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No. 1  
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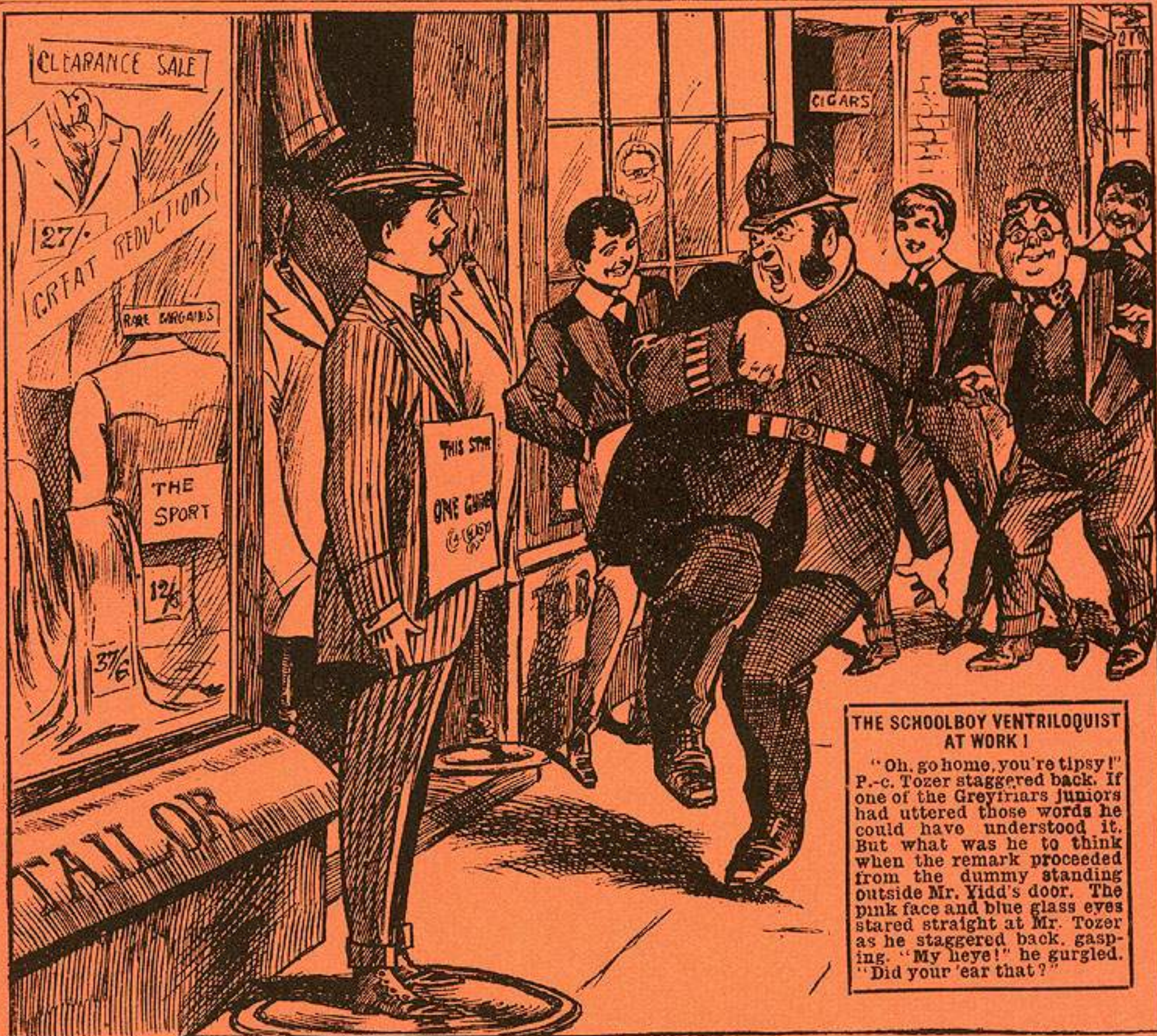
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when the remark proceeded  
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outside Mr. Yidd's door. The  
pink face and blue glass eyes  
stared straight at Mr. Tozer  
as he staggered back, gasping.  
"My heye!" he gurgled.  
"Did your 'ear that?"

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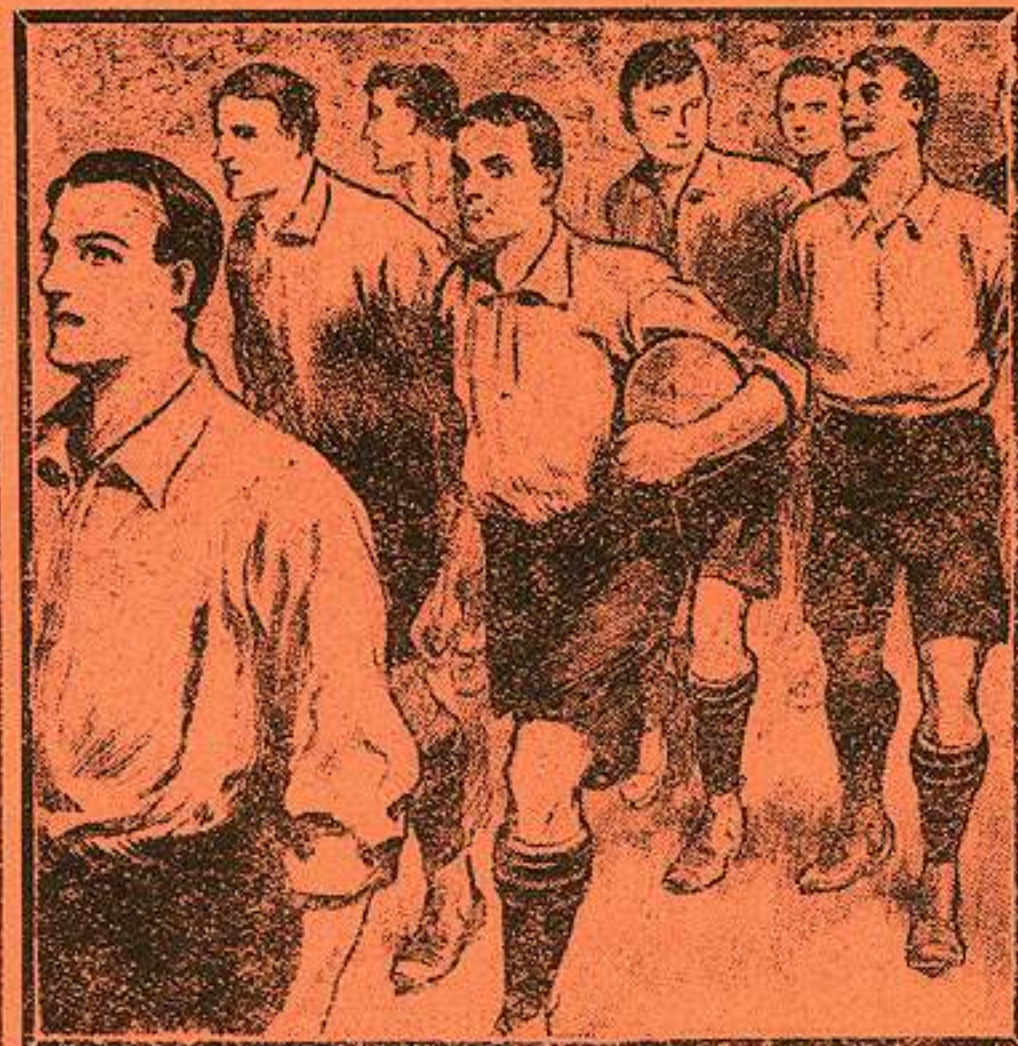


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**HARRY WHARTON & CO.**  
AT GREYFRIARS.

By **FRANK RICHARDS.**

### THE FIRST CHAPTER. Discovered at Last!

"WHERE'S my pipe?"

It was Bob Cherry's voice that asked the question. Billy Bunter, of the Remove, simply jumped. He was passing the door of No. 1 Study in the Remove passage at Greyfriars. The door was half open, and Bunter clearly heard what was said in the study. Billy Bunter was afflicted with short sight, but his hearing was keen enough; in fact, too keen, many of the Remove fellows considered. It was amazing how many things Bunter contrived to hear that did not concern him in the least.

"You fellows seen my pipe?"

Bunter gasped. There was no mistake about it! His ears might have deceived him the first time, but not the second time. Bob Cherry, of the Remove, was asking for his pipe! Not a common or garden cigarette, not even a cigar—but a pipe!

"Oh, my aunt!" murmured Bunter, his little, round eyes gleaming behind his big spectacles. "I've bowled 'em out, have I! The awful spoofers!"

Bunter paused outside the study door, and blinked in through the opening. It was natural that Billy Bunter should be indignant. Smoking among the juniors was strictly forbidden at Greyfriars, and all the best fellows were themselves against

it. Harry Wharton, the captain of the Remove, had himself bumped Billy Bunter for sampling a cheap cigarette behind the woodshed. Study No. 1 were supposed to be "up against" anything of the sort. And here was Bob Cherry, in Study No. 1, asking for his pipe!

"I wish I could find that blessed pipe!" said Bob Cherry. "I shall want it this afternoon, when we're in the barn."

"Phew!" murmured Bunter. "Secret smoking in the barn! I'll jolly well—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, catching sight of the fat figure of Billy Bunter at the door. "Listening, as usual?"

Bunter rolled into the study.

"Certainly not!" he said indignantly. "I was just passing, and I happened to hear you say—"

"What a lot of things you happen to hear," said Harry Wharton, with a curl of the lip. "If you don't get out of the habit of it, you may happen to get a licking."

"May as well give him one now," suggested Frank Nugent, picking up a cricket-stump.

Bunter backed to the doorway.

"I say, you fellows——" he began.

"Outside!"

"I say, I know all about it!" said Billy Bunter. "I know Bob Cherry's got a pipe, and that you're going to the old barn this afternoon to smoke, you spoofing rotters! This is what



you mean by keeping up your goody-goody rot—you smoke yourselves on the quiet! I think it is my duty to inform Mr. Quelch!"

Wharton and Nugent and Bob Cherry stared blankly at the fat junior. Billy Bunter chuckled. He took their surprise for fear, and he felt that he was master of the situation.

"Don't be afraid," he said reassuringly; "I shall think over it. Perhaps I shall not give you away. I——"

Bob Cherry burst into a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the chums of the Remove.

Billy Bunter blinked at them angrily. He attributed the laughter to bravado, and he did not like it.

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at," he said. "If Mr. Quelch knew that you chaps were secret smokers, he would come down on you pretty heavy, I think. I shall consider whether it is my duty to inform him, to save you from the downward path. I don't like to see fellows on the road to ruin without making an effort to save them," said Bunter magnanimously.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Bunter, glowering at the hilarious Removites. "I'm expecting a postal-order this evening. If you chaps care to advance me ten bob on it, I will say nothing about this. One good turn deserves another. Of course, I shall hand the postal-order over to you immediately it comes."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, what are you going to do?" roared Bunter, puzzled by the continued merriment of the chums of the Remove.

"I'm going to kick you out of the study," said Bob Cherry.

"Oh, I say—ow!"

Bunter made a backward spring through the doorway, and landed upon a sturdy junior who was just coming in. It was Johnny Bull, a member of that select company of juniors known as the Famous Four. Johnny Bull grasped the Owl of the Remove by the collar, and bundled him into the study again, growling.

"You fat duffer! You've trod on my foot! Ow!"

"Oh, really, Bull, I'm sincerely sorry! I——"

"Groo!" said Johnny Bull, giving Billy Bunter a twist which caused him to sit down suddenly on the study carpet. "Go and eat coke! I've looked in to see if you fellows have got the things all ready for this afternoon."

"Nearly all," said Harry Wharton. "Bob's mislaid his pipe somewhere, that's all."

"Have to do without it, then," said Johnny Bull. "He can have a cigar."

"Oh, I'll find the pipe!" said Bob Cherry cheerily. "It's more in keeping, you know."

"I say, you fellows——"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "Bunter's found us out, Bull!"

"Found us out!" repeated Johnny Bull, in surprise. "What do you mean?"

"He's discovered that we're going to the old barn this afternoon for secret smoking," grinned Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Weird things you discover, by listening at keyholes, don't you?" said Nugent. "Bunter is a regular cough-drop at it. He thinks it is his duty to give us away to Mr. Quelch, unless we hand him over ten bob. Only on those terms will he be able to keep his tender conscience quiet."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter staggered up.

"You—you rotters!" he gasped, putting his spectacles straight on his fat little nose. "You awful rotters! I decline to let you cash my postal-order now! I refuse to accept a loan from you! It's no good pressing your money on me——"

"Who's pressing money on you, your fat fraud?" roared Harry Wharton.

"I decline to touch it! I will not be bribed! It is my duty, as a leading member of the Form, to inform Mr. Quelch or the Head of your disgraceful conduct! I am ashamed of

you!" yelled Bunter, blinking at the Famous Four with all the scorn he could throw into an emphatic blink.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You're a disgrace to the school! Yah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"This study isn't fit for a noble chap like Bunter to stay in," said Nugent. "Lend a hand, and we'll throw him out of temptation."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter squirmed towards the door. But Johnny Bull was in the way, and he grinned and laid violent hands upon Bunter. Wharton and Nugent and Bob Cherry had hold of him in another second. The fat junior was swung into the air in four pairs of strong hands. He gasped as he felt himself floating.

"Ow! Leggo! Groo! Help! Murder! Fire!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now chuck him against the wall opposite, as hard as you can," said Harry Wharton, with a wink to his comrades which Billy Bunter was both too shortsighted and too excited to see. "As hard as ever you can. Smash—bang!"

"Oh, don't!" shrieked Bunter. "You'll brain me! Ow!"

"Impossible! You haven't any brains."

"Yow-ow! Leggo! I—I won't tell about you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yah! Oh! Help! Fire! Oh!"

"One!" shouted Wharton.

"Ready!" chorused Johnny Bull and Nugent and Bob Cherry.

"Two!"

"Three!"

Billy Bunter was swung through the air, as if the juniors meant to hurl him against the wall on the opposite side of the passage. Instead of which, they lowered him gently to the floor, and went back into the study and closed the door. Billy Bunter, too terrified to realise that he was the victim of a little joke, was still shrieking.

"Help, help, help! Murder!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the voice of Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars, as he came running from the direction of the stairs. "What's the matter? What has happened? Bunter——"

"Ow! Help!"

"What's the matter with you?" roared the captain of Greyfriars angrily, stirring the fat junior with his foot. "You're not hurt!"

"Ow! They—they—were—oh—ow!"

"You fat idiot!" growled the prefect. "Stop that row, and don't bring me upstairs again for nothing, or you will get warmed. Get along!"

And Wingate applied his foot with such effect to Billy Bunter's fat person that the Owl of the Remove leaped up like a jack-in-the-box, and streaked along the Remove passage like a champion of the cinder-path. Wingate went downstairs again laughing, and Billy Bunter stopped at the end of the passage, gasping and groaning, and murmuring deep vows of vengeance upon the Famous Four and all their works.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### A Painful Duty—With Painful Results.

HARRY WHARTON & CO. were a minute late for classes that afternoon. The Remove—the Lower Fourth of Greyfriars—were all in their places, and Mr. Quelch, the Form-master, was at his high desk; and he turned a majestic frown upon the late arrivals as they came in. Mr. Quelch was punctuality itself, and, to his mind, being late for class was one of the seven deadly sins.

"Wharton! Nugent! Cherry! Bull! Hurree Singh!" he rapped out in turn. "You are late!"

"Yes, sir," said Harry Wharton penitently. "So sorry, sir. We were up in the study, and we didn't hear the bell."

"The sorrowfulness is terrific, sir," said Hurree Janset Ram Singh, the nabob of Bhanipur, in his weird English.

"I—I was looking for something I'd mislaid, sir," said Bob Cherry, "and I've only just found it, sir."

"Very well," said Mr. Quelch magnanimously. "Do not let it occur again. Procrastination is the thief of time. Go to your places."

"Yes, sir."

And the chums of the Remove went to their places. Billy Bunter blinked at them as they passed him. Bunter had been whispering with Snoop, the sneak of the Lower Fourth. Snoop nudged him as the Famous Four and the nabob sat down.

"Bob Cherry says he's found it, Bunt," he murmured.

"I heard him," said Billy Bunter.

"Then he's got it on him."

"Must have."

"Jolly good chance to show him up," whispered Snoop. "It's your duty, you know. Secret smoking is against all the rules."

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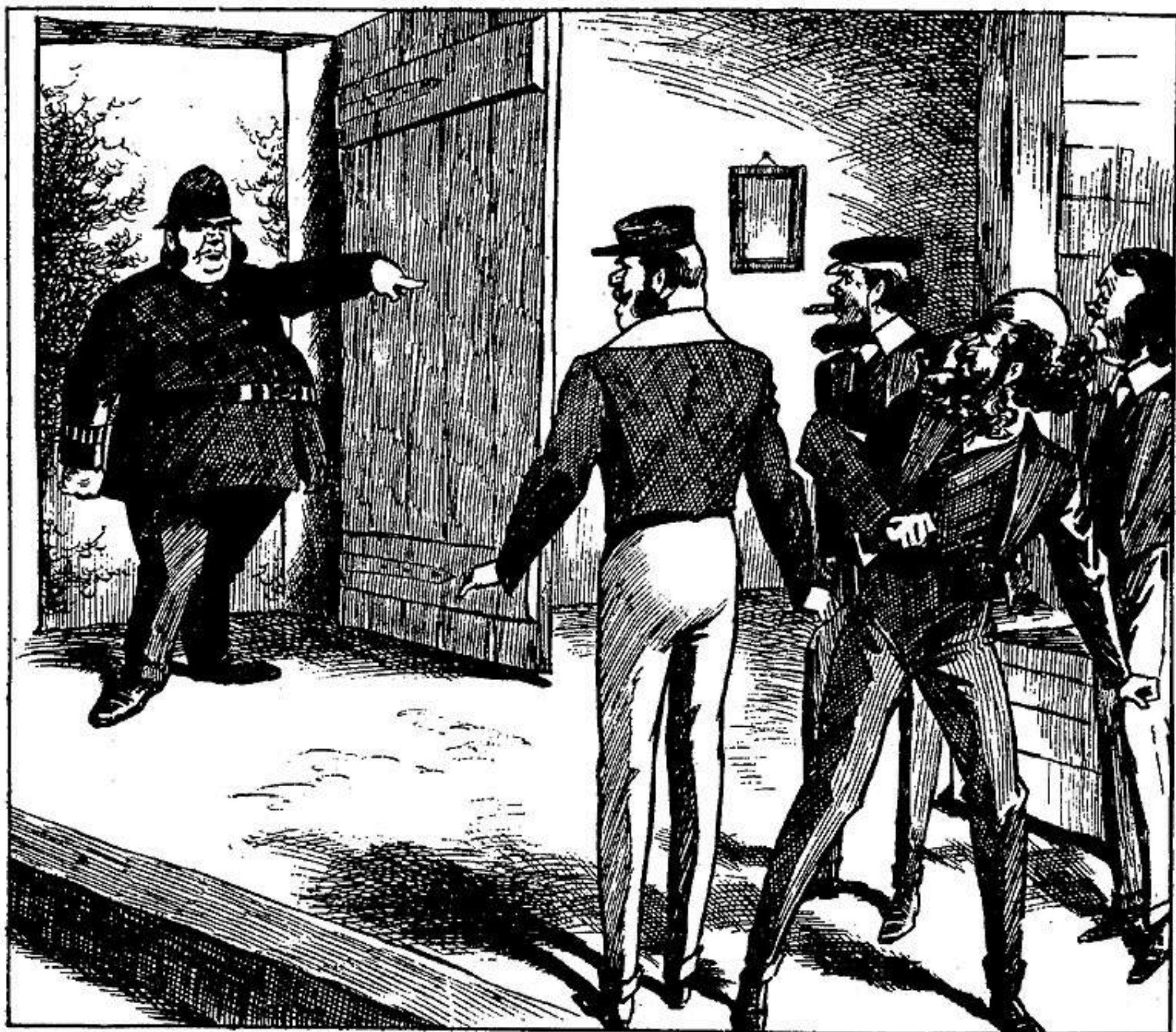
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Out on Friday!—THE PENNY POPULAR—Order To-day!





The juniors spun round as the doorway was darkened by the portly form of P.C.-Tozer. The village policeman's fat left hand was raised in dramatic denunciation. "Ho!" he roared in a powerful voice. "So I've caught you, 'ave I? Breaking the lor! Ho! Caught in the hact!" (See Chapter 3.)

And those chaps have always pretended to be down on it. Of course, I knew that they were spoofing. They ought to be shown up."

"So I think," said Bunter.

"It's your duty, you know."

"Ye-e-es."

Billy Bunter cogitated. He wanted to give the chums of the Remove away to their Form-master, but he was very doubtful how his information would be received. Mr. Quelch was not an encourager of sneaking. But Bunter felt that he had his duty to do; and he fortified his resolution with the recollection of various stories he had read, in which good little Georgie and good little William had earned an honourable distinction by telling tales about their schoolfellows. Billy Bunter rose in his place, with an expression of determination upon his fat features, and coughed.

Mr. Quelch's eyes were fixed upon him at once. Mr. Quelch's eyes were very keen, and had been popularly compared to gimlets. Never had they seemed so much like gimlets as they did to Bunter now. He coughed again, uncomfortably.

"Well, what is it, Bunter?" asked Mr. Quelch sharply.

"If you please, sir," said Bunter, "I have a very unpleasant duty to perform, sir."

"Indeed."

"I trust, sir, that you will—will understand that in speaking of this matter I am acting from the best motives, sir," said Bunter heroically. "If the other fellows look upon it as sneaking, I must try to bear it."

Mr. Quelch frowned.

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"If you are going to tell tales, Bunter, you may as well sit down," he said. "I do not approve of tale-bearing, as you very well know."

"Ye-es, sir. But this is a very serious matter. I have been shocked and disgusted, sir, and—and I think you ought to be aware of what is going on, sir. I regard it as my duty to tell you, sir."

"You may go on, Bunter."

"Some fellows in this Form are going out smoking after lessons, sir," said Bunter. "That's all. They've got pipes and cigars."

Mr. Quelch started.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed.

"It's true, sir. I won't mention any names, but if Bob Cherry turned out his pockets, I think you'd find a pipe on him."

The Removites chuckled. Bunter's way of not mentioning names was quite effective. Mr. Quelch turned his gimlet eyes upon Bob Cherry.

"Cherry!" he rapped out.

Bob Cherry stood up.

"Yes, sir," he said meekly.

"Is this true?"

"No, sir."

"Oh, really, Cherry," exclaimed Billy Bunter, "you know jolly well you and Wharton and the rest are going to the old barn this afternoon! You said you'd lost your pipe, and Bull suggested your having a cigar instead. You know he did."

Bob Cherry grinned.

"Turn out your pockets, Cherry!" said Mr. Quelch.

NEXT  
MONDAY:

"FOR HIS MOTHER'S SAKE!"

A Splendid Long Complete School Tale  
of Frank Nugent, by FRANK RICHARDS.



"Certainly, sir."

Boy Cherry turned out the contents of his pockets upon his desk. Necks were craned round upon all sides, and every eye in the Remove was fixed upon Bob Cherry. All sorts and conditions of articles were turned out of Bob Cherry's capacious pockets. There was a chunk of toffee, in which was embedded a penknife, and a ball of string, and a postage stamp, and a box of wax vestas, and a large pipe. There was a buzz from the Removites as the last-named article came into view. Mr. Quelch strode towards the junior, and his eyes gleamed as they were fixed upon the pipe.

There it was. There was not the slightest doubt about it. It was a pipe—a large pipe, with a well-browned bowl.

"Cherry!" gasped Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir."

"You said that Bunter's statement was untrue."

"So it is, sir."

"Then what are you doing with that pipe?"

"I was going to take it to the old barn with me, after lessons, sir," said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "No harm in that, sir, is there?"

"No harm!" thundered Mr. Quelch. "No harm! No harm in a boy of your age smoking a pipe, Cherry!"

"I wasn't going to smoke it, sir."

"Oh, really, Cherry—" murmured Bunter.

"Silence, Bunter! Do you mean to tell me, Cherry, that you were going to take this pipe out with you without the intention of smoking it?"

"Quite so, sir. I haven't any tobacco, for one thing; and I don't smoke, for another."

"Then why have you bought this pipe?"

"It's a prop, sir," said Bob Cherry.

Mr. Quelch stared.

"A—a what?" he exclaimed.

"A prop, sir—one of our theatrical props," explained Bob Cherry. "I'm a member of the Remove Dramatic Society, you see, sir, and we're going to do a rehearsal in the old barn after lessons. That pipe is part of my make-up as Captain Corker. The other chaps have got the other props in their pockets all ready. Bull's got the cigars; but they're only property cigars, sir."

"Show me the cigars, Bull!"

Johnny Bull grinned, and produced a couple of cigars from his pocket. They looked quite life-like, but on closer examination they were revealed as being manufactured of brown-paper, rolled up and gummed.

Mr. Quelch's stern face broke into a smile.

"What nonsense!" he exclaimed. "Put those things away! Bunter, you have made a very silly mistake!"

"Oh, sir!"

"If you had been a little more careful to ascertain the facts, instead of so eager to get your Form-fellows into trouble, you would not have wasted my time and your own," said Mr. Quelch sharply.

"I—I was only doing my duty, sir," said Bunter feebly.

"It was not your duty to make hasty and unfounded accusations against your Form-fellows," said the Remove-master. "You will take a hundred lines, Bunter."

Bunter jumped.

"Wh-a-a-at, sir?"

"You heard me, Bunter."

"B-b-but, sir, I—I was only doing my duty, sir—a very painful duty. And I don't believe them, sir. They're spoofing you."

"What!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"I—I mean they're taking you in, sir."

"Bunter!" Mr. Quelch's voice was quite terrific. "Have you, Bunter, so mean an opinion of your Form-master's intelligence that you imagine that he can be taken in, as you call it?"

"I—I—"

"Step out here, Bunter!" said Mr. Quelch, striding to his desk and picking up his cane.

"If you please, sir—"

"Are you coming, Bunter?"

Billy Bunter rolled out before the class. He was looking decidedly blue now. He had said it was a painful duty he had to perform, and evidently it was about to lead to painful results. The Remove looked on, grinning. They had no sympathy to waste upon a sneak.

"Hold out your hand, Bunter!"

"I—I—I—"

"Hold out your hand!" repeated Mr. Quelch, in a voice of thunder.

Bunter held out his fat hand.

Swish!

"Yaro-o-o-oh!"

"Now go back to your place, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch sternly, "and remember that it is base to tell tales, and may get yourself into trouble as well as others."

