have been booked, at that moment, for the thrashing of his life. Unfortunately, Bunter wasn't!

But if Bunter could not whop the Snipe, he could, at least, give him the benefit of some of his own paint! And that he immediately resolved to do.

Caffyn was laughing loudly. He was disappointed with his intended rag on the master who had boxed his ears, but it was a consolation to find the missing paint plastered all over Billy Bunter.

But he ceased laughing suddenly as Bunter made a rush at him.

"Here, you keep off!" he yelled, jumping back. "Don't you touch me!"

But Bunter did not keep off. He was going to touch Caffyn—and rub off as much of the paint as he could on its owner! If Caffyn wanted blue paint, Caffyn could have blue paint—just as much as Bunter could give him!

He fairly bounced at Caffyn and grabbed hold of him. The Snipe hit out desperately, and Bunter gasped as he stopped one with his plump chest. But he hung on to Caffyn.

He clasped him hard, and clasped him close. They struggled together, stumbled, and went over. Caffyn struggled almost frantically. But Bunter had hold, and he kept hold! And all the while they struggled more and more paint was rubbed off Bunter and rubbed on to the Snipe.

Doors were opening all along the passage now. Roars of laughter woke the echoes of the Remove quarters.

"Draggimoff!" shrieked Caffyn. "He's smothering me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beast!" gasped Bunter. "It's your paint, ain't it? Well, you can have it, you beast! Yah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

With a desperate effort Caffyn hurled the fat Owl off, and leaped away from him. He was as painty as Bunter by that time, if not paintier. Hands and face and clothes were daubed and smothered with blue paint. He lived and moved and breathed blue paint. His hair was sticky with paint. Paint clothed him almost like a garment.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You look blue, Caffyn!"

"The bluefulness is terrific!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter sat and spluttered. But he grinned, a painty grin, as he spluttered for breath. Caffyn had as much as he had, or more!

"You—you—you—" gasped Caffyn. "I—I'll—"

"It's your own paint!" panted Bunter. "Now you've got it, you beast! He, he, he!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You want a wash, Caffyn?" roared Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows!" Bunter struggled up. "I say, don't let him cut off! It's his paint, and I'm going to give him some more."

"Hold on, Caffyn!" chortled Bob.

But Caffyn did not hold on. He did not want any more paint. He bolted, followed by a roar of laughter. What Caffyn wanted just then was soap and steaming hot water—and plenty of both. He vanished.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Asking for More!

"CHERRY!" rapped Horace Coker.

"Hullo, hullo, hullo!" said Bob cheerily.

"Find that snipe, Caffyn—"

"Eh?"

"And give him a message from me," growled Coker.

Bob Cherry grinned. Coker, as usual, spoke as one having authority, saying "do this," and he doeth it! Coker never seemed to be able to get it into his head that he couldn't give orders to Remove fellows. Still, the Removites were always willing to give him instructions on that point.

"You can find the little beast, as he's in your Form," said Coker.

"Easily!" agreed Bob.

"Tell him—"

"Say please," suggested Bob.

"What?"

"Say please pretty!"

Coker of the Fifth did not say either "please" or "please pretty." Instead of doing either he made a swipe at Bob, who dodged, and cut across the quad, laughing.

Coker was left breathing wrath.

It was a week since Aunt Judy's visit to Greyfriars, and now there had been another letter from Miss Coker—not intercepted this time by Caffyn.

It was rather curt, and showed that Miss Judith was still displeased with her dear Horace. Nevertheless, there were signs of melting in it. Probably Aunt Judy could not feel really angry with her darling Horace for long. It was clear that she had been thinking a good deal about the matter.

Coker hadn't!

Coker was sorry that his aunt had gone off in a huff. He sincerely hoped that she would get over it. And that was all.

Football matters filled most of Coker's thoughts now. Owing to the disastrous effects of his famous shot at Prout's window, he had not been able to show the fellows what a wonderful footballer he really was. Had he played in that

pick-up, Coker was persuaded that even an ass like Blundell and a dummy like Wingate would have been convinced that he was the footballer they wanted for Form and School.

But he hadn't played, so his wonderful powers were still a secret, known only to himself. Most of Coker's spare time now was spent in trying to worry, jaw, and bully-rag Blundell into giving him a chance in another game. So far, the captain of the Fifth had proved deaf to the voice of the charmer.

With important matters like these on his powerful mind, Coker really had no time to bother about the vagaries of Aunt Judy. He did not expect much sense from women, anyway!

However, here was another letter from Miss Coker, in which she bade him tell Edgar that she was coming on Saturday afternoon. That she wrote to Coker, and not to Caffyn, was a sign that the offending and obstreperous Horace still held the first place in her kind old heart. But Coker did not think of that. He did not, in fact, think at all. He only felt irritated at having to speak to the Snipe, and determined that he wouldn't!

So he decided to tell some Remove kid to tell him. And wrath gathered on his manly brow as he stood and stared—or, rather, glared—after the departing form of Bob Cherry.

He was debating whether to pursue Bob across the quad and slaughter him, as he richly deserved, when he sighted Harry Wharton coming towards the House. So, instead of pursuing Bob, he called to the captain of the Remove.

"Here, young Wharton!"

"Yes, old Coker!" answered Harry, coming to a halt.

Horace breathed hard. This, of course, was cheek! But he managed to control his just wrath and speak civilly. After all, he wanted his message taken to Caffyn.

"The Snipe's in your study, I think," he said.

"Yes," assented Harry.

"Then you'll be seeing him. Will you tell him that my Aunt Judith is coming on Saturday afternoon?"

"Right-ho!"

Having got that matter off his mind, Coker went away to see Blundell, to urge his claims on the captain of the Fifth for the umpteenth time.

Coker's brow was grim.

He was a fellow with a grievance, and he was feeling sore about it. Last week Blundell had consented to play him in a pick-up, and Coker did not realise that the captain of the Fifth had given way in a weak moment of good nature. His view was that Blundell, for once, had had sense enough to see that he was a man who ought to be given a show.

That made it all the more exasperating to be refused another show. It

seemed to him sheer obstinacy, if not actual jealousy, on the part of George Blundell.

There was to be another Fifth Form pick-up on Saturday afternoon. Coker considered that he was entitled to play in it. All the more, because Aunt Judy was coming, he was keen. Miss Judith had never seen him playing Soccer for his School. He

wanted her to see him at it. And he determined to put it very plainly—very plainly indeed—to Blundell this time.

He found the captain of the Fifth at tea in his study, with Bland and Fitzgerald. They were talking football when Coker came in. They stopped at once. They did not want Coker to begin on that topic.

"Hullo, Coker! Dropped in to tea?" asked Blundell. "Take a pew, old man!"

He was not fearfully keen on having Coker to tea. Still, he was quite willing to give him tea, or anything else, except a place in Fifth Form football.

But Coker did not take a pew.

"I haven't come to tea," he said. "I just wanted to ask you—"

Blundell exchanged a glance of sorrowful resignation with his friends. He knew what was coming now.

"If you've decided about the pick-up to-morrow afternoon—"

"Oh, yes; that's settled."

"I'm playing?"

"Um! No."

Coker kept his temper. It was not easy, but he did. After the fuss Aunt Judy had made, making out that he was quarrelsome, and all that, he did not want to get into another scrap just before her next visit. She had actually said, in her last letter, that she hoped that he had not been quarrelling and fighting again, and that she hoped she would not find him with his face disfigured, as before. Mindful of that, Coker kept his temper.

"Now, look here, Blundell," he said, with really admirable calmness, "I want a chance to-morrow. My aunt's coming, as it happens, and I'd like her to see me playing football."

"The age of miracles is past," remarked Fitzgerald gravely.

Blundell and Bland gave an involuntary chuckle at that remark, and Coker glared.

"You shut up, Fritz!" he said. "I haven't come here to bang your silly head among Blundell's teacups—"

"Faith, and it's lucky for you intirely!" said Fitz.

"But I'll do it, fast enough, if you want me to!" roared Coker.

"Shut up, Fitz, old man!" murmured Blundell. "Look here, Coker, I'm sorry, and all that, but—I know you're a trier, old chap, and—and if there was anything to be done—but—but—"

"I should have played in the pick-up last week, but for that accident with Prout's window and my detention," said Coker, "and you could have got me off that detention, too, if you'd been really keen. Give me a chance to show you to-morrow what I can do with a football."

"But you showed me last week," said Blundell.

(Continued on next page.)



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"I never played—" snapped Coker. "What do you mean?"

"I mean—at Prout's window," explained Blundell.

Coker looked at him. The expression on his face drew a chuckle from Bland and Fitzgerald. They could not help it. Really, it was worth a guinea a box.

Coker's eyes were gleaming. He clenched his big fists. Peaceable fellow as he was—far, very far, from quarrelsome—he was on the verge of an eruption!

"You—you—you silly, cheeky ass!" he roared. "That's the sort of silly cheek you were giving me in the changing-room, when I'd have mopped up the place with you if all the Fifth hadn't barged in. They ain't here to protect you now, George Blundell."

