

Great Free Gift—THE SHERIFF'S SIX-SHOOTER  
INSIDE,

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# The MAGNET<sup>2</sup>

EVERY SATURDAY.



*This*  
**SHERIFF'S  
SIX  
SHOOTER**

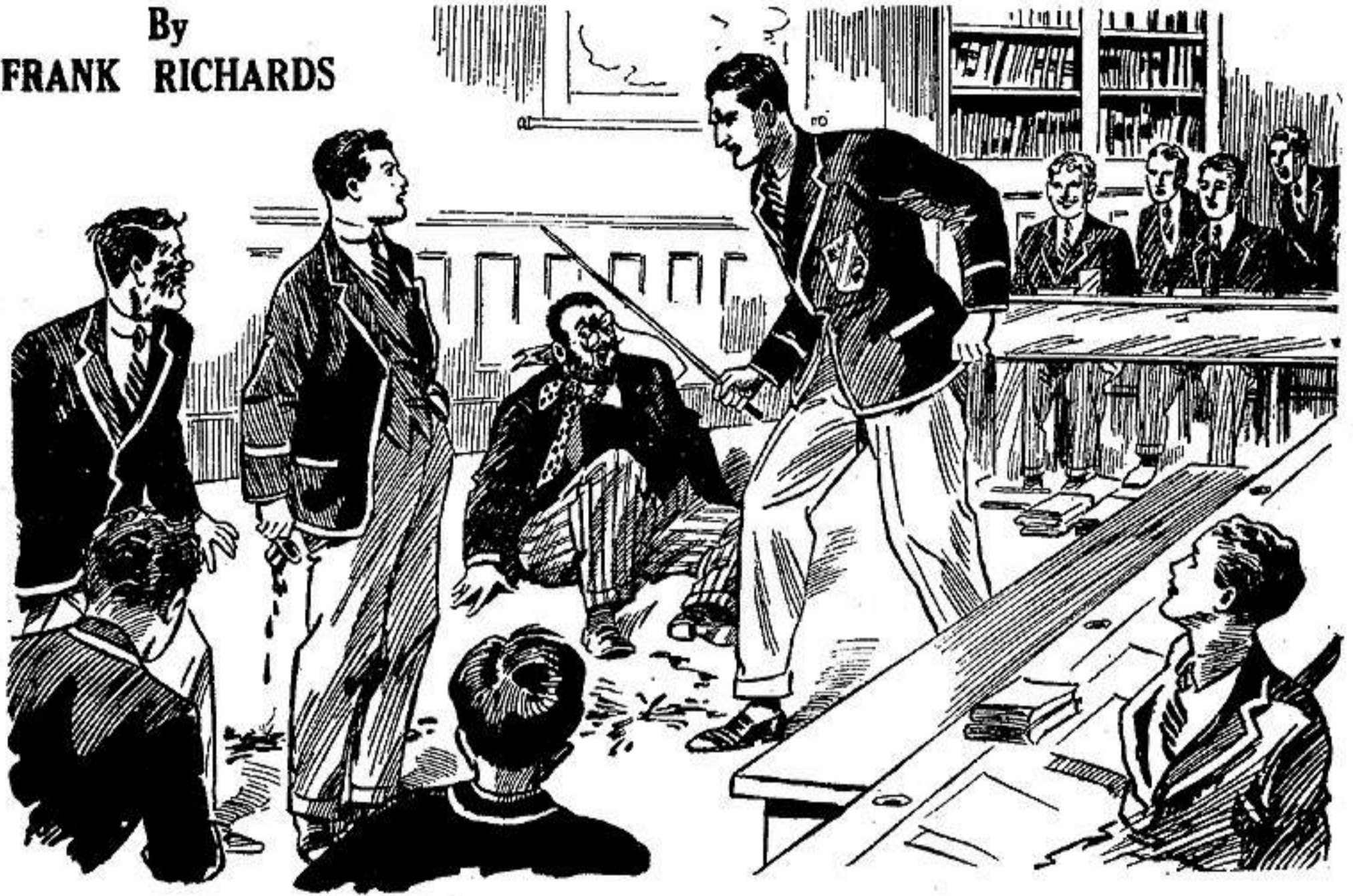


# Free

**INSIDE!**

# The HIGH HAND!

By  
FRANK RICHARDS



## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### The Bounder's Rag!

"SMEET!"

Monsieur Charpentier, the French master of Greyfriars, fairly barked.

Herbert Vernon-Smith did not heed. Perhaps he did not recognise "Smeet" as his name. At all events, he did not appear to do so. He did not even turn his head.

"Smeet!" hooted Mossoo.

"Smithy, you ass!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

Still the Bounder did not heed.

The Remove were in Class-room No. 10, where the French master was taking them in French. Fellows were rather accustomed to taking things easy in the French class, and some of the Removites were sitting on the desks instead of the forms, and two or three were loafing about with their hands in their pockets, not sitting down at all.

But Smithy's proceedings were really the limit. He had clambered up to a window, and was sitting on the wide window-ledge, looking out into the quadrangle.

He was watching a tall, angular figure that had left the House, and was walking down to the gates.

It was that of Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove.

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Quelch was going out while the French master had his Form, and Smithy was anxious to see him safe off the scene.

A "rag" in the French class was not a wholly safe proposition while Mr. Quelch was in the House, and perhaps within hearing of an uproar. And as the reckless Bounder had planned a rag that morning, he was interested to see his Form-master go.

"Smeet!" squeaked Monsieur Charpentier, for the third time.

"Come down, Smithy!" called out Bob Cherry.

Smithy glanced round.

"Mind your own bizney!" he suggested.

"Descendez!" hooted Monsieur Charpentier. "Smeet! Zat you descend at vunce, and take your place!"

"Shall I pull him down, sir?" asked Bolsover major eagerly.

**A slacker, a loafer, and a black sheep! Gerald Loder is all these and then some. But the bully of the Sixth makes the biggest mistake in his life when he sets out to ride the high horse over Harry Wharton & Co., the cheery chums of the Remove!**

"Let's all pull him down!" exclaimed Skinner.

"No—non! Zat you keep your places!" Monsieur Charpentier was quite well aware that Bolsover and Skinner only wanted a pretext to begin a riot. "Stay vere you vas! Smeet, you take your place, ozzervise I vhack you viz ze pointer!"

Vernon-Smith, looking from the window, observed the angular figure of Mr. Quelch disappear at the distant gate.

All was safe now.

He turned from the window, and grinned down cheerily at the little French gentleman, who was coming towards him, pointer in hand.

"Did you speak to me, sir?" he inquired politely.

"Mon Dieu! I speak to you not vunce, but many times!" exclaimed Monsieur Charpentier. "Zat you get down at vunce, Smeet. Ozzervise—Mon Dieu! Oh! Ah! Nom d'un nom! Yaroooh!"

Vernon-Smith came down—with a jump. He landed on Monsieur Charpentier, clapping that little gentleman round the neck, and hurling him backwards.

There was a heavy bump as Mossoo landed on his back on the floor, with the Bounder sprawling over him.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!" chirruped Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "Ciel! Zat you get off!" shrieked Monsieur Charpentier. "Laissez-moi! Leave me to rise! Mauvais garcon! Urrgh!"

Vernon-Smith rose. He planted a knee on Monsieur Charpentier's waistcoat, to heave himself to his feet. There was a horrible gurgle from the little Frenchman.

"Oooogh!"  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "Sorry, sir!" said Smithy. "Quite an accident; I assure you, sir. My foot slipped."

"Woogh!" gasped Mossoo. "Urrgh! I am damage! I am vizout breff! Mon Dieu! Urrgh!"

Harry Wharton and Johnny Bull ran to help the breathless French master up. Five or six other fellows rushed up at the same time—not to help! Many hands grasped Monsieur Charpentier all at once.

"Help him up!" exclaimed Skinner.  
 "Give a fellow room to help!" shouted Bolsover major.

"Don't barge me over, Bolsover!" roared Peter Todd. "Oh, my hat!"

Peter sprawled over Mossoo as he was rising, flooring him again. Skinner sprawled over Toddy, and Bolsover major over Skinner.

It was quite a mix-up.  
 "Here! We must get Mossoo out of that!" exclaimed the Bounder; and he grabbed hold of Mossoo's collar, to drag him from the heap. "Lend a hand, you men!"

"Ooogh! Wooh!" came in a gurgle from the hapless French master, as Smithy dragged him by the collar, and somebody else by the legs. "Zat you release me! Zat you let go at vunce! Ma foi! Yooop!"

"We're helping you, sir!"  
 "Only helping you, sir!"  
 "Lend a hand, you fellows!"  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"

All the French class were on their feet now. Six or seven of the wildest spirits were gathered round Monsieur Charpentier "helping" him; but as they were jerking him in different directions, he did not seem likely to get much benefit from their help.

"He, he, he!" cackled Billy Bunter. "I say, you fellows, this is better than French! He, he, he!"

"Stop it, Smithy!" shouted Harry Wharton.

"Rats to you!" retorted the Bounder.  
 "Chuck it, you fellows!" exclaimed Frank Nugent.

"We're helping Mossoo!"  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton frowned. He was captain of the Remove, and head boy of the Form; and there was a limit. Rags were common enough in the French class, and Wharton—not being quite a model and perfect character himself—sometimes joined in them, to a mild extent. But this was the maddest rag that had ever happened even in Mossoo's class-room—far outside the limit. Even the reckless Bounder would never have ventured upon it had Mr. Quelch been in the House.

Warming to the work, as it were, the Bounder snatched an inkpot from a desk, with the intention of up-ending it over the sprawling French master. That settled the matter for Wharton. He jumped at the Bounder, grabbed at the inkpot, and tore it away from his hand.

"Stop that!" he rapped.  
 "You cheeky ass—"  
 "There's a limit, Smithy, you duffer! Do you want Quelch to hear this fearful row, and barge in with a cane?"  
 "Quelchy's gone out, you ass!"

"Oh! All the same, there's a limit! Chuck it, I tell you!"

"Go and eat coke!"  
 Vernon-Smith, always made more obstinate by opposition, grabbed at the inkpot in the hand of the captain of the Remove. There was a tussle, and the ink spurted out in a stream, catching Herbert Vernon-Smith full in the face.

The Bounder gave a yell as he staggered back, streaming with ink.

And at that exciting moment the door of Class-room No. 10 was thrown open, and Gerald Loder of the Sixth Form strode in.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Exit Loder!

L ODER of the Sixth stood staring at the uproarious scene.

Hands that were grasping at Mossoo fell away from him as if he had suddenly become red-hot, at the sight of the bully of the Sixth.

*This week's issue contains . . . . .*

**A DANDY SIX-SHOOTER**

*. . . a further item in our*

**FREE SHERIFF'S OUTFIT**

together with ammunition and full instructions as to how to use the "shooter." It will "fire" cigarette cards, too, as well as the discs supplied with it. Try 'em and see for yourself. If you failed to get the first part of our Free Sheriff's Outfit—which consisted of a Sheriff's Star and an Invisible Writing Pencil—you should ask your news-agent to get you a copy of last week's

**MAGNET.**

**ANOTHER FREE GIFT NEXT WEEK!**

Monsieur Charpentier sat up, gasping for breath.

His face was crimson, bedewed with perspiration, and covered with dust. His collar and tie were torn out. His waistcoat had lost several buttons. He was a gasping, gurgling wreck.

All the fellows were out of their places. The Bounder stood dabbing ink from his face. Wharton stood with the inkpot, still dripping, in his hand.

Gerald Loder eyed the juniors grimly. Since Wingate of the Sixth had been away, Loder was head prefect of Greyfriars—a position in which he found himself able to wreak, in many ways, his old grudge against Harry Wharton & Co. of the Remove.

This was another chance for Loder! Rather too late the Bounder realised that all was not so safe as he supposed when Mr. Quelch went out. Loder was not likely to lose this chance of "throwing his weight about," and impressing upon the Remove that he was now monarch of all he surveyed.

"So this is how you carry on in class, is it, you young sweeps?" demanded

Loder, slipping his cane down into his hand as he advanced into the room.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Billy Bunter in alarm.

The fat Owl of the Remove made a rush for his place.

But Loder did not even glance at him. He was not after small game like Billy Bunter.

"Wharton!" he rapped.  
 "Yes, Loder?" said Harry quietly.

"You are the ringleader in this, I think."

"You may think what you like," answered the captain of the Remove contemptuously.

Loder's eyes glinted at him.  
 "I find you in the middle of the room, throwing ink about from an inkpot," he said.

"That's rather the limit, I think, even for you unruly young rascals. Did you buzz that ink at Vernon-Smith or not?"

"Yes, but—"

"Never mind the 'buts,'" smiled Loder. "You did—that's enough! Bend over that form."

Loder pointed to a form with his cane.

The juniors were all quiet enough now. Nobody was afraid of Monsieur Charpentier. Even after such a tremendous rag, it was improbable that Mossoo would have inflicted punishments. Peace at any price was Mossoo's motto. But the matter was very different with Loder. Loder was keen on handling the ashplant, and he had a very heavy hand with it. And certainly he had plenty of cause on the present occasion for handing out "whoppings." Quelch, had he come in instead of Loder, would probably have caned the whole Form.

The Bounder grinned under the dripping ink. He wondered whether Loder knew that Wharton had been trying to stop the rag. If so, Loder gave no sign of his knowledge.

"Do you hear me, Wharton?" he snapped.

"Yes, but—"

"I've told you to bend over that form!"

"As it happens," said Harry quietly.

"I've not been ragging, Loder. I was trying to stop the fellows ragging."

"I'm not here to listen to lies!" said Loder. "What I've seen is enough for me! Bend over that form!"

"Lies!" Wharton's eyes flashed. "You cheeky rotter—"

"Wha-a-at?" Loder fairly gasped. That was rather a new mode of address from a junior of the Lower Fourth to a prefect of the Sixth Form—and head prefect, too! Certainly Wharton would never have dreamed of addressing Wingate in such terms.

"You heard what I said," answered Wharton coolly, though his heart was beating fast. "And you're not going to cane me, Loder."

"Will you bend over that form?" roared Loder.

"No, I won't!"

"Do you want me to take you to the Head?"

"I don't see how you can take me to the Head as he's away in a nursing-home," retorted Wharton.

"You don't need me to tell you that Mr. Prout is Head in Dr. Locke's absence, Wharton. I shall take you to him—"

"You won't!"

"Harry, old chap—" whispered Frank Nugent anxiously.

Wharton did not heed. He stood facing the bully of the Sixth, his hands clenched, his eyes flashing.

Loder made a step towards him and paused.

"Hold on, Loder!" It was Vernon-Smith who spoke. The Bounder had been angry enough at Wharton's intervention in the rag, but he was not the fellow to let another man take his gruel for him. "Wharton was trying to keep order when I got this ink from him—doing his jolly old duty as head boy of the Remove. If you want the ring-leader, I'm the sportsman you want."

"Good old Smithy!" murmured Redwing.

Loder glanced at the Bounder, stepped towards him, and gave him a cut across the shoulders with the cane.

The Bounder uttered a yell.

"Oh, you rotten bully!"

"Now hold your tongue, Vernon-Smith!" snapped Loder. Evidently the bully of Greyfriars did not want to hear anything in Wharton's favour. "Wharton, bend over that form at once, or I shall take you to Mr. Prout!"

"I shall not bend over, and you will not take me to Mr. Prout," answered the captain of the Remove. "You know perfectly well that I was not ragging."

"That's enough!"

Loder strode at him and grasped him by the shoulder with his left hand.

Wharton's arm came up in a flash, knocking his hand away with so sharp a blow that Loder gave a yelp of pain.

The next moment the cane landed on the captain of the Remove with a terrific swipe. In one moment more Wharton closed with the bully of the Sixth, hooked his leg, and brought him to the floor with a crash.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Kick him out!" shouted the Bounder.

"Mon Dieu!" Monsieur Charpentier staggered to his feet, almost wringing his hands in his dismay and agitation. "Mes garçons—zat you keep ze ordair—keep ze ordair in ze class—"

Nobody heeded, poor Mossoo.

Loder was scrambling up, red with rage. The Bounder, always utterly reckless, barged him over as he rose, sending him sprawling again. Harry Wharton grabbed his cane and flung it to the end of the class-room.

"Back up!" shouted Bob Cherry.

"The back-upfulness is the proper caper!" exclaimed Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "Kick him out!"

Up came Loder again like a jack-in-the-box. The Famous Five of the Remove closed on him as one man, the Bounder lending an eager helping hand. Loder, in the grasp of six pairs of hands, went rolling doorward.

He roared and struggled as he went.

But he had to go; six sturdy juniors were too much for the bully of the Sixth—much too much! In a sprawling heap he rolled out of Class-room No. 10, and rolled along the passage.

Bolsover major slammed the door shut after him.

"Helas! Helas!" gasped Monsieur Charpentier. "Mes garçons—"

"By gum, you fellows have done it now!" said Skinner. "Loder will go straight to Prout—"

"Zat you take ze place!" shrieked Monsieur Charpentier. "Zat you sit up—zat is to say, sit down—viz you—"

The juniors ran to their places.

After what had happened even the Bounder was not inclined for further ragging. Moreover, as it was absolutely certain that Mr. Prout, the temporary headmaster of Greyfriars, would come barging in before long, it behoved the class to be on their good behaviour when he barged.

All the juniors realised that, and they sat as quiet as mice, giving Monsieur Charpentier a respectful attention, to

which he was little accustomed from a junior class.

Indeed, they hung on Mossoo's words as if they loved French irregular verbs—which few of them did! Not a book dropped, not a desk-lid banged, hardly a boot shuffled—in fact, a scene of almost idyllic peace awaited Prout when he arrived.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### The Heavy Hand!

"POMPOUS old ass!" murmured Coker of the Fifth.

"Shurrup!" breathed Potter.

Coker grunted.

The Fifth Form of Greyfriars were in class with Prout. Prout, though he had taken Dr. Locke's place as temporary headmaster in the Head's absence, was still Form-master of the Fifth. He still had the pleasure—or otherwise—of dealing with that bright youth Horace Coker.

But there was a new importance in the manner of Mr. Paul Prout—a new majesty in his majestic roll.

As the Greyfriars fellows expressed it, he "fancied" himself as chief Beak—and, indeed, he seemed at times to be in danger of suffering the fate of the frog in the fable, who swelled and swelled to bursting-point.

Portly and pompous, genial in temper, Prout was more genial than ever since he had become temporary Head—so long as his fur, so to speak, was stroked the right way.

But anyone who failed to realise and to acknowledge the importance of Prout was booked for the marble eye and the sharpest edge of Mr. Prout's tongue.

This especial morning, in third school, he had been talking to Coker. Coker had, it seemed, been telling Walker of the Sixth what he thought of him.

What Coker thought of Walker was not complimentary. Walker was a prefect, however, and he had reported Coker's cheek to Prout.

Hence the lecture, which had lasted a good ten minutes. When Prout began to talk he generally went on talking. The sound of his rich, fruity voice was music to his own ears, if to no others.

Which was why Coker whispered to his friends Potter and Greene that Prout was a pompous old ass. Prout had been talking of the respect due to "my prefects." The possessive pronoun had charms for Prout.

"My prefects!" grunted Coker to Potter and Greene. "They ain't his prefects—they're the Head's prefects! Not that they're anything to be proud of, anyhow."

"Shurrup!" breathed Greene.

Prout's eye turned on Horace Coker balefully.