"Ow!" groaned Bunter.

And he went back to his place, and sat there squeezing his

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fat hand. And he made up his mind forthwith that he would never do his duty again as long as he lived. And as his ideas of duty were so peculiar, perhaps that was just as well.

## THE THIRD CHAPTER.

### Caught in the Act!

"NOT everything?" asked Bob Cherry as the juniors walked down the Form-room passage after lessons were over.

"I think so," said Harry Wharton. "I've got the beard and whiskers in my pockets. As for the clothes, we sha'n't want them, as it's not a dress rehearsal."

"Quite so," said Johnny Bull. "Let's get off before the fellows get round us asking us questions. We've had to let it out before all the Form now about the play, owing to that fat idiot Bunter."

"Yes. Come on!"

The Famous Four started for the gates. But the Remove were interested in what they had heard in the Form-room that afternoon. The Remove Dramatic Society was a very thriving concern, and all the juniors were interested in it. Whenever Harry Wharton & Co. thought of bringing out a new play, there were always plenty of candidates for the parts. The juniors preferred Shakespeare, but they were willing to take parts in anything. And as the Famous Four emerged into the Close there came quite a swarm of the Remove round them.

"Faith, and what is the little game intirely?" asked Micky Desmond. "Is it Julius 'Cæsar' that ye're going to do? Because I'll play Brutus, if you like."

"Better make it 'Hamlet,'" said Tom Brown. "I'm a ripping Prince of Denmark."

"Fathead!" said Bolsover major. "'King Henry IV.' is the best thing going. You know how I do Prince Hal."

"Why not have the 'School for Scandal'?" suggested Hazel-dene. "I can do Charles Surface in first-class style."

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Run for it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hold on!" said Penfold. "What are you going to play?"

"It's a little comedy for four," Harry Wharton explained. "It's entitled 'Captain Corker, R.N.,' and there are only four characters wanted—a sea captain, a sailor, a policeman, and an old woman. Bob's the sea captain, Nugent's the sailor, I'm the policeman, and Johnny Bull is the old woman. The bill is complete. Good-bye."

"What rot!" said Tom Brown. "Who's going to see the rotten thing when you do it?"

"All the school will be admitted."

"Rats!"

"Bosh!"

"Blow your old comedy!"

"Br-r-r-r!"

And with these remarks from the disappointed part-hunters the Famous Four walked away towards the school gates. Near the gates they encountered Coker & Co., of the Fifth Form. Coker wagged his finger at them.

"What's going on?" he demanded.

"We are!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully.

And they went on, leaving Coker staring.

The chums of the Remove turned out of the school gates and strolled down the lane towards Friardale. They had fixed on the old barn near the Friardale road for their rehearsal, in order to get it through quietly and without attracting undue attention. But they were not likely to be able to keep it very quiet now. Billy Bunter had seen to that. But, at all events, a rehearsal in the old barn would be free from interruptions by the Greyfriars juniors.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" murmured Bob Cherry as a stout figure in blue came in sight in the lane. "Here's Tozer!"

Police-constable Tozer cast a look of majestic suspicion upon the juniors of Greyfriars. Relations were very strained between the Greyfriars juniors and the village policeman.

Mr. Tozer frequently found opportunities of interfering with the most harmless amusements—or amusements, at all events, which the juniors regarded as harmless. And in return the Greyfriars fellows were very far from treating Mr. Tozer with the respect that was due to a representative of the majesty of the law. It pleased the juniors to make fun of Mr. Tozer, and Mr. Tozer, of course, could not be expected to endure that patiently.

As the four Removites came up to him they took off their caps with an exaggerated air of respect, and bowed almost to the ground.

Mr. Tozer really ought to have been pleased by that respectful salute, but he was not. His purple face grew a shade deeper purple, and his eyes gleamed under his helmet.

"Young raskils!" he murmured. "Cheeky young raskils!"

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Tozer," said Harry Wharton cheerfully. "I'm glad to see you looking so well."

"I ain't any better for seeing you cheeky young himps!" said Mr. Tozer gruffly. "You're up to some mischief now, I'll be bound!"



"Oh, Tozer!" said Frank Nugent, in a shocked voice. "How could you possibly think so? By the way, do you know what you've got on your face, Mr. Tozer?"

He stared hard at Mr. Tozer's face, and Johnny Bull and Bob Cherry and Harry Wharton followed his example. Mr. Tozer's fat hand went up to his face, and he rubbed it.

"Wot is it?" he asked. "Ave I got a splash?"

"It isn't a splash," said Nugent, regarding Mr. Tozer's flushed countenance very attentively. "It's worse than that. Rub it with your handkerchief; it looks absurd as it is!"

Mr. Tozer took out a large red-spotted handkerchief, and rubbed at his purple face, and made it more purple than ever.

"Is it gone?" he asked anxiously.

"No; it is still there, just as large," said Nugent, in surprise. "Rub harder!"

Mr. Tozer rubbed harder.

"Is it gone now?" he gasped.

"No; it's just in the middle of your face," said Nugent. "I can't make out quite what it is. Can you fellows make out what it is?"

The juniors, looking as grave as judges, shook their heads.

"Blessed if I can," said Harry Wharton seriously. "What would you take it for, Bob?"

"Give it up!" said Bob Cherry. "What do you think it is, Johnny?"

"Can't guess. Might be a very over-ripe strawberry."

"Wot!" yelled Mr. Tozer.

"Oh, I know now!" exclaimed Nugent, as if he had made a sudden discovery. "It's all right, Mr. Tozer. It's your nose!"

"Wot!"

"I didn't recognise it as a nose at first," explained Nugent. "But that's what it is. I can see it now. No good trying to rub it off. Good-bye, Mr. Tozer!"

The juniors strolled on, leaving Mr. Tozer with his handkerchief in his hand, staring after them speechlessly.

"Young himps!" muttered Mr. Tozer. "Young raskils! My heye! Fancy me being took in like that! My heye!"

Harry Wharton & Co. turned to the side of the lane, crossed a plank bridge over the ditch, and turned to go through a gap in the hedge. Mr. Tozer glanced after them, and his manly brow was corrugated in a thoughtful frown.

"Hup to some mischief, I'll be bound," he murmured. "I reckon I'll keep a heye on them!"

And Mr. Tozer, instead of going on his way, proceeded to follow the way the juniors had gone, keeping in the shadow of the high hedge.

Harry Wharton & Co. had already forgotten Mr. Tozer. They crossed the field into the old barn, a ramshackle, rickety building that was deserted, and only used sometimes in wet weather as a shelter for cattle. The juniors entered the old barn, and Bob Cherry half closed the door; it would not quite close, owing to the state of the hinges.

"Here we are again!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "I hope somebody's brought the book of the giddy play with him."

"I've got it," said Wharton, taking a crumpled paper-covered book out of his pocket. "'Captain Corker, R.N.' Here you are!"

"Good!"

Bob Cherry sorted the pipe out of his pocket, and Wharton produced several sets of false whiskers and beards. Nugent took out a hand-mirror and set it on the wall, and Johnny Bull produced several sticks of grease-paint. The juniors intended to practise their make-up, and go over their lines; dress rehearsals were to be conducted at the school. The amateur dramatists took their turns before the mirror, daubing their faces with grease-paint, and dabbing on beards and whiskers. Harry Wharton had a pair of mutton-chop side-whiskers, which were supposed to suit the character of a police-inspector; and Bob Cherry had a heavy beard of a fiery red colour, that, apparently, being a characteristic of a captain in the Royal Navy.

When their make-up was finished the juniors looked at one another, and burst into a roar of laughter. Their faces were made up with artificial wrinkles and whiskers to a middle-age, and they contrasted strangely with their boyish figures and Eton clothes.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "I think we should be funnier than ever if we went on the stage like this!"

"You can't smoke an empty pipe!" said Harry Wharton thoughtfully. "Of course it won't do to have tobacco in it. It's against the rules, and it would make you sick, too."

"Yea, rather!"

"Shove in any old thing—some moss will do. When we're doing the play, we shall have to make it smoke somehow; but it doesn't matter about that now."

Bob Cherry dabbed moss into the bowl of the pipe.

"Now," said Wharton, consulting the book. "You're Captain Corker, just come home from a voyage. You're sitting in your armchair in the parlour, smoking your pipe, and pulling at your beard. Enter——"

"I'm afraid it will come off if I pull it," said Bob Cherry doubtfully.

"Ass! You pretend to pull it. Enter——"

"We forgot to bring an armchair," said Bob Cherry.

"Fathead! Sit on that old beam; that will do. Enter——"

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"Oh, all right!" said Bob Cherry, seating himself. "Go ahead!"

"Enter Jack Jolly, the old sailor—that's you, Frank——"

"Here I am!" said Nugent.

"You pull your forelock, and begin—'Cap'n, it's many a year since we've sailed together on the briny hocean——'"

"Righto!" said Nugent. "'Cap'n, it's many a year since we've sailed together on the briny hocean——'"

"Good! Captain Corker has to offer you a cigar."

"Righto!" said Bob Cherry, taking one of the property cigars from his pocket. "Mind you don't try to smoke it, that's all!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Don't be funny," said Wharton. "This is a serious business—a real comedy. Now, Frank, your bit over again; and then your bit, Bob."

"Cap'n, it's many a hocean we've——"

"Many a long year!" roared Wharton.

"Sorry. Cap'n, it's many a long year since we've sailed together on the briny hocean."

"My old shipmate, Jack Jolly!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Have a cigar?"

"Good!" said Wharton. "Now enter——"

"Ho!" roared a powerful voice. "So I've caught you, 'ave I? Breakin' the lor! Ho! Caught in the hact!"

The juniors spun round. The doorway was darkened by the portly form of Police-constable Tozer, and the village policeman's fat right hand was raised in dramatic denunciation.

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

### Under Arrest.

POLICE-CONSTABLE TOZER was glowing with triumph. He had caught his old enemies in the very act of breaking the law: at all events, that was how it seemed to the somewhat limited intelligence of Mr. Tozer.

In disguise, and with a pipe and a cigar to the fore, it was only natural that Mr. Tozer should jump to that erroneous conclusion when he saw them.

Mr. Tozer had a strong sense of duty. In the quiet village of Friardale, few persons ever thought of breaking the law; there was no one but an occasional tramp to be "run in." Mr. Tozer seldom had a "case." But he had one now—four juniors from the big public school caught smoking; and four juniors, too, who had treated him—Mr. Tozer—with the most outrageous want of respect. It was a triumph for P.-c. Tozer.

"Caught in the hact!" said Mr. Tozer, with great satisfaction.

The juniors stared at him blankly.

"Caught in the first act!" agreed Bob Cherry.

"'Ow do I know this is the first time?" demanded Mr. Tozer.

"More like you're hold hofferders."

"We're what?" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"Hold hofferders!" said Mr. Tozer impressively. "My heye! Young raskils! Never seed or heerd of sich rascality! Never!"

"What on earth do you mean?" exclaimed Harry Wharton angrily. "I suppose we have a right to use this old barn if we like. We're not trespassing!"

Mr. Tozer chuckled.

"You ain't trespassing," he agreed; "but you're breaking the lor!"

"What law?"

"The lor agin kids smoking!" said Mr. Tozer severely.

The juniors burst into a roar. They understood Mr. Tozer's mistake now. It was the same mistake that Billy Bunter had fallen into.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Famous Four. "Oh, Tozer! Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Tozer frowned majestically.

"You'll come alonger me," he said loftily. "I'd take you to the police-station but for my respect for your 'ead-master. I'm goin' to take you up to the school!"

"What!"

"I've caught you smokin', and breakin' the lor!" said Mr. Tozer sententiously. "You've got to come alonger me, all of yer!"

"You ass!" yelled Johnny Bull. "We're not smoking!"

"Two of yer is smokin'," said Mr. Tozer. "Master Cherry and Master Nugent."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You'll larf in another way when I 'ave you up before the 'Ead," said Mr. Tozer darkly. "Now will you come quietly?"

"You awful ass!" shrieked Harry Wharton. "Can't you see it's a game? There isn't any tobacco in that pipe."

"Wot is it, then?"

"Moss!"

"Moss!" ejaculated Mr. Tozer. "Why, that's more dangerous to smoke than tobacco. You might do your constitution a lot of 'arm smokin' that rubbish. This is more serious than I thought. Come hon!"



"But I'm not smoking it!" roared Bob Cherry. "We're rehearsing a play."

"Huh!"

"This pipe is only part of the stage property, and so is that cigar. It's made of brown-paper!" howled Bob Cherry.

"I dare say it is," agreed Mr. Tozer. "I've found youngsters smokin' brown-paper cigars afore now. It's more serious than smoking tobacco, and more 'armful to the constitution. Are you coming quietly?"

"But we weren't smoking!" shrieked Nugent.

"I prefer to believe my heyes, Master Nugent," said Police-constable Tozer haughtily. "If you don't come quietly, I shall 'ave to use violence."

The juniors stared at him blankly. It was evident that there was no convincing Mr. Tozer of the obvious facts. But to be marched up to the school in charge of a policeman with their faces made up in so ridiculous a way! The mere thought was outrageous. But Mr. Tozer was evidently in earnest—deadly earnest.

"Look here, Tozer," Harry Wharton exclaimed at last. "You are making a mistake—a ridiculous mistake. We are rehearsing a play——"

"Har you coming?" asked Mr. Tozer, unheeding.

"I tell you——"

"You're caught in the hact," said Mr. Tozer. "You're disguised, so as not to be reckernised, and you're smoking. You can't fool me, young gentlemen. You can thank your lucky stars that I don't take you to the police-station. I'm goin' to take you to the 'Ead of Greyfriars. If you don't come quietly, I shall use force!"

"But I tell you——"

"Come hon!"

Mr. Tozer's heavy hand descended upon Bob Cherry's shoulder, and his other hand dropped upon the shoulder of Frank Nugent. Bob Cherry clenched his fists.

"Hold on, Bob!" exclaimed Wharton, catching his chum by the arm.

"Do you think I'm going to be marched along the road like this?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"Mustn't hit a bobby——"

"I 'ope you will not force me to use my truncheon," said Mr. Tozer majestically.

"Oh, you ass!" said Harry Wharton. "Look here, we'll come up to the school with you, if you like, if you're determined to make an ass of yourself. But take your paws off! We won't run away!"

"Wait til we've got this stuff off our chivvies, anyway," said Nugent, "we can't go along the road like this."

"No fear!" said Mr. Tozer. "You've got to. That's hevidence."

"Oh, you silly ass!"

"Which all the names as you call me will be duly reported to the 'Ead!" said Mr. Tozer, with dignity. "Now, har you coming? I ain't wasting any more time."

The juniors looked at one another. The Famous Four could quite easily have mastered the portly policeman, and ducked him in the adjacent ditch. But they relinquished the idea as soon as it came into their minds. They knew how the Head would regard any attack upon the majesty of the law. Biffing policemen was not an amusement that Greyfriars fellows were allowed to indulge in.

"I suppose we shall have to go," said Harry savagely. "I warn you that you are making a first-class ass of yourself, Tozer."

"We'll see about that," said Mr. Tozer.

"Well, lead on, Macduff," said Bob Cherry, recovering his good-humour. "We'll follow in our father's footsteps! Buzz off!"

Mr. Tozer marched majestically out of the barn, and the Famous Four followed him. They reached the road and took the direction of Greyfriars. Mr. Tozer marched with his eye upon the juniors, and with a dignified stride. The four juniors imitated his stride, keeping step with Mr. Tozer's fat little legs. Pedestrians who passed them on the road stared at the daubed and be-whiskered faces of the juniors in amazement, and yelled with laughter. Mr. Tozer was glad when the school gates were reached. He felt that his dignity was suffering from the absurd company he was in. But the juniors were beginning to enjoy the situation by this time. They were entering into the spirit of the thing.

The school gates were reached at last; and there was a yell as the peculiar procession was sighted. A crowd of fellows came swarming round at once.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Wingate of the Sixth. "What is all this? Is that you, Wharton?"

"Yes, Wingate!" said Wharton meekly.

"What have you got your face made up like that for, you young ass?" demanded the captain of Greyfriars sternly.

"And you others, too?"

"Rehearsing," explained Wharton.

"Yes; but why——"

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"Mr. Tozer insisted upon bringing us here like this," said Wharton resignedly. "I dare say he knows why he did it. We couldn't disobey the law, you know."

"Caught 'em smoking in the old barn," Mr. Tozer condescended to explain. "Disguised, in case they was seen. That's 'ow it was, Master Wingate. Regler young rips!"

"Oh, what rot!" said Wingate, incredulously.

Mr. Tozer snorted indignantly. He did not like to have his official remarks characterised as rot.

"Well, I'm takin' 'em in to the 'Ead!" he replied.

And he marched on. The Greyfriars fellows followed the procession across the Close in a crowd, yelling with laughter. Dr. Locke, the reverend Head of Greyfriars, heard the formidable roar in the Close, and looked out of his study windows. He rubbed his eyes as he looked. He could not quite believe their evidence at the first glance. Certainly he had never beheld so peculiar a scene in the old Close of Greyfriars before.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Head in amazement. "Bless my soul! What—what does this mean? Who 'can those strange-looking boys be? This—is—is extraordinary!"

The police-constable and the strange looking boys disappeared into the house. They left the crowd outside, shrieking. Dr. Locke turned from the window, as there came a tap at his door. Trotter, the house page, looked in, with a grinning countenance.

"Please, sir, Mr. Tozer wishes to see you——"

"Show him in!" gasped the Head.

And Police-constable Tozer marched in, with his peculiar procession at his heels.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### Mr. Tozer Causes Trouble.

DR. LOCKE gazed at the Famous Four blankly.

They stood in a row, in respectful attitudes, silent. "Goodness gracious!" gasped the Head. "What—what does this mean? Why have you come here in this ridiculous guise? Who—who are you?"

"Please, sir, I'm Wharton."

"I'm Cherry, sir."

"I'm Nugent!"

"I'm Bull, sir!"

"I—I did not recognise you!" ejaculated the Head. "What does this ridiculous disguise mean? Pray, explain this, Mr. Tozer."

"They was caught in the hact, sir," said Mr. Tozer.

"What!"

"Smoking, sir!"

"Smoking!"

"Yes, sir! Disguised, in case they was reckernised, and smoking," said Police-constable Tozer impressively. "I ain't surprised that you're shocked, sir. Sich goings hon——"

"Wharton, is this correct? What——"

"No, sir," said the captain of the Remove meekly. "It isn't correct, sir. Mr. Tozer has made a little mistake, that's all."

Mr. Tozer snorted.

"No mistake about it, sir," he declared. "I 'ad my suspicions, and I follered them to the hold barn, sir. They was disguised, sich as you see them now, and they 'ad a pipe and a cigar atween them, sir."

"Goodness gracious!"

"So I brought 'em 'ere, sir," said Mr. Tozer. "I thort you'd like to deal with 'em yourself, sir. Caught in the hact they was."

Dr. Locke's brow grew very stern.

"Have you any explanation to make, Wharton?" he demanded.

"Certainly, sir."

"Very well; I will hear you."

"We were making up for a rehearsal, sir," said Harry. "I'm a police inspector, and Bob is a sea captain. The pipe was part of the character. He wasn't smoking it. Same with the cigar. It's made of brown-paper, gummed together."

"Dear me!" said the Head.

"I've found youngsters smoking brown-paper before now," said Mr. Tozer sagely. "It's more dangerous than tobacco."

"This is—is extraordinary!" said the Head. "I—I hardly know what to say."

"We can prove it, sir, if you like," said Wharton meekly.

"I shall be glad if you will do so, Wharton."

"Lots of the fellows have seen these things, sir," said Harry. "Mr. Quelch, our Form-master, has seen the pipe and the cigar. He can tell you that they are only theatrical properties, sir."

Mr. Tozer snorted.

"They may take in Mr. Quelch, sir, but they can't take in me," he said.

"You're an ass!" said Bob Cherry.

"Which I says——"

"Silence, Cherry," said the Head, sternly. "You must not speak like that to Mr. Tozer."





Mr. Tozer struggled for breath. He could not get it for several minutes, and he leaned upon his broom and gurgled. At last he found his voice. "I—I'm sorry, young gents!" he said in a far-away tone. "I'm sorry I was cheeky to you!" (See Chap. 16.)

"Well, he's accused us of playing rotten tricks, sir," said Bob indignantly. "Any silly ass ought to have been able to see that we were not smoking. We haven't any tobacco on us."

"Did you actually see them smoking these—these things, Mr. Tozer?" asked the Head.

"They was just going to, sir, when I interrupted them," said Mr. Tozer. "Master Cherry had the pipe in his werry mouth."

"Where should I have it?" demanded Bob Cherry. "Did you expect me to have it in my eye, or in my ear?"

The juniors chuckled.

Dr. Locke glanced from the juniors to the police-constable, and from the police-constable to the juniors again.

"I think, Mr. Tozer, that you have misjudged the boys," he said, mildly. "They have very excellent characters in the school, and I am sure that they would not smoke—especially such dangerous rubbish as this. At the same time, they have acted very foolishly in laying themselves open to suspicion."

"Don't you believe wot they say, sir," said Mr. Tozer. "They ain't telling you the truth, sir."

"On the contrary. I believe every word they say," replied the Head, somewhat tartly. "You should not have had this—this absurd rehearsal out of the school, my boys, where your actions were liable to be observed and misconstrued. You will take a hundred lines of Virgil each."

"Oh, sir!"

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NEXT  
MONDAY:

"FOR HIS MOTHER'S SAKE!"

"Now you may go. Mr. Tozer, pray remain a few moments. I wish to speak to you."

"Very well, sir," said Harry Wharton.

And the Famous Four quitted the Head's study, simmering with wrath.

"The bounder!" muttered Bob Cherry, as they went down the passage. "Fancy his having the cheek to tell the Head that we weren't speaking the truth!"

"The Head's a brick, though," said Nugent.

"Yes, rather; but Tozer—"

"Tozer is a silly ass!" growled Wharton. "He's mucked up our rehearsal, and got us a hundred lines each, and now he's going to get a tip out of the Doctor, for making a silly ass of himself. We'll jolly well make him sit up for this."

At the end of the passage a crowd of fellows were waiting for the Famous Four.

A yell of laughter greeted them as they came along in their peculiar guise.

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Bolsover major, the bully of the Remove. "This is too funny! Fancy being buzzed along the road in that state by old Tozer! I wouldn't have stood it."

"Yes, you would, just the same as we did," growled Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What awful asses you must have felt!" grinned Vernon-Smith. "Have you got licked?"

"No, hang you!"

A Splendid Long Complete School Tale  
of Frank Nugent, by FRANK RICHARDS.



"Hullo! Here comes Tozer!"

Police-constable Tozer came down the passage with his stately stride. His fat face wore a satisfied expression; so it was very probable that Wharton's surmise as to the tip was quite correct.

"Here are your prisoners, Tozey!" grinned Bolsover. "Take 'em to the lock-up!"

"Naughty boys caught smoking!" said Hazeldene. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Tozer wagged a fat forefinger at the chums of the Remove. "Let this be a warnin' to you," he said, solemnly. "Don't you go for to do it again! I've got my heye on you."

"Oh, go and eat coke!" growled Johnny Bull.

"You can't escape the heye of the lor!" continued Mr. Tozer, impressively. "Besides, it's bad for your 'ealth."

"You fathead, we weren't smoking!" yelled Wharton.

Mr. Tozer shook his head.

"You can't come it hover me," he said. "It's all werry well for you to tell crammers to the 'Ead; but I'm up to your games, you young rascallions! You mind your p's and q's; I've got my heye on you."

And Police-constable Tozer marched away across the Close to the gates, leaving the Famous Four quivering with rage.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bolsover. "You're found out now, Wharton!"

"An old offender!" chuckled Vernon-Smith.

"I say, you fellows, it's true, you know. I found them this morning——"

"Why, you fibbing beast!" yelled Bob Cherry, turning upon Billy Bunter.

Bunter promptly dodged behind Bolsover major.

"I say, Bolsover, keep him off, you know. I——"

"Let him alone," growled Bolsover, in his most bullying tone. "Far as I'm concerned, I believe it's all true. You've pulled the wool over old Quelch's eyes, and over the Head's, but Tozer is quite right. That's what I think."

"Liar!" said Bob Cherry, more directly than politely.

"Look here, Bob Cherry——"

"Oh, buzz off, and shut up!" said Bob. "Unless you're looking for a thick ear."

"Well, I am, if you can give me one," jeered Bolsover.

"Righto—here you are!"

The next moment Bob Cherry and Bolsover major were reeling along the passage in a deadly embrace. Bob Cherry's red beard and whiskers came off, and hung down one side of his face, and the spectators shrieked with merriment. Bob made a terrific effort to throw his opponent, and Bolsover clung to him and dragged him down; and both of them fell heavily against the door of Mr. Quelch's study.

Bang! The door dashed open, and there was a sharp exclamation from the Remove-master. He jumped up from his table, as Bob Cherry and Bolsover rolled into the study.

"My hat!" murmured Nugent. "There will be a row now!"

There was! Mr. Quelch did not stop to make inquiries. He picked up a cane, and made one stride towards the two combatants, as they rolled in his doorway. The cane rose and fell with wonderful speed.

Swish, swish, swish!

"Yow!" roared Bolsover. "Ow!"

"Groo!" Yarooop! Stoppit!" gasped Bob Cherry.

Swish, swish!

The two juniors sprang up and fled. Mr. Quelch, breathing very hard, slammed the study door after them.

Bob Cherry, gasping for breath, with his whiskers hanging down one side of his face, and his beard under his chin, joined his chums in No. 1 Study, and sank into the armchair exhausted.

"Ow!" he gasped. "Ow! My hat! Yow!"

"Never mind, Bob——" said Harry consolingly.

"Never mind!" roared Bob. "Yow! I'm hurt! Ow! Yah! If you ask me to come out to any more of your giddy rehearsals—ow—I'll take you into a corner—grooh—and jam your silly napper against the—ow—wall! Yowp!"

And for quite five minutes Bob Cherry sat in the armchair, rubbing the damaged parts of his person, and making remarks of an extremely uncomplimentary nature about Bolsover, Mr. Quelch, Police-constable Tozer, and nearly everybody else!

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER. A Sudden Friendship!

**B**ANG! Mark Linley, who was at work in No. 13 Study, jumped up in alarm, and a shower of blots scattered from his pen over his paper. Mark Linley was doing a Greek exercise, and the blots that were spattered so liberally over the sheet made it look more Greek than ever. The scholarship junior uttered an exclamation of dismay.

"Oh, Bob!"

Bob Cherry had just tramped into the study, and banged the door behind him.

"G-r-r-r!" growled Bob.