"I've a sort of an idea that I could protect myself, at a pinch," grinned Blundell. "Don't play the giddy goat, Coker! Sit down and have a cup of tea."

"Am I playing to-morrow?"

"And some cake—"

"Yes, or 'No'?" roared Coker.

"No!"

Coker boiled over. It was the limit—past the limit. If ever a cheeky fellow deserved to have his nose pulled, Blundell did—in Coker's opinion, at least! Red with wrath, Coker reached across the table, grabbed Blundell's nose, and pulled it.

"There!" he snorted. "That will show you—"

Coker got no further. Chairs flew, the table rocked, and crockery scattered as Blundell leaped to his feet and plunged at Coker. Coker feared no foe. He met the captain of the Fifth more than half-way.

For five wild and whirling minutes they tramped about the study, punching, as if they mistook one another for punchballs. Coker put his beef into it. What Blundell wanted was, Coker thought, a dashed good hiding, and Coker was going to give him one! It was just Coker's ill-luck that it did not work out like that. A dashed good hiding was delivered—but it was Horace Coker who was the recipient thereof.

When Coker found himself sprawling in the passage outside Blundell's study he hardly knew how he had got there. But he knew that one of his eyes was closed, that his nose was streaming red, and that he felt as if he had been under a traction-engine.

Potter and Greene, kindly forgetful of disagreements, came along and helped him to his own study. They left a dismantled wreck of Horace Coker in the armchair there. It was half an hour before Horace was able to crawl out of that chair, and look, in the glass, at the face he had to show Aunt Judy on the morrow!

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

One Lovely Black Eye!

"I SAY, you fellows, seen Coker?" chirruped Billy Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

On Saturday morning everybody seemed to have seen Coker—and to have been exhilarated by the sight.

Had Coker been as shy as the modest violet, he could not possibly have avoided being the cynosure of all eyes.

He struck the most casual eye!

There was no doubt that a "dashed good hiding" was one of those things which it is more blessed to give than to receive. Blundell, who had given it,

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,406.

looked much the same as usual. Coker, who had received it, looked a horrid picture.

He had done all he could to repair damages. Potter and Greene had kindly helped. Mrs. Kebble, the House dame, had supplied a beef-steak for the damaged eye. But it booted not, as a poet would say.

That morning Coker had a black eye as well as a swollen nose. Blundell was sorry—really sorry. But, as he said in the Fifth, what was a fellow to do? Coker had not only asked for it, but insisted on having it.

All that Blundell could do was to intercede with Prout, whose wrath fairly boiled over at the sight of Coker's speaking countenance. The captain of the Fifth handsomely explained to Prout that there had been a bit of a tussle, in which he was as much to blame as Coker. Blundell was too great a man for Prout to find fault with him if he could help it. So Prout did nothing to Coker—beyond a glare or two in the Form-room.

Really, Coker did not need punishment—he had got enough!

Up and down Greyfriars that morning fellows asked one another: "Seen Coker?" And the usual answer was a chuckle, a chortle, or a yell of laughter.

STEP IN AND WIN A POCKET WALLET LIKE

Eric Murphy, of 45, St. Catherine Street, Ventnor, Isle of Wight, who sent in the following winning GREYFRIARS LIMERICK.

When Paul Prout bent down by the gym,
With a grin, Cherry said: "It's a sin
For this chance to go by.
So at leap-frog I'll fly
O'er his back, while his tuppenny's tucked in!"

NOTE: All Limericks and Jokes should be sent to: "Limericks and Jokes" Editor, 5, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

Coker was worth seeing!

At dinner that day every eye in Hall turned on Coker, sitting at the Fifth Form table, with an eye that was as black as the ace of spades and a nose that was ruddier than the cherry.

Caffyn, at the Remove table, grinned rather like a gratified gnome as he looked at him. Caffyn felt that his luck was in.

Aunt Judy was coming that day! Aunt Judy was getting more and more fed-up with Coker's warlike proclivities, his headstrong obstreperousness, and his quarrelsomeness. Last time he had displayed a swollen nose to her inspection. Now he had a swollen nose and a black eye to display. What was Aunt Judy going to think of this?

Caffyn's game at Greyfriars was to make all the trouble he could for the fellow he regarded as a rival for Aunt Judith's money-bags, and he had succeeded in making a great deal. But, really, it seemed hardly necessary for the Snipe to exert his cunning. Coker was doing his work for him!

When he had heard from Wharton that Miss Coker was coming that day, the Snipe had turned over in his scheming mind the possibility of somehow getting Coker into a row, all ready for the visit. But Coker had saved him the trouble of plotting plots and scheming

schemes. Coker, as if he wanted to oblige him, had played into his hands.

Prout, at the head of the Fifth Form table, glared at Coker with an angry and scornful eye. He disliked a member of his Form showing up in public like that, which was natural enough. And he did not believe that Blundell would have given him such damages if he could have avoided it. He was intensely angry with Coker.

Coker rubbed alternately his eye and his nose. He knew that Prout was waxy, but he did not care. He had given up expecting any sense from Prout.

Neither was he thinking very much about Aunt Judy's probable shock when she saw that eye. The fact was that his thoughts were still running on football—a much more important matter.

After dinner Coker went to bathe his eye again. It was rather painful, as well as far from beautiful. Then he went out into the quad to look for Blundell. He still hoped to make Blundell see sense on the subject of the pick-up that afternoon. Hope springs eternal in the human breast.

"I say, you fellows, look at Coker's eye!" squeaked Billy Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And his nose! He, he, he!"

Coker looked round the quad. He could hardly see with the eye that had stopped one of Blundell's punches. But he had still one eye, like Mars, to threaten and command. With that eye he spotted the captain of the Fifth, who was walking with Fitzgerald and Hilton of his Form. He started towards him.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Coker's on the warpath again!" murmured Bob Cherry. "Keep your eye on Coker!"

"The silly ass!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Doesn't even Coker know when he's had enough?"

"Does he ever?" grinned Johnny Bull. "Come on, and let's see Blundell bung up his other eye!"

And the Famous Five followed Coker, to watch the entertainment. So did about thirty other fellows. Everybody was interested in Coker.

Blundell looked rather dismayed as Horace came striding up. He had hoped that Coker had had enough.

"Oh, here you are!" said Coker. "I want to speak to you, Blundell—about the pick-up this afternoon."

"Not that again!" implored Blundell.

"Give us a rest, old man!" murmured Fitzgerald of the Fifth.

"You shut up, Fitz! Who asked you to barge in?" snapped Coker. "Now, look here, Blundell, I'm keen on playing this afternoon for a lot of reasons. You're a sportsman, I will say that for you, and I'm sure you won't be nursing a grudge because I whopped you yesterday."

"Eh?"

"It was a fair scrap," said Coker. "Nothing to feel ratty about, if you got a whopping!"

Blundell blinked at him.

"Who—who—who got a whopping?" he stuttered.

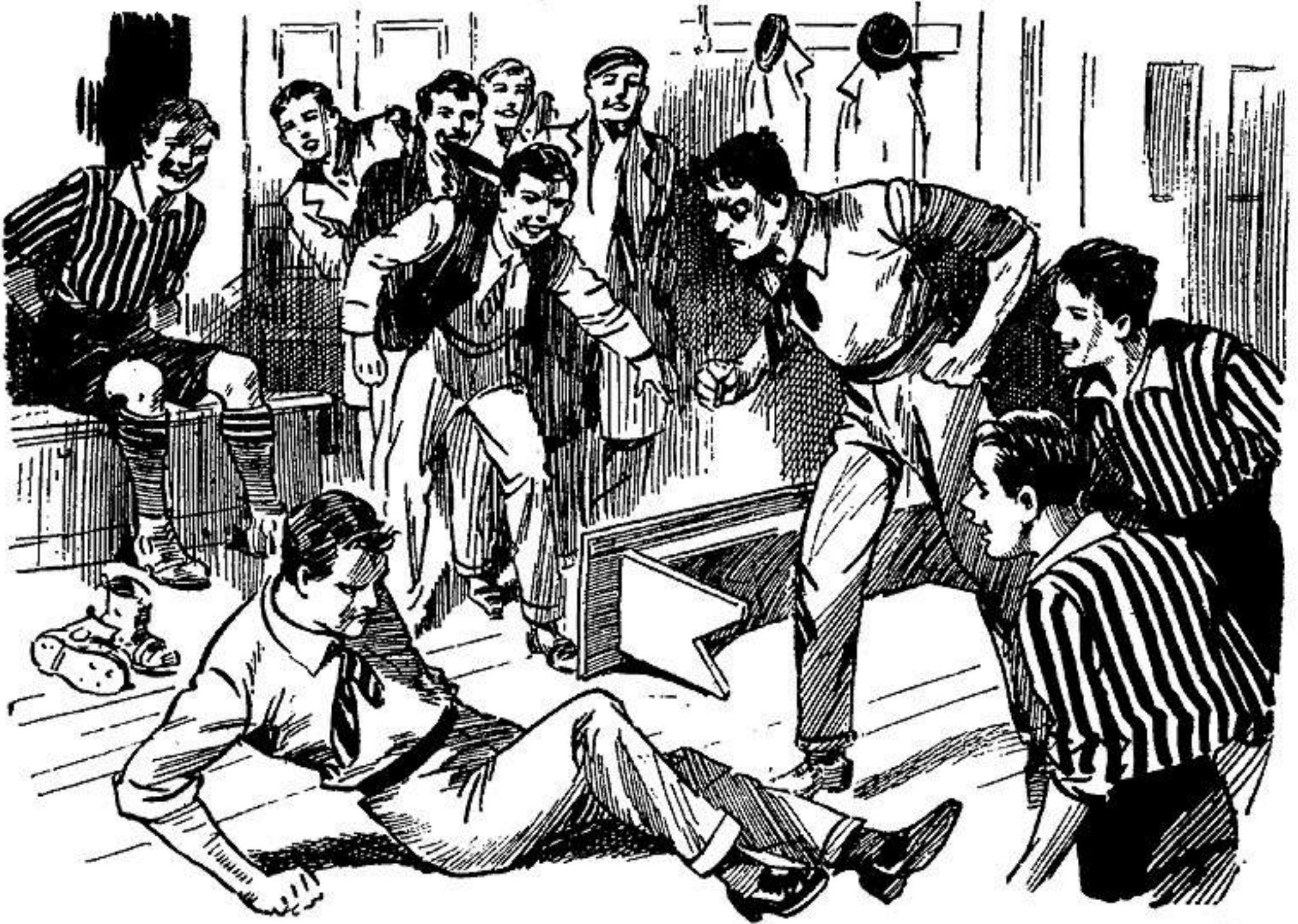
"Eh?" answered Coker. "You did!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a yell.