"Did you speak in class, Coker?" he inquired.

He knew that Coker had spoken, and he guessed that the remark he had made was of a derogatory nature. Prout was a whale on the subject of his dignity, and he was rather touchy about it. If there was anybody at Greyfriars who did not fully understand that Prout was now the Great Panjandrum, so to speak, Prout was fully prepared to take measures to put him wise!

It was rather fortunate for Coker that at that moment a knock came at the door and Loder of the Sixth entered.

Prout forgot all about Coker, as he looked at his head prefect.

All the Fifth looked at Loder.

He was, in fact, worth looking at! Seldom had a Greyfriars prefect been

seen in such a ruffled, rumped, dishevelled, and dusty state.

Loder looked as if he had been scrapping and rolling about the passages collecting dust—as indeed he had!

The Fifth Formers smiled. Mr. Prout did not smile; he frowned.

"Loder!" he ejaculated. "What is the meaning of this?"

Loder gasped for breath.

"I thought I'd better call you, sir," he said. "There's a rag—or, rather, a riot—going on in the French class."

Mr. Prout gave a sniff. He might be a "pompous old ass," as Horace Coker declared, but he knew how to maintain discipline in a Form. He had a deep scorn for a master who could not.

Monsieur Charpentier never could. Often and often Prout had been tempted to barge in and manage his class for him. Barging in, and managing, were weaknesses of Mr. Prout.

In Dr. Locke's time, however, such intervention was not practicable. Now that Prout was Head it was not only practicable, but his duty! Prout was prepared to "barge."

"I heard the uproar, sir, and I thought I'd go and see to it," said Loder. "I was thrown out of the class-room by the rioters!"

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Prout, greatly shocked. "Is it possible, Loder?"

Loder's aspect showed that it was not only possible, but the actual fact!

"What class is Monsieur Charpentier taking?" asked Mr. Prout.

"The Remove, sir, in No. 10."

"The Remove!" repeated Mr. Prout. "I am not surprised at disorder in that Form—I am not surprised at all! But if a riot is going on in the Remove, why has not Mr. Quelch intervened?"

"I don't know, sir, unless he has gone out."

Snort from Prout! Quelch was the member of the staff who seemed most reluctant of all to admit the new greatness of the Fifth Form beak. Prout was already "fed" with Quelch!

"I found the Remove in a riot, sir, ragging Mossoo, and Wharton throwing ink about," said Loder. "Wharton refused to be caned by me, and led an attack on me, sir. I thought I'd better report it to you, sir, as only the authority of their headmaster will restore order among them now."

"Wharton refused to be caned by you—my head prefect!" exclaimed Prout.

"Yes, sir."

"I will deal with this!" said Mr. Prout majestically. "I will inquire into the matter at once. I trust it will not be necessary for me to expel any member of Mr. Quelch's Form from Greyfriars."

Loder did not share that trust. He would have been glad, from the bottom of his heart, if Prout had gone to the length of expulsions, in the case of his old enemies of the Remove.

Prout rolled out of the Fifth Form Room, leaving his Form in charge of his head boy, Blundell.

"Follow me, Loder!" he said.

Gerald Loder followed him.

He fully expected to hear a terrific uproar as he followed Prout down the passage to the French class-room.

Contrary to expectation, there was no sound.

Prout was puzzled, too.

"I hear nothing, Loder," he remarked. "It does not sound as if anything is amiss. However, we shall see!"

Prout reached the door, threw it open, and marched majestically in. Loder entered in his wake.

There was nothing in Class-room No. 10 to displease the eye of the most meticulous beak.

All the juniors were in their places, giving deep and respectful attention to Monsieur Charpentier, who was diving deep into irregular verbs.

Mossoo glanced round as Prout entered. He bowed in his Gallio, graceful way to the new headmaster of Greyfriars. Mossoo, like other members of the staff, was aware on which side his bread was buttered, and he was always very careful to treat Prout with the respect he exacted.

Very carefully indeed he concealed his annoyance at the sight of "Old Pompous" barging into the class-room.

Prout glanced over the class. The juniors rose respectfully to their feet at his entrance. Prout was puzzled.

Mr. Prout set his plump lips. Wharton's words implied, to the touchy, dignified gentleman, that the captain of the Remove did not regard Loder as "his" head prefect.

"Stand out before the class, Wharton!"

Wharton came out of his place. "Permettez, sair!" exclaimed Monsieur Charpentier anxiously. "Lodair make vun mistake viz himself, sair! Zere is a—vat you call?—shindy, and Wharton he try to stop zat shindy, and Lodair zink—"

"Leave this matter in my hands, sir!" boomed Prout.

"Mais, monsieur—"  
"Kindly say no more!"  
Monsieur Charpentier was silent.  
"Wharton, you admit that you

"Obey my command!"  
Wharton did not stir.  
Mr. Prout raised a plump forefinger. "Understand me, Wharton! Either you will obey my command on the spot or I shall expel you from the school! At once!"

"Mais, monsieur!" gasped the dismayed Mossoo.

"Silence, please!"  
"Wharton was not to blame, sir!" said the Bounder.

"Silence!"  
There was a deep hush of silence in the class-room. Every eye was fixed on Harry Wharton. His face was a little pale. Loder of the Sixth gave him a gloating look. The pause was long—it seemed endless to the breathless Remove.

Mr. Prout broke the silence.



"Loder!" boomed Mr. Prout, waving a plump hand at the cards, cigarettes and racing papers. "What is the meaning of this?" "I—I've never seen them before!" panted Loder. "The—the young rascal who has plastered my study like this must have brought the things with him!"

"Loder informs me, Monsieur Charpentier, that you are having trouble here, with Mr. Quelch's Form—" he began.

"Mais, pour cela, non, monsieur!" answered the French master. "Zere vas a leetle—vat you call?—a leetle effervescence. But he is nozzings—nozzings!"

Whereat the Remove smiled. It had been the biggest rag on record, even for the French class—and Mossoo, on his usual system of peace at any price, described it as "nozzings."

"There was a riot going on when I came, sir!" said Loder, with a vicious look at the French master. "I was attacked—assaulted—"

"Wharton!"

"Yes, sir!"

"You have refused to be caned by my head prefect?"

"I have refused to be caned by Loder, sir!" answered Harry.

refused to acknowledge the authority of my head prefect?"

"Loder was going to cane me for ragging, sir," said Harry steadily. "I was not ragging, but tried to stop the rag, as Monsieur Charpentier has just told you."

"Vernon-Smith! There is ink on your face!"

"Oh! Yes, sir," answered the Bounder.

Most of the ink had been transferred to Smithy's handkerchief; but there were still very visible traces on his countenance.

"Did Wharton throw the ink?"

"Yes, sir. But—"

"That will do! Wharton, you will bend over a form at once, and Loder will cane you—in my presence, sir!" boomed Prout. "I hardly think, Wharton, that you will venture to disobey me."

Wharton breathed hard.

"I have explained to you, sir, as I have explained to Loder, that—"

"Will you obey me, Wharton?"

Wharton's face set obstinately.

"I've done nothing, sir!"

"Will you bend over that form for Loder to administer a caning?"

"No!"

The answer came short and sharp like a bullet. There was a deep murmur in the Remove, then silence again. Mr. Prout stood for a moment as if transfixed. It had probably not even occurred to his mind that a Lower Fourth junior would venture on direct disobedience. He gasped.

"You refuse, Wharton?"

"I will not be caned by Loder, sir!"

"Very well!" Mr. Prout's voice trembled with anger. "Very well! You are expelled from this school, Wharton! You will leave to-day! Go to your dormitory, and pack your box at once! Leave this class-room!"

Prout pointed to the door.

Wharton hesitated a moment, and then, with a set face, walked out of the

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room. Mr. Prout and Loder followed him out.

"Mon Dieu!" murmured Monsieur Charpentier.

"Wharton—sacked!" breathed Frank Nugent. "Does that old ass think he will get away with that? What will Quelch say?"

That was the most interesting question to the Remove now. What would Mr. Quelch say—and what would he do?

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

### A Knock for Quelch!

**H**ENRY SAMUEL QUELCH, master of the Remove Form, came in at the gates. Third school was over, and the quadrangle was crowded with Greyfriars fellows.

Mr. Quelch's face had a serious, thoughtful expression as he came in.

The Remove master was not feeling happy these days.

The motor accident in which the Head and three prefects of the Sixth had been injured, had made a great deal of difference in the school—a change very much for the worse, in Mr. Quelch's opinion.

Prout was Head in Dr. Locke's place, for the present. Loder was head prefect in Wingate's place. Quelch had little admiration for "Old Pompous," and a deep distrust of Loder. There was only one spot of silver lining to the cloud. As Wingate would be away most of the term, it would be necessary to hold a new election for a new captain of the school. Loder was too unpopular to have the remotest chance of getting in. If some reliable and decent Sixth Form man like Sykes, or Bancroft, became captain of Greyfriars, it would help to keep things straight till normal was restored.

Wingate had combined the posts of head prefect and captain; but as the captaincy depended on election, it was certain that the two posts would be separated now. That would be so much to the good.

Quelch, who had the interests of the school very much at heart, was thinking of this as he came back from his walk, and little dreaming of what had occurred in his brief absence.

He was soon aware, however, that something was "on."

Gosling, the porter, as he touched his ancient hat to the Remove master, had quite an unusual expression on his face. That was the first hint that something had happened.

Mr. Quelch soon received further hints.

Every fellow he passed looked at him with a new interest and curiosity. He realised that not only had something happened, but that that "something" was connected with himself.

Groups of fellows were standing about the quad talking eagerly.

Loder, Carne, and Walker stood together, laughing over something they were discussing. They, at least, seemed to derive entertainment from the mysterious something that had happened.

Most of the fellows, however, looked very serious.

Remove men looked not only serious, but excited. At a distance Mr. Quelch spotted a group of his Form all talking together, some of them with red and angry faces. He caught Bob Cherry's powerful voice:

"It's a shame, I tell you, a rotten shame!"

"The shamefulness is terrific!"

"I say, you fellows, Quelch won't stand it!"

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"That old ass, Prout——"

"That pompous old ass——"

Mr. Quelch passed on rather quickly, affecting not to have heard. Temple, Dabney, and Fry of the Fourth were standing near the House steps, and they broke off their conversation as Quelch came up, and glanced at him and at one another.

The Remove master stopped.

"Temple!"

"Oh, y-yes, sir!" stammered Cecil Reginald Temple.

"There appears to be some excitement in the school," said Mr. Quelch. "Has anything happened in my absence?"

"Oh! Yes, sir! I—I think——"

"What has occurred, Temple?"

"It—it's Wharton, sir, of your Form——"

"Wharton! What do you mean?"

"He's sacked, sir!"

Mr. Quelch jumped almost clear of the quad.

"What?" he stuttered. "What did you say, Temple?"

"I—I mean bunked, sir—that is, expelled," stammered Temple.

"Is this an absurd jest, Temple?" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"Oh! No, sir! Prout—I mean, Mr. Prout—has expelled Wharton, sir——"

"Nonsense!"

"It's true, sir!" said Fry.

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

Mr. Quelch looked at them. Without making any rejoinder he walked into the House.

Temple & Co. exchanged glances.

"The old scout's fearfully ratty," whispered Temple.

"Oh, rather!"

"Bet you he'll put a spoke in Prout's wheel!" murmured Fry.

"Well, Prout's Head now!" remarked Temple.

"Cheap imitation Head!" said Fry. And the Fourth Formers grinned.

Mr. Quelch was not feeling like grinning, however, as he went in. His face was set; he was almost pale with anger. Seldom, indeed, had the Remove master experienced so deep a sense of resentment and indignation.

Even in Dr. Locke's time Prout had been an interfering old ass, and had had to be curtly reminded that he was not master of every Form at Greyfriars. Since he had been in the Head's place he had assumed a headmaster's undoubted right of supervision to an almost intolerable extent. Quelch, like the other masters, bore it as patiently as he could.

But this was the limit! No doubt the new headmaster's powers extended to expulsion! But to expel a boy of Quelch's Form—his head boy—that was not only the limit, but miles over the outside edge!

In the House, Coker of the Fifth was talking in his usual loud tones:

"It's a bit thick, you men! Of course, he's a cheeky tick—a dashed cheeky young tick; but sacking him—it's rather thick!"

Quelch passed on.

He reached his own study, where he sat down to think things over. Finally he went to the window and looked out. Most of the Remove were in the quad, in the October sunshine. But Harry Wharton was not to be seen among them. The thought occurred to Mr. Quelch's mind that perhaps he was already gone. At that thought he had a spasm of anger.

Several Remove men glanced at him, at his window. He made a sign to Lord Mauleverer, who was nearest, and Mauly came up.

"Where is Wharton, Mauleverer?" he asked.

"In the dorm, sir!"

"Do you mean that he is packing?"

"Prout told him to pack, sir, but—I don't think he's packin'," said Lord Mauleverer. "I—I think he's waitin' for you to come back, sir."

"Tell Loder I should be glad to see him in my study, Mauleverer."

"Certainly, sir!"

Mr. Quelch sat down again. He desired to hear the facts from the head prefect, and he had a strong suspicion that Loder, personally, was concerned in the affair.

Loder was not in a hurry to arrive, after receiving the message from Mauly. He rather liked the idea of giving Quelch a "knock"; but at the same time it pleased him to keep him waiting. Strong in the new Head's favour, Loder had nothing to fear from a junior Form-master, and the fact that he had once been afraid of Quelch made him anxious to be as unpleasant to that gentleman as he dared to be.

When he arrived at last, he sauntered into the study in a careless way, with his hands in his pockets.

Mr. Quelch appeared neither to observe the fact that Loder had kept him waiting, nor the suppressed insolence of his present manner. He fixed his gimlet eyes on Loder, with a steady look that made the bully of the Sixth feel uncomfortable, with all his nerve.

Loder's hands came slowly out of his pockets!

"Did you want to speak to me, sir?"

"Yes, Loder," said Mr. Quelch very quietly. "I am amazed to hear that a boy of my Form has been sentenced to expulsion during my brief absence from the school this morning. Doubtless you are acquainted with the circumstances, as head prefect."

"Oh, quite, sir!"

"Kindly tell me what has happened."

"There was a riot in the French class, led by Wharton," said Loder coolly. "I intervened, as was, of course, my duty. Wharton refused to be caned by me, and led an attack on me, in which he was backed by half a dozen other Remove boys. He has been expelled for it."

Mr. Quelch compressed his lips hard. His suspicion had been well-founded, that Loder had been concerned in the affair. And he had not the slightest belief that Loder's description of the occurrence was accurate.

"Is that all, Loder?"

"That's all, sir."

"Very well. You may go!"

Loder's eyes glinted. He did not like being told that he might go, like a fag. He was well aware that Mr. Quelch would never have spoken to Wingate like that. If Quelch did not understand that Gerald Loder was now a power in the land, it was high time that he was made to understand!

"Sorry this has happened, sir!" drawled Loder. "But no doubt you will agree that the school will be better off without that riotous young rascal."

"I have no such opinion, Loder, and I refuse to hear my head boy described in such terms! Leave my study."

"Well, the young rascal's going, at any rate!" shot out Loder, as he went to the door. "We shall soon see the last of him, and——"

"Hold your tongue, sir!" barked Mr. Quelch, rising to his feet. "How dare you be insolent, Loder?"

"Perhaps you would like to complain of me to the Head, sir!" sneered Loder. "I shall not complain of you to Mr. Prout, Loder, but if you do not instantly leave my study, and without another word, I will box your ears!"

Loder fairly jumped.

Quelch was making a stride towards him, his eyes glinting, and Loder

realised that the Remove master was going to be as good as his word.

He hopped out of the study quite quickly.

His face was red with rage as he went down the passage. But he went without another word, as Quelch had told him to do!

Mr. Quelch breathed hard. He waited a few moments to compose his ruffled temper, and then went along to Monsieur Charpentier's study.

From the French master he received a rather more accurate account of the happenings in the French class.

Then he repaired to the Head's study, now occupied by Prout. And a dozen fellows, who saw him go, spread the news fast.

"I say, you fellows," yelled Billy Bunter, in the quad. "Quelch has gone to see old Pompous!"

"Now we shall see what we shall see!" declared Peter Todd, oracularly.

Which, at least, was indubitable—though it still remained to be learned what it was the Remove would see!

**THE FIFTH CHAPTER.**

**Quelch Takes a Hand!**

**P**ROUT was ready for battle, so to speak!

He had seen Quelch come in, from the Head's study window, and he was expecting this call.

Prout did not expect the Remove master to take with patience the sentence of the "sack" on a member of his Form.

He looked for remonstrances, arguments, even angry recriminations. To all of which Prout intended to turn a deaf ear!

Prout was the "goods" these days, and in Prout's opinion, that fact could not be made too clear! Quelch was going to learn exactly where he stood—or, as Fisher T. Fish of the Remove would have expressed it, told where he got off!

Like the impatient steed of war, as the poet has remarked, Prout sniffed the battle from afar!

When he heard Quelch's sharp staccato footsteps in the passage, he rose from the Head's chair, and took up a commanding attitude on the hearthrug with a fold of his gown under a plump arm.

From that coign of vantage, he surveyed Mr. Quelch, when that gentleman knocked and entered, with Olympian superiority.

"Ah! Mr. Quelch!" he said. "If you wished to see me—"

"I do, sir!" barked Quelch.

"I am afraid I have only a few minutes!" said Prout. "I have to go to my lunch very soon. However, if you are brief—"

"I am here to speak of Wharton—"

Prout raised a plump hand.

"That is not a matter for discussion, Mr. Quelch! In that matter, I have decided, and it is closed. In any other matter I am at your service for any useful discussion, as with other members of my staff! But with no member of my staff can I discuss a decision already irrevocably made."

If this did not "floor" Quelch, Prout did not know what would!

In spite of the absence of Dr. Locke, and the fact that Prout was carrying on in his place, Mr. Quelch balked at regarding him as headmaster. No earthly inducement would have made him admit that he was a member of Prout's staff!

At that moment Quelch seemed to be understudying Roderick Dhu, at the exciting moment when dark lightnings flashed from Roderick's eye!

But he controlled his wrath with indignation. His voice was calm, though it had an edge like a file, as he answered:

"Dr. Locke is now in a nursing-home and cannot be appealed to. If you decline to listen to me, Mr. Prout, I have no choice, but to carry the matter before the governors of the school, of whom Wharton's uncle and guardian is one."

Mr. Prout started. In his character of great Jove on high Olympus, he had rather overlooked the existence of the Governing Board of Greyfriars—greater gods, so to speak, than himself!

"The—the governors!" he ejaculated.

"Certainly, sir! This injustice to a boy of my Form—"

"Injustice, sir!" boomed Prout. "Are you accusing me, sir, of injustice?"

"Injustice has been done!" said the Remove master. "I have no doubt that you have been deceived in the matter. I have the explicit statement of Monsieur Charpentier that my head boy took no part in the riot in the third school, but that he was endeavouring to restore order, as was his duty, when Loder entered, and supposed—or affected to suppose—that he was leading the outbreak."

"I have every confidence in Loder, sir!"

"I have none, sir!" hooted Mr. Quelch.

"Your opinion on the subject of my prefects is beside the point! I absolutely decline to discuss them with a junior master, sir!" boomed Prout.

"This is futile, sir! A false, or at  
(Continued on next page.)



