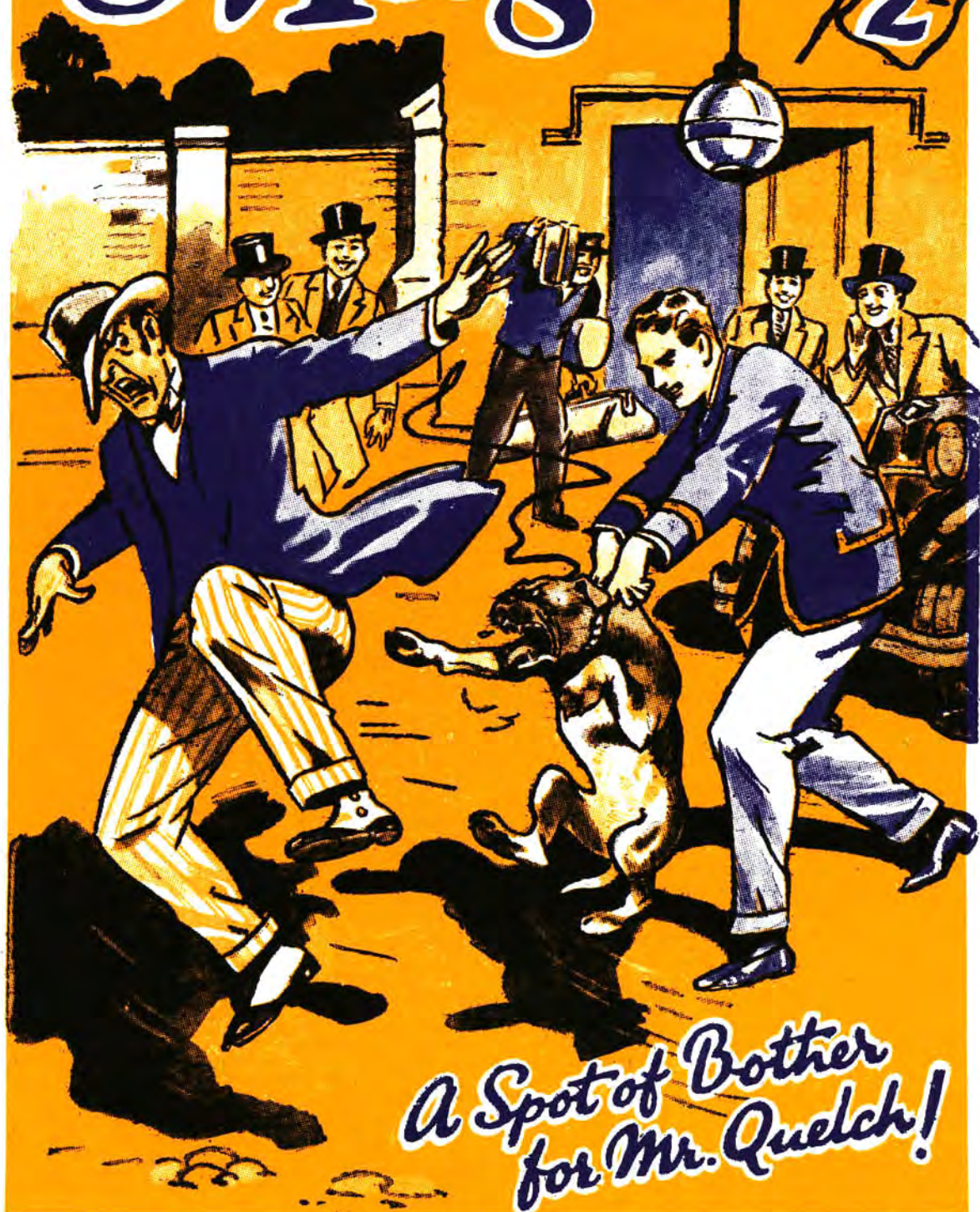


" UNDER FALSE COLOURS ! " Great Yarn of Greyfriars School—Inside !

The Magnet ^{2^D}



*A Spot of Bother
for Mr. Quelch!*



COME INTO the OFFICE, BOYS - AND GIRLS!

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, EC.4. A stamped, addressed envelope will ensure a reply.

READERS of the MAGNET who live in London, or big provincial cities, will, doubtless, be familiar with escalators. It will seem rather strange to them to learn that there are other readers who have never yet seen a moving staircase! One of my readers, who hails from Cumberland, wants to know

A FEW FACTS ABOUT ESCALATORS.

So here goes:

Escalators, comprising a number of steps which can be made to move in an ascending or descending direction, and which change to flat platforms as the upper or lower landings are reached, are fitted to most of the London underground stations, and also in the biggest departmental stores. They are, naturally, a quicker method of getting from one floor to another than lifts. All escalators are built at a standard angle of 30 degrees and measure either 2, 3, or 4 feet across. They operate at a speed of about 90 feet per minute.

Recently, eight of the latest type of escalators were fitted in various London underground stations, and some details of them may interest the mechanically minded. Their combined vertical rise was 3,500 feet; the aggregate of the horsepower of the driving motors was 6,000; no less than 12,300 steps were required; and there were six miles of travelling handrail. Special moulded wheels were necessary, and these totalled nearly 50,000. So, you see, an escalator is not such a simple matter as it appears to be to the passenger!

Talking about escalators reminds me of
A CURIOUS LIFT,

which I once came across during my travels in Germany. It was fitted in an office building, and consisted of a continuous chain of compartments. The lift never stopped. Each compartment was carried upward by an endless band, and, as the compartments reached the top of the shaft, they were pushed sideways, and then carried downward again. At the bottom of the shaft they were again pushed sideways, and then began to ascend. The idea was that no one should waste time in waiting for a lift to get to the required floor. The drawback was, however, that one had to be very nippy in getting in or out. I did hear of one old lady who managed to get in, but couldn't pluck up enough courage to step out while the lift was moving. She went up and down until an attendant came and stopped the lift.

RATHER a grisly query has come to me from Fred Roper, of Whitehaven. He wants to know

SOMETHING ABOUT VAMPIRES.

He asks if it is true that there are such things as vampires who live entirely upon blood. If he means those weird half-

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,440.

human creatures mentioned in certain "thriller" novels and plays, the answer is definitely "No." That sort of vampire exists only in the superstitious minds of the peasants of certain backward districts of Europe, where legends of half-human vampires have been passed down from one generation to another.

On the other hand, if my chum means vampire bats, the answer is that they exist in many parts of the world, notably South America. Vampire bats live upon the blood of warm-blooded animals, and have been known to attack men. They are so clever in their methods, too, that they can drink their fill without even awakening a sleeping person. They are only about three inches in length with reddish-brown fur and peculiar teeth. The ordinary type of bat found in Europe and other parts of the world is not a bloodsucker, although some people seem to imagine that it is.

As I came up to my office this morning, I had an excellent example of

HOW WE HANDLE GOLD

in this country, as compared to what happens over in America. I was passing outside a big London station when, with a "by your leave," a porter trundled a barrow past me. It was laden high with cases containing gold! Yet no one took the slightest notice. One solitary policeman walked alongside the porter, chatting to him, and then gave him a hand to push the barrow into a store-room. Just a day or two before an ordinary passenger train arrived with no less than two and a half million pounds' worth of gold, which was handled in the same carefree manner.

Just imagine what would have happened had this been America! The slightest movement of gold over there is accompanied by terrific police activity. Armoured cars, with machine-guns and tear gas would have accompanied the cases. A force of police, armed with sub-machine guns, would have walked by the side. Plain-clothes detectives, with automatics bulging their pockets, would have mingled with the crowd. Even then, the chances are that some gangsters or other would make an attempt to hold up the convoy and steal the gold.

Some Americans are rather proud of boasting that they do things better over there than they do in this old country. But give me our method of handling gold every time!

HERE'S a query that looks rather curious at first. Harry Grant, of Rochester, asks me: "What language do the Chinese speak?" Some people would answer: "Chinese, of course." But, then would come the question:

WHAT IS CHINESE?

Of all the countries in the world, China is the most peculiar in many ways, and the matter of language is one of the most

curious of the lot. I doubt very much if anyone has ever discovered the vast number of languages which the Chinese speak. Every district of China has its own dialect, and while these may have come from one ancient language, they are now so different that a Chinese from one part of that vast country cannot understand the language spoken by one from another part. The type which is now taken as the standard of Chinese language is Mandarin, but this, too, varies greatly, and comprises a considerable number of sub-dialects. The Mandarin spoken in Peking, for instance, would not be understood by people from other parts of the country, even if they, too, spoke Mandarin. The Cantonese claim that their dialect is the nearest to the original language, but although Pekinese has undergone many variations, it is generally accepted as the official language.

While I am talking about languages, I might as well mention that in India there are no less than 220 known languages! That, naturally, presented a tremendous difficulty to broadcasting authorities, but they have now decided that broadcasting in India shall be done in at least ten different languages!

In reply to the requests of various readers who seem to like these paragraphs, here is a further selection of

CURIOSITIES AND ALMOST IMPOSSIBILITIES

which occur in this strange old world of ours:

Prison Cell as City Hall! An American mayor was sent to gaol, but the business of the city had to be carried on. His cell was therefore turned into an office, and he conducted all the city's business from there!

Motor-Boating in Tubs! Some bright sparks in America have hit upon a new "sport." They attach outboard motors to ordinary tubs, and then race in them!

A Baby Rules Over Millions of People! The Dalai Lama, ruler of Tibet, is chosen when a baby. The Tibetans believe that when the Dalai Lama dies, his soul passes into the body of a baby, who then becomes ruler until he, too, dies.

A Man With Two Noses! A certain French peasant named Bidault was born with two noses!

The Longest Finger Nails in the World! Said to belong to a Chinese priest in Shanghai. They are nearly twenty-three inches in length, and took twenty-seven years to grow.

A Mountain Which Bends in the Wind! The cone of Fujiyama, in Japan, is composed of lava and ashes which are so light in texture that some of its surfaces actually bend when a strong wind blows!

I HAVE just left a little space to tell you something about next week's programme:

"THE SPY OF THE FIFTH!"

By Frank Richards,

is the title of the second long complete yarn in our grand new series. I do not intend to spoil your enjoyment by "giving away" the plot of the story, neither will I divulge the name of the spy. Anyway, the tale itself is a real good one, and will be voted on all sides as one of Frank Richards' best.

You'll enjoy to the full next week's chapters of our enthralling flying story, and also get tons of laughs in the "Greyfriars Herald" supplement. Our clever rhymester comes up to scratch with another snappy poem, while I shall be in the chair, as usual, to give you any help and advice that I can.

YOUR EDITOR

UNDER FALSE COLOURS!

By FRANK RICHARDS



Featuring HARRY WHARTON & CO., the Famous Chums of GREYFRIARS!

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Look Before You Leap!

"JUMP!" said Harry Wharton. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh jumped.

"Hold on!" yelled Wharton the next moment.

But it was too late! "Oh crumbs!" gasped Wharton, staring down the steep grassy bank into the deep Surrey lane in dismay.

It was the last day of the holidays. Harry Wharton and Hurree Singh were taking a ramble through the woods round about Wharton Lodge in the sunny September morning.

Coming out of the wood on the high edge of a bank that dropped abruptly to the lane ten feet below, the Greyfriars juniors had the choice of clambering down or jumping.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh jumped—and Harry was about to follow his example when he spotted a straw hat at the foot of the bank.

Somebody was sitting there, screened from sight from above by a mass of high ferns that grew behind him on the slope. Wharton did not glimpse the glimmer of the straw hat through the ferns till Hurree Singh had jumped—right towards the spot.

Wharton stopped himself in time! But it was too late for Hurree Jamset Ram Singh to stop! His feet had already left the ground—and he was going down with a whiz, right at the straw hat! It looked as if something sudden was going to happen to the wearer of that hat!

It did!

Hurree Singh, fortunately, did not land on the hat! He flew over it—kicking it off as he flew!

No doubt it gave the head under the hat a startling shock! There was a sudden yell of surprise and fury.

It was echoed by Hurree Singh. His feet, catching on something unseen, caused him to pitch forward, and he landed on his hands and knees in the lane. He barely saved his dusky nose from tapping on Surrey.

There's a tramp of many feet and a buzz of excited voices. Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars, are returning for the new term. And among them is Jim Warren, a new boy with a borrowed name and identity!

"Oh!" gasped the Nabob of Bhanipur. "Ooogh! Oh, my esteemed hat! Ow!"

He rolled over and sat up dizzily. A straw hat spun across the lane. The fellow who had been wearing it—a rather big, muscular fellow, two or three years older than the juniors—leaped to his feet, yelling wildly, and spluttering frantically.

"Urrrh! Ow! Urrrh!"

Hurree Singh blinked at him.

Wharton stared at him from above. He was spluttering, gurgling, gasping, almost dancing. The two juniors were quite astonished. Knocking off his hat, however unexpectedly, did not account for the fellow's amazing antics.

But the next moment they saw what had happened.

The fellow had been smoking! The shock had caused him to open his mouth, and the cigarette had dropped on his hand. And the hot end of it was, naturally, hot! It burnt!

"Urrrh!" spluttered the big fellow. "Ow! I'm burnt! You fool! Yurrh!" He clasped the injured hand. "You ass! You idiot! You dummy! Wharrer you mean, jumping down on me? Yurrh!"

Hurree Singh gasped for breath.

"The apologise is terrific!" he stammered. "I did not see you from above—the ignorance of your esteemed and honourable presence was complete and preposterous!"

"You silly nigger!"

The Nabob of Bhanipur picked himself up. His hands and knees were rather bruised from the fall—he was, in fact, a good deal more hurt than the other fellow. Harry Wharton scrambled down the steep bank. The big fellow did not glance at him. He made a stride towards Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, his face red with rage, his eyes gleaming.

He was not a handsome fellow. He had a square, heavy jaw, a pug nose, and small eyes set close together.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,440.

Neither did he look a good-tempered fellow. He was certainly in the very worst of tempers at the present moment. He came at Hurree Jamset Ram Singh with his eyes glittering and a pair of big fists clenched. The dusky schoolboy backed quickly away.

The affair had been an accident—and he had come off the worst of the two. Still, there was no doubt that the blame was on his side.

"Look before you leap" is a useful proverb, which the Greyfriars fellows had rather forgotten for the moment.

No fellow could be expected to be pleased by a stranger suddenly jumping over his head and kicking his hat off—especially if the shock caused a lighted cigarette to drop and burn one's hand!

Still, it was not a case for assault and battery.

"Esteemed and absurd stranger," exclaimed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, backing out of reach of the big fists, "I have already offered the complete and terrific apologise—"

"You rotten nigger!" roared the owner of the bulldog jaw. "I'll jolly well smash you!"

He rushed at the nabob, hitting out fiercely.

Hurree Singh side-stepped quickly and dodged the rush. He was nowhere near the size and weight of his assailant, but he was a good deal more active and nimble.

Harry Wharton scrambled down and jumped into the lane. He ran hastily between them.

The square-jawed fellow was a stranger to him, and he did not like his looks. He was well dressed—in fact, expensively got up! There was a gold watch on his thick wrist, and a diamond pin gleamed from his tie. The straw hat that had been kicked off, and that now lay in the dust, was of the very best quality. The fellow looked wealthy—though his manners and customs seemed to leave a good deal to be desired. Wharton supposed that he belonged to the neighbourhood, and he did not want to wind up the holidays with a row with one of Colonel Wharton's neighbours. He endeavoured to play the part of peace-maker.

"Hold on!" he exclaimed. "We're both awfully sorry—we did not see you, you know!"

"The sorrowfulness is truly terrific!" gasped the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Get out of my way, you!" roared the square-jawed one. "I'm going to thrash that nigger!"

"Look here!" expostulated Wharton.

"Get away, confound you!"

The big fellow gave Harry a violent shove and he staggered aside. Passing him at a rush, the fellow hurled himself at Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

This time the nabob was unable to dodge the rush. He put up his dusky hands and faced it.

His dark eyes gleamed over his hands. The Nabob of Bhanipur, a prince in his own country, did not like being addressed as a "nigger." If the obstreperous fellow was determined on trouble, Hurree Jamset Ram Singh was prepared to give him some.

"Now, you black rotter—" panted the square-jawed fellow: and he hit out right and left.

Hurree Singh stood his ground manfully. He was a good boxer, and he had heaps of pluck. But he was overborne by the size and weight of a fellow nearly a head taller than himself, and a good deal longer in the

reach. A heavy set of knuckles crashed home on his dusky face, and he blinked and gasped. He had to give ground, and his adversary followed him up, hitting out hard and fast.

Harry Wharton ran to his chum's aid. It was not a fair fight: Hurree Singh, with all his boxing skill and pluck had no chance against the hulking fellow who towered over him. Wharton barged into the big fellow and sent him staggering.

"Now chuck it!" he rapped.

"Keep clear, my esteemed chum!" panted the nabob. "I will deal with this preposterous and disgusting individual."

"He's too big for you, Inky! Stand back, you rotten bully!" shouted Wharton as the square-jawed fellow came on again.

But he came on with a rush that sent Wharton spinning. Then he hurled himself at the nabob again and drove him across the lane under a shower of blows. As Wharton scrambled to his feet, Hurree Jamset Ram Singh went down with a crash and sprawled gasping in the lane.

"Now, you cheeky nigger, you're going to get jip!" panted the well-dressed bully, and standing over the sprawling nabob, he kicked him—once, twice—and thrice would have followed, but Harry Wharton, springing at him, grasped him by the collar with both hands, and dragged him over on his back, crashing.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Rotten Luck!

CRASH!

The burly fellow hit Surrey, and hit that county hard! He roared as he established contact.

But, bully as he was, he was game! He grasped at Wharton, clutched him, and they rolled over together in the dust.

Thump, thump, thump!

Harry Wharton was a good man with his hands. With the exception of Bob Cherry, he was the best fighting-man in the Greyfriars Remove. But he had no chance against a fellow who was as big as a Fifth Former of Greyfriars. He struggled hard, and gave blow for blow, with all his energy; but he had the worst of it.

He went over on his back in the dust, and the big fellow sat astride of his chest, and thumped and thumped from that advantageous position, raining blows on the almost helpless junior.

"Inky!" yelled Wharton. "Back up, old man!"

But the nabob did not need telling. He scrambled up, with crimson streaming from his dusky nose, and one of his eyes half shut, and rushed to his comrade's aid.

He grabbed at the big fellow and dragged him over backwards. There was a wild and whirling struggle, in clouds of dust; but, muscular and powerful as the bullying fellow was, the two juniors together were able to handle him.

They rolled struggling across the lane, to the ditch on the farther side of it.

On the very verge of the ditch the two juniors got the upper hand.

"Shove him in!" shouted Wharton.

The big fellow resisted desperately. But, in spite of his resistance, he was rolled over the edge of the ditch. He went rolling through ferns and nettles into a foot of water and mud.

There was a terrific splash as he landed there.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Wharton, as he staggered up, crimson and breathless, dusty and perspiring. "Oh crumbs!"

"The crumbliness is terrific!" gasped the Nabob of Bhanipur.

Splash, splash, splash! came from the ditch as the enemy scrambled up, streaming with water, festooned with mud and green ooze. Water washed round his knees as he stood, his feet sinking in soft mud at the bottom of the ditch.

The two Greyfriars juniors looked at him and burst into a breathless laugh. He did not look a well-dressed fellow now. He looked a horrid object.

"Urrrrgh!" he spluttered. Some of the mud was in his mouth, and he spat frantically. "Gurrrgh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—gurrrgh—rotters! Urrgh—I'll—wurrgh!"

"Serve you jolly well right!" exclaimed Wharton. "You hulking, bullying brute!"

"Urrgh!"

"You asked for it, you rotter!"

"The askfulness was preposterous!"

"Urrgh! You wait till I get at you!" spluttered the fellow in the ditch, and he started scrambling out.

Harry Wharton chuckled.

"Come on, Inky! He's not nice to touch again!"

