

Another Great **FREE GIFT** Number!

The **MAGNET** 2^D

No. 1,392. Vol. XLVI.

EVERY SATURDAY.

Week Ending October 20th, 1934.

**The Sheriff's
THUMBPRINT RECORDER**

**The Sheriff's
THUMB-
PRINT
RECORDER**

**NOVEL
FREE
GIFT
INSIDE!**

A THUMBPRINT IS INFALLIBLE AS
A MEANS OF IDENTIFICATION
TWO PERSONS THUMBPRINTS
EXACTLY ALIKE



THE GREYFRIARS STORM-TROOPS.

By
FRANK RICHARDS

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

The Lion and the Lamb!

"HERE comes Loder!"

"Blow Loder!" said Harry Wharton crossly.

It was games practice on Little Side at Greyfriars. As it was a "compulsory" day, all the Remove had turned up. It was Harry Wharton's duty, as captain of the Form, to see that they did, and he had done his duty. Billy Bunter had been rooted out of the tuckshop; Skinner & Co. out of the box-room, whither they had retired to smoke cigarettes; Lord Mauleverer off his study sofa; Fisher T. Fish from his account-books. The rest of the Remove did not need rooting out; they were all keen on the winter game. Now they were gathered on the junior football ground, ready to get going, when Loder of the Sixth appeared in the offing.

Harry Wharton glanced round at him, with knitted brows.

Like most Greyfriars fellows, he was fed-up with Loder.

Loder was a bully at the best of times. And just now Greyfriars was going through the worst of times, with "old Wingate" away, and Loder reigning in his place as head prefect and captain of the school.

On the football field, at least, a fellow had a right to expect to keep clear of him.

But Loder, it seemed, was not to be kept clear off.

With his official ashplant under his arm—the ashplant he was exceedingly keen on handling—he came striding—or, rather, swaggering—on the scene.

"I say, you fellows—" began Billy Bunter.

"Shut up, Bunter, and get into your place!"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Look here, Loder's not going to

blow him!"

"Blow Loder!" said Harry Wharton crossly.

"The too-muchfulness is terrific!" sighed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Give him a yell!" suggested the Bounder.

"Give him the footer!" said Bob. "Couldn't we land it on his boko—by accident, of course?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hold on!" said Harry Wharton hastily. "We don't want a row! Prout always backs the brute up, right or wrong!"

"Bother Prout!" snapped the Bounder. "Who cares for Prout?"

"Oh, don't be an ass, Smithy! We've got to care for him, now that he's carrying on in the Head's place," said Frank Nugent.

"We're not going to stand Loder here, anyhow!" said Vernon-Smith. "And I'll jolly well tell him so if he butts in!"

"Let's get going!" said Peter Todd.

"Oh, wait for the brute to come up!" said Harry Wharton resignedly. "After all, he's head of the games, now that that pompous old ass Prout has appointed him captain of the school. If he wants to take the practice, we can't stop him."

"Blow him!"

"Bother him!"

"Bless him!"

But those remarks were made in low tones as Loder of the Sixth drew near. Loder was a power in the land these days, and even the reckless Bounder was not keen on trouble with him.

"Slacking about, as usual—what?" said Loder, as he arrived. "Hanging about with your hands in your pockets instead of getting down to footer!"

The juniors made no answer to that. They knew that Loder was aware that they had seen him coming, and waited for him to arrive. What Loder wanted was a cheeky answer as a pretext for handling the ashplant, so they did not give him one.

"I'm taking this practice," went on Loder, "and I can tell you, to begin with, that you're not going to be allowed to slack about, as you did in Wingate's time! Got that?"

"The gotfulness is terrific, my esteemed Loder!" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"I—I say, Loder," ventured Billy Bunter—"I—I say, I'm not feeling very well this afternoon."

Loder looked at the fat Owl of the Remove.

"Shut up, you fat duffer!" breathed Bob Cherry.

Bunter had already tried it on with the captain of the Remove, in the hope of getting off games practice. He was not likely to succeed with Loder when he had failed with Wharton.

But hope springs eternal in the human breast. The remotest chance of getting out of anything in the nature of exertion was good enough for Bunter.

"I've had a pain!" went on Bunter hopefully. "I've told Wharton so, and he takes no notice, Loder! You being head of the games—"

"You've had a pain?" repeated Loder.

In his new position as head prefect and captain of Greyfriars, Gerald Loder, the biggest bully who ever stepped in two shoes, is determined to make Harry Wharton & Co., his old enemies in the Remove, "sit up!" But it's not so easy as it looks, as Loder very soon realises!

"Yes. It's this damp weather, you know," explained Bunter. "A touch of pneumonia in my ankle—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the footballers. Everybody had been looking serious; but seriousness vanished when the Owl of the Remove announced that he was suffering from the remarkable complaint of pneumonia in the ankle!

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" said Billy Bunter warmly. "I can tell you it's fearfully painful! And—and it's looking like more rain, Loder, and—and rain's bad for rheumatism—I mean, pneumonia—and—"

"And you'd like to cut practice?" asked Loder genially.

"Yes, please, Loder!"

"You've really got a pain?"

"Yes, awful!" said Bunter eagerly.

The fat Owl was far too obtuse to see that Loder was simply playing with him like a cat with a mouse.

"Is it anything like that?" asked Loder, suddenly whipping the ashplant from under his arm and taking a swipe at the fat figure that filled Bunter's football garb almost to bursting.

"Yaroooh!" roared Bunter.

He hopped.

"Or like that?" asked Loder, taking another swipe.

"Whoo-hooooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Pain gone now?" asked Loder.

"Or—"

"Oh! Ow! Yes! Quite!" gasped Bunter. "Oh lor'!"

"Good! Anybody else got any yarn to spin for getting out of games practice?" asked Loder, glancing round, ashplant in hand.

There was no reply. Billy Bunter wriggled away dismally, with a real pain in the place of an imaginary one. No other slacker was obtuse enough to "try it on" with Loder.

"Well, pick up sides, and get going!" said the new captain of Greyfriars. "And if there's any slacking, remember that I'm here to touch you up! Get down to it!"

And the Remove footballers got down to it, under the eye of Gerald Loder. Under that watchful eye there was certainly not likely to be any slacking; even Lord Mauleverer and Billy Bunter exerted themselves, and Skinner and Snoop played up almost as if they loved football.

Which ought to have pleased Loder as a dutiful head of the games, keen to see the Lower School excel at Soccer. But it did not please him in the least; for, in point of fact, he took no interest whatever in junior football, and was only there to bully and pay off scores against his old enemies in the Remove.

So nobody was surprised when his cane suddenly rang on Harry Wharton's football shorts and elicited a wild yell from him.

"Buck up there!" said Loder. "Don't loaf about!"

"You rotten bully!" roared the captain of the Remove. "Who's loafing, you lying toad?"

It was a case of the wolf and the lamb over again, and the most lamb-like of lambs could not have escaped that particular wolf.

"What's that?" roared Loder. "Is that how you talk to a prefect, you young scoundrel?"

"Go and eat coke, you bullying rotter!"

Loder raised his cane and pointed to the distant House.

"Cut this, Wharton, and go to my study and wait for me there!"

Harry Wharton paused, clenching his hands. It was sheer tyranny, and nothing else. As captain of the Form,

he had to be present at the Form practice. Still, there was no doubt that the head of the games had a right to order him off. Frank Nugent gave him an anxious look. Loder was in the wrong, but all the authority of the school was behind him, both as head prefect and captain of Greyfriars. Resistance, in fact, was impossible. And Harry Wharton, after a brief hesitation, set his teeth, threw on a coat, and walked away towards the House.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Just Like Loder!

GERALD LODER smiled cheerfully.

He was rather enjoying this junior practice.

A slacker of the first water, Loder had no idea whatever of carrying out

This Special Free Gift Issue

Contains A

Thumbprint Recording Outfit

—the latest item in our

FREE SHERIFF'S OUTFIT

If you follow out the instructions carefully this unique recorder will register thumbprints just as well as those used by present-day detectives.

A Sheriff's Star, an Invisible Writing Pencil, and a Novel Six-Shooter—the first three items in our Sheriff's Outfit—have already been PRESENTED FREE to "Magnet" readers. If you failed to get them, you should see your newsagent right away and ask him to get you copies of the MAGNET for last week and the week before.

Another Free Gift in Next Saturday's MAGNET, Boys!

the duties of the captain of the school. The privileges of the position were enough for him, without the duties attached.

Mr. Prout, the temporary headmaster, had every confidence in Loder, who knew how to pull his portly leg. Nobody else had any.

Nothing would have induced Loder to take any real trouble with the junior players, as Wingate had always done in his time. He did not care two straws whether the Remove played Soccer, or whether they played marbles.

But he did care, a good deal, for "throwing his weight" about, and making himself feared, and making fellows he disliked "sit up."

Which he now proceeded to do in full measure.

At games practice there could be no lack of pretexts. "Slacking" was an easy excuse every time. Loder being sole judge whether a fellow was slacking, and there being no appeal from his judgment, he had the whole crowd just

where he wanted them, so to speak. The fact that he picked on the most strenuous members of the Remove, and left the real slackers alone, was evident to all, but that made no difference.

Whack!

Bob Cherry gave a roar.

"What the thump—"

"Get a move on!" said Loder coolly.

"Do you think I'm going to stand about watching you fizzle and fumble!"

"Oh, shut up!" roared Bob.

Whack!

Bob clenched his hands.

"I've had enough of your rotten slacking, Cherry!" said Loder. "Get off the field, and go and wait in my study!"

"I'm here for games practice!" yelled Bob.

"Do as I tell you, and at once!"

Like his Form captain, Bob hesitated. But there was no help for it, and he went. Loder smiled as he caught the eyes of Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Janset Ram Singh fixed on him.

He knew what those three members of the famous Co. were thinking and feeling. And their turn was coming!

Billy Bunter or Skinner would have rejoiced at being sent off. But, it was a very different matter with the Famous Five. They took Soccer seriously, and they had the Highcliffe match to get ready for, and they did not want to cut a practice. Which was why the bully of Greyfriars was determined that they should cut it.

"We're for it, you men!" whispered Herbert Vernon-Smith. "Loder's here to muck it up. You can see that."

"The unspeakable rotter!" breathed Johnny Bull.

"We're all goin' to get it in turn. Let's give him an excuse, as he's so keen."

"Good egg!" murmured Bob.

"Play up, there!" shouted Loder. "Don't hang about, whispering and mumbling! You lazy, slacking, young sweeps, get a move on, or I'll come and warm you up!"

The four juniors got a move on—all at once! In a bunch they charged at Gerald Loder!

That sudden charge was unexpected on Loder's part, though really he might have expected something of the sort sooner or later.

Four hefty juniors crashed into him, with an effect like that of a battering-ram.

Loder flew!

There was a crash, as he landed on his back on the football field, and a roar of laughter from the Remove.

"Man down!" yelled Peter Todd.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Nugent, Hurree Singh, Johnny Bull, and the Bounder, all fell over Loder as he sprawled. They fell rather heavily.

"Oooooogh!" spluttered the new captain of Greyfriars. "Wooogh! Gerroff! I—I'll skin you! Urrrgh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Will you get off?" shrieked Loder.

The juniors got off—not in a hurry! The Bounder trod on Loder's face in getting up, leaving there an impression of a muddy football boot! Johnny Bull and Hurree Singh trampled on his legs. Nugent rested a knee on his waistcoat. It took them a full minute to get off Loder—and the bully of the Sixth did not enjoy one of those sixty seconds!

He sat up dizzily.

He groped for his cane. But it had vanished. The Bounder had grabbed it and sent it whirling into the distance.

"Urrrgh!" gurgled Loder.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Loder staggered to his feet.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,302.

"You young scoundrels—urrgh—you young hooligans—wurrgh—go to the House at once! Wait in my study till I come—urrghgh!"

"Any old thing!" drawled the Bounder.

And the four juniors walked away.

Loder stood gasping for breath. He had intended to invent an excuse for sending them off, and telling them to wait in his study till he came there to give them "six" for slacking. But he had not expected to be saved the trouble of inventing an excuse in this drastic way.

"Bunter!"

"Oh! I say, Loder, I never—I didn't—I wasn't—" gasped Billy Bunter, in alarm.

"Go and get my cane!"

"Oh! Yes, Loder!"

Billy Bunter went in search of the ashplant. He found it, and returned with it, and handed it to Loder—who rewarded him with a lick round his fat legs, which made him hop and yell.

Loder had been unpleasant before. He was more unpleasant than ever now. He was very, very careful not to get in the way of a charge—he was on his guard in that direction. But it was sufficient for any fellow to get within his reach for a lick from the cane to be administered. Which was probably the reason why Squiff of the Remove, getting the ball at his feet, shot an unexpected goal. Sampson Quincy Ifley Field had had two or three licks from the cane, and did not want any more.

A rather damp and muddy footer flew from Squiff's foot, and there was a roar from the juniors as it landed on Loder's ear.

"Goal!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Loder sat down quite suddenly.

"I say, you fellows, Loder's got it! He, he, he!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Loder bounced up.

"That was you, Field!" he roared, and he made a rush at the junior from New South Wales.

Squiff grinned, and walked off the field.

"Go to my study and wait for me there!" roared Loder after him.

"Todd"—he gave Peter a glare—"what are you laughing at?"

"You, Loder!" answered Peter cheerfully.

"Go to my study—"

"And wait for you there!" said Peter.

"Speech may be taken as read!"

And Todd walked off.

The chief members of the Remove football eleven were now off the ground, which was no doubt Loder's object. No more were sent off; but the ashplant was kept merrily at work.

By the time that practice was over there was hardly a Removite who was not longing to lynch Loder of the Sixth. But Loder, when he tucked the ashplant under his arm at last and walked off, was feeling satisfied.

Probably he would not have felt so satisfied had he been aware of what was happening in his study.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Desperate Measures!

HARRY WHARTON tapped at the door of the Head's study.

The deep, fruity voice of Mr. Prout, master of the Fifth, bade him enter. The temporary headmaster of Greyfriars was seated at Dr. Locke's writing-table, looking very

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,392.

plump and portly and important. All Greyfriars knew that Prout rejoiced in his temporary greatness, and "fancied" himself playing headmaster in the Head's study. Probably it never occurred to his majestic mind that he was generally alluded to as "that old ass, Prout!"

Outwardly, at least, the fellows had to treat him with the respect due to a headmaster, and the whole staff of masters played up, making the best of it, while they yearned for the return of Dr. Locke. Only one member of the staff had refused to bow the knee to Baal, so to speak, and that one, Mr. Quelch, the Remove master, had had to leave. Prout reigned supreme, and his most trusted prefect was Loder of the Sixth, whom he had appointed captain of the school in Wingate's absence. That action alone would have convinced the Greyfriars fellows, if they had needed convincing, that Prout was the world's prize ass.

Mr. Prout frowned a little as Wharton entered. Loder had his ear, in all matters; and Loder did not give him good reports of the Remove. Prout was very dissatisfied with that Form.

"What is it, Wharton?" he asked, rather sharply.

Wharton, as he looked at the genial, but obtuse countenance of Prout, felt that it was not of much use to make an appeal to that gentleman. However, that was what he had come there to do, so he got on with it.

"I have an appeal to make, sir," he answered.

Prout unbent considerably.

An appeal to the Head was quite in order, and in making it the captain of the Remove was treating him as a genuine headmaster—the real goods, as it were!

"You may proceed, Wharton!" he said quite graciously.

"It's games practice for the Remove this afternoon, sir," said Harry. "Loder of the Sixth has stepped in and—"

Prout raised his hand.

"Loder of the Sixth is now Head of the Games, Wharton," he said. "All such matters are under his control."

"Yes, sir; but—"

"Do you mean that Loder is taking the practice?"

"Yes; but—"

"Surely you have no complaint to make of that, Wharton!" exclaimed Mr. Prout severely. "Loder has many duties in his hands, and it is kind of him, and dutiful of him, to take a junior practice."