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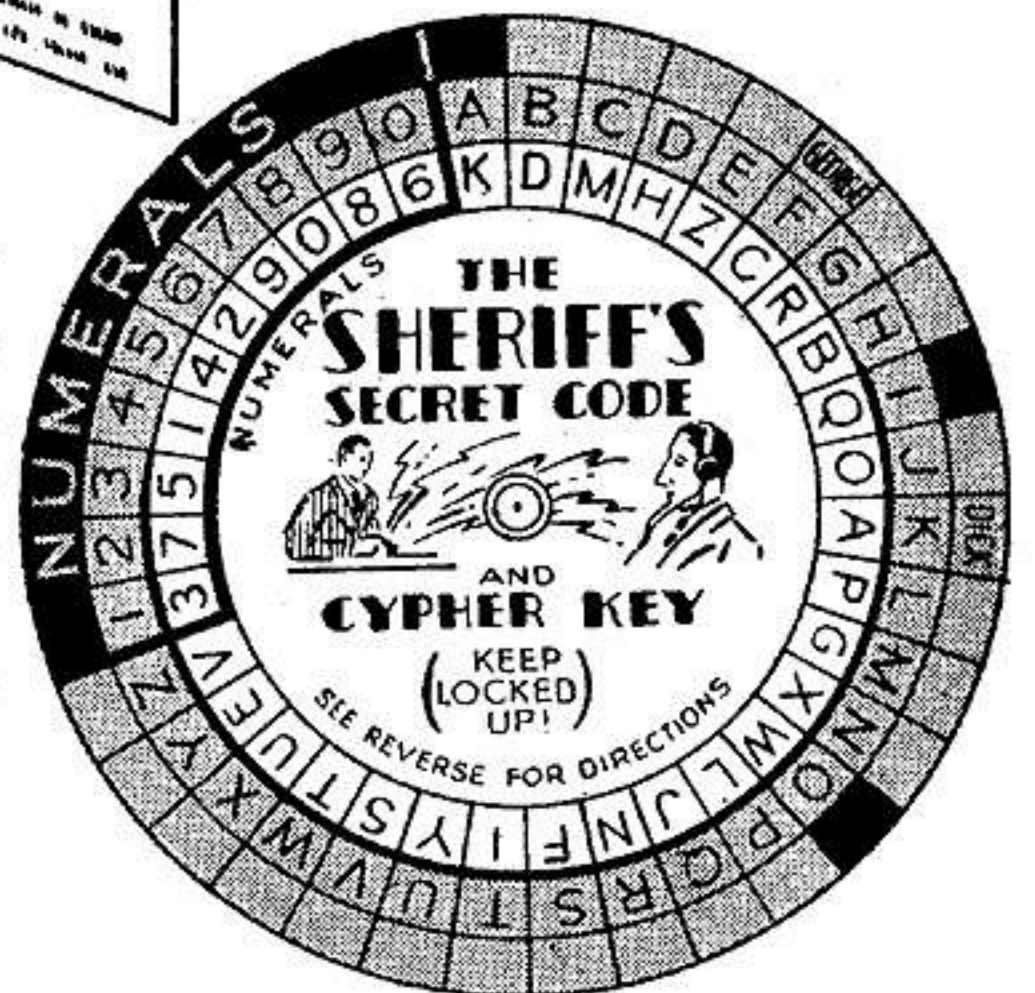
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least mistaken, report was made to you. On that report you have expelled a boy of my own Form! I request you, sir, to reconsider the matter."

Prout paused.

To every headmaster, the governing body is a sort of bugbear on the horizon. To a temporary Head, carrying on by the authority of the governing board, it was a more troublesome bogy than to a regularly appointed headmaster. Prout, certainly, did not want trouble with the governors, and with one of them, at least, Wharton's uncle, he was booked for trouble, if Wharton was turfed out of Greyfriars. No doubt the other governors, too, would think it a little odd, for expulsions to begin within a few days of Prout assuming chief command! It might even give them the impression that Prout was not the man for the job!

These unpleasant reflections came rather late into Prout's pompous mind.

There was a long, long pause.

Quelch waited like a stone statue.

"You say that Monsieur Charpentier exonerates Wharton of any share in the—the riot?" said Prout at last.

"Entirely, sir!"

"I think that he takes too lenient a view! However, I am bound to take this into consideration! My desire, sir, is to deal out even-handed justice!" said Prout with a great deal of dignity.

"I have no doubt of that, sir!" said Mr. Quelch.

"I am glad to hear you acknowledge it, sir!" said Mr. Prout with sarcasm. "Very glad indeed! Nevertheless, the fact remains that Wharton disobeyed a direct order from me. I ordered him to take a caning from Loder, and he distinctly refused to do so."

"In view of the fact that the caning was undeserved—" began Mr. Quelch.

"Let us understand one another, sir!" said Mr. Prout. "Admitting the possibility that I was under a mistaken impression, admitting the possibility that the caning was undeserved, do you uphold a member of your Form in disobeying a direct order from his headmaster?"

It was Quelch's turn to pause.

"No, sir!" he answered at last. "Right or wrong, Wharton should certainly have obeyed your order."

"I have expelled him for disobedience!" said Prout. "Nevertheless, if he should obey my order, as given, I will rescind that sentence. I will allow him to remain at Greyfriars in that case. But this is only on the clearest possible understanding that my command is obeyed."

"I will speak to Wharton, sir!" said Mr. Quelch after another long pause.

"Do so!" said Mr. Prout. "I am far from willing to expel any Greyfriars boy. But I cannot, sir, and will not, allow my authority to be flouted."

Mr. Quelch left the study. He had won half a victory, and left Prout with a sense of being half-defeated! Both were deeply dissatisfied.

Still, Mr. Prout, who really was a kind-hearted gentleman, with all his little foibles, was rather pleased to think that there need not be any expulsion after all. He did not want to begin his reign with such drastic measures.

The Remove master returned to his study, and sent for his head boy. Harry Wharton was not long in arriving.

His face was very grave as he came in. He had had time to reflect on the position, and he did not find it agreeable.

"This is a very unfortunate state of affairs, Wharton," said the Remove master. "I am aware, my boy, that



you were not to blame in the disturbance in the French class this morning; I have Monsieur Charpentier's assurance on that point. Your refusal to be caned by Loder in the circumstances I can quite understand. But you will surely realise, Wharton, that you should not have disobeyed the master who now stands in the place of Dr. Locke."

"I'd done nothing, sir!" said Wharton stubbornly.

"That is perfectly true, but does not alter the case. But you are too sensible a lad, Wharton, to suppose that any junior boy can be allowed to judge for himself whether a headmaster's orders are to be obeyed or not."

"Well, no, sir, I suppose not!" admitted Wharton.

"I have prevailed upon Mr. Prout, who, of course only desires justice to be done, to rescind your sentence of expulsion, Wharton, on condition that you obey his order."

Wharton's lips set.

"To be caned by Loder?" he asked.

"Yes."

"For nothing?"

"That point does not arise, Wharton! The question is, whether you, a Lower Fourth junior, will obey Mr. Prout or not. In this matter, you must treat Mr. Prout exactly as you would treat Dr. Locke himself."

Wharton drew a deep breath.

"If you tell me to do so, sir, I will do so!" he said. "I don't think you have ever found me disobedient, sir."

"Very well, Wharton; I do tell you to do so!" said Mr. Quelch.

"I will do as you say, sir!"

"Very well, you may go and tell Loder so, and this unpleasant matter will close," said the Remove master.

The captain of the Remove left the study. Mr. Quelch was right, he knew that; but it was a bitter pill to swallow. However, he had given his word now, and that was that. He went at once to Loder's study in the Sixth.

Loder was not there; and he had to look for him. He found him in the quadrangle with Walker and Carne.

"Loder——" He came quietly up to the three Sixth Formers.

"Well?" snapped Loder.

"I'm ready to be caned."

Loder laughed.

"Oh, you're ready to be caned, are you?" he sneered. "So you've decided to climb down, you cheeky young scoundrel, to crawl out of the sack, what?"

Wharton's eyes flashed.

"I'm doing as my Form-master has told me to do! Do you want me to go to your study?"

"I've no time to deal with you now! Come to the prefects' room after tea," said Loder carelessly.

Wharton stood silent, looking at him. Even with the danger of the sack looming over him he regretted now that he had promised Quelch to obey. Any prefect but Loder would have given him "six" and let the matter end. That was not Gerald Loder's way.

Loder was going to keep the whopping hanging over him all day; and, when it came off, make it a sort of public performance! Having his knife in the rebel, as it were, he was going to give it a twist.

Hot and angry words trembled on Wharton's lips. Loder, grinning, waited for him to utter them. He was quite keen to whop the captain of the Remove; but much keener to see him bunked.

But the junior restrained his anger.

"Very well!" he said quietly.

And he turned away and walked back into the House.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### Going Through It!

**T**EA in Study No. 1 that afternoon was not the usually cheery function.

The Famous Five, as usual, tea'd together in that celebrated study. But their faces were not merry and bright; and they were not talking football or any other of the usual topics. After tea, Wharton had to turn up in the prefects' room for his whopping; and the nearer the time came the more fiercely inclined he was to rebel. His comrades shared his feelings to the full.

They were, in fact, on the verge of mutiny. When Billy Bunter blinked into the study through his big spectacles in search of a feed one blink at the five clouded faces was enough for him, and he rolled on in search of a more cheerful study. Tea was over, when Herbert Vernon-Smith came in—to be greeted by rather grim looks. Loder, it was true, was at the root of the trouble, but it was the Bounder's reckless ragging that had given him his chance.

"Not feelin' merry an' bright?" asked Smithy rather sarcastically.

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said Wharton gruffly.

"You're goin' to take your licking from Loder?"

"I've told Quelch I will!" answered Harry, with knitted brows.

"Hard cheese, old bean!" said Vernon-Smith. "If you'd sat it out this mornin' instead of bargin' in on the jolly old duty stunt you wouldn't have got landed."

"If you'd behaved yourself, you silly ass——" growled Johnny Bull.

The Bounder shrugged his shoulders.

"Whoever behaves in the French class?" he said. "I saw Quelch safe off the premises, and I never thought of that cad Loder! It was a rippin' rag, too!"

"Ripping for me—as it's turned out!" snapped Wharton.

"You shouldn't have barged in! Nobody asked you to."

"Oh, shut up!"

The Bounder laughed.

"You're jolly polite!" he remarked. "But I haven't come here for a row! I hear that Loder is going to make a regular show of it—all the prefects present, to witness the whopping, and all that!"

Wharton set his teeth.

"It's like him!" he said.

"And I ought to be gettin' it, by rights, as the jolly old ring-leader!" grinned the Bounder. "But Loder's keen on whopping you, and he doesn't care two straws about me—and old Prout is a silly old ass, of course! But if it's any comfort to you, I'm going to get busy in the Sixth Form passage while Loder is busy with you in the prefects' room."

"More of your rotten ragging?" snapped the captain of the Remove. "The less you do of that the better, I think."

"Not exactly! You're not the only man in the Remove with a sense of duty!" said Vernon-Smith. "I'm developin' on the same lines—catchin' it from you, perhaps."

"What do you mean, you ass?"

"I mean that I'm goin' to do a painful duty while Loder's busy doin' his, and by the time we've both finished I fancy that Loder will wish he'd kept an eye on his study instead of givin' entertainments in the prefects' room. I believe that old Prout will think a good deal less of his faithful Loder after I get through."

With that, the Bounder walked away, whistling.

"What the thump is he up to now?" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Only some of his rot!" said Harry. "I'm fed up with him and his ragging. It's all his silly fault——" He broke off. "Well, it's no good grousing. The question is, am I going through it or not?"

"You've promised Quelch, old man!" said Nugent. "There's not much choice about it now."

Wharton hesitated a few moments. But he made up his mind and left the study and went slowly downstairs.

His chums were left with glum faces. Bob Cherry remarked that it was rotten; and Hurree Janset Ram Singh agreed that the rottenfulness was terrific. But there was nothing to be done; Loder had the upper hand, and that was that!

Many curious glances were turned on Harry Wharton as he made his way to the prefects' room.

All Greyfriars knew how matters stood now; that the captain of the Remove, after declaring that he would not be caned by Loder, had "climbed down" and was going to take his caning.

As the alternative was the sack, there were few fellows who blamed him for changing his mind. But remarks were made about fellows who uttered big words and funk'd standing by them when the test came. Wharton's cheeks were crimson as he went; and he clenched his hands as he caught a sneering grin on the face of Angel of the Fourth. But it was not much use to punch Aubrey Angel; and he went quietly on his way.

The door of the prefects' room stood wide open.

Loder, Carne, and Walker were there, with six or seven more of the Sixth Form. If Loder had wanted all the Sixth to be present, as doubtless he did, some of them, at least, had disregarded his wishes.

But a number of juniors were gathering outside the doorway, curious to see, or hear, as much as they could of the proceedings. Billy Bunter, of course, was there; and Sammy Bunter of the Second Form; Skinner and Snoop and Fisher T. Fish of the Remove; Angel and Kenney of the Fourth, and several other fellows.

Wharton entered the room and closed the door after him, shutting off the view. Loder rose from his chair, and threw the door wide open again.

Wharton's eyes glinted at him.

"So you're making a show of this, Loder?" he said, between his teeth.

"No cheek!" said Loder warningly. "I'm going to cane you in public as a warning to other cheeky and rebellious young rascals."

The captain of the Remove drew a deep breath. He was tempted to walk out of the room again in defiance of Loder and all authority, regardless of the consequences. But he checked himself. He had told his Form-master that he would take the caning; and that was the end of it.

He waited in silence.

Loder picked up a cane, swished it, and pointed to a chair.

Outside, the fellows in the passage stared on. Angel grinned at Kenney, who winked back to him. Skinner made a remark to Snoop which was audible in the prefects' room.

"How are the mighty fallen!" sighed Skinner. "D'you know, I almost believed the chap meant it when he said Loder shouldn't cane him. I think I'd have stood by it, myself, if I'd said it."

"He, he, he!" from Bunter.

"Well, of course, it was only gas!" said Snoop.

Wharton's cheeks burned as he heard. "Bend over that chair, Wharton!" said Loder.

In bitter silence the captain of the Remove bent over the chair, in full view of the fellows in the passage. None of his friends was there; but fellows who were not his friends had taken care to be present.

Loder was in no hurry to begin. He swished the cane several times while the hapless junior remained in a bent posture over the chair. Evidently it was Loder's intention to prolong the humiliating scene to the utmost that he could.

But he started at last. The cane came down with a ringing swish that was heard at quite a distance from the prefects' room.

Swish, swish, swish! Wharton made no movement and no sound.

Every cut was hard and severe, and it required all his self-control to keep silent! But he set his teeth and uttered no sound.

Swish, swish, swish! Loder fairly put his beef into the last cut.

But he failed to wring a sound from the captain of the Remove, though Wharton's face was very pale.

"Hold on!" snarled Loder, as the junior made a movement to rise.

Wharton's eyes gleamed round at him.

"That's six!" he said.

"I'm not finished yet!" "Look here, Loder!" muttered Walker uneasily. "Six is six! Chuck it!"

"Who's head prefect, Jimmy Walker?"

"You are; but—"

"Then don't barge in!"

Loder swished the cane again. It was clear that he was going on till he drew a yell from his victim, though "six" was, by immemorial tradition, the limit of a licking at Greyfriars.

But he had counted without Wharton.

The captain of the Remove twisted away from the chair suddenly and swiftly, and the cane, coming down, crashed on the chair instead of the junior. Loder, taken by surprise, let it slip from his hand, and it clattered on the floor.

"You cheeky young rascal!" roared the bully of Greyfriars. "Hand me that cane and bend over that chair again!"

Wharton looked at him, with compressed lips.

"I shall do neither the one nor the other!" he answered, very distinctly.

"I told Quelch I'd take my licking, and I've taken it! You are a coward and a bully—"

"Wha-at?"

"A coward and a bully, and you shall not touch me again!"

"Oh crikey!" ejaculated Billy Bunter. The fellows in the passage stared on breathlessly. This was defiance with a vengeance.

Loder, for the moment, seemed petrified with rage and astonishment. Then he made a stride at the rebel of the Remove.

Harry Wharton snatched up the chair by its back and swung it above his head. Loder jumped back with almost ludicrous suddenness.

"Hands off, you bully!" said Wharton, between his teeth. "I'll knock you spinning if you touch me!"

"Put down that chair!" roared Loder.

"Make me put it down!" said Wharton contemptuously.

Loder made a forward movement, and jumped back again just in time.

Wharton flung the chair down with a

crash, and walked out of the prefects' room.

He closed the door after him with a bang that rang through the House and walked away. And as he passed Angel of the Fourth and Skinner of the Remove he caught those cheery youths by their collars, and brought their heads together with a resounding crack.

There was a simultaneous yell from Angel and Skinner, and Wharton walked off the scene and left them yelling.

The "show" in the prefects' room was over!

## GREYFRIARS CARTOONS

By Harold Skinner.

### No. 18.—DICKY NUGENT.

(The scamp of the Second Form, and author of the St. Sam's "shockers" now appearing in the "Greyfriars Herald.")

This week's cartoon has created quite a spot of bother. Nugent minor says that Skinner can't draw for nuts, and Skinner says that Nugent minor can't write for toffee! I leave my reader chums to form their own opinions.—Ed.



Cheeky young Dicky, so lively and tricky,  
Will never do well in exams  
While spending his leisure in writing for  
pleasure  
His hair-raising tales of St. Sam's.

He deals, in his folly, with Bright and  
Jack Jolly  
Instead of square roots, as he ought.  
And yarns of that sort'll cause many a  
chortle,  
But not from the author—when caught!

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Smithy Gets Busy!

HERBERT VERNON-SMITH glanced round Loder's study, in the Sixth Form passage, and grinned at what he saw.

Smithy had told the chums of the Remove that he was going to be busy in Loder's study while Loder was busy in the prefects' room.

And he had been busy—in a rather peculiar way.

The drawer in Loder's study table was wide open. Loder kept that drawer carefully locked, for it contained things that only his closest pals were ever allowed to see.

Careful as Loder was, there were plenty of fellows who suspected his manners and customs; and there was at least one who knew—and that one was the Bounder.

The table drawer had been forced open now, and its contents rooted out. Those contents, had Dr. Locke beheld them, would have caused Loder of the Sixth to be "sacked" on the spot, and could have hardly have produced any other effect had Mr. Prout seen them now that he was in chief command.

No fellow at Greyfriars, especially a prefect, was supposed to be in possession of playing-cards, cigarettes, racing papers, and such things!

With the help of a bottle of gum the Bounder had stuck up a whole pack of cards on Loder's looking-glass over his mantelpiece.

Fifty-two cards almost covered the glass from sight.

His next step was to detach the pages of the "Racing Tipster," and gum them on the walls round the study.

He turned the cigarettes out of their boxes and arranged half of them in a row on the mantelpiece and the other half in a pile on the table.

Now he looked at his handiwork and grinned.

"I think that will do!" remarked Smithy.

He opened the study door wide. There was no one to be seen in the Sixth Form passage.

Taking a screw and a screwdriver from his pocket, the Bounder drove the screw into the floor, to pin the door wide open.

It was a long, thick, and strong screw; and as it was left projecting in the way of the door, it was impossible for the latter to be closed till the screw was withdrawn.

The prefects' room was not the only room at Greyfriars that afternoon—where a "show" was arranged with the door open!