"The touchfulness would be terrifically unpleasant!" agreed the Nabob of Bhanipur.

And the two juniors scudded along the lane. They would have been quite willing to give the bully some more of the same; but they did not want to get any of the mud and the foul-smelling ooze he had stirred up out of the ditch. He brought a scent out of the ditch with him that was totally unlike attar-of-roses. In his present state, it was only judicious to keep to windward of him.

"Urrgh! Stop! I'll—gurrrgh!"

The muddy youth made a stride or two in pursuit. But he stopped—perhaps realising that something painful would happen to him if he ran the juniors down.

Wharton and Hurree Singh passed round a bend of the lane, and disappeared from his sight.

They walked on towards Wharton Lodge, which was about a mile from the spot. They dabbed damaged noses as they went. Wharton was not much hurt—but the nabob's dusky countenance was sadly damaged.

"This is rather rotten!" said Harry, feeling his nose tenderly. "Greyfriars to-morrow, and—"

"The rottenfulness is terrific!" mumbled Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"The turnfulness-up on the first day of term with a swollen nose, is not the proper caper, my esteemed chum."

"I wonder who the fellow is! I've never seen him before—and I know most of the people about here! A rotten hooligan, anyhow!" growled Wharton. "I'm jolly glad we shoved him into the ditch!"

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh nodded, but his look was rather dismal. His nose was swollen and painful. The pain he could endure with his accustomed cheerfulness; but the swelling, it was certain, would linger over the morrow, when he had to appear at Greyfriars School. He did not want to turn up on the first day of term with a prizefighter's nose. But it could not be helped.

"Better clean up a bit before we go in," said Harry. "We look like a couple of bruisers."

It was an unpleasant ending to a pleasant morning's ramble. They

stopped at a wayside pond, and, with the aid of the water and their handkerchiefs, made their faces as presentable as possible. They brushed off the dust as best they could, smoothed their hair, and put their collars and ties straight.

But, with all that they could do, they were still looking untidy and ruffled and rumpled when they resumed their way home.

However, they hoped to slip quietly into the house and get a further clean-up in their rooms, before meeting the eyes of Colonel Wharton or Aunt Amy.

But their luck was out.

As they entered the gate at Wharton Lodge, they almost ran into Harry's uncle, the old colonel, walking on the drive. And Colonel Wharton was not alone. An elderly gentleman, with silver hair, gold-rimmed glasses, in a

skin. The colonel's frown was distinctly disapproving.

"These are the boys, Sir Arthur!" he said. "My nephew, Harry, and his schoolfellow, Hurree Jamset Ram Singh."

"Huh!" said Sir Arthur.

He stared at the juniors through his gold-rimmed glasses, his look more disapproving than the old colonel's.

He did not offer to shake hands with them. He stared at them with his hands clasped behind him.

"This is Sir Arthur Warren, Harry!" said Colonel Wharton, and his manner was very dry. "He desired to meet you. His son James is going to Greyfriars this term, and—"

"Yes, uncle," stammered Harry.

"The pleasuredness of meeting the esteemed sahib is terrific!" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh solemnly. "The

make yourselves a little more presentable," said Colonel Wharton dryly.

Except for grunting "Huh!" Sir Arthur had said nothing. It was clear that he was not favourably impressed by either the colonel's nephew or his schoolfellow, Hurree Jamset Ram Singh!

With burning faces, the two juniors raised their hats to the grim-looking old gentleman, and walked on up the drive.

They exchanged an eloquent look when they were out of sight of Colonel Wharton and Sir Arthur Warren.

"What foul luck!" muttered Harry.

"The foulfulness is terrific!"

"That hulking brute—"

"That preposterous hooligan—"

"I wish we'd given him some more!"

"The wishfulness is great!"



The big fellow hurled himself at Hurree Singh, and the dusky Greyfriars junior went down with a crash, and sprawled, gasping, in the lane. "Now, you cheeky nigger, you're going to get jip!" panted the bully, standing over the sprawling nabob and letting out with his foot. Another moment, and Wharton was rushing to his chum's aid.

beautifully cut morning coat, was pacing the drive with him.

The two were in conversation, but as Harry and the nabob appeared, the colonel broke off.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "Here are the boys!"

It appeared that the boys had been under discussion, and the colonel was glad to see them come in.

He beckoned to them, and they exchanged a rueful glance, as they came up, rather slowly, to obey the summons.

The old colonel, looking at them more closely as they came up, started a little and frowned. It was clear that he was going to present them to his companion, and it was rather an unfortunate moment for them to turn up looking as if they had been in a prize-fight.

Wharton's cheeks were red, and the nabob had a flush under the dusk of his

apologise is great for turning up in this disreputable and disgusting state, but there was unfortunate encounter with ruffianly and obstreperous personage, and—"

"You have been fighting!" rapped the colonel.

"Unfortunate encounter with detestable and atrocious ruffian!" explained the nabob.

"Some tramp?" asked Colonel Wharton, rather less severely.

"Not a tramp," said Harry. "A well-dressed fellow, but a bully and a brute. We really couldn't help ourselves, uncle."

Sir Arthur's look remained grim and disapproving. He had a lean face and a square jaw. There was something about that square jaw that seemed familiar to the two schoolboys, though neither of them had ever seen Sir Arthur Warren before.

"Well, you had better go in and

"I'm glad we clucked him in the ditch, anyhow! Bother him!"

"Bother him terrifically!" agreed the nabob.

And they went in.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

About James!

HARRY WHARTON and his dusky chum came down to lunch newly swept and garnished, so to speak.

Wharton showed little sign of the encounter of the morning, but the nabob's nose was swollen and bulbous, and one of his eyes persisted in winking. They were glad to find that Sir Arthur had not stayed to lunch; they did not want to meet his disapproving eyes again.

Colonel Wharton looked a little grim and thoughtful; but Miss Amy Wharton

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,440.

was, perhaps, a little more kind and sweet than usual, as if to make up for it. It was clear that the old colonel was vexed.

There was no one else at lunch. Only Hurree Singh was staying with Harry for the last day or two of the summer vacation. They had spent the holidays near Margate with Bob Cherry and Nugent and Johnny Bull and several other Greystriars fellows, the party breaking up to scatter for their homes and get ready for the new term at school. Only Hurree Singh, whose home was in far-off India, had come to Wharton Lodge with Harry, as was his usual custom.

After lunch Colonel Wharton went out on the terrace, with a glance at his nephew which was a sign to follow him.

Hurree Singh gave his chum a sympathetic grin as he went. He supposed that Wharton was to be called over the coals—a process from which he, as a guest, was happily exempt.

Colonel Wharton sat down in the old stone seat on the terrace, still with a wrinkled brow. Wharton stood before him, look and uncomfortable.

"Look here, uncle," said Harry at last, as the old colonel remained silent. "it really wasn't our fault that we got into that scrap this morning. I know it was unfortunate; but we dropped on as bullying, hulking brute—an ill-tempered beast who was simply hungry for trouble and wouldn't take no for an answer! We did our best to keep clear of the brute."

"I've no doubt of that, Harry," said his uncle, his severe face breaking into a smile. "I'm sure you were not to blame. But it's rather unfortunate—in fact, very! I had just been telling Sir Arthur Warren what a quiet, well-behaved, well-conducted boy you were—"

"Oh!" said Harry.

"Sir Arthur was very anxious to meet you. His son is going to Greystriars this term. From my description, he had the impression that you would be a useful and beneficial acquaintance for his son at the school—in fact, an example to him."

"Oh!" repeated Harry.

"His son James," continued the colonel, "is a troublesome and quarrelsome boy, with a bad temper and an overbearing character. That, at least, is Sir Arthur's description of him—I have never seen the lad."

"Oh!" said Harry, for the third time. "He is older than you by two years or so, and will, I suppose, go into a senior Form at Greystriars," went on the colonel. "From his experience at his last school, his father is doubtful of his prospects at Greystriars in some ways. It seems that he makes enemies much more easily than friends."

"If he's in a senior Form, I'm not likely to see much of him," said Harry. "The Forms don't mix much at Greystriars."

"That is true," assented the colonel; "but his father would like him to know you—a quiet, peaceable boy with a well-controlled temper, unlikely to fall into quarrels and fights—"

Harry laughed ruefully.

"Sir Arthur is not, perhaps, so keen as he was, since seeing you come in; but he still desires his son to make your acquaintance before going to school, and I hope you will try to make friends with him, Harry."

"Of course!" said Harry, but he spoke a little doubtfully. Making friends with a fellow who was described as bad-tempered and overbearing and quarrelsome looked like a task of some

little difficulty. Still, Wharton was prepared to do his best.

"Sir Arthur has asked me to take you over to Warren Croft this afternoon to tea," went on the colonel. "You will meet James, and, I hope, find that you can be friendly with him."

"I'll try," said Harry; "but it takes two to make a bargain, uncle!"

"So long as you do your best, I can ask no more."

"I'll do that, of course," said Harry. "Is Inky coming?"

"I should have taken Hurree Singh, but in the present state of his appearance, I think probably he would prefer not to pay visits," said the colonel rather dryly.

Harry made no reply to that. His thought was that the nabob would not miss much, from the description of Master James Warren.

"But who are these people, uncle?" he asked. "I've never heard of them before—I suppose they're friends of yours?"

"Naturally, or I should not be concerned in the matter," said his uncle.

"Warren Croft is that old place about five miles away—you must have seen it a good many times."

"Yes, I remember; but it has always been shut up."

"That is because Sir Arthur had a diplomatic post abroad," explained the colonel. "He is very seldom in England. He is a widower, and his son—his only son—was at a Public school in Essex—Oakshott School. There were reasons, it seems, for taking him away from Oakshott at the end of last term."

Harry thought that he could guess some of the reasons, if Master James was quarrelsome and overbearing and bad-tempered! However, he said nothing.

"I had not seen Sir Arthur for ten years or more until he returned to England a few weeks ago and came back to Warren Croft," continued the colonel. "I have never seen his boy at all. I shall make his acquaintance to-day when you do so."

He paused.

"Sir Arthur is leaving England again to-day to take up a post in China, Harry. I shall drive him to London in the car, and leave you at Warren Croft with his son. I will call for you as I return."

Harry remained silent.

He was willing and eager to do anything to please his uncle. But he would hardly pretend to be pleased at the prospect of being left for some hours, at least, in the company of Master James.

"I have reasons, Harry, for desiring to meet Sir Arthur's wishes as much as possible," said the colonel quietly. "In the old days before the War, in India, he did me some services which I have not forgotten and ought not to forget. He is not wholly easy in his mind about his son, and anything that I can do—or that you can do, Harry—"

"Oh, yes, of course," said Harry at once. "I dare say the chap's all right, uncle! Anyhow, I'll jolly well make the best of him."

"I may add that I have another reason," said the colonel. "Sir Arthur's younger brother, Captain Warren, was in the War with me, and he came back from the Somme hard hit. You will probably see him to-day—he has a limp, left by a German bullet."

"I shall be jolly glad to meet him, at any rate!" said Harry. "I remember now I've heard you speak of him, though I've never seen him."

"He also is a widower with an only

son," said Colonel Wharton. "Both the boys were named James after me."

"Is his son at Warren Croft?" asked Harry. He was more interested in the ex-officer's son than in Sir Arthur's.

The colonel smiled faintly.

"No; the two cousins do not agree," he answered.

"Oh!" said Harry.

"Now, I've told you all this, Harry, so that you will understand how very keenly I desire you to make friends with James Warren," said Colonel Wharton, rising. "I leave it to you to play up, my boy."

"Rely on me!" said Harry.

"The car will come round at three!" said Colonel Wharton, and Harry left him and went to look for Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh.

He explained to the nabob what his uncle had told him. Hurree Singh passed a hand tenderly over his swollen nose.

"You don't mind if I cut this afternoon, old chap? You see how it stands," said Harry.

"Not at allfully, my esteemed chum," said Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh. "In the present deplorable state of my absurd proboscis, I should be terrifically disconcerted to pay a visit to the ridiculous Sir Arthur! I will adorn a hammock with my absurd person and read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the 'Modern Boy's Annual,' which will be absurdly more entertaining than the excellent and execrable James."

"Not much doubt about that," said Harry ruefully. "It's rather rotten, the last day of the hols! I'd rather have your 'Modern Boy' and the home recommendations are that he is bad-tempered, quarrelsome, and overbearing! But it can't be helped."

And when the car came round, Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh was happy in a hammock with the "Modern Boy's Annual," deep in a breathless tale of the South Seas, and Harry stepped into the car with his uncle.

Colonel Wharton drove the car. It ran on swiftly by leafy country lanes. Warren Croft was five miles away, and about half that distance had been covered when the colonel honked loudly on his horn, as a warning to a burly youth who was lounging along the middle of the lane with his hands in his pockets.

The burly youth turned his head and stared at the car with cool insolence without getting out of the way.

"My hat!" ejaculated Wharton.

He recognised the pug nose, small eyes, and square jaw, and the glitter of the diamond pin! It was the fellow of the scrap that morning.

Honk, honk, honk!

Colonel Wharton sounded the horn sharply and angrily. But he had to brake, and the car slowed down.

The square-jawed youth stared at him with cool impudence. Then he gave a start, as he recognised Harry in the car.

"Oh, you, you cheeky young rotter!" he exclaimed.

"Stand out of the road!" shouted the colonel angrily. "Do you want to be run over, you young donkey?"

"Do you want all the road, old bean?" retorted the unpleasant youth. "Have you bought up the roads in Surrey?"

Colonel Wharton breathed hard. With irritating slowness, the burly youth moved out of the road, and the car glided on. As it did so, the square-jawed fellow stopped, jerked loose a lump of turf, and whizzed it through

the open window of the car at Harry Wharton.

The Greyfriars junior spotted the action in time and shifted his head quickly. The chunk of turf crashed on the leather behind him, scattering earth and dust.

"Good gad!" ejaculated the colonel. A loud laugh came from the fellow in the road, and he turned quickly into a footpath, and disappeared among the trees.

Colonel Wharton breathed hard as he drove on.

"Do you know that impudent young scoundrel, Harry?" he asked.

"I've never seen him before to-day, uncle!" answered Harry. "That's the fellow that Inky and I scrapped with this morning."

"Oh!" said the colonel. "By gad, I should like to have him in my hands, with a horsewhip!"

He glanced back, as if inclined to stop the car and return to deal with the young rascal. But the fellow had disappeared, and the colonel, with a knitted brow, drove on to Warren Croft.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

An Unexpected Meeting!

"THE disobedient young jackanapes!"

Both Harry and his uncle started as that angry exclamation fell on their ears. It was the voice of Sir Arthur Warren, and sounded as if the baronet was cross.

A manservant had let them in, and they were standing in the square old hall of Warren Croft. The man was stepping towards a room that opened on the hall, doubtless to announce the visitors to his master there. The door of the room was open and Sir Arthur's voice came forth in angry tones.

"Are you sure, Bernard?" the voice went on. "I can hardly believe that James would be so careless, so regardless of my wishes—"

"I am sure!" came a deeper voice. "Have you looked?" The question was snapped.

"I've looked everywhere, Arthur."

"Well, I think you might have seen that the boy did not go out, Bernard, when a visitor was coming specially to see him. I really think that."

"I spoke to him, Arthur! But you know perfectly well that my nephew James pays not the slightest regard to me."

"Huh!"

The manservant went into the room, and the voices—evidently those of Sir Arthur and his brother, Captain Warren—abruptly ceased.

Harry stole a glance at his uncle's face.

But Colonel Wharton's bronzed old visage was expressionless. He gave no sign of having heard the talk from the adjoining room, though certainly he must have done so.

Harry smiled a little.

From what he had heard it seemed that James Warren—bad-tempered James!—was no more eager to see the visitor, than the visitor was to see him.

Apparently he had gone out, careless of good manners, and equally careless of his father's annoyance.

There was a low murmur of voices in the room, and then Sir Arthur came out into the hall with a faint flush in his lean, square-jawed face. Probably he realised that his voice, speaking to his brother, must have reached the ears of the visitors.

He shook hands with the colonel, and gave Harry a nod.

"It is most disconcerting," said Sir Arthur. "My son seems to—to have misunderstood the time I mentioned to him, and—and he has gone out for a walk. No doubt he will come in shortly."

"Well, my nephew will see him, even if I do not," said Colonel Wharton, "and that, after all, is what you wished."

"Oh, quite so, quite so. But we do not leave for London for an hour yet, and no doubt James will come in."

A younger man, rather like the baronet in looks, but leaner and handsomer, with a tanned face, followed him into the hall.

He walked with a very pronounced limp. Wharton glanced at him with interest. He was

by no means disappointed not to see James, but he was rather interested in the man who had brought home a "game" leg from the Somme. He had a boy's natural interest in a man who had been through the War.

Colonel Wharton shook hands very warmly with Captain Warren, and introduced Harry, who shook hands with him, in turn.

"So this is Harry?" said the captain. "I'm glad to meet you, my boy! I've heard of you more than once."

"Bernard!" interrupted Sir Arthur.

The captain turned to him, leaving his remarks to Harry unfinished.

"Yes, Arthur."

"I think you might look for James! He cannot be far away! Probably he is in the grounds."

"I've sent a servant to look for him."

"Surely, Bernard, it would not be too much trouble for you to look for him also!" said Sir Arthur in a complaining voice.

Harry noticed that the lean, bronzed man set his lips a little.

Boy as he was, he had an inkling how matters were at Warren Croft. The elder brother was wealthy, the younger was not. The captain looked, at the first glance, well-groomed, but at the second, it could be seen that his clothes, though well-cut and well-fitting, were also extremely well-worn. An ex-officer, famed in the War, hard-up; perhaps glad to

be asked for a few days to his wealthy brother's place! Harry felt his heart warm towards the lean, brown-faced man who had been on the Somme.

Sir Arthur, no doubt, was a kind-hearted man. But he had a full sense of his own importance—he was wealthy, he was titled; he was in the diplomatic service; and his brother was a nobody. Unintentionally, but unmistakably, he treated him with patronage as a sort of dependent. It was fairly clear, too, that Sir Arthur was not very bright, while the lean, brown captain was keen and sensitive.

Bernard Warren did not answer his brother; he gave Colonel Wharton a nod, in which Harry was included, and went out.

Sir Arthur led Colonel Wharton and

(Continued on next page.)

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his nephew into the room from which he had emerged. It was a sunny room overlooking the grounds of Warren Croft. From the window, which was open, Harry had a glimpse of Captain Warren, walking away quickly, in spite of his limping leg. The captain disappeared in a few moments.

Sir Arthur appeared to forget Harry's existence. He entered into talk with the colonel, and Harry stood at the window, looking out.

Though he felt no keenness whatever to see the missing James, he was feeling bored and uncomfortable, standing there doing nothing, and apparently forgotten and regarded as of no consequence.

But a few minutes later his uncle called across the room to him.

"Harry, you might like to walk in the grounds for a little while; I have some matters to discuss with Sir Arthur."

"Yes, uncle."

"Pray do so, my boy!" said Sir Arthur, thus reminding of the school-boy's existence. "No doubt James will be in soon! There is a canoe on the lake in the grounds. I am sure you will be able to amuse yourself."

"Certainly, sir!" said Harry.

That sounded better, certainly, than standing staring out of a window.

He left the house, and walked into the gardens.

A glimmer of water through trees in the distance told him where the lake was, and he followed a shady path under old beeches that led to it.

He reached it in a few minutes. It was not very far from the house, though the high, thick trees shut it off almost completely from sight.

He looked round for the canoe. It was tied up to the bank, and a double-bladed paddle lay across it.

It was annoying enough to have to kill time on the last day of the holidays, with his own chum left at Wharton Lodge by himself. Had Inky been with him they could have had a pleasant time on the little lake with the canoe.

However, Wharton stepped in, and was about to cast loose, when there was a step on the grass by the lake, and an angry voice called to him:

"Here, confound you, what the thump are you doing in my canoe?"