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"You've spoiled my exercise," said Mark quietly.

Bob Cherry's expression changed.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Marky! What is it, Dutch?"

Mark Linley laughed.

"No. Greek!"

"Well, you don't have to do Greek," said Bob Cherry. "It's a rotten extra, and if you will do these things, you must expect accidents at times. You haven't got to show it to anybody, have you?"

"Yes; it's a paper Mr. Quelch is helping me with. But never mind, I can write it out again!"

"Well, you can tell Quelch it's his own fault. It's enough to make a chap slam a door, I think!"

"What is?"

"Everything!"

"What's wrong, Bob?" asked the Lancashire lad, with concern. The quiet, hard-working scholarship boy was very much attached to his warm-hearted, exuberant study mate, and all Bob Cherry's troubles were his.

"You heard about the Tozer ass—— What are you grinning at?"

"Was I grinning?" said Mark mildly.

"Yes, you were; like a giddy hyena!" grunted Bob.

"Sorry! I——"

"Well, it was enough to make any silly ass grin," said Bob Cherry, relenting. "I suppose you can't help it, any more than the other silly asses. Tozer mucked up the rehearsal, and now Quelch has given it the finishing touch. He's actually confiscated the pipe and the spoof cigars. Says they're things we're better without, as they might lead to misconception. What do you think of that?"

"Well, I think he's right, Bob."

"Why, you're as big an ass as Quelch," said Bob Cherry, wrathfully. "How are we to play Captain Corker, R.N., without a pipe or cigars?"

Mark Linley shook his head. It was a problem, and he gave it up.

"Captain Corker, R.N., is knocked on the napper," growled Bob. "After all the trouble we've taken, too. It's all everybody's fault! I've a jolly good mind to swear!"

"Oh, don't do that, Bob," said Mark, smiling. "If you swear you won't catch any fish, as the anglers say. Can't you play something else—without a pipe?"

"Br-r-r-r! I'm going to play old Tozer somehow. I'm not going to stand it! We don't pay the police to interrupt rehearsals in barns, do we?"

"Ha, ha, ha! I suppose not!"

"Oh, chuck up that rotten Greek, and come out for a trot!" said Bob Cherry. "It's a lovely afternoon, and we're going to do some footer practice. We should have done some rehearsal but for Tozer, Quelch & Co. Blow them!"

"It was too bad of Tozer!" said Mark. "But I think I should let him off, Bob. It's rather risky going for representatives of the law, you know."

Bob Cherry snorted.

"Blow the law! The question is, how are we going to make Tozer feel properly sorry for himself! He will be rolling about Friar-dale this afternoon, feeling satisfied that he did us yesterday. Huh!"

"Well, you see——"

"By Jove!" Bob Cherry jumped up suddenly. "I've got it!"

"What?"

"Bunter!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Eh?"

"Billy Bunter!"

"What about Bunter?" asked Mark in amazement.

"I've got it, I tell you! I must see Wharton!"

Bob Cherry dashed out of the study, slamming the door behind him with another terrific bang. Mark Linley stared after his exuberant chum for some moments in surprise, and then, with a smile, settled down to work again. Bob Cherry dashed along the Remove passage at top speed and glared into No. 1 Study.

"You chaps!" he bawled. "I say——"

Then he stopped. The study was empty, as was only natural on a fine afternoon and a half-holiday. Bob Cherry growled, and turned into the passage again.

"Seen Wharton?" he asked, as he met Hazeldene in the passage.

"Yes; in the Close."

"Good!"

Bob Cherry rushed past Hazeldene like a whirlwind and dashed downstairs. Billy Bunter was in the lower passage, and he blinked at Bob Cherry as he came dashing down the

# ANSWERS

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stairs. He was just turning over in his mind whether it would be any use attempting to extract a loan from the burly Removite, when Bob Cherry was upon him.

"You're the fellow I want!" exclaimed Bob.

"Oh, I say—ow—"

"Come on!"

Bob Cherry grasped the Owl of the Remove and rushed him along to the open door. Billy Bunter had to go, but he struggled wildly.

"Yaroooh!" he roared. "Lemme go! I—I won't tell Quelch any more about your smoking pipes. I—I won't—yow—I say—yaroooppp! Help! Help!"

"Come on!"

"Yow-ow! Help! Fire! Help!"

"What on earth is that row about?" shouted Wingate, striding down the passage angrily. "What are you doing to Bunter, Bob Cherry?"

"Eh? Nothing!"

"Ow, ow! Make him lemme go!" roared Bunter. "I only did my duty in telling Quelch yesterday about his smoking pipes. Oow! Yow! Yah!"

"Let him go at once, Cherry!" exclaimed Wingate sternly.

"Certainly!" said Bob, releasing Bunter. The fat junior, who had not expected to be let go so suddenly, collapsed in a heap on the doorstep.

"Ow!" he yelled. "I'm hurt! Yah!"

"What has Bunter done, Cherry?" demanded Wingate.

"Nothing!"

"Then what are you going for him for?"

"Bless you! I wasn't going for him!" said Bob Cherry in surprise.

"Yow! He was! Yow! I'm hurt!"

"What on earth were you doing, then?" demanded the captain of Greyfriars.

"Only taking him out into the Close. I wanted him to come to the tuck-shop with me, and sample the tarts," Bob Cherry explained.

Bunter ceased to yell all of a sudden, and pricked up his ears. He blinked at Bob Cherry through his big spectacles.

"Honest Injun?" he asked.

"Yes, you fat duffer."

"Oh, all right, then," said Bunter, scrambling up. "It's all right, Wingate; you needn't interfere. In fact, I really wish you wouldn't interfere in that uncalled-for way between my friend Cherry and myself. I know you're a prefect, but I really don't think you ought to interfere between friends in this way—"

"Why, you—you—" gasped the Greyfriars captain, too taken aback to kick Billy Bunter, as he deserved.

"Come on, Cherry," said Bunter, slipping his arm through Bob Cherry's, and drawing him hastily out of the house. "This way!"

"Right-o!" said Bob Cherry laughing.

"Where are you going?" called out Harry Wharton, who was with Nugent and Johnny Bull and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh in the Close.

"Going to the tuck-shop with my chum Bunter," said Bob Cherry.

"Your w-w-what!" gasped the four juniors together.

"My chum Bunter!"

"Dotty!" asked Frank Nugent politely. "How long has Bunter been your chum, you silly ass?"

"Five minutes!" replied Bob Cherry, looking at his watch.

"What the dickens—"

"Come along to the tuck-shop," said Bob Cherry. "I want you all."

"What for?"

"To lend me some money to feed Bunter."

"Why, you unspeakable fathead—"

"Oh, come on!" said Bob Cherry severely. "Don't waste time arguing with your uncle, but come on when I tell you. This way to see the animals feed!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

Bob Cherry grasped Bunter, and rushed him off at top speed towards Mrs. Mimble's little tuck-shop in the corner of the Close, behind the elms. But Billy Bunter did not yell for help this time. He was always willing to put on speed when he was going in that direction. The chums of the Remove followed more slowly.

"I suppose it's some wheeze," said Harry Wharton. "If we're going to feed Bunter, you may as well all turn out your pockets at once. It's an expensive amusement, and lasts a long time!"

"The lastfulness is terrific!" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

The juniors entered the little tuck-shop. Billy Bunter was already seated upon a high stool at the counter, and Bob Cherry was feeling in his pockets for cash.

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NEXT  
MONDAY:

"FOR HIS MOTHER'S SAKE!"

"What would you like, Bunter?" he asked politely.

"Ham and beef to begin with," said Bunter promptly. "And sausages, and tongue, and tomatoes, and pickles, and—"

"My hat! If he begins like that, how is he going to finish?" murmured Frank Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, you fellows—"

"Yes, you shut up your personal remarks," said Bob Cherry, with a frown. "I'm not going to have my chum Bunter chipped. Dry up!"

"Oh, you're off your rocker," said Johnny Bull testily.

"Pile in, Bunter," said Bob, as Mrs. Mimble handed out the good things.

Billy Bunter did not need bidding twice. He piled in, and the speed with which he cleared plates and dishes was truly remarkable. But as fast as he cleared them Bob Cherry pushed fresh plates forward, and Billy Bunter did not pause. As the poet has remarked, upon a different subject, "Again, again, again, and the havoc did not slack!" Harry Wharton & Co. simply stood and stared.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### A Little Ventriloquism.

"GREAT Christopher Columbus!" ejaculated Fisher T. Fish, the American junior, as he entered the tuck-shop. "Bunter come into a fortune?"

"No," said Frank Nugent; "it's only Bob gone potty!"

"I guess he was always a bit inclined that way; but I reckon he's getting dangerous, if he's wasting a feed like that on Bunter," remarked Fisher T. Fish. "If there's so much grub going, I guess I'm not going to get left!"

And Fish helped himself.

"Hands off!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Gee-whiz! I suppose I can feed as well as Bunter, if the grub's going cheap."

"Rats! You're not a ventriloquist!" said Bob Cherry.

"Eh?"

"I'm feeding up Bunter because he's a giddy ventriloquist," said Bob Cherry, condescending to explain. "He can sling his voice just as I can sling a cricket-ball; and he's going to avenge us on the hated foe—see?"

"I guess I don't see," said Fish, still busy with ham and beef and pickles. "Who's the hated foe? Coker of the Fifth?"

"Rats! No!"

"Loder of the Sixth, I suppose! Has he been bullying again?" asked Fish sympathetically. "I guess this ham is prime; not like what we get over there; but it's O.K. I guess I'll have some more."

"Then you've guessed wrong," said Bob Cherry, grinning, as he pushed the dish away from the American junior. "I'm feeding Bunter. Bunter's going to play the part of

the giddy avenger. The Persecuted Policeman, or the Ventriloquist's Vengeance, as they would put it in the literature of your country, Fishy."

"Oh!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, a light breaking in upon him. "You're thinking of old Tozer, are you?"

"Exactly!" said Bob Cherry.

"And you want Bunter to ventriloquise on him?"

"Just so!"

"My hat!"

"Bunter is a useless ass at everything else," said Bob Cherry, with friendly candour; "but he can ventriloquise. He's been licked for ventriloquising in the Form-room, and bumped for ventriloquising in the studies. He's made himself such a giddy nuisance with it that he's been squashed on the subject. But it will be fresh to Tozer. Greyfriars is fed up on Bunter's ventriloquism, but Tozer hasn't had the benefit of it yet. See?"

"Good egg!" said Johnny Bull.

"The goodness of the esteemed egg is terrific," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh heartily.

"I guess I could sling my voice as well as Bunter, if I tried," remarked Fisher T. Fish. The American junior never admitted that there was anything anybody else could do that he couldn't do quite as well, or better. "You should hear our ventriloquists over there."

"Rats!" said Bob Cherry politely. "Let that ham alone, you boulder! Bunter, old man, have you had enough?"

"Ahem! I'm feeling rather peckish."

"Are you going to ventriloquise for us?"

"Oh, certainly," said Bunter, with a beaming grin. As a matter of fact, Billy Bunter was always eager for an opportunity of showing off his powers as a ventriloquist. It was but seldom that the fellows would allow him to do it, without throwing things at him. "But—but I always throw my voice better after a good meal, Cherry."

"Wire in!" said Bob.

"Ahem! I think I'll have some farts—say a dozen—h'm—twopenny ones!" said Billy Bunter. "Also some cream puffs."



And doughnuts. And meringues. And sweets! And some jelly. And some toffee. And——"

"Oh, go on, don't mind me," said Bob Cherry. "I haven't any more money——"

"Eh?"

"But Wharton and Nugent, and Johnny Bull and Inky have some. Shell out, you fellows; you can't expect to get a ventriloquial entertainment for nothing."

"Oh, all right," said Wharton, laughing. "But how do you know that Bunter isn't out of practice? He hasn't played the giddy ox in that line for some time."

"I'm all right," said Bunter. "Some more tarts, please! I've practised. And some ginger-pop, too, Mrs. Mimble, please."

"Give us a specimen now," said Nugent doubtfully.

Coker of the Fifth came into the tuckshop with Potter and Greene. They bestowed a lofty stare upon the Remove juniors, and came up to the counter.

"Ginger-pop for three, please," said Coker, tapping on the counter with a half-crown, "and buck up, please. Never mind these kids."

"I guess you can go and boil your silly head, Coker."

"Oh, you do, do you?" roared Coker, glaring at Fisher T. Fish.

"Eh?" said Fish.

"Do you want me to wipe up the floor with you?" demanded Coker.

"Nope."

"Then don't let me have any more of your funny remarks," said the Fifth-Former, glaring at Fisher T. Fish.

"I guess——"

"Shut up!"

"Oh, you're too funny to live, Coker, I guess. Why don't you bury your face and put on a fire-screen or a Guy Fawkes mask? It would be handsomer."

Coker had turned to the counter again, but he swung round upon Fisher T. Fish as he heard that remark in the American's nasal voice. Fisher T. Fish had heard it too. And as he had not opened his lips, he was staring blankly in amazement.

"Handsome, would it?" yelled Coker, justly incensed. "I suppose you consider your own mug a model of beauty? I'll alter some of the features for you—I suppose you call 'em features."

And he rushed at the Yankee junior.

"Hold on!" gasped Fisher T. Fish, dodging round a box of eggs. "I guess I didn't speak! I guess I—— Yow—yow—ow—ow!"

Bump!

Coker had hold of the American junior, and Fisher T. Fish was whirled off the floor. He came down upon it again in a sitting posture, and roared.

"Yarooooop! Oh! Yah!"

"Now, then, you cheeky Yankee bounder——"

"Yaroooh! Oh—ah——"

"Oh, shut up, Coker; don't be an ass!" came a voice that certainly seemed to be that of Potter of the Fifth.

Coker swung round towards his chum in amazement.

"Potter! You fathead! You——"

"What! Who are you calling a fathead?" demanded Potter wrathfully.

"You!" roared Coker. "I've a jolly good mind to chuck that ginger-pop down your silly neck, you dummy."

Potter backed away in alarm, fearing that his exasperated friend had taken sudden leave of his senses. Coker looked so excited that his looks certainly lent colour to the supposition.

"I—I say—Coker—— Oh!"

Potter backed into Fisher T. Fish, who was just rising. He backed right over him, and went flying. There was a terrific squeal as he sat down in the box of eggs.

Crash! Smash!

"Oh, my hat! You've done it now!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, we'd better get out of here," whispered Billy Bunter, slipping down off the high stool. "Coker will be annoyed if he discovers that I've been ventriloquising."

Bob Cherry roared.

"Ha, ha, ha! Was it you, you ass!"

"Yes; shut up—let's get out!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Potter was extracting himself from the box of eggs. Fisher T. Fish was dabbing at his face with a handkerchief, dabbing off splashes of yolk. Coker was laughing. He seemed to consider the scene funny.

"I say, Mrs. Mimble, put the eggs down to us," gasped Bob Cherry. "We'll pay for them. You had better go and get a wash, Potty. Ha, ha, ha!"

And the chums of the Remove walked out of the shop, laughing. They left Potter and Coker and Fisher T. Fish engaged in a heated argument. Outside the shop the Removes leaned against the elms and yelled.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter blinked at them in a self-satisfied way.

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"I say, you fellows, that was all right, wasn't it?"

Bob Cherry wiped his eyes.

"Yes, rather! Blessed if I didn't think it was Fishy talking in his nose voice. And old Potter, too! Ha, ha ha! You'll do!"

"Come on!" said Nugent. "Let's get down to Friardale—if Bunter's had enough to eat."

"Yes, thank you," said Bunter. "I've had enough. Good-bye."

"What!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "You're coming down to Friardale now, with us."

Bunter shook his head.

"Excuse me, Cherry. I prefer a little rest after a good feed. I'll be very pleased to take a little walk with you another time."

And Bunter rolled away. He had only rolled three steps, however, when Bob Cherry caught him by the collar, and he rolled back again.

"Ow!" gasped Bunter. "Leggo! You're chook-chook-choking me!"

"I'll chook-chook-choke you a bit more, if I have any more of your rot!" roared Bob Cherry. "What do you think I've fed you for, you fat porpoise."

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"Come on, Bunter," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "If it all goes off well, we'll stand you another feed when we get back."

Billy Bunter's fat face brightened up at once.

"Oh, all serene," he exclaimed. "Of course, I shall be very glad to come with you fellows. In fact, I've been looking forward to it very much. I'd do more than that for fellows I really like."

"Well, come on, then, and not so much gas," said Bob Cherry.

And the fat junior was walked out of the gates of Greyfriar's, in the midst of the chums of the Remove.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### Dogged!

POLICE-CONSTABLE TOZER frowned.

He was proceeding along the old High Street of Friardale, with his portly figure and stately pace, when a number of Greyfriars juniors came along the pavement. There were six of them, and they were walking abreast, arm in arm, and they took up the whole width of the pavement. They were walking directly towards P.-c. Tozer, as if they intended to walk him down. And at the mere idea of such disrespect towards the majesty of the law, Mr. Tozer swelled with indignation.

Harry Wharton & Co. did not seem to see the stout constable. They walked on cheerfully, till they were within two paces of him, and then they became suddenly aware of his presence, and stopped all at once, as if by clockwork.

"I say, you fellows, it's Tozer!" giggled Billy Bunter.

The juniors raised their caps, in the exaggerated way they always adopted when they met Mr. Tozer, and which had such an exasperating effect upon that gentleman.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Tozer!" said all the juniors together.

Mr. Tozer grunted.

"Mind you don't tread on that dog!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

Gr-r-r-r!

Mr. Tozer did not know that Billy Bunter, of the Greyfriars Remove, was a ventriloquist, and if he had known it, he would never have suspected the fat junior of producing that marvelously life-like growl. Mr. Tozer could have sworn that it came from directly under his feet, and he jumped clear of the pavement in his sudden alarm.

Gr-r-r!

"Oh!" gasped Mr. Tozer.

Yelp!

It was a sharp yell, as if he had brought his foot down upon the dog. Certainly the dog would have had reason to yell if Mr. Tozer had done so. Mr. Tozer's feet were not small in size.

Mr. Tozer glared round him hastily in search of the dog. To his amazement, no dog was to be seen.

"My heye!" ejaculated Mr. Tozer. "Did you see that dorg, young gentlemen? Do you know where that dorg has gone to?"

"What dog?" asked Harry Wharton.

"The dorg that was hunder my feet!" said Mr. Tozer, in bewilderment.

Wharton shook his head.

"I didn't see any dog," he replied. "I hope you haven't been drinking, Tozer!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Tozer glared at the juniors in intense indignation. As a matter of fact, Mr. Tozer had been indulging in some slight liquid refreshment, against all the rules of his profession, at the back door of the Red Cow that afternoon. But he had not had enough ale to make him fancy that there was a dog where there was no dog; and he looked round again in search of the offending animal. But it was not to be seen; and Mr. Tozer, in great surprise and bewilderment, pursued his way.





The football match was forgotten, and the juniors made a wild break for the School House. But fast as they ran the water was faster. It came rushing on from the flooded river, and as Tom Merry & Co. were almost at the School House door, it swept them off their feet. They struggled and rolled in the water, clambering up the steps of the School House.

(Above is a reproduction of the cover of our companion paper, "The Gem" Library, which contains a grand complete tale of the Chums of St. Jim's, entitled THE FLOODED SCHOOL! by Martin Clifford. Order now. Out on Wednesday. Price 1d.)

Bow-wow-wow!

"My heye!"

Mr. Tozer jumped round.

Harry Wharton & Co. had stopped, and were looking in the window of Mr. Yidd, the local draper, outfitter, tailor, and most other things. They seemed to be very interested in a special line in pyjamas, and not to be noticing P.-e. Tozer at all.

"Where's that dorg?" ejaculated Mr. Tozer. "I says where's that blessed dorg?"

Gr-r-r-r!

A savage snarl close behind him made Mr. Tozer spin round again. He came almost into contact with a tailor's dummy standing outside Mr. Yidd's doorway. The dummy had an expressionless waxen face, with highly-coloured cheeks and staring glass eyes, and was clad in a wonderfully striped suit, with a placard on the chest bearing the legend:

"In this style, one guinea!"

P.-e. Tozer blinked at the dummy, and looked round behind him, and into the doorway, and along the shop-front.

"Where's that blessed dorg?" he muttered.

Gr-r-r-r!

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NEXT  
MONDAY:

"FOR HIS MOTHER'S SAKE!"

The growl came from inside the shop now, and Mr. Tozer looked in. The little old-fashioned shop was somewhat dusky. Mr. Yidd was behind his counter, and he nodded his bald head affably to Mr. Tozer.

"Vat I do for you?" he asked, in a rich Oriental accent.

"Seen a dorg?" asked Mr. Tozer.

Mr. Yidd shook his head.

"I have theen no dog," he replied. "Have you lost a dog?"

"There was a beast yappin' and snarlin' at me, and it dodged into this shop," Mr. Tozer explained. "It's a dangerous hanimal, that's wot it is, and I was afraid it might do some damage."

"I do not thee it," said Mr. Yidd, looking round.

"No, I don't see it either. It's very strange," said Mr. Tozer, passing his hand over his heated brow.

Mr. Yidd looked at him queerly.

"I think I should go home," he said gently.

"Go 'ome?" repeated Mr. Tozer, not understanding.

"Yeth. You might meet your inspector!"

Mr. Tozer glared.

"If you think I've been drinking—" he began.

"No, no, no!" exclaimed Mr. Yidd peacefully, spreading out

A Splendid Long Complete School Tale  
of Frank Nugent, by FRANK RICHARDS.



two fat hands to emphasise his remarks. "But I shink I go home if I was you, Mr. Tozer!"

P.-c. Tozer snorted, and stamped away to the doorway again. As he did so, there came a low, threatening growl just outside the shop, and Mr. Tozer jumped back into the interior. It was only too clear to him that the savage animal was waiting to spring upon him as he emerged from the narrow doorway.

"My heye!" murmured Mr. Tozer. "You 'eard that?"

Mr. Yidd looked surprised.

"Yeth, I hear him," he said. "I hear him thith time."

"It's a dangerous beast," said Mr. Tozer. "Hyderphoby, werry like. I'm going to take my truncheon to that brute."

And Mr. Tozer took out his truncheon and grasped it in his brave right hand with a firm grasp, and cautiously peered out of the doorway. He could not see the dog; and, taking his courage in both hands, so to speak, he made a sudden spring out upon the pavement, and stood with his truncheon brandished ready for the savage beast.

But the savage beast did not spring. The savage beast was not on view. Six Greyfriars juniors were lounging outside the shop window, and that was all.

Mr. Tozer stared round him blankly and lowered the truncheon, looking very sheepish.

"Ave you seed that dorg, young gents?" he asked.

"What dog?" asked Bob Cherry.

"That dorg that was snarling!"

"I haven't seen any dog!"

"And I haven't," said Harry Wharton. "Tozer, old man, you're dreaming! You should stick to ginger-beer!"

"The stickfulness to the esteemed ginger-beer should be terrific, my worthy Tozer," murmured Hurreo Janiset Ram Singh.

Mr. Tozer jammed his truncheon away. He was beginning to think himself that the ale at the Red Cow had something to do with the matter. It was certainly most extraordinary. Mr. Tozer felt like a haunted man.

"I can't make it hout," he murmured. "There was a dorg—I know there was a dorg! In fact, I seed it quite plainly, as well as 'eard it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Greyfriars juniors burst into a roar. As the dog had no existence outside Billy Bunter's ventriloquial performance, Mr. Tozer must have had truly marvellous powers of vision to enable him to see it!

Mr. Tozer glared suspiciously at the juniors. He had a lurking suspicion that they knew something about the peculiar performances of that mysterious dog, though he could not fathom how.

"Well, it's gorn now," said Mr. Tozer, after a last look round. "Blow it!"

"Oh, go home! You're tipsy!"

Mr. Tozer staggered back.

If one of the Greyfriars juniors had uttered those words, Mr. Tozer would have been astounded, but he could have understood it. But what was he to think when that remark proceeded from the dummy standing outside Mr. Yidd's door? The pink face and the blue glass eyes stared straight at Mr. Tozer as he staggered back, gasping.

"My heye!" gasped Mr. Tozer. "Did you 'ear that?"

"Oh, you're tipsy! Go and sleep it off!"

"My heye!"

Mr. Tozer stared steadfastly at the figure, and backed away from it as if it had been a fearful spectre.

"Leave the ale alone when you're on duty next time, Tozer! Ha, ha, da!"

"Oh, my heye!" gasped Tozer. "It must be the ale, or else I'm going balmy! Oh!"

He had backed away to the edge of the pavement without perceiving it in his agitation. He made another step backwards, and stepped down into the road, and the sudden loss of balance made him sit down quite suddenly.

"Oh!" he gasped.

"Lend him a hand!" murmured Bob Cherry. "I've got an idea—a gorgeous wheeze! All of you help Tozer!"

The Greyfriars juniors dashed up to the sitting constable to help him up. They all grasped him at once, and raised the portly policeman to his feet. Bob Cherry whisked the placard off the figure, and held it behind him as he ran to the assistance of his chums. As Mr. Tozer was helped up, panting, Bob Cherry hooked the placard on the back of his tunic.

"Thank you!" gasped Mr. Tozer. "Don't you push my 'elmet hof, please, young Bull. I'm all right. Lemme alone!"

"Sure you can stand, Tozer?" asked Harry Wharton, with great solicitude.

"Course I can!" roared Mr. Tozer. "I ain't been drinking, blow yer!"

And Mr. Tozer, feeling that the sooner he got away from that scene of mysteries the better, started down the street with his usual stride, but a little more hurried than usual. Upon his broad back the placard, hooked on his tunic, showed up to great advantage:

"In this style, one guinea!"

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## THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Price One Guinea.

**M**R. TOZER was accustomed to attracting a certain amount of attention in the streets of Friardale. His stately figure dominated the village street. Small boys regarded him with terror, and village girls with admiration. Glances were very often thrown at him as he paraded the old High Street. But never had so many glances been thrown at him as on this sunny afternoon; never had he received so many smiles; never had he attracted such unbounded attention as now.

As he walked up the street, people nodded to him, or greeted him, as usual, but behind him he left the street in a roar.

Small boys yelled after him, and stared, and yelled again; and when P.-c. Tozer swung round in wrath, then there was a fresh roar from spectators who were given a view of his back.

Mr. Tozer was astounded. The afternoon seemed crammed with strange happenings for him.

Harry Wharton & Co. were strolling along at some distance behind him, but they were all looking very sedate, and evidently they could be having no hand in this matter.

What was it?

Was his helmet on awry, or had he a splash on his ruddy face, or what? He paused, and looked into a shop window at his reflection, and he saw nothing whatever wrong with his reflection. The glass did not, of course, reflect his back.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"One guinea!"