Coker, apparently, was under the impression that he had whopped Blundell in that scrap in the study! How even Coker could have got that impression was rather a mystery. But there was no doubt that Coker's remarkable intellect moved in mysterious ways its wonders to perform.

Blundell grinned. The other fellows yelled. Coker stared round with his



Coker was up again, and springing at Fitzgerald. "Odds on Coker!" said Vernon-Smith. "He's putting tons of beef into it!" Crash! The next moment Fitzgerald was down. Coker, gurgling for breath, his second eye as black as his first, waited for him to get up again!

sound eye, apparently surprised by the merriment evoked by his remarks.

"Well, am I playing?" he demanded.

"No!" gasped Blundell. "You're not playing, old man! If we were playing marbles or hop-scotch, I'd stick you in with pleasure! But football—no!"

Coker knitted his brows.

"You're asking for another thrashing!" he said darkly. "It's a bit sickening to see a fellow bearing a grudge after getting licked in a fair fight. Why, you've marked me pretty freely, and I'm not grousing. Look here, Blundell—"

"Excuse me, I'd rather not! You're not pretty to look at!" said Blundell.

And he walked away with his friends, laughing.

Coker barely restrained himself from following and strewing the quad with the captain of the Fifth. He glared round at a grinning crowd and stalked away.

There was no football for Coker that afternoon. But he went down to watch the pick-up, and make sarcastic comments on what he saw. Aunt Judy had not asked him to meet her at the station this time, which, considering the aspect of Coker's decorated countenance, was fortunate. He did not want to take that striking countenance outside the school walls.

He was still deep in footer, and sarcastic comments thereon, when Bob Cherry came trotting up.

"Coker!" called out Bob.

"Don't bother!" snapped Coker.

"You're wanted!"

"Rot! If it's Prout, he can wait! I'm staying to see the finish of this fozzling—it won't be a few minutes now! Tell Prout I'm coming."

"It's not Prout—"

"Well, shut up!" said Coker.

"You silly ass!" roared Bob. "Your aunt's come, and I've come to tell you, you howling fathead! She's waiting at the House to see you!"

"Oh!" said Coker.

He had been so keen on watching the Fifth-Form "foozling" with a sardonic eye that he had actually forgotten Aunt Judy!

The pick-up was near the finish, but Coker did not wait for the end now. He stalked away to the House.

Miss Judith Coker was standing in the doorway. Caffyn was with her, with a suppressed grin on his face.

He watched the effect on Miss Judith as Coker dawned on her. Coker's red, swollen nose showed to great advantage in the clear winter sunlight. His black eye also showed up uncommonly well.

Miss Coker gazed and gazed and gazed! Several fellows who were standing about exchanged glances, but with careful politeness did not smile.

The amiable smile faded from Aunt Judith's face. Her features became frigid. Her eyes grew cold and stern.

"Horace!"

"Oh, here I am, aunty!" said Horace cheerfully. "I was at the footer—I say, anything the matter?"

"You have been fighting again, Horace!"

"Eh! Oh! Yes!"

"Your face is disgraceful—absolutely disgraceful! You have a black eye!"

"Well, you see—"

"I am going to see your Form-master, Horace!" said Miss Coker coldly. "I will speak to you after I have seen Mr. Sprout. Take me to Mr. Sprout, Edgar."

"This way, Aunt Judy!" said Caffyn. "But—but I say—" stammered Coker. "Hold on a minute! I say—" But Aunt Judy was gone.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Two Lovely Black Eyes!

HARRY WHARTON smiled.

He was speaking to a fellow in the changing-room and standing in the doorway of that apartment when Coker of the Fifth came drifting along.

The Fifth-Form pick-up was over, and the seniors were in the room, changing after the game. There was a buzz of cheery voices.

Coker was drifting about—killing time while he waited to see Aunt Judy. She was with Prout now, and Coker could guess the sort of rot that that old ass was talking to her!

It was very irritating and disconcerting. He knew that Prout was fed-up with him, and even Aunt Judy had looked rather fed-up at the sight of that lovely black eye! It looked as if Miss Judith would be going off in a huff again, and Coker was worried.

Harry Wharton's smile was involuntary—really, a fellow could hardly help smiling at the sight of Coker's eye and nose! Such an eye and nose might have made a stone imago smile.

But Coker, as he spotted the smile with his sound eye, frowned darkly. He, at least, could see nothing to smile at.

He made a stride towards the captain of the Remove.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 406.

"What are you grinning at?" he inquired. "Want a thick ear?"

Wharton immediately ceased to smile. He was a considerate fellow, and he considered that Coker had trouble enough on hand without any more from the Remove.

"No, thanks, Coker!" he answered, quite meekly.

"Well, don't snigger!" grunted Coker.

There was a burst of laughter from the changing-room. Coker turned in that direction, and stared into the doorway. For the moment he supposed that it was his black eye that caused the outburst.

But it was not that. The fellows in the changing-room were not looking in his direction, and did not know that he was there.

It was Fitzgerald of the Fifth who had caused the merriment. Coker stared at him.

Fitzgerald's voice came through the laughter.

"The jolly old sketch is with Prout now! I saw her through his window. Believe me, some sketch! Mid-Victorian bonnet, umbrella, and all! Might have stepped right out of a nineteenth century number of Punch!"

Coker's face flamed.

The look on his face was so alarming that Harry Wharton caught him by the arm.

Coker shook off his hand and strode into the changing-room. Fitzgerald, unaware for the moment of his approach, was going on:

"That terrific old frump——"

He became aware of Coker's presence before he got further.

Smack!

Fitzgerald of the Fifth staggered, almost on his beam-ends, as he received that thundering smack on the side of the head.

Smack!

The next moment another terrific smack on the other side righted him again.

"Phwat the——" gasped Fitzgerald.

Coker glared at him.

"You cheeky-rotter!" he bawled. "That's my aunt you're speaking of, is it? Why, I'll smash you!"

"Hold on, Fritz!" shouted Blundell, as Fitzgerald leaped at Coker.

But it was useless to tell the enraged Fitz to hold on! His head had been smacked—twice! Certainly he would never have dreamed of "guying" Coker's aunt had he dreamed that Coker was within hearing. But a smacked head was a smacked head! It is said that the man who struck O'Hara was found afterwards in a state of rags and bones. And the man who smacked Fitzgerald was likely to be found in the same state.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Hold him!"

"Stop them!"

"Drag 'em apart!"

"Great pip!"

Holding them, stopping them, dragging them apart, was a sheer impossibility. Coker and Fitzgerald were both going too strong for that.

Hammer-and-tongs they went, tramping up and down the changing-room, barging fellows out of the way, knocking things right and left, and punching one another with frantic energy.

The fight in Blundell's study was a mere nothing to this—it was as moonlight unto sunlight, as water unto wine.

This was some fight!

The Fifth Form men, half changed after football, looked on in dismay and

consternation. A crowd gathered at the doorway.

"Man down!" yelled Temple of the Fourth.

Coker crashed.

Fitzgerald's fist had landed fairly in his sound eye. It swept Coker right over. He sprawled. He blinked now with both eyes, instead of one! Fitz panted. But he had only time to pant once before Coker was up again, and, springing at him, hammer-and-tongs once more!

"By gum, that's a fight!" said Vernon-Smith. "Odds on Coker! He's putting tons of beef into it. He can't box, but he does some damage when he does land one!"