Wharton looked round quickly. There was a familiar tone in that loud, bullying voice.

A burly youth was coming through the trees—not from the direction of the house, but from the opposite direction.

Wharton gave a violent start as he saw him.

The recognition was mutual.

"You!" exclaimed the youth with the square jaw.

"You!" ejaculated Wharton.

The burly fellow came striding down to the lake, scowling.

"You cheeky young rotter! What are you doing here?" he demanded.

"I think I might ask you that question, you hooligan," answered Harry contemptuously. "What are you doing here?"

"What am I doing here—in my father's place?" repeated the burly one, staring at him in angry astonishment.

"Why shouldn't I be here?"

"Your father?" stammered Wharton. He understood now.

"And I want to know what you're doing here in my canoe, and I want to know sharp, see?"

"Are you James Warren?" gasped Wharton blankly.

"Yes, I am, though I don't see how you know, and don't care, either!"

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Who the dickens are you, confound your cheek?"

"Oh, my hat!" said Harry.

He realised now why Sir Arthur's square jaw had seemed familiar! The hulking bully with whom the two Greyfriars juniors had scrapped that morning, was James Warren—Sir Arthur's son, with whom Harry had been brought over to make friends.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Ducked!

HARRY WHARTON stood in the canoe staring at the fellow on the bank.

He was quite taken aback by that unexpected meeting. He had wondered idly who that square-jawed, hulking fellow might happen to be. But certainly it had never crossed his mind for one moment that he might happen to be the son of Sir Arthur Warren! He stared at him blankly.

"My hat!" he repeated. "So—so you're young Warren!"

"Get out of that canoe!"

"You'd better let me explain—"

began Harry.

"I don't want any backchat from you!" said James Warren. "You're trespassing here, and you've got the nerve to bag my canoe! I'll jolly well boot you off the place! Get out, I tell you!"

Harry Wharton breathed hard. This was the new fellow for Greyfriars with whom he was to make friends. It did not look probable.

But he kept his temper very carefully. Another scrap with Square-jaw would never do in the peculiar circumstances.

"I'm not trespassing here," he explained quietly. "I've come on a visit with my uncle—"

"Rot!" said James.

"We passed you in the car coming, if you remember."

"Was that stiff-necked old stick in the car your uncle? Who the dickens is he, and who are you?"

"My uncle is Colonel Wharton!"

"Oh, I've heard of him, though I've never seen him before, and don't want to see him now! So you're the young sprig?"

Evidently James had heard of Harry, as well as his uncle. And it was very clear that he was not prepared to like either of them.

His manner was about as offensive as any fellow's manner possibly could be. Clearly he had not forgotten nor forgiven the dip in the malodorous ditch.

"I'm the young sprig!" assented Harry, with a slight smile.

"Greyfriars kid?" sneered James.

"Yes."

"Rotten school! I've got to go there, and I'd rather see the rotten place at the bottom of the sea!" growled James. "What Form are you in?"

"Remove."

"What's that?"

"Lower Fourth."

"A sneaking fag, what?" jeered the unpleasant James.

"Neither sneaking nor a fag!" answered Harry.

"Well, I shall be in the Fifth—I was in the Fifth Form at Oakshott," said James. "Rotten show—though I dare say Greyfriars is more rotten! And when I get to Greyfriars, I'll jolly well make you sit up, you cheeky little beast!"

Harry Wharton laughed. He could not help it.

James gave him a suspicious and angry glare.

"What are you sniggering at?" he demanded.

"It struck me as rather funny," said Harry. "My uncle's brought me over here to make your acquaintance—and to make friends."

"What rotten bosh!"

"I agree," said Harry, smiling. "It doesn't look as if we're going to be fearfully friendly, does it?"

"Catch me making friends with a putrid fag in a Junior Form!" said James derisively. "Is that nigger, who was with you this morning, at Greyfriars, too?"

"Nigger isn't a nice word, Warren," said Harry quietly. "Couldn't you possibly manage to be civil?"

"Get out of that canoe!"

Wharton stepped out on to the bank. The fellow's bullying tone was hard to tolerate; but he was still keeping his temper. It was clear that he was not going to be friendly with James Warren; but obviously it was best to avoid trouble if he could while he was at Warren Croft.

"And now—" went on James.

Wharton backed away from him.

"For goodness' sake don't play the goat!" he exclaimed sharply. "Your father has asked me here to tea—with you!"

"Then you can wash that right out! You're not teasing here after pitching me into a ditch this morning!"

"I certainly don't want to," said Harry disdainfully. "The sooner I get out of this the better I shall like it!"

"Same here!" snapped James.

"But we'd better not row!" Wharton backed again as the square-jawed James advanced upon him, evidently with hostile intent. "Look here, Warren! Have a little sense. My uncle's at the house with your father, and—"

"Yes; I cleared off to keep away from the old fool, and from you!" said James. "I don't want to see either of you."

"Your uncle, Captain Warren, has gone out to look for you and bring you in."

"Like his cheek! I'll keep that cheeky hanger-on in his place!" growled James. "Can't imagine what the pater means, having a poor relation hanging about—a seedy ex-officer almost out at elbows."

He gave a snort of contempt.

Wharton's eyes flashed at him.

"You priceless cad!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, that's the tune, is it?" exclaimed James Warren. "Well, I'll pay you for that and for ditching me at the same time."

He made a rush at Wharton.

"You silly ass!" roared Harry, leaping back. "Will you keep off? Will you—Oh, you rotter!"

The burly fellow reached him and grasped him. Harry Wharton gave grasp for grasp. With James determined on warfare, there was no chance of keeping the peace now.

Wharton panted.

"Let go, you hooligan! Will you let go?"

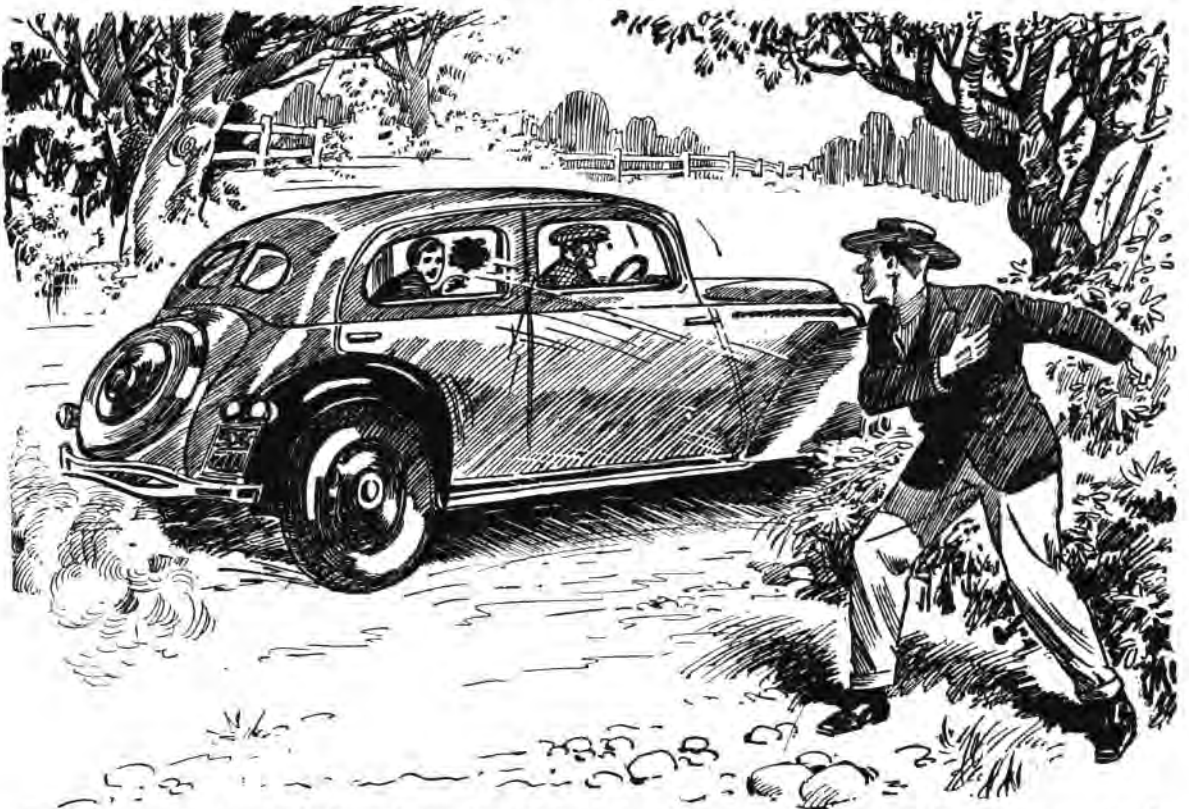
"No, I jolly well won't!" grinned James. "You chucked me into a ditch this morning—you and your nigger pal! Well, the dashed nigger isn't here to help you now, and I fancy I can handle you easily enough. You're going into the lake."

Wharton struggled desperately.

James evidently meant every word he said, and he was so much bigger, and so much older and stronger, that Wharton had little chance.

But he fought hard.

The idea of being ducked in the lake, of going back to the house drenched



With irritating slowness, the burly youth moved out of the road, and the car glided on. As it did so, the square-jawed fellow stooped, jerked loose a lump of turf, and whizzed it through the open window of the car at Harry Wharton. The Greyfriars junior spotted the action in time, and dodged the flying missile. "Good gad!" ejaculated Colonel Wharton, who was seated at the wheel.

and dripping, to meet the astonished eyes of Colonel Wharton and Sir Arthur Warren, made him put every ounce of beef into the struggle.

But it was in vain!

By sheer brute strength and weight, the bully drove him to the edge of the lake, resisting every inch of the way.

With his feet trampling and splashing in the water, Wharton put up a last struggle. Then, overpowered, he was flung headlong in.

Splash!

James Warren stood panting and grinning on the bank as Harry splashed backwards into the water and went right under.

He came up gasping, and found his feet. Standing almost up to his neck in water, he stared back at the grinning James as he panted for breath.

"That's as good as the ditch, what?" chuckled James.

"Oooh!" gasped Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared James.

Harry scrambled and splashed to the bank. But the bully was not done with him yet. As he grasped at a hold, James stooped and shoved him away, with a shove that sent him spinning over in the water.

He splashed under again.

He was in deeper water now, and he had to swim when he came up. James grinned at him.

"Swim across, if you want to get out!" he jeered. "I'll knock you back every time if you try to get out here."

"Oh, you rotten hooligan!" panted Wharton.

"Get on with it!" grinned James. "And when you crawl back to the house, tell my father I've handled you, and tell your old fool of an uncle that

I'm not coming in till he's gone, so he needn't wait for me."

Wharton made no answer.

He swam away towards a distant part of the shore, where he dragged himself out, dripping with water.

Across the lake came James' loud laugh. But as Harry stood shaking water from his clothes, James Warren turned and disappeared into the wood from which he had emerged. Evidently the wilful youth did not intend to return home while the visitors from Wharton Lodge were there.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Harry.

He squeezed water from his clothes as well as he could. But he was soaked to the skin, his boots squelching water. It was with very deep feelings that he squelched his way back to the house.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Somewhat Mysterious!

"GOOD gad!" exclaimed Colonel Wharton.

"Huh!" grunted Sir Arthur.

Harry had hoped to slip in quietly and get a servant to take him somewhere where he could dry his clothes unnoticed. But his uncle and Sir Arthur were standing in the hall, where several packed suitcases were piled. It was his experience of the morning over again—his luck was out. Both of them stared at him as he came dripping in.

"What the dooce has happened?" exclaimed the colonel.

"Huh! Upset in the canoe?" grunted Sir Arthur. "Is the canoe damaged?"

"No," said Harry quietly; "the canoe's not damaged."

"Well, you had better go and get your clothes dry!"

Sir Arthur touched a bell.

Wharton stood silent.

Both the old gentlemen concluded that he had been upset in the canoe, as they could see that he had been in the lake.

It would have been extremely awkward to explain to Sir Arthur that he had had a fight with his son and that James had ducked him. He decided to say nothing.

A manservant came in answer to the bell.

"Take Master Wharton to my son's room and help him dry his clothes," said Sir Arthur.

"Very good, Sir Arthur. Please follow me, sir."

"I shall be gone when you come down, Harry," said Colonel Wharton, as his nephew went up the stairs. "You had better say good-bye to Sir Arthur now, as he is leaving for London."

"Good-bye, sir!" said Harry obediently.

"Oh, good-bye—good-bye!" said Sir Arthur. "You will see James when he comes in. Captain Warren will look after you both."

Wharton followed the manservant up to James' room. He would rather have gone to any other room, but he had no choice in the matter.

There he stripped off his wet clothes and donned a dressing-gown belonging to Master James, while the manservant took the clothes away to be dried.

Left alone in Master James' room, Wharton waited impatiently for his clothes to be returned. After what had happened, it would have been very disconcerting for Master James to come in and find him there.

However, from what that charming youth had said, it was not likely to happen. James was keeping away from the visitors.

The Greyfriars junior went to the window at the sound of a car. Colonel Wharton was driving away with Sir Arthur and his suitcases.

It would be several hours, at least, before the colonel came back from London. He expected his nephew to remain at Warren Croft—making friends with James.

It had been impossible to explain to him in the baronet's presence. But Wharton did not intend to remain.

He was only waiting for his clothes to be dried to get away from Warren Croft—and he wanted to get away at the earliest possible moment. Waiting for James to come in meant, most probably, waiting for another scrap. He had no resource but to leave a message for his uncle and go.

When the car was out of sight, bearing Sir Arthur on the first lap of his long journey to the East, Wharton walked dismally about the room, waiting.

He thrust his hands into the pockets of the dressing-gown as he moved about, supposing them to be empty. But they were not empty.

In one of them he felt a packet of cigarettes; in the other a folded newspaper. The latter he drew out, with the idea of glancing at it to pass the waiting minutes.

Then he discerned that it was the "Racing Tipster"—not a paper from which he could derive any entertainment. His lip curled as he shoved it back into the pocket.

He remembered that Square-jaw had been smoking when Hurree Jamset Ram Singh tumbled on him that morning.

It was the burning end of the cigarette that had made him so ratty.

Now, it seemed, he was interested in racehorses as well as in smokes! Altogether a very agreeable youth!

It was not surprising that he had had to leave Oakshott at the end of the last term! Wharton began to wonder whether he had been expelled from that school. It would not have been surprising.

It was a considerable time before the manservant came back with his clothes. However, they were nicely dried, and Wharton was glad to dress himself again and get out of Master James' quarters.

He went down the stairs into the hall, intending to leave a message for his uncle with one of the servants. But he found Captain Bernard Warren in the hall, and decided to speak to him instead.

The lean, brown-faced ex-officer was standing by the window, staring moodily out. He did not see or hear the junior coming down the stairs, and he did not turn his head. His profile was towards Wharton, and the junior was struck by the expression of deep and harassed thought on his face.

In the belief that he was unobserved, the captain allowed his thoughts to express themselves in his face, and it was clear that they were troubled and bitter. Again Harry felt a feeling of warm sympathy towards the man who had been on the Somme. Likely enough, he had found life hard after the War, like so many others who had given much for their country, and found that their country had not the best of memories.

It was not probable that he enjoyed his stay at Warren Croft with a nephew like Master James. And it seemed, from what Sir Arthur had said, that he was to remain there, looking after that

disagreeable youth, at least, till he left for Greyfriars School.

Wharton gave a cough to draw the captain's attention.

Bernard Warren started a little and swung round from the window. The black look of harassed thought vanished from his face as if by magic, and the brown visage became almost expressionless.

He gave the Greyfriars junior a curious glance.

"All right?" he asked. "I hear that you've taken a tumble in the lake. No harm done?"

"None at all, thanks," answered Harry. "Could you give a message to my uncle when he comes back from London, sir?"

"You're not going?"

"Yes, I'm going back to Wharton Lodge. If you'd be kind enough to tell my uncle that I thought I'd better go without waiting any longer—"

"Oh, certainly! Then you're not staying to see James when he comes in?"

The captain put the question casually, yet it struck Wharton that there was a note of eagerness in his voice. Was it possible that, for some reason of his own, Captain Warren did not want him to stay and meet James? The idea seemed absurd, for what could it possibly matter to James' uncle whether he saw the fellow or not. Yet it struck Wharton.

"I don't think James can be fearfully keen to see me, sir!" said Harry, with a smile. "I'm sure he won't mind if I'm gone."

He did not explain that he had seen James already, and had a scrap with him! That was not a matter to be mentioned to James' uncle, if it could be avoided.

"No, I don't suppose he will," answered Captain Warren. "Well, if you must go, you must! I'll walk down to the gate with you."

Harry Wharton was anxious to go, and, in fact, determined to go. But he was a little surprised and not particularly pleased by the captain's alacrity in letting him go!

Knowing nothing of his meeting with James, and his "row" with that unpleasant youth, it might have been expected that Captain Warren would rather urge him to wait a little longer. That would only have been civil and hospitable.

Instead of which, Bernard Warren opened the door at once, as if quite pleased to see him off the premises!

Wharton compressed his lips a little as he walked out with the captain limping at his side.

He had felt that he rather liked the baronet's brother. But the man's promptness to get shut of him was not flattering.

Wharton was about to go down the drive to the gates, but he found that Captain Warren was turning in another direction.

"This way!" he said. Wharton went with him by a path through the shrubberies to a small wicket gate on a lane.

He was more and more surprised; and less and less pleased.

In spite of his limp, the captain walked quickly; and the Greyfriars junior had to hurry to keep up with him.

The man, for some unknown reason, wanted to get rid of him; and had taken him to the side gate. Why? Was it because James, if he came, would naturally come in at the front gate, and James' uncle did not want them to meet?

It seemed nonsense, yet it was

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difficult to think of any other motive for Captain Warren's rather peculiar actions.

Wharton noticed that when he opened the little gate on the lane, the captain gave a quick glance up and down the lane, as if to see whether anyone was coming.

"Well, good-bye," said the captain, holding out a lean hand. "I'm glad to have met you—very glad! Good-bye!"

"Good-bye," said Harry quietly. He shook hands with the captain and went.

He emerged from the lane into the road, and walked away towards Wharton Lodge. Sir Arthur Warren had wished Wharton to meet his son; but Harry could hardly doubt now that Captain Warren did not share that wish—why was a mystery.

He felt, rather than knew, that Bernard Warren was glad to see the last of him—and yet he believed at the same time that the captain rather liked him personally. The whole thing was a puzzle.

He smiled as he walked on his homeward way. Captain Warren had almost jumped at the chance of getting him gone before James came in. Wharton wondered what he would have thought had he known that they had already met.

But Captain Warren did not know that; and Wharton little dreamed, just then, what was to result from the captain's ignorance of that circumstance.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Hat Hunters!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry.

Bob stood on the platform at Lantham Junction and waved his hat. Plenty of trains stopped at Lantham Junction, landing Greyfriars fellows there to change for Courtfield and the school.

A train was steaming in, and Bob caught sight of a dusky face leaping from one window, a dusky hand waving. Bob was already there, with Frank Nugent and Johnny Bull. He roared a greeting at the sight of Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh at the carriage window, and brandished his hat.

Bob was in exuberant spirits—which was nothing new. The end of the holidays found him as cheerful as the beginning—cheerfulness being his perpetual state. In his exuberance he waved his hat not wisely, but too well, rather forgetting that Nugent and Johnny were standing on either side of him watching the train come in. It was quite by accident that he knocked their hats off with his own waving hat! Accidents will happen!

"Oh, you ass!" gasped Nugent. "Oh, you fathead!" hooted Johnny Bull.

They dived after spinning hats. Harry Wharton's face joined that of Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh at the carriage window of the incoming train. Both the juniors grinned at the disaster to the hats.

"The esteemed Bob is in terrific spirits!" remarked the nabob.

"Terrific!" agreed Wharton, laughing.