"Yes, sir; but—"

"Wingate did so very often, when he was here," said Mr. Prout. "But I think I see what the trouble is. Wingate, I believe, was excessively easy-going, while Loder is tightening things up a little. I quite understand. But this has my full approval, Wharton."

"It's not that, sir," said Harry. "Loder makes out that fellows slack."

"Quite what I expected to hear!" said Mr. Prout dryly. "You must really not expect to be allowed to slack, Wharton! I am really surprised that you should desire to do so. Remember, my boy, that you belong to a great school, with a great tradition in games, and that it is your duty, and should be your pleasure, to endeavour to live up to this great tradition and make yourself worthy of it."

If it had been permissible for a Lower Fourth junior to call his headmaster an ass, Wharton would doubtless have done so at that moment.

"Nobody wants to slack, sir," said Wharton, as patiently as he could. "Loder has butted in to bully—"

"Wharton!"

"He has sent me off the field for slacking, and told me to wait in his study. For that reason, sir, I appeal to you. I have to be present as captain of the Form, and—"

"I am astonished, Wharton, that you have the audacity to make an appeal to me when, on your own statement, you have been sent off the field for slacking!" said Mr. Prout sternly.

"Loder was lying, sir!" snapped Wharton.

"Wha-at?"

"He knew I was not slacking. It was only an excuse for bullying. I am appealing to you, sir, to keep Loder from interfering and mucking up our footer."

Prout rose to his feet in majestic wrath.

"You dare, Wharton, to make such an accusation against my head prefect, whom I have appointed captain of the school!"

"Certainly I do, sir, and the other fellows will tell you the same. Now that our Form-master is gone we have no one to appeal to but you."

"You say that Loder has told you to wait in his study. To be punished, I presume?"

"Yes, sir."

"In that case," said Prout, "I shall not cane you myself for your insolence, Wharton, as otherwise I should certainly do. Not another word. Go at once to Loder's study and wait for him there!"

"But, sir—"

"Not another word!" boomed Prout.

"Go!"

Wharton set his lips and went. He had known that it was useless, and now there was no doubt about that. All Greyfriars knew that Loder led Prout by the nose.

The captain of the Remove was breathing hard as he made his way, slowly, to the Sixth Form passage. Evidently, there was no help from Prout!

There was a buzz of voices in Loder's study when he arrived there.

Seven fellows were in the study, and they all looked at him as he entered.

"You fellows sent in, too?" asked Harry.

"Loder's making a clean sweep!" answered Bob Cherry.

"The clean sweepfulness is terrific!"

"I've been to Prout," said Harry, biting his lip. "There's nothing doing. He backs up that cad and bully all along the line."

"Fat lot of good going to Prout!" growled Johnny Bull. "Everybody knows that Loder has him in his pocket."

"Well, we can't stand too much of this—though, goodness knows what is going to be done," said the captain of the Remove.

"Footer practice mucked up!" said Nugent. "And here we are, kicking our heels and waiting to be whopped."

"It's too jolly thick!" remarked Squiff. "We shall have to find some way of cutting Loder's claws."

"Not so jolly easy," grunted Peter Todd.

The Bounder did not speak. He was wandering round Loder's study, with his hands in his pockets, a thoughtful look on his face, and a rather unpleasant glitter in his eyes.

There was a tincture of evil in Smithy's nature, and Loder's tyranny roused it. The other fellows were angry and indignant; but they simply did not see what could be done. But Herbert Vernon-Smith was a fellow to stop at very little when he felt himself wronged.

He stopped at Loder's table and jerked at the drawer in it. The drawer

came bodily out and fell on the floor, the contents scattering over the carpet. All the other fellows looked round at Smithy.

"Not much good ragging the study, old man," said Squiff. "That may only make it a flogging, instead of a whopping."

"Loder's taking care, these days," said the Bounder, glancing at the pens, pencils, papers, and other oddments that had fallen out of the table drawer. "He used to keep smokes and other things in this drawer, and keep it locked. Member how I got the things out last week and plastered them all over the study?"

"Loder isn't likely to let that happen twice!" said Wharton, with a shrug of the shoulders. "Even Prout was staggered when he saw the things, and Loder had to do some hard lying to pull through."

"A leopard doesn't change his spots, or an Ethiopian his skin," answered the Bounder coolly. "Loder's taking more care, but he's the same old Loder. I'll bet there's plenty of things elsewhere in this study to get him the sack, if Prout knew."

"Well, he's a frightful brute, but I don't think I'd give him away to the Beak!" said Bob slowly. "That's rather outside!"

"Is it?" said the Bounder unpleasantly. "Well, if you fancy that I'm going to have my footer mucked up and take lickings out of kind consideration for Loder you've got it wrong. I'm going to hit back, just as hard as I can, and if Loder gets knocked out he can console himself by remembering that he asked for it, and begged and prayed for it. There will be a lot of dry eyes at Greyfriars if he gets sacked."

"Lots and lots," agreed Nugent. "But—"

"If there's anything here it's under lock and key," said Harry. "There's a limit, Smithy! Wash it out, old chap!"

"I'd rather wash Loder out," said the Bounder coolly. He stepped to the study door and put his hand on the key. "If you fellows funk backin' me up, get out, while the goin's good. I'm goin' to do my level best to make Loder understand that the Remove are dangerous game. You fellows can please yourselves."

"Nobody here is going to funk," said Bob. "But—"

The Bounder shut the door and locked it.

Harry Wharton & Co. watched him rather uneasily. They shared, to the full, his bitter resentment, and his lathing of Loder. But there was no doubt that the Bounder, when his back was up, was the fellow to carry retaliation rather far. Still, no fellow there was inclined to get out and hunt safety.

Vernon-Smith tried Loder's desk. It was, as he expected, locked. It was a rather strong oak desk, standing in a corner of the study, by the window.

"Look here, you can't really break a lock, old man!" urged Bob Cherry, as the Bounder grasped the desk. "It's rather too thick!"

"It might burst open of its own accord!" remarked the Bounder.

"How could it, fathead?"

"Well, this might help!" said Smithy, and he sent the desk crashing over on its side, with a terrific crash.

**THE FOURTH CHAPTER.
A Record Rag!**

CRASH!
"Oh, my hat!"
"My esteemed Smithy—"
"Smithy, you ass—"
The Bounder did not heed.

That crash, terrific as it was, did not cause the desk to burst open. If it contained any guilty secrets of Loder of the Sixth, it still hid them from sight. But Herbert Vernon-Smith was not finished yet.

He picked up a chair by the back, and crashed it down on the fallen desk. A leg flew off the chair, and clattered on Loder's looking-glass, starring it in the centre.

"You're breaking up the happy home," grinned Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, we're all in this," said Harry Wharton. "We can't let Smithy down; and I suppose every fellow here would like to rag Loder. Pile in, and wreck the study. The blighter may be sorry he sent us here when he sees it."

"Hear, hear!"

"Good egg!"

Without the reckless Bounder's example, it was probable that the juniors would not have thought of that rather wild proceeding. But there was no doubt that it appealed keenly to all of them.

"May as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb," remarked Bob Cherry, as he picked up Loder's clock, and whizzed it across the study.

Crash! Smash!

"Over with the bookcase!" said Johnny Bull. "We shall get the licking of our lives for this, so we may as well take it out of Loder while we've got the chance."

"Yes, rather!"

"The ratherfulness is terrific!"

"We mayn't get the licking, either, if this desk comes open by accident," said the Bounder coolly. "I fancy there's things in that desk that Loder doesn't want even a blind old ass like Prout to see."

"It won't come open by accident," said Squiff.

"I'm going to see that there's an accident, old bean. Get the legs off that table!"

"Oh crikey!"

Loder's study table was up-ended. The Removites were warming to the work now, and fairly letting themselves go.

The legs, with some effort, were wrenched off the table. Smithy took one of them, and, using it as a club, crashed at the desk.

Crash! Bang!
Crash, crash!
Bang!

It was a terrific din, and not likely to pass unnoticed for long in the Sixth Form passage. Most of the Sixth were out of the House, but any who remained in could not fail to become aware that something of a very unusual nature was going on. Footsteps were heard in the passage outside; and the door handle was turned. Then the voice of James Walker of the Sixth came through.
"What's all this? Who's in there?"

"Find out!" called back the Bounder.

"Open this door at once!"

"Go and eat coke!"

"I know your voice, Vernon-Smith! I'll whop you for that!" shouted Walker.

"Oh, shut up!"

Crash, crash! Bang!

"What on earth's that thundering row?" It was Carne of the Sixth this time. "What is it, Jimmy?"

"Fags ragging in Loder's study," answered Walker.

Crash, crash, crash! No desk ever designed was likely to stand such usage for long. Loder's desk began to split all over, under the hefty smites of the table-leg wielded by the Bounder.

"Great Scott! They seem to be smashing up the place!" exclaimed Carne. He thumped on the door. "Here, let us in, you young rascals!"

"Go round to the window if you want some of Loder's smokes!" answered Vernon-Smith. "I'll chuck some out to you!"

"Oh, gad!" gasped Carne.

Crash! Bang! Crash! Smash! Loder's desk lay almost in fragments, and all sorts of things lay among the ruins.

Among other things was a box of cigarettes burst open, and shedding its contents over the carpet, and two or three numbers of the "Racing Tipster," and a dice-box.

"Oh crumbs!" yelled Bob Cherry, as he saw them. "Prout would jump if he spotted that little lot."

"He's going to spot them," said the Bounder coolly.

"Get on with the good work, old beans!" said Squiff. "This means a flogging from Prout, so make it worth while."

Outside the study Walker and Carne looked at one another. There was a fresh series of bangs and crashes within. Loder's study, evidently, was being wrecked.

(Continued on next page.)

BOYS! THROW YOUR VOICE



into a trunk, under the bed or anywhere. Lots of fun fooling teacher, policeman or friends, etc.

THE VENTRILO

A little instrument fits in the mouth out of sight, used with above for Bird Calls, etc. Anyone can use it. Never Fails. A full course book on Ventriloquism, together with



the Ventrilo, all for 1/- plus postage 1½d. English stamps may be sent.

CATALOGUE OF NOVELTIES SENT FREE
Write name and address plainly.

ELLISDON & SON (F) 125, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1

FOOTBALL JERSEYS



Full Size, Stripes, Plain Shades, Aston Villa, and United designs. Post Paid. Per doz. **12/6**
Superior qualities 15/6, 21/- per doz.

SPECIAL OFFER.
HIDE FOOTBALLS (18 panels), Complete with best Bladder. Post Paid. 5/6

JAMES GROSE, Ltd.
379-381, Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

TELL FATHER



about the wonderful times you and your chums can have at home with a Riley Billiard Table. 8/- down brings delivery on 7 days' free trial. Balance monthly. Write for art list.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Belmont Works, ACCRINGTON,
or Dept. 33, 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1.

32 Free Billiard Tables. Send for details.

GRANDFATHER'S WHISKERS!



GREAT 3 in 1 PUZZLE- GAME

Here's a topping game, something entirely new that will keep you amused for hours. Any number of players can take part. No skill, no intricate rules—just plenty of excitement and laughter.

The pack contains 48 cards with brightly coloured pictures on the front which can be made into more than 1,000 uproariously funny figures. The backs of the cards form a series of six Jig-Type Puzzles, some of them simple and some more perplexing. Everyone will be searching for Grandfather's Whiskers this winter, so don't be without your pack and make sure to join in the fun and thrills of this intriguing new game.

**THE GREATEST AND
MOST AMUSING CARD
GAME EVER DEvised**



PRICE
1/-

On
Sale
Everywhere

Made by
John Waddington, Ltd.
Makers of the World's
Finest Playing Cards.

"Better fetch Prout," muttered Walker.

"Don't!" whispered Carne. "You heard what that young scoundrel said—they've rooted out old Gerald's smokes and things. He doesn't want Prout to see them."

"I—I suppose not. What about calling their new beak, Woose—that tame rabbit who came in Quelch's place?"

"Don't get any beak here, for goodness' sake! He would tell Prout."

"But we can't let this go on," said Walker.

"Looks as if we must."

"Have the carpet up!" It was the Bounder's voice. "Drape it out of the window."

"You'll get a crowd here, Smithy."

"That's what I want."

"But I say—"

"Fathead! The more the merrier! If we get a crowd outside, I'll pelt them with Loder's cigarettes."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, all right; go ahead!"

Walker and Carne, outside, heard a crashing of furniture, and a dragging sound as the carpet was torn up. Then they heard the window flung open.

They looked at one another with scared faces.

"This is getting awfully thick," muttered Walker. "I—I say, it will be a clear give-away for poor old Gerald! Know where he is?"

"Haven't the foggiest!"

"Well, I'll cut off and look for him. Perhaps he will know how to handle those young villains."

James Walker cut off. Outside the House he glanced round at Loder's study window. It was wide open, and a torn carpet was draped over the window-sill. Greyfriars fellows were gathering there, to stare—Shell fellows and Fourth Formers, fags of the Third and Second. Coker of the Fifth came up with Potter and Greene.

"Oh, my hat!" roared Coker. "Look at that!"

A handful of cigarettes whizzed out of the study window, and scattered over Horace Coker's head.

He jumped.

"Wha-a-at's that?" he ejaculated.

"Smokes!" gasped Potter.

Herbert Vernon-Smith looked out of the window. Fifty pairs of eyes were fixed on him from the quad.

"What's this game, Smithy?" yelled Temple of the Fourth.

Another handful of cigarettes fell like confetti.

"Loder's smokes!" breathed Greene of the Fifth. "My hat! If old Prout came along now—"

"We're clearing out Loder's study for him!" called out the Bounder from the window. "He told us to wait for him here, and we're tryin' to make ourselves useful while we wait. I suppose you fellows know that prefects ain't allowed to have smokes in their studies—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look out!" yelled Hobson of the Shell. "Here comes Loder!"

"Let him come!" said the Bounder coolly.

Loder, on his way from the Remove practice, was met by Walker, wild with excitement. What Walker had to tell him caused Loder to break into a frantic race to the House.

He sighted the laughing crowd under his study window, and came panting up to the spot. His eyes almost bulged from his head at the sight of the cigarettes scattered on the ground. Another handful, hurled by the Bounder, caught him in the face, and dropped all round him.

indeed, he would have had to be deaf to have remained unaware of it. Now he was coming to investigate. Nothing could have pleased Loder better, had he been the decent and dutiful prefect that Prout believed him to be—had he had no guilty secrets to be revealed to the temporary headmaster's horrified eyes. He gave a last desperate wrench at the knotted duster—in vain! Perhaps, at that awful moment, Loder repented that he had not left the Remove footballers alone! But it was too late to think of that! The elephantine tread stopped at his door.

"Now for the jolly old fireworks!" breathed Bob Cherry.

The Bounder grinned. "Leave it to Loder," he whispered. The door-handle turned; then came a heavy knock. The juniors, breathless, were silent. Following the knock came Prout's fruity voice:

"Loder! Are you there, Loder?"

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Leaving It to Loder!

LODER gasped. Never had a hapless bully and blackguard been placed in so parlous a position. He was glad from the bottom of his heart that the door was locked. He only dreaded that one of the juniors might unlock it and let Prout's eyes fall upon what was to be seen in the study.

He was not thinking now of getting them flogged or sacked for handling him and wrecking his study; he was only thinking desperately of saving his own wretched skin.

Loder was too thoroughly a bully to possess much in the way of real courage. He gave Vernon-Smith an imploring look as the Bounder reached out towards the door as if to open it.

"Loder!" came Prout's voice again.

Loder had to answer.

"Yes, sir?" he gasped.

"What is occurring here, Loder?"

"N-n-nothing, sir!" gasped Loder.

"I heard a noise, a din—in fact, an unparalleled uproar!" boomed Prout. "I understand that it proceeded from this study."

"Oh, no, not at all!" gasped Loder.

"Why do you not open your door, Loder? Why is your door locked? I fail to understand this, Loder! For what reason, Loder, are you keeping your door locked when your headmaster is here?"

There was a hint of rising wrath in Prout's boom.