Slipping the screwdriver back into his pocket, the Bounder walked out of the study.

At the corner of the passage he came on Temple, Dabney & Co. of the Fourth. They were discussing what was going on in the prefects' room; but they were too good-natured to join the staring crowd there.

"Loder still busy, you men?" drawled the Bounder.

"Going strong!" answered Cecil Reginald Temple. "Frightful cad—what?"

"The jolly old limit!" agreed the Bounder. "It was rather a mistake of the Head's to get crocked in a motor accident and leave Prout to carry on. Still, if Prout should happen to look into his favourite prefect's study just now—"

"Anythin' to see in Loder's study?" "Trot along and take a squint!" suggested the Bounder.

He grinned and passed on. Temple & Co. stared after him, puzzled; then they walked up the Sixth Form passage to Loder's study and looked in.

"Oh, great Christopher Columbus!" yelled Temple, at the sight that met his eyes.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Fry. "Smithy is some lad!"

"Oh, rather!" chuckled Dabney.

The Fourth Formers stood chortling outside the study. About a minute later Hobson and Hoskins of the Shelf came up the passage, with inquiring looks.

"Smithy says there's a sort of show on here, you men," said Hobson. "Know anything about it?"

Temple pointed into Loder's study.

The two Shell fellows looked in—and roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"Smithy's passin' the word!" chuckled Temple, as Tubb, Paget, and Bolsover minor of the Third Form appeared in the offing. "Here come the fags!"

"What's on here?" asked Tubb. "Smithy says— Oh crikey! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Is that man Loder mad?" gasped Paget. "What has he stuck his rubbish up all over his study for?"

"New scheme of interior decoration!" chuckled Hobson. "Oh crumbs, what will happen if Prout rolls along?"

"Smithy says—" began Sammy Bunter of the Second Form, coming up with Gatty and Myers.

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
Evidently, Vernon-Smith was passing the word.

Fellows of all Forms were being told that there was an interesting sight to be seen in Loder's study, and the fellows, naturally, rolled up to see what it was! And when they saw it, it made them yell.

More and more fellows appeared in the offing as the news spread.

Coker and Potter and Greene of the Fifth Form came along, and after them quite a mob—seniors and juniors.

Sykes of the Sixth, who was in his study, came out to see what the row was about. He fairly jumped as he forced his way through the buzzing crowd and stared at the "decorations" in Loder's study.

"Who—who—who did this?" gasped Sykes.

"Echo answers, who!" grinned Temple.

"Some rag!" chortled Hobson.

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
Sykes stared blankly. He was a prefect, and had been a close friend of Wingate's, now away from the school.

Since Loder had become "top dog," Sykes had had many rubs with him. Loder had made it abundantly clear that he was head prefect, and that lesser mortals had to toe the line. Sykes, of the Sixth, decided that the head prefect could deal with this peculiar rag on his own, and walked away, laughing.

The roars of laughter in the Sixth Form passage drew attention from all directions. Such outbursts of hilarity were very infrequent in those sacred precincts. Several masters, coming away from Common-room, heard the uproar and were attracted to the spot.

Among them, of course, was Mr. Prout, who had a veritable genius for "barging in," even when he had no authority to do so. Now, of course, he had a headmaster's authority vested in his portly person, which greatly intensified his barging propensities.

"What—what is all this?" boomed Prout as he rolled up. "What is this disturbance—this disgraceful disturbance—what—"

The laughter died away as Prout arrived.

The crowd wondered, breathlessly, what would happen when the temporary Head of Greyfriars looked into Loder's study.

Prout looked!  
He blinked!

He gasped!  
"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated.

He rolled into the room. He stared blankly at the playing-cards, the cigarettes, the racing papers adorning the walls. The doorway was crammed with eager faces, watching him. What was Prout going to do about this? Everybody was fearfully keen to learn.

"Bless my soul!" repeated Prout. "This—this—this— Boys, disperse at once—how dare you congregate in this passage? Potter!"

"Oh! Yes, sir!" gasped Potter of the Fifth.

"Find Loder at once, and request him to come here."

"Very well, sir!"  
Potter, of the Fifth, hurried away to the prefects' room. A glare from Prout drove the rest away from the door.

But they did not go far! They only got out of Prout's sight. They were too eager to see how this was going to end to clear off. At a safe distance from Prout, but within sight and hearing of Loder's study, they waited in breathless anticipation, for the arrival of the bully of Greyfriars.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### A Narrow Escape for Loder!

**L**ODER of the Sixth, in the prefects' room, was pale with rage.

He stood staring at the door that had banged after Harry Wharton, his hands clenched, and his eyes blazing.

Wharton had taken his licking. He had gone through the humiliation carefully planned for him by his old enemy in the Sixth. But the outcome had been a good deal more humiliating for Gerald Loder than for Harry Wharton.

In the sight of the juniors in the passage, and the seniors in the prefects' room, Loder had shrunk back from the captain of the Remove when he wielded the chair—and shown the white feather unmistakably. That was the bitterest of all to Loder.

He made a stride towards the door, as if to follow Wharton. Walker laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"Chuck it, old chap!" he advised.

"Do you think I'm letting that cheeky young scoundrel get away with this?" hissed Loder.

"You've given him six—and a pretty tough six, too! That's the limit, as you jolly well know! You're only putting yourself in the wrong by going farther. Prout wouldn't stand for it, if he knew."

"Yes, chuck it, Gerald!" advised Carne. "You've rather made a fool of yourself, old man, and spoiled your own game! Let it drop!"

"I'll skin him!" breathed Loder.

"Oh, don't be such a beastly bully, Loder!" growled Bancroft of the Sixth. "You never know when to stop!"

"Mind your own business!" snarled Loder.

There was a knock at the door and it opened. Potter of the Fifth looked in. Loder glared at him, both puzzled and annoyed by the lurking grin on his face.

"What the thump do you want here, Potter?" he snapped.

"Message from Prout!" answered Potter blandly. "He wants to see you in your study, Loder."

"In my study!" repeated Loder blankly.

"That's it."

"What the thump is Prout doing in my study?"

"Waiting for you, old bean!" answered Potter, and he walked away without giving Loder any further information.

Loder calmed himself. He could not interview Prout in a state of raging fury. Also, he was rather uneasy at the news that Prout was in his study.

There were a good many secrets in that study that it was necessary for Loder to keep very secret indeed. True, they were under lock and key; and Prout was not suspicious. Still, Loder did not like it.

"My hat!" muttered Carne. "Prout can't have got on to anything—"

"How could he?" snarled Loder.

"Well, it's odd for him to send for you to your own study—he always sends for a man to the Head's study—"

"Oh, it's all right!"  
Loder's answer was more careless than his feelings! He left the prefects' room and turned into the Sixth Form passage, hurrying his steps. He was uneasy, and a little anxious.

To his surprise and further uneasiness quite a lot of fellows were gathered about the corners of the passage.

All of them looked eager; and some were grinning. And they all stared at Loder as he appeared.

"He's coming!" said Hobson.

"Here he is!" chuckled Temple.

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
Loder glared round angrily, but he did not stop to ask questions. He hurried on to the doorway of his study.

Entering that apartment, he stopped dead. Indeed, he almost fell down in his amazement and consternation. His eyes bulged at the unexpected and startling sight that greeted them.

His secrets, which he had believed safe under lock and key, were not only revealed, but plastered all over the study for every eye to see!

Prout stood in the middle of the study with a portentous expression on his plump face. Prout had had the shock of his life!

"Loder!" boomed the Fifth Form master. "Loder! What is the meaning of this?" He waved a plump hand at the cards, the cigarettes, and the racing papers.

Loder's heart almost ceased to beat.

For long, terrible moments he felt himself lost! There was evidence enough displayed all over the study to convict him a dozen times over! He saw himself sacked and turned out of the school in disgrace—the gates closing behind him on the scene where he had carried matters with so high a hand! He staggered, with a feeling of physical sickness.

(Continued on next page.)

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Desperately he strove to pull himself together. He had to get out of this somehow!

Who had done this he had not the faintest idea. Obviously it was not Wharton, who had been with him in the prefects' room taking his whopping. Some pal of that young rascal's—

But it did not really matter much who had done it! It had been done, that was the trouble! How was he going to squirm out of it?

"Cards!" boomed Prout. "Racing papers! Cigarettes! Loder, has my faith in you been misplaced? Answer!"

Plenty of fellows heard Prout's booming voice. Most of them could have told Prout that his faith in Loder was misplaced! And Loder himself, almost dizzy with dismay and apprehension, wondered frantically how he was to pull the wool over Prout's eyes.

"I—I—I—" he stammered.

"Explain yourself, Loder!" boomed Prout. "I demand to know how these—these articles come to be in your study?"

"I—I—they—they—they are not mine, sir!" gasped Loder.

"Not yours!" boomed Prout.

"Certainly not, sir!" Loder recovered himself a little. "If—if I had such things in my possession, sir, surely you do not suppose that I should plaster them all over the study for everybody to see?"

"I imagine not!" boomed Prout. "Obviously, some other boy has done that! It is, I presume, what is called a rag! That does not alter the fact that they are here, Loder! If they are not yours—"

"Oh, no, sir! Not mine! I—I've never seen them before!" panted Loder. "The young rascal who has plastered my study like this must have brought the things with him."

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Temple, in the passage. "Hear that, you men?"

"What a neck!" murmured Dabney.

"Well, he can't very well say anything else," grinned Hobson of the Shell. "It's the sack for him, if he can't pull Prout's leg."

Every ear listened eagerly.

There was a pause. Prout was looking very searchingly at Loder. But the bully of Greyfriars was cool again now.

He realised that he needed all his coolness, all his nerve, to pull him through this. Suppose Prout ordered a search of the study, as certainly Dr. Locke would have done in the circumstances?

There were other secrets to be brought to light which, now under lock and key, Loder could not possibly pretend did not belong to him, if they were discovered and revealed. He thought of a note from Banks, the bookmaker, in his desk—of a list of selected horses pinned to it—of a pocket-book filled with cuttings from racing papers, with notes in his own hand. His brain reeled as he thought of it. But he had to keep cool. All depended on pulling Prout's leg, and evading a search of the study.

It was fortunate for Loder that Prout was not suspicious, and that he was rather an obtuse gentleman. It was fortunate for him, also, that Prout was pompous and obstinate, and disinclined to give up any opinion he had once formed. Prout did not want to lose his faith in Loder, because that would be a proof that he, Prout, had made an extremely serious mistake. He was not actually conscious of that as a motive; but undoubtedly it influenced him.

That long pause was sheer anguish to

Loder. He felt his heart thumping against his ribs. Beads of perspiration trickled down his brow. Prout spoke again at last.

"You assure me, Loder, that you have never seen these—these playing cards; these cigarettes; these racing papers before?"

"Never, sir!"

"He's gettin' by with it," whispered Temple, in the passage.

"You had no knowledge that they were here?"

"None, sir."

"I will admit, Loder, that at the sight of—of this, my faith in you was, for the moment, shaken," said Prout.

"Oh, sir!" murmured Loder.

"But, as you say, this iniquitous display is obviously the work of some mischievous boy, and, that being the case, it is very probable that these articles belong to the boy who has displayed them here."

"I've no doubt that they were smuggled into the school, sir, for the very purpose of this rag," said Loder.

"No doubt—no doubt. It is an act of unheard-of audacity, and the boy who has been guilty of it will be flogged!" said Prout. "Have you any idea of his identity, Loder?"

"At the moment, sir—no. But I will find out—"

"You will enlist the help of all the other prefects, Loder, in making the inquiry," said Mr. Prout. "The offender must be discovered! You will report him to me when found. In the meantime, you will remove this iniquitous display of disgraceful things and destroy them. Take care that they are all destroyed!"

"Certainly, sir!"

"I leave the matter in your hands, for the present, Loder."

Gerald Loder could scarcely believe in his good luck, when the portly Prout rolled out of the study. If there had been a search—

Loder wiped his perspiring brow, and grabbed the door to shut it, after the Fifth Form master was gone. He gritted his teeth as the door jammed against the screw projecting from the floor.

He had no screwdriver handy; and the fellows down the passage were entertained for some minutes by the sound of Loder hammering at that screw with the study poker.

At length he got the door shut.

Then he threw himself into his arm-chair, and consoled himself for the ordeal he had passed through by lighting one of the cigarettes that had so horrified Prout. Prout's faith in his favourite, which had been shaken for a moment, would have experienced another shake, and a more severe one, if he had looked into the study again just then. Fortunately for Loder he didn't.

## THE NINTH CHAPTER.

### Who Shall Be Captain?

"WE win!" remarked the Bouncer.

Herbert Vernon-Smith made that remark in break the next day.

He had joined the Famous Five in the quad when Loder of the Sixth came out of the House with Walker.

Loder glanced at the group of Removeites with a glint in his eyes, but walked on without taking any other notice of them.

And the Bouncer grinned.

"Takin' it like milk!" he said. "The dear man is discoverin' that the Remove can hit back, though Wingate's gone, and left him cock of the walk."

It looked as if the Bouncer was right.

After the scene in the prefects' room, Harry Wharton had fully expected to be called to further account. But not a word had come from Loder on the subject.

It seemed that Loder realised that he had taken a step too far, and he had to be very careful indeed not to allow Mr. Prout to see him in his true colours. All Greyfriars called Prout a pompous ass; but they knew that he was a just man, or, at least, intended to be just. Loder did not want him to hear all the details of what had happened in the prefects' room, and so he had no choice but to let the matter end where it was.

That was, as the Bouncer expressed it, a win for the Remove. And the Bouncer had made a win himself.

For Loder, though instructed by Prout to find out the ragger in his study, and very anxious personally to make that ragger suffer for his sins, had done nothing in that matter, either.

He had found out that Smithy was the ragger. So many fellows knew that it was hardly possible for it to remain a secret.

But Smithy had not been reported to Prout; neither had Loder spoken a word to him.

All the fellows knew why.

Loder had "got away" with his explanation that the ragger had brought the cards, the cigarettes, and the racing papers to his study for the purposes of the rag. But Smithy, if taken before Prout, would have stated explicitly just where he had found them. Lying came easily enough to Loder. Still, it was a risky business, and he realised that the least said was the soonest mended. Loder was anxious for that episode to fall into complete oblivion as soon as possible.

So it was, as Smithy said, a win, though the juniors had no doubt that Loder was only biding his time.

"The rotter will be trying to get back on us, somehow!" said Bob Cherry. "But we'll jolly well keep our end up. And his claws will be cut, too, when the election's held for captain of the school. That can't be put off much longer."

Harry Wharton nodded thoughtfully.

"Wingate's been away a week or more," he said, "and it's certain now that he won't be back till towards the end of the term. Gwynne was vice-captain; but he was crooked, too, and he's away. Sykes is pretty certain to put up for election, and—"

"And he will bag nine-tenths of the votes," said Nugent. "Who'll vote for Loder, I'd like to know?"

"Only Walker and Carne, I fancy," chuckled Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We'll jolly well take care that every Remove man votes against Loder!" said the Bouncer. "He's sure to put up; but it will be a wash-out, and it will make him look a fool when the votes are counted. He won't bag twenty."

"It's a bit queer that nothing's been done about the election, so far," remarked Johnny Bull. "Prout's an old ass! But I suppose he knows that Greyfriars has to have a captain."

"I say, you fellows—"

Billy Bunter rolled up with an expansive grin on his fat face.

"What's up, Fatty?"

"Coker—" began Bunter.

The juniors grinned. The mere name of Coker of the Fifth Form was enough to make a grin dawn on any Greyfriars fellow's face.

Billy Bunter cackled.

"He's got a notice on the board!" he announced.



Lost to all prudence in his fury, Loder lashed out right and left with his cane. The next moment Mr. Quelch's study window was flung open, and from the opening two long legs projected. "Stop!" shouted the master of the Remove, jumping from the window and landing in the quad. "Order! I will allow no riot! Stop, I say!"

"Cheek!" said Bob. "Fifth Form men have no right to stick up notices. What's it about?"

"Captain's election."

"That's not fixed yet."

"Coker's getting ready," chortled Bunter. "He's going to put up."

"Oh, the silly ass! A Fifth Form man can't be captain of the school; only a man in the Sixth."

"Coker thinks he can. He——"

Without waiting for further news from Bunter, the juniors rushed away to look at the notice-board. They found a crowd already gathered round it—most of them laughing.

On the board was pinned a paper in the well-known, scrawling hand, and the still better-known remarkable spelling of Horace Coker of the Fifth Form.

**"NOTIS!  
CAPTAIN'S ELEKTION!  
VOAT FOR COKER!"**

"Good old Coker!" chuckled the Bounder. "Well, if there's nobody else, I'd rather vote for Coker than for Loder."

"Hear, hear!"

And there was a buzz of assent. Coker of the Fifth was a priceless ass, no doubt, but there were few fellows at Greyfriars who did not prefer him to Gerald Loder.

A swarm of fellows buzzed round the board when Loder came in, and stepped along to see what the excitement was about.

He frowned as he saw Coker's paper on the board.

The juniors watched him curiously.

Loder glared at the paper, tore it down, and tore it across and across. He threw the fragments away, and walked on, scowling.

"Cheek!" breathed Johnny Bull.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here comes Coker!"

Coker of the Fifth came strolling up. No doubt he guessed that his notice on the board had drawn this crowd, for he had a pleased and satisfied expression on his rugged face.

That expression, however, changed when he saw that his paper was missing.

"Who's taken my notice down?" bawled Coker.

A dozen voices supplied the information.

Horace Coker's face was crimson with wrath and indignation.

"The cheeky tick! I'll jolly well show Loder whether he can tear up my notices! I'll show him what I think of Sixth Form prefects, by gum!"

Coker strode into the Rag, where there were pens and paper. He came back with a new notice in his hand, which he pinned to the middle of the board. It ran:

**"NOTIS!  
CAPTAIN'S ELEKTION!  
VOAT FOR COKER!  
AND BAR SIXTH FORM KADS!"**

There was a roar of applause and laughter. Coker walked away, looking pleased and satisfied again. He left the crowd before the notice-board yelling.

**THE TENTH CHAPTER.**

**Vote for Coker!**

JAMES WALKER winked at Arthur Carne, and both of them grinned. Loder did not grin; he scowled.

Loder was facing rather a problem.

Captain's election could not be put off much longer. Prout was expected to fix the date very soon.

So long as there was a chance of either Wingate or Gwynne returning, the matter was left open. But it was known now, as a fact, that both Wingate and Gwynne would be away for weeks, probably for most of the term. Captain's election had to take place.

Head prefect, and strong in favour of the temporary Head, Loder was a great man these days; but to secure his position he had to bag the captaincy, in George Wingate's place, as well as head-prefectship.

The captain of the school was head of the games, and in that department Loder naturally did not want another man put over him. He was keen to show the school what he could do as football captain, and especially as footballer. Hardly a week before, Wingate had contemptuously excluded him from the first eleven. All that was going to be changed—if Loder could manage it. When the date was fixed he was going to put up for election as a matter of course.

But there was, so to speak, a lion in the path.

The Greyfriars fellows all had votes in the captain's election. From the Sixth down to the smallest and inkiest fag in the Second, every vote counted.

Loder, counting his chances on a popular vote, had to admit that they looked exceedingly slim. And such was evidently the opinion of his pals, Walker and Carne!

On their own account they would have been glad enough to see Loder captain of the school. But they did not believe

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# HIGH HAND!