"Haw, haw, haw!"

"Dear at the price!"

"Wall, there's a lot theer for a guinea!"

"Haw, haw, haw!"

Mr. Tozer glared round him. He simply could not understand the allusions. He raised his chin a little higher, and strode on haughtily. The irreverent laughter of the village urchins, however, was not suppressed by the dignity of Mr. Tozer. In fact, his dignity of deportment only made the absurd notice on his back seem more absurd.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Bob Cherry. "When will he find it out? Ha, ha, ha!"

"The ha-ha-hafulness is terrific!"

"One guinea!" yelled a little ragamuffin. "He, he, he! Dear—too dear!"

Mr. Tozer, forgetting his dignity for a moment, made a rush at the urchin. The young rascal fled at top speed.

The portly policeman could not hope to catch him. He slackened pace again; but he strode on quickly, anxious to get out of the High Street, which seemed to have become very populous all of a sudden.

Outside Uncle Clegg's tuck-shop three fellows were lounging, in Etons and silk hats. They were Ponsonby, Gadsby, and Vavasour, three juniors of Highcliffe School. They looked at Mr. Tozer in amazement as he came sailing on, wondering what was the cause of the laughter.

"Something's going on," said Ponsonby, in surprise. "Is Tozer drunk? The whole giddy village seems to be cackling after him."

"Absolutely," yawned Vavasour.

"What's the matter? Hullo, Tozer," called out Gadsby, "what's the joke?"

Mr. Tozer halted, mopping his fevered brow.

"I dunno, Master Gadsby," he said. "The 'ole village seems to 'ave gorn mad this arternoon. I ain't no idea wot it is."

There was a yell from the distance.

"In that style! My word!"

"Only a guinea!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Will you take fifteen and six, Tozer?"

"You 'ear them!" said the unhappy constable. "I don't know wot they mean. They're all gorn mad. If I could get 'old of 'em I'd run 'em in. I never kxaw there was so many kids in Friardale before. It's scandalous."

The Highcliffe fellows grinned.

Mr. Tozer sailed on, and then Ponsonby and Co. had a view of his back. They stared blankly for a moment, and then yelled.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, my only summer chapeau!" gasped Gadsby. "This is too rich! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Absolutely!" stuttered Vavasour. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Tozer swung round indignantly.

"Really, young gentlemen," he exclaimed.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look 'ere—"

"Do you know—"

"Hold on," murmured Ponsonby. "Don't give it away. Let him keep on."

"Rats!" said Gadsby. "It's a jape of those Greyfriars bounders, and we want to give them away. Let 'em get into a row over it."

"Absolutely," said Vavasour.



Ponsonby hesitated. He was not quite so thorough a cad as his comrades; but while he hesitated, Gadsby settled the matter.

"Do you know what you've got on your back, Tozer?" he called out.

Mr. Tozer started.

"On my back?" he ejaculated.

"Yes. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Wot?" demanded Mr. Tozer, trying to reach his back with his hand, and failing in the attempt, his circumference being a little too ample. "Eh! Wot is it?"

"Come over here, and I'll take it off for you."

"My heye!"

Gadsby unhooked the placard, and held it up for Mr. Tozer's inspection.

Mr. Tozer gazed at it with starting eyes.

The inscription on the placard seemed to wink at him.

"IN THIS STYLE, ONE GUINEA!"

"My 'at Oh! Was that—that there thing on my back?" stuttered Mr. Tozer.

"Ha, ha! Yes."

"Ow—ow did it get there?"

"Somebody hooked it on there, I suppose," grinned Gadsby.

"It's been taken from outside a shop. Have you been close to those Greyfriars' chaps?"

Then a light dawned upon Mr. Tozer. He remembered the great kindness of the Greyfriars juniors in helping him up, when he had fallen into the road.

"The young raskils!" he exclaimed. "My heye! I'll report this to Dr. Locke, see if I don't! The awful young raskils, insultin' the majesty of the lor in this way."

"Report 'em, rather," said Vavasour. "Get 'em licked! They're cheeky young cads, anyway."

Mr. Tozer clutched the placard in his hand, and glared towards Harry Wharton and Co.

"The show's over," groaned Bob Cherry. "Those Highcliffe rotters have given it away! Well, I was getting an ache in my ribs, anyway."

"You young raskils!" roared Mr. Tozer. "You fixed this 'ere on my back!"

"My dear Tozer——!"

"I'm goin' to report yer!" roared Tozer. "Young raskils! My heye——!"

"Oh, dear," murmured Billy Bunter. "There will be a row about this! Those Highcliffe rotters have given the game away."

Wharton gritted his teeth.

"We'll jolly well lick them, anyway, before we go," he muttered.

"Yes, rather."

Mr. Tozer waved the placard in the air, his face purple with fury. He seemed inclined to take the law into his own hands, and charge at the Greyfriars juniors, but they kept a safe distance, and stood ready to dodge.

"I—I'm goin' straight up to the school now!" stuttered Mr. Tozer. "You'll 'ear of this! Young raskils! You'll 'ear of this 'ere!"

And Mr. Tozer, with the offending placard in his hand, tramped away up the road to Greyfriars. Harry Wharton and Co. were not laughing now. They knew there would be trouble when they reached the school when Mr. Tozer had made his report.

There came a chuckle from the Highcliffe juniors. They grinned at Harry Wharton and Co. with evident enjoyment. Feeling was very unfriendly between Greyfriars and Highcliffe; though, to be just, the fault was chiefly on the Highcliffe side. Ponsonby and Co. never would "play the game."

"Well, you kids are booked for a licking," grinned Gadsby. "I must say it serves you right."

"Absolutely!" said Vavasour.

"You rotten cads!" roared Bob Cherry. "You put Tozer up to the game! Why couldn't you let it alone? What did you want to give us away for?"

"Oh, go and eat coke," said Gadsby. "Don't talk to us! As a matter of fact, we don't care to talk to you chaps! You're no class, as a matter of fact."

"Absolutely," yawned Vavasour. "We don't talk to a school that admits rotten scholarship outsiders! No!"

"Come in and get some ginger-pop, old dears," said Ponsonby.

"Never mind those cads!"

And the three Highcliffians strolled into Uncle Clegg's shop. Harry Wharton and Co. exchanged glances.

"We're jolly well going to lick those cads," said Nugent savagely. "They can tackle any three of us they like—but they've got to have it! We'll give 'em fair play—which is more than they would give us!"

"I say, you fellows——"

"Oh, you can buzz off, Bunter—you're no good in a fight. Clear off!"

"Oh, really, Nugent!"

"Hold on!" said Bob Cherry, his face clearing suddenly, and a grin taking the place of the frown. "Hold on, my sons! We brought Bunter out to ventriloquise—and here's another giddy chance for him! Bunter, old man, if you make those awful cads sit up in first-class style, you shall draw on Uncle Clegg's stock for all you can guzzle."

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ONE  
PENNY.

Billy Bunter's little round eyes gleamed behind his spectacles. He was on his mettle now.

"I'm on!" he said.

And the Greyfriars fellows crowded into the village tuckshop.

## THE TENTH CHAPTER.

### Trouble in the Family.

PONSONBY AND CO. stared at the Greyfriars fellows as they came in, in a decidedly offensive way. The "swank" which was the greatest gift of the Highcliffians had never been more evident in their manners. It was the way of the Highcliffians to act as if the earth was hardly good enough for them to walk on; and if there had been any foundation for their high opinion of themselves it might perhaps have been excused. But there wasn't: Highcliffe played cricket and footer rottenly, and they played so unfairly that Greyfriars had ceased to meet them on the playing-field. When there were fistic encounters between the fellows of the two schools, as not infrequently happened, the Highcliffians never got the best of it unless the odds were upon their side. But in spite of all, they maintained their excellent opinion of themselves unimpaired, and never showed the slightest inclination to climb down.

Ponsonby had been spending money freely, evidently, as Uncle Clegg was handing him the change of a sovereign. Uncle Clegg was a very crusty old gentleman; but he was all smiles for the Highcliffe fellows. Gold pieces were not common objects in Uncle Clegg's shop. He nodded very off-handedly to the Greyfriars juniors. Most of their custom went to Mrs. Mumble's little shop at the school, and they were not so valuable as the fellows from Highcliffe.

"Six of ginger-pop, please," said Harry Wharton.

"Finish serving me first," said Ponsonby. "I want a lot more things. Can you fellows eat some more jam-tarts?"

"I'll try," said Gadsby.

"Absolutely," said Vavasour.

"And we'll try some of the jellies, too," said Ponsonby. "Show us some of the jellies, Uncle Clegg; and you can show us some cakes, too, different kinds."

Wharton frowned. Ponsonby was evidently determined to keep Uncle Clegg occupied, so that he could not serve the Greyfriars fellows.

"Hand over the ginger-pop, Uncle," said Bob Cherry.

"I'm serving these young gentlemen," said Uncle Clegg. "They're good customers."

"Better than us, eh?" said Bob Cherry, laughing. "Well, I'll take the ginger-pop, and you can take the money when you've got time, after serving your good customers."

And Bob Cherry reached over the counter and appropriated six bottles of ginger-beer.

"Now, just chuck over the glasses," he said.

"I'm busy just now," said Uncle Clegg impertinently.

"Don't interrupt Mr. Clegg when he's showing me cakes," said Ponsonby. "I really think you ought to know better, Cherry. But I suppose that's Greyfriars manners."

"Absolutely," said Vavasour.

"Oh, you go and eat coke," said Bob Cherry. "Can't we have our glasses till you've done looking over the cakes?"

"Certainly not! Don't bother!"

"Look here, Uncle Clegg——" began Harry Wharton warmly.

"I'm busy!" said Uncle Clegg. "Tend to you in a minnit."

"I say, you fellows——"

"This 'ere cake is something very special," said Uncle Clegg, displaying a currant cake that really looked very tempting. "You'll like this."

"Aw! What's the price of that?" asked Ponsonby.

"Ten shillings!"

"What?"

"A shilling," said Uncle Clegg.

"You said ten shillings just now," said Ponsonby, in surprise.

"Eh!" said Uncle Clegg, who was rather deaf. "Worth ten shillings, did you say? You're right, Master Ponsonby, quite right."

"No, I didn't say anything of the sort," shouted Ponsonby. "I said, you said it was ten shillings a minute ago."

"That I didn't," said Uncle Clegg.

"You did, you ass! Never mind. If it's a bob, it's all right. You can wrap that up, and another like it, and we'll take it along."

"That will be a pound the two!"

"Will it?" roared Ponsonby. "Then I won't have them."

"Eh?" said Uncle Clegg.

"I won't have them!"

Uncle Clegg looked amazed.

"But you told me to wrap them up," he exclaimed.

"Yes; but I'm not going to pay a pound for two shilling cakes, you old fathead."

"Who asked you to?" demanded Uncle Clegg, beginning to get crusty. "Them two cakes will cost you two shillings. That's the price."



"Then what did you say they'd cost a pound for?"

"Why, I didn't!"

"You did! Do you think I don't know your squeaky voice?" howled Ponsonby. "Didn't you hear him, you chaps?"

"Yes, rather," said Gadsby.

"Absolutely," said Vavasour.

"Well, I didn't," growled Uncle Clegg. "If this is a joke of you young gentlemen, I don't like jokes. Never did. Are you going to 'ave them cakes or are you not?"

"Not!" growled Ponsonby. "Chuck 'em away, I don't want 'em!"

"I say, Uncle Clegg, I'll have them," said Billy Bunter, in his natural voice. "You can hand 'em over here."

Uncle Clegg gave him a grim look.

"You can have them if you pay for them, Master Bunter," he said.

"Oh, really, Uncle Clegg!"

"You owe me four bob now," said Mr. Clegg.

"Pay for the cakes, will you, Bob Cherry? I'll let you have it back out of my postal order this evening," said Bunter.

Bob Cherry grinned, and threw the money on the counter. Billy Bunter started on the cakes. The Greyfriars juniors were grinning joyously. Bunter's imitation of Uncle Clegg's squeaky voice had been so exact that they almost believed themselves that Mr. Clegg had made those remarks the Remove ventriloquist had put into his mouth. Bob Cherry poked the fat junior in the ribs.

"Go it!" he murmured.

"I'm going it," said Billy Bunter, who was making the cake disappear at record speed. "This is prime."

"I don't mean that, you ass! Plenty of time for that," growled Bob Cherry.

"Oh, all right."

Johnny Bull had fetched glasses from the back of the shop, regardless of Uncle Clegg, and the Greyfriars fellows were drinking their ginger-beer. Billy Bunter took alternate munches at the cake and gulps at the ginger-beer. It was some minutes before he had time for any more ventriloquism.

Ponsonby was selecting all sorts of articles to take back to Highcliffe. He was pleased at the opportunity of showing off his sovereigns before the Greyfriars fellows, who certainly were not so well provided with money. Quite a pile grew on the counter before the Highcliffe trio.

"Now, how much is that little lot?" asked Ponsonby.

Uncle Clegg made a calculation upon a fragment of paper with a stump of pencil. He was not good at mental arithmetic.

"Seven pound ten!"

Ponsonby jumped.

"How much?" he roared.

Uncle Clegg looked up from his calculation.

"Seventeen-and-six!" he said.

"Then what did you say seven pound ten for?" demanded Ponsonby, wondering whether Uncle Clegg was intoxicated.

"Eh?"

"You said seven pound ten!" shrieked Ponsonby.

"I didn't. I said seventeen-and-six!" howled Uncle Clegg.

"You're an old fool!"

"Look 'ere, Master Ponsonby!"

"Oh, he's drunk!" said Gadsby. "Must be drunk or mad. Let's get out."

"You can send those things up to Highcliffe for me," said Ponsonby. "Can't carry a giddy parcel through the streets. Change that for me!"

He laid a sovereign on the counter.

"That ain't a good one."

"Rot!" exclaimed Ponsonby, warmly.

"It's perfectly good. It's just the same as the one you changed ten minutes ago, you old duffer."

"Eh?"

"I say that sovereign's perfectly good," yelled Ponsonby.

"I never said it wasn't," said Uncle Clegg, taking up the sovereign and biting it to make sure, and then ringing it on the counter. "Yes, it's good enough."

"You said it was a bad one."

"Who did?"

"You did!"

"I didn't say nothing of the sort. I never spoke."

"Oh, he's drunk!" said Gadsby.

"Absolutely."

"Look 'ere," exclaimed Uncle Clegg, whose unamiable temper was worked up to a state of exasperation by this time. "I ain't being talked to like that by nobody. Look 'ere!"

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"Oh, shut up, and change the quid."

"It's bad!"

"It's not bad, you silly ass! You said yourself it was good."

"Eh?"

"What do you mean by saying it's bad?"

"I ain't said so."

"You—you silly old chump!" yelled Ponsonby. "First you say it's bad, and then that it's good, and then that it's bad again. What do you mean?"

"Look 'ere, if this is a joke Master Ponsonby, I don't understand it," said Uncle Clegg, very gruffy. "I've 'ad enuff of it, so I tell yer."

He opened his till, to take out the change for the sovereign, mumbling indignantly to himself. And his voice seemed to run on without a change.

"You've been robbin' my till, Master Ponsonby!"

Ponsonby jumped.

"What!" he yelled.

"I didn't speak," snarled Uncle Clegg.

"You did, you old thief! You said I'd been robbing your till!"

"So you have," said a voice that was Vavasour's or else an exact reproduction of it. "I saw you, Pon., absolutely."

Vavasour was not deaf, and when he heard his own voice speaking, he stopped his glass of ginger-beer half-way to his lips, and stood petrified. Ponsonby swung round on him in a raging fury.

"What! You say so!" he yelled. "You say you saw me robbing that old fool's till! My hat! I'll jolly well—"

"I—I say, Pon.—I—I—"

Biff!

Ponsonby struck the glass of ginger-beer upward, and Vavasour gave a wild yell as the liquid spurted in a great wave into his face. He dropped the glass, and it smashed into fifty pieces on the floor, and he gasped and sputtered, and gouged the beer frantically out of his eyes and nose.

"Ow! ow! grooh! groog! Grug! Oh!"

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

Ponsonby clenched his fists, and glared at his unfortunate chum. Vavasour mopped the ginger-beer off his face, and glared back at him with equal fury.

"Now say it again!" shouted Ponsonby. "I'll mop up the floor with you, you weedy worm! I'll teach you to say I'm a thief."

"Groo! I said—"

"You said you saw me—"

"I didn't! I—it—"

"Liar!"

"Look here—"

"You skinny, weedy apology for a scarecrow!" yelled Ponsonby, his real opinion of his friend coming out with startling frankness. "You—you moulting parrot, you haven't sense enough to do anything but stutter out 'Absolutely.' You burbling chump—"

"I—I—I—"

"You silly apology for an idiot."

"Look here, I tell you—"

"Shut up, Pon; you did rob the till, you know," said a twin to Gadsby's voice, and Gadsby jumped, and Ponsonby turned upon him like a whirlwind.

He did not stop to talk; he rushed at Gadsby, hitting out with both fists.

"Oh!" roared Gadsby, as Ponsonby's right caught him in the eye, and the left on the nose. "Oh! Yah! Oh! Yawp!"

Crash!

Gadsby sat down.

But he was up again in a second, rushing at Ponsonby. Gadsby was more war-like than Vavasour, and he did not take it quietly. He closed with Ponsonby, and they reeled round the little shop, panting and hammering at one another.

"Here, let's get out of this," gasped Bob Cherry. "Can't stay here with these giddy hooligans. Come on!"

"I say, you fellows, what about the feed?"

"You can feed at Greyfriars. Come on."

The Removites crowded out of the shop, leaving Gadsby and Ponsonby still engaged in deadly conflict, and Vavasour still wiping ginger-beer from his aristocratic features, and Uncle Clegg shouting and gesticulating behind the counter. Harry Wharton and Co. yelled with laughter as they walked down the street.

"Ha, ha, ha! I think we've scored with Ponsonby and Co., after all," yelled Bob

NEXT  
MONDAY:

# "FOR HIS MOTHER'S SAKE!"

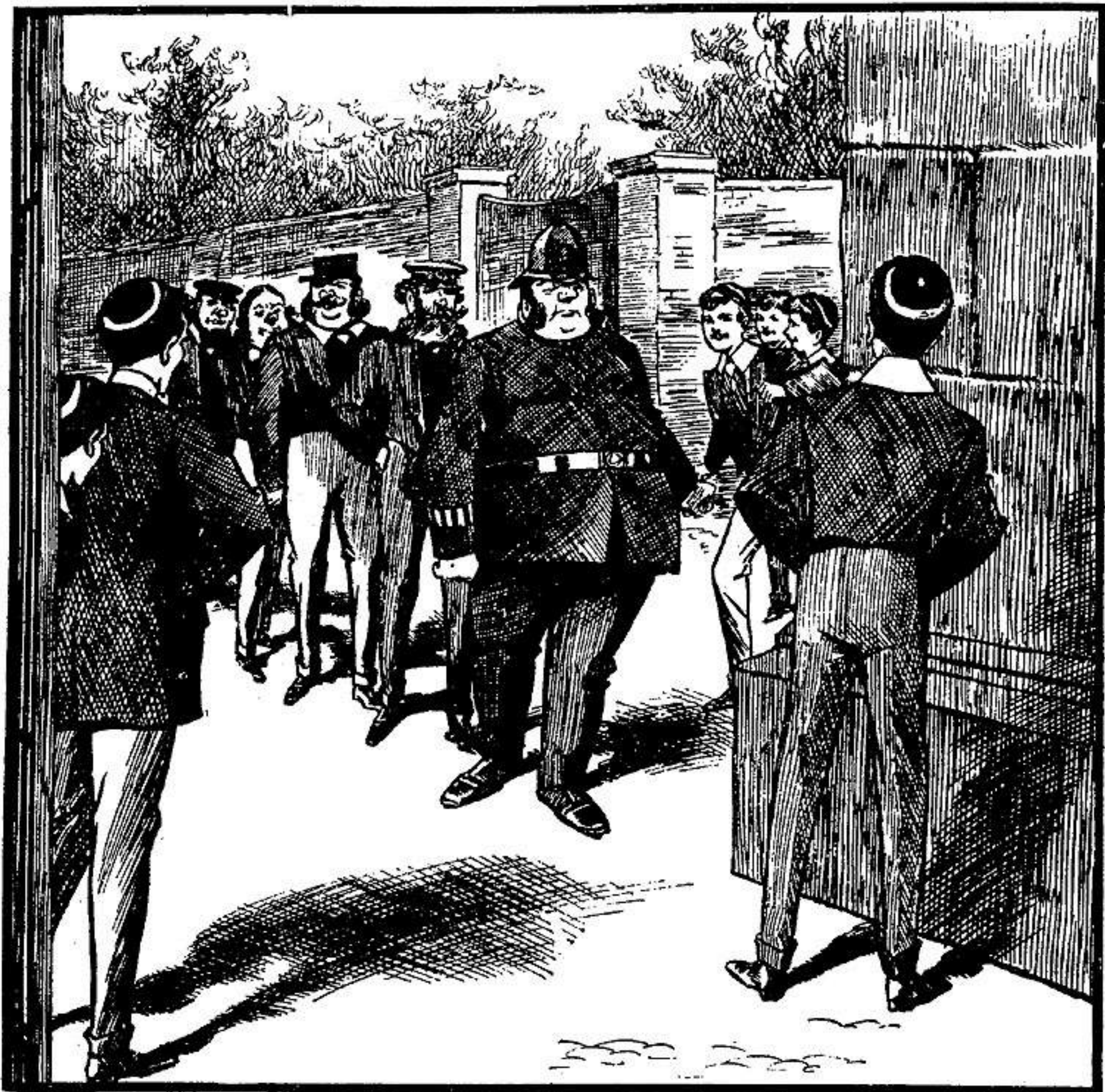
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The made-up amateur actors imitated Mr. Tozer's stride, keeping step with his fat little legs. The school gates were reached, and there was a yell as the peculiar procession was sighted. A crowd of fellows came swarming round at once. "Great Scott! What's all this?" (See Chapter 4.)

Cherry. "Ha, ha, ha! Bunter, old man, you're worth your weight in jam puffs!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And Harry Wharton and Co. walked home to Greyfriars feeling satisfied with themselves, and consoled in advance for the "row" that was undoubtedly waiting for them at the school.

### THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER. A Licking for Six!

TROTTER, the page, met the chums of the Remove as they entered the School House. Trotter was looking serious and sympathetic. Billy Bunter slipped quietly away. He was one of the party that had japed the village policeman; but he did not see why he should accompany them into the Head's presence. There were enough to be called over the coals without him, Bunter thought, and he had taken refuge in the tuck shop in the corner of the Close.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, Trotty!" said Bob Cherry, "wherefore that solemn brow?"

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Trotter grinned.

"Dr. Locke wants to see you," he said.

"All of us?"

"Yes, Master Wharton."

"Oh, crumbs!" said Johnny Bull. "We're in for it. Is there anybody with the Head, Trotty?"

"Yes, Master Bull, Mr. Tozer's there!"

"Blow Tozer!"

And the chums of the Remove took their way to the Head's study. The music had to be faced, and they nerved themselves for the ordeal. They rubbed their hands with anticipation as they approached the study, and then Harry Wharton tapped at the door.

"Come in!"

The Head's voice sounded very deep. The juniors gave one another a look of commiseration, and Wharton opened the door. They walked in very quietly and respectfully. Police-constable Tozer was standing by the Head's desk, his face red and wrathful, and the offending placard in his hands. Evidently he had been pitching a tale of his uncommon wrongs. Dr. Locke was looking very stern.



"Boys!" he said. "Mr. Tozer has been waiting here for you! I have heard a very serious complaint from Mr. Tozer!"

"I am sorry, sir," said Harry Wharton, meekly.

"The sorrowfulness is terrific, honoured, sir!" murmured Hurrec Jamset Ram Singh.

"We are sure Mr. Tozer doesn't bear malice for a harmless little joke, sir," said Frank Nugent, "and—and if you don't mind my saying it, sir, ought Mr. Tozer to be encouraged to sneak?"

Mr. Tozer nearly exploded.

To have his majestic complaint to the Head of Greyfriars characterised as "sneaking," as if he were a fag in the school, was too great a blow to his dignity. He scowled on the verge of apoplexy, and his mouth opened two or three times, but no words came forth.

"Nugent!" said the Head, sternly. "You will gain nothing by being rude to Mr. Tozer! It seems that you boys fixed this placard to Mr. Tozer's back, in the streets of Friardale, causing him to become an object of public ridicule."

"Well, he—he's used to that, sir," murmured Bob Cherry.

"Silence, Cherry! Do you deny having done it?"

"No, sir! I did it; the other chaps didn't."

"They was all in it together," said Mr. Tozer, in a suffocating voice. "Young rips, I calls 'em! I would 'ave taken them to the lock-up, sir, only for my respect for you, Dr. Locke. Young raskils, that's wot they are! I says——"

"You did quite right in leaving their punishment in my hands, Mr. Tozer," said the Head. "I shall prove to them that they cannot play jokes with impunity upon a member of his Majesty's Police Force. You admit, then, that you placed this ridiculous placard on the back of Mr. Tozer?"

"Yes, sir. It was only a little joke, sir."

"The jokefulness was terrific, sir."

"It was an utterly unjustifiable proceeding," said the Head. "Each of you will be severely caned in the presence of Mr. Tozer!"

"Oh, sir!"

"Unless Mr. Tozer should prefer to look upon the whole matter as a harmless frolic, and request me to spare you," added the Head, with a glance at Mr. Tozer.

"Go it, Tozey!" murmured Bob Cherry encouragingly.

The juniors fixed their eyes upon Mr. Tozer. Now was the time for Mr. Tozer to rise to the occasion and show a really generous soul, which would have preserved him inviolate from all the japes of the Famous Four in future. But Mr. Tozer did not look as if he meant to rise to the occasion in that way. His expression showed that he was anticipating the punishment of the Removites with the keenest satisfaction.

He did not speak!

The Head waited a moment for a reply, and as Mr. Tozer made none, Dr. Locke rose from his seat and took up his cane.

"You first, Wharton!" he said. "Hold out your hand."

Harry Wharton held out his hand without a word, then he held out the other, and then the first again. He received three cuts in all, and they were very hard. Dr. Locke knew how to lay on the cane when he was in earnest.

Wharton stepped back, his face quite pale for a moment. Then the other juniors took their turn. Bob Cherry, and Frank Nugent, and Johnny Bull, and Hurrec Jamset Ram Singh received the same punishment as the captain of the Remove, Mr. Tozer watching it with great comfort.

"There!" said the Head. "And now——"

"There was another of 'em, sir," said the inexorable Mr. Tozer.