"I—I—I—" stuttered Loder.

He did not know what to say. He dared not open the door. He was ready to go on his knees to the juniors he had persecuted and bullied to keep them from opening it. The open door meant the "sack" for Loder of the Sixth—the sack short and sharp!

"Loder, what—"

"I—I've lost my—my key, sir!" gasped Loder.

"What? If you have lost your door-key, Loder, it must be in your study, as the door is locked! What do you mean?"

"I—I mean it—it's been taken away, sir!"

"Your key has been taken away?"

"Ye-es, sir!"

"Does that mean that some mischievous boy has locked you in your study, Loder?" exclaimed Mr. Prout.

"Oh, yes, sir!" gasped Loder. "Exactly, sir! Some—some fag, sir, put the key on the outside and—and locked the door after I came in, sir!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,392.

I—I suppose he has cut off with—with the key!"

Harry Wharton & Co. looked at one another.

Wharton's lip curled with contempt; the Bounder shrugged his shoulders; Peter Todd grinned.

Loder was fairly landed in lies now. He had to give Prout some explanation why the door remained locked. That was the only explanation available. It placed him absolutely at the mercy of the juniors in the study. They had only to let Prout know that they were there and unlock the door.

Still, as that meant a terrific licking for wrecking the study Loder felt fairly safe in that quarter.

It was their cue to keep quiet and let the storm pass by—and on that Loder counted for their silence, at least.

"Extraordinary!" boomed Prout. "Unprecedented! The offender shall be severely punished—most severely! Have you any idea of his identity, Loder?"

"N-n-no, sir! I—I did not see him! I—I only heard the—the slam of the—the door!" stammered the wretched Loder.

"Was it one of the boys you sent to your study for punishment, do you think, Loder?"

Loder would have been glad to reply in the affirmative, but he dared not.

"No, sir, I—I think not, sir! I—I have no idea—"

"I will find out!" boomed Prout. "I will have the young rascal searched for immediately. But what, Loder, was the cause of the uproar that reached my ears a short time ago?"

"I—I don't know, sir."

"Has nothing occurred in your study?"

"N-n-no, sir!"

The Bounder winked at the other fellows, who grinned.

After that statement to Prout, Loder could scarcely report the study-wreckers to the headmaster.

For his own sake he had to keep dark the fact that there had been a tremendous rag in his study at all.

The Bounder's scheme was working out remarkably successfully. Loder had had six, instead of the juniors getting six each, and here he was making all safe for them.

"I certainly heard a very great disturbance," said Prout. "I fancied that the boys you sent to your study for punishment, Loder, might have done some damage. That is not the case?"

"No, sir!" almost groaned Loder.

"Monsieur Charpentier was under the impression that the disturbance was in your study, Loder."

"He—he—he was mistaken, sir."

"You are sure that nothing has occurred?"

"Oh, quite, sir!"

"Very well! I am very glad to hear it, Loder. I will now call the prefects and institute an inquiry for the key of your door."

"T-t-thank you, sir."

Prout rolled ponderously away. Loder fairly panted with relief as he heard him go.

"Well, of all the lying rotters, I think Loder takes the cake!" remarked Johnny Bull contemptuously.

"The cakefulness is terrific."

"We win!" grinned the Bounder.

"Looks like it!" chuckled Squiff.

"Are you going to whop us now, Loder?"

"Like us to call Prout back?" chortled Peter.

Loder gritted his teeth.

"Let me loose and get out of my study! I'll let you off; you can cut! Take this duster off my wrists!"

"Not going to whop us, old bean?" chuckled Bob.

"No!" hissed Loder. "Get out!"

"Take a tip from me and leave the Remove alone after this," said the Bounder. "We could have got you jolly well sacked if we'd liked—and you know it. You'll have to let this drop after the ocean of lies you've told Prout. Let it go at that, and don't begin again. See?"

Loder gave him an almost homicidal look, but he did not speak.

His look showed how very unlikely he was to leave the Remove alone after what had happened. But for the present his claws were cut. He was feverishly anxious for the juniors to go, and to get the proofs of his secret blackguardism out of sight.

Vernon-Smith unlocked the door.

He glanced out into the passage. Prout was gone.

"All clear!" grinned the Bounder.

He strolled out of the study, and the other fellows followed him.

"Let me loose, one of you!" Loder panted. "I say—"

Bob Cherry, always good-natured, turned back and untied the duster.

Loder, as soon as his hands were free, clenched them furiously.

Bob grinned at him.

"Prout's not far off," he remarked. "Want him called?"

"Get out!" snarled Loder.

Bob followed his friends.

Loder shut and locked the door after them; then he opened the window and dragged in the carpet. He glared out at the grinning crowd rather like a tiger from a cage.

"Clear off, the lot of you!" he snarled. "If I have to come out to you with a cane—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The crowd cleared off. Walker and Carne came round to the door of Loder's study, and he let them in. They had gathered up the cigarettes scattered in the quad, and now they helped Loder to gather up those scattered over the study floor.

"My hat! They've made a pretty wreck of your room, Gerald!" said Carne, glancing round at the scene of havoc.

Loder gritted his teeth.

"I'll make them sorry for it before long!" he said. "By gad, I'll make every one of the young scoundrels wish that he had never been born!"

"Better let them alone!" suggested Walker. "Those Remove kids are rather dangerous animals."

"Oh, shut up!"

Harry Wharton & Co. gathered to tea in Study No. 1 in the Remove in great spirits. Loder had "mucked up" footer practice; but Loder had suffered for his sins, and there was no doubt that he had got back a harder knock than he had given!

In the "war" between the bully of Greyfriars and the heroes of the Remove, the latter were keeping their end up, and rather more than keeping it up. Which was a source of great satisfaction to those cheery youths.

While Loder of the Sixth, tired and dusty and gasping with rage, was striving to restore his wrecked study to something like order, the Removites chuckled gleefully over their triumph.

But whether it was going to last was another matter!

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Late!

"**W**OOSEY'S late!" remarked Skinner.

"Better late than never!" said the Bounder.

It was a rather dim October morning,



"You've really got a pain, Bunter?" asked Loder. "Yes, awful!" said the Owl of the Remove eagerly. "Is it anything like this?" asked Loder, suddenly whipping the ashplant from under his arm, and taking a swipe at the fat figure. "Yaroooh!" roared Bunter, hopping. "Or like that?" asked Loder, taking another swipe. "Whoo-hooooop!"

with a drizzling rain in the quad. The Remove had gathered at their Form-room door, waiting for their Form-master to come along.

In Mr. Quelch's time, punctuality had been invariable. But Quelch was gone now, and the substitute master who had taken his place, engaged by Mr. Prout, was not much like Quelch.

Mr. Woose was a quiet, mild-mannered little gentleman, who peered rather like an owl from large glasses, was often late, made many mistakes, and did not succeed in impressing the Remove the least little bit.

The Greyfriars Remove were a rather unruly Form, and perhaps they prided themselves on it a little. They needed, at all events, a firm hand; and Mr. Woose's hand was feeble.

Thoughtful fellows, like Wharton, the head boy, and Mark Linley, made things as easy as they could for the new beak. But plenty of the fellows were thoughtless, and some of them were mischievous, and a few, like Skinner, even malicious. So Woose was not having the best of times in Quelch's place.

The Bounder, an irrepressible ragger, gave him many of the attentions he had been accustomed to reserve for the French master. A "rag" in the Remove-room was undreamt of in Quelch's time. But it was quite a common occurrence under Mr. Woose. A master who was often late for class, who forgot fellows' names, and sometimes even asked one fellow for lines he had imposed on another, was not likely to be able to handle the Greyfriars Remove very successfully.

Woose was late again on this particular morning. Other Forms were all in their Form-rooms; while the Remove still clustered round their door, waiting for Woose.

This certainly did not displease the Remove. Bob Cherry and several other

exuberant fellows played leap-frog in the passage. They were of the happy age when leapfrog appealed to them more than Latin.

Billy Bunter, leaning against the Form-room door, was negotiating a packet of toffee, which he had luckily found in Ogilvy's study. Ogilvy, happily unaware that it was his toffee that Bunter was negotiating, was joining in the leap-frog. Skinner and Snoop were discussing the respective merits of Bonny Boy and Snooker's Pride for the Welsh Stakes; Skinner declaring that he knew for a fact that Loder of the Sixth was backing Bonny Boy. He had heard Loder mention the fact to Price of the Fifth.

Harry Wharton & Co. were talking football. It was the Highcliffe match that afternoon, and the chums of the Remove were, naturally, thinking about it. It was an inexhaustible topic; and they did not mind how long Mr. Woose left them to it.

It was rather a fortunate circumstance that the match was to be played away. On the Greyfriars ground it was possible that Loder of the Sixth might have found some pretext for barging in and making himself obnoxious. At Highcliffe they would be far away from Loder and free of him for the afternoon.

"I say, you fellows, that old ass Woose is jolly late!" remarked Bunter, having finished the toffee. "I say, I like him better than Quelch!"

"The lateness is terrific!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "Even the esteemed and idiotic Woose is not usually so late as this."

"More power to his giddy elbow!" said Tom Brown. "I'm not frightfully keen on beginning!"

"Same here!" said Peter Todd. "But—"

"Perhaps one of us ought to cut

along to his study and remind him," said Mark Linley.

"Better take a screwdriver with you if you do!" remarked Skinner, with a grin.

"A screwdriver?" asked several surprised voices. "Why, you ass?"

Skinner chuckled. "Well, his study door may be screwed up. I shouldn't wonder."

Harry Wharton frowned. "You fathead, Skinner! Have you been larking with the new beak?" he exclaimed. "We don't want any rows to-day, with a footer match in the afternoon."

"No fear!" said Johnny Bull. "Why, if we got detentions it might muck up the Highcliffe game! You ass, Skinner—"

"Not guilty, my lord!" yawned Skinner. "Too risky for me!"

Several fellows looked at the Bounder, who was lounging in the passage with his hands in his pockets and a grin on his face.

Screwing a master up in his study was considered a "lark" in the Lower School; but it was the kind of "lark" that required a lot of nerve.

Only Monsieur Charpentier, the French master, was sufficiently meek and mild for such pranks to be played on him without serious consequences.

"Look here, Smithy," began Wharton, "if you've been japing the new beak—"

"What are beaks for, except to be japed?" asked Smithy.

"The japefulness is not the proper caper on the day of the Highcliffe match, my esteemed and absurd Smithy!" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Oh, rot!" "Here comes Loder!" groaned Frank Nugent.

Loder of the Sixth turned into the Form-room passage. His eyes gleamed at the mob of Removites.

Leap-frog ceased instantly.

Loder was striding up the corridor. It was several days since the wrecking of his study, and the Remove had heard nothing from him on that subject. Loder had had to take that "lying down," but nobody supposed that he had forgotten it.

"What are you doing out of your Form-room?" he demanded.

"Woose hasn't come yet, Loder!"

The bully of Greyfriars paused. If the Remove master had not arrived to let the Remove into their Form-room, even Gerald Loder could hardly find fault with them for waiting in the passage, since there was nothing else that they could do.

suspicious glance, and turned away. He disappeared in the direction of Masters' Studies.

"He, he, he!" chuckled Billy Bunter. "I wonder what he will say when he finds Woose screwed in? He, he, he!"

"More trouble!" sighed Peter Todd.

"Is anybody here goin' to tell Woose that a Remove man did it?" asked the Bounder sarcastically.

"He's pretty certain to guess!" said Tom Redwing.

"Guessing isn't knowing!" said the Bounder. "He can't do anythin'!"

"Oh, you ass!" exclaimed Wharton. "Why can't you let Woose alone? He's a harmless ass, anyhow!"

"Rats!"

The Removites waited, some of them rather anxious. The footballers, at least, did not want a "row" on the day

or his sleeve in the cord attached to them, and jerk them off his nose, and ejaculate "Goodness gracious!"

Prout had not made a happy selection in engaging Mr. Woose to take the Remove. He had rather a high-pitched voice, which the juniors called a squeak, and he had already been nicknamed the "Squeaker" in the Form. His squeaky voice was heard as he came along with Loder.

"Screwed up—actually screwed up, Loder! I have never had such an experience! My door—actually screwed—"

"Did you see anyone about, sir?" asked Loder.

Loder, who had no doubt that the screwdriver was a Removite, was anxious to know.

"No—goodness gracious—no!" said Mr. Woose.

"But perhaps you heard—"

"Nothing!" said Mr. Woose. "The fact is, I was looking for some books I required for the lesson, and they were missing. I cannot account for it, but they were not in their usual place—and I found them at last—actually under my hearthrug—most extraordinary!"

"Some young rascal must have—"

"No doubt, no doubt! A trick—actually a trick—must have been played! A foolish, practical joke!" squeaked Mr. Woose. "And when I came to leave my study, I found the door would not open—most extraordinary! I had been knocking for some time when you came, Loder! I am very much obliged to you! My boys must have been waiting for me all this time!"

Mr. Woose stopped at the Form-room door, which he had to unlock to let the Form in.

He felt in one pocket after another for the key.

"Goodness gracious! Where did I put that key?" he ejaculated. "I must have the key—certainly, I must have the key! Oh, here it is! I must have put it in this pocket, and I certainly thought I had put it in another pocket! Goodness gracious!"

The door was unlocked at last, and the Removites marched in, and went to their places. Loder of the Sixth followed them in. Woose, apparently, did not suspect that the fellow who had screwed up his door was a member of his Form. Loder, it was quite clear, did! Woose was not going to refer to the matter. Loder was!

"Now for trouble!" murmured Bob Cherry. "You ass, Smithy!"

And the trouble started.

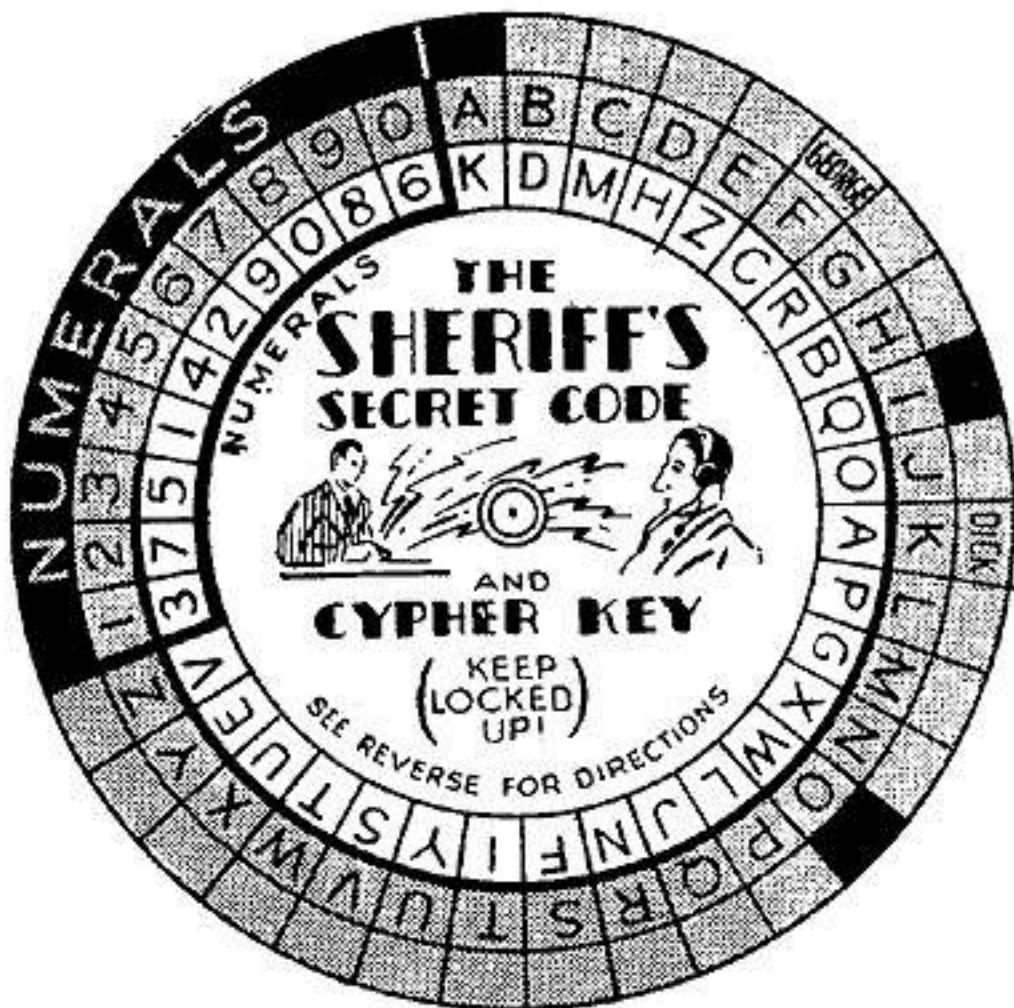
Still They Come, Boys!