(Continued from page 13.)

that he had the remotest chance of pulling it off.

"You can snigger!" said Loder sourly. "But if some fellow like Sykes butts into the captaincy, you men won't get much show in the games."

"My dear man, I wish you luck!" answered Walker. "But there's simply nothing in it, as you jolly well know. Not a dozen fellows will vote for you."

"Not half a dozen!" said Carne. "You see, you've gone the wrong way to work," said Walker, apparently in the role of candid friend. "As soon as you were top dog you had to begin throwing your weight about. You should have walked softly till after the election."

"You've set all the fellows against you!" said Carne, in the same strain. "They're fed-up with you as head prefect, and they won't have you as skipper if they can possibly help it."

"I hear that a Fifth Form man is going to put up!" resumed Walker. "That's against the rules, of course; only the Sixth are eligible. But if it went to the vote I'll bet you Coker would win hands down."

"The fool!" grunted Loder. "Yes, he's a fool," agreed Walker. "But fellows like him all right. And, after all, it's never been positively fixed that only a Sixth Form man can be captain of the school. It's only a custom."

"I don't see what Prout could do if they elected Coker!" remarked Carne. "And the ass being in his Form, he might favour the idea, too."

Loder set his lips. He realised the force of Walker's remarks; it would have paid him to "walk softly" until he had gained his point. But he had not been able to resist the temptation to exercise his new powers to the widest extent, and to pay off old grudges against fellows he disliked.

It was too late now, anyhow, to adopt a system of conciliation. Unless he could bully his way through the election, it was clear that he was going to be left out in the cold.

"You see, you haven't made yourself popular, old man!" said Carne blandly. "And an election depends on popularity. You'd be wise not to put up at all, I think. You'll only look a fool when they count the votes."

"You fellows are going to stand by me!" said Loder grimly. "You won't find it pays to let me down."

"If two votes can get you in, you'll be skipper!" said Walker. "Rely on us, old chap. There's nobody else for you to rely on."

"Price of the Fifth will vote for me," said Loder. "I can make it worth his while, and he's got friends—"

"Precious few!"

"Angel of the Fourth, too—"

"The rest of the Fourth cut that young outsider!"

Loder gave a snarl. "Well, look here, I'm getting in as captain! That's that! It's a lot of rot for fags to be allowed to vote at all; but as they are allowed to they've got to vote the right way. They can be made to understand that every junior who does not vote for me will get a swishing!"

"Prout wouldn't stand for that—"

"Bother Prout!" said Loder irritably.

"If he heard that—" grinned Carne. "Oh, shut up!"

"Hallo! What's that row in the quad?" yawned Walker.

And the three Sixth Formers looked out of the study window.

Loud shouting awoke the echoes of the Greyfriars quadrangle. At a little distance from the study windows there was a procession of juniors. Nearly every member of the Remove was walking in the procession, and over it floated a banner, on which was inscribed, in large capital letters:

**"CAPTAIN'S ELECTION!  
VOTE FOR COKER!"**

Walker and Carne grinned. Loder scowled blackly. The Remove procession was led by the Bounder, followed by the Famous Five. Hardly a man in the Form was missing from it.

If it was intended as a demonstration of the opinion of the Remove, it was an overwhelming one.

Loder gritted his teeth with rage. That nobody in the Remove wanted Coker as captain of Greyfriars, or thought him fit to captain the school, he knew quite well. The Remove plumped for Coker, simply because they were against Loder. Rotten candidate as he was, he was, at least, in their opinion, a less rotten candidate than the bully of the Sixth.

"There's thirty votes for Coker!" remarked Carne. "Listen to the young scoundrels! They want you to hear, Gerald."

The junior procession approached within easy hearing of Loder's study. There it halted, with the banner waving, and the Bounder, evidently the leader, proceeded to make a speech.

Loder listened with his brow growing blacker and blacker.

"Gentlemen of the Remove—"

"Hear, hear!"

"Captain's election will take place this week! Who wants Loder?"

There was a deep groan.

Nobody, it was evident, wanted Loder!

"Any man here voting for Loder?"

Groan!

"Hands up for Coker of the Fifth!"

Every hand went up!

"Three cheers for Coker of the Fifth, the popular candidate for the captaincy!" roared the Bounder.

"Hip, hip, hurrah!"

It was a terrific roar. Many of the juniors were looking towards Loder's window, where his scowling face was visible to them. They were all grinning.

Loder turned from the window, grasped his ashplant from the table, and strode out of the study.

"Don't play the goat, Loder!" Carne called after him. "You can't interfere with the young sweeps!"

Loder did not heed.

Whether he could, or could not, interfere with the young sweeps, he was certainly going to do so!

His face was white with rage as he strode out of the House, the ashplant gripped in his hand.

## THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Good Old Quelch!

"THIS way!" said the Bounder.

"Hold on, Smithy—"

"Fathead! March!"

"Better keep away from the masters' windows, you ass!" said Bob Cherry.

"That's all you know! Come on, I tell you!"

Herbert Vernon-Smith led the way, and the procession marched on, heading for the windows of the masters' studies.

There was rather less noise, but still plenty of enthusiasm as the Remove marched along the path under those windows.

The rather grim countenance of Mr. Quelch could be seen, looking out; and at other windows, appeared the faces of Hacker and Capper and Wiggins and Monsieur Charpentier.

Most of the juniors would have preferred to give that rather perilous quarter a wide berth. But the sagacious Bounder knew what he was about.

He had seen Loder's scowling face disappear, and was aware that the bully of Greyfriars was coming out on the war-path.

Trouble was at hand, and when the trouble started, Smithy preferred it to happen under the eye of authority.

With a school election at hand, the juniors were quite within their rights in holding a demonstration in the quadrangle, and Henry Samuel Quelch was the man to see that their rights were respected.

"Halt!" sang out Vernon-Smith.

Another halt was made—directly opposite Mr. Quelch's study. Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry held up the waving banner with the rest of the Remove grouped round them, and again the Bounder addressed his followers.

"Gentlemen, chaps, and sportsmen—"

"Hear, hear!"

"Captain's election may take place any day now. Mr. Prout, whom we all respect and admire so much—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"—will fix the date, and as soon as it is put on the board, there won't be much time for electioneering. We've got to be ready."

"The readyfulness will be terrific."

"Coker's our candidate—"

"Hear, hear!"

"I'm not saying that he's much good—you all know he isn't—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But he's straight, and he's decent, and there may be a candidate who is neither one nor the other—"

"Yes, rather!"

"Coker's our man!"

"Hurrah for Coker!"

"I say, you fellows, here comes Loder!" squeaked Billy Bunter in alarm. "I say, he's got his cane! I say, I'm off!"

And Billy Bunter departed promptly.

Not another fellow left the ranks, however. They looked round at Loder, and waited for him to come up, conscious that the gimlet-eye of Quelch was on the scene from his study window.

Loder, in his rage, did not even remember the existence of Mr. Quelch. He strode up to the crowd of Removites, panting.

"You cheeky young rascals!" he roared.

"Anything the matter, Loder?" asked the Bounder.

"Put that rag down at once!" roared Loder, pointing with his cane to the election banner.

Wharton and Bob Cherry looked at him grimly, but did not put down the banner. Loder did not waste time. He lashed out with his ashplant, and gave the captain of the Remove a cut across the shoulders.

"Now put that down!" he shouted.

The banner came down with a crash on Loder's head. Perhaps it was an accident! More probably it was not! Anyhow, it landed on the bully of the

Sixth, and Loder sat down in the quad with a bump.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Loder scrambled to his feet. He had been enraged already, and now he was nearly foaming.

He hurled himself at the Removites, swiping right and left with his cane.

There was a slam, as Mr. Quelch's study window was flung wide open. The Remove master leaned out, his eyes sparkling with anger.

"Loder!" he shouted.

Loder did not even hear. There was a roar of excitement round him as his cane whacked and rang, and yells of wrath and anguish. Somebody hacked his shins, somebody else barged him in the back, the Bounder's fist caught him on the ear, while Wharton's landed on the other.

Once more Loder went down, and his

yell rang far and wide as he hit the quadrangle.

He staggered up, panting.

"Loder!" bawled Mr. Quelch.

The bully of Greyfriars heard him then, and stared across at him. Mr. Quelch's face was a picture of wrath.

"Loder! How dare you?" he bawled.

"These cheeky young scoundrels—" roared Loder.

"Silence! How dare you, I say? How dare you make such an unprovoked attack on boys of my Form?" hooted Mr. Quelch. "You will be called to account for this, Loder!"

"I've been knocked over—"

"Do you expect my boys to submit to a brutal and unprovoked attack? I fully approve of the boys defending themselves."

Loder glared at him.

"You saw what they were doing—you saw—"

"The boys are entitled to hold an election meeting in the quadrangle. You know that as well as I do! I will not allow them to be interfered with."

"Look here—"

"Stand back, Loder! You shall not intervene here! I order you to stand back and leave these boys of my Form to themselves."

"I shall do nothing of the kind, and we'll see what Mr. Prout says about it," howled Loder, lost to all prudence in his fury, and to give point to his defiance, he landed out with the cane, catching Monty Newland on the neck.

"Collar him!" shouted the Bounder.

"Down with him!"

"Bag him!"

"Rag him!"

"Stop!" shouted Mr. Quelch.

"Order! I will allow no riot! Stop. I say!"

(Continued on next page.)



Our Soccer specialist is at your service. If you want an expert opinion on any point in connection with the great winter game, write to "Linesman," c/o The MAGNET, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

#### ACCORDING TO RULES!

**P**ERHAPS it is just as well that we should get a shock from time to time. These shocks have the effect of keeping us from spending most of our time asleep, anyway. One of my readers got a shock the other day. He was due to play in a football match, but, being delayed on the journey, he did not arrive until the game in which he was to play had been in progress several minutes.

I am not prepared to administer any sort of caution to this player for being late, because I accept his story that the circumstances were such that it was impossible for him to be there in time.

*In passing, however, let me say that an effort on the part of every member of a football team; no matter in what class of football, to be on the spot punctually, and ready to start at the arranged time, is worth while.*

One of the reasons why I like big football matches is that I know precisely the time when a game will start. That means I also know precisely what time it will finish, and can make my arrangements accordingly. There is always a heavy fine waiting the big League club which does not start its games to the minute. Last season, one of the clubs was fined because the players were late for the start. The club officials explained that the train was late. The authorities said that allowances should be made for the possibility of a train being late, and that the players should have travelled by an earlier train.

Talking about travel, I have gone a long way before giving you the details of that shock which my young friend, who was late for his game, had. He got dressed in a hurry, dashed on to the field while the game was in progress, only to find the referee stopping the play immediately, and ordering him back beyond the touch-line. That was where the shock came in. The referee did more. He

awarded a free-kick against the side of the boy who had rushed on late to make up the eleven.

My reader friend who tells me this story expresses considerable indignation with the referee. He says he was quite under the impression that a player who was late was allowed to take part in a game when he did turn up, provided, of course, that no substitute player had been found. Well, my good friend, you are wrong. There is a football rule now on the books which says that no player can come on the field while a game is in progress. Even the late player must report his presence to the referee when the ball has gone "dead," and only upon doing this can he take his place in the side.

#### CHOOSING A CAPTAIN!

**T**HE same rule, as explained above, applies to the player who has been off the field injured. He can't come back unless the ball is "dead." Moreover, if any player breaks this rule, the referee is justified in awarding a free-kick to the other side. So although my friend received a shock when he was sent back again, he had no cause for complaint. The referee was acting in accord with the rules.

It very seldom happens, of course, that a player is late for a big game, but players often turn up late for junior games, and I hereby give them all warning that, before they can take part in a match which has started in their absence, they must report to the referee at a time when the ball is "dead."

That's that. Now for another question. "We are very worried about the captaincy problem connected with our team," a Doncaster reader tells me. "We can't quite decide among ourselves which of our players is the best fitted for the post." I am afraid I can't help you, either, without knowing more about the qualifications of the various members of the team. If there is no outstanding personality in the eleven, no player with more knowledge of the game than his colleagues,

then the centre-half is the player who should be given the responsibility of captain.

*A player who occupies this position should be a good footballer in the all-round sense. Moreover, he is the player above all others who is at the heart of football operations, and the player who can the most easily give instructions to his colleagues.*

I know a lot of first-class teams have a captain who is not the centre-half of the team. But in this connection top-class sides are different. The captain of most of the big teams is little more than a figurehead. He tosses for choice of ends, but is not allowed to dictate the tactics of the team once the game is started. Those tactics are decided upon before the game starts, and if any alteration is considered desirable, the manager, from his place in the stand, sends down a message to the players via the trainer. To put the matter briefly, the managers of the big teams are really the captains, and I think it is good that this should be so.

#### KEEPING IN TOUCH!

**A**S an example of what I mean, take the case of Southend United, and their new manager, David Jack. He thinks it is so absolutely essential for him to be able to pass on his tactical ideas to his players while a game is in progress that he has arranged for telephonic communication between himself and the trainer. The manager has a phone at hand in his place in the stand. This is connected to a phone near the trainer down on the field inside the rails. When the manager thinks that the tactics of the Southend team should be changed, he telephones a message to the trainer, and the trainer passes it on to the players.

I expect somebody will ask a very natural question. If the managers of the big teams think it is so necessary to keep in touch with the players, why don't they themselves take up their places near the touch-line?

*The answer is that they are not allowed to do so. Only the trainer is permitted by the authorities to be inside the rails.*

One of these days I shall expect to see the manager of a big football team giving instructions to his men on how they shall play through a megaphone. But the idea, which I hand out free, would probably be put down very quickly.

"LINESMAN."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,391.

"Hold on, Smithy!" gasped Wharton.

Reluctantly, the juniors stopped at the command of their Form-master. Wharton dragged the Bouncer back.

Loder gave another lash, and there was a howl from Wibley, who captured it.

What happened next was a surprising sight at Greyfriars. From Mr. Quelch's study window two long legs projected!

Quelch jumped out!

Never before had a Greyfriars master been seen to perform such remarkable gymnastics! But there was no time for him to go round by the door. He jumped out, landed in the quad, and strode on the scene.

Loder, with his arm upraised for another swipe, had his arm grasped in fingers that seemed made of steel. He gave a howl of pain as his bones almost cracked in that vice-like grip. He gave a savage wrench at his arm, but he could no more have loosened Quelch's grasp than the clutch of a blacksmith's vice.

The gimlet-eyes gleamed at him.

"Hands off!" panted Loder.

"I shall not allow you, Loder, to bully and ill-use boys of my Form!" barked Mr. Quelch. "I shall take you back to the House, Loder!"

"You—you—you——" stuttered Loder.

"Come!"

"I—I won't! I——"

"I think you will!" said Quelch grimly.

And Loder did!

With that grip on his aching arm, he could not resist. Mr. Quelch marched him away, leaving the crowd of juniors staring and grinning.

Crowds of fellows of other Forms stared and grinned, too, at the unusual sight of a Sixth Form prefect marched off with a Form-master's grip on his arm, like a naughty fag.

"Oh, gad!" gasped Temple of the Fourth. "Look, you men!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good old Quelch!" chortled Hobson of the Shell. "He's got his rag out, what? Watch Loder's phiz!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Behold, he blushes!" chuckled Greene of the Fifth.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Loder's face was crimson with rage and mortification. He was rather glad when he got into the House, out of sight of staring eyes. There Mr. Quelch released him, with a contemptuous glare.

"Go to your study!" he snapped.

Loder gasped.

"I'll please myself about that! I'll——"

"Go, before I box your ears!" barked Quelch.

Loder went!

## THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

### The Lid on Coker!

**H**ORACE COKER of the Fifth Form sat at his study table, with a pen in his hand, a scribbled sheet of paper before him, and a smear of ink on his nose.

It was the hour of preparation, and his study-mates, Potter and Greene, were at prep.

Coker, however, had no time for prep.

Coker was busy on more important matters.

The sheet before him contained a list of names of fellows in all the Forms at Greyfriars excepting the Sixth and the Fifth.

"It's all right, you men!" announced Coker, looking up. "I can tell you, it will be simply a walk-over."

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Potter and Greene did not answer.

Captain's election might be very important, especially in view of the fact that so great a man as Horace Coker was standing. Still, prep was prep, and there was Prout in the Form-room to be considered.

Coker glared at the tops of their bent heads.

"Deaf?" he hooted.

"Look here! Prep——" said Potter.

"Blow prep!"

"All very well for you, Coker!" said Greene warmly. "You'll be in a row with Prout in the morning, anyhow. You always put up howlers, whether you've prepared or not! But——"

"Don't be a cheeky ass, Greene!"

"Look here! Don't jaw till after prep!" suggested Potter.

"Don't be a cheeky fool, Potter!"

Coker, it was clear, was going to "jaw." It was one of Coker's weaknesses. Nothing short of lockjaw could have kept Coker silent for long.

"Now, about the election," he went on, ruthlessly regardless of prep. "That old ass, Prout, hasn't put up the notice yet, goodness knows why; but he can't keep it back much longer. I'm standing! That man Wingate made a pretty good captain of the school, but I fancy I could name a better one."

"Rot!" said Potter. "Wingate was the pick of the Sixth, and it's simply a disaster to the school for him to be crooked like this!"

"The pick of the Sixth, if you like," conceded Coker. "But that isn't saying a lot! I'm thinking of the pick of the Fifth!"

"Blundell?" asked Potter innocently.

Coker frowned.

"No! Not Blundell!" he snapped.

"You don't mean Hilton?"

"No! I don't mean Hilton!" growled Coker. "You know jolly well whom I mean, George Potter! No need to look farther than this study for a good man."

"You flatter me, old chap!" murmured Potter.

Coker stared at him.

"You blithering idiot!" he said, in measured tones. "Do you think for a moment that I mean you?"

"Oh, Greene?" asked Potter, still misunderstanding. "Well, Greeney's a good chap, but I don't know about captaining Greyfriars——"

"I don't mean Greene!" roared Coker. "I mean the only chap in this study who's got any brains to speak of! I don't want any of your funny business, George Potter! I'm standing for election as captain of the school, and I expect you two fellows to back me up. Some of the Fifth don't seem to cotton to the idea, but I expect support in my own study! I shall jolly well punch your heads if you don't vote for me, and that's that!"

Coker paused, but not for a reply. Replies were not much use to Coker. He felt himself equal to all the talking that was required on any subject.

"That rotten bully, Loder, has been going round among the fags," he went on. "He's letting them know that if they don't vote for him they'll get whopped. Just like that beastly bully, what!"

Potter and Greene smiled.

As Coker had just announced his intention of punching their heads if they did not vote for him, his criticism of Loder's methods struck them as having its comic side.

"I don't see anything to grin at!" said Coker gruffly. "Just like you fellows, grinning like a pair of Cheshire cheeses—I mean, Cheshire cats—at a serious time like this! Talk about Julius Cæsar fiddling while Carthage

was burning! Look here! Loder may scare some of the Second and Third into voting for him. But I've got a list of men in the Remove, Fourth, and Shell who are standing by me. I've got the Remove almost to a man."

Coker referred to his list.

"Every man in the Form, excepting Bunter," he said. "I'll tip some of them to kick Bunter till he joins up. I dare say the fat young ass is afraid of Loder—bullying brute, you know, scaring the fags! But a kicking or two will bring him round! I wish you silly asses wouldn't keep on grinning at everything a fellow says. It's really flattering, you know, the way the Lower School are rallying round me."