"Lots!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"The lotfulness is terrific!"

Crash!

Fitzgerald was down this time. Coker, gurgling for breath, his second eye as black as his first, waited for him to get up again.

Fitz struggled up. When Coker got one home, as the Bouncer remarked, it did a lot of damage. There was plenty of beef behind it. Fitzgerald, game to the backbone, struggled up to carry on, but he could hardly get on his feet after that tremendous drive.

And when he got on them, Blundell and Bland rushed on him, and dragged him back. This was their first chance to intervene.

"Stop!" shouted Blundell.

"Sure he smacked me head!" yelled Fitz.

"I'll smack it, too, if you don't shut up!" roared Blundell. "Keep quiet, you mad ass! Push that ass Coker out, you men!"

A crowd of Fifth Form men were between the combatants now. Neither of them seemed to think that he had had enough; but, judging by their looks, both of them had, and a little over.

Caffyn came down the passage to the doorway.

"Coker here?" he asked.

"Ha, ha! Yes."

"I thought he might be—I heard a fearful row going on," said Caffyn. He looked into the changing-room, and fairly jumped at the sight of Coker. "Oh crikey! Oh crumbs! I say, Horace——"

"Don't Horace me, you snipe!"

"Aunt Judy's waiting for you! She's just come out from Prout! I say, she's waiting to see you——"

"If you've had enough, Fitzgerald——" snorted Coker.

"He's had enough—get out, Coker!" gasped Blundell.

"Sure I haven't—he smacked me head——" howled Fitzgerald.

"Shut up!"

"Sure he smacked me head——"

"I'll smack it again if you cheek my aunt!" said Coker, and he tramped out of the changing-room, leaving Fitzgerald wriggling in the grasp of five or six Fifth Form men.

Caffyn watched him go, grinning.

Miss Judith was waiting for Coker in the hall. As he came into her view, Aunt Judy gave a jump. It was not merely a start; it was a jump.

She gazed at Horace, scarcely able to believe her eyes.

She had had a long talk with Prout. She had heard from Prout that Horace was the most troublesome, quarrelsome and ungovernable boy in the school. She had seen him with one black eye already. Now she saw him with two!

Even while she had been talking to Prout, Horace had been fighting again—and now he loomed up before her, looking like a havocked prize-fighter.

It was too much! It was the limit! It was the finish!

"Horace! Don't speak to me—don't come near me! I am ashamed of you! You should be ashamed of yourself!" Aunt Judy almost shrieked.

"I—I——" Coker blinked at her dizzily with two lovely black eyes.

"I——"

"Not a word!"

Before a score of fellows Aunt Judy turned her back on Horace Coker, and walked out of the House. She stepped into the waiting taxi, and shot out of the gates. She was gone, and Horace Coker stared blankly after the vanished taxi, with two eyes that were both as black as the ace of spades.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Harry Wharton Takes a Hand!

"YOU worm!" muttered Harry Wharton.

He spoke to Caffyn.

The Snipe of the Remove was grinning from ear to ear. He was so pleased, so enormously bucked by what had happened that he quite forgot his usual cunning, and all that he was thinking showed in his gleeful, grinning face.

Coker had done it now. And he had done it himself. No doubt Caffyn, with the assistance of Mr. Saric, had started the ball rolling, as it were. But probably they never could have "dished" Horace, without Horace's own assistance. He had given it in full measure.

Aunt Judy had not merely gone off in a huff this time. She had gone off deeply, bitterly angry and indignant. Coker's conduct could only be attributed to an utter disregard for her opinions, thoughts, and feelings—so far as Aunt Judy could see. Shocked as she was by his black eye, she had tried to find something to say in his defence to Prout. Leaving Prout, she found Horace with not one, but two black eyes. That did it!

Caffyn chuckled aloud.

Coker had gone in to bathe his face. It needed it. He was both puzzled and dismayed by Aunt Judith's action. But he was very far from realising how serious the result might be for him. Horace had never given a thought to Aunt Judy's money, and he was not likely to begin now, with two black eyes to attend to.

"You worm!" repeated Wharton, his eyes gleaming at the Snipe. "Coker may be the biggest fool going, but he's worth a hundred of you, at any rate."

Caffyn laughed, and went into the House.

Harry Wharton stood with a rather troubled wrinkle on his brow. After a minute's thought he started at a trot for the bike-shed.

He knew a little, and suspected a good deal, of Caffyn's scheming against the fathead of the Fifth. Coker had fairly played into the schemer's hands. Nothing could have happened better, from the Snipe's point of view.

But Wharton knew what Miss Judith certainly did not, why Coker had pitched into Fitz in the changing-room. He wondered whether it would make any difference if Aunt Judy knew.

He was going to see, anyhow.

He ran his bike out, mounted, and pedalled away for Courtfield on the track of Miss Coker's taxi.

If he could catch Aunt Judy before she got to the station, he was going to explain to her. It might do Coker some good.

He drove at the pedals and the bike
(Continued on page 28.)

CAPTAIN CRIMSON!

WHAT'S DONE BEFORE.

Following the news that Prince Charles Edward, the Young Pretender, has landed in Scotland and is making for London, Jack Lennard and Billy Jepp, two boy chums, join the Dragoons as gentlemen volunteers. They are trapped by a rebel pack under the command of Lord Trimmingham, but manage to escape, thanks to Captain Crimson, a mysterious highwayman, from whom the rebel leader has filched his title. The rebels are badly cut up, and among the prisoners taken are the local squire and Lennard's uncle, both of whom Captain Crimson saves from the scaffold. Following this, Captain Crimson comes into his own as Christopher, Second Earl of Trimmingham.

(Now read on.)

The Unclaimed Reward!

THE town constable of Widewater, who had just pasted a printed notice on the wall of the Black Boar, stepped back a pace to examine his handiwork and read it over half-aloud.

"£1,000 Reward to any who shall discover the present whereabouts of Lancelot Dashwood, of Dashwood Hall, in the County of Essex, lately in arms against the Crown, who on Monday last broke gaol from his Majesty's Prison of Newgate and is believed to be making his way to the coast. God save the King."

"Ay, and God save our poor squire, say I, for a better-hearted, freer-handed gentleman never lived!" muttered the constable, gathering up his tools. "Hang me, if I don't drink a bottle of ale to his escape!" So saying the good fellow vanished into the inn.

Jack Lennard, gay in his scarlet-and-yellow regimentals, and enjoying every moment of his first leave, sat at breakfast with his parents, in the sunny morning-room over the way, recounting the story of Cobham's brave stand at Falkirk for the tenth time, when his father caught sight of the white placard.

"What's that thing Catchpole has been putting up yonder?" he said. "My old eyes can only make out '£1,000 Reward' from here. Step over, boy, and bring us the news."

"I can read it, father," smiled the young dragoon. But his face clouded as he did so, and he drew back from the window, adding quickly: "There's our old enemy Dan Hickerman, the Excise-officer! Uncle Donald and the squire must be warned at once, for Hicky's sure to make himself busy!"

"'Tis only what I have been expecting," frowned Dr. Lennard, and Jack's mother lifted her mitted hands.

"Did I not implore your Uncle



BY
**MORTON
PIKE.**

Donald and poor Mr. Dashwood to take shelter with us?" she moaned. "Dashwood Hall is the very first place that will be searched!"

"Do not distress yourself, dear," said Jack, kissing his mother tenderly. "I'll get Billy to saddle a couple of nags and we'll be there before anyone else. All the same, I wish they'd have hidden here, or in the Abbey Farm with Mr. Falcon."

"Hum! We shall find Mr. Falcon hiding in his own vaults one of these days," said Dr. Lennard dryly. "I didn't tell you that he turned out to be a Jacobite after all, Jack, in spite of the loyal toasts we drank together."

"Mr. Falcon a rebel, sir?"

"Yes. He took himself off without any farewells, a few days before the Pretender reached Derby, the old rascal. But I miss our games of chess for all that. Off with you, Jack, for there goes Hickerman, townwards, at a great pace, doubtless to get his fellows together! The sooner you're at Dashwood Hall the better—and a rare wilderness you'll find it. Tell Uncle Don and the squire to come here through the meadows at once. I'll set the door open in the kitchen garden!"

Billy Jepp was reading the notice as Jack joined him, and the two redcoats darted into the stable yard, from which they trotted forth in five minutes, taking the way to Long Lane, where the elms hiding them, they put their mounts to a gallop.

"Hicky'll be the best part of an hour," said Billy, as they pulled up at the gate where the nettles were nearly man-high. "Egad, ill weeds grow apace, Jack, but they show which way the poor squire returned to his own house. We'd better tie the horses up here."

A forest of white sheeps' parsley and red dock spread everywhere, and through the tangled growth was a narrow path where the fugitives had forced a passage to the portico of the mansion.

As Jack dismounted, he pointed to another, and, a wider, track.

"Look! A horseman has ridden in and out again, and not so long ago,

either," he cried. "Have they searched the place already?"