"Another! Who was with you, Wharton?"

"Bunter was with us, sir," said Harry reluctantly. "But he hadn't anything to do with sticking the placard on Tozer's silly back."

"Wharton!"

"Ahem! I mean on his back, sir."

"He was with them, sir," repeated Mr. Tozer.

Dr. Locke touched the bell.

"Trotter, find Master Bunter, and bring him in here," he said when the page appeared.

"Yessir," said Trotter.

It was full five minutes before Billy Bunter made his appearance. It was a painful pause to the Removites, who were rubbing their hands ruefully. Billy Bunter came into the study at last with a look of alarm, and a smear of jam upon his face.

"You—you—you want me, sir?" he asked.

"Yes, Bunter. You know this placard, I suppose?"

Bunter blinked at the placard.

"No, sir," he said promptly; "I've never seen it before, sir."

"What?"

"I don't know it at all, sir, and I've never seen it. In fact, I was looking the other way when Bob Cherry hooked it on to Tozer's back, sir."

"Bunter! You utterly absurd boy! You were with Wharton and the rest when this placard was pinned upon Mr. Tozer's tunic."

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"Oh, no, sir; that's quite a mistake," said Billy Bunter eagerly. "I'm sure Wharton hasn't said anything of the sort. As for Tozer, sir, you can't accept his evidence, as he was intoxicated when he saw me with Wharton."

"Wot?" roared Mr. Tozer.

"Silence, Bunter! How dare you accuse Mr. Tozer of—of intoxication?" exclaimed the Head.

"Well, sir, all the fellows saw it, and——"

"You have just said that you were not with them."

"Quite right, sir; I wasn't."

"Are you aware that you are contradicting yourself, Bunter?"

"Certainly not, sir. I said to Wharton at the time that Tozer was tipsy, and——"

"How could you have said that to Wharton if you were not with him?" thundered the Head.

"Well, sir," stammered Bunter, a little taken aback, "I—I—when I say I said it, sir, I—I don't exactly mean that—that I said it——"

"Hold out your hand, Bunter!"

"It was a—a figure of speech, sir. What I mean is——"

"Hold out your hand!"

"M-m-my hand, sir?"

"Yea."

"W-w-what for, sir?"

"I am going to cane you. Hold out your hand at once!"

"If—if you please, sir——"

"If you do not hold out your hand immediately, Bunter, I shall give you six cuts instead of three," said the Head severely.

Bunter held out his hand. He received three lighter cuts, but he seemed to double up under the infliction. He squeezed his fat hands under his arms, and roared.

"Ow, ow, ow!"

"Cease that ridiculous noise, Bunter," exclaimed the Head.

"Yow! Ow! I—I can't, sir! I'm hurt. Ow!"

"Leave my study at once."

"Yes, sir. Ow, ow, ow, ow!"

Billy Bunter staggered out of the study, still squeezing his hands and roaring. The Head frowned angrily.

"You may go, boys," he rapped out, "and if you play any more tricks upon Mr. Tozer I shall cane you more severely. Mr. Tozer, I wish you a very good-day."

And the study door closed upon all Dr. Locke's unwelcome visitors. But from the distance, through the closed door, could still be heard the bellow of Billy Bunter. Like Rachel, Billy Bunter was mourning, and would not be comforted.

"Ow, ow, ow, ow!"

## THE TWELFTH CHAPTER

### Fish, The Ventriloquist.

GLUCK! Gluck!

Johnny Bull halted in sheer astonishment as he came up to the door of his study in the Remove passage.

Johnny Bull was rubbing his hands ruefully; he was fresh from his castigation in the Head's study. But he forgot the smart for the moment as those weird and mysterious sounds struck his ears.

Gluck! Gluck! Glooh!

The study door was closed. Johnny Bull shared that study with Fisher T. Fish, the American junior, and it occurred to him that Fisher T. Fish must be ill. He opened the door quickly, and looked in.

The Yankee junior was there. He was standing by the table with his mouth open, and an expression of intense suffering upon his face. He seemed to be trying to cough up something from his throat which declined to budge.

"Grooh! Glooh! Gluck! Gluck! Gluck!"

"Fishy——"

"Gluck! Gluck!"

"What's the matter, old man? Got something in your neck?" asked Bull anxiously.

"Grooooooooooh!"

"Fishy——"

"Glooh! Gluck! Gluck!"

"Great Scott, Fishy, you ass, what's the matter?"

"Gluck! Huck! Gluck!"

Johnny Bull thought he could not do better than smack Fisher T. Fish on the back to help him out with the coughing process. He did so—with considerable force. Fisher T. Fish seemed to wake out of a trance, and he gave a terrific yell.

"Yow, you silly guy. What are you up to?"

"I thought you were choking," gasped Johnny Bull.

"Ow, you ass!"

"What's the matter with you, then, if you're not ill?" demanded Johnny Bull indignantly. "You alarmed me, you fathead!"

"Grooh! I'm practising."

"Practising!" said Bull, mystified. "Practising making a row like an old hen with the croup! What on earth are you doing that for?"

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"No, you ass! I'm practising producing my voice, and throwing it."

"Throwing it!"

"I guess so."

"Well, if your voice is like that, the sooner you throw it, and the further you throw it, the better," said John Bull. "What are you playing the giddy ox for? You'll damage your vocal chords."

"I'm practising ventriloquism."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess there's nothing to cackle at," growled Fisher T. Fish. "If Bunter can ventriloquise, I suppose I can. There's nothing you can do over here that we can't do over there, I can tell you. Gluck! Gluck!"

"Is that silly row practising ventriloquism?" demanded John Bull.

"Correct. Gluck! Gluck!"

"Then you can go and practise it in some other study, you ass! Shut up!"

"Gluck! Gluck!"

"Stop it!" roared John Bull. "You're setting all my nerves on edge. Chuck it!"

"Gluck! Gluck!"

Johnny Bull seized the American junior by the shoulders, and gave him a powerful twist that sent him staggering into the passage, and slammed the door on him. Fisher T. Fish gasped, and left off glucking till he recovered his breath.

He did not re-enter the study. He walked down the Remove passage to No. 1, and looked in. Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent were there, and they were rubbing their hands dolefully, and saying things on the subject of Police-constable Tozer. Fisher T. Fish nodded agreeably.

"I've got it!" he said.

"So have we—we've got it bad!" groaned Nugent. "I never knew the Head was such a wiry old bird. Ow!"

"Licked?" asked Fish.

"Yes. Ow, ow!"

"Never mind. I'll jape the Head if you like, and make him sit up," said Fisher T. Fish. "I guess I can do it—some, with my ventriloquism."

Wharton and Nugent left off rubbing their hands for a moment to stare at the American junior as he made this announcement.

"With your what?" demanded both the juniors together.

"My ventriloquism!" said Fisher T. Fish loftily.

"I didn't know you were a ventriloquist."

"Oh, I can do these things, you know," said Fisher T. Fish, in his airy way. "Precious few things we can't do over there, I guess. I guess I can beat Bunter all along the line—some."

"You can ventriloquise?" demanded Nugent, in astonishment.

"Yep."

"Rats!" said Harry Wharton.

"I guess I can give you a sample," said Fisher T. Fish confidently. "It's jolly easy—for me. I don't suppose you fellows could do it, but it sort of comes to me. I'll make my voice come from the grate. Listen!"

"Go ahead!"

Fisher T. Fish assumed an awful expression, and emitted a far-away, expiring squeak. The juniors watched him with great interest.

"Well?" said Wharton.

"There you are!" said Fish.

"Is that ventriloquism?"

"Yep."

"But in ventriloquism the voice is supposed to proceed from some other person or place, isn't it?" asked Nugent.

Fisher T. Fish glared.

"Yep. That came from the grate."

"Did it?"

"Didn't you hear it?"

"Oh, yes, we heard it."

"Well, where did it seem to you to come from?" demanded Fisher T. Fish wrathfully.

"From the neck of a silly ass!"

"Oh, I guess you'd be jealous, anyway," said Fisher T. Fish. "I'll try again. I'm going to make a voice come from the chimney." He coughed, and twisted up his features into a really-terrific shape, and a dying squeak came from his throat.

"Are you there?"

"Yes, I'm here," said Nugent.

"Ass! That was supposed to be a voice in the chimney!" howled Fish.

"Wants a lot of supposing, then. It came from your silly neck, as plain as anything."

"Something wrong with your hearing, I guess," said Fisher T. Fish, contemptuously. "Not much good showing you fellows how to do things. I shouldn't mind giving you a lesson in ventriloquism; I don't want to keep it to myself. It's quite

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easy! Look here, you place the lips like this——" He twisted up his mouth in a fearful way.

"My hat!" gasped Nugent. "I couldn't place my lips like that! They're not the right shape. It needs a mouth like yours to perform those gymnastics."

Fisher T. Fish untwisted his mouth, bestowed a glare upon Wharton and Nugent, and stamped out of the study, slamming the door behind him. A sound of chuckling followed him.

Fisher T. Fish snorted. Fish was fully convinced that he could do anything that anybody else could do, and do it better. He wanted an audience; and he looked into the next study where Bulstrode and Hazeldene and Tom Brown were having tea.

"I guess I've got something to show you kids," said Fish.

"Some new scheme?" growled Bulstrode. "We don't want to insure ourselves, and we don't want any competitions, and we don't want to buy American watches cheap. Get out!"

"I've taken up ventriloquism——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess I can show you how the thing's done," said Fish confidently. "Listen! I'm going to make my voice proceed from Tom Brown. Now, I'm just going to begin! I guess I shall imitate Brown's voice so exactly that you won't know the difference."

"Rats!" said the New Zealand junior.

"Well, just listen!" Fisher T. Fish seemed to bottle up his throat in some mysterious way, and a plaintive growl came forth. "Pass me the jam!"

"I'm not going to pass you any jam," said Bulstrode. "Who asked you to tea, I'd like to know."

"You fathead!" said Fish. "That was Brown speaking—I mean, I was speaking in Brown's voice, and making it seem to come from Brown."

Tom Brown glared.

"Do you mean to say that that was like my voice?" he demanded.

"I guess so—exact."

The New Zealand junior jumped up.

"That unearthly gurgle was like my voice?" he roared. "You funny ass——"

"I guess it was exact——"

"Then I guess you're going to get a thick ear!" roared Tom Brown indignantly. "You silly ass, I couldn't make a frightful row like that, even if I had your asinine jawbone to do it with! Gerrouit!"

"I guess——"

Tom Brown picked up a cricket-stump, and Fisher T. Fish whipped out of the study just in time. The American junior looked a little discouraged as he stood in the passage, holding the door shut in case Tom Brown should attempt pursuit. But the New Zealand

junior had returned to his tea.

"I guess there isn't much encouragement for a chap here," murmured Fisher T. Fish. "It's jealousy, I guess. They're all jealous in this slow old country of brand-new hustling American methods. But I guess I'm not going to give in. I guess I'll jape Loder or Coker, and then they'll have to come round. I'm going to put Bunter and his rotten ventriloquism in the shade, you bet!"

And Fisher T. Fish went downstairs, in the mood of an Alexander seeking fresh worlds to conquer.

## THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Not Quite a Success!

THERE were a good many fellows in the lower passage. It was tea-time, and the Greyfriars fellows were coming in from the Close and the playing-fields. It was an excellent opportunity for ventriloquists, and Fisher T. Fish did not lose that excellent opportunity of exercising his new gift.

Coker of the Fifth was standing in the doorway, chatting with Potter and Greene. Loder, the bully of the Sixth, had just come in, and was walking towards his study. It occurred to Fisher T. Fish that a remark about Loder, in Coker's voice, would be really a triumph of ventriloquism.

He assumed the ventriloquial expression, which was apparently that of a man far advanced in the process of being hanged by the neck until he was dead.

Loder caught sight of him, and stared at him. Loder was a prefect, and was supposed to look after juniors; but, as a rule, he did not bother himself very much with duties of that kind. But Fisher T. Fish looked so agonized, as he tried to produce the ventriloquial voice, that Loder was alarmed.

"Great pip!" exclaimed Loder. "What's the matter, Fish?"

"Eh?"

"Are you ill?"



"Nope!"

"What on earth are you twisting up your face like that for, then?" demanded Loder angrily. "Are you making faces at me?"

"N-nope!" stammered Fish.

"Well, stop it, then, you young ass!" growled Loder.

Fisher T. Fish turned his face away. He realised that, with all his great gifts, he had not yet mastered the art of preserving a normal facial expression while he produced the ventriloquial voice. But he did not give in.

"Loder, you're an ass!"

Loder simply jumped.

To Fish, the ventriloquist, that voice was an imitation of Coker's, and proceeded from the direction of Coker. To Loder, it was Fish's voice, in a strangled tone, and proceeded directly from Fisher T. Fish.

Loder made one stride towards the American junior, and grasped him by the shoulder, and swung him round.

"Oh!" gasped Fish in dismay. "Leggo!"

"You called me an ass!" roared Loder.

"I—I guess I didn't! It was somebody else—Coker, for instance."

"Are you dotty?" demanded Loder. "I heard you distinctly. You spoke as if you had a lump of something in your throat, but it was you!"

"I guess——"

"I don't know whether you're dotty, or whether this is a new form of American humour," said Loder. "But you can't call prefects names without being licked. Come into my study."

"Oh, I say, Loder! I guess——"

But Fisher T. Fish had no time to guess. Loder marched him into his study, with an iron grip on the American junior's collar, and Fisher T. Fish had to go. The fellows in the passage stared after him in astonishment. They did not know that Fisher T. Fish was a ventriloquist; and they wondered at his unusual nerve in checking Loder to his face.

Loder whirled Fisher T. Fish into his study, and picked up a cane. Fish backed round the table. He was booked for a licking now, unless he could save himself by means of his new art. He imitated the Head's voice—to his own satisfaction, at least—and threw it to the door—also to his own satisfaction.

"Loder! What are you doing?"

But Loder, blind and deaf to the gift of ventriloquism possessed by Fisher T. Fish, persisted in fancying that the voice was Fish's, and came from Fish.

"I'm going to give you a licking," he replied.

"Loder! Let Fish alone!"

Again it ought to have been the Head's voice, and ought to have come from the open door. But again it failed to appeal in that light to Loder the prefect. He was simply amazed at hearing Fish speak of himself in the third person, and he paused, and looked very queerly at the junior.

"Look here, are you potty, or are you only pretending to be potty?" he demanded.

Fisher T. Fish cast a longing glance towards the open door. Two or three fellows were looking in at him, and they were looking astonished. But Loder was between Fish and the door, and he had no resource but ventriloquism.

Gr-r-r-r-r!

Loder jumped. The imitation of a dog's growl was not bad; but instead of proceeding from behind Loder, as Fisher T. Fish intended it should, it proceeded only too palpably from the open mouth of Fisher T. Fish.

To hear a junior, apparently in possession of his senses, growling like a dog, for no visible reason, was amazing enough. Loder lowered the cane.

"You're not well, Fish," he said anxiously. "I've always thought you were rather queer; but you seem to be quite potty. You'd better get out of my study. I'll let you off the licking. If you've got hydrophobia, you'd better go to a doctor."

"I guess——"

"Get out," said Loder, keeping the table between himself and Fish, evidently in doubt as to whether Fish was sane or not. "Buzz off at once!"

Fisher T. Fish was glad to go. He hurried out of the study before Loder should change his mind. Amazed questions from the fellows in the passage greeted him.

"What's the matter with you, Fishy?" asked Bolsover major.

"Did you do that to scare Loder?" asked Penfold.

"I'm a ventriloquist!" explained Fish.

"My hat!"

"I'm going to jape the Head with it," said Fish airily, as he went down the passage. "I guess I can knock spots off Bunter's ventriloquism. Some!"

"I should advise you to get it in better working order before you try to jape the Head with it," said Bolsover, staring.

"I guess it's all O.K."

"Well, you silly ass——"

"Just you watch me give Coker a turn," said Fisher T. Fish confidently. "I'll bet you'll astonish him. I'll imitate Potter's voice, and call him names."

"Better not get too near him," said Ogilvy.

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"Oh, rot! I guess it will work all right."

Bolsover grinned.

"Well, go ahead," he said. "This will be worth watching, however it turns out."

Fisher T. Fish cleared his throat, and assumed the ventriloquial voice—as he understood it. The juniors watched with interest as he started.

"Coker, you chump!"

Coker glared round.

He did not seem to suppose that the voice was Potter's, or came from Potter. He fixed his eyes immediately upon Fisher T. Fish.

"What's that?" he roared.

"Go and boil your head," said Fish, still under the impression that he was ventriloquising. "Put your features into a jar and pickle 'em!"

A most frightful expression came over Coker's face. He seemed petrified for a moment, and that gave Fisher T. Fish time to go on with his ventriloquism.

"Do you call 'em features, by the way, Coker?"

Then Coker came to himself. He made a rush at Fisher T. Fish, and caught him round the neck, and began to hammer upon his face.

"Yaroo!" roared Fish. "Leggo! Oh!"

"Call 'em features, eh?" roared Coker. "You cheeky young rotter! Pickle 'em, eh? I'll give you pickles!"

"Yow! Yow! Ow!"

Thump, thump, thump!

"Yah-ah-ah! Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bolsover. "It doesn't seem to work, Fishy! Go on ventriloquising!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yaroooh! Oooh! Oooh!"

Thump, thump, thump!

Fisher T. Fish struggled desperately. Coker thumped him till he was tired, and then tossed him away. Fisher T. Fish collapsed upon the floor, and sat with his back against the wall, gasping for breath, and blinking at Coker with an almost idiotic expression. Coker of the Fifth glared at him.

"Now, don't you make any more of your funny remarks to me, or you'll get a real licking next time!" he bellowed.

And Coker walked away with Potter and Greene, breathing wrath. Both Coker and Potter were still quite unconscious that Fisher T. Fish had been imitating Potter's voice, and making it come from Potter.

The unhappy ventriloquist groaned.

"What on earth did you cheek Coker like that for, Fishy?" asked Mark Linley. "You couldn't expect him to stand it."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bolsover. He was ventriloquising. He was beating Bunter at the game. He was making his voice come from Potter. Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a yell of laughter. Fisher T. Fish staggered to his feet, and dabbed his nose with his handkerchief. The handkerchief came away very red.

"Ow!" groaned Fish. "Yow! Grooh! I—I guess I haven't got it quite perfect yet!"

"I guess you haven't—quite!" roared Bolsover. "You'd better get it a bit more perfect before you jape the Head. Ha, ha, ha!"

And the juniors yelled. Fisher T. Fish crawled away to a bathroom and bathed his nose. He had not lost faith in his own wonderful powers—he never did; but he wisely took Bolsover's advice, and put off japing the Head till he had had a little more practice.

## THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

### In Deep Disguise!

"FOILED, diddled, dished, and done!" said Bob Cherry, in tragic tones. "Chaps, we shall have to give Tozer best."

There was a general shaking of heads from the Co. The chums of the Greyfriars Remove were not in the least inclined to give Tozer best.

"I thought we should be able to give him a high old time with Bunter's ventriloquism. But it has only turned out a high old time for us. We've downed the Highcliffe rotters, and Tozer has downed us."

And Bob Cherry rubbed his hands reminiscently.

The Famous Four were all in a state of exasperation. To be scored over by Mr. Tozer, and caned by the Head, was not pleasant; and the other fellows in the Remove chipped them a great deal upon the subject. Added to that, they had been compelled to drop their intended comedy. Captain Coker, R.N., was no good without his pipe, and Jack Jolly would have been futile without a cigar. And the pipe and cigar, whether genuine or "spoof," were taboo. And it was all owing to the obnoxious Tozer.

"Sha'n't want this now," said Harry Wharton, as he spread out on the table the uniform he had intended to use as the police-inspector in the comedy.

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Nugent was regarding the uniform with a fixed gaze, as if the sight of it had brought an idea into his mind.

"I wonder——" he began.

"We can't use this in Julius Caesar, that's certain," said Johnny Bull, with a grin.

"Ha, ha! No."

"I was thinking," said Nugent. "Look here, when Wharton made up in that uniform the other day, he looked convincing enough. He only wanted a little padding and high heels to make him as large as Inspector Grimes at Courtfield."

"That's so. But what——"

"I wonder——"

"Get on," said Bob Cherry, as Nugent paused again, "what do you wonder? I can see you've got something in your noddle."

"I wonder if Wharton would have the nerve to wear that giddy uniform out of doors, with his face made up?" said Nugent.

"Out of doors!" exclaimed Harry.

"Yes."

"What for?"

"For Tozer!"

"Wha-a-at!"

The Co. stared at Frank Nugent in amazement.

"You don't catch on?" asked Nugent.

"Blessed if I do," said Bob Cherry.

"The inspector at Friardale is gone away on his holiday," Nugent explained, "Tozer is monarch of all he surveys at present. He might as well go away on a holiday, too, for all the use he is—or ornament either. At present he rules the roost, and there is no one to say him nay."

"Well?"

"Well, while his superior is away, suppose a new inspector came along?"

"Eh?"

"He could explain that he's been sent by the superintendent at Courtfield to take charge, hearing of Tozer's bad conduct."

"Phew!"

"If Wharton had the nerve!"

"My hat!" exclaimed Harry.

"Tozer would never tumble," said Nugent confidently.

"He would never dream that anybody would have the cheek to do it. And it would put him in his place. You could order him to place himself under arrest and confine himself in the cells."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton's eyes gleamed.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "It's a ripping good idea, and we'll work it. We'll work it after school to-day."

"Hear, hear!" said Johnny Bull.

"The hear-hearfulness is terrific," said the nabob of Bhanipur, with equal enthusiasm. "The nobbiness of the esteemed idea is also great."

"We can help Wharton to make up here," said Frank, chuckling. "He can go out before all the fellows, and if he passes muster with them, he'll pass with old Tozer at the station at Friardale. What?"

"Good egg!" said the whole Co. together heartily.

And the juniors discussed that little scheme for the discomfiture of Police-constable Tozer with the keenest anticipation. It was certainly a risky scheme, and if Mr. Tozer discovered the new inspector's identity, there would be trouble at Greyfriars over it. But the Famous Four were willing to risk it, for the sake of putting the obnoxious Tozer in his place. He had made it impossible for them to use the uniform for its original purpose, and it was only fair that they should use it for another—at his expense.

The Famous Four thought a good deal about that little scheme during afternoon lessons. That was probably the reason why they left the Form-room the richer by fifty lines each. But they did not mind the lines. It was not a time to worry about impots. They were, as Bob Cherry expressed it dramatically, on the trail of vengeance.

After a hasty tea in No. 1 Study the juniors set to work.

The President of the Remove Dramatic Society donned the inspector's uniform, and padded himself out to the required dimensions. False heels were added to his boots to increase his height, and the boots themselves were of a very large size, and wadded round his feet. His complexion was turned into a ruddy hue, and mutton-chop whiskers were added, and a ginger-coloured moustache, and his eyelashes and brows were darkened and thickened. With the inspector's flat cap upon his head, he certainly looked the part to the life. The chums of the Remove stood round and regarded him with great admiration.

"My only uncle!" Bob Cherry exclaimed enthusiastically.

"He looks a nut—simply a k-nut. It's ripping!"

"Huh!" grunted Wharton. "Move on, there! Tozer, my man! Huh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter looked into the study.

"I say, you fellows, if you're having tea—— Oh, I didn't know you had a visitor!"

Bob Cherry pointed to Bunter.

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"That's the fellow, Inspector Snark!" he exclaimed "Arrest him!"

"Wha-a-at!" gasped Bunter.

"He is suspected of pilfering pies from cupboards," said Bob Cherry solemnly. "We want him arrested, and——"

Slam!

The study door closed, and Bunter's rapid footsteps died away down the passage. The Removites burst into a roar.

"Bunter takes it in, anyway, grinned Johnny Bull. "Let's get out into the Close."

Inspector Snark left the study with the juniors.

In the lower passage Mr. Quelch met them. The Remove-master glanced curiously at the "spoof" inspector, and frowned.

"Are you boys in trouble again?" he demanded sternly.

"Oh, no, sir," said Nugent. "Only a visitor, sir."

"I am glad to hear it," said Mr. Quelch.

"I am looking into this matter of your boys and Mr. Tozer sir," said Inspector Snark, in a deep, guttural voice. "Tozer appears to me to be to blame."

"Very good," said Mr. Quelch.

The spoof inspector walked out in the Close rather hastily.

"My hat," murmured Bob Cherry, "that was a narrow shave. But Quelch never smelt a mouse, it's all serene."

"Hallo!" exclaimed Coker of the Fifth, meeting the juniors in the Close. "You kids on the wrong side of the law again?"

Inspector Snark frowned at Coker.

"Who is this person?" he exclaimed.

"That's Coker," said Nugent. "Fifth-Form chap—awful ass."

"Huh! I have my eye on you, Coker."

Coker stared in amazement as the inspector walked on with the juniors. The Famous Four quitted the school gates. They passed many other fellows, who glanced curiously at the inspector, but there was no suspicion in their looks. Evidently all Greyfriars took Inspector Snark for what he appeared to be.

"We'd better separate here," said Bob Cherry, with a chuckle.

"No good for us to be seen walking into the village with you." The inspector nodded.

"Right-o!" he said. "You can come along, though, and wait for me. I'm going to put Tozer through it. He will be at the station now."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the inspector stalked away majestically towards Friardale. At the entrance to the village he encountered three youths—Ponsonby, Gadsby, and Vavasour of Highcliffe. He stopped and wagged his glove at them.

"Huh! One word with you, my lads!" he exclaimed.

The Highcliffe fellows stared at him.

"Hullo!" said Ponsonby. "What do you want?"

"I'm the new inspector."

"Oh! What's that got to do with us?" asked Gadsby, not very civilly.

Inspector Snark frowned.

"From information received, I suspect you of having concealed cigarettes about your persons," he exclaimed. "You will turn out your pockets."

"My hat!"

"Turn out your pockets at once!" exclaimed the inspector "Otherwise, I shall take you to the station, and communicate with your Headmaster! Huh!"

Ponsonby & Co. exchanged dismayed glances.

"I—I suppose we'd better," murmured Ponsonby.

"Absolutely!" muttered Vavasour.

The three Highcliffe fellows turned out their pockets reluctantly. Each of them had a packet of cigarettes.

"Huh!" grunted the inspector. "Hand them over, you young rascals. Do you know that you are breaking the law?"

"Oh, rats!" growled Ponsonby.

Inspector Snark took the cigarettes and tossed them into the ditch beside the lane. The Highcliffe fellows watched him scowlingly. The inspector wagged a forefinger at them.

"Now go home and be good boys," he said.