"Is it?" murmured Potter.

"Well, look at it!" argued Coker. "I've a short way with fags, and I never stand any nonsense from them. I've often whopped them for their own good. Only the other day I had to thrash Wharton and his gang, though the cheeky young rascals, I believe, made out that I got the thrashing. Well, now they're all rallying round me, backing me up like anything. They've all agreed to roll up on election day and vote for me."

"I fancy they'd roll up and vote for Gosling, the porter, or the house-dame's cat, rather than vote for Loder!" grinned Potter.

"Don't be an ass, Potter! Of course, they don't like Loder—rotten bully! But that isn't why they're supporting me!"

"Isn't it?" gasped Greene.

"Certainly not! They recognise the fact that a good man is needed for the job, and they've got sense enough to know where to look for a good man!" said Coker, with a great deal of dignity.

"Oh crikey!"

"Suppose I get the footer into my hands!" went on Coker. "Look what a change that means! Wingate left me out—fatheaded sort of ass, you know, at picking a team, though he had his good points in other ways. And he put you in, Potter." Coker shook his head. "Well, football comes before friendship, and I shouldn't be able to play you, old chap."

George Potter gazed at him.

"Or you, Greeney!" said Coker regretfully.

Greene gazed at him.

"Still, never mind that now," said Coker. "What we've got to think of now is getting me in as captain, and I expect you two fellows to put all other things aside, and put all your beef into it, what? I hope you'll strain every nerve!"

Potter and Greene could only gaze.

Coker, if he got in as captain, was going to bar them both out of football! And they were to put all their beef into getting him in as captain! He hoped they would strain every nerve! It was evident that Coker had a hopeful nature.

There was a tap at the study door at this juncture, and it opened and admitted Billy Bunter of the Remove.

The fat Owl blinked at Coker through his big spectacles.

Coker's hand strayed to a Latin dictionary. But he remembered at once, and withdrew it. This was no time for buzzing dictionaries at fags! Coker was not a reflective fellow, but even Coker realised that it would be wiser not to buzz a dictionary at any voter till after the election!

"I say, you fellows——" began Bunter.

Coker picked up his pen instead of the dictionary.

"Want me to put your name down?" he asked.





Loder rolled headlong and bumped to the bottom of the stair, while Mr. Quelch staggered against the banisters, gasping for breath. At that thrilling moment, an elephantine tread was heard, and a deep voice boomed: "What—what is this disgraceful scene? What does this mean? Upon my word! Unprecedented—unparalleled!" Mr. Prout had arrived on the scene!

"That's what I've come to speak to you about, Coker," said the fat Owl cautiously. "I say, the word's going round that every Lower School man who doesn't vote for Loder is going to be whopped by the prefects."

"Rotten bully!" said Coker.

"Of course, a fellow doesn't want to be whopped!" said Bunter.

"That's all right," said Coker reassuringly. "Get the right man in as captain, that's the important point! See? Never mind the whopping!"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter, and Potter and Greene grinned.

Coker was looking at the matter entirely from the point of view of Horace James Coker! But it was very probable that Bunter was thinking more of the whopping than of getting Coker in as captain.

"I'll put your name down, Bunter," said Coker, turning to his list. "I've got the rest of your Form here."

"Hold on a minute," said Bunter hastily. "The—the fact is, I—I'm not afraid of a whopping, of course! I'm pretty tough! Hardy, in fact! But—but there's something else. I—I was expecting a postal order this morning—"

"Eh?"

"It never came!" said Bunter.

"What?"

"It was going to be for five shillings." Coker stared at him.

"What about it, you young ass?" he demanded. "That's got nothing to do with me, that I know of."

"What I mean is, will you lend me the five bob and take the postal order when it comes?" asked Bunter, blinking at him.

"Certainly not! I don't believe in lending money to fags."

"It will be here to-morrow," explained Bunter. "It's from one of my titled relations, you know. One good turn deserves another, Coker! If I'm going to vote for you—"

Horace Coker was not quick on the uptake! But he understood at last! This valuable voter was out for bribery and corruption!

He laid down his pen again and picked up the Latin dictionary!

Bunter, blinking at him anxiously for his answer, got it—in the form of Dr. Smith's Smaller Latin Dictionary. It was rather fortunate for Bunter that it was not Dr. Smith's Larger Latin Dictionary.

Crash! Bump!

There was a fearful yell as the Owl of the Remove sat down on the floor of Coker's study.

"Yaroooh!"

Coker rose to his feet. Apparently he was going to follow up the dictionary with his boot!

Bunter did not wait for the boot! The dictionary was enough for him!

He squirmed out of the study in great haste, Coker's foot barely missing him as he flew through the doorway.

There was a patter of flying feet in the Fifth Form passage.

Bunter was gone!

"Fat young scoundrel!" said Coker wrathfully. "I'd go after him, and kick him back to the Remove, but as he's going to vote for me—"

"You—you think he's going to vote for you?" gasped Potter.

"He'd better!" said Coker. "I know I'll jolly well kick him into the middle of next week if he doesn't! I'm not

going to have Loder bullying fags into voting for him—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"May as well put his name down on my list," said Coker. "That will make all the Remove on my side! If that old ass Prout would only buck up and fix the date of the election—"

"Shut up, Coker!" gasped Greene in horror, as a portly figure appeared in the open doorway of the study.

Coker, having his back to the door, did not see that portly figure. He saw, therefore, no reason for shutting up! Besides, shutting up was not in Coker's line! He seldom shut up.

"Don't be an ass, Greene! The sooner we get the election the better—strike the iron while it's hot, you know! If old Prout doesn't fix the date soon, somebody will have to remind him of it! The old bean may have forgotten all about it—he's a bit of an absent-minded ass—"

The growing horror in the faces of Potter and Greene caused even Horace Coker to realise that something was amiss.

Their stony, petrified gaze was fixed on the doorway; and Coker turned his head in that direction.

He met the gaze of Mr. Prout!

Coker's jaw dropped!

He gazed at Prout!

Prout gazed at him!

The temporary headmaster of Greyfriars seemed bereft of speech! But he broke the awful silence at last.

"Coker!"

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Coker.

"I came here," said Prout, "because I had heard, Coker, that you intended

to stand as a candidate in the captain's election—"

"Oh crikey!"

"I came to tell you that, in accordance with immemorial custom, only candidates from the Sixth Form will be allowed to stand for election. And I hear you—"

"Oh lor'!"

"I hear you—"

"Oh jiminy!"

"I hear you referring to me in such terms—such terms—" Prout's voice was a deepening roar. "I hear you referring to me, Coker—"

Coker gasped.

"I shall not cane you," said Prout, "that would not be consistent with my own dignity, or with the dignity of the senior Form of which I am master."

Coker was glad, at least, that Prout was a whale on dignity.

"You will take a thousand lines, Coker!"

"Oh!"

Prout wheeled and rolled away.

Coker stood gazing at the empty doorway. Potter and Greene exchanged a wink, and resumed prep.

Coker dropped into his chair. He did not speak. He just sat and gasped. Coker, it was clear, was not going to be captain of Greyfriars! Prout had put the lid on Coker!

## THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Next Man In!

"**D**ONE!" said Bob Cherry.

"The doneness is terrific!"

"Loder, of course!" said Nugent.

"No doubt about that!" remarked Johnny Bull. "He pulls old Prout's leg just as much as he likes."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Well, it was rather steep, the idea of that ass Coker becoming captain of the school!" he remarked.

"Better than Loder!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Oh, yes! But we couldn't expect Prout to see that!"

"Anyhow, we're done!"

"Done right in the eye!" agreed the captain of the Remove.

It was the following day; and the news was all over Greyfriars that Horace Coker's candidature had been washed out.

His "notis" had been taken down from the board by Prout's own plump and portly hand; after which even Coker could not venture to replace it.

Few fellows doubted that Loder was at the bottom of it. His influence was strong with the new Head.

True, it would have been unusual, at least, for a Fifth Form man to become captain of the school. Still, there was no actual law against it; and Prout, as master of the Fifth, might have been expected to view such an innovation with a favourable eye.

But Loder was pulling the strings. He was high in Prout's confidence and esteem; and there was no doubt that Prout desired to see him elected captain of Greyfriars.

Coker's candidature had been more or less of a joke; though it was certain, all the same, that he would have been elected in opposition to the unpopular tyrant of the school. Now it was washed out; and so far, no other opponent of Loder had come forward.

"Lots of men in the Sixth!" said Bob Cherry. "Any man would be better than Loder—even Walker or Carnel Sykes is the best of the bunch—he was a pal of old Wingate's."

"Is he standing, though?" asked Nugent. "It looks to be as if Prout's let the Sixth know that he wants Loder in."

"He's no right to barge into a school election!" exclaimed Bob Cherry warmly.

"He never worries about rights, before he barges! And the date isn't given out yet, either."

"Prout will have to be told that it can't be kept hanging about like this!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Who is going to tell him?"

"Um!"

"Sykes has jolly well got to stand!" said Harry Wharton. "Every man at Greyfriars knows that he's the man for the job. If Prout doesn't know, it's time he found out. Let's go and see Sykes."

Sykes of the Sixth was in the quad, and the Famous Five looked for him and found him. He stared at the juniors as they came up.

"What may you fags happen to want?" he inquired.

"We want you!" explained Bob Cherry.

"What do you mean, you young ass?"

## 100 PRIZES COMPETITION

### First Six Winners—

The following readers have been awarded prizes for their efforts in this competition:

**BASIL W. JONES**, 11, Sedberg Street, Preston, Lancs.—Fountain Pen.

**G. DARE**, 2, Wardie Road, Edinburgh.—Pocket Wallet.

**JAMES WESTON**, Wm. Pile Arms, Zetland Street, Monkwearmouth, Sunderland.—Penknife.

**E. BODTHMAN**, 2, Bushey Road, Liverpool, 4.—Pocket Wallet.

**MISS D. E. ALLEN**, 16, Bowen Road, Darlington.—Vanity Case.

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"Captain of Greyfriars—"

Sykes grunted, and shook his head.

"I'm not standing!" he said curtly.

"And why not?" demanded Bob.

"Look here, Sykes, you know jolly well that you ought to stand. We'd rather have Coker than Loder; but if you'd said a word, nobody would have thought of Coker!"

"Well, I haven't said a word, and I'm not going to!" said Sykes gruffly. "Now cut off!"

"That jolly well means that Prout has given you a hint to keep clear!" exclaimed Johnny Bull.

"No bizney of yours, if he has!" snapped Sykes, and he walked away.

The juniors exchanged glances.

"That old ass, Prout, is barging into what doesn't concern him, as usual!" said Bob Cherry, with a deep breath.

"You can see that Sykes feels sore about it. He'd jolly well like to keep Wingate's place warm for him till he comes back. Look here, Prout's no right to butt in, and it's up to the Remove to tell him so! We'll jolly well make Sykes put up, whether he wants to or not."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Oh, buzz off, Bunter!"

"The date's up!"

"Oh!"

"I say, you fellows. I saw Prout put the paper on the board!" said Bunter. "The election's on Saturday!"

"Good! Time the old ass made up his mind!" said Johnny Bull. "Lots of time before Saturday to make old Sykes toe the line."

"He's jolly well got to!" declared Bob Cherry. "We'll all jolly well vote for him, whether he puts up or not!"

"Hear, hear!"

In the Remove, as in other Forms at Greyfriars, there was a fixed opinion that, who ever filled the vacant captaincy, it should not be Gerald Loder! Almost every fellow was going to bar Loder—if he could!

In the absence of a rival candidate, that presented difficulties. But it was said of old, that difficulties were only made to be overcome! The Greyfriars fellows were going to overcome them, somehow.

And so it came to pass that, after class that day, there was another procession in the quad. It carried the same banner as before, but on the banner was a new inscription.

"VOTE FOR SYKES!"

Up and down and round about the quad paraded the Remove, in marching order, carrying that banner.

That the Remove were not alone in their opinion was soon proved. Temple, Dabney & Co. of the Fourth joined the procession. Hobson and a crowd of the Shell joined up. Fags of the Third and Second came in swarms. Even some stalwart Fifth Form men towered over the smaller fry. That alone proved how deep was the hostility to Loder. Fifth Form men, as a rule, would not have been found dead in the same street with the fags! Now men like Potter and Greene and Fitzgerald marched in procession with them.

More than half Greyfriars, in fact, followed the Remove banner; and nearly all the rest cheered it.

Quite an army came to a halt under the Sixth Form study windows. Loder glared out; but this time he did not emerge with his cane! He did not want another argument with Quelch on this subject!

"Sykes!" roared a hundred voices. "Sykes!"

Sykes was known to be in his study. But he did not appear.

His position was a rather difficult one.

Prout had made it known in the Sixth that he desired the head prefect of the school to be captain also, as in Wingate's time. There was a great deal to be said for such an arrangement, had the head prefect been anybody but Gerald Loder! It was a difficult matter for a Sixth Form man to set himself up in opposition to the known wishes of the headmaster—even a temporary headmaster. Sykes was sore—but silent.

"Sykes!" bawled the mob outside. "Sykes! Sykes! Sykes!"

Loder leaned out.

"Stop that row, and clear off!" he roared.

Nobody heeded Loder.

"Sykes! Sykes! Sykes!" came the roar.

Sykes threw open his window at last. "Shut up, you fags!" he hooted.

"We want you—"

"Clear off!"

"Are you standing for election?" demanded Harry Wharton.

"No!" roared Sykes.

"Look here, Sykes, you've jolly well got to put up!" exclaimed Potter of the

Fifth. "You know as well as we do that the games will go to pot, with Loder in."

"And the school, too!" said Greene. "Say yes, Sykes, old bean!" This came from Bancroft, a Sixth Form man. Even some of the high-and-mighty Sixth were in the crowd now.

"Vote for Sykes!" shouted the Bounder.

"Hurrah!"  
"We're all backing you up, Sykes!"  
"Hear, hear!"

Sykes of the Sixth stared out over the crowd. Obviously, the whole school was for him, if he stood for election. The voting in his favour was certain to be at least ten to one. He seemed to hesitate.

"Speech!" shouted Bob Cherry. "Go it, Sykes!"  
"Look here, I'll think about it, anyhow!" said Sykes, and he stepped back. "Now stop that fearful row!"

He closed his window. "Three cheers for Sykes, captain of Greyfriars!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Hip, hip, hurrah!"  
It was a tremendous roar. It reached Mr. Prout, in the Head's study, and made him start. It woke every echo. Then the procession marched off, well satisfied. The opinion of Greyfriars had been made clear; and there was good hope that Sykes of the Sixth, strong in public support, would stand up against the "barging in" of Prout! In which case "paid" would be put to Loder; a prospect that made everybody rejoice.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Hand to Hand!

"I SAY, you fellows!"  
"Too late!" grinned Bob Cherry. "We've finished tea!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"  
"And so the poor dog had none!" said Bob sadly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
Tea was over in Study No 1 in the Remove, when the fat face and big spectacles of Billy Bunter looked in at the door.

But Bunter, for once, had not come in search of a spread.

"I say, you fellows, I've tea'd with Mauly," he said. "Think I want your measly tea in this study? But I say, Loder's coming!"

And the fat junior departed from the doorway, as a heavy tread was heard in the Remove passage.

The Famous Five rose to their feet at once.

Loder's coming up to their quarters spelled trouble.

That the bully of the Sixth was not pleased with them, the cheery chums of the Remove did not need telling. They

were well aware that the smallest pretext would be sufficient for Loder to wield the ashplant. They only wondered what pretext he had found now.

Loder strode into the study. He had his cane under his arm.

"Oh, you're all here!" he remarked grimly.

"Yes, Loder!" said Bob, very meekly. "Sorry we've finished, if you've come to tea!"

Loder slipped the cane down into his hand.

"You five were the ringleaders in that riot in the quad after class," he said. "Bend over; the lot of you!"

"What riot?" asked Harry Wharton very quietly.

"I'm not here to argue! I'm here to whop you!" said Loder venomously. "Bend over—you first, Wharton!"

The captain of the Remove did not stir. Loder's little game was plain now. He had not ventured to intervene while the riot, as he was pleased to call it, was going on in the quad. He dared not, under the gimlet eye of Mr. Quelch. He did not want to be marched into the House a second time, with a grip of steel on his arm, and a crowd of fellows grinning at him. So he had let it stand over—till now! Now he was going to make it clear, beyond a shadow of a doubt, what any fellow had to expect who opposed his election as captain of the school.

"Are you bending over, Wharton?"  
"No!"

There was another step in the passage. It was a welcome footstep to the ears of the chums of the Remove—that of their Form-master.

Mr. Quelch appeared in the doorway. Loder of the Sixth stared round at him, setting his lips. Quelch glanced at him, and then at the juniors, then at Loder again.

"Why are you here, Loder?" he asked coldly. "I saw you coming up to this passage, and considered it advisable to ascertain the reason."

"If that means, sir, that you do not trust me to carry out my duties as a prefect in dealing with your Form—"

"It means precisely that, Loder," said Mr. Quelch grimly, "and I have already informed Mr. Prout of the fact! Now I require to know why you have come to a Remove study?"

"I'm here to give each of these juniors six!" said Loder savagely. "And if you interfere, sir, I shall complain to the headmaster."

"Whether I interfere or not, Loder, depends upon what reason you are able to give me!" said Mr. Quelch. "I am waiting."

"I'm not answerable to you, but to the headmaster!" said Loder sullenly.

"In matters affecting my Form, Loder, you will answer to me! Will

you state your reason for coming here to punish these juniors?"

"For kicking up a shindy in the quadrangle."

"If you are referring to the election affair, I was a witness of it from my study window, as on the previous occasion, and I find no fault with it."

"Well, I do!" said Loder.

"That," said Mr. Quelch, "is immaterial! Please leave this study at once, and do not return to it."

Loder set his teeth.

"I shall do nothing of the sort," he said deliberately, "and I defy you to interfere with me in carrying out my duties as a prefect."

The juniors almost gasped as they heard that. Mr. Quelch's steely eyes glittered.

"Leave this study, Loder!"  
"I won't!"

"I warn you, Loder, that if you defy my authority, in my own Form, I shall deal with you severely!" rumbled Quelch.

"Lay a finger on me, and you will answer for it to the headmaster!" hissed Loder.

"Shall we turn him out, sir?" asked Bob Cherry.

"You will kindly be silent, Cherry!"  
"Oh! Yes, sir!"

"Will you go, Loder?"  
"No!"

"Then," said Quelch, "I shall remove you! I am sorry to be forced to use such measures, Loder, but you leave me no choice."

He advanced grimly on Loder, the juniors looking on breathlessly. Gerald Loder gripped his cane convulsively, evidently tempted to lash out with it. But he did not venture to do that.

Mr. Quelch's hand dropped on his shoulder. This time, however, Loder did not submit to the grasp of those steely fingers.

With a blaze of rage in his eyes, he struck the Form-master's hand away, and Mr. Quelch uttered a sharp ejaculation of surprise and pain.

The next moment both his hands were on Loder!

The bully of the Sixth was whirled out of the study and into the passage, spinning like a humming-top.

"Now," said Mr. Quelch in a deep voice. "Go!"

"No, you old fool!" roared Loder.  
"Will you go?"

"No!" yelled Loder.  
"I shall remove you, then."

A staring crowd in the Remove passage watched the bully of Greyfriars marched forcibly along to the staircase. Twice Loder strove savagely to resist, but he was forced onward.