The great door of the mansion was unlocked, but though they opened it and whistled, softly at first, there was no answer.

Then they called their own names aloud, and the dull echoes mocked them.

"I don't like this," whispered Jack. "Something's happened. Wait here a moment!"

He stole across the silent hall, remembering a sliding panel in a room on the right. But before he had taken three strides he stopped, for the sun streaming on the threshold revealed the thick carpet of dust without sign or vestige of a foot-print.

No one had entered that room, nor had the great staircase been used for months.

Turning to the opposite side of the hall where another door stood wide, Jack peeped into what had been the squire's favourite sanctum, a little wainscotted chamber, the walls of which were covered with gun-racks, foxes' masks, and fishing-rods.

"The mystery deepens," he said, returning to Billy. "The gun-room there is the only room they've used. The sofa and the big armchair have both been slept in. There are two candles burnt down to their sockets, and a broken tobacco-pipe on the rug. Whoever it was that stayed there, they've gone now, old man. Where they've gone, and why, I cannot say."

The two chums went slowly back to their horses at the gates very puzzled, and then followed the track of the unknown rider through the flowering grasses. The track brought them out on the river bank where it ended among the hoof-prints of a bridle-road.

"We've drawn blank, Jack," said Billy. "And yonder come Hickerman and his six riding-officers, crossing the bridge at the lock. Better not let him find us nosing round the hall. What's to be done?"

"Hope for the best, and see what the doctor says," was Jack's disconsolate reply. "Oh, ass that I am—I've only just remembered that the back of the gun-room fireplace opens like a door and leads into the underground passage coming out at the well-head in the park."

over there! That's where they're hiding all the time!"

"Too late now, anyway," said Billy. "Hickerman will haunt the place like a family ghost when he sees they've been there. But after dark to-night we'll try the well-head."

He led the way to Long Lane while Hickerman's men were still hidden by the tall poplars.

"So you did not find them, after all?" was Dr. Lennard's greeting, as Jack walked into his father's tiny surgery, feeling heartily ashamed at his own bungling.

"Quite true, sir, but how do you know?"

"Because they are both here—in the dining-room with your mother, my boy; and here they will remain until the first lugger arrives to-night," smiled Dr. Lennard, with a twinkling eye. "It matters not whether it be old Ben Quy, or young Roke, or even if it takes my last guinea, Jack; France is the best place for Jacobites, and we've had enough of them in Widewater to last a lifetime."

Jack left the doctor vigorously shaking the contents of a physic bottle, and the next minute he was clasping Uncle Don with one hand, and Squire Dashwood with the other.

"Tell me," he cried, "who was the rider who warned you this morning?"

"Who else, but my remarkable cousin, 'Captain Crimson,'" laughed the squire, who had already exchanged his clerical garb for a suit of Dr. Lennard's. "The cleverest, largest-hearted man in the kingdom!" Lance Dashwood's voice shook as he recalled all he owed to him. "Kit Dugdale has been everything in turn—a brilliant soldier, a fine actor, a horseman for whose equal one might search Europe in vain, and to crown all else, the rogue, a highwayman whose exploits kept Widewater awake o' nights for long enough, as we all know to our cost. When, next week, he takes his seat in the House of Peers, England will have reason to be proud of my Lord Trimmingham! Alas, I shall not be here to see his triumphs, but Heaven help that scoundrel Marmaduke, should we ever meet in exile!"

"And where is the earl now?" questioned Jack eagerly. "He told us we should see him to-day."

The squire and Uncle Don exchanged a covert wink, and both laughed.

"You will see him all in good time," said Jack's uncle. "He spoke of some business he had to settle. I rather fancy he wants to shake off all the remains of the old chrysalis before he comes out as the perfect butterfly, Jack. And, by the way, his lordship has taken a room at the Black Boar."

If, beneath their tone of light-hearted banter, there was an under note of deep sadness, it was not to be wondered at; for both those men in the prime and vigour of life, had staked their all on a bad cause and lost; and every tick of the tall clock in the corner marked off another minute nearer to the hour of departure.

During the afternoon, when the tide was making fast, the two dragoons had gone to the trim cottage overlooking the broad river, where Billy's pretty sister Nancy, since her marriage with young Smuggler Roke, lived so happily.

"He'll be at his moorings in daylight, Nancy, and we can meet him at the Point," Jack had said, when they had taken her into their confidence.

"Will you mind very much if he puts about after only an hour ashore?"

"Tom and I would do more than that for Mr. Dashwood, poor gentleman," Nancy had said bravely.

Wherein she was right; for when they ran alongside, with the trim lugger still under way, Tom Roke declared, with a round oath, that:

"He'd land him at the foot of the North Pole if only the squire were in the mind to climb it!"

So the moment came at last, and Mrs. Lennard bore up stoutly.

"Have no fear for me, dearest of sisters," said Uncle Don. "I am but returning to my old regiment in France. And a thousand thanks for your kindness to a scapegrace!"

"Heaven bless you, Lennard!" said the squire, wringing the doctor's hand. "And you, too, madam! There are some things one can never forget."

The squire and Uncle Don then walked very calmly out into the sunset and through the Black Boar yard.

They might have been two gentlemen upon their evening stroll; but Lancelot Dashwood's heart was very full as he bade farewell to the scenes he had known all his life. And when old man Jepp appeared at the side door with a brimming goblet in each trembling hand they drank in silence more eloquent than words.

By the time they came to the river bank, where the young dragoons were waiting, the squire had pulled himself together, and he stepped into the boat with a laugh.

"Cheer up, boys!" he whispered. "After all, 'tis better than Newgate—thanks to you both, and one you wot of—eh? And my duty to Dan Hickerman when you see him, Jack. Don't forget that!"

Exit Hickerman!

"Do you know, Jack, that fellow Hickerman has been at Dashwood Hall ever since this morning, trying to find the squire's hiding-place? And he vows he'll stay there until he does," said Billy Jepp. "I've just seen one of his men, who says they've knocked the old place about to a pretty tune without discovering one of the secret passages so far, and he's going to spend the night there."

"Oh, is he?" said Jack, as a bright idea struck him. "Wants that thousand pounds reward, I suppose. What do you say, Billy—let's give him the shock of his life? If he doesn't know the sliding panels, we do. I've heard Hicky vow that only fools believe in ghosts, and you know the hall is said to be haunted. We've only got to get in by the well-head in the park with a couple of dark lanterns and make the ghosts walk."

"Exactly what I had in my mind!" laughed Billy. "By the way, do ghosts ever groan?"

The pair exchanged a quick look.

"They shall to-night, old man. Ours must be no ordinary common spectres. We'll raise every hair on Hickerman's head, and teach him not to play ducks and drakes with other people's property before we've done with him. Come along; it'll be pitch-black in less than an hour. By the way, who is that very superior person lounging about the house as if the Black Boar belonged to him?"

"The Earl of Trimmingham's man-

servant," smiled Billy, as he took down the lanterns in the harness-room. "He says his lordship will arrive about ten o' the clock, so we must be back here in time to welcome our old friend Captain Crimson in his new guise. If we don't succeed in sending Master Hickerman packing, I warrant me the earl will, for Dashwood Hall will belong to him now the poor squire's gone."

Daniel Hickerman, his Majesty's officer of Excise at Widewater, rubbed his blue chin angrily and frowned.

Before him were quite a number of strange objects not usually to be found on a gentleman's dining table; for he had sent one or other of his men into the town several times on various errands. Hence the bunch of mould candles there, the heavy mallet and iron crowbar, and the hunk of bread and cheese. Choek by jowl with these was a brace of his own pistols, loaded and cocked, a powder horn, and a square bottle of intoxicating liquor, which he drank to soothe his growing disappointment.

"Ods bodikins! The thing's a mystery, but solve it I will!" he growled, pressing the tobacco down in his pipe-bowl with a horny finger. "The rascal's somewhere under this roof, I swear—and I'll have him, if it takes me a week!"

Hickerman had taken up a post from which he could see across the entrance hall into the gun-room. As he waited hour after hour the moon rose above the tree-tops.

Even accustomed as he was to long, fruitless vigils on the banks of the tidal river in his vain attempts to catch the bold smugglers red-handed, he began to feel the strain of that silent watch in the ancient hall, and his onslaughts on the square bottle became more and more frequent.

After a while, when he had set a lighted candle behind the door, opened one of the barred shutters and the casement with it to let in the moonlight, he placed a padded chair beside the table, settled himself in it with a fresh pipe, and glued his eyes on the cupboard on the opposite side of the hall.

Three times he raised the bottle to his lips, and by degrees the brass knob on the cupboard door which shone like a golden star as a moonbeam played about it began to grow indistinct and blurred; then the man's head nodded several times until the square chin rested at last on the broad chest, and at the end of half an hour Daniel Hickerman was sleeping peacefully.

Some mice, nibbling at the cheese on the table, jumped suddenly down, and scurried away without any apparent reason. Then a full-length portrait of one of the Dashwood family moved in its place on the panelling, and Jack Lennard's face peeped round the edge of the frame, where it remained motionless for a while, looking intently at the Excise-officer.