Another Amazing Free Gift for MAGNET Readers!

The Next Part of Our SHERIFF'S OUTFIT will consist of a

SHERIFF'S SECRET CODE and CYPHER KEY.

A glance at the illustration herewith will give you an idea of what this handsome FREE GIFT is like. By means of this Secret Code you can send messages in cypher to your friends. Numerous combinations can be obtained, so that only those who know the pre-arranged code can discover the meaning of the messages.



Don't miss this ingenious FREE GIFT, Boys. See your news-agent right now, and ask him to reserve you a copy of NEXT SATURDAY'S "MAGNET."

But now that the noise of the leap-frogging was over another sound, from a distance, was heard.

Knock, knock!

It came from the direction of Masters' Studies.

All the juniors knew what it meant. Some reckless ass had screwed up Woose's study door from the outside, and he was knocking to be let out. And the Removites did not need telling the name of that particular ass!

"What the dickens is that?" exclaimed Loder.

No answer.

"Why isn't Woose here, Wharton? Do you know?"

"I haven't seen him since brekker."

Knock, knock!

Loder gave the juniors a searching, THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,392.

of a football match. The Bounder was one of the leading lights of the Remove Eleven, and certainly as keen on Soccer as any man in the Form; but he had rather forgotten all that when he played his trick on the new beak.

They had some time to wait. A screwed door required a screwdriver to open it.

But there were footsteps at last, and Mr. Woose, in a rather flustered state, appeared in the passage, accompanied by Loder of the Sixth.

He was a small gentleman, rather stout, with gold-rimmed glasses perched on his nose, which were always slipping down to one side or other, and requiring constant readjustment. Every two or three minutes Woose's hand would go up to his glasses, to set them straight. Sometimes he would catch his hand

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Who Did It?

LATE as Mr. Woose was, the lesson did not begin immediately in the Remove-room.

The new master had gone to Mr. Quelch's desk, and Loder, standing beside him there, was speaking to him. The Removites could not hear what Loder was saying, but they could guess its purport. If Woose was so mild an ass that he was going to let this episode pass, Loder was not the man to let him.

Mr. Woose nodded several times in answer to Loder's remarks, and then stepped towards his Form and blinked at them owlishly through his gold-rimmed glasses.

"Johnson!" he squeaked.

There was nobody in the Remove bearing that ancient and honoured

name, so naturally there was no answer.

"Johnson!" repeated Mr. Woose. "Kindly stand up! You are head boy of the Form, I think, Johnson?"

From which Harry Wharton was able to guess that he was the fellow addressed, though Mr. Woose had forgotten his name. He stood up.

"I am head boy, sir," he said; "but my name is Wharton."

"Wharton! Wharton! Oh, yes, Wharton, certainly!" agreed Mr. Woose. "I had, for the moment, forgotten your name, Johnson—that is, Wharton! No matter—no matter! Johnson—I should say, Wharton—some boy screwed up my study door this morning, causing me to be late for class. Do you know who it was?"

Wharton looked at him rather grimly.

A head boy had many duties, and it was one of his duties to help his Form-master carry on in the Form-room. But finding out, and handing over, the names of offenders was certainly not one of those duties.

Mr. Woose meant no harm; it had not even occurred to his flustered mind that he was practically asking one Remove boy to sneak about another. The simple fact was that he was a master suited to deal with boys of nine or ten in a "prep" school, but quite unsuitable to handle the Lower Fourth Form of Greyfriars.

Wharton answered tactfully.

"It was not I, sir."
"Oh, quite so, quite so, Williams!" answered Mr. Woose. "I do not suspect for a moment that it was you. But as head boy, Williams—"

"My name is Wharton, sir!" the captain of the Remove pointed out politely.

"Yes, yes, quite; but that is immaterial! Probably, as head boy, you are aware—"

"If I knew who it was, sir, I could not give his name," said Harry.

"Come, come, Anderson; come, come!" said Mr. Woose. "It is your duty as head boy to give me assistance! You must speak out, Anderson."

Probably there had been boys named Johnson, and Williams, and Anderson in the class Mr. Woose had taken at his last school. In the Remove there was hardly a fellow whose name he had correctly memorised, so far.

"I've nothing to tell you, sir!" said Harry.

"Indeed! Oh, in that case you may sit down, Johnson! However, the offender, if in this Form, must certainly be found! It is a serious matter—actually very serious! Mr. Prout would be very much annoyed if he knew. I was very much annoyed—actually very much put out! The boy

who screwed up my study door must stand up and confess! At once—at once!"

"No takers!" murmured Skinner. There was a giggle.

Loder, standing a little behind the new Form-master, gave him a look of contempt that he did not take the trouble to conceal from the Remove.

Loder had never liked Quelch; but he had had to respect him. He felt a profound scorn for this feeble successor of the Remove master.

"Has no one anything to say?" asked Mr. Woose.

No one had!

"Well, well, if the offender was not in this Form, I am very glad—very glad and relieved!" said Mr. Woose. "I should be very sorry indeed to think that a boy of my own Form had played such a trick! We will now proceed with the lesson. We are late—actually very late."

"Excuse me, sir!" said Loder grimly. "This matter can hardly be left where it is."

"What? What? What did you say, Loder?"

"It is my duty, sir, to report the matter to Mr. Prout, and he will certainly expect you to inquire into it."

"Yes, yes, yes—quite so!" said Mr. Woose. "I shall certainly inquire into it as you say, Loder. Perhaps you can assist me."

"I should question Vernon-Smith, sir!" said the head prefect, with a bitter look at the Bounder. "He is a boy who has played such tricks on the French master."

"Vernon-Smith! Is there a boy of that name in my class?" Mr. Woose consulted a Form-list on his desk. "Oh! Yes, certainly! Vernon-Smith, kindly stand up!"

The Bounder lounged to his feet. Mr. Woose gave him an owlish blink.

"Vernon-Smith! Your name is Vernon-Smith?"

"I believe so, sir," answered Smithy.

"You believe so! Goodness gracious! You must surely know whether your name is Vernon-Smith or not!" ejaculated Mr. Woose.

"The boy is being intentionally impertinent, sir!" said Loder.

"Is it possible? Varney-Jones—that is to say, Varney-Smith—I warn you not to be impertinent, or I shall be angry—very angry indeed! My study door was screwed up—"

"Did you say you were screwed up, sir?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Remove involuntarily.

"What? What—?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence! Silence in the class! There is no occasion for laughter!"

squeaked Mr. Woose. "This boy's stupidity is not a laughing matter!"

"Isn't it?" murmured Skinner; and the Remove chuckled.

Vernon-Smith, whatever he was, was most assuredly not stupid.

"Give me your attention, Varney-Smith! I did not say that I was screwed up—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence! I said that my study door was screwed up! It was screwed up from outside, with quite a large screw! Did you do this, Varney—I mean, Varney-Smith?"

"I know the fellow who did, sir."

"Very good! Then give me his name at once, Varney-Smith!"

"It's against the rules to give a fellow away, sir! Nobody at Greyfriars is allowed to sneak!"

"Goodness gracious! There is certainly something in what you say, Varney-Smith! I should be very sorry to think that there was an informer in my class! Very sorry indeed! If it was not you, you may sit down."

Vernon-Smith sat down.

Again the matter would have closed. It was obvious to all that poor Mr. Woose was anxious to have done with it. But Loder was not the man to leave it at that.

"The offender must be found, sir," said Loder. "Mr. Prout would certainly insist upon that."

"Oh! Yes! Certainly!" All Greyfriars knew that little Mr. Woose was in awe and dread of the ponderous Prout. "I—I will take further steps! I—I will question the boys! I will question every boy in the class in turn. Roberts!"

No answer.

"Stand up, Roberts!"

Nobody stood up.

"I will not be disobeyed," exclaimed Mr. Woose sharply. "If you do not stand up immediately, Roberts, I shall cane you."

"There's nobody named Roberts in the class, sir!" said Harry Wharton.

"Goodness gracious!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence! Perhaps you will question the boys, Shooter—I think your name is Shooter—"

"Loder, sir!"

"I meant to say Loder! Please question the boys."

"Very well! Stand up again, Vernon-Smith!" said Loder grimly.

The Bounder stood up.

"Did you screw up Mr. Woose's door this morning?"

"A fellow's not bound to incriminate himself!" answered the Bounder sullenly.

"Answer yes or no!"

"Yes or no!" said Vernon-Smith.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

(Continued on next page.)

FREE - Radio MOUTH ORGAN! AND MANY OTHER SPLENDID GIFTS.

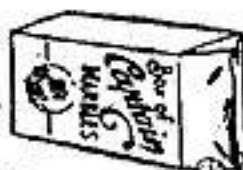
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO!

Simply ask mother to buy you Rowntree's delicious Cocoa. Inside every 4-lb. tin are 3 Free Gift Coupons. Save these up, and very quickly you'll have enough to get any gift you want. Valuable gifts - very few coupons. Show this page to mother now!

READ THIS, MOTHER!

Do you know that Rowntree's is the cocoa that is so digestible it actually digests other food eaten with it? It's economical, too - you only need half a teaspoonful. 5½d. per 4-lb. tin, with 3 FREE GIFT COUPONS. Make sure your children get all the good from the food you give them. Change to Rowntree's... today!

50 coloured marbles - you get this big gift in a short time - only 12 coupons (9 coupons and free voucher*).



12 Crayons, 6 colours; only 18 coupons (15 coupons and free voucher*).



6 colours - new modelling wax - no smell or dirty fingers - only 21 coupons (24 coupons and free voucher*).



Be a musician - only 15 coupons (12 coupons and free voucher*).

* Write at once to ROWNTREE & CO. LTD., YORK, for special list of boys' and girls' gifts No. AC6, with FREE VOUCHER value 3 COUPONS

"Will you answer me plainly, Vernon-Smith?"

"Oh, yes; as plainly as you like!"

"Did you screw up Mr. Woose's door?"

"No!" said the Bounder coolly.

Every fellow in the Remove knew it was an untruth. But the Bounder's view was that if a beak or a prefect asked a fellow to betray himself, he could expect that, and nothing else. It was up to the authorities to find out things for themselves, not to ask fellows to give themselves away. Certainly there were few fellows in the Remove who would have told the lie direct; but if anything could have excused it, it was Loder's method of investigation.

"Very well!" said Loder. "That is a false answer, Vernon-Smith, I've no doubt about that!"

"Please yourself!"

"As I don't expect to get any truth in this Form-room, I shall report the matter to Mr. Prout!" said Loder, and he went to the door.

"Really, I—I hardly think it is necessary—" began Mr. Woose.

Loder seemed to be deaf.

He left the Form-room without taking any further heed of the new master of the Remove.

"Goodness gracious!" murmured Mr. Woose.

The lesson began at last—half an hour late!

The Remove expected it to be interrupted by the arrival of Prout! But Mr. Prout did not come. It was certain that Loder had reported to him—and equally certain that Prout was the last man in the world to pass over such a reckless prank as screwing up a Form-master's door. Something, it was certain, was

going to happen. But it did not happen during class; and the Remove went out for break wondering what the outcome was going to be.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

A Knock-Out!

"I SAY, you fellows—"

"Any news from Prout?" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Yes, rather!" grinned Bunter.

"Uncork it!" said Johnny Bull.

The Famous Five were punting a footer, while they waited for the dinner-bell. Break and third school had passed without a word from Prout; and the juniors were really beginning to wonder whether the temporary Head of Greyfriars was letting the matter drop. They knew that Woose would have been glad to let it drop; he hated trouble with so unruly a Form as the Remove. But as Billy Bunter came rolling out of the House with excitement in his fat face, and gleaming through his big spectacles, the Famous Five guessed at once that the chopper had come down.

"It's detention!" gasped Bunter. "I say—"

"Then they've got Smithy?" said Bob.

"Has he owned up?"

"Catch him!" grinned Bunter.

"Well, they can't prove he did it, and he doesn't care much how many lies he tells!" grunted Johnny Bull. "I don't see—"

"Is Smithy detained?" exclaimed Harry Wharton. It was a blow to the captain of the Remove if he lost his best winger that afternoon.

"Of course he is, with the rest!" said Bunter.

"The rest?" repeated Wharton blankly.

"I say, you fellows, my opinion is that Smithy ought to own up! I've said as much to him, too; but—would you believe it—he kicked me!" said Billy Bunter. "Kicked me jolly hard! The beast! I can jolly well tell you that I don't see being detained because that ass Smithy screwed that idiot Woose up in his silly study—"

"How could you be detained for what Smithy did, you ass?" asked Nugent.

"Oh, really, Nugent! I'm a Remove man, ain't I—and all the Remove's detained this afternoon—"

"What?" roared Wharton.

"Don't yell at a fellow, old chap! You make me jump!" said Bunter peevishly. "I say, you fellows, I was going over to Cliff House to see my sister Bessie this afternoon—she's got a hamper from Aunt Seleucia—I mean, I haven't seen her for a long time, and a fellow ought to see how his sister's getting on at school, and—"

"How do you know Prout's detained all the Remove?" howled Bob.

"Eh! It's on the board in Prout's fist! I call it rotten, you know, when Bessie has got an aunt from our cake—I mean a cake from our aunt—I say, you fellows—"

But the fellows were not listening to Billy Bunter now. They were running for the House.

"Seen Prout's latest?" yelled Wibley, as they came in.

"Is it true?" gasped Wharton.

"Quite!" said Monty Newland. "All the Form—"

"Through that goat Smithy!" said Hazeldene.

"No footer to-day!" groaned Squiff.

"The old ass!" said Russell.

"The blithering old bandersnatch!" said Ogilvy.

The Famous Five ran to the board! There it was, in the well-known "fist" of Mr. Prout!

It was a brief, but overwhelming announcement that the Remove were detained until five o'clock, and signed by Prout as headmaster.

No reason was given; but the juniors, of course, did not need telling the reason. It was punishment for the screwing up of Mr. Woose's door.

Harry Wharton stared blankly at the notice.

Prout, probably, was unaware of football fixtures in the Remove. Loder was very well aware of them.

This was Loder's retaliation for the wrecking of his study! The Highcliffe match that afternoon was to be washed out.

Owing to the motor accident in which Wingate and other senior footballers had been injured, the senior match with Highcliffe had been postponed. Now the junior match was to follow suit.

Wharton clenched his fists.

"We're not standing this!" he muttered.