The train stopped. Doors were flung open and passengers alighted. Wharton and Hurree Singh jumped down. Bob rushed up to them—followed by Nugent, who had recaptured his whirling hat by that time. Johnny Bull was still in chase, his hat having disappeared among many legs. There was, naturally, a crowd at Lantham Junction on the first day of term

—Greyfriars fellows from all corners of the kingdom.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob. "Here we are again! Hallo, what have you done to your boko, Inky?"

"A knockfulness on idiotic knuckles—"

"Scrapping!" said Bob. "Surprised at you, Inky!"

"We met rather a brute yesterday," said Harry. "An absolute blighter—and he's coming to Greyfriars to-day, too!"

"Not in the Remove, I hope?" asked Nugent.

"Oh, no—a rather big lout—a senior! I suppose he will go into the Fifth—they're welcome to him! Where's Johnny?"

"Chasing his hat!" said Frank Nugent. "That ass Bob knocked it off—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, is that a row?" exclaimed Bob.

The juniors looked round quickly. It sounded rather like a row! Johnny Bull's voice could be heard raised in wrathful protest; and the loud roar of a laugh from Horace Coker, of the Greyfriars Fifth.

"Gimme my hat!" yelled Johnny.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Coker. "Jump for it!"

Johnny's hat had spun among many legs, and several feet had helped it on its way, punting it along. Finally it had arrived at the spot where Coker of the Fifth stood with his friends, Potter and Greene, waiting for the Courtfield train.

Coker picked it up. Glancing round for the owner, and seeing a panting Removite coming up, Coker playfully held the hat high above his head.

This was Coker's idea of a jest!

Coker, being a huge fellow—an outsize in Fifth Formers—he was easily able to hold the hat out of Johnny's reach; roaring with laughter the while! Coker, in his own opinion, had a pretty wit! To Johnny Bull, the affair did not seem funny. He wanted his hat.

"Jump for it!" grinned Coker. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gimme my hat, you silly ass!" howled Johnny. He had no idea of jumping for his hat like a dog for a biscuit.

Potter and Greene grinned—not so much at Coker's joke as at Coker's extraordinary idea that it was a joke.

"Jump!" chortled Coker.

"I'll punch you, you silly owl!" roared Johnny. "Give me my hat, you fathead, or I'll jolly well give you a one on the waistcoat."

Bob Cherry chuckled. This little scene was going on at some distance from the group of juniors, but they had glimpses of it through the moving crowd on the platform.

"Let's go and talk to Coker, what?" said Bob.

"Let's!" agreed Nugent.

"The talkfulness to the esteemed Coker is the proper caper, my absurd Bob," said Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh.

"Great pip!" exclaimed a voice. "Here, young 'un! Say that over again, will you?"

Harry Wharton & Co. looked round in surprise, for the moment turning their attention from the dispute that was going on farther down the platform.

The speaker was a youth who had stepped from the same train as Wharton and Hurree Singh, but from a different carriage. He had, apparently, come from Surrey, like the two juniors.

He was a rather slim, handsome fellow, with laughing blue eyes and fair hair, older and bigger than the juniors. As he was a total stranger to all of them, his remark naturally rather sur-

prised the Removites. But it was clear that he had been struck by Hurree Singh's remarkable variety of the English language.

Hurree Singh's English, learned from the wisest moonshes at Bhanipur, often had a surprising effect on strangers.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob. "Who the dickens may you happen to be, and what the dickens do you happen to mean?"

The fair-haired fellow laughed, quite a pleasant laugh.

"Excuse me," he said. "I really shouldn't have spoken—but I was rather struck—I couldn't help hearing what your dusky friend said—and—I suppose you're Greyfriars kids?"

"We're Greyfriars men!" Bob pointed out.

"Sorry—I should have said men!" the fair-headed youth conceded politely. "Well, I'm going to Greyfriars, too! No offence, kid!" he added to the Nabob of Bhanipur. "But if you speak English like that, you must really expect people to sit up and take notice."

"The noticefulness of my esteemed and absurd English is sometimes preposterous!" said Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh. "You are not the first to make such idiotic remarks."

"Oh, my hat! I— Whoop!" yelled the fair-haired youth suddenly as something sailed through the air and landed on the side of his head.

It was Johnny Bull's hat.

Johnny had made a jump, not for the hat, but for Coker! Coker of the Fifth, fending him off with one hand, tossed the hat away with the other over the heads of the crowd.

"Go after it!" grinned Coker.

Coker did not intend to throw that hat at anybody! He just threw it! He did not even know that, having spun over about twenty others, it landed with a crash on the side of a fellow's head at a distance.

Johnny, with a growl of wrath, rushed after it, and Coker, chuckling, walked down the platform with Potter and Greene.

The fair-headed youth, who had received the hat so suddenly, staggered, taken quite by surprise, lost his footing, and sat down.

"Oooo-oooo—hoop!" he ejaculated.

"What the thump—" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Somebody's chuckled a hat—"

Johnny Bull came bursting through the crowd.

"Gimme my hat!"

Nugent picked it up.

"Your hat?" he asked. The juniors speaking to the stranger had not seen Coker's action, and the sudden arrival of the hat had surprised them almost as much as it had surprised the recipient.

"Yes!" Johnny grabbed the hat, breathlessly, and dusted it. It had suffered a little in its travels about a crowded platform.

The fair-haired fellow who was sitting down, jumped up. He made a stride at Johnny Bull.

"You young ass!" he hooted.

"That's your hat, is it?"

"Yes—"

"What the dooce do you mean by chucking it at my head, then?"

Johnny stared at him.

As the fellow had not seen Coker's proceedings, the mistake was, perhaps, a natural one. Johnny's hat had whizzed at him, and caused him to sit down suddenly, and Johnny had rushed after it to reclaim it.

Evidently he regarded it as a prank on Johnny's part.

"You silly ass!" began Johnny Bull. "I——"

"Well, if you think it funny to chuck hats about, here goes!" exclaimed the stranger, and he grabbed the hat from Johnny and flung it high into the air! It sailed away over the platform.

"Why, you—you——" gasped Johnny.

The fair-haired fellow, laughing, walked away down the platform. Johnny made a jump after him—and then turned, to go once more in pursuit of his hat. He really had to have his hat!

"Come on," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Let's all go after it!"

"Tally-ho!" shouted Bob Cherry.

"I'll find that fellow again and smash his hat for him!" growled Johnny Bull. "I'll——"

"Come on!"

The Famous Five rushed after the spinning hat. It had dropped among some Fourth Form fellows. Temple, of the Fourth, lifted it with his foot and passed it to Fry, who passed it to Dabney, and Dab sent it along the platform with a hefty kick.

It landed fairly on a fat little nose belonging to a fat junior in spectacles who had just spotted the Famous Five and was making for them. It took Billy Bunter quite by surprise.

"I say, you fellows——" Bunter was calling out when the hat happened.

"Oh! I say—oh crikey! Yarooch!"

Bunter sat down.

The hat dropped on his fat knees. He blinked at it through his big spectacles in great astonishment.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well saved!" chortled Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Johnny Bull grabbed up the hat again. The Famous Five scudded away for their train, leaving Bunter gasping.

"I say, you fellows!" gasped Bunter.

"I say, I've been looking for you—I say——"

But the Famous Five were gone.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Bunter, Too!

BILLY BUNTER snorted.

Bunter was annoyed.

Bunter had been looking up and down and round about the crowded platforms of Lantham Junction for Harry Wharton & Co. He had found them—only to lose them again.

"Beasts!" hissed Bunter.

As Billy Bunter had spent most of the summer holiday with the Famous Five, it might have been supposed that he had had enough of their company. It looked as if they had had enough of his.

But Bunter had a special reason for wanting to meet his old pals again before he got into the train for Courtfield.

He had a very special reason.

Bunter had been provided with sufficient cash to take his ticket for Friardale, the station for the school, changing at Lantham and Courtfield.

With great astuteness, Bunter had taken a ticket only as far as Lantham, expending the balance of the cash on refreshments, liquid and solid.

It was absolutely necessary, therefore, for Bunter to meet pals at Lantham to see him through the remainder of the journey.

He knew of old the sordid, commercial nature of railway companies and

their employees. They expected passengers to pay for railway trips! Passengers who didn't were regarded as bilks and treated as such! Travelling without a ticket or the wherewithal to pay for the same, was not a new experience to Billy Bunter—but it was a risky business.

There had been a lot of unpleasantness about it at times. Grim-looking railway officials had even had the cheek to regard Bunter as dishonest!

On one awful occasion a common person, regardless of the fact that Bunter was a gentleman and a Public school man, had even taken him by the collar!

That was not an experience that Bunter was anxious to repeat!

So, having rubbed his fat little nose where the hat had smitten, and set his spectacles straight on that podgy proboscis, the Owl of the Remove resumed his hunt for his old pals.

Up and down he went, looking for them.

By that time, however, Harry Wharton & Co. were packed in a carriage of the Courtfield train with Vernon-Smith, Peter Todd, Redwing, Monty Newland, Hazeldene, Ogilvy, Russell, and several more Remove men—packed like sardines in a tin! They were lost to Bunter's eyes and spectacles.

He ran into Wibley and Kipps on the platform.

"I say, you fellows, seen Wharton?" he gasped.

"Lots of times!" answered Wibley. "We were with him in the hols."

"You silly ass, have you seen him here?" snorted Bunter. "I say, I've missed him somehow. I say, lend me half-a-crown!"

"This way, Kippers!" said Wibley, and they rushed off.

"I say, you fellows——"

Wib and Kipps vanished.

"Beasts!" roared Bunter.

The crowd was thinning; the train was packed. It was signalled to start, and Bunter blinked round desperately through his big spectacles. He had no ticket—and, as yet, no pal! One or the other was essential! But he did not want to lose the train.

After all, he could sort out those beasts on arrival at Courtfield in time to see him through the barrier. If not he would have to fall back on the time-worn statement that he had lost his ticket! He was not going to be left behind at Lantham.

He rushed for the train.

Carriages were packed; windows were packed with faces. Nobody seemed to want Bunter. He had really left it rather late. Hobson, of the Shell, grinned down at him as he grabbed a door-handle, Hoskins, of the Shell, holding that handle inside.

"I say, lemme in!" panted Bunter.

"No room for a porpoise!" said Hobson regretfully.

"Beast!" howled Bunter.

He scudded to the next carriage. Wingate, of the Sixth, waved him away.

"No room!"

Bunter did not say "Beast!" this time; the captain of Greyfriars was not to be called a beast! He only thought it as he rolled on to the next door.

That door he grabbed open. The carriage was full with seniors. Bunter did not mind so long as he got in! But the seniors did!

Coker and Potter and Greene, Fitzgerald and Blundell of the Fifth filled five seats out of the six. A corner seat

was filled by a slim, handsome, fair-haired fellow whom Bunter had never seen before.

If he was a Greyfriars man he was a new fellow for the school.

He was, in fact, the fellow who had travelled from Surrey in the same train with Wharton and the nabob, and who had sent Johnny Bull's hat on its second journey.

He glanced down at Bunter with a smile, struck, perhaps, as much by Billy Bunter's remarkable circumference as by Hurree Singh's remarkable English.

Coker did not glance at Bunter—he glared at him.

"Keep out of this, you cheeky fag!" he snapped.

"I say——" gasped Bunter.

"Hook it!" roared Coker.

Horace Coker could hardly believe his eyes. The cheek of a Lower Fourth junior trying to shove into a carriage packed with seniors was really hard to believe.

"I say, the train's going!" gasped Bunter. "I say, I'm not going to be left behind."

"Kick him, Potter!" said Coker. "You're nearest."

"Beast!" roared Bunter. "Look here, I'm coming in. There's standing room, and they're standing in all the carriages except this. I'm coming in!"

Bunter clambered determinedly in. The whistle was sounding, and a porter was rushing up to slam the door.

"Why, you cheeky little beast!" roared Coker, jumping up in great wrath. "I'll jolly well pitch you out on the back of your neck!"

He plunged at Bunter.

Pitched out on his neck the fat junior assuredly would have been, the next moment. But as Coker's mighty grasp was falling on him the fair-headed youth in the corner seat also rose and pushed Coker back, with a hand on Horace's chest.

That unexpected push caused Coker to sit down in his seat again and saved Billy Bunter from summary ejection.

A moment more, and the door was slammed.

"Wha-a-t?" gasped Coker.

He sat and gasped. The fair-headed fellow was a stranger to him. Coker had already noticed him, and considered that it was a cheek on his part to get into the carriage at all, when places were wanted by Greyfriars men.

Now he had added to that sample of cheek by pushing Horace Coker back in his seat and preventing him from ejecting a cheeky junior who had barged in.

Coker looked at him.

He glared at him.

But Bunter, at all events, was safely landed in the carriage. The train was getting into motion, and even Coker did not think of hurling out the cheekiest of juniors when the train was in motion.

Bunter stood against the door, gasping. He was glad to have got in, though he did not like standing, and he was rather uneasy as to what Horace Coker might do next.

It was rather a relief to observe that Coker's wrathful eye was turned on the interfering stranger, and not on his fat self.

"You shoved me!" roared Coker, finding his voice. "Here! You! I want to know what you mean. See?"

"Quite," said the fair-haired fellow, with cheerful coolness. "You want to know what I meant by shoving you?"

"Yes, I jolly well do!" roared Coker.

"I'm willing to explain. I meant to make you sit down."

"Eh?"

"And leave this fat kid alone——"



Harry Wharton scrambled and splashed to the bank. As he groped for a hold, James shoved him away. "Swim across to the other side of the lake, if you want to get out!" he jeered. "I'll knock you back if you try to get out here!"

"What?"
"And let him travel by this train. Why shouldn't he?"

Coker stared at him. All the other Fifth Formers stared at him. They grinned. Coker did not grin. Jove-like wrath was on the brow of Horace Coker.

"They're standing all along the train," went on the fair-haired fellow in the same cheerful, pleasant tone. "Can't expect to have this carriage to ourselves on a crowded train like this."

That was reasonable enough. But sweet reasonableness was of no use to Horace Coker.

"You cheeky tick!" he roared. "What the thump did you mean by barging in?"

The fair-haired fellow raised his eyebrows slightly.

"I've told you what I meant," he explained patiently. "You don't seem fearfully quick on the uptake. I'll explain again, if you like. I meant—"

"Look here!"
"I'm looking. I meant to make you sit down!"

"You—"
"And make you leave this fat kid alone!"

"I—I—"
"And let him travel by this train," concluded the fair-haired fellow placidly. "Got it now? I'll say it over a third time, if you like."

There was a chuckle from Potter and Greene, Fitzgerald and Blundell. They seemed rather amused by the fellow's cheerful coolness. But Horace Coker was not amused.

Coker of the Fifth was far from being amused. His face, already red with wrath, was growing redder and redder. Finally, it rivalled in richness a freshly boiled beetroot.

"You—you—you cheeky tick!" gasped

Coker. "You—you—I've a jolly good mind to—to—to—"

"Sing it!" suggested the cheerful one.

"Wha-a-t?"

"Singing is good for stuttering!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Fifth Form men, and Billy Bunter contributed a fat chuckle.

Coker boiled over.

He plunged and barged along the carriage at the cheerful stranger. His intention, evidently, was to commit assault and battery on the spot.

But Blundell and Fitzgerald, Potter and Greene, all grasped Coker at once and packed him back into his seat.

"Chuck that!" said Blundell, captain of the Fifth. "Keep your rows and rags for Greyfriars, Coker!"

"Look here—" roared Coker.

"Wash it out, old man!" advised Potter. "Can't pitch into ordinary harmless members of the public, you know!"

Coker gasped with wrath.

"I've a jolly good mind to smash him! Still, I won't. Leggo! I'm not going to touch him. Leggo, you silly asses!"

They let Coker go.

Coker fixed a deadly glare on the smiling, cheerful, fair-haired youth.

"If you were a Greyfriars man," he breathed, "I'd jolly well mop up this carriage with you! Thank your lucky stars you're not!"

"My lucky stars seem to have let me down," said the fair-haired youth, with a grin. "I'm not a Greyfriars man—yet; but I shall be in about an hour's time. I'm going to the school, you see."

"Then I'll see you again at the school," said Coker dully.

"Pleasure in store for you—what? You're welcome—no charge."

Coker was on the verge of another explosion. But, with rare self-control,

he checked it, snorted with contempt, and sat back. The other seniors regarded the fair-haired youth with some interest.

"Going to Greyfriars?" asked Potter civilly.

"Yes."

"Bit late for a new kid."

"I've been to school before. I expect I shall go straight into the Fifth."

"Our Form!" said Greene. "What's your name?"

"Warren!" said the fair-haired youth.

"Jim Warren!"

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

To the Rescue!

JIM WARREN sat back in his corner of the carriage, considerably making as much room as he could for Billy Bunter, who was standing by the door close to him.

Had Harry Wharton been in that carriage he would certainly have sat up and taken notice at the name of Jim Warren! But none of the fellows in the carriage had heard it before.

The fair-haired youth was so good-looking, pleasant in his manners, and generally amiable in aspect that the Fifth Form men all felt kindly disposed towards him—with the exception of Horace Coker. Coker of the Fifth was nursing his wrath.

Coker was offended. Coker was still debating, in his own mind, whether it was not due to himself and to his dignity to get up and mop up the carriage with the fellow. Undecided on that important point, Horace was not likely to feel kindly or friendly.

"I say, you fellows, you might squeeze up a bit and make room for a fellow to sit down!" said Billy Bunter.

(Continued on page 16.)

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UNDER FALSE COLOURS!



(Continued from page 13.)

Freezing stares from the Greyfriars seniors followed that suggestion. In the general opinion it was like Billy Bunter's cheek to barge into the carriage at all. Fifth Form men were not likely to bother about finding room for a superfluous fag to sit down.

But the fair-haired fellow, Warren, who seemed all good nature, seemed to consider it. However, he shook his head.

"Can't be done!" he said. "You see, old bean, you're a double-width."

"Oh, really, you know—" protested Bunter.

"Shut up, Bunter!" said Potter.

The Owl of the Remove grunted; but he shut up. In the lofty company of Fifth Form men it was for fags to be seen and not heard.

Billy Bunter's fat little legs were tired by the time the train ran into Redclyffe, a station before Courtfield. It stopped, and Bunter blinked out of the window.

"Oh lor!" gasped Bunter, apparently startled by what he saw on the platform. "Oh crikey!"

Warren glanced from the window, on one side of Bunter, Potter on the other. They saw nothing of an alarming nature.

A man in uniform was coming along the train, looking into the carriages at tickets; but there was nothing alarming in that—it often happened on the line.

To Billy Bunter, however, there was something extremely alarming in it.

At Courtfield he hoped to join up with Harry Wharton & Co. and prevail upon them to see him past the barrier. But if this beast in uniform found that he had no ticket he was not likely to reach Courtfield.

He was likely—in fact, certain—to be hooked off the train here and now at Redclyffe, and left to finish his journey the best he could.

Indeed, he would be lucky if that was the worst, for railway officials took quite severe views of passengers who travelled without tickets. A vision of an unpleasant interview with a policeman floated before Billy Bunter's mental vision.

He gave a wild blink round the carriage. Had he had it to himself, he would have bolted under the seat like a fat rabbit into a burrow.

But he could not bolt through a swarm of Fifth Form legs—neither, it was certain, would the Greyfriars seniors have entered into the game. Certainly they would not have backed up a young rascal in bilking the railway company.

Billy Bunter blinked at the approaching figure through his big spectacles, and the perspiration oozed out on his fat brow.

The inspector reached the carriage and opened the door.

"Tickets, please!"

Five fellows reached out with tickets. Billy Bunter went through an

elaborate process of feeling in his pockets—pocket after pocket—for a ticket that was not there!

"Yours, sir, please!" said the official curtly. Perhaps he had happened before on a traveller groping through his pockets hurriedly with an air of red and guilty confusion.

"I—I—I don't seem to be able to find it!" stammered Bunter. "I—I wonder which pocket I put it in?"

"The train can't wait!" The ticket-inspector's voice grew more curt and sharp. "Come! Ticket, please!"