After a long pause a covert grin spread over the face, and as the opening grew wider, and the white worsted aiguillette on his right shoulder came into view, Jack stepped across the dusty floor without making a sound, and stood behind the sleeper, whom he could have easily touched, had that been his intention.

Instead, he picked up the loaded pistols, one after the other, opened the

pans with great caution, blew out the powder with which they were charged, and, replacing them on the table, took up the priming-flask.

Pausing again, Jack bent down, stretched out a long arm in front of the sleeper, and deliberately laid a trail of gunpowder, beginning at Hickerman's feet, and stepping backwards until he had emptied the flask at the opening in the wall, which closed behind him again as he disappeared.

Presently—but this time it was from the fireplace in the gun-room—two heads peered across the moonlit hall at the sleeper, and Jack and Billy held a consultation, interrupted by subdued merriment, which they found very difficult to repress.

"Give me time to get back, and I'll start the ball rolling," whispered Jack. "We'll soon see whether Hicky believes in ghosts!"

"Suppose he doesn't wake?" breathed Billy. "How then?"

"We'll wake him right enough," chuckled Jack. "I only wish the poor squire could have been here to see it! It'll be something to tell Captain Crimson, anyhow!"

The best-hated man in that smuggling fraternity of Widewater was snoring now, and a cloud drifted over the face of the moon as a hollow groan broke the silence of the deserted house.

The snores ceased, but Hickerman still sat huddled in the chair, his eyes open, and his bemused senses telling him that there had been a noise somewhere.

Long habit had given Hickerman a well-trained ear, but the man had fuddled himself with drink, and noises are difficult to locate when one is suddenly aroused.

For a few seconds he wondered where he was, and why he was there. But as it dawned upon him, he grew wide awake, and, stealing a hand along the table-top, grasped one of his pistols, while he listened intently.

Then Billy groaned, and the man's eyes focused across space to the gun-room.

"Ha, the cupboard!" he cried. "I was right!"

His head jerked round, however, as another groan came out of the darkness behind him.

"Lawks-a-mussy! There's more than one of them!" he muttered, securing the second pistol. But this time two fearful shrieks rose in bloodcurdling chorus from front and rear, and the startled man sprang to his feet.

"Blood and 'ounds! What's that? Who are ye?" he shouted hoarsely.

The answer was a blinding flash of light that ran across the floor to end at the spot where Hickerman stood in a puff of white smoke and the pungent smell of gunpowder.

"Come on, ye dogs!" yelled Hickerman, now thoroughly alarmed.

He fired at random into the darkness that followed the glare.

The flint-locks snapped, but there was no report, and as Billy chose that moment to let loose an appalling howl, like the wail of a soul in mortal agony, the terrified man let the pistols fall, drew the curved hanger from his belt, and sprang for the door.

"The place is haunted!" he gasped, coming to a dead stop and facing the open window with a wild cry.

A commanding voice had rasped out: "Stand!" and the lantern he had set behind the door shone on the bright steel barrel of a long pistol which something instinctively told Daniel Hickerman would not miss fire!

The lantern showed him something else that fairly made his hair stand



Jack Lennard raised his hat as the boat containing Uncle Don and Squire Dashwood rocked away from the landing-stage.

on end, and sent his life blood down into his boots, for the speaker, who was on horseback, wore a red velvet mask!

"Sink me! You are Captain Crimson!" he faltered.

Jack, sharing the man's astonishment, though not his terror, listened in great bewilderment from his hiding-place.

"I am Captain Crimson, as folk call me," said the voice beneath the mask.

"But do not be tempted on that account to lift that silver whistle to your lips. Those six fellows of yours are sleeping soundly in the stables over there, and even if they came, it would only be to find that a dead man had summoned them! I have something for your ear alone. You had best listen to it, Master Hickerman!"

The Excise-officer, unnerved by those recent happenings, let his left hand fall to his side.

"That's better. Fool that you are, I see there are limits even to your folly," said the highwayman, still keeping his man covered. "Do you know, Hickerman, though they count me no coward, you are a braver man than I?"

"What do you mean?" asked Hickerman, after a pause.

"That this house is haunted by the spirits of dead Dashwoods, and I would not come here after nightfall, even for a thousand pounds," said Captain Crimson, throwing quite an uncanny ring into his wonderful voice.

At the same moment, Billy Jepp, who could not see what was going on, sent a heartrending moan welling up from the gun-room.

"There, did you hear that?" said the highwayman. "Spectres and warlocks hold their wicked revels here."

Hickerman, a bloodshot eye on the pistol, licked his dry lips.

"I'll be glad to get out of it," he mumbled sulkily. "Though," he added, rendered a little braver by the presence of another human being, "maybe 'tis all done to scare me by the rebels hiding here."

The other man laughed behind the velvet mask.

"You're wrong, Hickerman—you're always wrong," he said, with a sneer. "You came to this place months ago, full of fire and brimstone, and what have you done? You were going to lay Ben Quy and Tom Roke by the heels—no free trader could live where you were. Wind, idle wind! Not a smuggler have you caught, although you had a troop of Dragoons to help you, and, stap my vitals, you make no better list at rebel hunting."

"Listen, for this is what I came to tell you! Your thousand pounds vanished at sunset to-day, when young Roke put off again without dropping his hook, and carried Squire Dashwood with him. No blood money for you, Daniel Hickerman, and to-morrow Widewater shall ring with it! I promise you will be the laughingstock of man, woman, and child!"

"Zounds, sir!" cried the Excise-officer, with something like a sob. "Is that the truth ye're telling me?"

"The honest truth, to which will be added another—that Daniel Hickerman met Captain Crimson face to face, and let him escape, though there were not three paces between them!"

The report of the pistol, as the highwayman aimed for the lantern, made the man jump back, and the gallop of departing hoofs mingled with the shouts from the startled men in the stables.

"Ye skulking knaves! This comes of leaving your posts!" bellowed Hickerman, in his best style, pointing to the cut on the window-frame he had just inflicted with his hanger. "An inch nearer, and I would have slain the villain!"

But that was Dan Hickerman's last snarl, for Captain Crimson's words had sunk deep.

When morning came, the blustering bully departed with his earthly belongings crammed into a couple of saddlebags, and Widewater saw him no more.

(Don't miss the concluding chapters of this grand adventure story in next week's MAGNET.)

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DOWN ON HIS LUCK!

(Continued from page 24.)

fairly flew. He crossed the road over Courtfield Common, as if he were on the racing track.

He sighted the taxi, half-way to the town. With a final burst of speed he raced on, passed it, and waved to the driver to stop.

The taxi halted, and Wharton jumped off his bike and ran to the door.

Miss Judith Coker stared at him.

Her face was set and hard. It had lost all its kindness. Evidently she was deeply incensed with her once-beloved Horace.

"Miss Coker!" gasped Wharton breathlessly.

"What is it, little boy?" asked Aunt Judy.

"I—I came after you," panted the captain of the Remove. "I—I wanted to tell you—about Coker—"

Miss Judith held up a hand.

"I wish to hear nothing from Horace," she said.

"I haven't come from Coker—I came on my own," explained Harry. "I thought you ought to know—"

"No more!" said Miss Coker severely. "Horace has chosen to treat me with disregard—with contempt. Most insulting. I refuse to hear one word—"

"If you knew why he got into that scrap—" gasped Harry.

"His quarrelsome temper," said Miss Judith. "A headstrong, quarrelsome, overbearing boy. His headmaster, his Form-master have said so. Mr. Sarle has told me so continually. Edgar has complained of it. I have refused to listen. And now, almost in my very presence—"

"He pitched into a chap—"

"Say no more!"

"Because—"

"Let my driver proceed, please."

"Because the chap said something about you, ma'am—"

"What!"

"He didn't mean anything really, he's a good fellow, but he did say something that sounded disrespectful," said Harry. "Coker went for him—"

Miss Judith stared. She blinked.

"What—what do you mean, little boy?" she exclaimed. "Do you mean that Horace—"

"Yes, ma'am," said Harry, glad to see that he was getting on. "Coker went for the chap because he spoke disrespectfully of you, ma'am. I heard him—I was there. If any fellow called my aunt a frump, I'd dot him in the eye fast enough, I can tell you!"

"A—a—a frump!" gasped Miss Judith. "Did—did—did you say fuf-fuf-frump?"

"Oh! I—I didn't mean to, but—well, ma'am, I—I thought you ought to know that poor old Coker was only standing

up for you, and he went for a chap he's really no match for, too—"

Miss Judith gazed at the eager junior in the doorway of the taxicab. The cold sternness was gone from her face. It melted like snow in the sunshine.

"Poor, dear Horace!" she breathed. "The good, kind, noble, brave, chivalrous boy! I might have known. I should have known! Dear, good Horace! No wonder all his school-fellows are so deeply attached to him—"

"Oh, my hat! I—I mean—oh—"

"Driver! Go back to the school at once!"

The Courtfield taxi-driver blinked round.