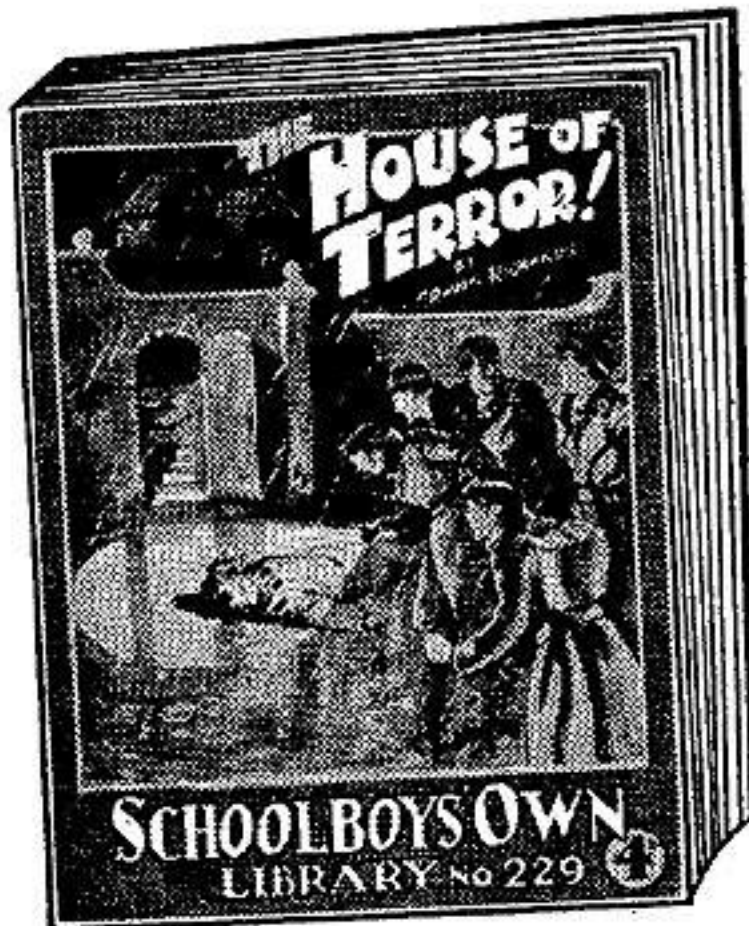
The dinner-bell began to ring. There was a move to Hall; the Removites hotly discussing Prout's command as they went.

Loder of the Sixth, at the high table where the prefects sat, glanced at the Remove with a smile on his face.

Loder, at least, was enjoying the situation.

Many of the Removites gave the Bounder expressive looks. Smithy's face was rather sullen and obstinate.

He had played a thoughtless trick—quite undeserved on the part of the victim. Mr. Woose might be an ass, and doubtless was; but he was a harmless ass; and a rag on him was quite uncalled for. Still, Smithy could



"THE HOUSE OF TERROR"

by Frank Richards

A Book-Length
Yarn
for 4d. Only!

Murder! The chums of Greyfriars make a sensational discovery when they arrive at Ravenspur Grange for a holiday. A murdered man lying in the road! Who is the

assassin? Little do Harry Wharton & Co. know that the unknown is to be a deadly menace to the inhabitants of the house where they are to stay! Here's a great yarn of non-stop thrills and nerve-tingling adventure that you will vote the best you have ever read. See your Newsagent now and

Ask for No. 229 of the

SCHOOLBOYS' OWN LIBRARY

At all Newsagents and Bookstalls 4^d.



"You young villains!" shrieked Loder, as he was bent over, and Vernon-Smith swished the cane. Whack! "Ow!" howled Loder. "Wow!" "Oh, gad!" gasped Walker of the Sixth, peering in through the window. "I—I say, Carne, they—they're caning him!"

certainly never have foreseen this overwhelming result.

After dinner the captain of the Remove joined him at once, when the juniors came out of the House.

"That tears it, Smithy!" he said curtly. "You'll have to go to Prout and own up now."

"Shall I?" said the Bounder unpleasantly.

"There's nothing else for it now!" said Harry sharply. "I suppose you're not going to leave us all in the soup."

"I'm not goin' to be flogged."

"We've got to play Highcliffe—"

"Do you think Prout will let me off detention if I own up that I screwed up the Squeaker's door?" sneered Vernon-Smith.

"Not likely; I shall have to put another man in your place."

"Better postpone the match."

"What?"

"You can't beat Highcliffe without me, and you know it!" said the Bounder coolly.

Wharton breathed hard.

"We'll try, at any rate!" he said. "I won't tell you what sort of a conceited ass I think you. It's a waste of breath. Will you go to Prout and own up, and get the rest of the Form off?"

"No."

With that direct answer the Bounder walked away.

Harry Wharton was left staring after him, red with anger.

It was true—and Wharton freely admitted it—that Smithy was one of the most valuable men in the Remove eleven; the man he would have been least willing to leave out, if he could have helped it. But he was not, as he seemed to fancy, the only pebble on the beach. Remove Soccer was by no means a one-man game.

Smithy's view that it was useless to play Highcliffe without his aid was

intensely exasperating to the captain of the Remove.

What he had better do was, for the moment, a puzzle to Wharton. He was thinking over it when the portly figure of Mr. Prout emerged from the House and sailed off towards the gates, like a Spanish galleon.

Prout was going out!

Evidently, there was no time to be lost if that order of detention was to be rescinded in time to get across to Highcliffe.

Wharton cut after Prout, and overtook him half-way to the gates.

"Excuse me, sir!" he gasped.

Prout halted, and glanced at him a little severely.

"What is it, Wharton?" he asked. "If you wish to speak to me you should come to my study, when I am at leisure. You should not stop me when I am going out to keep an appointment. However, you may speak. What is it?"

"We're playing football at Highcliffe this afternoon, sir—"

Prout stared.

"I fail to understand you, Wharton! You must have seen my notice on the board. Have you seen it?"

"Yes, sir. But—"

"Then I fail to understand you. You certainly are not playing football at Highcliffe, or anywhere else, when you are under detention!" snapped Prout irritably.

"I mean, sir, I—I mean we've got a fixture with Highcliffe School to-day, and it's too late to scratch, and—and we've a right to ask you, sir, why the whole Form is detained for nothing," exclaimed Wharton.

"If you are not aware why you are detained, Wharton, I will assuredly enlighten you," said Mr. Prout. "Your Form-master's study door was screwed up on the outside this morning—"

"Yes, but—"

"Mr. Woose was fastened in his study. A great deal of time was lost. It was an act of the greatest disrespect to a member of my staff—a new member in our midst. If you do not condemn this action, Wharton, you are unfit to be head boy of your Form."

"But the Form had nothing to do with it, sir!"

"My head prefect is of opinion that the culprit is perfectly well known to the whole Form," said Mr. Prout. "I have no doubt that it was a concerted action."

"Nothing of the kind, sir. I never knew, for one."

"Possibly—possibly!" conceded Mr. Prout. "But I have no doubt that you know who was concerned in it, Wharton. I will not have this disorder in the school in which I am the Head! I will not allow one Form to set an example of riotous recklessness to all the school. I repeat, I will not allow it! If only one boy was responsible for this reckless prank—"

"That is the case, sir!"

"That boy," said Prout, "has had ample time to confess. My notice has been on the board more than an hour. He has not chosen to do so. The whole Form is detained, in consequence. However, I am very unwilling to disappoint boys of a football match. If you can give me the offender's name I will see what can be done."

"I can't give a fellow's name, sir!"

Prout looked at his watch. Although he rather fancied himself in the role of a stern, unbending headmaster, he was at heart quite a genial and good-natured man.

"I have no time to lose," he said. "I have a train to catch, Wharton. I shall be absent this afternoon. You may go and speak to the boy in question—I have no doubt you are aware of his



(Continued from page 13.)

identity—and tell him to come to me. I will remain at Gosling's lodge for a few minutes, to give you an opportunity."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" gasped Wharton. "That's really good of you, sir! I'll cut off and find him at once."

Prout waved a plump hand. "Do so!" he said.

And he rolled on towards the gates, where he stopped, to bestow the honour and pleasure of his conversation on Gosling, the ancient porter, for a few minutes, while Harry Wharton, in breathless haste, rushed away in search of the Bounder.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Nothing Doing!

"SMITHY!"

"Give a fellow a rest!"

"Prout—"

"Bother Prout!"

"He's waiting—"

"Let him wait!"

"Don't be an ass, Smithy!" said Tom Redwing. "If Prout's sent for you—"

"He hasn't, unless some sneakin' rotter has given me away!" said Vernon-Smith. "Has he sent for me, Wharton?"

"No; but—"

"Then give me a rest."

It had taken Wharton several minutes to find the Bounder, and he was on tenterhooks. Prout had said that he would wait at Gosling's lodge for a few minutes—which had already elapsed! There was not a second to lose when the captain of the Remove ran the Bounder down at last, walking under the elms with his chum, Redwing.

"Listen to me, will you?" said Harry between his teeth. "I've spoken to Prout—"

"Mentionin' me?" sneered the Bounder.

"No, you fool! Will you listen? Prout's waiting at Gosling's lodge, and there's time to catch him. If you go to him and own up, the rest of the Form will be let off detention. He's only bagged the lot because he can't find the man he wants. It's up to you, and you know it!"

"I don't see it."

"Smithy—" muttered Redwing anxiously.

"Oh, don't barge in!" said the Bounder rudely. "You can go and ask for a flogging if you like. I'm not keen on one."

"We've got to play Highcliffe!" roared Wharton.

"What's the good, when you're certain to be licked? You can get Courtenay on the phone and put the game off. We've got an open date next week."

"You conceited ass! Do you think we're leaving a match over because one man can't play?"

"Yes, if he's the pick of the bunch," said the Bounder, coolly. "I'm keen to

play Highcliffe; and next Wednesday I can play, and—"

"Will you go to Prout?"

"No, I won't!"

"You rotter!" roared Wharton, his anger breaking out unchecked. "You've got a football match mucked up, with your rotten, mad tricks, and now you won't do the decent thing, that even a chap like Bunter would do."

The Bounder shrugged his shoulders.

He was not afraid of a flogging, if it came to that—though, certainly, he did not want one. But he did believe that he was indispensable to the side, and he hated the idea of the match being played with himself left out, as if he did not matter. In his opinion, the best step to take was to postpone the match, as the first eleven match with Highcliffe had been postponed.

That, of course, was not for him to decide—a trifle which the arrogant Bounder rather overlooked.

"Prout may be gone by now," panted Wharton. "He said he would wait a few minutes. But he's got a train to catch. Will you cut off and speak to him at once, Smithy?"

"No!"

"Oh, you rotter!" panted the captain of the Remove. "I've a jolly good mind to go to Prout and tell him myself."

"Go and sneak to Prout—or to Loder, if you like!" said the Bounder scornfully. "You'll have to prove what you say."

"I know you don't mind how many lies you tell. Will you be a decent chap for once, and go and tell Prout?"

"No."

"Then take that, you rotter!" roared Wharton, and he dashed his fist full in the Bounder's face, sending him spinning.

Herbert Vernon-Smith gave a yell as he went down on his back. Harry Wharton did not give him another glance.

He ran back to the gates in the hope of finding Prout still there, and making another appeal to him.

But Prout was gone.

He had waited more than the few minutes he had promised Wharton. Probably he would have stayed longer, talking to Gosling, for his own voice was music in Prout's portly ears, but for the fact that he had a train to catch. Trains, like tide and time, wait for no man. Prout had started.

"Prout gone?" gasped Wharton, as he came panting up to Gosling's lodge.

"Two or three minutes," answered Gosling.

Wharton ran to the gate and stared into the road. Prout's pace was always slow and stately, and an active junior could have overtaken him on the road if he had not too long a start.

Far in the distance, Wharton spotted a portly form, rolling majestically on towards Courtfield.

He was about to cut out of gates when Gosling's hand fell on his shoulder and jerked him back.

He stared round in surprise.

"What the thump— Let go!" he snapped angrily. "What are you up to?"

"Which you're detained this afternoon, and can't go out of gates, Master Wharton, and well you knows it!" said Gosling severely. "You're not going hout; you're going hin!"

"I've got to speak to Mr. Prout—"

"And you couldn't speak to him before he started?" asked Gosling sarcastically. "You go in, Master Wharton, and don't you try to pull my leg!"

"Let go, you old ass!"

Wharton wrenched at his shoulder, but William Gosling held on tight. It was Gosling's duty to see that fellows under detention did not go out at the gates, and Gosling rather found a pleasure in performing that duty. His horny hand fastened on Wharton's shoulder like a vice.

"Now, then, what's this?" Loder of the Sixth came up. No doubt Loder was keeping an eye on the gates. "Wharton, go in at once! How dare you go out of gates when you're under detention? You will take a hundred lines!"

"I've got to speak to Mr. Prout—"

"You've got to go to the House!" said Loder. "And if you don't walk there at once, I'll help you!"

He grasped Wharton's other shoulder and whirled him in. With a swing of his arm, he started the junior towards the House.

"See that none of the Remove get out, Gosling!" he said.

"Yessir!" said Gosling.

Loder followed Harry Wharton into the quad. There was a cheery grin on Loder's face. He was getting "his own back" now for that tremendous ragging in his study a few days ago, for which he had not dared to call the ragers to account. Loder had had to save up his wrath, but, like wine, it improved with keeping!

"Go to the House, Wharton! Go into the Form-room, and wait there till the others come in!" he said. "I can't trust you out of the House!"

With feelings too deep to have been expressed in words, the captain of the Remove went into the House.

It was not time yet for the Remove's detention to begin, but it certainly was within a prefect's powers to order into the House a junior whom he had caught in the act of attempting to break detention.

Wharton sat down at his desk in the Remove-room.

Loder stood in the doorway, smiling.

This was going to be Gerald Loder's happy afternoon. There was a senior practice booked for that afternoon, which Loder, as captain of the school and head of the games, certainly ought to have attended. But Loder was not keen on footer, and he was very keen on making the Remove suffer for their sins. He was devoting his afternoon to that hapless Form. The less the Remove enjoyed it, the more the bully of Greyfriars was likely to do so.

"You know we've got a match on this afternoon, Loder?" said Harry, after a long pause, and speaking as civilly as he could.

"What do I know about your fag games?" yawned Loder.

"Well, that's how it is; and if we can't play, we must let them know at Highcliffe. Will you let me go to a telephone?"

"Any more excuses for dodging away?" grinned Loder. "You're staying in this Form-room, and I'm seeing that you do!"

"I've got to let Courtenay know—"

"You've got to sit where you are and hold your tongue, if you don't want a cane laid round you!" said Loder cheerfully.

Wharton sat where he was, breathing hard. At the moment he was less angry with Loder than with the Bounder. It was only to be expected that his old enemy would make the most of the chance that had come his way; but the obstinate and arrogant Bounder had let the whole Form down with his obstinacy and arrogance. It was some satisfaction to Wharton to remember at that

moment the punch he had administered to Herbert Vernon-Smith under the elms.

There was a tramp of feet in the passage, and the Remove came trailing into the Form-room.

It was the hour of detention, and Mr. Woose was shepherding his Form in. The Bounder came in, scowling. His nose, like Marian's in the ballad, was red and raw. He gave Wharton a black look as he went to his place.

"Robertson!" called out Mr. Woose. "That is to say, Johnson—I mean, Wharton! I am speaking to you as head boy. I trust there will be no disorder in this detention class during my absence this afternoon. Loder has very kindly undertaken to take charge of the class, and I trust that you will treat him with the same respect and attention that you would show to myself."

"Just about as much!" murmured Peter Todd.

"Eh—what? Did someone speak?"

Silence!

"I have provided a Latin paper which will keep you occupied till five o'clock," added Mr. Woose. "You may serve out the papers, Johnson—I mean, Wharton! Loder, I leave my Form in your hands!"

Mr. Woose left the Form-room, leaving the detained Form with Loder of the Sixth.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Loder Begs for It!

"O H lor'!" grunted Billy Bunter. The fat Owl groaned over his Latin paper.

Bunter's fat thoughts were dwelling on the hamper that his sister

Bessie had received at Cliff House School, in which there was a cake made by the fair hands of Aunt Seleucia.

Bessie Bunter, in a rather unusual burst of generous hospitality, had invited her two brothers at Greyfriars to come over that afternoon and help dispose of the cake.

Sammy Bunter of the Second Form had gone. Billy Bunter of the Remove was under dismal detention, and couldn't go.

No doubt Sammy, once on the spot, would be able to dispose of Billy's share for him. The cake would certainly not remain uneaten. But that was no comfort to William George Bunter.

He groaned in bitterness of spirit.

Harry Wharton & Co. were feeling even more chagrined and exasperated than Billy Bunter. Certainly they were

(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.

WATCHING THE MASTERS!