Ponsonby and Co. walked away breathing fury. They passed Bob Cherry and Co. a little further down the lane, and the Greyfriars fellows were laughing like hyenas. Ponsonby and Gadsby and Vavasour marched past them with scowling brows.

## THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

### The New Inspector.

POLICE-CONSTABLE TOZER was taking the air on the steps of the little police-station in Friardale High Street. Friardale village was a quiet old place, and the diminutive police force was quite large enough; indeed, Mr. Tozer and his inspector had very little to do, and there had been no noticeable increase of crime since Inspector Smith had gone away on his holiday. Mr. Tozer might have taken a holiday, too, and life in the old village would have pursued the even tenor of its way.



"Tozer!"

Mr. Tozer detached himself from the wall, in surprise, as the sharp, imperative voice rapped out his name.

His hand went up mechanically to his helmet as a portly figure in inspector's uniform stopped before him.

"Tozer, my man! You are Tozer, I suppose?"

"Yessir!" said Tozer, in surprise.

"Do you call this doing your duty?" demanded the inspector.

"Eh! Yessir!"

"Straighten yourself up, man! Try to look like a police-officer, and a little less like a sack of potatoes, man!" rapped out the inspector.

Mr. Tozer stiffened himself up, in sheer surprise.

"That's the thing!" said the inspector. "I suppose you know who I am?"

"No, sir," gasped Tozer.

"Did not Inspector Smith leave word with you that I was coming?" demanded the inspector.

"No, sir."

"I am Inspector Snark."

"Yes, sir."

"I am going to take charge here till Mr. Smith comes back," said the inspector. "Have you not heard from Courtfield on the subject?"

"No, sir."

"Huh! I suppose you have forgotten. You look sleepy and stupid!"

Mr. Tozer flushed with rage. But a common or garden constable is not allowed to argue with his superiors, and Mr. Tozer had to take it quietly.

"Yessir!" he said feebly.

"I had better telephone to Courtfield," growled the inspector.

"Where is the telephone?"

"This way, sir," said Mr. Tozer.

The policeman led the way into the station, which was merely a small building adjoining Mr. Tozer's own house. Inspector Snark stepped to the telephone and took up the receiver. He glared at Mr. Tozer.

"What are you waiting for?" he demanded.

"Skuse me, sir!" stammered Mr. Tozer. "I thought——"

"You thought you would like to hear what I have to say to Courtfield?" thundered the inspector.

"Oh, no, sir."

"Get out!"

"Yessir!"

Mr. Tozer got out, so flustered that he wondered whether he was upon his head or his heels. Mr. Snark spoke into the receiver.

"Hallo!"

"Hallo!"

"Are you Courtfield police-station?"

"Yes. Who are you?"

"I am Inspector Snark, in charge of Friardale police-station," said Mr. Snark loudly, and his voice reached Mr. Tozer, who was lingering within hearing.

"Eh! Never heard the name," came back from Courtfield, but that, of course, was not audible to Mr. Tozer.

Inspector Snark turned round from the telephone.

"Tozer!"

"Yessir!" said Mr. Tozer, with a jump.

"You are eavesdropping."

"Oh, no, sir!"

"Get out!" shouted the inspector. "Get out into the street, Tozer, and don't come in till I call you."

"Yessir!" gasped Mr. Tozer.

And he went out, and stood in the street, and mopped his fevered brow. As soon as he was sure that Mr. Tozer was out of hearing, the disguised junior turned to the receiver again.

"Hallo! Do you hear me?"

"Yes. I don't know your name. What does this mean?"

"Who are you speaking?"

"I am Inspector Grimes, Courtfield."

"Oh, old Grimey, eh?"

"What?"

"Grimey with the plummy nose?"

"Wha-a-at?"

"Have you been at the whisky-and-water lately?"

"Eh!"

"I advise you to leave the whisky alone when on duty, Grimes. Besides colouring your nose, which is quite sufficiently coloured already, it is bad for you. You remember what Shakespeare says?—'Oh, that men should put an enemy into their mouths, to steal away their brains!' Of course, in your case, the enemy would come away empty-handed!"

"Wha-a-at! Who is that talking?"

"Me!"

"Who are you?"

"Inspector Snark, of Friardale."

"There is no such name in the Force. You are an impostor!"

"Hear, hear!"

"What?"

"I said 'Hear, hear.'"

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"Are you mad?"

"No! I'm japing you!"

"Wha-a-a-at!"

"I'm japing you, Grimey. Go and eat coke!"

"I—I—I——"

"Go easy on the whisky-and-water! And when you confiscate cigarettes from naughty boys, don't smoke them yourself. They're bad for the wind."

There was a pause. Then the voice came through again, with a peculiar choked tone in it, as if the officer at Courtfield was almost bursting with rage—as, indeed, probably he was.

"Where are you?"

"Friardale police-station?"

"What is Tozer doing?"

"Playing the giddy ox."

"How have you got to the station telephone?"

"Walked!"

"I shall send over a mounted constable at once, you impudent scoundrel."

"Bravo!"

"I—I—I——"

"Sing it, old man! Singing is a good cure for stuttering. Or is it the whisky-and-water again? Why don't you sign the pledge?"

"You impudent rascal! You shall be sent to prison for this!"

"Thank you!"

"What is your name?"

"Snark! S-N-A-R-K—Snark!"

"You—you—you——"

"Sing it, old man! It will come easier!"

The telephone rang off quite suddenly.

Inspector Snark turned away from the receiver, and grinned. He knew that a man would be sent over from Courtfield station as quickly as Mr. Grimes could send one, to see what was the matter, but the man could not arrive for an hour at least. And the amateur inspector did not mean to remain half that time at Friardale police-station.

He stepped out into the doorway, and looked round for Tozer.

"Tozer!" he thundered.

"Yessir!" gasped Mr. Tozer, jumping to attention.

"You have been drinking!" said Inspector Snark severely.

"I ain't, sir!" said the unhappy Mr. Tozer.

"Don't contradict me! I—hullo, there's that giddy telephone again!"

Buzzzzzzz!

The inspector hastened back to the telephone, and took up the receiver.

"Hallo!"

"Is that Friardale Police-station?"

"Yes!"

"Are you Tozer?"

The disguised junior grinned. He knew that Mr. Grimes at Courtfield had rung up suddenly again, in the hope of getting Mr. Tozer to the telephone, by a lucky chance, and finding out what extraordinary things were happening at Friardale.

"No, I'm not Tozer," said Wharton, speaking in a different voice.

"Who are you?"

"The Prince of Wales."

"Wha-a-at!" came in a gasp on the telephone wires.

"Prince of Wales!"

"Are you mad?"

"No, I'm japing you!" said Wharton, cheerfully.

The telephone rang off. And it did not ring on again. Mr. Grimes at Courtfield Police-station was evidently "fed-up."

## THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Very Rough on Mr. Tozer.

INSPECTOR SNARK left the telephone, and gave his undivided attention to the unhappy Mr. Tozer. Mr. Tozer looked at him very nervously.

"Important message from Courtfield, sir?" he ventured.

"Yes," said Inspector Snark, "It seems that you are a very insubordinate officer, and I am to be severe with you."

"Oh, sir!"

"Do you call this place clean?" demanded Mr. Snark, with a sweep of the hand round the little station. "Weren't it swept last?"

"The charwoman swept it hout this morning, sir," said the dismayed Mr. Tozer. "I'm sure I'm sorry if it's dusty, sir."

"Huh! I suppose you have the brooms here?"

"Yessir!"

"Inspector Grimes is coming over from Courtfield on important business. I cannot let him see the place in this disgusting state. Get out the broom at once, and sweep it out."

"Me, sir?"

"Yes, you!" roared Inspector Snark. "Do you expect me to do it?"



"Oh, no, sir. But—"  
"Don't argue with me. If you are insubordinate, Tozer, will have you discharged with a caution! I—I mean discharged from the Force. How dare you, sir!"

"I—I didn't mean—"  
"Never mind what you meant! Get the broom at once, and sweep this place out. I never saw a place so dusty and untidy! I am ashamed of you, Tozer!"

"Oh, sir!"  
"Got a move on, and don't jaw!"  
"Yessir."

Mr. Tozer, in so flustered and dazed a state that he wondered dizzily whether he was dreaming, fetched out a large broom and began to sweep in a very gingerly way. The new inspector watched him frowningly.

"Do you call that sweeping?" he rapped out.

"Yessir," gasped Mr. Tozer.

"Put a little beef into it, man! Try a little elbow grease. Take off your tunic."

"Take it hooff, sir."

"Yes, at once. Do you hear me!"

"Yessir," groaned Mr. Tozer.

The new inspector was evidently a tartar, and Mr. Tozer wondered what life would be like with him. The unhappy policeman peeled off his tunic and began to sweep up in his shirt-sleeves.

"That's better," growled the inspector. "Put some beef into it! Make the place tidy for Mr. Grimes. Mr. Grimes is a most important person. Hulloo! Who are these boys?"

Four juniors of Greyfriars were peeping into the station. They were Bob Cherry, Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Janset Ram Singh. Mr. Tozer glared at them, infuriated at being caught in the act of sweeping up in his shirt-sleeves.

"Be hooff!" he roared, making a menacing motion with the broom.

"Hold your tongue, Tozer!" thundered the inspector.

"Oh, sir! Yessir."

"How dare you insult members of the public? Don't you know that you are a servant of the public, Tozer?"

"Werry well, sir," said Mr. Tozer feebly.

"Come in, my boys," said the inspector kindly. "What is your business?"

"He, ha, ha!"

"Young himps!" murmured Mr. Tozer, writhing with inward rage. "Oh, my 'at! Oh, my heye! Oh!"

"We have a complaint to make of Mr. Tozer, sir!" said Frank Nugent.

"Make it!"

"He has been cheeky, sir—cheeky to us!"

Mr. Tozer gasped. After what had taken place already he was prepared for almost anything, but he was not prepared for this. To hear schoolboys calmly accusing him of being cheeky, in the police-station, to his inspector, simply took his breath away. He leaned on the broom and gasped like a newly-landed fish.

"Is this the case, Tozer! Have you been cheeky to these young gentlemen?" demanded Inspector Snark severely.

"Oh!" stuttered Mr. Tozer. "I—my heye! Oh, sir! Cheeky, sir! Ho!"

"You will apologise to them at once!"

"Wot!" yelled Mr. Tozer.

"Apologise!"

"Me! Apologise to them young rips!" roared Mr. Tozer, forgetting the respect due to his superior officer. "Oh, you're dotty, that's wot you are!"

"Tozer!"

"I—I mean, sir—"

"Apologise to the young gentlemen at once, Tozer, or I shall place you under arrest!" the inspector thundered.

"Me—under harrest, sir!" spluttered Mr. Tozer.

"Yes, certainly. Obey me, or take the consequences."

Mr. Tozer struggled for breath. He could not get it for several minutes. He leaned upon the broom and gurgled. At last he found his voice.

"I—I'm sorry, young gents!" he said in a gasping, far-away tone.

"Very well!" said Nugent loftily. "Don't let it occur again, that's all."

"Ho, no, sir! Oh!"

"You are an ass, Tozer!"

"Wot!" roared the exasperated constable, grasping the broom with both hands. He looked as if he were going to charge at the Greyfriars juniors, but the voice of the new inspector rapped out promptly:

"Tozer! Take care!"

"Yessir!" groaned Tozer.

"The young gentleman is quite right. It is a free country, and he has a right to state his opinion. They may all pass what remarks they please upon the state of your intelligence, if any."

"You are an ass, Tozer!" repeated Nugent solemnly.

"And a fathead!" remarked Bob Cherry.

"And a chump!" said Johnny Bull.

"The chumpfulness of the esteemed Tozer is terrific," said Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

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NEXT MONDAY: "FOR HIS MOTHER'S SAKE!"

EVERY MONDAY,

The "Magnet" LIBRARY.

ONE PENNY.

"Very good," said Inspector Snark. "I endorse all these remarks. Tozer, you are idling. Get on with the sweeping. Inspector Grimes will be here shortly. Work, my man, work! Don't be lazy! Wire in!"

Mr. Tozer groaned and wired in. Bob Cherry and Co. retired, shaking with laughter. The new inspector looked at his watch.

"H'm! Inspector Grimes will be here shortly, Tozer. Finish the sweeping, and then get on with the dusting. Don't waste time. If I am not back when Mr. Grimes comes, tell him to wait for me."

"Yessir."

"And don't dawdle, Tozer!"

"No, sir!"

Inspector Snark walked out of the police-station in a stately manner. He preserved his gravity until he reached the end of the street. Then he burst into a roar. Bob Cherry and Co. joined him, and they hurried into the dusky lane together. Under the trees they threw themselves upon the grass, and kicked and yelled.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Poor old Tozer!"

"I wonder what Grimes will think when he gets there!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My only aunt!" said Bob Cherry, sitting up at last, weak with laughter. "You will have to prove a jolly strong alibi for this, Wharton. Better get those things off before we go back, and go into Greyfriars in Etons."

"Yes, rather."

In the dusk under the trees Harry Wharton stripped off his disguise. He had his own clothes on under the inspector's uniform. The disguise was fastened up in a bundle, and Harry Wharton washed his face in the stream in the wood. Then he was himself again; and the Famous Four and Hurree Singh started to walk back to Greyfriars in the dusk. The gleaming lights of a car coming from the direction of Courtfield flashed through the dusk, and the juniors drew aside to let it pass. In the car Inspector Grimes of Courtfield was sitting bolt upright, with a stern brow. The car dashed on towards Friardale, and disappeared with a cloud of dust and a smell of petrol.

The juniors shrieked.

"There goes Grimey—to investigate! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Poor old Tozer!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Removites hurried on to Greyfriars. Five minutes after their arrival there the whole Remove was yelling over the story.

Exactly what happened when Inspector Grimes reached the Friardale station they never knew. Probably the interview was a painful one for Mr. Tozer. But the next day all Friardale was wondering over the story of a desperado who had visited the police-station, disguised as an inspector, and had only been prevented from committing a wholesale robbery, and perhaps setting fire to the station, by the prompt arrival of Inspector Grimes of Courtfield. The desperado was never found. Inspector Grimes had a clue, of course, but the clue came to nothing—fortunately for the humorous juniors of the Greyfriars Remove.

The Greyfriars juniors heard of the unknown desperado, and they laughed till they ached. But outside the Remove not a word was said. It would have been too risky. When they met Mr. Tozer again in the village street, they smiled sweetly, and Mr. Tozer frowned his accustomed majestic frown. But he did not know the reason of their smiles, and he never suspected the identity of the Schoolboy Policeman!

THE END.

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A Splendid Long Complete School Tale of Frank Nugent, by FRANK RICHARDS.



OUR THRILLING NEW SERIAL STORY. START THIS WEEK!

# TWICE ROUND THE GLOBE!

THE STORY OF THE  
GREAT MAN-HUNT  
BY SIDNEY DREW



Ferrers Lord, millionaire, and owner of the Lord of the Deep.



Prince Ching-Lung, adventurer, conjurer, and ventriloquist.



Nathan Gore, jewel collector and multi-millionaire, Ferrers Lord's terrible rival.

## THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

"BY FOUL MEANS OR FAIR, I'LL WIN."

Nathan Gore, millionaire and jewel-collector, clenched his hands furiously and raved like a madman on the deck of the liner Coronation. He had started specially from America in order to be present at the sale-room in London where the costly diamond, "The World's Wonder," was to be put up for auction. "A telegram for Mr. Gore," a voice rang out through the darkness. The American was told the message, and as he listened, his face came over deathly pale, and he gave vent to a terrible oath. The message was: "Ferrers Lord purchased 'The World's Wonder' privately. No bidders. Price unknown." "I'll win yet," shrieked the man. "By foul means or fair I'll win!"

"THE WORLD'S WONDER."

In the magnificent drawing-room of Ferrers Lord's house in Park Lane was assembled a varied collection of individuals. First of all there was the celebrated millionaire himself, and close to him sat Ching-Lung, a Chinaman, busily engaged in making paper butterflies. Hal Honour, the great engineer, was sipping tea, and Rupert Thurston yawned in a chair. "How much did you pay for that great diamond?" presently asked the latter. The millionaire smiled. "Money and fair words, Rupert," he replied. "By the way, you have not seen it yet?" The priceless gem passed from hand to hand. A thousand fires burned in its crystal heart; a thousand colours, ever changing, leaped from every facet. "I guess it would have been more money and less fair words if old Gore had turned up," remarked Ching-Lung sagely.

"I'LL TAKE THE CHALLENGE!"

The millionaire's house was wrapped in silence. A faint light shone from the drawing-room. Ching-Lung pushed open the door, then a cry broke from him. A man lay face downwards on the floor. There was a ghastly crimson stain on his collar. The man was Ferrers Lord. "Ching—the diamond!" came in a hoarse voice. Ching opened the drawer which Lord indicated, but there was no diamond there. But a message had been left behind: "To Ferrers Lord.—Knowing that you would not sell 'The World's Wonder,' I have taken it. Do your worst. I defy you. The stone is mine.—Nathan Gore." The millionaire rose to his feet. "I take the challenge, Ching," he said. "I'll hunt him down and bring back my diamond." He begins the chase after the diamond thief, and for five months pursues Nathan Gore through Europe, New Zealand, Tenerife, and back to London, never once being able to catch him up. While in London, he hears that Nathan Gore has bought from the Dutch a remote island named Galpin. Lord immediately purchases an island four miles south of Gore's, christening it Ching-Lung. Learning that Gore is fortifying his island, and has actually fitted out warships for his own use, Ferrers Lord arranges a hurried expedition to his island of Ching-Lung, and in a few hours the whole party are aboard his special train bound for the coast, where they are to embark on the Lord of the Deep, the millionaire's famous submarine. Gan-Waga brings along all his worldly possessions in an old brimless top-hat, which thus serves the double purpose of portmanteau and head covering.

(Now go on with the story.)

### The Second Journey Begins—Afloat Once More—Gan Eats a Hearty Meal and Has Visions—Who Buttered the Plank.

Gan was so proud of his hat that he insisted on wearing it, even in the hot railway-carriage. He asked Barry how he liked it.

"Troth," said Barry, who was buttering biscuits with a pocket-knife. "Oo consider ut both useful and stoylish. Gan, yez bubbles wid genius. Let me luk at ut."

Gan handed it to him.

"For a man not troubled wid a lot of luggage," said Barry, examining the headgear, "the invintion bates anythin' iver turned out by human brain, barrin' beer and the sthame locomotive. What does ut howld? Wan pocket-handkerchafe, wan collar wid a saw edge, wan toothbrush, wan hairbrush, and wan comb that has lost most of his teeth; also a sausage, some bread, a piece of chaze, and an inch of candle. Splendid, indade! These are kipt from fallin' by a round chunk of carrdboard, which jest fits the hat. Me son, there is only wan fault—ut nades ventilation."

"Who was hims?" asked Gan-Waga. "I soon gets hims."

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"Ut manes air. Oi'll do ut—see! Just bore a few holes in the carrdboard, and ut's done."

Barry ventilated the cardboard with his knife, and, slipping in about half a pound of butter unseen by Gan, pressed the ring back. Then, placing the hat on a foot-warmer, he gazed at it with an air of great approval.

"Twig ut, Tom?" he remarked. "Luk at the shape, the stoyle, the shoine av ut! Troth, av any of them London toffs seed Gan wearin' ut they'd dhrop dead wid invy! And besides, think and rimember that ut's for use as will as ornamin'."

"By hokey!" grinned Prout. "I never seed the likes."

"It suits Gan perfect," said Joe.

"There yez are! Av coorse ut suits him. Put ut on, and let's look at yez."

Gan proudly donned the hat. The foot-warmer had done its work. A huge drop of melted butter trickled down Gan's back. The next moment it came with a rush, and Joe, Maddock, Prout, and O'Rooney howled with delight as the

**Out on Friday!—THE PENNY POPULAR—Order To-day!**



astounded Gan hurled away the headgear, and began to wipe his oily locks and countenance on the window-curtain.

His rage was terrible. He hurled himself at Barry. Barry was laughing too much to defend himself. Wedging the hat down on the Irishman's brow, Gan hammered it with both fists until the butter squirted out in all directions. The other three sailors got under the seats to escape the oily rain. Then Gan, to evade vengeance, darted into the lavatory, and bolted the door.

Barry moaned as he wiped himself. He was in a disgusting condition about the hair. Maddock, Prout, and Joe perched themselves opposite him, looking solemn and grave.

"By hokey!" sighed the steersman, "but this is a meltin' scene, Benjamin!"

"I calls it a disgreaseful—" began Joe.

He stopped discreetly, for one of Barry's oily but angry eyes was upon him.

"Gentlemen," said Barry savagely, "plaze change the subject, or, bedad, Oi shall feel meself compelled to change the stoyle of beauty of some of yez! Spake another wurd, and Oi'll stick the nose of the man who does ut agin' that fut-warmer, and sit on his head to kape ut there."

Then Barry, with many sighs, began to scrape the mixture of congealed butter, sausage-meat, cheese, and breadcrumbs out of his hair with the pocket-knife, muttering in Irish as he did so. The entrance of Ching-Lung from the other saloon gave Gan-Waga a chance of escape, which he was prompt to avail himself of. Barry hurled the hat and the Eskimo's luggage out of the window spitefully, and was gloomy, greasy, and sullen for the next thirty miles of the journey.

At dawn the gallant Lord of the Deep, with Prout at her helm, sank beneath the gloomy waters of the cavern as her tanks were filled. Slowly her screws began to churn. She moved out into the open sea, and, keeping five fathoms deep, turned her nose southward. Barry crept up the ladder into the doomed wheelhouse, and sat down on the floor, scratching his head.

"Tom!" he said.

"Don't speak to the man at the rudder," growled Prout.

"Oi'm not," said Barry. "Oi don't consider yez a man at all. Oi've been lukin' round. Troth, ut's a daisy of a place, wid ut's swimmin'-bath and billiard-room. What Oi want to ax is this—is the wurrk aisy?"

"Easy as pie, Barry. It's just play."

"A swate place indade!" grinned Barry, peering through the glass. "Oi loike ut immense but for wan thing. The weather is always so wet outside."

Prout looked after his retreating figure, and shook his head sadly.

"Balmy!" he muttered. "He'll want a straight-waistcoat soon, by hokey, he will!"

Barry joined Joe in the snug galley. They had shipped a French cook, who had been chef to Ferrers Lord in Park Lane. He was tall, thin, curly-haired, long-nosed, and pale. Joe christened him "Yard of Tape" at once. Joe, in addition to his skill as a carpenter, was a good plain cook, and he had been told off to help the chef. He was peeling turnips when Barry arrived.

"Come on, Irish," he said. "We've got thirty men to feed! Collar a knife, and give us a hand."

But Barry declined. He went to look for Gan. The Eskimo was floating on his back in the swimming-bath, smoking a cigar, with only his mouth and his little snub nose above water. Barry called him, but he did not answer.

Gan had breakfasted well. Floating near him on a square board was the remains of a large pork-pie, a teapot, the shell of a crab, a slice of brown bread, an empty glass jar that had contained pickled onions, a much-bitten tallow-candle, and the bones of several mutton chops.

"Marcy!" panted Barry, aghast. "Has he eaten all that lot? Bedad, where does he put ut? Is ut a man or an ostrich, at all, at all?"

Gan snored sweetly, and smoked gently.

"Where—does—he—put—ut?" repeated Barry. "Tell me where?"

Barry sat down on the edge of the bath to think over the problem. Ching-Lung glided in behind Barry. Suddenly Gan began to groan.

"That's the pickles!" murmured Barry.

The cigar fell into the water with a hiss.

"Oh—mi! Oh—mi—mi—mi! Oh—mi! Norfuls!" moaned Gan-Waga.

"That's the pork-pie!" thought Barry.

"Barry!"

O'Rooney jumped up and saluted the prince.

"He seems to have got 'em bad," said Ching-Lung. "What an extraordinary appetite the chap has! He's always like that when he gets back to the water."

"Be jabers, Oi shud stop ut!" said Barry. "Sure, he'll ate us out of house and home in a wake, and ruin his hilt at the same toime! He's got bad dhramas now. Harrk!"

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ONE  
PENNY.

"Oh—mi! Horribles! Oh—mi! Norfuls! Oh—mi—mi—mi! Oh—mi!"

"This must be stopped, Barry!"

"Shall Oi chuck a mop at him, sor?"

"No; it must be a proper cure. Come with me. Oh, I have something to do for a moment! Go and borrow a dozen big turnips and take them to my cabin."

"Big what, sir?"

"Turnips. We'll give him a scare."

Barry winked and departed, but Ching-Lung remained behind. Gan's eyes opened, and he grinned at the prince.

"We going do its, Chingy?" he gurgled.

"You bet, my only Eskimo. You get into the middle, and be horribly frightened. I'll get 'em on the plank and do the greasing part. Here's the big squirt. When you start dosing them with that they'll bolt. Be very sound asleep, and very bad, but don't forget to wake up when the pistol goes off. There'll be Joe, Ben Maddock, and Barry."

"Ho, ho, ho, ho!" laughed Gan, catching the syringe. "Mo not forgets, Chingy!"

At this moment Barry, with Joe and Maddock following him, entered with the turnips, and Gan-Waga immediately resumed his former attitude in the bath.

Ching-Lung took out his knife, scooped a hole in a turnip, and, with a few deft cuts and slashes, converted it magically into the most horrible and terrifying spectral head that human imagination could conjure up. With a speed that took the breath of the onlookers away, he carved seven or eight more of the diabolical objects.

"String," he said, "and candle-ends. Joe, get the scissors. There's a lot of coloured paper in that drawer. Cut 'em some to go over their eyes!"

"What d'yez want candles for, sor?" asked Barry. "Sure, isn't there enough electric loights all made to pull down, and cudn't we kape swichin' 'em on and off?"

This was what Ching-Lung did not want.

"Candles, Barry!" he repeated. "We want the things close to the water, and the lights won't pull down to within six feet of it. We'll sling them from the wires. Hurry up!"

Putting the "bogeys" in a bag, they crept softly into the swimming-bath. A plank was run across, and Joe made the turnips fast to the dangling electric wires. Gan still slept, but very uneasily, groaning "Oh-mi, oh-mi!" and rolling to and fro.

The candles were lighted, and then it was discovered that they had not enough string to work the spectres from the sides of the bath.

"Never mind!" whispered Ching-Lung. "If we waste any more time he may waken up. We'll sit on the plank, and every man can work his own couple of turnips. There's plenty of string for that. Make 'em dance, and don't forget to groan. Are you ready?"

They perched themselves in the middle of the board, holding the strings.

"Yis; we're ridy and waitin'!" grinned Barry.

"Don't start till I fire a pistol to waken him."