"I—I can't find it!"

Bunter's face was crimson. He heard a snort from Coker. Fitzgerald was grinning. From the bottom of his fat heart, Billy Bunter wished that he had taken a ticket all the way and deprived himself of those refreshments at the start of the journey, necessary as they were.

But it was too late to think of that. Bunter had chanced it once more, and chanced it once too often.

"Show your ticket, please!" The inspector's voice was quite unpleasant. So was his look.

"I—I—I've lost it!" gasped Bunter.

"Get out!"

"Look here—"

"Leave the train at once! I shall take you to the stationmaster! Step down!"

"I—I—I'm going to Greyfriars—"

"Not on this train, unless you pay for a ticket!" said the inspector grimly. "I've come across your sort before! Pay, or get out!"

"If you think I'm bilking—" began Bunter indignantly. It was just like these common persons, to suspect a gentleman and a Public school man of bilking.

"I don't think—I know!" remarked the man in uniform. "If you've lost your ticket you can pay the fare. But look sharp!"

"I shall certainly pay," said Bunter. His fat hands ran through his pockets again. "But—but I—I—I—"

"Lost your money, too?" asked the inspector, with heavy sarcasm.

"I—I—yes—I—I must have left my—my purse at home!" stammered Bunter. "I—I say, Potter, lend me a couple of bob, will you?"

Potter gazed at him. It said much for his self-control that he did not slaughter Bunter on the spot. Such a request from the Lower Fourth fag to a Fifth Form senior really called for slaughtering.

However, Potter left Bunter unslaughtered. He simply said:

"No!"

"I say, Greene—"

"Don't talk to me, you frowsy little bilk!" said Greene.

"I say, Coker—"

"If you speak to me," said Coker, "I'll hit you—hard! That's a tip!"

Bunter did not speak to Coker again. An official hand descended on his fat shoulder.

"Step down!"

"Oh crikey!"

"Hold on!" The fair-haired youth in the corner seat spoke. "Hold on! If the kid's lost his ticket, it's rather hard lines! Look here, I'll pay!"

He produced a two-shilling piece.

Bunter gasped with relief. He could almost have wept. Jim Warren apparently believed that he really had lost his ticket. He did not know Bunter yet!

But Bunter was aware that investigation would prove that he never had had a ticket at all. He had the ticket which expired at Lantham—nothing to carry him farther than that.

What they did to bilks when they

found them out and caught them Bunter did not quite know; but he knew that it was something very unpleasant—probably featuring a policeman!

From that awful fate the kind-hearted youth with the fair hair was preserving him.

"Oh, I say, thanks!" gurgled Bunter.

"All serene, kid! Look here, inspector, it's all right—the kid's lost his ticket, and he's got to get to school."

The inspector grunted. However, he allowed the matter to be settled by the payment of the fare from Lantham to Friardale. And then, greatly to Billy Bunter's relief, he departed, slamming the door.

Bunter wiped the perspiration from his fat brow. He had had many narrow escapes in his career as a "bilk." Now he had had one of his narrowest!

He hardly breathed till the train was in motion again.

"I say, that's awfully decent of you, Warren!" said Bunter. Gratitude was not Bunter's long suit. But at the moment after that awfully narrow escape, he was feeling actually grateful to the fellow who had come to the rescue.

Jim Warren nodded, with a smile.

"All serene," he said. "You can square to-morrow, kid."

"I—I—I will!" stammered Bunter. "As soon as I see Mauly—I mean, I'm expecting a postal order to-morrow, and I—I'll settle then. Rely on me."

"Fools and their money are soon parted!" remarked Horace Coker.

Warren glanced at him.

"Not always!" he said. "I haven't seen you part with any."

There was a chuckle in the carriage.

Coker frowned, not seeing the drift of the remark, but realising that some cheek was intended. It was about five minutes later that it dawned on Coker's powerful intellect that Jim Warren's remark implied that he, Coker, was a fool!

Coker breathed hard.

But the train was running into Courtfield now, and Coker postponed dealing with the cheeky new fellow for the present. After all, there was plenty of time; and if they put that cheeky tick into Coker's Form, Coker was the man to deal with him and indicate to him just where he got off!

The train stopped in Courtfield, and Coker marched off with Potter and Greene. He bestowed a sniff of contempt on Jim Warren as he went, thus making him aware that he had incurred the wrath and scorn of the most important fellow at Greyfriars. The fair-haired fellow, however, did not seem to mind. He smiled, and strolled away cheerily for the local train.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Tit for Tat!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

The Famous Five had secured a carriage in the local. Johnny Bull was leaning out of the door, with a watchful eye on the fellows on the platform.

Johnny was anxious to get that watchful eye on a certain fair-headed fellow—having hostile designs on his hat!

Billy Bunter, rolling along the platform, spotted Johnny, and came rolling up. Johnny grunted as the fat junior shoved past him into the carriage. However, he allowed him to roll in, and resumed watching the crowd for a fair head, off which he was going to knock a hat, if a chance presented itself.

Johnny's own hat was dented and dusty, and he had a natural desire to put the other fellow's hat into the same state.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry. "Jolly old Bunter! Fat as ever—or is he fatter?"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"The fatfulness is terrific!" remarked Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh.

"He, he, he!" Bunter blinked at the Nabob of Bhanipur through his big spectacles. "I say, where did you get that nose, Inky? He, he, he!"

Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh passed his hand tenderly over his swollen nose. Twenty or thirty fellows, already, had asked him about it. There was no doubt that it was. At the moment, noticeable.

"I say, is it a nose?" chuckled Bunter. "He, he, he! I say, been trying to stop a motor-car with it, what? He, he, he!"

"I haven't seen that brute yet!" remarked Harry Wharton, reminded of James Warren by the allusion to the nabob's damaged nose. "He's coming to the school to-day!"

In the train, from Lantham to Courtfield, he had told his chums about the son of Sir Arthur Warren. They had, naturally, wanted to know where the Nabob of Bhanipur had picked up that prize nose.

"Nice sort of chap, from your description of him!" remarked Bob Cherry. "He will be popular at Greyfriars—I don't think!"

"Thank goodness he's too old to go into the Remove!" said Harry. "I want to keep out of another row with the brute, if I can."

"Easy enough to keep out of his way if he goes into a senior Form!" remarked Nugent.

Wharton nodded.

He rather wished, personally, to give James something in return for the ducking at Warren Croft, when they got to Greyfriars. But he had his uncle's wishes to consider, and he had decided to steer clear of the fellow very carefully—which, as Nugent said, would be easy enough if James went into a senior Form.

As for getting on friendly terms with him, that, of course, was quite out of the question. Colonel Wharton had acknowledged as much when he had been told that James was the hulking fellow with whom Harry and the nabob had scrapped—the fellow who had thrown the clod of turf into the colonel's car.

Colonel Wharton, on his return from driving Sir Arthur to London, had called at Warren Croft for his nephew—and learned from Captain Warren that he had gone without waiting to see James.

The old colonel had driven back to Wharton Lodge in rather a cross temper in consequence.

But, on hearing of the scrap by the lake, and the ducking, and the rest of it, Harry's uncle admitted that the less he saw of the fellow the better.

He had advised his nephew to be careful to avoid any further quarrelling at the school; and, in fact, to give James a wide berth there, which Harry had resolved to do—if he could.

He was not quite sure of that, as James had promised to make him "sit up" at Greyfriars. And James looked like a fellow to keep a promise of that sort.

"The fellow said he would be in the Fifth," said Harry. "He was in the Fifth Form at his last school! I haven't seen him about yet."

Billy Bunter blinked at him.

"New fellow in the Fifth?" he said. "I say, there's a jolly decent chap

coming into the Fifth. His name's Warren."

Wharton jumped.

"You've seen him?" he exclaimed.

"I've seen a new chap named Warren, who's coming into the Fifth—at least, he said so!" answered Bunter.

"Jolly decent sort of chap, too!"

"My esteemed idiotic Bunter—"

said Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh.

"What do you mean, you fat ass?" exclaimed Wharton. "What the thump do you know about Warren?"

"I know he's jolly decent!" said Bunter. "You fellows let me down at Lantham! I was in an awful hole, as I never got a ticket—I mean, I'd lost my ticket—and a beastly low inspector fellow was actually making out that I was bilking, when he looked at the tickets at Redclyffe, you know, and I hadn't one—"

"So you were bilking, if you hadn't

a ticket, you fat fraud!" grunted Johnny Bull over his shoulder.

"Beast! I say, you fellows, I'd lost my ticket, and, as it happened, I'd left all my money at home—"

"Banksful of it?" asked Bob.

"Yah! Well, there were a lot of beasts in the carriage, but they only sniggered," said Bunter. "Warren lent me a two-bob-bit, like a decent chap! Not a rotten, suspicious beast, like some fellows I could name—fellows who dodge a fellow in case he happens not to have a ticket!"

"Warren did?" exclaimed Harry blankly.

"Yes, he jolly well did! And I'm jolly well going to pay him back too," said Bunter. "As soon as I see Mauleverer—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle (Continued on next page.)

GREYFRIARS INTERVIEWS

Continuing his series of interviews, our long-haired poet comes up to scratch with some snappy verses written around

EDWARD FRY,

Temple's second study-mate in the Fourth.

(1)

No chap in the Fourth is more able than Fry

To be leader, if fortune permitted,
He certainly isn't retiring or shy.
Indeed, he is shrewd and quick-witted.

Then why is the ass so completely content

To play, as he does, second fiddle
To Temple, the biggest born blockhead in Kent?

—It's a riddle!

(2)

Of course, there are things for which Temple's cash pays,

And Fry shares his generous bounty,
And grins, when his leader talks cricket and says

By rights he should play for the county.
When Temple declares that his form with the bat

Is such that no Hammond could beat it,
Fry thinks if he handled the willow like that,

—He'd eat it!

(3)

At footer, which now is in season once more,

The elegant Temple is clever (?),
"Was a player like me ever heard of before?"

He asks, and his chums answer:
"Never!"

And Temple, not seeing them wink, says:
"No doubt! I'm pretty hot stuff with the leather!"

And Dabney and Fry without speaking go out
—Together!

(4)

I visited Fry of the Fourth during tea,
I knocked, and he shouted out:
"Enter!"

I found Temple there talking football, and he

Said: "I shall be playing as centre!"
"Excuse me," said I, "but that statement's untrue!"

You may in the centre be figured,
But playing—no fear!—for you couldn't—not you!"

—Fry sniggered!

(5)

I added: "I see you're at tea, dear old fruit!"

I'll join in your merry carouses!"
But Temple then languidly lifted his boot
And crashed it well home on my "trousers!"

"It's mean, when you're angry," I muttered, to Fry,

"To kick someone else as your victim."
It made me annoyed—so when Dabney passed by,

—I kicked him!

(6)

And there, as it happens, I made a mistake,

For Dab took offence at my action.
Assisted by Fry, he proceeded to make

Some effort to get satisfaction.
And when I had scraped all the tea from my eye

(For that's where the teapot had copped it),
And clawed all the jam from my hair, Dab and Fry

—Had hopped it!



at! Old Mauly will lend a fellow two bob for a fellow to square a fellow!" said Bunter. "He's not a mean beast, like some fellows!"

Harry Wharton was staring at the fat junior. Bunter's statement was an absolute surprise to him. James, the son of Sir Arthur, was about the last fellow in the world to do a good-natured action for a stranger—unless Wharton's opinion of him was a very mistaken one.

"Are you gammoning, you fat idiot?" asked Harry.

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"You mean to say that Warren—a new fellow in the Fifth—paid your fare to get you out of a scrape?"

"Yes, he jolly well did!"

"There can't be two fellows of the same name coming into the same Form on the same day!" said Harry, in wonder. "But if James Warren ever did a decent or good-natured thing in his life, I should be surprised to hear of it. Do you know the chap's front name, Bunter?"

"He said his name was Jim!" answered Bunter.

"Jim! Well, if he's Jim, he must be James, I suppose," said Harry, more and more astonished. "You can't be Jim without being James! Look here! are you trying to pull my leg, or what?"

"Blessed if I make you out!" said Bunter. "I tell you the chap's really decent. I should have been landed in an awful hole, owing to you fellows letting me down at Lantham—"

Frank Nugent laughed.

"Perhaps the chap's not such a rotter as you supposed, Harry!" he suggested. "You've told us that you started the acquaintance by Inky jumping on his head! That mayn't be the way to make a fellow show his very best qualities!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, no," said Harry. "But—the fellow really was a brute! Fancy pitching into a chap at his father's house, asked there by his father! I tell you he ducked me in the lake—"

"He, he, he!" chuckled Bunter. "I dare say it was your fault, Wharton! You've got a rotten bad temper, you know! I've often wondered how these fellows put up with it! I've said so, haven't I, Franky?"

"You fat idiot!" said Nugent.

"Just like Wharton to go picking a row with a decent chap like Warren," said Bunter. "I really think you ought to try to keep your temper better, Wharton! Rotten bad form!"

The expression on Harry Wharton's face just then indicated that he was failing to keep his temper, as Bunter was advising him to do.

"Shut up, Bunter, you blithering idiot!" said Nugent hastily.

"Well, I think—"

"Shut up!" rapped Bob Cherry.

"Beast! I think—"

"Hallo, there he is!" exclaimed Johnny Bull suddenly. He spotted a fair head across the platform, and jumped out.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Bob. "The train's just going, you ass!"

Johnny Bull did not answer. He cut across the platform and reached the fair-headed fellow. Having reached him, he wasted no time. He made a sudden grab at his hat, jerked it from his head, and sent it whirling along the platform.

Jim Warren gave a howl of surprise and wrath.

"What the thump!" he ejaculated.

"Tit for tat!" said Johnny Bull.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,440.

"Now you can chase your own hat, you cheeky tick!"

"And he cut back to the carriage."

"Hallo! Whose hat?" called out Hobson of the Shell. "Anybody want a hat?" Hobby lifted it with his foot and sent it sailing again.

Jim Warren made a stride after Johnny Bull. But he changed his mind and rushed after his hat instead, like Johnny himself in similar circumstances at Lantham. Several Shell fellows were passing the hat, like a football, along the platform, and it was already getting damaged. The fair-haired fellow dashed to its rescue, and lost sight of Johnny.

Johnny Bull clambered back into the Removites' carriage, grinning with satisfaction.

The Co., who had watched his proceedings, were grinning also.

These proceedings had proceeded out of range of Billy Bunter's limited vision, and he was unaware that the fellow who had befriended him in the train was the fellow who was the object of Johnny's vengeance.

"Jolly well gave him tit for tat!" grinned Johnny Bull. "I don't know who the cheeky tick is, but he will jolly well find out that he can't chuck Remove men's hats about."

"Hear, hear!" said Bob Cherry.

"The hear-hearfulness is terrific."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"Got any toffee?"

"No!"

"Got any choes?"

"No!"

"I say, I believe there's still time to nip out to an automatic machine. Lend me some coppers, will you?"

"No!"

"Beasts!" roared Bunter. He rose to his feet. "I was going as far as Friardale with you fellows—now I won't! I dare say Mauly's somewhere along the train! I'm going—"

The engine whistled; the door slammed.

"Too late!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

And the train rolled on to Friardale, which was rather fortunate for Mauly!

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Just like Coker!

HORACE COKER roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker had been frowning all the time he was changing trains at Courtfield, and settling down in the local for Friardale.

Coker was seriously offended, and doubtful whether he ought not to have pitched into that fair-haired fellow, Warren, and whopped him severely. He was also annoyed by a narrow escape of losing a bull-pup he was taking back to school with him—that cheeky animal very nearly getting loose during the process of changing trains; and guards and porters not displaying such an interest in Coker's property and Coker's affairs as common mortals ought to have displayed. They seemed to be rather particular about whether they were bitten by that bull-pup—a sort of fastidiousness which made Coker snort.

Altogether Coker was very cross. But the frown faded from his brow as he witnessed a scene on the platform from the local train where he sat with his friends. It was the sight of Johnny Bull hurling the new senior's hat into space, and Warren chasing wildly after it, that entertained Coker.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he roared. "Look!"

The other Fifth Form men in Coker's carriage looked from the windows and chuckled, too.

Five or six fellows "passed" Warren's hat along the platform before he recaptured it. By the time he got it back and began to rub the dust off it, the local train was on the point of starting.

"That cheeky ass is losing this train!" remarked Coker.

But that was a little error of Coker's.

Jim Warren very nearly lost the train. But not quite! He made a dive for the nearest carriage, which was Coker's. He jerked open the door and plunged in just as the train was starting. A porter slammed the door after him in haste.

Entering in such a hurry, Warren naturally did not observe a pair of long legs stretched right across the gangway.

They belonged to Horace Coker. Coker saw no reason whatever why he should shift his legs to make room for a cheeky tick who was barging in where Coker, at least, did not want him.

But he was rather sorry that he had not shifted them all the same, as Warren stumbled over them and came down with a crash.

"Oh!" gasped the fair-haired fellow.

"Yooooop!" roared Coker.

"For goodness' sake, pack up your legs, Coker!" exclaimed Potter.

"Yaroooo!" howled Coker.

He gathered up his legs. They felt as if they had been cracked into several pieces each under the crash of the new fellow's weight on them.

"You clumsy ass!" roared Coker.

Warren staggered up, breathless.

"You silly fathead!" he gasped.

"What the dooce do you mean, sticking your silly legs all over the shop?"

Coker rose to his feet, his hands clenched, and his eyes gleaming. But again his friends pushed him back.

"Chuck it!" said Potter.

"Don't start rowing!" said Greene.

"For goodness' sake be quiet, Coker," said several other fellows.

Jim Warren pushed through and stood against the opposite door. All the seats in that carriage were taken, and he had to stand.

Coker, glaring after him, made a motion to pursue. But the other Fifth Form men shoved him back again.

Once more Horace Coker had to swallow his wrath. He contented himself with giving Jim Warren a glare of concentrated scorn—a very expressive, scornful, contemptuous, altogether crushing glare.

The fellow looked at him across the carriage.

"My dear chap," he said, "aren't you rather grown-up to be making faces like that?"

Coker almost choked.

His scornful glare, which ought to have crushed that cheeky new fellow, was described by him as "making faces!" as if Horace Coker of the Fifth Form was likely to make faces like a fag in the Second.

Coker turned to the window. The fellow would keep—and Coker had resolved to make an example of him at Greyfriars. There, Jim Warren was going to learn that he could not cheek Coker, of the Fifth, and get on with it!

But for the present Horace gazed at the landscape and ignored Warren. It added to his irritation that the other fellows entered into talk with the cheeky rotter. They seemed rather to like him.

However, it was only a short run from Courtfield to Friardale, and the local train soon stopped in the village station.

Coker was first out of the carriage. Other fellows swarmed out, up and down the train.

On the Friardale platform, a tall, rather angular figure was in view—that of Mr. Quelch, the master of the Greyfriars Remove.



The stranger made a stride at Johnny Bull. "If you think it funny to chuck hats about, here goes!" he exclaimed. He grabbed Bull's hat, and flung it high into the air. The topper sailed away over the platform. "Why, you—you—you—" gasped the astonished Greymfriars junior.

At the sight of that gentleman, Remove fellows who had been planning to rush the school omnibus and keep off Shell and Fourth, gave up the idea. Quelch was there to restrain the exuberance of his Form on the first day of term.

"Come on, you men!" said Coker, to Potter and Greene.

They came on rather reluctantly.

Neither of them quite liked the look of that bull-pup of Coker's. They preferred it at a distance. Very slowly they followed Coker along to the guard's van.

"Look here, Coker, you're rather an ass to bring that brute to school!" mumbled Potter.

"That what?" snapped Coker.

"I mean, Prout won't let you keep it at Greyfriars," said Potter. "You can't expect—"

"I shall tip Gosling to keep him for me," said Coker. "He's a jolly decent dog! You should have seen him nip a tramp, in the hols! I've only had him three weeks—and he's bitten four people already—"

"Oh!" ejaculated Greene.