IT is never any surprise to me, when in my post-bag I come across a question in this strain. "Would you advise the watching of first-class players as a means of improving my own game?" I have one such question this week from a boy reader at Wolverhampton. As a matter of fact, the question is not such an easy one to answer as it would appear on the surface.

I am quite convinced, for instance, that the young player with the right type of mind can learn quite a lot by watching the masters at play, and afterwards by trying to do the things he has seen them do. Obviously, the players who have had experience in the game and been through the mill, should have a better idea of how things are done than the players who are young in years and experience. On the other hand, there are certain things which are done by the masters which, if attempted by young players, would only end in failure.

The way to learn this game of football, in my view, and so far as the watching of the masters of the art are concerned, is to pick up points, and apply the knowledge thus gained within the limits of one's own capacity. I am quite sure, by way of example, that for boy players to try to emulate the tricks of Alex. James would not do either themselves or their teams any good. Most of the tricks are beyond the young players.

What the lad who has an opportunity of watching a player like Alex. James can do, however, is to study his ways concerning position play. Again, I think it is helpful for boy players to see senior teams in order to study their team-work, and because of this I am pleased to learn that so many clubs are now carrying out the idea of having a "pen" at their grounds, reserved exclusively for the use of boy spectators.

Ideas can be picked up in the general sense, and I don't see the slightest reason

why a team of lads should not try to copy the methods of the first-class teams. Those methods are built on experience, and are the outcome of many experiments.

I know that there are managers who believe that even first-class players can learn something, from time to time, by watching matches instead of playing in them. Dr. Marshall, the Scottish International player, did not play in the Arsenal first team immediately he arrived at Highbury. He was given games with the reserve side in order to get experience of the ways of English players. After that, he was taken to Arsenal's first-team matches in order to watch his new teammates doing their job on the field. So you see, even the manager of Arsenal is of opinion that a player can learn things, especially in regard to team tactics, by watching.

HEADING PLAYS A PART!

THE same idea has been carried out by Manager Clem Stephenson at Huddersfield with beneficial results. When he gets a promising young player, he takes him to watch the first team matches for a bit, and encourages the young player to make notes of the things which strike him about the play of the team.

There is one football club with which I am acquainted whose manager always uses the twelfth man in that way. The twelfth man is given a seat in the stand at each game, and this twelfth man is expected to give his views of the play at the following weekly conference held by the players of the side. In a word, one can always be learning, though I sometimes feel that it is very necessary that we should learn how to watch.

Before a footballer can consider himself fully qualified, in the all-round sense, he must, unless he happens to be a goalkeeper, be more or less proficient in the art of heading the ball. Although the game is called football, heading plays a big part in it.

A very fine player of other days—James Seed—who is now the manager of Charlton Athletic, tells me that whenever he goes to look at a potential player for his team he watches, very closely, how that player heads the ball. I must say that I don't think heading is a first essential, because control of the ball with the feet is much more important than ability to head the ball. All the same, heading has its place in football.

The real reason why so few young players head the ball properly is that they close their eyes just before the ball comes in contact with the head.

The advice I would give to a Plymouth reader who is worried about his inability to head the ball accurately is this: get into the habit of keeping the eyes open right up to the actual moment of contact. It is the most natural thing in the world to close the eyes, but the temptation to do this must be resisted.

PITCHES VARY IN SIZE!

I HEARD not long ago that Len Oliver, the well-known Fulham half-back, had recently headed the ball 166 times without letting it touch the ground once. He would never be required to do this sort of thing in an actual match, of course, but the practice is sure to be of use to Oliver all the same.

Another of my readers, who has the good luck to be able to visit various football grounds, says that it strikes him that the pitches, even of the first-class clubs, vary in size. I may say, first of all, that there is nothing wrong with the eyesight of this reader.

The first-class football pitches do vary in size. The rules of the game allow quite a big margin between the maximum and minimum length and breadth of a football pitch.

This difference affects the play of the teams, of course. Those sides which are accustomed to play on a wide pitch feel themselves all cramped up when they have to play on a narrower pitch. The officials of Bolton Wanderers had noticed this to such an extent, since the team dropped into the Second Division, that they had their own pitch narrowed during the summer. The idea was, of course, that their players would not feel so strange when playing away from home on smaller pitches. I can't say that this reduction in the pitch at Burnden Park is responsible for the good show which Bolton Wanderers have made this season. But the fact remains.

"LINESMAN."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,392.

not thinking of cakes. They were thinking of the football match at Highcliffe School.

They had not even been able to let Highcliffe know that the match was off. Courtenay and the Caterpillar and the rest would be expecting them, and they were not coming.

Loder had already refused Wharton leave to phone, and it was no use asking him again. But that matter could not remain where it was. Highcliffe had to be told somehow—if the match really was off. But there was no need to wash out the fixture if the Bouncer did the right thing. As the Removites sat at their desks they gave little attention to their Latin papers, so kindly and thoughtfully provided by Mr. Woose. Every fellow in the Form who was interested in football looked round incessantly at Herbert Vernon-Smith.

The Bouncer's face was dark and sullen.

He liked to be popular in his Form, and his prowess at games achieved a certain popularity for him. He had rather fancied that most of the fellows would agree that it was better to postpone the match as he would have to be left out of it. He discovered that he had that opinion, however, entirely to himself. Even his best chum, Redwing, had spoken to him very plainly.

His reckless prank on Mr. Woose had landed the whole Form in the "soup." It was up to him to own up and get them out of it.

Smithy realised that very clearly; and if he had not, the expressive looks of the Removites would have made it clear enough to him.

But his nature was obstinate, and a punch on the nose had not had an ameliorating effect on his temper. It was only very slowly that the Bouncer made up his mind to do what the whole Form expected of him.

His mind, however, was made up at last. It was a bitter pill to swallow—a flogging for himself and continued detention, while the other fellows went to play the match in which he was convinced that he was needed more than any other. But Smithy was a sportsman at heart, and he got that bitter pill down at last.

The Remove had been in the Form-room nearly half an hour when the Bouncer rose to his feet.

Loder was yawning.

He found a malicious pleasure in "dishing" the fellows he disliked over their football match, and in keeping an eye on them to see that they did not clear off. But it was rather a bore, all the same, and, as a matter of taste, he would have preferred a game of banker in his study with Carne and Walker, with cigarettes going. Nobody had given any offence, so far, to give him an excuse for handling the ashplant, which would have been a relief to the monotony.

So he was relieved when the Bouncer stood up. If some of the scapegrace's cheek was coming, Loder was prepared to welcome it, and handle the ashplant. In fact, if he had not been furnished with an excuse, it was probable that he would soon have invented one.

"Sit down at once, Vernon-Smith!" he rapped out, in his most bullying tone.

"I've somethin' to tell you, Loder." "Don't talk in detention! Sit down!"

"It was I who screwed up Woose's door," said the Bouncer, unheeding.

Loder stared at him. He had had very little doubt that it was the Bouncer who had played that

trick on the new Form-master, but certainly he had not expected Smithy to stand up and tell him so.

"Good old Smithy!" murmured Bob Cherry.

Harry Wharton's face brightened. There was still time to get over to Highcliffe for the match if the Bouncer did the right thing. Now he was doing it.

"You screwed up Woose's door, did you?" snapped Loder.

"Yes." "I shall report your confession to the Head!" said Loder. "Now you can shut up and sit down!"

Smithy sat down again. There was a murmur of applause in the Remove. Smithy, after all, was a sportsman. He had done the right thing. He had left it late, but he had done it!

And, though every fellow expected it of him, it was not exactly a light matter to own up. Undoubtedly it meant a flogging from Prout.

Loder sat down again at Mr. Quelch's desk, and took up a novel he had brought with him to kill time.

The juniors looked at him. They had expected Loder to take more heed than this of the Bouncer's confession. Apparently he was dropping the matter where it was, and detention was going on.

That was hardly good enough for the Remove! Harry Wharton waited a couple of minutes to give Loder a chance to speak, and as he did not do so, he rose to his feet.

Loder's eye was on him at once.

"Sit down, Wharton!" "Are you dismissing us now, Loder?" asked the captain of the Remove, in as respectful a tone as he could force himself to use.

"What do you mean? No! Sit down! You know that you're under detention till five o'clock!" answered Loder.

"That was because——" "Sit down!"

Wharton did not sit down. He stood where he was. His eyes were beginning to gleam.

Every fellow had supposed that the culprit's confession would "work the oracle," so to speak. Loder's view seemed to be that it made no difference to the fact of the detention.

"We're detained, Loder, because it was not known who had screwed up Woose's study door," said Wharton. "Now Smithy's owned up, Prout would dismiss the Form if he were here."

"He's not here!" sneered Loder.

"So would Woose, if he were here." "But he isn't!" grinned Loder.

"Is detention to go on, then?" asked Harry, suppressing his anger.

"Certainly it is! I have Mr. Prout's instructions to keep you in detention till five o'clock. I shall carry them out."

"I spoke to Mr. Prout before he went out. He said that if the fellow who screwed up Woose's door came to him and owned up, he would wash out the detention."

"And did the fellow?" sneered Loder. "No; but he has owned up to you, which amounts to the same thing."

"Not at all! Keep your places!" said Loder coolly. "Detention is till five o'clock! Silence in the class!"

The Removites stared at the bully of the Sixth. That it came to the same thing whether the culprit owned up to Prout, or to Prout's head prefect, was obvious.

Prout had detained the whole Form because the culprit could not be found. Having found him, Prout certainly would have dismissed the Form had he been present.

That did not suit Loder. He preferred to abide by the letter, instead of the spirit, of his instructions from Prout.

Prout certainly had told him that the Remove were under detention till five o'clock. That was good enough for Loder.

Harry Wharton stood looking at him, his hands clenched. Loder's glance rested on him mockingly.

"I've told you to sit down, Wharton!"

"You can tell me!" snapped Harry. "Very well! That's disobedience!" Loder picked up his cane and stepped away from Mr. Quelch's desk. "Stand out, Wharton, and bend over that form."

Wharton, angry as he was, almost laughed. Loder's new powers had rather got into his head. It had not occurred to him yet, apparently, that even the worm will turn, and the Remove were hardly worms. He was still under the happy impression that he was going to "get away" with this!

He swished the cane.

"Do you hear me, Wharton?" "I hear you, you bullying rotter!" answered the captain of the Remove contemptuously.

"What?" roared Loder. Harry Wharton looked over the Form.

"You men," he said, "that rotten bully wants to keep us in here so that we can't play footer at Highcliffe. Are we going to stand it?"

"No!" roared Bob Cherry. "Hardly!"

The Bouncer jumped up. His eyes were glittering. This was Smithy's chance to break out. Had Loder played the game, the footballers would have gone off to Highcliffe, leaving Smithy in detention. Smithy was only too glad of a tremendous shindy, which would give him a chance of going over to Highcliffe with the team, after all!

"Collar the cad!" he yelled. "Up the storm troops!"

"Down with Loder!" shouted Squiff. "Bag the rotter!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Keep your places!" roared Loder. "I'll cane the first fellow that steps out—I'll— Oh, my hat! Yaroooooh!"

An inkpot landed on Loder's nose! He staggered back, with a fearful yell, streaming with ink. As he staggered, a Latin dictionary caught him on the ear, and he went to the floor.

And as he landed there, spluttering, the Greyfriars Storm Troops poured out of their places, and swarmed over the bully of Greyfriars like a tidal wave.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Rebellion in the Remove!

"HANDS off!" shrieked Loder.

"Bag the bully!" "Grab him!" "Got him!"

Loder struggled frantically. His cane was torn away, and he rolled over in the grasp of innumerable hands.

Vernon-Smith ran quickly to the door and locked it. Interruption was unlikely on a half-holiday, with nearly everybody out of the House. But the Bouncer took no chances.

Locked in the Form-room with the detained Remove, there was no help for Loder of the Sixth.

A few minutes ago he had been as one having authority, saying, "Do this!" and he doeth it. Now there did not seem much of his authority left.

He rolled and roared and raged, hustled and hustled by the juniors,



"We've got a fixture with Highcliffe School to-day, Mr. Prout," said Wharton, "and it's too late to scratch, and—and we've a right to ask you, sir, why the whole Form is detained, for nothing." "If you are not aware why you are detained, Wharton, I will assuredly enlighten you!" said Mr. Prout. "Your Form-master's study door was screwed up on the outside this morning!"

hardly knowing whether he was on his head or his heels.

"Sit on him!"

"Pin him down!"

"Urrrggh!" gurgled the hapless bully of the Sixth. "You'll be flogged for this—sacked—do you hear?—expelled!"

It was quite possible that Loder was right. Excited as they were, the Greyfriars Storm Troops knew what a serious step they were taking in handling the head prefect of the school. But Loder had gone too far, and rebellion had broken out, and that was that!

Skinner and Snoop, Billy Bunter and Fisher T. Fish remained in their places. But they were the only fellows who did. Not only the footballers, but the rest of the Form, joined in piling on Loder.

"Roll him among the forms!" shouted Harry Wharton. "Get some dusters, some of you fellows!"

Loder, struggling and kicking, was rolled among the forms. There he was stretched on his back, and his wrists and ankles tied to the legs of the forms round him.

Spreadeagled in that position Loder could only wriggle and glare and roar. But a stop was soon put to his roaring.

The Bounder crammed a folded duster into his mouth.

"We don't want all Greyfriars here," he remarked.

"Gurrgh!" came faintly from Loder, through the duster.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Leaving him like that, Wharton?"

"No choice in the matter," answered Harry. "We're going over to Highcliffe to play footer, and we can't have the cad barging after us, kicking up a row there, with the game on."

"No fear!" grinned Nugent.

"We've got to leave him safe," said the captain of the Remove. "Prout and Wooso are both gone out, so he will be safe here—like that."

"Safe as houses," chuckled Bob.

"The safefulness will be posterous!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Removites roared with laughter at the bare idea of Loder remaining on his own in the Form-room, spreadeagled, all the while they were playing the Highcliffe match.

Loder wriggled and gurgled frantically. That prospect, so entertaining to the juniors, did not entertain Loder at all.

Nobody was likely to come to the Form-room. Nobody had any business there on a half-holiday.

Prout or Wooso, if they came at all, would not come till five, when the detention was up. By that time the Highcliffe match would certainly be over, and the footballers on their way home.

Harry Wharton bent over the wriggling bully, and examined the knotted dusters with great care. Loder's eyes gleamed the rage and threats he could not speak.

Wharton was making assurance doubly sure that he was safe. It would be a sorry end to the affair to have the Highcliffe game interrupted by Loder, perhaps backed up by a force of other prefects. The captain of the Remove did not intend to risk that.

Having tightened the knots of the dusters he examined the gag in Loder's mouth, and fastened it more securely there with Loder's pocket handkerchief torn in strips.

Then he was done with Loder. He

turned his back on him, and took no more heed of his existence.

"Let's get out of this!" said the Bounder. "The sooner the better!"

"You coming, Smithy?" asked Squiff.

"You bet! We're all in this now—up to the necks," said Vernon-Smith.

"Smithy's coming, of course," said Harry.

"No use his staying behind, as things have turned out now. The fact is the whole Form had better go. We can get out quietly without attracting a lot of attention; but if any Remove men are seen hanging about, the other prefects will spot that something is up. All the fellows would like to see the game, I suppose?"

"Yes, rather!"

"I'm jolly well not going!" exclaimed Skinner. "Why, Prout may sack some of us for this!"

"Same here!" said Snoop.

"I'll say I'm freezing on to this here form," declared Fisher T. Fish. "I'll tell a man that I ain't going to be bunked, and sent home to Noo Yark with a flea in my ear! Nope!"

Harry Wharton glanced at them. The funks and slackers of the Remove were not likely to be allowed to endanger the rest, at the pass things had come to.

"Bob, Inky, and Johnny, you take care of those three!" he said curtly. "Link arms with them when we leave, and don't let go."

"Right-ho!"

"Look here——" howled Skinner.

"Shut up, Skinner!" roared Bolsover major. "Why, you rotten funk, do you want to hang back when the whole Form's in it?"