"Quick!" exclaimed Miss Coker. "Quick! Do you hear me, driver? Return to the school at once! As fast as you can! Dear, dear Horace! That I should so have misjudged him! Little boy, I thank you for telling me this—you are a good little boy—a very, very good little boy! Driver, be quick!"

"Yes, mum!"

Wharton shut the door and jumped away. The taxi turned. He had a last glimpse of Aunt Judy, and saw that there were tears in her eyes. Then she vanished, as the taxi shot away for Greyfriars again.

Wharton grinned.

He was not, perhaps particularly gratified by being told that he was a very, very good little boy! But he was very glad that he had come after Aunt Judy—very glad that he had put in that word for Coker!

He remounted his bike, and rode back to the school at a much more moderate pace. But the taxi, under the constant urgings from within, was going all out! Aunt Judy was eager to get back to her dear Horace, and make it clear to him how very, very far she was from being angry with him.

The taxi fairly raced. It spun in at the school gates. It had hardly stopped before the House, when Miss Judy was jumping out.

Prout met her as she ran in. Prout stared. He had thought, and certainly hoped, that Coker's aunt was done with, for that day at least!

"Madam!" ejaculated Prout.

Miss Coker passed him almost like a whirlwind. Prout blinked after her. He was left blinking.

Mr. Quelch was coming down the stairs. He had just time to dodge as Miss Judith flew up.

"Madam!" gasped the Remove master.

She was gone!

On the landing above, she nearly ran into Caffyn. Caffyn jumped nearly clear of the floor, at the unexpected sight.

"Aunt Judith!" squeaked Caffyn.

He was left squeaking.

Miss Coker knew her way about the

House. She flew up the Fifth Form passage. Breathless, she reached the door of Horace Coker's study. A voice reached her from within.

"Faith, and it's sorry I am, intirely Coker, sure I niver meant—"

Fitzgerald of the Fifth broke off, Miss Coker flew in.

"Horace!"

Horace Coker, red-nosed, black-eyed, blinked at his aunt! He had a basin of water before him, and a sponge in his hand. He had been bathing those lovely black eyes.

"Oh, aunty—" ejaculated Coker, in surprise.

"Dear Horace!"

"I thought you were gone!"

"Darling Horace!"

"What the thump—"

"A dear kind little boy has told me all, dear, dear Horace!" sobbed Aunt Judy. "I know why you received those dreadful injuries, in defence of your foolish old aunt, who misjudged you. Forgive me, Horace."

Coker blinked. With his eyes in their present state, he could only blink.

"Dear, dear Horace! Never, never will I hear a word against you again! Oh, never! Never! Darling Horace!"

And Miss Judy fairly hugged Horace! The basin went over with a crash, spilling the water over Coker's trousers. The wet sponge was, inadvertently, squeezed into his collar. Otherwise, all was calm and bright!

Harry Wharton wheeled in his bike just in time for lock-up. Billy Bunter met him as he came up to the Remove passage.

"I say, that old sketch has blown in again!" said Bunter. "I say, she's teasing with Coker in his study—making no end of a fuss of him, I hear! She seems to like him better with two black eyes than one! He, he, he!"

Harry Wharton laughed, and went into Study No. 1, where the Co. had tea ready. Caffyn was there, with a perplexed and exasperated expression on his face, that made the captain of the Remove smile as he saw it.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Where did you shoot off to?" asked Bob Cherry. "You're looking jolly pleased with yourself."

"And feeling the same!" said Harry, laughing.

He sat down to tea; and over that cheery meal, told the tale. He had come in hungry after his ride, and enjoyed his tea—but not so much as he enjoyed the expression on Caffyn's face as the Snipe of the Remove listened to him.

THE END.

(Whatever you do, chums, don't miss the next exciting story in this grand series, entitled: "FOOL'S LUCK!" You'll vote it one of Frank Richards' extra-specials!)



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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.

VOLUNTEERS WANTED

To prepare "scent" for the Remove paper-chase next Wednesday. Don't apply unless you're used to doing things in a "tearing" hurry!

ANSWER TO INQUIRER

Yes, it's true that, as a result of a recent fall, Coker's brain temporarily stopped working; but there's no need for anxiety. NOBODY NOTICED ANY DIFFERENCE.



THE NEW Greyfriars Herald



No. 121 (New Series).

EDITED BY HARRY WHARTON.

January 26th, 1935.

KNITTING NEEDLES

Good strong pair wanted at once. Trying to eat an over-cooked rice-pudding, Wun Lung broke his chop-sticks!

LET ME CURE YOU OF SMOKING

If you have acquired the distressing habit of smoking cigarettes, give me a look in when you're passing. I have a remedy which has proved extraordinarily effective in many cases!—Geo. WINGATE, Prefects' Common-room.

SECRET of HAUNTED WINDMILL

By H. VERNON-SMITH

Pon & Co., of Highcliffe, are awfully contemptuous of superstition. When I suggested to them that the old windmill on the other side of Friardale was haunted, they made the welkin ring with their derisive laughter!

"Think you'd have the pluck to stay inside it for half-an-hour in the dark?" I asked, casually, when they had finished.

"Sounds as easy as rolling off a log," Pon grinned. "We'll do it, if it'll give you a kick—and heaven help the ghost that comes near us, eh, you men?"

And Pon's followers dutifully bleated: "Oh, rather!"

"Right!" I said. "It's a deal—and just to lend it a little sporting interest, I'll give a quid to the Courtyard Cottage Hospital if you stay—and you can do the same if you fail."

Thus it was arranged, and on the following evening Pon & Co. duly turned up and boldly marched into the gloomy precincts of the derelict mill.

Five minutes later, a series of weird, unearthly groans arose in the windmill. Pon & Co. laughed.

"It's that ass Smithy," I heard Pon say. "Fathead must have sneaked into the place with the idea of giving us a scare. Let's find him!"

Then Gadsby, looking out of one of the windows, saw me sitting on the fence near by and told the others that it couldn't be Smithy after all.

"Must be someone else then," Pon said. But this time I thought I detected a little anxiety and uneasiness in his voice.

Pon & Co. searched the mill from floor to roof, getting more and more flurried as they did so. Not a sign of another human being could they find—and yet those weird, unearthly groans were getting louder and louder all the time and seemed without a doubt to be coming from within the mill itself!

At last they gave it up as hopeless, and I heard Vavasour say:

"Look here, you men, I don't like it. I'm going to quit!"

"Same here!" said Gadsby and Monson together.

"Look here," protested Pon, feebly.

Then the groans started again with renewed vigour, and as Pon's pals fled, Pon stopped protesting and joined in the wild retreat himself!

I haven't seen Pon since, but I see he has paid the quid over to the hospital.

Now that that's settled, I don't mind letting him into the secret.

The weird, unearthly groans which so inexplicably filled the air of the "haunted" windmill were not caused by ghosts.

They originated in Bunter, our prize ventriloquist, whom I had bribed to hide in a near-by hedge, and throw his voice into the mill!

I hope Pon & Co. will laugh now that they know. But if they won't, we will!

SKINNER Tells How He PUT WHISKERS ON COKER

This is the true and authentic account of those whiskers of Coker's which have been causing such a commotion in the school during the last few days.

Most fellows seem to think that Coker really grew a beard and that I helped by giving him a patent hair-growing mixture. But this isn't quite correct.

The stuff that I took along to Coker's study did nothing more than make his face burn and cause him to do a wild war-dance round the Fifth Games Study for most of the evening! That was all I intended it to do, anyway!

It was only afterwards that I thought of giving Coker some face-fungus in reality. In the quietude of my study, I had a sort of fit of remorse. After all, Coker had come back from the vac with the desire to cultivate a moustache, and it seemed a shame not to help him in his hirsute ambitions!

Having had a good think, I trotted along to see Wibley. Somehow, I really couldn't imagine Coker growing a real moustache, with or without my help, for some considerable time, anyway. But there was no reason why he shouldn't acquire the next best thing—a false one!

Wib had nothing suitable in the moustache line, as it happened. But he had a prize set of whiskers which had once adorned the face of the villain in a Remove melodrama, and I took these instead.

At about one o'clock in the morning, I sneaked along to Coker's dorm, armed with whiskers and gum.

Luck was with me. Nobody

in the dorm was awake, and Coker was sleeping the sleep of the just, from which it would have taken more than the fixing on of a set of whiskers to wake him!

In a few seconds the deed was done. I slipped out of the dorm—and Coker went on sleeping, blissfully unaware that he had suddenly acquired a magnificent growth of beard.

They say that Coker's emotions on seeing himself in the mirror for the first time on the following morning were impossible to express in words. The poor sap immediately



jumped to the conclusion that the mixture I had given him the previous evening had done its work only too well!

In a state of mind bordering on frenzy Coker rushed around trying to borrow a razor. Alas! None of his friends possessed such an article, and Coker wouldn't have shown himself to a master for worlds!

Eventually, wrapped up to the eyes in a woollen muffler, he buzzed down to the village on his motor-bike and called on the village barber.