"Come on!" said Coker.

He marched on—but Potter and Greene halted. They exchanged a look.

Coker, it seemed, regarded it as something rather ripping on the part of his bull-pup, to have bitten four people in the short space of three weeks. But Potter and Greene had no desire to be put on the list as fifth and sixth!

Having exchanged a look, they disappeared into the crowd. Coker was left to look after his cheery bull-pup on his lonely own. If that excellent animal had a fancy to take a fifth bite, he could take it out of Coker, and welcome, so far as Potter and Greene were concerned.

"Gurrrrrrrrrrrh!"

That was the remark Coker's canine friend made as he got him from the guard. The guard seemed pleased to say farewell to him. Indeed, he looked as if he would have said a good many things about that dog and about its owner, had not Coker, with his usual lavishness, tipped him half-a-crown. Mollified by the half-crown, the guard kept to himself his opinion of dog and owner.

"Come on, old boy!" said Coker affectionately, taking the lead. "Bit upset by the train, what, old thing? Never mind—come on, old chap! Look at him, Potter—just look, Greeney—there's breed for you! Where the dickens are you, you fellows? Oh, my hat—can't I take my eye off you for a minute without you getting lost?"

Coker looked round in vain for Potter and Greene. But he had no time to waste on them as it turned out.

That bull-pup had perhaps been a little upset by the train journey. He certainly seemed to be in a very bad temper.

Perhaps his temper was naturally bad. He was about the ugliest bull-pup that human eyes had ever beheld; and there was a vicious gleam in his eyes. As Coker had had him only three weeks, no doubt he had not yet had time to grow fond of Coker.

First he strove hard to drag the lead away from his master. Failing in that, he made an attempt to sample Coker's leg.

Coker jerked his leg out of danger barely in time—and the bull-pup only secured a strip of trousering.

He chewed it with apparent satisfaction.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Coker.

He eyed his new possession a little uneasily.

Coker was not afraid of dogs, and it was rather absurd, of course, for a fellow to be afraid of his own dog. Still, he did not like the look in that dog's eyes. He did not like it a little bit. He tried blandishments.

"Here, come on, old boy! This way, old thing!" said Coker soothingly.

"Nice old dog! Nice old doggie! Come on!"

He pulled.

"Gurrrrrrrh!" said the "nice old doggie."

He did not stir. Coker pulled again, and the nice old doggie showed his teeth, causing Coker to leave off pulling quite suddenly.

Coker stood rather dismayed.

He could not stand there indefinitely holding the lead of a dog that declined to stir. On the other hand, he was uneasy as to what might happen if he pulled again. Biting other people was funny, but biting Coker would have been serious.

"Good dog! Good dog! Come on, old doggie!" murmured Coker.

A good many fellows stared at Coker and his dog. After one stare at the latter, they decided to keep clear of him.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Coker's brought his young brother to school this term!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Is that Coker minor, Horace?" called out Temple of the Fourth.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Must be," said Skinner of the Remove. "Know him anywhere by the family resemblance!"

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

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,440.

Coker glared round at them. So did the bull-pup. The latter gave a deep, horrible growl, and the juniors went on their way. Of all the vicious brutes they had ever seen, that bull-pup looked the most ill-tempered and vicious—and nobody envied Coker the ownership. Even Horace began to wonder whether it had not been rather a mistake to bring that nice old doggie back to school with him.

Suddenly, to his great relief, the bull-pup got into motion. Having chewed up the section he had ripped off Coker's trouser-leg, he seemed bored and disposed to look round him a little. He wandered along the platform, luckily in the direction of the exit.

Coker tried to fancy that he was leading him there. As a matter of fact, the bull-pup was leading Coker there. He tugged at the lead, and Coker had to walk quickly to keep pace.

"Here, look out—"

"I say, you fellows—yarcocoooh!"

"Oh, my hat!"

Fellows jumped out of the way of the bull-pup. Billy Bunter jumped like a kangaroo as he heard a snap of teeth an inch or two from his fat leg.

There was quite a rush to get away from the proximity of that nice old doggie. Coker grinned. This amused Coker.

"I say, don't be funky," he called out. "He's all right! Don't you kids be funky."

"The funkfulness is not terrific, my esteemed and idiotic Coker," said Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh, as he backed away hastily. "But the toothfulness of that absurd canine is preposterous."

"Hold him, Coker!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"I'm holding him, you young ass!"

"You're not—he's holding you!" said Bob Cherry. "Oh, my hat!" added Bob, with a backward jump, as the nice old doggie made a lunge at him.

"Coker!" It was Mr. Quelch's voice. "Coker! What are you doing with that dog here?"

"Taking him to the school, sir!" said Coker. "I'm going to ask Mr. Prout to let me keep him, sir."

"Nonsense!" snapped the Remove master. "You do not seem to me, Coker, able to control that dog! Take him out of the station at once!"

"I'm going, sir!"

Coker was going—he had to go, as the bull-pup was going! Coker was amused by the uneasiness displayed by other fellows—but he was extremely uneasy himself about what might happen if he tried to pull that pup in. He sagely decided to give him his head, like a horse.

Mr. Quelch frowned after him.

Quelch liked dogs—nice, quiet dogs that would lie quietly on a rug and blink sleepily. He did not like vicious-looking bull-pups at close quarters, especially when they seemed to be provided with teeth like a shark!

Coker led his dog—or rather, his dog led Coker—out of the station into Friardale High Street, where the school bus was waiting.

There was a roar of protest as Coker marched up to the bus with his dog. Coker hoped that the bull-pup would consent to get on the bus. He did not want to have to walk a mile to the school with him. But the fellows on the bus did not share Coker's hope.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1440.

They did not want that formidable set of teeth among a crowd of legs in the bus.

"Get that brute away, Coker!" shouted Skinner.

"I say, you fellows! Keep him off!"

"Good doggie—good old doggie!" Coker, heedless of protests, persuaded the bull-pup up the step. "Come on, old chap! This way, old doggie!"

"Coker!" Mr. Quelch came whissing up. "Take that dog away at once! You will not be allowed to take him on the omnibus!"

"I should jolly well think not!" gasped Nugent.

"Take him away at once, Coker!"

"Really, sir—"

"At once!" barked Mr. Quelch.

The bull-pup had condescended to get on the step of the bus. There, he sat down. He did not want to go further. Neither did he want to get off again. He growled savagely and showed his teeth as Coker pulled.

"Will you take that dog away, Coker, and allow the boys to get on the omnibus!" barked Mr. Quelch.

"Oh, certainly, sir!" gasped Coker. "Come on, doggie—come on, old dog! Come off, you brute! Oh, my hat!"

"If you do not remove that dog instantly, Coker, I shall report you to the Head!" snapped Mr. Quelch.

"Oh crumbs!"

Coker jerked at the lead. He dragged at it. Then, getting desperate, he fairly wrenched at it. The bull-pup stirred at last, making a movement towards Coker with a growl and a flash of teeth. Coker jumped back, dropping the lead.

"Coker—" barked Mr. Quelch.

"He—he—he won't stir, sir!" gasped Coker. "I—I—"

"You dare to bring a savage dog here, Coker, that you cannot control! How dare you? Take that animal away at once!" roared Mr. Quelch.

"I—I—I—" Coker made a grab at the lead.

"Gurrrrrgh!"

Coker jumped back again.

"Pah!" snapped Mr. Quelch, and he seized the lead himself, and jerked the bull-pup bodily off the bus step.

The next moment he wished he hadn't!

The bull-pup twisted the lead from his hand, turned on him, and sprang at him. Quelch made a backward jump of at least six feet! It was a really creditable jump for a gentleman of Mr. Quelch's years!

After him went the bull-pup. He was clearly annoyed—and all his annoyance and vicious temper were now concentrated on Mr. Quelch! With glinting eyes and gleaming jaws the bull-pup went for Quelch!

Mr. Quelch gave him one stare of horror as he came. Then he skipped round the bus.

After him went the bull-pup! And the Greyfriars crowd, with bated breath, watched the extraordinary chase—an elderly Form-master, panting for breath, hopping and skipping and jumping round a bus, with a bull-pup in fierce pursuit.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Luck and Pluck!

"STOP him!"

"Hold him!"

"Coker, you ass—"

"Coker, you idiot—"

"Collar that dog!"

"Stop him!"

Everybody had something to say.

Nobody, unfortunately, quite knew what to do—Coker least of all.

The fellows who were on the bus stayed there—glad that they were there. The fellows who were not, backed away to give the bull-pup plenty of sea-room.

It was all very well to say "stop him!"—and "collar him!"—but stopping and collaring a savage, vicious bulldog, with a fearful set of teeth and the worst temper ever, was a thing easier said than done.

Whoever tackled that bull-pup was going to get bitten. He was going to get badly bitten. This prospect seemed generally unattractive.

Quelch at the moment looked like getting bitten. But it was no worse for Quelch to get bitten than for others. Indeed, from the point of view of the others, it was distinctly better!

Wingate of the Sixth came out of the station. Wingate, as captain of Greyfriars, and generally an example to the whole school, felt called upon to act when he saw Mr. Quelch's extraordinary predicament.

He rushed forward.

He grabbed at the dangling, flying lead attached to the bull-pup's collar. He missed it—and the brute turned on him with a snap of teeth! That snap missed Wingate by a hairsbreadth—and he jumped back more quickly than he had jumped forward.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Wingate.

The bull-pup turned his attention back to Quelch! Quelch had annoyed him, and Quelch, it was clear, was his game!

Panting, gasping, his hat on one side, his face crimson, Quelch flew! It was fearfully undignified, but Henry Samuel Quelch, at the moment, was not thinking of dignity. He was thinking of that awful set of teeth just behind him—threatening every instant to be buried deep in him. Dignity, just then, was at a discount.

Twice round the bus went Quelch—as if he was playing the game of mulberry-bush with Coker's bull-pup.

"That idiot Coker—" gasped Potter.

"That maniac Coker—" gasped Greene.

"What the thump—" A fair-haired fellow came out of the station at a run. "Oh, my hat! I say, somebody, stop that dog!"

"You stop him!" suggested Potter.

"He will get that old bean if he isn't stopped!" said Jim Warren.

He ran forward.

Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry, on the bus, had come out to the step. They were resolving to jump down and make an attempt to help their unfortunate Form-master, bites or no bites.

Fortunately for them, the fair-haired fellow rushed in before they could carry out their intention.

Quelch, going strong, was whipping round the bus for the third time. The bull-pup, going stronger, was whipping after him, and had nearly got him. Jim Warren whipped after the bull-pup!

How he did it, nobody knew! There was no doubt that he was cool, quick, active, and had plenty of pluck. Plunging after the bull-pup, he got a grip on the back of his collar.

The bull-pup, stopped in full career, was swung off his four legs in that sudden grip.

His marling jaws twisted at Warren. It was rather unpleasant to think of what would have happened to Warren's hands and wrists had those teeth reached them. But the teeth did not reach them. The grip on the back of the collar was a grip of iron.

The bull-pup swung from it, snarling, foaming, howling, but unable to help himself. Had the new senior lost his nerve, or loosened his grip, for a fraction of a second, the snapping teeth would have gone deep. But he did not lose his nerve or loosen his grip. Slim as he was, there was evidently plenty of strength in him. He held on grimly, keeping the savage brute struggling at armslength.

"Bravo!" gasped Harry Wharton.

"Good man!" yelled Bob Cherry.

"Stick to him!" panted Wingate.

Mr. Quelch came to a halt. His hat fell off—his scanty locks blew out in the breeze. He panted, and panted, and panted!

"Oh dear! Oh! Good gracious! Oh! Ow!"

"All right now, sir!" said the fair-haired fellow cheerily. "I've got him!"

Mr. Quelch gazed at him and at the struggling, foaming brute, with horrified eyes. It seemed to him almost impossible that the youth could hold the savage animal without getting bitten and torn.

"You—you—you have it safe?" he gasped.

"Quite safe, sir!" said Jim.

"Please—please hold it securely! Coker—where is Coker? You stupid, insensate boy, Coker, how dare you—"

"Oh crickey!" gasped Coker.

"Take that animal away!" shrieked Mr. Quelch. "If you bring it to the school, you shall be flogged! Do you hear me? Can you control that animal or not? Take it away!"

"I—I—I—"

"Do you hear me, Coker?"

"I—I—"

Smack!

"Yaroooooh!" roared Coker, staggering.

It was quite out of keeping with all the traditions of Greyfriars for a Form-master to smack a fellow's head—especially a fellow not in his Form—a senior man! But that was what Mr. Quelch did! He smacked Coker's head—and smacked it hard!

Coker staggered and yelled.

"Now take that dog away!" roared Mr. Quelch.

"Look here—"

Coker broke off suddenly, and dodged another smack barely in time. There was a chuckle from the fellows on the bus. It was rather entertaining to see Quelch smacking Coker's head.

"Get hold of the lead, you!" said the fair-headed fellow, laughing. "I'll keep hold of the collar for a bit! We'll see him off between us."

Coker grabbed the lead, and led. Jim Warren followed him, stooping, still keeping a grip on the back of the bull-pup's collar. In that pup's present frame of mind it was really not safe to let him loose.

But Coker, of course, was not going to admit that he couldn't manage his own dog—even after what had happened! At a distance from the school omnibus—safe from Quelch's avenging hand—Coker turned and glared at the rescuer.

"Look here, let go my dog!" he snapped.

"Wha-a-t?"

"Can't see why you wanted to barge in at all!" snapped Coker. "He's only playful! Very playful animal, that's all! Think I can't manage my dog! Let him go at once, you interfering ass!"

"Look here—"

"That's enough—let my dog go!" roared Coker.

"Oh, all right!"

Jim Warren let go, stepping back quickly as he did so.

Coker pulled on the lead.

"Come on, old doggie!" he said persuasively.

The old doggie came on—with a spring!

Coker sprang, too—just in time! He got clear by about an inch!

"Oh crickey!" he gasped.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Warren.

Coker ran—or rather, raced! After him raced his bull-pup! They disappeared in the distance, both going strong.

The school omnibus rolled on to Greyfriars—without Coker! Coker was hitting the open spaces, closely followed by his faithful dog!

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Wasted Gratitude!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

"Blow away, Bunter!"

"I say, have you seen Warren?"

Billy Bunter blinked into Study No. 1 in the Remove as he asked that question. Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent, in that study, were unpacking books and other things and getting the study to rights, as they expressed it. It did not look very much to rights so far, with all sorts of property scattered all over the place. Both the juniors were busy, and seemed to have no use for William George Bunter.

"Haven't seen him, and don't want to!" answered Harry Wharton briefly.

"Well, as you know him at home—"

said Bunter.

"I don't know him at home!"

"Well, you've met him, anyhow!" snapped Bunter. "I say, do you know what Form he's in?"

He said something about going into the Fifth, so I suppose it's arranged."

"Go and ask in the Fifth!" suggested Nugent.

"What the dickens do you want to see Warren for, fathend?" asked Harry.

"You'd better steer clear of him. If he really paid your railway fare, he may want you to square. You see, he doesn't know you."

Nugent chuckled, and Bunter snorted.

"Well, I do want to see him," he said. "He's a jolly decent chap—"

"Br-r-r!"

"If you were half as decent, Wharton, you'd do!" said Bunter scornfully. "He did me a good turn and I'm grateful."

"You are!" ejaculated Wharton, in astonishment.

"Yes!" roared Bunter.

"Well, that's rather new from you! Keep it up!"

"Beast! I can

be grateful for a fellow doing me a good turn, I hope!" said Bunter. "I want to see him, and—and thank him, you know, if I can find the chap. He's not mean, like you fellows; and not suspicious, either! And—and I don't suppose I shall be getting my postal order till to-morrow—it won't come on the first day of term, you know."

Wharton and Nugent stared at the fat Owl of the Remove. Then they burst into a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter evidently wanted to see the new senior man, to spin him that ancient yarn of the postal order! Evidently, Bunter had drawn the impression, from Warren paying his fare on the train, that the new fellow was easy-going in money matters—in fact, the kind of fellow to be "touched" for cash!

The fat junior had arrived at Greyfriars in his usual hard-up state. A new fellow who was easy-going in money matters was exactly the fellow Bunter wanted to meet.

His gratitude to Jim Warren was going to take the form of "sticking" him for a further loan, if Bunter could manage it!

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" growled Bunter. "That chap Warren's frightfully decent! He forked out two bob on the train—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm going to square as soon as my postal order comes. I'm not the chap to owe money, as you fellows know—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"As the postal order will be for five bob, I think he might let me have the other three, and take the postal order, when it comes!" said Bunter.

(Continued on next page.)



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"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Some fellows can feel grateful for a good turn," said Bunter. "Not you fellows, I know—you're frightfully ungrateful! How often have you thanked me, for instance, after all I've done for you? But—"

"Look here, you fat ass," said Harry, "you'll most likely get kicked if you try to borrow money of a senior. And you're quite wrong in thinking that chap Warren soft. He's hard as nails. I simply can't understand James Warren doing you—or anybody else—a good turn, but if he has he's not likely to keep it up. You'll get kicked—"

"Yah!" retorted Bunter; and he rolled away from Study No. 1.

Evidently Bunter's impression of Warren was very different from Wharton's.

Harry Wharton shrugged his shoulders.

From his experience of Sir Arthur Warren's son, at Warren Croft, he did not think that Bunter was likely to prosper. Still, if the fat Owl chose to go and ask to be kicked, it was his own affair.

Bunter, at all events, was very keen on improving his acquaintance with Jim Warren. He rolled across the Remove landing and blinked into the Fifth Form passage.

Potter and Greene were standing at the corner, discussing something, with grinning faces.

"Poor old Coker!" Potter was saying. "Still, he was lucky! That bull-pup only got a mouthful off his trousers. He might have had a mouthful off Coker!"

"Thank goodness he's lost the brute!" said Greene.

"I fancy he was rather glad to lose him. It seems that he had to climb a fence and wait till the bull-pup wandered away!"

Greene chortled.

"Now he's with Prout for a jaw. Quelch has been complaining to Prout. Just like Coker to start the term with a row."

"I say, you fellows, have you seen Warren?" squeaked Bunter.

Potter glanced round at the fat Owl.

"That new chap? He's in Hilton's study."

"Oh, good!"

Bunter rolled up the Fifth Form passage.

He tapped at the door of Study No. 4, which belonged to Hilton and Price, of the Fifth, and opened it.

Only one fellow was in the study—the fair-haired fellow who had rescued Quelch from the bull-pup. He glanced round at Bunter. He was busy unpacking, but he gave the fat junior a good-tempered nod.

"Hallo!" he said. "Want anything?"

"Well, yes," said Bunter, rolling into the study. "I say, Warren, it was fearfully plucky of you tackling that putrid bulldog to-day at the station—"

"Rot!"

"I say it was, though," said Bunter. "I admire pluck! I'm rather plucky myself, you know—"

Warren looked at him.

"Appearances are deceptive—what?" he remarked.

Bunter blinked.

"Oh, really, Warren—"

"Any more?" asked Warren.

It did not seem that he had any use for flattery from the fat and fatuous Owl.

"I—I say—I wanted to thank you for lending me that two bob on the train, Warren!"

"Speech may be taken as read!" said Jim Warren.

"I'm really awfully grateful, you know—"

"Bosh!"

"I am, really!" persisted Bunter. "I think it was fearfully decent of you. Wharton thinks you're rather a rotter."

"Eh? Much obliged to Wharton, whoever he is!" said Jim Warren, staring at Bunter. "Who the dooce is Wharton?"

"Don't you know him?" asked Bunter, in astonishment.

"Never heard of him, that I know of."

"Oh, crikey! Well, he says he knows you," said Bunter. "And he thinks you're an awful tick."

"Well, I'm not interested in what Wharton thinks, whoever Wharton may happen to be. Shut that door after you!" said Jim curtly.

"But I didn't come here to talk about Wharton. He's a beast, you know," said Bunter. "I came to tell you how awfully grateful I am—"

"Wash it out!"