"Right, sir!" answered Maddock.

Gan's groans and moans increased as Ching-Lung switched off the light. The scene was ghastly as the glowing skulls hung over the dark water. Catching up a mop steeped in soft-soap, Ching-Lung rubbed it vigorously over one end of the plank, and then darted round and treated the other end in the same fashion. A cat could not have walked that plank without slipping, much less a man.

Bang went the pistol.

"Wow, wow, wow! Wo-oo-ow!" wailed the spectres.

"B-r-r-r! Ow-wow-wo-oo-ow!"

To and fro swung the weird skeleton heads. Gan shrieked aloud, and dived. Then he came up again, roaring:

"Murder" and "Help!"

"Wow-ow-wow-wo-oo-ow!"

Barry, Joe, and the great Benjamin could hardly wait for suppressed laughter. The grinning heads jumped about, whirled, and danced in a most gruesome and blood-curdling fashion.

"Murder!" howled Gan wildly. "Go aways! Ow! Helps! I nots likes yo'—yo' too uglies!"

Then Gan, yelling frantically all the time filled the syringe to the bitter end. He swam forward noiselessly on his back,

only his right eye and the nozzle of the syringe above the water. He saw the dim outline of Barry's face above him and fired.

Barry was saying "W-oo-oo-ow!" in sepulchral tones, but he did not finish it. The torrent hit him full and fair. He yelled, got on his feet, and floundered for the shore. But



his feet did not like the soft-soap. They shot out at nothing, and Barry, after trying to catch hold of nothing, and finding it no good, gave one shriek, and fell backwards into three feet of ice-cold salt water.

Gan turned the syringe on the other two. Joe was on the outside, and he tried to crawl to land. Unfortunately, Maddock tried to run. As running is faster than crawling, it is only natural that he caught Joe up. Unable to stop himself, he pitched over Joe. Like Barry, he made a clutch when he found himself falling into space, and he clutched Joe's whiskers.

Joe roared like an elephant, and struck out right and left with his fists. It seemed a case of losing his whiskers or taking them with him. Joe decided to take them with him. Two splashes sounded. Ching-Lung pushed in the plank to soak off the soap, and then turned up the light.

"Good gracious!" he cried. "What's happened?"

Three fiery, savage, wrathful faces glared at him from the water. Gan-Waga, however, had gone.

### Ching-Lung's Grand Play in the Deep-Sea Theatre.

#### "FUN AT THE DEEP-SEA THEATRE."

A neatly-printed bill pasted up in the fore-castle was attracting great attention, and arousing the wildest curiosity in the breasts of the crew of the Lord of the Deep. It read:

"The Deep-Sea Dramatic Company.

To-night at 7½. To-night will perform that thrilling play

'The Ghost of Gurgly Gulch!'

Seats free! Drinks free! Smokes free! Come and be thrilled, paralysed, and petrified!

A Strong Cast and a Strong Stage.

N.B.—The prompter has a loaded gun. Anyone throwing bricks at the performers will

BE SHOT!"

A footnote stated that, owing to the kindness of Ferrers Lord, Esq., the drama would be performed in the swimming-bath. The curtain would rise promptly to the second, and any member of the audience suspected of having decayed vegetables, defunct animals, stones, tiles, or other missiles about his person, would be rudely ejected on his face. It wound up:

"Special scenery by Daubson, Scratcher & Co.; costumes by Ragtagge Bobtaylor, Esq.; wigs by Hair Y. Towe, Esq.; and music by Tinne Whistler, Esq. Programmes free."

By dead reckoning, the Lord of the Deep was eighty miles west of Port Elizabeth. For several days Joe and an efficient staff of journeymen had been at work fitting up a small stage, and covering the bath with boards and seats. Who the performers were had been kept a deadly secret.

The men went about their duties in the afternoon with great alacrity, and then hurried to put on their best uniforms to do credit to the great occasion. Jam, cake, and sardines were served out at tea. Then the welcome bell sounded, and there was a rush to the door of the theatre.

The place had been transformed, and there was a roar of applause at once. Flags and banners decorated the walls, and pictures had been borrowed from the saloon and billiard-room to add to the effect. The stage covered one end of the "house." It was not a large stage, probably fifteen feet by twelve at the greatest estimate; but it had real footlights, real everything, and it looked smart and quite up-to-date.

The curtain depicted a stout lady, with a fair complexion and bare feet, in the act of placing a laurel wreath on the bald head of a kneeling gentleman, possibly supposed to represent Shakespeare.

At twenty minutes past seven exactly the curtain rose, revealing a second white curtain underneath. Then the lights went out, and there was a wild yell of delight as a life-sized carriage, drawn by four horses, moved across the screen. It contained King Edward the Seventh, and he raised his hat, as if in answer to the greeting, before the carriage rolled away. Then came a notice: "The man of the hour!"

"Lord Kitchener!" said a dozen voices.

"Mr. Balfour!" said a dozen more voices.

They were all mistaken, but they rose to a man, clapping, laughing, and yelling when the next "living picture" flashed upon the scene. It was Ching-Lung, riding a sad-looking donkey across a meadow. Ching-Lung was in the act of kissing his hand to them, when Gan-Waga came puffing across the landscape, and tied a bunch of crackers to the donkey's tail. The next moment Ching dived into a duck-pond, and Gan danced with glee. Again the lights went out, and the stamping, cheers, and clapping threatened to knock the bottom out of the ship.

A picture of Ferrers Lord, stalking and shooting a stag.

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and another, showing a charge of Chinese cavalry, with the prince at their head, brought salvos of approval, while the portrait of Nathan Gore was greeted by prolonged hissing.

At last the screen lifted on the great play, "The Ghost of Gurgly Gulch!"

"Bravo, bravo, bravo!"

The door of the hut opened, and a very brawny lady, wearing a sunbonnet, came out with a pail in her hand, and went to fill it at the stream. The "get-up" was so clever that they had to look at the programme before they could believe that the lady was Joe. She scooped up some water, poured a bottle of whisky into it—or pretended to—and then, raising the pail to her ruby lips, swallowed the mixture without a wink.

Then she looked at the audience, and informed them, in a very gruff voice, that she was a lone widow, her husband having been scalped several years before by the redskins. She seemed rather pleased about it than otherwise. She also gave them to understand that she had a charming daughter, known as the "Daisy of the Prairies," and that the daughter had gone to a place called Gurgly Gulch to see if her sweetheart, a gentleman by the name of Revolver Roderick, was in sight.

It turned out that Revolver Roderick was a Government Pony Express rider, who carried the mails through a country infested by redskins. After this the widow gazed rapturously towards the wings, clasped her hands, and cried wildly:

"She comes—the pride of me life! Once I was just what she is now—sweet, tender, and beautiful! Ah, here she comes—me darter! Fly—fly to these arms!"

"Muvver!"

The audience roared. The lovely Prairie Daisy was Gan-Waga, in a rather short cotton gown, white stockings, and a golden wig. The sweet maiden hurled herself with such force on her mother's breast that the lone widow sat down in the stream.

"I am cold all over!" she gasped. "Jemima! Why that wild look in your eyes?"

"Muvver," said the Prairie Daisy, "the redskins is on the warpath!"

"Send for the fire-engines!" cried the widow wildly.

"Never!" answered the brave girl. "I refuse to be put out!"

"But they'll take the mangle and pawn it!" screamed the widow. "This is too much!"

Then, with an agonised shriek, she fell back into the stream, and fainted. The red limelight was turned on the beautiful damsel, who tore her golden hair tragically.

"Only one man can save us!" she wailed.

"Oh, Roderick, Roderick! Why comest thou not? Have the fiends slayed yo'? Are yo' a scalpy corpus on the trails? No, no, no! Thou art too strong and braves! Oh, I shall swoon! I shall—"

"Gurrl!" hissed a voice.

The maiden turned, and staggered back so far in terror that she plumped into the pail. A wild, long-haired, red-shirted, slouch-hatted, leather-booted cowboy was glaring at her. He had a knife between his teeth, a revolver in each hand, a small cannon under each arm, more revolvers in his belt, two rifles at his back, and he wore a string of bombs marked "Lyddite!" round his neck. Evidently he was the villain of the piece. He walked towards the shivering damsel, trailing a Maxim-gun after him, and, dropping the revolvers and cannons, he took a sip out of a bottle labelled "Nitro-glycerine!" and a pinch of snuff out of a small barrel that bore the legend "Gunpowder!" Certainly he was a fire-eater of the first water. And his real name was Thomas Prout.

"Gurrl," he hissed again, "you are pale!"

"Liar!" cried the girl. "I am not! I am only sitting in one!"

"Spurn me," answered the fire-eater, "and you shall kick the bucket! Hist! Not a word! 'Ere," he added, loud enough for all to hear, "chuck us down some red light!"

Someone in the flies threw down a box of red-fire, which the villain placed on the doorstep of the hut and lighted.

"Now, gurrl," he said, "Catsmeato has come. Catsmeato alone can save you. Yon beardless brat, Revolver Roderick, is in me power-r-r! Winking Wolf, the Apache Chief, has captured him. To-night, when yon red sun sinks behind the peaks, the boy—"

"Ow!" shrieked the maiden.

"Shall d-die!"

"Nevers!"

"I repeat it," said Catsmeato the Cowboy, "he shall die, and I shall make a penwiper of his scalp. Dost hear, gurrl? Ha, ha, ha! Catsmeato will not be scorned! Wilt thou save his life?"

"How—hoo? Tell me—oh, tell me!"

"Be my bride!"

"Nevers!" screamed the beautiful girl. "I do not like your whiskers!"

**Out on Friday!—THE PENNY POPULAR—Order To-day!**



"I will shave!"  
 "Never! Go away!"  
 "Spurned," roared the villain—"spurned by a chit of a girl! I will carry you off to my mountain home. What ho, without there!"

Catsmeato pounced upon his screaming victim, and four howling redskins sprang out of ambush. Recovering from her faint, the widow seized a mop. The fight was terrible. As fast as she laid the redskins low they got up again. At last, as Catsmeato was dragging the girl away, the savages overpowered the old lady. They tied her to her own doorpost, and pointed a big cannon at her.

"Good-bye, people!" she remarked.  
 Bang! went the cannon. The old lady shot up into the air and vanished into the flies, and the hut was absolutely blown to fragments.

"Wah!" yelled the redskins, and the lights went out amid great laughter and applause.

In a second or two the lights were again turned up on a prairie scene. Catsmeato was discovered trundling his fair prisoner across a vast plain in a wheelbarrow. It was a large wheelbarrow, and only the lady's feet and a portion of her white stockings were visible, but she let everyone know she was there by squealing for Revolver Roderick and her mother. Halting in the centre of the prairie, Catsmeato

EVERY  
MONDAY,

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ONE  
PENNY.

"Water, water!" sobbed the captive.  
 Making sure that he had not found the right spring, Catsmeato took a magnifying-glass from his pocket and began to crawl about, examining the ground.

"It is here!" he cried triumphantly.  
 "I see no'tings!" moaned the girl. "How do yo' know it's there?"

"Because it smells damp," answered the villain. "The curs have cut off the water, because I did not pay the bill. Ha, ha! It does not matter. If we cannot have water let us make tea; if we cannot get bread, we must eat toast."

"But stay! The spring ought to be here at the bottom of this mousehole. I will squint down. Squint with me!"

Villain and heroine knelt to peer into the hole. They rolled over backwards as a strong jet of water shot through the stage and washed them away.

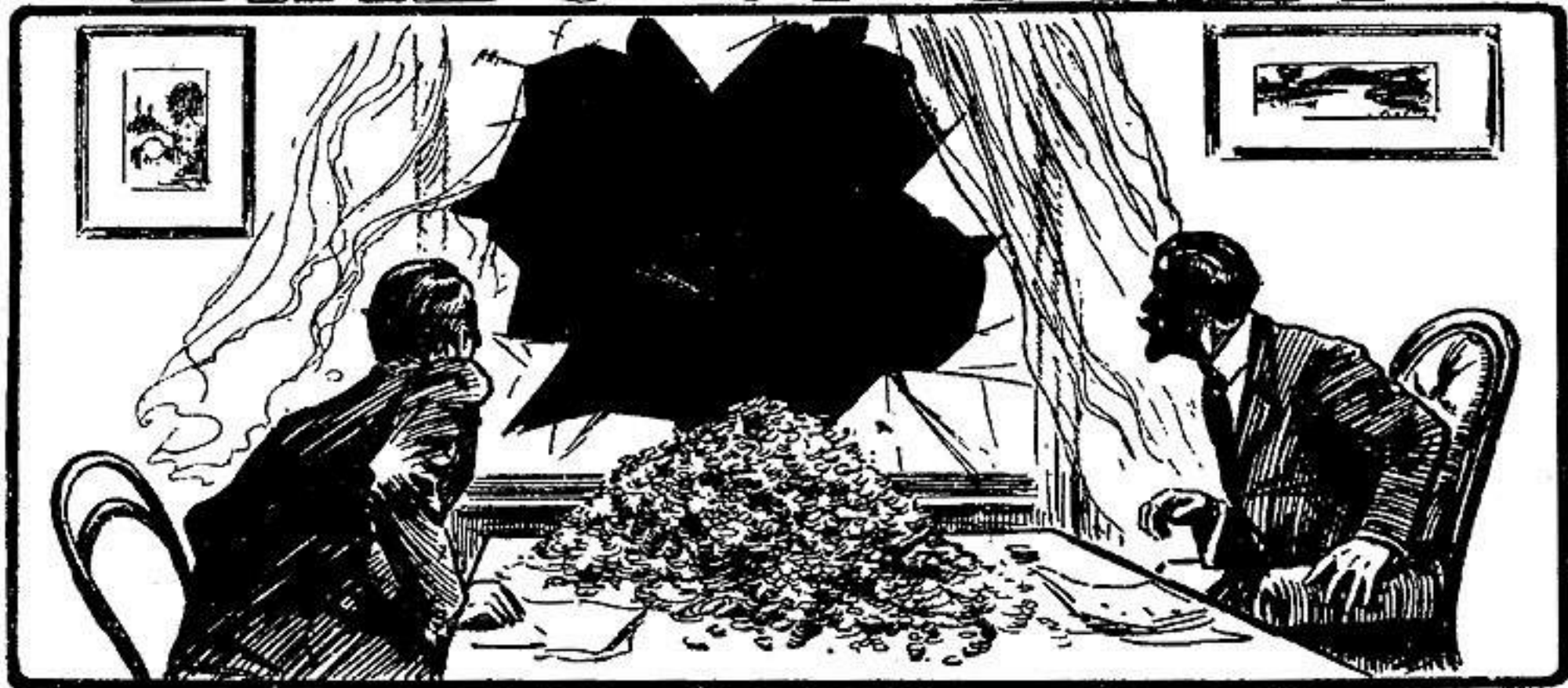
"We have sprung a leak!" cried the heroine, swimming for her life.

"Help! I drown!" yelled the villain.

Swimming to the barrow, he seized an enormous sheet of

STARTS IN THIS WEDNESDAY'S NUMBER OF THE "GEM" LIBRARY.

# BIRDS OF PREY



A Thrilling Serial Story dealing with the amazing adventures of Nelson Lee, Detective;

By MAXWELL SCOTT.

wiped the perspiration from his brow and took a pull at the nitro-glycerine.

"She does not love me," he said, "that is evident. If she loved me she would not squeal."

"Ow, ow, ow!" wailed the lady.

Catsmeato folded his arms and scowled at the setting sun. Then he shot the damsel out of the barrow.

"Roderick! Roderick! Roderick!"

"Hist, gurrl!"

"Why should I hist? I want a drink! What do I want to hist for?"

"Because you'll wake the baby!" said the villain fiercely.

"Jeezima, the time has come when we should understand each other. Dost know that these hands—ha, ha, ha!—are steeped in gore?"

"Den washes them!" said the Prairie Daisy.

"Gurrl, you mock me! The Catsmeato never wash! I tell you these hands are red with blood! You are alone, and in my power. You want a drink. Just here is a spring only known to me. It is somewhere about. I will find it. Ha, murder!"

Catsmeato was lifted violently from his sitting posture and flung several yards away. He had been sitting on the spring, which was a circular steel one. He fell on his head.

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brown-paper, and made a paper boat. They both got into it. Catsmeato stuck up a handkerchief for a sail, and the lady worked a small pair of bellows. And then, to the delight of the audience, the boat glided away into the wings. The play was going swimmingly.

And it went swimmingly. Revolver Roderick—Ching-Lung—turned up at Gurgly Gulch, where the ghost appeared to him, and told him, in a rich Irish brogue, that the hut had been destroyed, and his sweetheart carried away by Catsmeato. He advised the hero to go in pursuit, and then disappeared.

Unfortunately, Revolver Roderick fell into the clutches of Winking Wolf, who seemed to have a weakness for experimenting in cookery, pleasantly got ready to roast the hero over a slow fire. Roderick was tied to a stake, while the other red gentlemen danced round and yelled as if they liked it. The Winking Wolf had just set the fire going when the ghost suddenly arrived, and the redskins left as suddenly.

The spectre presented Roderick with a small arsenal of revolvers, and set him free. After another brush with the Indians, in which the hero killed a good many, he neared the stronghold of Catsmeato, and the end of the play. The stronghold was in a valley. Again the ghost bobbed up. Throwing off his disguise, he revealed himself to be the long-

NEXT  
MONDAY:

"FOR HIS MOTHER'S SAKE!"

A Splendid Long Complete School Tale  
of Frank Nugent, by FRANK RICHARDS.



lost father of the Prairie Daisy. He had sworn never to return to his wife until she swore to give up eating pickled onions for ever. He also told the hero to be quick in shooting Catsmeato, and getting the girl away, for an avalanche was threatening.

In the last scene Roderick settles Catsmeato's hash. The widow turns out to be all right. When shot away by the cannon, she dropped on a feather-bed a mile off, and the feathers broke her fall. She promises to give up pickled onions for ever.

Then a rope is thrown over a branch of a tree, and one end of it is made into a necktie for Catsmeato. All catch hold of the other end. At that moment there is a horrible, grind-crash.

"The avalanche!" howls the spectre. "The water is upon us! Fly to yonder rock!"

The spectators heard a rush of water. Pastboard boulders came hurtling down. Catsmeato was hurled to doom, and Roderick, his promised bride, the spectre, and the widow appeared safe on the top of a rock, surrounded by red fire.

And then every light in the house went out. The roar of the torrent became louder. Yelling, and howling, and splashing, the audience sprang up to a man. The lake had given way with a vengeance. The house was knee-deep in water. Sailors fell over each other, as they fought their way to the door.

### Gan-Waga Quotes Poetry to the French Cook and Wishes He Hadn't.

"Turn up the lights! Turn up the lights!" When the lights were turned up, the place was a wreck. Of course, Ching-Lung said it was an accident, and the fault of Ben Maddock, who was steering. Ben, he explained, had sunk the vessel much deeper, and, therefore, overflowed the swimming-bath. If that were so, why did the performers lie on their backs and scream with laughter?

"Ut stroikes me," said the Ghost of Gurgly Gulch. "that ut wint off O. K. What did the spalpeens expect? How cud they come to a dape say thayatre widout gettin' wet? Ut's preposterous!"

"Kiss me, Jemima my bride!" grinned Ching-Lung. Hero, heroine, villain, widow, ghost, and redskins had a champagne supper, and were very pleased with themselves. The first performance of the Deep Sea Dramatic Society was voted a grand success.

"By hokey!" remarked Prout. "There warn't nothing dry about it, anyhow!"

Catsmeato went to take his turn at the wheel, and Maddock came down to supper. If it had been an accident, why did they put him on the back, and drink his health?

"What wrong, my Ganus?"

Gan-Waga had burst into the billiard-room, his face red with rage.

"He nots give me cangles, Chingy!" he roared. "He nots give me cangles."

Ching-Lung balanced a ball on the end of the cue, and the cue on the end of his nose.

"Who is he? And why not?"

"Dat Frenchmans!" said Gan. "I kills him! He shouts 'A-r-r-r-r, begones froms mine lar-r-r-r-r! Vill not haf ze faces of yo' disgraces mine larder-r-r! Begones quick, or I shall smite him vis ze r-r-rolling-pin! A-r-r-r! And den he dances likes mad!"

"Disgraceful!" said Ching-Lung. "Was Joe there?"

"Yes, Chingy; and Joe grins all over him bad 'nough ugly mug."

"Sad!" said the prince, making the ball run up and down the cue. "You seem to be getting yourself disliked, my dear boy. I cannot interfere. The Frenchman is boss of the galley and the stores. I have no right to do anything. Perhaps he did not understand you. French people are very polite. If you asked him in French, now—"

"Me not know Frenches," sighed Gan.

"But they are also poetical," said Ching-Lung. "If you spoke in poetry—"

"Not know nones, Chingy, except dis Barry tells me:

"Marys haver a cock-eyed lamb,  
Hims tails stuck on behind;  
When hims say 'Baa!' to Mary's 'Ma!'  
She treats him most unkind!"

Ching-Lung began to rub the cue thoughtfully in his hand until it slowly seemed to melt in thin air.

"I don't think that would do, my oiltank," he said gravely. "I'll repeat a little poem to you to learn by heart. I'm certain he'll give you something if you tell it to him. Now, here it is. Keep saying it over and over again until you know it by heart:

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"Frenchmen eat frogs,  
And like snails in a stew.  
And the English just mopped 'em,  
Some more than a few;  
And gave 'em a soaking  
At old Waterloo!"

"Dat sounds primes, Chingy!" chuckled Gan. "Says hims agains!"

It was not a poem to make the cook happy, but Gan did not know that. He repeated it line by line until he knew it perfectly.

"Sure I get dems now?" he asked.

"I'm sure he'll give you something," said Ching-Lung truthfully.

"Cangles, Chingy?"

"I can fancy you seeing the lights dancing before your eyes," answered the prince. "Whatever you do, be polite. Bow to him, and lift your cap. The French are a polite race."

"I do dats, Chingy! Want a cangles bad 'nough orful!"

Gan set off for the galley. The tall, lean cook, in cap and apron, was crooning a French song concerning a lady called Marie, who was causing his heart, according to the song, the most excruciating agony. He was also grinding the wheel of an egg-beater, which was frothing up a whole basinful of eggs.

Gan entered, removed his cap, and bowed with wonderful elegance and grace. Both the elegance and the grace seemed wasted on the cook.

He glared and frowned.

"Vat you vant here?" he cried. "Haf I not told you dat I vill not have you in mine galley? Begone! You have mine patience exhaust! You are no gentlemen!"

Gan smiled sweetly, and bowed again.

"Vill you go?" roared the chef. "I vill not gif you not von candle!"

Gan bowed lower still and kissed his hand.

"Ze man is mad! He is lunatic! He is—how you say it?—off ze dot of him!" growled the cook. "Look at ze balmly idiot. I shall be terrible in mine wrath. Go away! Begonse! Fly before mine wrath become too great, and I strike you!"

"You look like dying a violent death, fat 'un!" remarked Joe, coming in just then.

"He is very near the grave!" said the cook savagely. "Ze wrath of angaire boil in ze inside of me very hot. It vill bubble out, and zen I shall struck him down, and lay ze—ze shuddering corpses of him on ze landscape. Begone, I repeat! I have ze angaire coming violent!"

"Kiss me!" lisped Gan. "I loves yo' sweet!"

The cook seized a rolling-pin, and landed on the table at one bound.

"Ze insult!" he screamed. "Ze insult! Kiss zat? Oh, ze horraire, ze terrairo, ze sickness of it! Begone!"

"Darlins," lisped Gan, "one sweet kiss!"

Yard-of-Tape hurled the rolling-pin at him, and broke a large dish.

"Me wants to cuddle yo'," said Gan. "Yo' are a fairies."

"Saar-r-r!"

"Yo' a Frenchmans," went on Gan softly, "and:

"Frenchmans eats frogses,  
And liko snails in stew;  
And Englands just mopped them,  
Some more than a few.  
Made 'em run and squeal likes mad,  
At Battles of Waterloo!  
Hoo, hoo, hoo!"

For a moment the Frenchman was too stunned to speak. He glared at Gan in stony, paralysed silence.

"Kiss me!" repeated Gan, wondering when the gift Ching-Lung spoke about was coming. "I loves you! Made 'em run and yell for toffee at Battle of Waterloo. Do kiss me!"

"Dog!" hissed the chef.

"Made Frenches squeal and yelp like hots cakes at Battles of Waterloo!" said Gan soothingly.

"Cur!" hissed the chef.

"Soaked all Frenchies Battle of Waterloo. English makes them holler and squeal! Frenchies leg it and run. Gets jolly good soaking bad 'nough Battle Water—"

"Fiend!" shrieked the chef. "Die!"

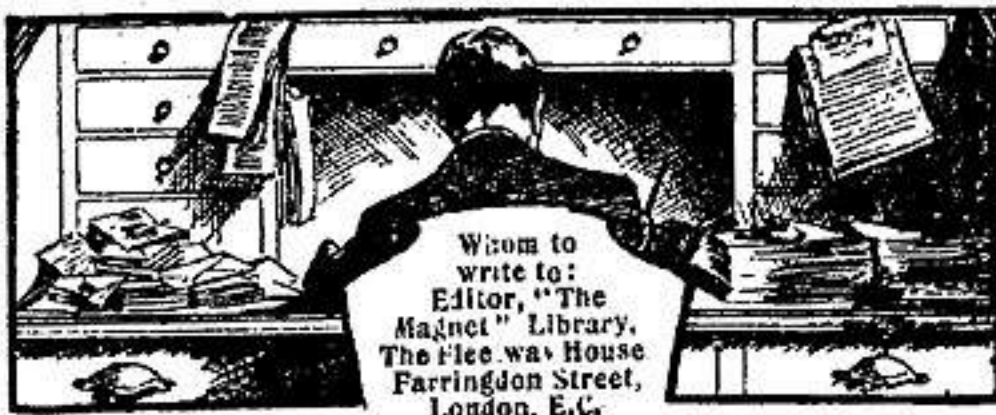
He shot the eggs out of the basin into Gan's smiling face, and Gan stopped smiling. Then he started to show Gan how to fight in the French fashion, with arms and feet at the same time, and fur and feathers and crockery began to fly round the galley in a most exhilarating and energetic fashion.

(To be continued in next Monday's issue.)

**Out on Friday!—THE PENNY POPULAR—Order To-day!**



# My Readers' Page.



YOUR EDITOR HOPES  
ALL READERS OF THE  
"MAGNET" LIBRARY  
WILL BUY NO. 1 OF THE  
"PENNY POPULAR."  
ON SALE EVERYWHERE  
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11TH.