"I say, you fellows——"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"Oh, really, Cherry! I say, you fellows, I'm not going over to Highcliffe!" exclaimed Billy Bunter excitedly.

"Kick him!"

"Yaroooo!"

Skinner, Snoop, and Fisher T. Fish were taken by their arms. Whether they wanted to join up or not, they were left no choice in the matter. Billy Bunter dodged among the forms.

"I say, you fellows—" he howled.

"Collar that fat slug!"

"But I say—"

"Shut up! Bag him!"

Frank Nugent caught the fat Owl of the Remove by the collar. Bunter roared indignantly.

"I say, you fellows, I shan't come! Look here, Wharton! You don't want me to play football, do you?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"No, you frabjous owl!" answered Harry, laughing.

"Well, I'd come, if you were keen on me playing," said Bunter generously. "I'm willing to play centre-forward, if you like."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, I'm not going to Highcliffe, then!" declared Bunter. "Leggo my collar, Nugent, you beast, or I'll hack your shins!"

"Must, old fat bean," said Harry. "If you're seen hanging about the school, the pres will spot what's going on, and barge in."

"Yes, but—"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"But I ain't going to Highcliffe!" yelled Bunter desperately. "I'm jolly well going to Cliff House."

"What?"

"Bessie's got a cake—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! She's got a cake, and that greedy little beast, Sammy, will wolf the lot if I don't go over—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beasts! I say—"

"You blithering fathead!" gasped Wharton. "You can go to Cliff House if you like, or to Jericho, so long as you don't hang about the school."

"Oh, all right, then!" said Bunter. "Mind, if you want me to play football, I'll come. In that case, I should expect you to stand me a cake after the match."

"Dry up, you howling ass!"

Harry Wharton unlocked the Form-room door. He glanced out into the passage. Like Moses of old he looked this way and that way. Like Moses he saw no man.

"Come on!" he said.

The Form marched out. Wharton locked the door, after the last man was out, and put the key in his pocket.

The Remove were gone. Loder of the Sixth, spreadeagled among the desks, wriggling and writhing, was left to his own reflections, which could not possibly have been pleasant ones.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Football at Highcliffe!

GOSLING, the ancient porter at Greyfriars, had a sharp eye open on the gates that afternoon.

Gosling was prepared to pounce on any Remove man who came gateward. Shell and Fourth, Third and Second, passed in and out undeterred, but no Remove man could have escaped Gosling's eagle eye. But sharp as he was, William Gosling saw nothing of the exit of the truant Remove. They did

not come anywhere near the school gates.

The Sixth Form footer practice was going on, and all the prefects were on Big Side, except Loder and Carne and Walker. Loder had been left safe in the Form-room, and Walker and Carne had strolled over to the Three Fishers for the afternoon, to look on the billiards-table when it was green, if not on the wine when it was red.

Some of the rebels had wondered whether, having got out of the Form-room, they would get out of the school. But they found it absolutely easy.

There was hardly a fellow in the House, and no eyes fell on them, but those of Temple of the Fourth, and Hoskins of the Shell—neither of whom was likely to mention that he had seen them out of detention.

It did not take many minutes to gather their football outfit. There was nobody in the changing-room; and they came and went swiftly.

Then they coolly walked away by the tradesmen's gate, in the rear of the

SIX MORE PRIZE-WINNERS

in our 100 PRIZES COMPETITION.

Here is this week's list of readers who have won prizes in our popular competition on "Why I like The GEM":

R. H. HUXLEY, 49, Clifton Road, Romford, Essex.—POCKET WALLET.

D. TROTMAN, 67, Rollaston Drive, Lenton Sands, Nottingham.—FOUNTAIN PEN.

W. ROBERTS, 8, Brook Terrace, Mochdre, Newtown, Mon.—BOOK.

R. HARRIS, 2, Clarence Road, North Street, Downend, Bristol.—FOUNTAIN PEN.

MISS E. WARBIS, Vernon House, Church Street, Martock, Somerset.—VANITY CASE.

L. D. MARTIN, c/o P. H. Moran, Leixlip, Co. Kildare, I.F.S.—PENKNIFE.

If you have not sent in your effort yet, there is still plenty of time to do so. All you have to do to qualify for a grand prize in this competition is to give your opinion, as briefly as possible on a postcard, why you like The GEM, and post it to:

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

Don't delay—send in your effort to-day!

school buildings. Mr. Mible, who was at work in the kitchen garden, saw them, and stared after them. That was all. The gardener did not even know that they were supposed to be in detention, and certainly did not care. Then they were outside the school walls.

"Safe as houses," remarked Bob Cherry, as the whole numerous party cut away across a field.

"Right as rain!" said Harry Wharton.

"I say, you fellows—"

"You can cut now, fatty! Don't get back to Greyfriars before half-past four at least!"

"I'll jolly well watch it!" grinned Bunter. "I can tell you fellows that I don't want to be the first to see Loder."

And the fat Owl of the Remove rolled away by a meadow path, heading for Cliff House School, still nourishing a hope that Bessie and Sammy had left him some cake!

The rest of the party marched on towards Courtfield.

Skinner and Snoop and Fisher T. Fish were not allowed to depart like Bunter. Nobody cared what they did, if it came to that; except that they were not to be allowed to go back to the school till

the rest did. So far, no alarm had been given; and the later the alarm was given the safer it was for the truants. So Skinner & Co. had to make for Highcliffe with the rest. Three fellows who were not in the team—Bolsover major, Russell, and Monty Newland—were put in charge of them, and they had to make up their minds to it. And when the motor-bus came rolling along from Redclyffe, the footballers, and a crowd of other fellows, boarded it and rolled on rapidly for Highcliffe. The rest of the Form walked it.

Kick-off was timed for three in the Highcliffe match. It was five minutes to the hour when the Greyfriars crowd descended from the motor-bus near the gates of the school.

They walked cheerfully in.

What was going to happen afterwards was a deep question. There was some chance, at least, of appealing to Prout's sense of justice—though nobody banked very much on that. Anyhow, Prout couldn't sack the whole Remove, that, at least, was certain. Indeed, as temporary headmaster, he was likely to jib at sacking anybody; sackings were a matter that might be difficult to explain to the governors.

Whatever the consequences of that outbreak, the Removites gave it little thought now. They were for it—and it was too late to think of pros and cons! They gave their attention to Soccer.

Frank Courtenay, the junior captain of Highcliffe, gave them a cordial greeting, little dreaming of the peculiar circumstances in which the Greyfriars fellows were keeping that fixture.

There had been rain in the morning, but the day had turned out cold, and fine, and clear; splendid weather for Soccer. Harry Wharton & Co. were in quite cheery spirits as they changed for the game.

All the Remove, excepting Billy Bunter, mingled with the Highcliffe crowd round the junior ground when the whistle went. Skinner & Co. made up their minds to make the best of a bad matter, though Fisher T. Fish dolorously confided to Skinner and Snoop that it surely was the bee's knee, if not the elephant's side-whiskers!

Herbert Vernon-Smith rubbed his nose as he walked into the field with the team. It was still red and raw. But Smithy was not nursing any grudge for that punch on the nose. Perhaps he realised, by this time, that he had asked for it. Anyhow, here he was, at Highcliffe, playing football, and that was enough for the Bounder.

Harry Wharton & Co., were glad enough that the Bounder was there, too, when the game got going. Highcliffe were in great form. Frank Courtenay was a tower of strength, the Caterpillar woke up and shook off his affected slackness like a cloak, and every other man in the eleven was good.

Good as the Remove men also were, they had their work cut out to keep their end up.

The first goal came to the Caterpillar and he followed it up with another two minutes later. The game went on ding-dong to the interval, Smithy putting the leather in at the last moment before the whistle went.

"Two to one, my beloved 'earers!" said Bob Cherry, as he sucked a lemon. "That was a good one of yours, though, Smithy!"

"Quite!" agreed the Bounder.

Bob chuckled.

"You're a good man, old bean, though not so fearfully good as you think you are!" he remarked. "I wonder how jolly old Loder's getting on?"

"Getting a bit cramped by this time, I should think!" grinned Squiff.

"The crampedness is probably terrific."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Fancy Prout's face if he barges into the Form-room and finds Loder spread-eagled there!" chortled the Bounder.

"Um! Better not think of that now!" remarked Bob. "I'm not yearning to see Prout after the way we've handled his jolly old favourite."

The footballers lined up for the second half. Prout, and Loder, and consequences, were dismissed from mind again.

The second half was hotly contested. Twice, thrice, Squiff in goal barely saved his side. But the junior from New South Wales seemed all eyes and hands, and he kept his citadel clear. And then came Greyfriars chance, and they swept the ball down the field, and Harry Wharton landed it in the net. The score was still two all when fellows round the ground began looking at their watches, or up at the clock tower.

"Five minutes to go!" remarked Bolsover major. "Looks like a draw."

Five minutes, four minutes, three minutes, two minutes!

And the Highcliffe men seemed thick as flies round the Greyfriars goal, and the pill came in, and came again, and again and again Squiff sent it out—and it was then that the Bounder came out strong with one of his sudden one-man performances. From the press of players, Vernon-Smith got away with the ball, and raced it down the field.

Only Harry Wharton kept anything like pace, and he was dropped behind. At such moments the Bounder seemed to go by electricity. Two backs rushed in on him and neither of them ever

knew how he got by. But he did—and the next moment the ball sped past the Highcliffe goalie's outstretched hand into the net.

"Goal!"

"Bravo, Smithy!"

"Goal! Goal!"

Pheep!

The whistle shrilled out for time!

Harry Wharton rushed up to the Bounder and thumped him on the back—harder than he had thumped him on the nose earlier in the day!

"Good old Smithy!" he gasped, and the Bounder grinned.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Mystery of the Form-room!

MR. PROUT walked in at the gates of Greyfriars, gave Gosling a condescending nod in return for his respectful salute, and rolled towards the House. The quarter to five was chiming, and Prout, after a brief hesitation, walked into the Form-room passage and headed for the Remove-room. Detention in that Form was till five, but if the Remove had been good, and orderly, and attentive, Prout decided that they might be let off a little early. The genial portly gentleman decided to let them cut, although it still lacked a quarter of an hour to the appointed time.

He was pleased, and a little relieved at the quietness of the Form-room passage as he rolled along it. He had had some misgivings that that troublesome Form, the Remove, might kick over the traces during detention—that there might be ragging, even something like a riot! But no sound whatever reached him from the Remove-room.

It seemed as if the Remove were not only being good, but very unusually good!

Arriving at the Form-room door, Prout turned the handle, and then made the interesting discovery that it was locked.

He knocked sharply.

There was no answer.

He knocked again, still more sharply. "Loder!" he rapped. "Loder?"

It was extraordinary! Prout would have called it, doubtless, unparalleled, or, at least, unprecedented!

Why Loder had locked himself and the detained Form in the Form-room was a mystery to Prout! He did not yet guess that Loder hadn't!

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Mr. Prout. "This is amazing! Loder! Answer me at once, Loder! Do you hear me? Answer, if you are there!"

Prout paused and listened. A faint mumbling and grumbling sound came from the interior of the Remove-room.

It was such a sound as might have been made by a fellow trying to speak while chewing a folded duster!

But for that sound, Prout might have concluded that the Form-room was empty!

It was imaginable, though improbable, that Loder might have dismissed the juniors early and locked the door after leaving. But that mumbling, grumbling sound was proof that the Form-room had at least one occupant. Why that occupant mumbled and grumbled instead of speaking, and kept the temporary headmaster locked out, was very perplexing.

Prout knocked again and again! And yet again! Only that choked mumble answered him. Then his ears detected

(Continued on next page.)



Stop him somebody!

He's bagged my chocolate cream

The most and the best for a penny

FRY'S

MONSTER

CHOCOLATE

CREAM 1d

J. S. FRY & SONS, LTD., SOMERDALE, SOMERSET.

a dragging sound! It was just like some fellow who was tied up trying to move and brushing against the floor in his vain efforts! It was more and more mystifying.

Loder, Prout concluded, could not be there, or he would have answered. But somebody was there.

Greatly mystified and a little angry, Prout walked away to the Sixth Form studies to speak to Loder.

But Loder was not there.

Next he rolled off to Masters' Studies to speak to Mr. Woose. That gentleman, fortunately, had returned from his afternoon's outing and was available.

He was rather sadly sorting a master's gown out of the wastepaper-basket, and realising that some mischievous person must have dropped in while he was out, when Prout happened.

Mr. Woose let go the wastepaper-basket at once and turned towards his portly chief, grabbing at his gold-rimmed glasses to set them straight on his nose.

"Have you released the Remove from detention, Mr. Woose?" inquired Prout.

"Eh? Oh, no, sir!" said Mr. Woose. He blinked at his study clock. "It is not yet five, sir; actually it is five minutes to the hour. My Form are still in detention, sir, with Loder in charge."

"They certainly are not in detention!" snapped Mr. Prout. "And I cannot find Loder."

"But surely he is in the Remove-room, sir, with the boys!" ejaculated Mr. Woose. "He certainly assured me that—"

"He is not there!" snapped Prout. "The Form-room door is locked; and the boys cannot be there, or they would have spoken when I knocked. Someone is there, uttering a series of strange and inexplicable sounds."

Mr. Woose started in surprise, and his glasses fell off his nose again. He grabbed them and jammed them back.

"Goodness gracious!" he exclaimed. "It is extraordinary!" said Mr. Prout. "I fail to understand it! The boys are certainly out—"

"I have seen nothing of them, sir. I have been back a quarter of an hour, and I have seen nothing of any boys of my Form."

Prout stepped to the study window. Plenty of fellows of all Forms could be seen in the quadrangle, but there was not a single Remove to be seen among them.

He jerked up the window and called to a Fifth Form man who was loafing about near at hand.

"Coker!" Coker of the Fifth looked round.

"Yes, sir?" "Have you seen any of the Remove out of the House?"

"No, sir." "It is extraordinary!" said Prout. "Pray come with me, Mr. Woose."

The two masters peregrinated to the Form-room passage together.

Prout knocked on the Remove door. Mumble! Rumble! Grumble!

"Do you hear that, Mr. Woose?" "I hear it, sir," said the amazed new master. "I—I cannot account for it. It is a most extraordinary sound."

"What does this mean, Mr. Woose?" "I am quite unaware—"

"Boys!" called out Mr. Prout in a deep voice. "If you are there, answer me! If this is a disrespectful prank, it will be severely punished! Answer me at once! Wharton!"

Mumble! "Are you there, Wharton?"

Mumble! "Someone is there!" gasped the amazed Mr. Woose. "Someone certainly

is there, sir! It sounds like someone with an impediment in his speech."

"There is no one at Greyfriars, Mr. Woose, to my knowledge, with an impediment in his speech."

"Quite so, sir! But it sounds—"

Bang! Mr. Prout knocked at the door again.

Mumble!—from within.

Three or four fellows were looking on now from the corners of the passage.

Prout's proceedings were beginning to excite interest. The new headmaster of Greyfriars glanced round and called to one of them.

"Hobson, kindly find Sykes of the Sixth Form and ask him to step here."

"Certainly, sir!" said Hobby of the Shell, cutting off.

The Sixth Form games practice was over, and Sykes of the Sixth was in his study after changing. He was soon on the spot.

"Sykes, do you know where Loder is?" asked Mr. Prout.

"No, sir!" answered Sykes. "I know nothing whatever about Loder."

"Have you seen him this afternoon?"

"I never see anything of Loder, sir."

Prout gave him a rather sharp glance. Sykes of the Sixth would have been elected captain of Greyfriars in Wingate's absence had not Prout barged in and, on his own authority, appointed Loder captain. Sykes had not forgotten it.

"Come, come, Sykes!" said Mr. Prout sharply. "Loder was in charge of the Remove in this Form-room under detention. Can you tell me whether he dismissed the Remove?"

"I know nothing about Loder, sir, or what he may have done."

"Do you know where Mr. Woose's boys are?" snapped Prout.

"No, sir."