"And—and—"

Bunter hesitated a little. Jim Warren's kind action on the train from Lantham had undoubtedly given Bunter the impression that the new man was a little "soft." But he did not seem soft now. He seemed a little irritated! It looked as if he had had enough of Bunter's conversation, fascinating as it was.

"Cut!" said the new senior.

"I—I was going to say—"

"Cough it up, if you've anything to say."

"The—the fact is—" stammered Bunter. He was discouraged—distinctly discouraged. Still, he went on. "The fact is, Warren, I came away without my money to-day, and—and I'm expecting a postal order to-morrow. It will be for five shillings."

Warren looked at him.

"What I was thinking," said Bunter, "is this—if you'd let me have the other three, and take the postal order when it comes—See?"

"Quite!" said Jim Warren.

He came across the study to Bunter and took him by a fat ear, between a finger and thumb.

Bunter squeaked.

"Ow! I say—ow!"

Unheeding the squeak, the new senior twisted Bunter out of the study by his ear.

Bunter went—squeaking.

The door closed on him.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter.

He stood blinking at the closed door through his big spectacles. He did not open it again. He stood and rubbed his fat ear.

He realised that Jim Warren was not, after all, as he had supposed, soft. Gratitude was wasted on him. The fellow, evidently, was a beast, and as "Fifth Formy" as other beasts in the Fifth. Billy Bunter blinked, and rubbed a reddened ear, and breathed wrath and indignation.

Finally, he stooped to the keyhole. "Beast!" he yelled through that aperture.

Then he departed—in haste.

Jim Warren opened the door and glanced out—in time to see a pair of very fat legs vanishing round the corner. He laughed and went back into the study.

Bunter did not stop running till he was safe in the Remove passage.

In Study No. 1 Wharton and Nugent glanced round as he appeared in the doorway, still rubbing a fat ear.

"I say, you fellows—" gasped Bunter.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"What luck with Warren?" he asked. He could guess by the evidently painful state of Bunter's fat ear.

"He's a beast!" gasped Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

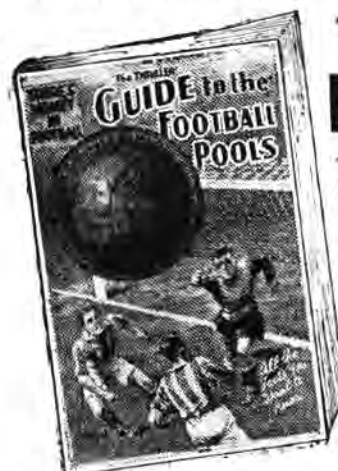
"I say, Harry, old chap, you're quite right about him—he's an absolute rotter!" said Bunter. "Grabbing a fellow's ear—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at. I'd jolly well have knocked him down, only—only—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Wharton and Nugent.

"Oh, stop cackling!" howled Bunter. "I say, Wharton, old chap, you were saying that that beast, Warren,



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"Tickets, please!" said the railway official curtly. Billy Bunter went through an elaborate process of feeling in his pockets—for a ticket that was not there. "I—I—I—don't seem to be able to find it!" stammered the fat junior. "I—I wonder which pocket I put it in?" "The train can't wait!" said the ticket-inspector. "Come! Ticket, please!"

ducked you. It's just the sort of thing the brute would do. I say, suppose you call the other chaps and go to his study, and rag him. Half a dozen of you—

"You fat tick!"

"I don't mean because he pulled my ear, you know, but because he ducked you the other day, old chap. Give him a jolly good hiding—"

"Fathead!"

"The fellow's a nasty, sneering beast," said Bunter. "What he wants is a jolly good kicking, see? It does a rotter good to kick him!"

"Think so?" asked Harry.

"Yes, old chap," said Bunter eagerly. "When a fellow's a rotter, what he wants is to be kicked, and jolly hard. You do it!"

"I will!" assented Wharton. "Turn round!"

"Eh?"

Wharton grasped the fat Owl by the shoulders and slewed him round. Bunter roared.

"Wharrer you up to, you silly ass? What?"

"Didn't you say it does a rotter good to kick him? Well, that's what I'm going to do!" Wharton drew back his foot. "Stand steady!"

"Beast!" yelled Bunter.

Billy Bunter did not stand steady. He flew out of Study No. 1 like a stone from a catapult, and Wharton's boot swept the empty air!

fellow cross. Coker had been chased across country by his own pup; he had had to take refuge on top of a fence till that pup went in quest of fresh fields and pastures new, and he had arrived at Greyfriars minus the pup—and very glad indeed to be minus that pup!

Where the bull-pup was now Coker did not know, and did not care. He only hoped that he would never see him again. Coker was not worrying about the loss of that valuable animal—such a loss really was to be counted a gain.

But the whole thing had been annoying. Quelch had complained to Prout. Coker's Form-master. Prout had "jawed" Coker, and given him a heavy imposition to begin the term with. And Coker, somehow, in the depths of his powerful brain, worked it out that it was all Jim Warren's fault.

The new senior had cheeked him more than once on the way to school. And a lot of fellows had been saying how jolly plucky it was of Warren to tackle that ferocious bull-pup and save Quelch from being bitten. Quelch had thanked him, and complained of Coker. Coker felt bitter about it all. Punching the new fellow's head seemed to Coker the only possible solace to his wounded feelings.

"They've stuck that fellow in my Form," Coker told Potter and Greene. He spoke as if the Fifth Form at Greyfriars was his personal property. "We're going to have him in the Fifth!"

"Eh? What fellow?" asked Potter.

"That new tick—I think his name's Warren."

"Eh? Oh, yes—plucky chap!" said Potter. "Shut up, old fellow—Wingate's speaking!"

"If you want to listen to Wingate and not to me, George Potter—"

"Well, dash it all, he's talking about the footer."

"Fat lot he knows about footer!" said Coker disdainfully. "Oh, there's the cheeky tick!" He spotted a fair head among a group of Fifth Formers. Jim Warren seemed to be already making friends in his Form, and he was chatting away cheerily with Fitzgerald, Blundell, Bland, Hilton, and several more of the Fifth. "I'd better speak to him now."

Potter grabbed one of Coker's arms and Greene the other.

"For goodness' sake, don't kick up a row in Hall, Coker!" breathed Potter. "And look here, you might think that new chap, I think—"

"Thank him!" gasped Coker.

"Well, you'd have got into a fearful row if that tripehound of yours had bitten Quelch; and Warren stopped him—"

"Don't be an ass, Potter! The dog would have been all right if that cheeky ass had let it alone!"

"Oh crickey!" said Greene. "Look here, Coker, if you kick up a row in Hall, the prefects will boot you out!"

"I'd like to see them do it!" said Coker, with a warlike look.

Still, on second thoughts, proverbially the best. Coker decided not to kick up a row in Hall. Warren would keep. He had, so to speak, kept already most of the day, and he would keep a little longer.

But Coker kept an eye on him. When, shortly before supper, he went out of Hall with some of the Fifth, Coker walked out after him.

Blundell, the captain of the Fifth, seemed to have taken quite a fancy to the new man, and he was showing him

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THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Coker on the War-path!

COKER of the Fifth, in Hall that evening, wore a gloomy frown.

Coker was cross.

No doubt Coker's adventures with the bull-pup might have made any

round. He showed him the 'games study'—the room at the end of the Fifth Form passage which the Fifth used as a Common-room. Coker was glad to see them get there. It was exactly the spot for dealing with that cheeky new blighter, without masters or prefects barging in.

"This is the games study," Blundell was saying in the doorway of that apartment, when Coker arrived and tapped Warren on the shoulder from behind.

Jim Warren glanced round.

"Hallo!" he said genially. "Want anything?"

"I want you!" said Coker grimly. "You cheeked me in the train. I think I told you I'd see you about it at Greyfriars. I'm not the fellow to stand cheek from a new tick. I'm going to punch your nose!"

"Look here, Coker—" began Potter.

"Shut up, Potter!"

"I say, Coker—" began Greene.

"Shut up, Greene!"

Jim Warren was regarding Coker with a smile. He was as tall as Coker, but much slimmer; not nearly so burly or beefy or heavy as the great Horace. Still, Horace's wrath did not seem to alarm him.

"You're going to punch my nose?" he queried.

"Yes, I jolly well am!"

"Well, get on with it, then!"

"Look here, Coker, you quarrelsome ass—" began Blundell angrily.

"Oh, let him rip!" said Warren. "I can see that he won't be happy till he gets it! Waiting, Coker!"

He approached his smiling face quite close to Coker, rather to Horace's surprise. Really, he seemed to want his nose punched.

Horace was not the fellow to disappoint him if he did! Horace Coker lifted a fist that closely resembled a leg of mutton in shape and size, and punched.

But the punch did not reach home! Warren's hand came up like lightning, catching Coker's wrist with a sharp rap.

Coker's leg-of-mutton fist was knocked high into the air, much to his surprise. He gave a yelp of pain.

"Ow!"

Coker clasped his right wrist with his left hand. If Jim Warren had wanted to put in any nose-punching, the surprised Horace was quite at his mercy. But he did not seem to want to. He only smiled—and so did all the other fellows at hand.

"By gum!" breathed Coker.

He charged, landing out with both fists at once. Coker was not really a bad-tempered chap. He had been prepared to punch this cheeky fellow's nose, and let it go at that. Now he was really wrathful! He was going to thrash him. Nothing short of thrashing the fellow would satisfy Coker now.

So he charged, hitting out. Again Jim Warren's hands moved like lightning. Neither of Coker's big, lashing fists reached him. Both were swept into the air.

Carried onward by the impetus of his charge, Coker crashed on the new senior, chest to chest.

Instantly two arms whipped round him and held him.

"Oooogh!" gasped Coker breathlessly.

He struggled frantically. But the two arms held him like a steel vice. He could not break that grip; he could only wriggle in it wildly and gasp for breath.

Warren's face, only a few inches from Coker's red and wrathful countenance, smiled at him.

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"Go it!" said Warren cheerily. "I'm waiting for you to punch my nose, old bean! Get on with it!"

"Ow!" gasped Coker. "Leggo!"

He wrenched wildly. But he was held in a grasp that squeezed nearly all the breath out of his burly, beefy frame. There was a chortle from the fellows in the games study, in the passage, and on the landing. They found this quite entertaining.

"Oooogh!" gasped Coker. "Oooogh!"

Suddenly his feet were swept from under him. He found himself sitting on the floor. He sat there with a heavy bump!

Jim Warren smiled down at him.

Coker sat and gasped for breath.

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

"Ow!" gasped Coker. "I—I'll smash him! I—I'll spicicate him! I—I'll pulverise him! I'll—oooogh!"

"Why not call it a day, old bean?" suggested Warren blandly. "There's nothing to row about!"

"Urrgh! I'll jolly well show you!"

"After all, I'm the offended party!" said Warren. "It was you made faces at me in the train. I didn't make any at you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I'll smash you!" gurgled Coker. He scrambled wildly to his feet. "I'll jolly well smash you into small pieces! I'll—I'll—"

Without wasting further breath on explaining what he was going to do, Coker proceeded to do it. At least, he proceeded to attempt to do it—which was rather a different matter. He hurled himself headlong at the new senior.

Jim Warren gave ground a few steps—and Coker charged on. Suddenly the new fellow side-stepped and gave Coker a gentle tap as he barged past.

Coker, flaming, spun round on him, charging and barging.

There were loud chuckles and chortles from the gathering crowd. The news—and the noise—of the fight brought fellows to the spot from far and near. Removites, Fourth, and Shell gathered, as well as Fifth, and this entertainment.

And an entertainment it was! The fact that Warren could box was as clear as the fact that Coker couldn't! Coker had heaps of beef and tons of pluck. He handed out smashing blows—terrific smashes, which would have done a lot of damage had they hit anything but the empty air. Luckily, that was all they landed on. But with great determination and persistence, Coker went on punching space—till he was so spent and breathless that he had hardly a punch left in him.

Jim Warren had not been hit at all! Coker had only had a few taps—Warren was willing to let him wear himself out, which Coker, of course, did with great energy. The chuckles and chortles had grown into roars of laughter by this time.

"Good as a show, isn't it?" grinned the Bouncer, who had come along with a dozen Remove fellows to look on.

"Better!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"The betterfulness is terrific!" chortled Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"That esteemed new person, whose honourable name I do not know, is a preposterous good boxer!"

"I say, you fellows, that's Warren!" said Billy Bunter. "He's rather a beast, really—grabbing a fellow's ear—"

"Warren!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, in astonishment. "If that's Warren, he's not much like Wharton's description of him!"

"It's Warren, all right!" said the fat Owl.

"Well, my hat!" Bob Cherry poked Potter of the Fifth in the ribs. "I say, Potter, is that new chap named Warren?"

"Eh! Yes."

"James Warren?" asked Bob.

"Yes! Shut up!" said Potter.

"Hallo! There goes poor old Coker!" chortled Johnny Bull.

It was merely a tap that Coker received on his nose. But he was so spent by this time with his charging and his barging, his smashing and his crashing, that he toppled over, and rolled on the landing. He rolled—sat up—and rolled again—gasping helplessly for breath.

Blundell, of the Fifth, grinning, tapped Warren on the arm. The new fellow had not turned a hair.

"Come on!" said the captain of the Fifth; and Jim Warren smiled, and went into the games study with him.

Coker sat up again. Potter and Greene kindly took him by the arms and lifted him to his feet.

The great Horace sagged in their helping hands. He stared round at a crowd of grinning faces.

"Where's that tick?" he gasped.

"Gone!" grinned Potter. "All right, old man—you did jolly well—hem—"

"Gone, is he?" gasped Coker.

"Well, if he's had enough, I dare say I can let him off with that!"

"Eh?"

"I said I'd lick him," said Coker, "and I've licked him—"

"You've whatted?" gasped Potter.

"Licked him!"

"Oh! Ah! Yes! All right! Come and bathe your nose, old chap!" gasped Potter. "It—it needs it a bit! Come on!"

Coker, gasping and panting, was led away by his friends. He did not quite understand the roar of laughter that followed him from the crowd on the landing.

"Licked him!" gurgled Bob Cherry. "Coker's licked him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Only Coker supposed that he was victor in that scrap. Still, that made it all right for Coker; and Horace was satisfied.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Impostor

"WARREN!"

"Yes."

"Not that chap?"

"Yes."

Harry Wharton gazed at his friends in amazement.

Wharton had heard that there was a fight on in which Warren, the new fellow in the Fifth, was mixed up.

From his experience of James Warren, at Warren Croft, he was not surprised to hear that he was in a scrap already; but he was not curious to see him at it, and he had not joined the crowd on the landing. His friends came downstairs and found him in the Rag, and told him. And when they mentioned that Warren was the fellow who had rescued Mr. Quelch from the festive bull-pup, Harry Wharton could only stare.

He had noticed that fair-haired fellow several times on the way to school. It had never occurred to him that the fellow's name was Warren.

(Continued on page 28.)

THE FLYING SUBMARINE!



"We are sinking fast!" That message had been flashed from the enemy fleet, and now terror and confusion reigned as panic-stricken men fought like maddened animals for the boats.

The Spies!

IVAN POSKA was not a nice piece of work. Neither was his pal, Olek. As a matter of fact, they were a pair of swarthy, under-sized, ferrety-faced individuals in the pay of the great Baltic power which was on the eve of declaring war against Britain.

They kept that fact to themselves, however, when renting the little thatched bungalow which stood by itself on the sandhills near Sandwich Bay.

They were, they told the mild-mannered and unsuspecting house agent in Sandwich, a couple of artists; and, having got the bungalow at a ridiculously low figure, they moved in and settled down to business—which was not painting or sketching, but the watching of Captain Lawless and the two Abbotscourt schoolboys, Carson and Cribb, who were helping Lawson in his lone fight against the aforementioned Baltic power.

The British Admiralty and War Office knew that unless some miracle happened war was certain, and had it not been for the sake of weaker countries, who must inevitably be drawn into the struggle, Britain would have thrown down the gauntlet long before this, and forced the enemy to come out into the open.

As it was, Britain contented herself with taking every precaution against attack, fervently hoping, for the sake of humanity at large, that this Baltic power would not be so criminally foolish as again to plunge the world into the desperate throes of bitter warfare.

Captain Lawless, assisted by Carson and Cribb, was fighting a grim battle against the whole might of the enemy, and so successfully had he interfered with their plans that they had placed a price on his head, dead or alive.

What the enemy particularly wanted was to get hold of the flying submarine which Lawless had designed and built. They also wished to obtain possession of other mysterious inventions which they knew existed in Lawless' laboratory at Sandwich Bay. Hence the presence at the bay of the two pseudo artists.

It was one evening about a week after the precious pair had taken up residence that Poska, clutching his easel, and stuttering with excitement, rushed into the bungalow where Olek was partaking of a late tea, consisting of a raw onion, leathery cheese, and a hunk of bread.

"Th-they've gone!" yelped Poska. "Who have?" demanded Olek.

In company with his schoolboy assistants, Carson and Cribb, Captain Lawless is fighting a grim battle against the whole might of an enemy organisation whose one aim is to bring about the downfall of Britain and her Empire!

"Lawless and the two schoolboys," babbled Poska, tumbling his drawing things on to the table. "The house-keeper went off this afternoon in the bus which runs to Sandwich Station. She was all dressed up, and had her bag with her. Then this evening Lawless and the two boys went off in their car after pulling down all the blinds and locking up the house."

"Then you'd better get into Sandwich and report this at once by telephone," said Olek. "You've no idea where they've gone, I suppose?"

"How do you expect me to know where they've gone?" snarled Poska. "I couldn't go and ask them, could I? Anyway, we'll be able to have a good look round their laboratory to-night."

"You don't think it's a trap?" said Olek dubiously.

"Of course it isn't a trap!" retorted Poska scornfully. "Lawless has never suspected us. Well, I'll get off into Sandwich. Have some supper ready for me when I get back!"

Poska set off on his old pedal cycle, bumping and bouncing over the sandhills until he reached the road which led into Sandwich.

Nearly two hours had elapsed before he returned, and by that time dusk was deepening into night.

"Well, I reported everything to Nikola," he said, sitting down to the cheese, onion, and bread which was to serve him for supper. "Nikola was angry because I could not tell him where Lawless was going; but, as I pointed out to the fool, I couldn't go and ask Lawless."

"No, of course not," agreed Olek. "What are we to do? Did Nikola say?"

"Yes, we are to break into Lawless' house to-night," replied Poska, "and have a good look round. Particularly in the laboratory. Nikola says he does not think we will find anything, because Lawless is very cunning, and is not likely to have left anything. But it will do no harm to have a look round."

Towards midnight, with black felt hats pulled well down over their eyes and the collars of their dark jackets turned up, the pair set off across the darkened sand-dunes with the intention of breaking into Lawless' house in order to have a look round.

They effected an entry easily enough through the kitchen window, but, bearing in mind what had happened to a

previous raiding party in that same house, they each adjusted a gas mask before clambering through the window and dropping into the kitchen.

Cautiously, and with drawn automatics in their hands, Poska and Olek moved from room to room on the ground floor. Finding nothing of importance, they ascended the stairs.

A search of the bed-rooms proved equally fruitless, so they ascended the narrow staircase leading up to the laboratory, which occupied almost the whole of the top story of the house.

The door was locked, but a jemmy splintered it open easily enough. Stepping gingerly into the laboratory, the two spies noted with satisfaction that the double red and blue blinds had been left drawn down over the windows.

"I don't think we ought to risk switching the light on," said Poska, the beam of his torch shining on serried rows of bottles, phials, and retorts as he prowled about. "Hallo, here's the safe!"

"If there's anything of importance in the place," remarked Olek, "it'll be in there. It's locked, of course?"

"Yes, it's locked," assented Poska, straightening up from trying the handle; "but I'll soon have it open!"

Drawing from his pocket a small carton, Poska shook into the palm of his hand a tiny black cylinder of high explosive with a fuse attached.