## NEXT MONDAY'S STORY:

### "FOR HIS MOTHER'S SAKE!"

by Frank Richards. The above is the title of the splendid long, complete tale of the juniors of Greyfriars School contained in next Monday's issue of "The Magnet" Library. Troublous times fall upon the two Nugents—major and minor—and each in his own way makes up his mind to a sacrifice

### "FOR HIS MOTHER'S SAKE."

In the end Frank Nugent's narrow escape from a terrible death brings about a family reconciliation, in which all past troubles are forgotten.

## FRIDAY IS "PENNY POPULAR" DAY.

Thousands of my readers all over the Empire will be looking forward with eager impatience to Friday of this week, when the long-promised and anxiously-expected new story paper,

### "THE PENNY POPULAR,"

will make its welcome appearance. This wonderful budget of THE BEST stories could not be more aptly named. Its title,

### "THE PENNY POPULAR,"

fits it to perfection, and for a very good reason. Its popularity was absolutely assured before the preparation of the first number was even commenced!

"The Penny Popular" is absolutely the only paper that has ever been really "made to order." Thousands and thousands of letters having been received asking for—nay, demanding!—just such a paper, it was at length felt that something must be done to fill the universally expressed want, or else there might be trouble. The result will be seen in this Friday's grand new paper—

### No. 1 of "THE PENNY POPULAR,"

in which the pick of the famous characters in the world of fiction are introduced in

## THREE GRAND COMPLETE STORIES

for the first time between the covers of a single story-paper. The varying tastes of fiction lovers have been specially studied and most thoroughly catered for, and everyone who appreciates really first-class reading matter will heartily welcome the splendid variety of the fine tales, dealing as they do with the widely different, yet equally interesting, adventures of

### TOM MERRY & CO.,

The Most Popular of all Schoolboy Characters;

### SEXTON BLAKE,

The World-renowned Detective; and

### JACK, SAM AND PETE,

The Three Famous and Adventurous Comrades.

With such a matchless list of contents, "The Penny Pop." must prove an irresistible attraction for a vast number of readers, who will at once recognise the new story paper as

## THE IDEAL COMPANION FOR THE WEEK-END.

Don't forget, then, my readers, that the First Number of this wonderful new story-paper—a veritable feast of fiction—comes out on Friday, and then, in future, every

## FRIDAY IS "PENNY POP." DAY.

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NEXT  
MONDAY:

"FOR HIS MOTHER'S SAKE!"

## HINTS TO YOUNG FOOTBALLERS.

Whether your football team is picked by the captain or a committee, the best man should always be chosen, and no hint, however slight, of favouritism should be given. Picking a team is a source of worry to the most experienced, and unless the type of man that is wanted to fill each post on the field is known, this worry will be greater still.

To begin with the defence, the goalie is the team's last bulwark for defence, and great care and judgment should be exercised in choosing him. He should possess a quick eye and a very ready hand, and considerable activity and strength. The quicker he is the better. Another good asset, and one which very few amateur goalies possess, is the instinct of knowing from which direction and the manner in which the ball is likely to travel. Again, he must be cool and full of resource. It is no good having a "nervy" goalkeeper. Of the three ways of preventing the ball from entering his citadel—catching, throwing, and punching—he should be best at handwork, although, of course, if he should be clever with his feet so much the better. Now for

### THE BACKS.

Pick fellows out who are strong and active, and who are fairly heavy. Weight is very telling in a footer match. Of course, the back must also be clever with his feet, and fairly fast. Choose men who will not funk tackling their opposing forwards, and also see that they have good, strong, and sure kicks, with the ability of using either their right or the left foot.

To come to the most important positions in the field,

### THE HALF-BACKS,

whose work consists of equal parts of attack and defence, the half-back line is the divisions upon which most of the responsibility of the game falls. One weak half-back can spoil the play of the rest of the team. A half-back should be of fairly good weight, but, at the same time, he should be quick and active, and have a good turn of speed; for sometimes he may be called upon to act as an extra back, and at others may have to assist as an extra forward, according to the strength and skill of the opposing forwards. A half-back should be a good tackler, and should have a strong, sure kick. At the same time, he should be an expert in the art of dribbling and "heading." The two wing half-backs should be able to throw the ball in Association style for a good distance, as the duty of "throwing-in" after the ball has crossed the touchline falls to their lot.

Now for

### THE FORWARDS.

As a whole, they should be fast runners, quick starters, and clever with their feet. A forward who can sprint well is an extremely valuable man on the field; but one who can start at once at full speed and be able to dodge anything and anybody in his way is more valuable still. Forwards should be able to pass and shoot at goal, and should, of course, be able to "dribble" well. The centre-forward and the two insides should be the best shots, while the outsides should be the fastest runners and good, strong kickers.

## REPLIES IN BRIEF.

U. A. M. (Glasgow).—Thank you for your postcard. There will probably be an article such as you suggest in the Chat page before long.

Miss S. Jonas (Victoria Park).—You may hear more of the characters you mention on your postcard at some future date.

W. R. (Govan).—Thank you for your very appreciative letter. The capital you would require would vary according to the size of the business, of course; but it is well to have money to fall back on in case of failure. You would probably have to pay about fifty pounds for the business, and another fifty would make a good reserve fund.

THE EDITOR.

A Splendid Long Complete School Tale  
of Frank Nugent, by FRANK RICHARDS.

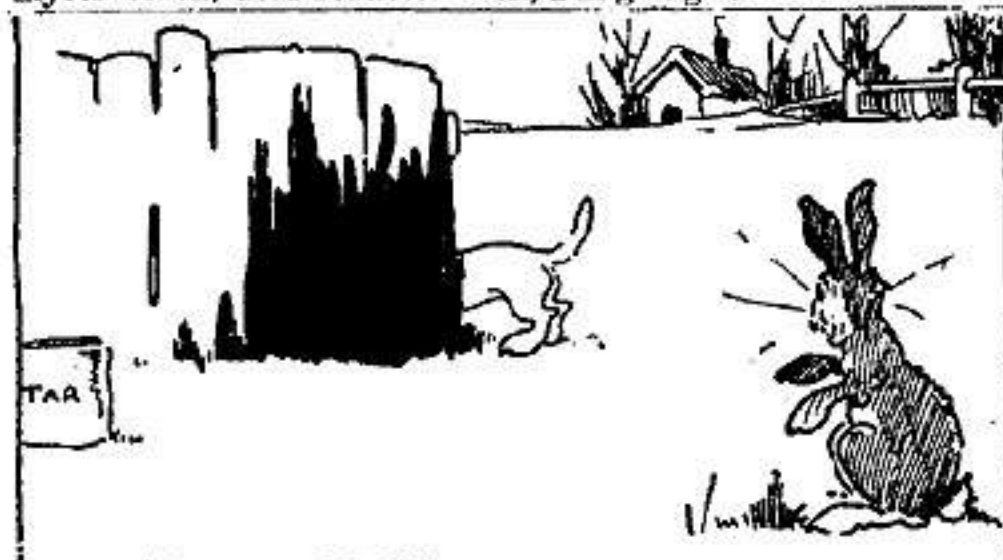


## SPECIAL COMIC SUPPLEMENT

HE CAUGHT A TAR-TAR.



1. No doubt you wonder why I'm painting the front half of myself black, dear readers. Well, I'm going to catch a rabbit.



2. You see, I'm this side of the fence really, only I don't show 'cos of the black. So when Mr. Bunny comes along thinking to pull my narrative and escape—



3. The poor, silly animal gets fairly copped, round the brisket, as per illustration.

THE UP-TO-DATE FARMER.



It was no good Farmer Tater sticking up a scarecrow on his field, 'cause the crows simply treated it with contempt.

HE HADN'T NOTICED IT.



Wife: "Did you get that pudding I left for you in the oven, John?"

John: "I did; it wor a stunner!"

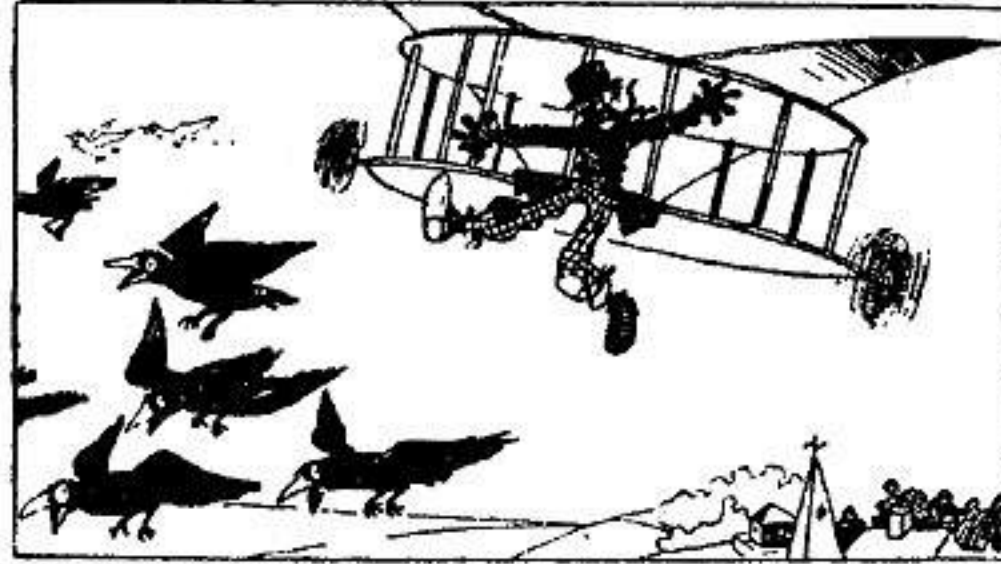
Wife: "And did you take off the cloth that was round it?"

John: "Were there a cloth on it?"

A SHIPPING ORDER!



Customer: "Please, mister, I can't remember what ma sent me for, but you can give me two pennyworth of peppermint candy, 'cause she said I could keep the change."

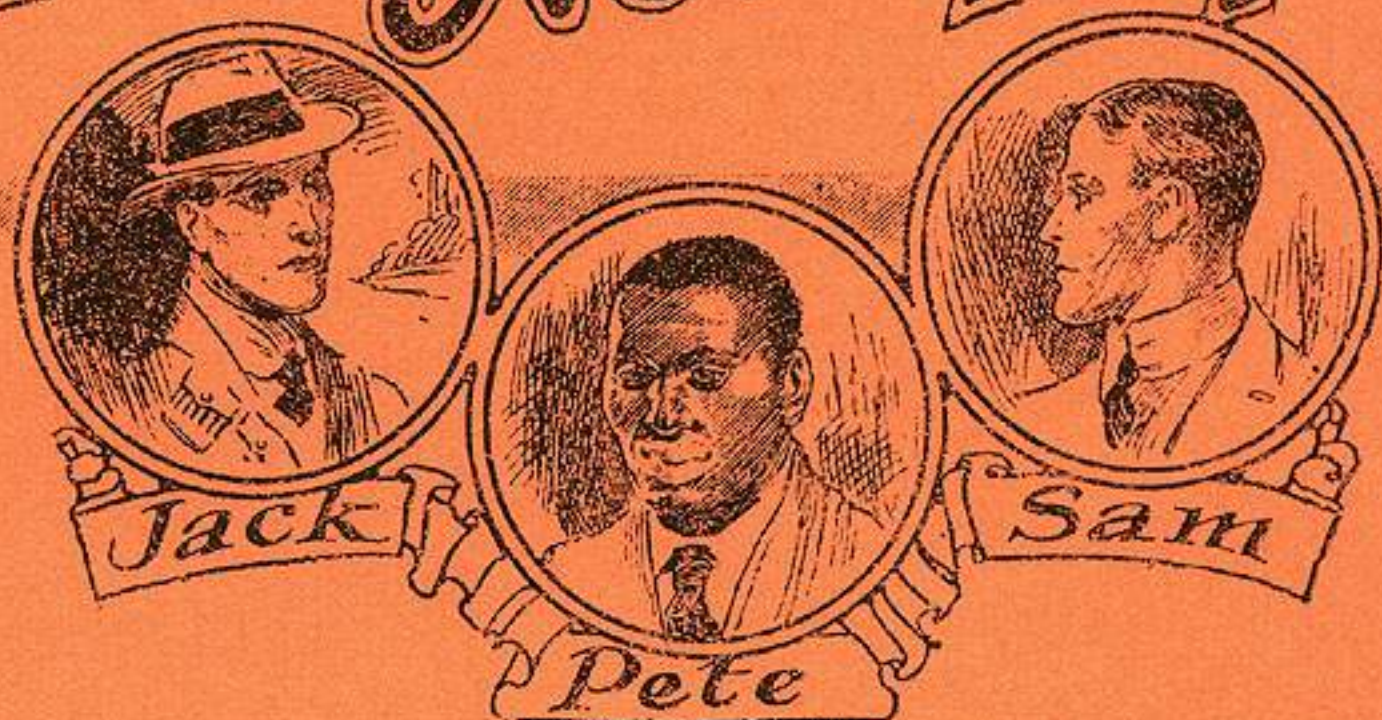


2. So, being an up-to-date chap, he fixed the scarecrow to a flying machine, and that did the trick.

(More Comic Pictures on page iv. cover.)



# Great New Paper



No. 1 of the "Penny Popular" contains the following complete stories: TOM MERRY—NEW BOY (a story of Tom Merry, the popular schoolboy); VOLCANO ISLAND (an adventure story of Jack, Sam, and Pete, the three famous comrades); and THE CASE OF THE TREASURE HUNTERS (a detective story of Sexton Blake—his assistant, Tinker, and Pedro, the dog detective.) Don't miss them!

The "Penny Popular" will publish every week complete tales of all the characters illustrated on this page, and will provide a splendid budget of absorbing fiction that you will want to read regularly. Order your weekly copy now.

No. 1  
Out on  
Friday.



No. 1  
Out on  
Friday.



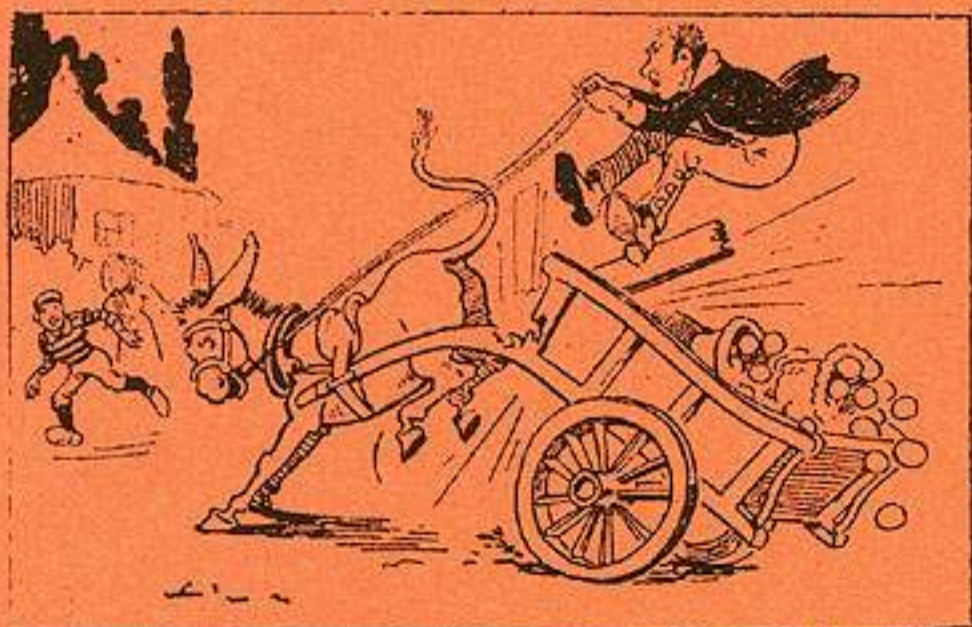
Sexton Blake



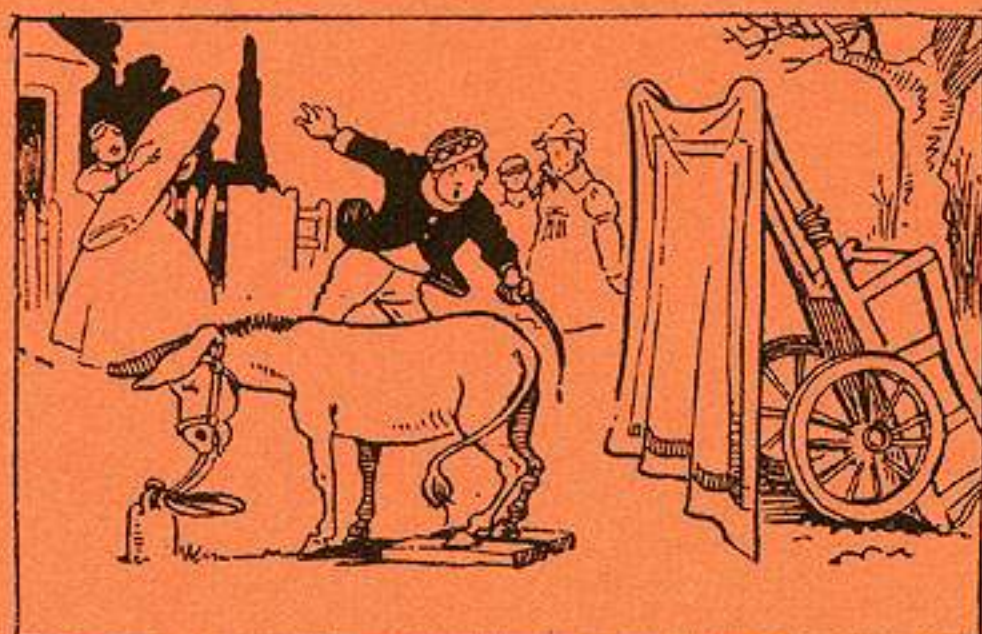
Tom Merry



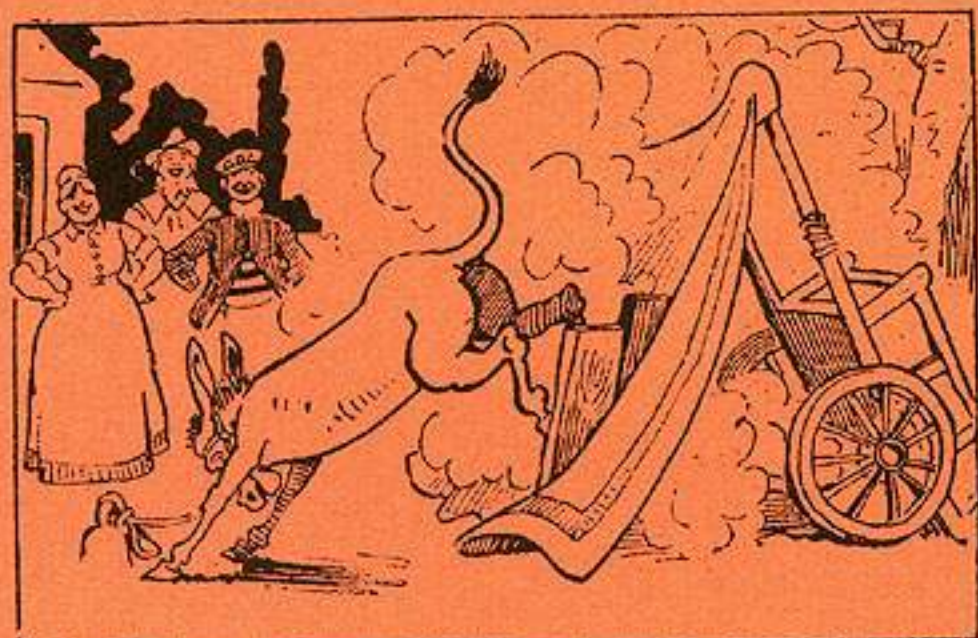
## AN IDEA THAT TOOK SOME BEATING!



1. "That's absolutely done it!" cried Joe the Coster, as the moke absolutely and completely smashed up his little outfit. But suddenly a nutty notion entered his brainbox.

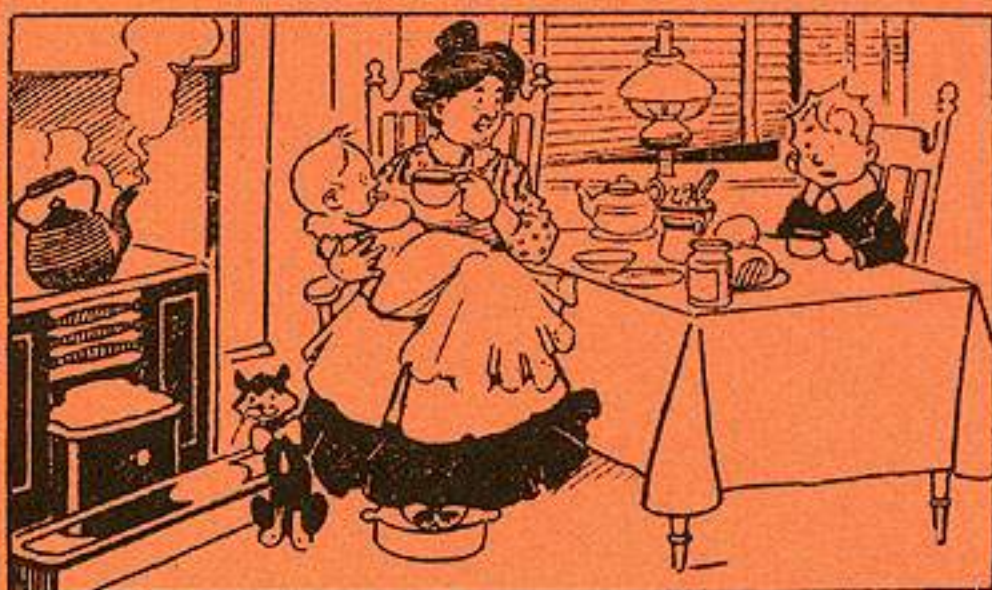


2. And that same evening he affixed unto the trotters of the donkey two solid deal boards as above. Then he took him round to the housewives.



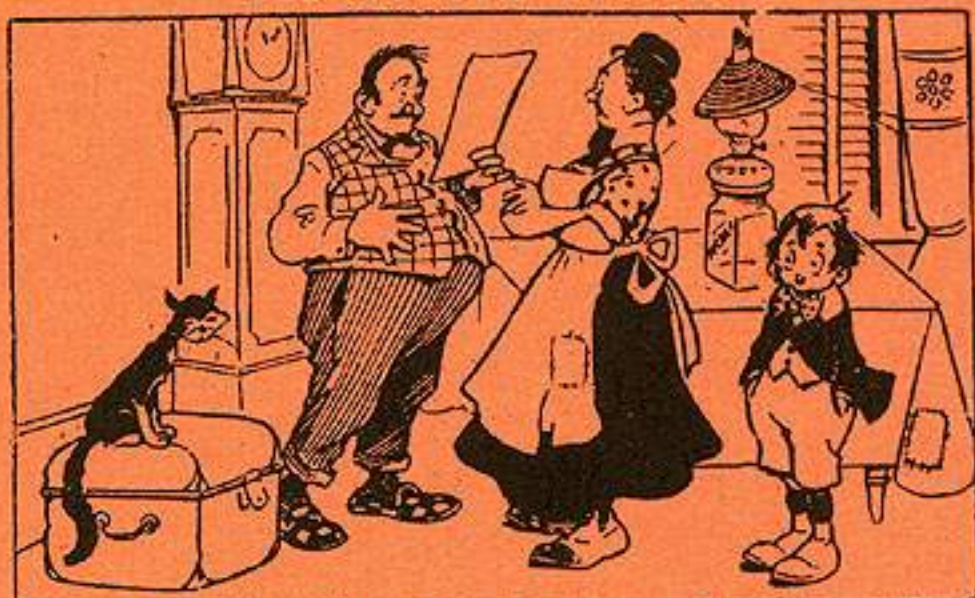
3. And now he gets a jolly good living making the moke beat carpets—thuswise. How is that for commonsense, peoples?

## THEN MA LOOKED SOUR.



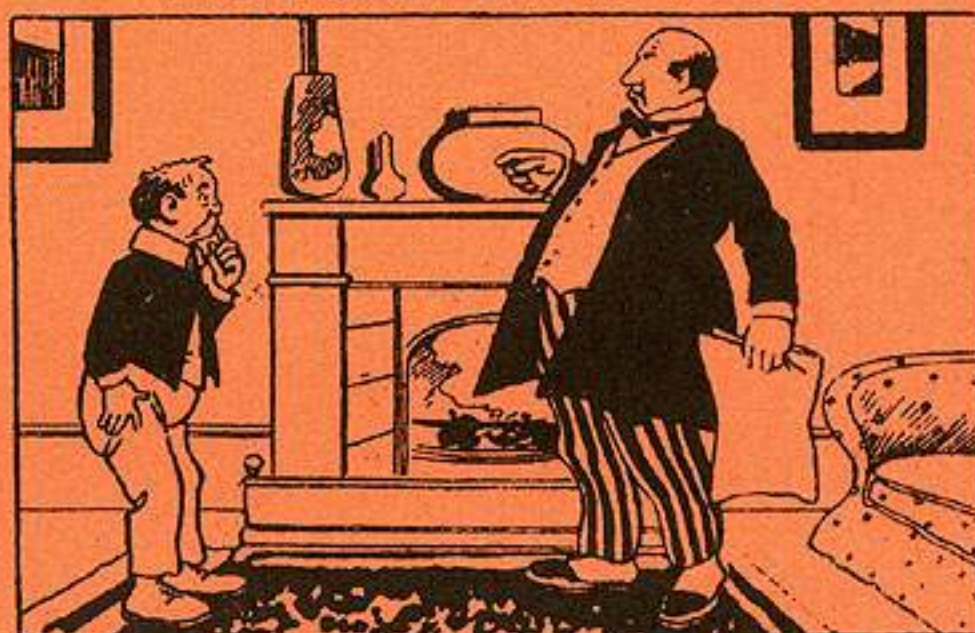
Mamma: "So you've been learning all about grammar at school to-day? Can you tell me the plural of sugar?"  
Tommy: "Why, er—lumps, of course."

## HIS SCHOOL OUTFIT.



Farmer (who is sending his boy away to St. Jim's School, reading the list of articles which the boy is expected to take away with him): "What! a dozen handkerchiefs? He hasn't got a dozen noses!"

## PA'S FRENCH LACKED POLISH.



"Now, Freddie, what is the meaning of 'Je ne sais pas'?"  
"I don't know."  
"Then go back to your seat till you do know."

## ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.



1. Old Bobb's might have broken his wishbone—



2. When he slipped on the banana skin—



3. If Bobby hadn't lent a helping hand, thus—



4. And so made the old boy do him a good turn.