"Oh, my hat!" breathed the Bounder. "Greyfriars is comin' to somethin'—a beak scrappin' with a prefect!"

"What larks!" grinned Skinner.

(Continued on next page.)

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"The larkfulness is not terrific, my esteemed Skinner," said Hurreo Jamset Ram Singh. "This is a preposterously serious matter."

"Let go!" came Loder's savage roar as he reached the stairs. Grimly, Quelch marched him down the Remove staircase.

A crowd of the Remove followed breathlessly. Half-way down the stairs, Loder clutched at the banisters, clung on, and refused to budge.

From above, a crowd of fellows watched the amazing scene; from below another crowd gathered and watched.

Loder was torn away from his hold and whirled away to the next landing. There he rallied again, with another clutch at the lower banisters, and held on with savage obstinacy.

"My hat!" breathed Bob Cherry. "That rotter is hoping that Prout will barge in! He would like Prout to see this!"

"I wish Quelch would let us lend him a hand!" muttered Johnny Bull.

"The wishfulness is terrific!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There he goes!"

Loder was jerked away from his hold again. Under a swarm of amazed staring eyes, he struggled with Mr. Quelch on the landing, resisting with all his strength. He was whirled away to the lower stairs, lost his footing, and went tumbling down. As he went, he clutched at Mr. Quelch's scholastic gown, and dragged the Remove master after him.

"Oh crikey!"

"I say, you fellows—he, he, he!"

"Look!"

"Great pip!"

Loder rolled down the lower stairs, dragging Mr. Quelch after him. There was a loud rending sound as the gown tore under the strain. Loder rolled

headlong, and bumped to the bottom of the stair. Mr. Quelch staggered against the banisters, gasping for breath. And at that thrilling moment, an elephantine tread was heard, and a deep voice boomed:

"What? What is this disgraceful scene? What does this mean? Upon my word! Unprecedented—unparalleled!"

Mr. Prout had arrived on the scene.

## THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Prout Puts His Foot Down!

**M**R. PROUT gazed at Loder, sitting at the bottom of the stairs, spluttering, with a rent fragment of a Master of Arts' gown in his hand! He gazed at Mr. Quelch, staggering on the stairs. His eyes almost bulged. He had never liked Quelch, and since he had been temporary Head of Greyfriars, he had found that gentleman a thorn in his side. Now he was really, sincerely shocked at him!

"Loder!" he gasped.

"Grooogh!" gurgled Loder.

"Mr. Quelch!"

The Remove master was crimson. Right as he was in his action, absolutely right in dealing drastically with an impudent fellow who disregarded his authority, this was very unfortunate.

His very ears burned! Such a scene was unheard of! It justified Mr. Prout's favourite word, "unparalleled!"

A Form-master engaged in a struggle with a Sixth Form prefect—pitching the latter downstairs, staggering breathless with rent gown—what would Dr. Locke have thought? What could anybody think?

It flashed upon Quelch's mind that he had, so to speak, delivered himself bound hand and foot to his enemy!

"Mr. Quelch!" repeated Prout.

"S-sir!" stammered Quelch.

"Do I find you, sir, engaged in fist-cuffs with a Greyfriars boy?" boomed Prout. That was putting it as unpleasantly as he could.

Quelch righted himself on the stairs. He calmed down and descended. His gimlet-eye gleamed at Prout.

"You find nothing of the sort, sir, as you are perfectly well aware!" he snapped.

"Mr. Quelch!"

"Mr. Prout!"

"If you refuse to explain, sir, I will question Loder! Loder, what is the cause of this outrageous disturbance?"

Loder was on his feet again now. His face gave no sign of his inward triumph! But his view was that Quelch was "done for."

"I am sorry, sir, very sorry indeed," he said as smoothly as his breathless state would allow. "But—but I could not help Mr. Quelch throwing me downstairs, sir! I did not feel that I could strike a member of your staff, sir, whatever the provocation, so I had no defence."

"Very right, very right and proper, Loder!" boomed Prout. "But the fact, Mr. Quelch, that a sense of propriety kept Loder from defending himself, should have prevented you—"

"Nonsense, sir!"

"Wha-a-at?" gasped Prout. "D-d-did you s-s-say n-nonsense, sir?"

"I did!" barked Quelch. "How dare you, sir, assume for one moment that I should so forget the dignity of my position, sir, and of my years, as to enter into a struggle with Loder? How dare you, sir?"

"Are you addressing me, Mr. Quelch?" gasped Prout.

"I am, sir!" hooted Quelch. "I will explain, sir, since you do not seem to possess sufficient intelligence to see for yourself how matters stand. Loder, sir, attempted to bully boys in my Form—to bully them, sir, in the most unjustifiable manner—and refused to leave a Remove study at my order, sir! I, therefore, compelled him to do so, sir, and, in the same circumstances, should assuredly act in the same manner again."

"Loder—"

"Mr. Quelch chooses to call it bullying, sir, if a prefect punishes any boy in his Form," said Loder. "You, sir, entrust certain powers to me as my headmaster, and I refused, sir, to place Mr. Quelch's authority before yours."

"I should imagine so!" boomed Prout. "I should certainly imagine so! Am I to understand Mr. Quelch, that you interfered when Loder was about to inflict punishment on certain Remove boys?"

"You are to understand precisely that, sir!"

"And does my authority count for nothing, sir? Do you, sir, undertake to prevent my prefects from exercising the powers I have vested in them?" boomed the temporary Head of Greyfriars.

"If you uphold Loder in bullying, sir—"

"Nothing of the kind, sir. I have confidence in Loder, if you have not; and it is my opinion that counts, as headmaster. I will, however, inquire of Loder why he intended to punish the boys—"

"For a riot in the quad, sir," answered Loder. "You, sir, must surely have heard the uproar in your study while it was going on, even if



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Mr. Quelch grasped the bully of the Sixth with his left hand and wielded Loder's own cane with his right. "Ow! Wow! Ow!" roared Loder frantically. "Stop it! You old ruffian! Yaroooh!" He struggled madly, but the grip on his shoulder held him fast.

you did not hear the insulting expressions some of the juniors applied to you, sir."

Prout became purple.

"I was certainly disturbed by a loud uproar," he exclaimed, "and I wondered at the time why my prefects did not suppress it! I fully endorse your action in punishing the ringleaders, Loder."

"The boys were acting fully within their rights," said Mr. Quelch. "At the time of a school election certain allowances are made—"

"That is for me to judge, sir!" boomed Prout.

Mr. Quelch bit his lip hard. There was no doubt that Prout was right there, standing as he did in the place of the Head!

In the momentary pause that followed, a fat squeak was heard from upstairs:

"I say, you fellows, what a lark! Old Prout and old Quelch going for one another like a couple of fighting-cocks! He, he, he!"

Prout jumped, and Quelch started! Both of them realised, with sudden clearness, that this scene was forming something in the nature of an entertainment for a crowd of Greyfriars fellows.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a yell of laughter, following Billy Bunter's remark.

Prout gasped.

"Silence!" he boomed. "Silence! Boys, disperse! Go to your studies! Every boy remaining out of his study will be caned!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Hook it, you men!"

"Bunk!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a rush of scampering feet. The crowd vanished.

"Now, Mr. Quelch," said Prout,

breathing hard, "we had better come to a plain understanding! This will not do, sir!"

"I am well aware of it, sir!"

"You assume a right, sir, to rescind authority I have placed in the hands of my prefects! Now, sir, in your presence and hearing, I authorise Loder to carry out the punishment of the boys he intended to punish when you, sir, intervened. I command him to do so!"

"I shall obey you, sir, naturally!" said Loder; and he could not quite restrain a vaunting look at the Remove master.

Mr. Quelch turned almost pale.

"If you mean that, Mr. Prout—"

"I mean every word of it, sir! I mean every syllable of it, sir!"

"Then, sir," said Mr. Quelch, "it is obviously impossible for me to carry on my duties at Greyfriars until the return of Dr. Locke. I cannot allow anyone to interfere between me and my Form. Unless, sir, you order Loder to regard my authority over the Remove, I have no recourse but to leave the school and remain absent until Dr. Locke returns."

"That, sir, is what I was about to suggest. Indeed, I see no other recourse, as you express it. Certainly, I shall never allow you, sir, to disregard my authority as headmaster! I repeat that I fully uphold Loder!"

"Then I repeat, sir, that I shall go, and nothing more need be said!" snapped Mr. Quelch.

With which the Remove master turned and whisked away. Prout cast an angry glare after him, and stalked away to the Head's study.

Loder, as he went, winked at his portly back. Loder, at least, was pleased.

It was worth while, being handled by Quelch, to bring about this! It was a

heavy blow to Quelch, and it was very perturbing to Mr. Prout; but to Loder it was sheer satisfaction. Quelch was going—and his departure would be a "tip" for any other beak who might think of trying to put the brake on the bully of Greyfriars!

Gerald Loder hummed a tune as he walked away.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Quelch's Farewell!

"QUELCH'S going!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"The boot for Quelch—"

"Well, after all, he was rather a beast!" said Billy Bunter.

"Kick him!"

"Yaroooop!"

Nobody in the Remove was allowed to say a word against Quelch now!

Probably there were other fellows in the Form who shared Billy Bunter's opinion of him. But that was forgotten now. Quelch was their champion against Prout, and against Loder, and Quelch was going! It was a heavy blow to the Remove. It was for standing up for the rights of the Remove that Quelch was going. That turned him into a sort of hero in the eyes of fellows who had often, like the fat Owl, regarded him as more or less of a "beast."

"It's rotten!" groaned Bob Cherry.

"The rottenness is terrific!"

"I'd rather have taken that licking from Loder!" said Frank Nugent.

"Yes, rather!"

"It was bound to come, sooner or later!" the Bounder remarked sagely. "Prout's got too big for his boots these days, and Quelch has a jolly old, cold, sarcastic eye that makes him feel

small! They've been near it before—and now it's come!"

No doubt the Bounder was right! It had been inevitable. Quelch had never been quite able to treat Prout as a real headmaster. Prout exacted twice as much respect as a real headmaster! So it had been bound to come. Loder had only hastened it.

But it was a heavy blow for the Remove! Even fellows who did not like Quelch valued him as a defender against Loder. Now he was going!

And he was going at once!

No doubt, as he was going, it was wise on his part not to linger it out. Still, it gave the whole school rather a shock when a taxi arrived after breakfast in the morning, and Gosling and Trotter began to carry out Mr. Quelch's belongings to pile on it.

A crowd of fellows gathered to watch.

Loder of the Sixth came strolling by, ashplant under arm, and he gave the waiting taxi a grinning glance. Remove fellows gave him expressive looks; but they did not venture to utter what they thought. Loder was more than over "top dog," now that Quelch was going.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here comes Quelch!" murmured Bob Cherry.

Mr. Quelch, dressed for travelling, came out to the taxi.

All the juniors capped him with the deepest respect. Harry Wharton held open the cab door for him.

Mr. Quelch's iron face twitched a little. He was not a man to betray his emotions; but he was feeling this deeply.

"Good-bye, sir!" called out a dozen voices.

Mr. Quelch paused.

"Good-bye, my boys!" he said. "I shall see you all again before long. I trust! During my absence I hope that you will remember that I shall expect to hear a good account of you when I return. Good-bye, good-bye!"

"Wharton!" rapped out Loder.

It was like the bully of the Sixth to "rub in" his triumph!

"Wharton! Stand away from that taxi!"

The captain of the Remove gave no heed. He was holding the door open for Mr. Quelch, and he did not even look at Loder.

"Shut up, Loder!" called out a voice at the back of the crowd.

Loder stared round angrily.

"Who said that?" he hooted.

"Find out!" came another voice.

"Wharton, come here at once!"

Loder slipped his ashplant into his hand. He was going to show the Removes, and the Remove master before he went, that the power was in his hands.

Wharton still ignored his existence. But Mr. Quelch tapped him kindly on the shoulder.

"You must obey a prefect, Wharton! Go at once!"

"Very well, sir," said Harry, breathing hard.

"Wharton!" roared Loder.

"Good-bye, Wharton!" said Mr. Quelch, shaking hands with his head boy.

And Wharton slowly went towards Loder.

"Bend over, you cheeky young rascal!" snapped Loder, swishing the cane.

Wharton looked at him steadily.

"You rotten bully!" he answered.

Loder's hand was on his collar the next moment. The cane in his right, swished and rang.

Mr. Quelch, stepping into the taxi, paused, and turned his head. A flush came into his cheeks, a glitter into his gimlet eyes.

He turned from the taxi and strode back.

"Loder, release that boy at once!" he thundered.

"Mind your own business!" retorted Loder. "You're not a Greyfriars master now, Mr. Quelch, and I'll thank you not to butt in!"

Swish!

The cane came down on Wharton again under Quelch's very nose.

Loder was enjoying this. It was his hour of triumph. But he ceased to enjoy it next moment.

Mr. Quelch strode at him, grasped him, and wrenched the cane away. Loder glared at him in astonishment and rage.

"Give me that cane!" he bawled.

Mr. Quelch proceeded to "give it to him," though not in the sense that Loder meant.

His left hand grasped the bully of the Sixth, and twisted him over with a force that Loder could not resist. His right wielded Loder's own cane!

Whack, whack, whack!

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Whack, whack!

"Go it!" yelled the Bounder, in exuberant delight.

Whack, whack!

"Ow! Wow! Ow!" roared Loder frantically. "Stoppit! Stoppit, you old ruffian! Yaroooh!"

He struggled madly. But the grip on his collar held him fast. And the cane came down in a shower of terrific whacks. This was Mr. Quelch's farewell—an emphatic one.

"Whoop! Help! Leggo!" shrieked Loder, writhing and wriggling under the castigation. "Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Whack, whack, whack, whack!

The last terrific swipe elicited a fiendish yell from Loder. Mr. Quelch tossed the cane away on one side, Loder on the other. The yelling, howling bully of the Sixth sprawled.

With a heightened colour, breathing rather hard after his exertions, Mr. Quelch walked back to the taxi, and stepped in.

It rolled away with him.

Loder staggered up.

A swarm of fellows were roaring with laughter. But Loder was in no state to deal with them, or to carry on with his whopping of Wharton. He was breathless, dishevelled, aching from his thrashing, wriggling with anguish. He tottered into the House and disappeared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

A roar of laughter followed him in. Quelch's departure was a blow to the Remove; but his farewell to Loder had bucked them tremendously.

(Continued on page 28.)

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To new readers who failed to get a copy of last Saturday's MAGNET, which contained the first part of our Sheriff's Outfit, I should advise you to see your newsagent right away, or failing this, apply to our Back Number Department, Bear Alley, E.C.4, enclosing the necessary threepence in stamps to cover cost and postage.

By the way, have you got the "Holiday Annual" or the "Popular Book of Boys' Stories" yet? If you have not got the ready cash to pay for these bumper books you should ask your newsagent for particulars of the Annuals' Christmas Club, by means of which you can secure these Annuals by easy instalments.

Space is too short for me to say much about next week's big programme other than it consists of a magnificent story of your old favourites Harry Wharton & Co., a special edition of the "Greyfriars Herald," "Linesman's" interesting Soccer article, and another thrill-packed story by Morton Pike.

YOUR EDITOR.

# THE MYSTERY BRIG OF BARBARY CREEK!

By  
**MORTON PIKE.**

A Stirring Story of the Good Old Days when Masked Highwaymen stalked the Broad Highway roping in the guineas at the pistol's point!

## The Callers at the Inn!

**T**HROUGH the gathering dusk, her square sails telling like black blots against the band of amber light low down along the western horizon, a brig forged upstream on the flood tide.

There was something stealthy in the way she hugged the north bank of the wide river, keeping always to the course of the deep channel there; until, when abreast of the creek's mouth, which a chance comer might so easily have missed altogether, a man in the fore-chains caught the iron ring in the mooring-buoy with one thrust of his boathook, secured the shackle, and made her fast.

There was no splash, scarcely the rattle of a chain; but the brig's stern now swung slowly round until her bow pointed seawards, and she lay at rest with the air of a craft that knew how to find her way home, and had done so.

For a while there was no sign of movement aboard, even the figure of the steersman remaining motionless, leaning on the tiller. But after a short time another figure came down from aloft, which was the signal for half a dozen men to get busy, speaking in subdued voices as they passed several heavy cases into a boat lying under the brig's counter.

They were long cases, not unlike coffins in shape, and there must have been quite twenty of them. They were quietly ferried ashore and piled above high-water mark.

After carefully reconnoitring the silent country beyond the bank top, one of the men produced a dim lantern from under his cloak, and, leading the way into a winding lane, the rest followed, carrying three of those mysterious cases that were so much like coffins between them.

Seven times they came and went, but they did not return after the last journey, and the solitary watchman on the vessel was left to his own devices, with nothing to keep him company but a big black hound with red eyes, the suck of the tide on the mud-bank, and the bubble of the swift current against the brig's bluff bows.

Master Jack Lennard, son of Dr. Lennard, an old Army surgeon, strode down the hill that led from the upper town of Widewater to the cluster of white houses by the riverside, slung his heavy satchel of hated books into the passage, with a sigh of relief, and went across the road to his favourite haunt—the stables of the old Black Bear.

"Hallo, Jack, here we are again, like the bad halfpenny that's always turning up!" laughed Billy Jepp, Jack's bosom pal and the son of the innkeeper. "Got any news?"

"Only that Parslow's given me five hundred lines for what he calls inattention!" grunted Jack.



With a blood-curdling howl, a black hound sprang at Hickerman, the Excise officer!

"I shouldn't call that news when it happens every other day!" grinned Billy. "But what do you think I've heard? Jake says the brig's moored off Barbary Creek again."

"That vessel's as much a mystery as our highwayman, 'Captain Crimson,'" returned Jack. "And this makes the third time she's put in. I wonder what her game is?"

"You may go on wondering, old fellow, when even two smugglers like Tom Roke and Quy can't tell us anything about her. Always comes in the dark, and no one has seen her sail. She's no smuggler, either, for all our 'free traders' are hand-and-glove on this river, and what one doesn't know the next one does. I wish Tom hadn't left for Antwerp yesterday. He vowed he'd get to the bottom of the business next time she lay yonder."

Jack Lennard put on a puzzled frown, giving the subject more attention than he had bestowed on Cæsar's Campaign against the Gauls at the grammar school.

"I wonder if Captain Crimson has anything to do with that brig?" he said. "They both turned up about the same time, Billy."

"I should hardly think that likely," replied the innkeeper's son, after a pause. "Even though the highwayman has been roping in the guineas to a pretty tune of late, he wouldn't want a vessel to carry the swag away, would he? No! What about Christopher Trunch, who they say is a retired pirate? The lane from the creek passes his house, you know."

"Never thought of him. But here comes the squire!"

The two chums brightened up as a gentleman in a bottle-green coat, with buttons of gold basket-work on his

square cuffs, rode in under the archway, pulling up at the stable door.

"Ha, young skin-a-my-links, how's the world treating you, Jack?" asked Mr. Lancelot Dashwood, dismounting.

The newcomer was as handsome a gentleman as could be found in the whole country, and as reckless a one, too.

"Just tie her up to the ring here, Billy, and leave the girth alone. I'm only going inside for a tankard before I ride on to see old Trunch at Barbary Creek."

Dashwood's cocked hat was set jauntily on the brown hair, which he wore unpowdered, clubbed in a black ribbon at the nape of his neck, and the lace of his wrists was fine as gossamer.