"For goodness' sake," he begged, almost with tears in his

eyes, "get rid of these whiskers and give me something that'll prevent them growing again!"

The barber examined them, grinned, and nodded.

"Yessir. Certainly, sir," he said. "Sit down, sir!"

Coker sat down, expecting the cheery old curl-trimmer to set about the task with a razor.

Greatly to Coker's surprise, however, all that the barber did was to wash them off with a sponge and hot water—and for something that would prevent them growing again, he sold Coker a tablet of soap.

During the next week or so it will probably dawn on Coker that he has been japed. Enough to put whiskers on a man to think about it, isn't it?

IT'S OUR COMPLAINT, TOO!

The School House cooks' complaint is that her work is never done.

Judging by the half-baked dinners she serves up, she's correct.

IS BROWN A TWISTER?

We never thought so before, but he's just dressed up as a ghost, and given us an awful "turn"!

STRONG MAN WANTED

I'm booked for a swishing on Monday, and I feel I need a weight lifted off my mind. Apply DICK RAKE, Study No. 6, Remove.

They'll "Calve" Him Up!

Coker, who disabled both legs in a recent motor-cycle collision, says he is going to maintain to the bitter end that it was the other fellow's fault.

We're afraid Coker hasn't a leg to stand on!

THE MILLION-DOLLAR SKOLLER

By Dicky Nugent

"Jolly," said Dr. Birchmell, the Head of St. Sam's, one day addressing the kaptin of the Fourth. "You mite trot down to the gates and keep your eye out for a new boy I'm eggpecting."

"With plezzure, sir," replied Jack Jolly reddily. "What's his name, sir?"

"Hyam Knott Poare," answered Dr. Birchmell, with a glarnse at the notebook he was holding in his grimy paw. "His father, Eustace Eame Poare, is the self-made peanut king of the You Knighted States, and the boy is being sent to St. Sam's so that he will not be in danger from the kidnappers who infest his native land."

"My hat, sir!" eggscloimed Jack Jolly. "He must be immensely wealthy."

"Well, well, there is no need to use vulgar phrases about it," said the Head, with a brown. "Putting it in more refined English, it is tiew to say that Hyam Knott Poare is simply rolling in oof!"

"Yes, that's what I meant, sir," said Jack Jolly. "We'll look out for him, anyway, won't we, chaps?"

"Yes, rather!" grinned Merry and Bright; and the tree-o turned their backs on the Head and their footsteps in the direction of the skool gates.

No sooner had they arrived there, than a most eggstraordinary procession came in site. It konsisted of one hevvely-armered motor-car and a bodyguard of about fifty motor-cycles, driven by American perlicemen who carried a tremenjous array of ortornattick pistols and truncheons.

The din made by the engines was so deffening that it almost drowned the noise of Fossil, the porter, who was snoring away inside his lodge!

Much to Jack Jolly & Co.'s serprize, the procession stopped at the gates. The door of the armered car then opened, and out stepped a yungster of their own age with a loudly-dressed gentleman who was evvidently his pater.

"I guess this is the dump, pop!" eride the yungster, in a shrill naisal voice.

"Year, I guess so, Hyam," replied his pater, with the unmistakable axcent of a citizen of the You Knighted States. "I



guess I'll see the boss of the outfit and then skidoo!"

He grasped the yungster by the hand and led him through the gateway, and a duzen perlicemen followed after, with ortornatticks at the rededy!

"Eggscuse me, sir," said Jack Jolly, as they entered the quad. "The headmaster told me to look out for a new boy named Poare. Is this the chap, sir?"

"Year, I'm the guy you want, bo!" said yung Poare, in his shrill naisal voice.

"This way, then, gentlemen!" grinned Jack Jolly; and he led them through interested crowds of St. Sam's fellows and took them along to the Head's study.

"Sit down, Mr. Poare," said Dr. Birchmell, by way of greeting. "So this is the yungster?"

"Year, I guess so," said Eustace Eame Poare, eyeing Dr. Birchmell rather dewbiously, as he sat down. "Now, sir, before I leave, I want to feel assured that my son will be safe at St. Sam's. I want you to understand that there's a guy in the kidnapping racket who's nuts on kidnapping my boy. I want to know before I go that Slick Hooligan won't be allowed to get him."

Dr. Birchmell smiled.

"My dear sir, I can relieve your feelings on that score at once—if not sooner," he said. "It so happens that we have at St. Sam's a gentleman of infinite resource and boundless curridge, who is going to make it his partikular task to see that no crook, Slick Hooligan or anyone else, touches a hair of your son's head."

"Now, that's what I call swell," said Mr. Poare, looking very releaved. "Who is this guy?"

"Myself!" grinned the Head. Eustace Eame Poare's jaw dropped.

"Um! I guess that's mighty good of you, doc," he said, seratching his nose dewbiously. "Will you eggscuse me for a minnit?"

He beckoned to the chief of the perlicemen

and they wispered together for a breof interval. "O.K., then, doc!" said Mr. Poare, ovenchally. "I'll leave it to you—and if you're as brainy and brave as you say you are, he'll be in good hands! Good-bye, Hyam!"

"So long, pop!" said Hyam Knott Poare affectionately.

Two ticks later, his pater had bidden adoo to the Head, and both he and his bodyguard had vanned.

Dr. Birchmell, who, for some reason, was now grinning like a Cheshire cat, then sent Jack Jolly for Mr. Lickham, to interdoce the master of the Fourth to his new powpil.

No sooner had Mr. Lickham and Jack arrived at the Head's study than a dramattick interruption occurred.

The door of the study was thrown open, and a marked ruffian charged in, brandishing an ortornattick.

"Stick 'em up, you guys!" he yelled. "I guess I've called to Kidnap Hyam Knott Poare, and any guy that tries to stop mo's gonna get plugged! Anyone feel like it?"

Nobody eggpected to hear an affirmative reply to that question. But much to everybody's serprize, it came—from no other person than Dr. Birchmell!

"Yes, rather!" he eride. "The name of Slick Hooligan may bring fear to the harts of others, but it duzzent bring fear to my hart! If you kidnap that lad, it will be over my dead body!"

Mr. Lickham and Jack Jolly farly gasped. But what happened soon after made them gasp still more.

Instead of riddling the Head's body with bootles, the visitor suddenly bust into a harty larf, and, after pocketing his ortornattick, tore off his mask, to reveal the grinning face of Eustace Eame Poare himself!

"Say, doc, you've got more curridge than I thought!" declared the American. "I did this to prove to my satisfaction that you're the right man to leave in charge of yung Hyam, and I guess I've proved it up to the hilt. I really must beg your pardon for ever doubting you."

"Granted as soon as asked, Mr. Poare!" said the Head graciously. "Good-bye, my dear sir!"

And Eustace Eame Poare went—this time for good!

"There is only one thing that puzzles me about it, sir," Mr. Lickham said reflectively, when Jack Jolly and the new boy had gone. "How the dickens did a craven cowherd like you summon up enuff curridge to defy a masked kidnapper?"

Dr. Birchmell smiled. "Without for a moment admitting that I am cowherdly, Lickham, I can perhaps throw a little light on the problem by letting you into a secret. The fact is, I happened to overhear Mr. Poare and the perlicemen when they were wispering together—and thereby had the good luck to hear the whole thing arranged!"

"I always did say that it's your ears that make you look so much like a donkey, sir!" grinned Mr. Lickham—and with that he beat a hurried retreat, leaving the Head to enjoy on his lonely own the plezzureable reckollections of his viktory in the affair of the Million-Dollar Skoller!

(Don't miss "The Kidnapped Skool-boy!" the amazing and amusing sequel to this story in next week's "Herald"!—Ed.)

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?



Horace Coker has an immovable conviction that he was born to be in control. When he told his chums, Potter and Greene, that he could easily run Whipsnade Zoo, they agreed—grinningly—that Coker's place is undoubtedly in a zoo! A soo-logical conclusion!



The spectacle of Billy Bunter on skates provoked hilarity among Harry Wharton & Co.—but hilarity quickly changed to alarm, as Bunter ploughed through the skaters, knocking them right and left. Bunter effectively "broke the ice"—and had to be dragged out!



Wearing a papier mache mask of an ass's head for a Remove Dramatic Society performance last for a change! He has written that it takes a skilled actor to successfully portray a "silly ass" on the stage! "Wib" is a "lion" at theatricals!



Dicky Nugent's dearest wish is to become a schoolmaster, and he has written that it takes a skilled actor to successfully portray a "silly ass" on the stage! "Wib" is a "lion" at theatricals!



Billy Bunter likes to refer to the time when, visiting "Inky's" home in India, with the Famous Five, he rode on the back of a State elephant of Bhanipur. Bunter hates anybody to remind him that the wobbly motion of the elephant made him feel sea-sick, though!



When Coker's Aunt Judy last visited him, he was photographed with her in the quad. Skinner, who tried to spoil the "snap" by passing rude comments, found Coker in a very "snappy" mood when Aunt Judy had gone—and Skinner collected a thick ear for his pains!

GREYFRIARS FACTS WHILE YOU WAIT!