Thrusting the cylinder into the key-hole, he applied a match to the fuse. Then he and his pal hastily retreated to the end of the laboratory.

A few moments later there came a muffled explosion, and, its lock shattered, the heavy door of the safe swung slowly open.

Hurrying forward, the two spies crouched down in front of the safe and eagerly shone their torches into the interior, which was empty, save for one or two packages of papers and a small, square cardboard box, tied with string and sealed.

"What's in here, I wonder?" said Poska, picking up the box after he had crammed all the papers into the pocket of his jacket.

"Be careful how you handle it," warned Olek. "I have told you that that scoundrel Lawless is not above setting a trap for us."

Gingerly Poska cut the string of the box and raised the lid with the scared air of one who thinks he might be blown to pieces any moment.

"What on earth is it?" he demanded blankly, as having got the lid off the box, he stared at the object disclosed.

Olek, also staring, shook his head helplessly.

"I don't know what it is," he confessed.

The object, which was encased in thick cottonwood, had the appearance of a small glass ball about the size of a ping-pong ball. It was filled with some colourless liquid.

"I bet if I dropped this," said Poska fearfully, "we'd be blown to atoms!"

"Well, don't drop it, then," counselled Olek hastily. "I also think it is a high explosive, so be very careful how you handle it. We'll take it away with us, of course?"

"Yes," agreed Poska, replacing the lid and handling the box to his pal. "You carry it."

"No, thanks!" replied Olek, backing quickly away. "You keep it!"

"Well, I'm not afraid," said Poska, with bravado. "But I will walk carefully. Yes, very carefully indeed!"

Finding nothing else in the laboratory of sufficient interest to take away with them, the two spies eventually quitted the room. Descending to the ground floor, they let themselves out the way they had got in.

"The moment we get back to the bungalow," said Poska, "I'll get my bicycle, ride into Deal, and ring up Nikola."

"But it is rather late to do that," protested Olek. "We must not arouse anyone's suspicions."

"You needn't worry about that," replied Poska. "If I can't find a public call box I will knock up an hotel and say that I want to telephone through to London urgently as my friend, who is an invalid, has taken a turn for the worse and requires his London doctor immediately."

"That sounds a very excellent excuse to me," said Olek admiringly. "You are a splendid liar, Ivan!"

"Yes," agreed Poska smugly, "I know I am!"

The Antidote!

HAVING cycled along the Royal Cinque Ports golf links into Deal, with more than one fall to shake him up owing to the bumpy going and the jumping of his old-fashioned bicycle lamp, Poska eventually located a public telephone call box and got through to London.

What he actually said over the line matters little, as he spoke a jargon and a code all his own. But soon he was hastening back to the bungalow on the sand-hills, and so great was his speed that twice he pedalled rapidly into a bunker, describing a somersault before landing on his neck in the soft and yielding sand.

The second time Poska buckled the wheel of his bike, and, leaving it propped behind one of the golf club tool-sheds, he completed the remainder of the journey on foot.

"Nikola was most interested in the things we found in the safe," he reported to Olek. "He is sending a fast car at once to pick them up and have them conveyed to London for examination. We are to wait for the car on the road at the Bay in two hours' time."

The two spies were there waiting at the appointed time and, as the first grey light of the coming dawn was streaking the eastern sky, a powerful automobile roared along the road towards them and came to a slithering stop near where they were standing.

A few moments later, the car had turned and was thundering back towards London, bearing with it the contents of Lawless' safe.

Before two hours had passed, the car swung into a quiet road in Hampstead and, purring up a wide and well-kept drive, glided to a halt in front of the massive porticoed entrance of a large house.

This was the residence of Dr. Narym, one of the most brilliant scientists of the day and a man whom none suspected of being in league with the foreign power which was plotting the downfall of Britain and her Empire.

But Dr. Narym was in league with them, right in up to the neck. Closeted in his laboratory with the lean and

saturnine Nikola, he curiously turned over in his fingers the small glass-like sphere taken from Lawless' safe.

"It contains a fluid of some description," he said. "I will analyse it at once and let you know the result."

"Yes, please. Ring me up at my office," said Nikola. "I shall be there until six o'clock this evening."

Nikola departed, and it was at mid-day that the expected call came through for him from Dr. Narym.

"I want you to come here at once," said the scientist.

Nikola scarce recognised his voice. "Have you discovered what the fluid is?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes, I have discovered what it is"—how very strange Narym's voice sounded, thought Nikola. "You must come at once!"

"But the fluid?" pressed Nikola eagerly. "What is it?"

Slowly came the answer, and as he listened, Nikola's fingers clenched tightly on the receiver and the blood drained from his face.

"It is death in the most dreadful form. It has killed me!"

"What?" choked Nikola. "Listen—listen. Hallo, hallo, there—"

But the line was dead.

Slamming down the receiver, Nikola leapt from his chair.

"Get me a taxi!" he blazed at his staring secretary. "Now—quickly, you fool!"

Long before the dumbfounded secretary had recovered from his astonishment, Nikola was being whirled through the busy City traffic en route for Hampstead.

"Dr. Narym—is he in?" he panted to the butler who answered his frenzied ring. "I—I mean, is he all right?"

"Why, yes, sir, certainly, sir," stammered the butler. "At least, I—I do not think he is indisposed!"

Nikola pushed past the butler, and was about to run upstairs to the laboratory, when the man spoke again.

"Dr. Narym is in the library, sir," he said.

Nikola did not wait to be announced. Walking swiftly along the hallway, he thrust open the library door and stood staring at Dr. Narym who, in neat morning dress, was standing with his back to the fire.

"You're all right, then?" exclaimed Nikola hoarsely.

"Come in and close the door," said Narym.

Nikola did so, but as he advanced towards the doctor he suddenly stopped short, staring at the bandages on Dr. Narym's hands.

"Your hands!" he exclaimed.

"What has happened?"

"It was the fluid," said Dr. Narym calmly. "It is a deadly corrosive. That was not glass it was contained in, but a congealed solution of some other silicates. It ate through my crucibles and retorts as though they were paper. It is now eating my work-bench and flooring away. I got some on my fingers. It is eating them away."

"But are you not in agony?" gasped Nikola.

Narym shook his head.

"No," he replied. "The fluid is an anesthetic as well as a corrosive. I feel no pain."

"But is there no antidote?" asked Nikola.

"None that I know of at the moment," answered Dr. Narym steadily. "I will be fortunate if I find one. I asked you here merely to let you see for yourself how deadly this fluid is, and to warn you that you must obtain possession of the formula without a moment's delay!"

At Borgen Island!

IT was a grey-faced Nikola who called at the office of Piduski, the financier, that same afternoon.

Posing as a good and hearty friend of England this fat and hook-nosed Piduski was chairman of the Chrysanthemum Club, an organisation which had for its object the secret furthering of the enemy's plans.

"Dr. Narym is seriously injured!" said Nikola abruptly, when he was closeted alone with Piduski.

He plunged at once into an account of the whole shocking affair. As head of the enemy espionage system in this country, it was evident that he felt his position keenly.

"I am convinced that Lawless left the stuff in his safe as a deliberate trap," he concluded, "and we, fools that we are, have walked blindly into the trap, with the result that poor Narym is now incapacitated."

"Where is Lawless?" demanded Piduski furiously. "Don't you realise, man, that this cursed fluid is as great a menace to us as that flying submarine?"

"Yes, I quite realise that," replied Nikola heavily. "But, frankly, Lawless has given us the slip, and I have not the slightest idea where he is."

As a matter of fact, at that precise moment Captain Lawless, off the mouth of the Tyne, was putting his flying submarine through its final tests, after a thorough overhaul in one of the riverside dockyards.

With him were Carson and Cribb and his crew of three.

This latter trio was a study in contrasts. There was the diminutive Jobson, a sharp-featured little Cockney, who could fight like a tiger, as well as being a first-class seaman; there was the big and stolid Joe Hamish, iron-muscled and an amazingly skilful engineer; and, lastly, there was the dark, slim, and debonair Mr. Brims, whose knowledge of navigation was second to none.

Afternoon was merging into dusk when, her tests satisfactorily completed, the flying submarine cruised well out to sea. The drone of her motors rose to a high, pulsating hum, and as she tore forward across the water, leaving a long line of creaming foam in her wake, her short metal wings unfolded and she bored up into the shadowy sky.

Eastwards she flew, climbing higher and higher, until at twenty thousand feet she was humming through space like a bullet.

Steadily dusk deepened into night, and it was six hours later when, under cover of darkness, with motors shut off, the flying submarine came gliding down, to land on the sea near the Aland Isles, where the waters of the Baltic join those of the Gulf of Bothnia.

Silently the metal wings folded back, and, as the submarine gradually lost way, to lie, riding easily, on the swell, Captain Lawless turned away from the control-wheel, and beckoned to his five companions.

"If our reckoning is correct," he said, "we are within five miles of

Borgen Island, where these confounded foreigners have established a new naval base. They have twelve battle cruisers, thirty destroyers, and three aircraft carriers mustered there. They sail south-westwards at dawn to cruise in the North Sea."

Carson and Cribb were already aware of this; but it was news to the crew.

"And we're going to stop 'em, sir, eh?" said the alert little Jobson quickly.

"We're not only going to stop 'em, Jobson," said Lawless grimly, "we're going to sink as many of them as we can!"

Captain Lawless proceeded to explain, talking swiftly and earnestly. When he had concluded, the motors were started up, and cruising at periscope depth, the submarine commenced to glide forward through the water in the direction of Borgen Island.

There was no moon, but soon they saw ahead, in the big periscope mirror, the riding lights of the monster battleships which, unless they were put out of action once and for all, would, within a few weeks, be at death grips with the British Navy.

Silently the submarine surfaced, breaking water with scarce a ripple. The canvas dinghy was stealthily launched, and with strong Joe Hamish at the oars, and Lawless, Carson, and Cribb crouched in the sternsheets, it stole softly away from the black steel hull.

Beneath their greatcoats, Lawless and the two schoolboys were clad only in swimming costumes. Around the neck of each of them was slung a canvas bag, containing six deadly, fluid-filled spheres, similar to the one Poska had taken from Lawless' safe.

The nearest giant battleship was still a quarter of a mile away when Lawless said softly:

"This'll do, Joe!"

Obediently Joe shipped his oars, and from the pockets of their coats Lawless, Carson, and Cribb each drew a pair of gloves of thin and silvery metal as pliant and flexible as leather.

"We'll keep together," said Lawless, as the three of them gazed their coats, "and separate when we reach the ships. Ready?"

A few moments later the trio were swimming strongly through the darkened water in the direction of the anchored battleships.

It was when the first monster hull was towering up into the night above them that they separated, Cribb bearing away to the left and Carson to the right.

Reaching the next battleship in line, Carson silently trod water and groped gingerly in the canvas bag around his neck for one of the deadly spheres.

Handling the glass-like ball with the utmost care in his gloved hand, he swam in against the mighty iron hull and broke the little sphere against the bow plates just above the water-line.

Meanwhile, Cribb and Lawless, swimming silently as others in the darkness, were doing the same to the other anchored battleships and aircraft carriers.

None saw them, none for one instant suspected their presence, and within half an hour the three were heading back towards where Joe, seated in the dinghy, was sending out, at three-minute intervals, a low, guarded whistle, to indicate his position.

"Well, that's eighteen of them doomed!" said Lawless grimly, when they were back aboard the submarine. "The acid will eat downwards through

their plates, and the sea will dilute it sufficiently to retard the action long enough to enable them to sail without suspecting that anything is wrong."

Disaster!

DAWN was breaking over a cold, grey sea when the mighty fleet weighed anchor and steamed south-westwards towards the distant Skagerrak.

And away to starboard, far across the desolate sea, Lawless' flying submarine followed, with periscope awash.

Suddenly the fleet faltered. Destroyers turned, and, with water hurtling from their bows, dashed back towards the heavy battle cruisers. Wireless was crackling from every monster hull—crackling frantically from the flagship, Saratov, from the gigantic Ala Kul, from the aircraft carrier, Legna, and from her sister ship, Irish.

All reported the same:

"We are sinking fast by the bows!"

Sinking—yes, with an unbelievable rapidity, for the deadly acid had done its work during the night hours and the bumping, whanging seas had smashed in plates not already eaten away, and they were tumbling pell-mell into the doomed hulls.

Pumps, watertight bulkheads, and every safety device embodied in those fighting leviathans were useless, for the sea was pouring in along the whole length of the forward plates.

Nothing could save them, and strident orders were given to lower away the boats. Twelve battle cruisers, three aircraft carriers, and three destroyers all sinking in mid-ocean!

The scenes of terror and confusion begged description as panic-stricken men, forgetting discipline, forgetting everything but the horror of this ghastly disaster, fought like screaming, maddened animals to man the boats.

In the indescribable chaos of sinking ships and shrieking men, none saw the periscope of the flying submarine swiftly cleaving the water towards the scene.

"We'll give three or four of those destroyers a torpedo apiece," said Lawless grimly.

"Is it—is it necessary?" asked Carson unsteadily.

Lawless' eyes were steady. "It is more than necessary," he answered harshly. "Every ship sunk means a lessening of the menace of war. There will be enough craft left afloat to pick up all survivors."

Nikola, seated in his London office shortly after nine o'clock that same morning, heard the sudden raucous cry of a newsboy in the busy street below.

He listened, his face deathly in its pallor. In a trembling voice he bade his secretary go and bring in a newspaper. With shaking fingers he opened it when it was brought.

Great, flaring headlines confronted him.

"Terrible Naval Disaster in the Baltic, Foreign Fleet Sinks on Manœuvres."

Scarce comprehending what he read, Nikola scanned the hastily printed columns, for through the blur of the print he saw only the grim, relentless face of Captain Lawless!

("Deliver yourself and your flying submarine to us or your two schoolboy assistants will die!") That is the ultimatum received by Captain Lawless from Nikola. And his answer is—see next week's super-thrilling story!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,440.

UNDER FALSE COLOURS!

(Continued from page 24.)

Bunter's description of Warren as a "decent chap" had surprised him, and perhaps annoyed him a little.

That fair-haired fellow, certainly, looked a decent chap—and acted like one. But he was not Warren. At all events, he was not the James Warren that Wharton knew—the son of Sir Arthur Warren, of Warren Croft, who was booked to arrive at Greyfriars School that day.

"Can there be two fellows named Warren, coming on the same day, and both going into the Fifth?" exclaimed Wharton blankly.

"Hardly!" said Bob Cherry. "But he's nothing like Warren!" said Harry. "You've seen Warren, Inky, the chap who gave you that nose! Was he anything like that new chap?"

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh shook his head.

"That absurd and disgusting chap was nothing like this chap!" he answered. "He is not the same esteemed person."

"Well, that chap was James Warren, who was coming to Greyfriars to-day!"

"Then there must be two esteemed Warrens!" said the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Blessed if I make it out!" said Harry. "I was going to keep clear of Warren—but I think I'll go and speak to this chap! I'm blessed if I can begin to understand it."

Wharton left his friends in a state of complete mystification. James Warren was to come to Greyfriars that day—and James Warren had come—but not the same James Warren. What did it, and what could it mean?

Two fellows of the same name might conceivably come to the same school on the same day; but it seemed that only one had come, and that one the wrong one.

Wharton went up to the Fifth Form passage. Like a good many other fellows who had seen Jim Warren that day, Wharton had taken rather a liking to him on his looks—not thinking of him of course, as Warren. But—He wanted to know what it all meant.

He came on Hilton of the Fifth in the Fifth Form passage.

"Seen the new man, Warren?" he asked.

"Yes; they've put him in my study," answered Hilton. "Know him?"

"I met a chap named Warren yesterday who was coming here," answered Harry. "But that was at Warren Croft, in Surrey—"

"That's the chap!" said Hilton.

Wharton caught his breath.

"Did this chap come from Warren Croft?" he asked.

"Yes; his father's Sir Arthur Warren, a well-known Johnny in the Diplomatic line," answered Hilton. "My father knows him."

"His—his—his father's Sir Arthur Warren!" stammered Harry. His mind was in a state of blank wonder. "Is—is he in your study now, Hilton?"

"Yes, he's there with Price, fixing things up."

Hilton walked away, and Wharton, feeling almost dazed, went on to Study No. 4 in the Fifth Form passage.

What did it mean?

He knew James Warren, the son of Sir Arthur Warren, of Warren Croft, only too well. He remembered the low brow, pug nose, the small eyes, the square chin; the overbearing manner, of that disagreeable youth, very clearly indeed. This fellow Warren was nothing like him. There was, perhaps, a touch of squareness in the fair-haired fellow's chin; but that was his only resemblance, if any, to Sir Arthur's son. He was not the same fellow—that was an absolute certainty! Yet, it seemed he had arrived at Greyfriars School, calling himself James Warren, son of Sir Arthur Warren, of Warren Croft. James had no brother—Colonel Wharton had mentioned that he was an only son! Who, then, was this fellow?

Wharton tapped at the door of Study No. 4.

"Trot in!"

A pleasant voice called out—the voice of the fair-haired fellow.

Harry opened the door and stepped in.

Price, of the Fifth, was in the study with the new fellow. He gave the junior a stare.

But Wharton did not even notice Price. His eyes fixed on the handsome, pleasant face of the fair-haired senior.

"I—I wanted to speak to Warren!" stammered Harry. He hardly knew what to say, he was so confused and bewildered.

It seemed impossible to think of trickery, of treachery, of a rascally imposture, in connection with that pleasant, frank-looking fellow! Yet it was as certain as anything could be, that he was not James Warren, of Warren Croft.

"Go ahead!" said the fair-haired senior.

"You're Warren?" stammered Harry.

"Yes."

"James Warren?"

"Usually called Jim!" said Warren, with a smile.

"But your name's James?"

"Oh, yes!"

"You don't know that Remove fag, Warren?" asked Price.

"Haven't that honour!" said Warren, with a smile. "I saw him on the train coming down, that's all. A friend of yours, I think, grabbed my hat!" added Warren glancing at Wharton.

"You—you don't know me!" stammered Wharton.

"Sorry, no! Who may you happen to be?" asked Warren.

"My name's Wharton!"

"Wharton! Oh, I remember! That fat tick told me that Wharton thought me rather a rotter! You the Wharton who thinks me rather a rotter?"

"I—I—I—"

"Much obliged," said Jim Warren, laughing. "But if you've come here to tell me so, you'll take a thick ear away with you, kid. So don't."

"Look here," gasped Wharton. "I've just been speaking to Hilton—he says you came from Warren Croft?"

"That's right."

"That's Sir Arthur Warren's place, near Wharton Lodge, in Surrey."

"Oh, we're neighbours at home, are we?" said Jim Warren.

"Yes—if you're Sir Arthur Warren's son!" said Harry.

"Well, as we're neighbours at home, I'm fearfully sorry that we can't be pals at school," said Jim Warren.

Wharton stood looking at him.

Jim Warren, whistling, turned away. He seemed to have done with the junior.

Price pointed to the door.

"Hook it, Wharton!" he said. "Don't be a young ass! You can't come bothering a Fifth Form man, because your people are neighbours at home."

Harry Wharton left the study without saying another word.

He went, bewildered. James Warren, of Warren Croft, was a bully and a brute, and Wharton disliked him intensely. This Jim Warren looked a very decent fellow, and Wharton liked him. But—

But he made out that he was the other James Warren. And he was not.

Whatever his name was, he was not the fellow that he pretended to be. He had come to Greyfriars School under false colours—he was an impostor, though Harry Wharton was the only fellow at Greyfriars who knew it. And—what had happened to the real James Warren to keep him away from the school, and leave a free field to the fellow who had borrowed his name and identity?

Harry Wharton went down the passage with his brain in a whirl.

THE END.

(A grand opening story of a ripping new series—what? Be sure you read next Saturday's yarn featuring this amazing new boy—Jim Warren. It's entitled: "THE SPY OF THE FIFTH!" and you'll vote it tip-top!)



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