Everyone liked the hard-riding, hard-drinking, cock-fighting squire, who was a hero to Jack and Billy, and folk turned to look after him when he passed, with a brace of red setters ever at his heels, for he was dashing by nature as he was Dashwood by name.

Only Dr. Lennard, a very staunch King's man, as all the world knew, would sometimes shake a wise head, for once, after the squire had ridden by the house, he had said to his wife: "There is only one bone in Dashwood's body I have not been called upon to set—his neck! But I greatly fear that one of these days the headsman may have to give that his attention! Master Lancelot makes little secret that he is a Jacobite, and grows ever more careless when he is in his cups."

"Why is he going to Barbary Creek, Billy?" queried Jack, when the squire had crossed the yard to the inn. "And do you see he hasn't got his dogs with him to-day?"

"That doesn't surprise me when you remember Trunch's three bloodhounds,"

the savage brutes!" said Billy Jepp. "But 'tis rather odd, if you come to think of it; Kit Trunch and Mr. Dashwood cannot have anything in common, and the brig only coming in last night, too!"

The squire, however, did not give them much time to discuss his affairs, for he came out again at the end of five minutes, to find Jack fondling the beautiful roan hack, with envious eyes.

"Heard anything more of that gallows bird who calls himself Captain Crimson?" inquired Mr. Dashwood, with his toe in a stirrup.

"No, sir. 'Tis three days now since he robbed the London stage at Ingatestone," replied Billy. "Maybe he has made this part too hot, and is leaving us."

"Nay, I hope not!" laughed the reckless gentleman, gathering up his reins. "I could wish for nothing better than to head the hue-and-cry in broad daylight! I warrant me we would not lose sight of him until we ran him to earth—eh, Jack?"

With a wave of his riding-switch Mr. Dashwood took the way for Barbary Creek, which was four miles down the river and nearly five by the winding road.

Some half-hour or so after the squire had gone, the little gate that led on to the marsh opened, and two seafaring men came into the yard, strangers to Widewater from the way they looked about them.

Both had petticoat breeches and buckled shoes, and wore gold ear-rings, and each carried a heavy bludgeon.

"Good-evening!" said one of them. "And how far might it be to Dashwood Hall, young man?"

Billy told him, pointing out the direction the two strangers must take.

The man nodded curly and the pair entered the Black Boar.

"Funny looking beauties, eh?" said Jack. "If they hadn't been in such a hurry I was going to tell them the squire is not at home. I'll swear they're two of the brig's company, and they must have come along the bank. What do you make of it, Billy?"

"If the new Excise officer happens to be in the parlour he'll be guessing, too," answered Billy. "Those fellows look as though they might have sailed with Kit Trunch, if the old man ever was a pirate, as folk say."

Jack nodded, and remembering those five hundred lines that must be done before morning, reluctantly left Billy to his own devices.

The two strangers were coming out of the inn as he passed, one of them wiping his mouth on the back of a horny hand.

"If you are wanting to see Squire Dashwood—" began Jack, thinking to save the men a fruitless walk of more than a mile.

The other man pulled him up short. "Who we be wanting to see is our business," he grunted uncivilly. "I'll trouble you to mind your own."

The two men then passed on.

For an hour or more Jack struggled with his task; fingers inky, hair ruffled, longing that anything might happen as an excuse to put it aside. And oddly enough, something did happen, just when his head seemed at bursting point.

"Please, ma'am, the doctor's wanted," said the maid, entering the room and addressing Mrs. Lennard.

Jack jumped up.

"I'll tell him, mother, he's over the

road," he cried, darting out and making for the snug parlour of the Black Boar, where Dr. Lennard always took his evening glass.

Jack reached it in double-quick time, and was opening the door, when a very dusty gentleman opened the other. The boy paused as the newcomer cast a quick look round the room and rapped out a disappointed oath.

"Zounds! My luck is out to-night!" he cried. "They told me at the Hall I should be bound to find my brother-in-law here! Good-evening, doctor, can you put me on Lance's trail, by any chance?"

"Odds life!" said Jack's father, shaking the gentleman heartily by the hand. "'Tis Harry Wortley—what one may see of him for dust! And what brings you here in such haste, pray?"

Again the newcomer looked round the room, seeing only Winnows, a miller, old Mr. Falcon, an East India merchant, and Dan Hickerman, the new riding officer of the Excise there.

"Fact is, doctor," he said, slightly lowering his voice, "I've unhappily slain a man in a duel in Hyde Park, and they're after me. Nearly caught me, too, but I gave them the slip on Danbury Common. Lancelot has a rare hiding-hole at the Hall, I know, but how am I to find him?"

"I can tell you where the squire is, Mr. Wortley," cried Jack, coming round the end of the high settle and forgetting the real object of his being there in the excitement of the moment.

"Gad's life, Jack, I'll remember you in my will, if I have anything to leave, which is more than doubtful!" exclaimed Mr. Harry Wortley, laying a leather valise on the table, which, in spite of its small size, seemed to be weighty.

"He has gone to Barbary Creek," said the boy.

Mr. Wortley started.

"Gad! That is mighty odd!" he exclaimed. "Have you heard any whisper of a craft lying off the creek's mouth lately?"

Jack saw the Excise officer look furtively across the room at the speaker, and he made a warning sign unseen by Hickerman.

"If you are in haste to see the squire, Billy and I could take you to Trunch's house," he said, with a look of appeal to the doctor. "It's rather a dark night, and you might never find the place without a guide."

"The tide should be on the turn about now," said Dr. Lennard. "You and Billy take the boat, and put Mr. Wortley ashore at Barbary Beacon. It will mean a stiff pull back, but it's safer than the road, what with the pursuit abroad, and that rascal Crimson."

Jack made a long face, having had joyous visions of the saddle, but his father's word was law. He bolted off through the kitchen in search of Billy.

"Who is the burly man in the blue cloak?" queried Mr. Wortley, as the Excise officer emptied his glass and left the parlour.

"That is Dan Hickerman, but lately come among us, with six riding officers and a troop of dragoons to help him harry our smuggling fraternity," said the doctor, with a smile. "A very resolute fellow, though so far he has not met with much success."

The stout miller and the elderly

merchant chuckled, showing in which direction their sympathies lay.

### High Treason!

THE falling tide ran out quickly that night with the wind behind it. The brig had slewed round at her mooring, and it was too dark to make out the word Gannet painted across the high, carved stern as the two chums, with their passenger, pulled beneath it for the shelving beach.

"She shows no light, I wonder if there's anyone aboard?" whispered Billy over his shoulder.

As if in reply, an angry snarl came from the low waist.

The black hound with the red eyes had heard their approach long before they were in sight, and there was something weird in that note of warning.

Running the skiff's nose into the mud close to another boat lying there, the party scrambled up to the bank above, and were glad of the dim lantern Billy had brought, for the path along the edge of the creek was not easy going after dark.

"Have a care, sir," said Billy, as they came to a gate in a high hedge. "Old Trunch lives by himself in a rare lonely place, and keeps some big dogs for company. I'd better let him know someone is here."

He whistled several times without result, although a narrow streak of light through a closed shutter told that the house was occupied.

"I smell rum!" said Jack suddenly, and they all jumped round as a harsh voice behind said:

"And you smell aright, young man. Who are ye, and what are ye here for?"

Although the newcomer was so close, they had not heard his approach, nor could they see his face, which was perhaps as well, for it was passing ugly.

The moment Harry Wortley used the squire's name and his own, however, the man's manner changed.

"Sink me! We were not thinking to see you before to-morrow," he said. "Come round to the back of the house. I keep my front door bolted these days."

"Will you be returning with us, sir?" inquired Billy Jepp. "In any case we shall not start back until the ebb slackens a bit—shall we wait?"

"No, don't wait," granted Christopher Trunch out of the darkness, as he turned along the hedge. "The sooner you take yourselves off, the better for ye."

There was almost a threat wrapped up in the uncouth words.

"A thousand thanks to you both," said Mr. Wortley, as he followed his strange guide. "When I can get at my fob, the squire shall have a guinea to give you."

Although neither of the boys spoke for some distance as they retraced their steps, the same thought was in their minds.

"There's something mighty fishy about this business," whispered Jack, when they reached the edge of the river again.

"So fishy, Jack, that I think we'll pull our boat lower down, and see if there's anything to be seen," replied his companion. "Seems to my thick head that it's more serious than honest smuggling!"

Candles lighted up the low-pitched



room in Trunch's quarters, the windows of which were shuttered.

On a table, a bowl of hot rum-punch added its pungent reek to an atmosphere overcharged with tobacco smoke, and round the table sat three men.

The squire's face was flushed, for he had been drinking heavily. Harry Wortley's seemed pale, and still bore the traces and fatigue of his exciting journey. The battered visage of Christopher Trunch might easily have given rise to the rumour that he had sailed under the skull and crossbones in his time. It had never been a handsome face; the high cheekbones and enormous jowl told that at a glance. And not only had his nose been smashed flat by a blow from the butt end of a musket, but a hideous scar, inflicted by a cutlass slash, had left a deep purple cicatrix seaming it from temple to chin. It was a face that would have hanged the man on sight.

"If this wind holds, you'll be well clear of the river before sunrise, Mr. Wortley," the ex-pirate was saying in his deep, rasping voice. "And you may tell the prince that those twenty-one cases of French muskets are hid safely in the cave underneath the arbour yonder, where it would take Master Hickerman half a lifetime to ferret 'em out, for all his cunning, the rat!"

He spat out the name of the Excise officer with such extraordinary venom that both men looked at him.

"Hickerman has been stationed at Widewater scarce a month," said the squire. "How has he managed to get so deeply into your bad books, Trunch, in so short a time?"

"A month! Ha! Mine is a hatred more than ten years old!" snarled the man, banging his fist on the table and making the glasses ring. "He was mate aboard a king's ship in those days; one we foolishly engaged as we ran out of a fog-bank alongside her not recking what she was. It was Hickerman gave me this!" He laid a finger on the scar. "But wait! He does not know who I am, and one night he will be found missing—Kit Trunch never forgets!"

Mr. Wortley shuddered, and the squire changed the subject.

"Then your story of the duel was all bunkum, Harry!" he said, helping himself from the punch-bowl.

"Absolutely; but the pursuit is true enough—too much so for my liking," said Wortley, glancing nervously at the window. "If I am caught I shall die on Tower Hill, or Tyburn Tree. From the moment I left my Lord Trimmingham's house with the jewels, they were on my track, and it is little more than ten miles betwixt this and Danbury."

"Tut, tut, Harry, they will never find you here," laughed the squire, pushing the bowl towards him. "Sleep is what you are needing, and some of this good 'Dutch courage,' man. But what of these jewels?"

The Jacobite agent lifted his valise on to the table.

"They are the Trimmingham heirlooms, and will raise £10,000, in France," he said. "Money for the expedition is what the prince stands most in need of—look!"

He opened the wallet, and took from it at random one of a number of small bags of chamois leather, the contents of which he emptied out.

Diamonds and rubies, a great chain of enormous emeralds, and a rope of pearls glittered in the candle-light.

"These I am to deliver to Mr. Rutledge, the banker, at Dunkirk, who will deal with them," said Wortley, replacing the treasures, and setting the valise beside his chair. "Here's your health;

Trunch, and a blessing on that stout brig of yours that has come in the very nick of time for me!"

He had barely swallowed a mouthful, when there came a sudden, stern voice from the lane outside:

"Halt!"

"Just powers! They have got me!" cried the Jacobite agent. "Hide me, Trunch, or I am a dead man!"

"Silence!" said the ex-pirate sharply, and not without a slight curl of contempt about his mouth. "My gate is fastened. But what is this?" He turned to the opposite end of the long room where someone was tapping impatiently on the window. "Stand you over there, in case I be wrong, though it sounds more like friend than foe."

He unbarred the shutter cautiously, to see two blurred, white faces against the glass. Wiping away the steam with his cuff, he recognised Jack and Billy, and opened the casement without noise.

"The dragoons are riding down the lane!" announced Jack, in a breathless whisper. "Hickerman's boat is off Oyster Ridge—we can tell it by the way the rowers are pulling, and they're making for the creek!"

Christopher Trunch drew his breath and looked up at the sky.

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"You lads have found your way here!" he said quickly, bending over the low sill. "You must take this gentleman back with you at once, and put him aboard yonder brig. 'Twill be ten minutes before Hickerman draws alongside, for he'll have to thread the outer channel, and the Gannet will be under way by then. Say,—'The Old Man's message is "cast off"!'" They'll know. But beware of the dog when you reach the ship. My three were poisoned last night! Now, sir!"

He pointed into the darkness and Harry Wortley climbed out.

"Stap my vitals!" gasped Dashwood, taking refuge in another bumper of that powerful punch. "How have they found him?"

"How will they lose him is more to the point!" snarled Trunch. "Those boys are sharp-witted and know the water well. Mr. Wortley may thank his lucky stars they thought to bring us warning. Sit ye quiet, squire; I may have to let the redcoats in, but 'tis not you they are wanting, remember! I can hear them surrounding the house now!"

Stooping low as they ran, the friendly wind carrying all sound away over the marsh at the back of the lonely dwelling, Jack and Billy, blissfully innocent that they were aiding the escape of one of the king's enemies, brought Harry Wortley to the bank down which they slid.

It was a business after their own hearts, and, as if to make things easier, a sulky moon chose that moment to rise through the ragged clouds across the river.

It showed them the brig, forty yards out, and also the ship's boat was no longer on the beach where they had first seen it. As they shoved off, a whirl of sparks from a pipe on the Gannet's deck told them the crew must be aboard, and that their own coming would be known.

"Ship your oar, Billy!" whispered Jack, as the skiff ran under the brig's counter, and he grasped the gunwale to bring her close in.

No sooner did he do so, however, than a heavy hand fell on his own, and a man who had crouched there thrust the muzzle of a pistol against his breast.

"What do you want here?" he demanded. Then he recognised the boy.

"Oh, it's you, Master Curiosity, is it?"

"This gentleman is coming aboard. The Old Man sends you the word to 'cast off,'" replied Jack.

The seaman started.

"So, 'tis that way, is it?" he cried, blowing one short note on a silver whistle, which brought several others tumbling out of the cabin, headed by a huge black hound.

Billy helped the fugitive on board.

As Harry Wortley threw one leg over the starboard gunwale, a stern voice boomed out: "In the King's name!" and the square shoulders of Dan Hickerman appeared on the opposite side of the brig against the moonlight!

The bold man had already found his footing on the gunwale, and, pistol in hand, was about to jump down on to the brig's deck, when a low voice sounded from the bows:

"Brutus!"

The next moment, with a blood-curdling howl, a black hound sprang at Hickerman's throat.

The animal missed by an inch, for the Excise officer had recoiled before the unexpected attack, and the watchers heard the snap of the powerful jaws. But Hickerman had lost his balance beyond recovery, and, with a pair of wildly waving arms and a terrific oath, fell backwards out of sight.

From the darkness below came a clamour of startled voices, followed by a mighty splash, and the boys let go their hold.

"Odds life! Hickey's chosen a cold night for a swim!" grinned Billy Jepp, as the current swept the skiff away down-stream. "They've cut their mooring rope, too, and the brig's moving! What's that they're shouting from the Excise boat? They've got Hickey, but it won't be easy to haul him in."

The angry words were carried away on the wind, and before the two chums had drifted fifty yards, the Gannet had shaken out her topsails, turned round in obedience to the steersman's tiller, and was gliding silently past them on her way to the open sea.

A quarter of a mile below the creek the ribs of a sunk barge lay on the mud at low water mark, and the boys pulled under the lee of the wreckage, which served a double purpose.

"This will give us shelter from the wind, and no chance of being discovered," said Jack. "We'll be snugger here than poor old Hickerman's feeling just now, and we mustn't show our noses before the tide makes."

*(Jack and Billy have done the squire a good turn, if nothing else! Look out for more hair-raising thrills in next week's gripping adventure story by Morton Pike.)*

# THE HIGH HAND!

(Continued from page 24.)

## THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

### The High Hand!

"**W**E'RE going to win!"  
 "You bet!"  
 "It's a dead cert!"  
 "The deadfulness of the esteemed cert." said Murree Janset Ram Singh, "is truly terrific!"

It was Saturday—the day fixed for the captain's election. Seldom or never had even a captain's election caused such excitement at Greyfriars.

The whole school buzzed with it. Electioneering was hardly needed. It was known that there was going to be not only a majority, but a tremendous majority for Sykes of the Sixth.

The only doubtful point had been whether Sykes would "put up" or not. That was settled now. Sykes had not been able to resist the urgings of his friends, and the emphatically expressed opinion of all Greyfriars.

Prout certainly had given him a strong hint that he did not desire Loder's election to be opposed. It was rather a delicate matter to disregard a strong hint from the headmaster. Still, as plenty of fellows pointed out, it was no business of Prout's.

Anyhow, Sykes was "up" to the general satisfaction.

The election had been fixed for four o'clock in Big Hall. Fellows who went out of gates were warned not to fail to turn up in time. Huge as the prospective majority was, it was to be made

as overwhelming as possible, if only to show Loder what the school thought of him—and Prout, too, for that matter!

As it was a half-holiday, Harry Wharton & Co. walked over to Cliff House to see Marjorie & Co. there. But they had to resist an invitation to stay to tea. At three-thirty the doors of Big Hall were to be open; and at exactly half-past three they meant to be on the spot. So it was a few minutes before the half-hour when the Famous Five strolled back cheerfully in at the gates of Greyfriars.

They expected to see an army converging on Big Hall. Instead of which, they beheld groups of fellows in the quad, all talking excitedly and not a glance turned towards Big Hall.

"Something's up!" said Harry Wharton.

"But what—?"  
 "Hallo, hallo, hallo! Bunter, what's up?" roared Bob Cherry.

"The election—"  
 "What about it?"  
 "It's off!"

"Off!" roared the Famous Five, with one voice.

"I say, you fellows, it's a rotten shame!" said Bunter. "Loder's captain of the school—"

"What!"  
 "Prout's put up a notice on the board—"

Without waiting to hear more, the Famous Five raced for the House.

There was a crowd before the big notice-board. A notice was pinned up there, in the hand of Mr. Prout, temporary headmaster. They saw Sykes of the Sixth come along, stare at

that notice, shrug his shoulders, and walk away. They shoved through the crowd, with a plentiful use of elbows and shoulders, and got a view of the document that had astonished and exasperated all Greyfriars.

It ran  
 "In view of the fact that the absence of G. Wingate, captain of the school, is only temporary, it has been decided not to hold an election to replace him. G. Loder, Sixth Form, is appointed captain of Greyfriars' pro tem.

"Signed, P. Prout,  
 "Headmaster."

Harry Wharton & Co. gazed at that precious announcement speechlessly. It was the high hand—with a vengeance!

Wharton found his voice at last. "No election—Loder appointed captain!" he stammered.

"Shame!" roared Bob Cherry. "The shameful is terrific."

"Down with Loder!" shouted Johnny Bull.

"Down with Prout!" yelled the Bounder. Greyfriars was seething with indignation from end to end. Even Loder, as he listened in his study to the roar from the quad, was dismayed.

THE END.

(With Gerald Loder as captain of Greyfriars, Harry Wharton & Co. are booked for a very warm time, what? Don't miss: "THE GREYFRIARS STORM-TROOPS!" which will appear in next week's BUMPER FREE GIFT NUMBER of the MAGNET; chums!)

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