Mumble! Rumble! Grumble—came from the Form-room.

Sykes started as he heard it; so did Hobson and several other fellows who were drawing as near as they dared to the group.

"Have you any idea who is in that room, Sykes?"

"Not the slightest, sir."

Mumble! Rumble! Grumble!

The fellow with an impediment in his speech was evidently trying hard to get going—but that impediment being a folded duster, securely tied, he had little luck.

"This is really unparalleled!" said Mr. Prout. "Wait there while I obtain another key to the door. Fortunately, I have one in my study."

Prout rolled away to the Head's study.

Mr. Woose and Sykes waited. Bancroft and Parkinson of the Sixth came along, and Walker and Carne, who had returned from their excursion to the Three Fishers. Coker and Potter and Greene of the Fifth strolled up, and some of the Shell and the Fourth.

General interest was excited now. It was evident that something of a very unusual nature was going on in the Remove Form-room.

A Form under detention seemed to have vanished as if into thin air, and the prefect in charge of them seemed also to have performed the vanishing trick. Some unknown person with an impediment in his speech seemed to be left the sole occupant of the Remove-room—locked in! It was certainly extraordinary—indeed, as Prout declared, unparalleled!

The crowd grew and thickened, with a buzz of growing excitement.

"I say, the Remove ain't there, you know!" whispered Hoskins of the Shell.

"I saw them clearing off hours ago, when I was going to the music-room for my practice."

"So did I," said Temple of the Fourth—"the whole jolly old gang of them! I wondered how they got away from Loder."

"But where's Loder?" asked Hobson. "Goodness knows!"

"There's somebody in that Form-room!" said Dabney.

"It can't be Loder. Loder wouldn't mumble and rumble like that!"

"It's a jolly old mystery!"

"Those Remove fags have been up to something!" remarked Coker of the Fifth oracularly. "You can take it from me those cheeky fags have been up to something! You'll see!"

"Here comes Prout!"

Excitement was growing intense by the time Prout came back with the key. Eyes were glued on his portly back as he inserted the key and turned it. There was a breathless buzz as the Form-room door at last was thrown open.

Prout stared in. Dozens of pairs of eager eyes stared in past Prout. Nothing unusual was to be seen.

"No one is here!" gasped Prout. "I see no one, yet—"

Mumble! Rumble! Grumble!

"Bless my soul!"

Prout strode in. After him came a swarm. Still nobody was to be seen in the deserted Form-room. But a sound of almost frantic mumbling and gurgling guided Prout to the desks, and he navigated among them and almost stepped on a spreadeagled form. He stopped just in time and gazed at—

Gerald Loder!

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Prisoner!

LODER stared up at Prout. Neither spoke.

Each had at that moment an impediment in his speech—

Prout, breathless wrath and amazement; Loder, a folded duster.

They gazed and gazed.

"Is—is—is that Loder?" stammered Sykes, catching sight of the spreadeagled figure among the desks. "Oh gad! Oh, my hat!"

"Loder!" roared Coker.

"Tied up!" gasped Hobson.

"Oh crumbs! Those Remove kids!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Loder! Is that actually Loder?" stammered Mr. Woose. "Is—is—is that Loder of the Sixth Form? Goodness gracious!"

Mr. Woose's glasses fell completely off in his amazement. They dangled at the end of their cord, and Mr. Woose grabbed at them blindly, blinking at Loder in quite a dizzy way.

Whatever had been the Squeaker's experiences before he came to Greyfriars as a substitute master, certainly none of them had ever resembled this! The Greyfriars Remove was quite new to Mr. Woose!

"Goodness gracious!" squeaked Woose. "G-g-g-goodness gracious me!"

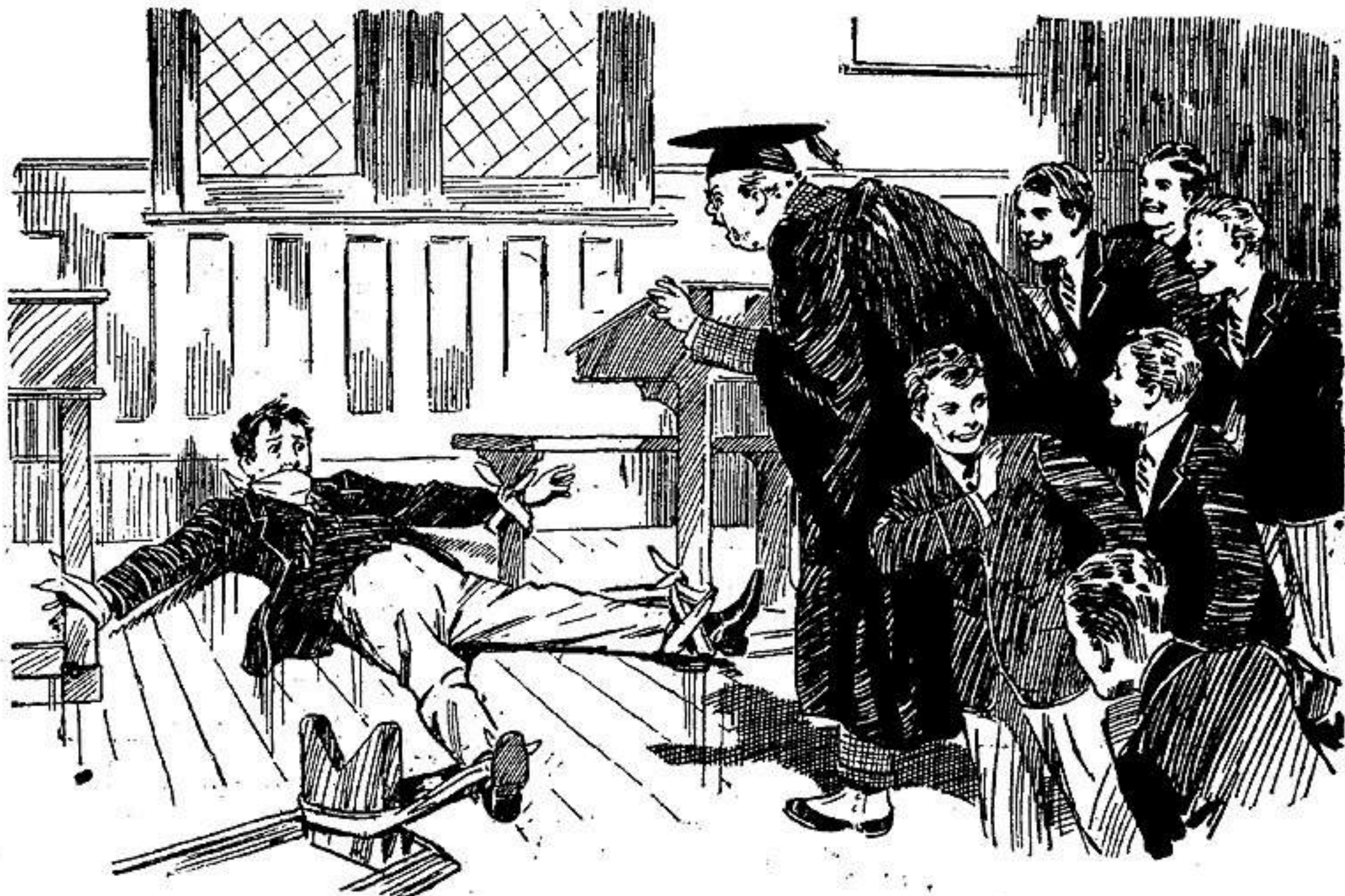
"Loder!" gurgled Prout. He found his fruity voice at last. "Loder!" He stooped over the hapless bully of the Sixth. He grabbed and grasped at the gag, and succeeded in getting it away.

"Loder! Speak! What does this mean? Who has done this?"

"Grooogh!" gasped Loder. It was not easy to speak after a couple of hours chewing at a chalky duster. "Oooogh!" Loder's mouth was numb. "Wooogh!"

"Sykes! Have you a knife? Someone find a knife, and—and release Loder at once!" exclaimed Mr. Prout.

Hobson of the Shell had a knife; one of those fearsome instruments beloved of schoolboys with many blades and corkscrews and screwdrivers and all sorts



Mr. Prout strode into the Form-room, followed by a swarm of juniors. A sound of almost frantic mumbling and gurgling guided him to the desks. He navigated among them, and almost stepped on Loder, stretched on his back, his wrists and ankles tied to the legs of the forms around him. "Loder!" gasped Prout. "What does this mean? Who has done this?"

of things. Hobson pushed forward and brought it out of his pocket and opened a blade.

"I'll do it, sir!" said Hobby.

"Thank you, Hobson!" gasped Mr. Prout. "Lose no time!"

Hobson knelt down among the desks to release Loder, by sawing through the dusters that were knotted about his wrists and ankles.

Loder eyed him rather uneasily. He would have preferred his bonds to be untied, though that would have taken longer. There was a gleam in Hobson's eye that he did not like; especially as he remembered that he had given Hobson six the day before. He had given Hobby that six chiefly because he had been in a bad temper, and wanted to whop somebody! Now he rather wished he hadn't.

He had reason! As Hobby sawed at the knotted dusters there was a sudden fiendish yell from Loder.

"Yaroo!"

"What—what—" ejaculated Prout.

"Yow-ow! Keep that knife away, you young demon!" roared Loder. "You're cutting me—stripping off my skin—wow!"

"Well, I'm not stripping off your skin, Loder!" argued Hobby. "I may have given you a bit of a jab—my knife slipped, like that—"

"Yooooop!"

"Pray be careful, Hobson!" said Mr. Prout.

"Oh, yes, sir, I've got a very steady hand," said Hobson. "Only with Loder wriggling all the time, sir—"

"Quite so, quite; I advise you to keep still, Loder, while Hobson is releasing you!" said Mr. Prout.

"You see, sir, he keeps on wriggling."

"Yes, yes; pray keep still, Loder,"

There was a spasm of merriment in

the crowd in the Remove room. Most of them could guess that Loder had cause to wriggle, when a fellow he had recently whopped was handling the knife over him!

"Silence, silence!" exclaimed Mr. Prout. "This is by no means a laughing matter—it is very serious—very serious indeed—an unprecedented outrage. Silence, silence!"

"Yarooooooop!"

"Loder, really, Loder—"

"Keep him off!" shrieked Loder.

"Really, Loder, I presume that you desire to be released from that uncomfortable and ridiculous position," said Mr. Prout tartly.

"Wow! He's sticking that knife into me! Ow!" Loder wriggled frantically.

"Ow! Wow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If you do not keep still, Loder; you can hardly expect to escape an accident!" said Mr. Prout. "Pray calm yourself."

"A fellow can only do his best, sir," said Hobson, in an injured tone. "Loder keeps on wriggling like a centipede, sir—"

"Yes, yes; do keep still, Loder, till you are released. I can quite understand your impatience; but keep still—keep still!"

"Ow! Wow! Ow! The young scoundrel is puncturing me on purpose!" shrieked Loder. "Oh crumbs! Wow! Oh gad! Yaroooooo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence! Mr. Woose, pray take the knife from Hobson and release Loder. Perhaps the boy is clumsy."

James Hobson rather reluctantly relinquished the pocket-knife to Mr. Woose. He had been quite enjoying himself and making Loder feel fearfully sorry that he had handed out that six,

Loder's howls ceased as the Squeaker handled the knife. In a few minutes he was cut loose and the Form-master helped him to his feet.

He leaned on a desk panting.

"Now, Loder, explain how you came to be in that very extraordinary situation!" said Mr. Prout.

"The Remove, sir!" gasped Loder. "They set on me and tied me up and cleared off to Highcliffe to play football."

Mr. Prout almost jumped clear of the floor.

"Is it possible?" he stuttered.

"Some lads, the Remove!" murmured Sykes to Parkinson, who nodded, and grinned.

"I told you men that the Remove had been up to something!" chuckled Coker.

"They—they—they have gone out of—of detention to—to—pip-pip-play fuf-fuf-fuf-football!" stuttered Mr. Prout.

"Yes!" gasped Loder. "I've been here two hours or more—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a yell.

Prout could regard it, if he liked, as an unprecedented and unparalleled outrage! Most of Greyfriars regarded it as a tremendous lark, for the bully of the school to have been tied up like a turkey most of the afternoon, while the Remove played Soccer.

"Silence!" roared Prout, glaring round. "Silence! Loder, follow me to my study— Silence! Silence, I say!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Loder, dusty, untidy, limping, sore and savage, almost tottered after Prout to the Head's study. The crowd of fellows streamed out of the House and down to the gates. They wanted to see the Remove come in, and they had not long to wait.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Return of the Remove!

GOSLING blinked. He wondered whether his ancient eyes deceived him. William Gosling had been very much on his guard that afternoon to see that none of the detained Removites went out. So he naturally did not expect to see any of them come in!

Now they were coming in!

Harry Wharton & Co. walked in at the gates followed by the rest of the Form. Gosling almost fell down as he saw them.

The footballers had left in secret; but there was, of course, no object in returning in the same way. Prout had to know that they had been out of school. So they came in at the gates; thereby giving Gosling the surprise of his life. Harry Wharton led them in; and the extreme rear was brought up by Billy Bunter. Bunter, as a matter of fact, had been back first; but he had hung about to wait for the army from Highcliffe—having sagely decided that he did not want to be the first to face Prout!

"My eye!" said Gosling. "My eye! Master Wharton, you've been hout!"

"Quito!" agreed Wharton, with a nod.

"The outfulness has been terrific, my

esteemed and ridiculous Gosling!" said Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"The whole lot of yer!" gasped Gosling, staring blankly at the numerous array.

"The whole jolly lot, old bean!" grinned Bob Cherry. "You'll be glad to hear that we've beaten Highcliffe, Gossy! Beaten 'em to the wide!"

"Wot I says is this 'ere—" gasped Gosling.

"Hallo, here they are!" roared Coker of the Fifth. "Here come the young sweeps!"

"Had a good time, you men?" yelled Temple of the Fourth.

"Fine!" answered Harry Wharton. "Good game, and we beat Highcliffe three to two! Prout in yet?"

"Yes, rather!" chortled Temple. "He found Loder—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You fags are for it!" roared Coker. "You'll be sacked for this!"

"Prout's boiling over!" grinned Potter of the Fifth.

"Well, we never thought he'd be pleased!" remarked Squiff.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Here, you young rascals!" Walker of the Sixth came up. "You're to go into your Form-room at once!"

"Are you going to take us there,

Walker?" asked the Bounder. "Want a little of what Loder got?"

"Yes, do take us there, Walker!" said Peter Todd. "We like prefects to play with in our Form-room."

"Yes, do come, Walker!" chorused half a dozen voices.

Walker of the Sixth was far too wise to walk into the Remove Form-room with the Remove in their present mood.

"Go into the House, at once!" he rapped.

"Won't you come, too?" urged the Bounder.

Walker walked away.

"Come on!" said Harry Wharton. "We've got to go through it. Well, we knew that when we kicked off in this game."

The Remove marched to the House, followed by a laughing and cheering crowd.

What was going to happen nobody knew; but most of the rebels were prepared to face the music, to whatever tune it played.

Skinner and Snoop looked dismal enough, and Fisher T. Fish was evidently regarding the affair as quite an elephant's side-whiskers, while Billy Bunter's fat face wore a worried look. But most of the fellows were cool enough. It rather bucked them, too, to observe that the episode made them something like heroes in the eyes of the rest of the school. Anybody who scored over Loder was sure of general sympathy.

In the doorway of the House they came on Loder. He gave them his blackest and bitterest look.

"So you've got back!" said the bully of Greyfriars, between his teeth.

"Thanks for inquiring," said Bob Cherry solemnly. "We've got back all right, Loder! Have you been anxious about us?"

Loder's eyes blazed.

He had his ashplant under his arm. He grasped it.

Walker of the Sixth had been too wise to ask for trouble with the Remove until Prout had had time to deal with them and impress some sense of discipline on them. But Loder was not so wise.

He was yearning for vengeance, and he did not realise that, for the time, at least, the prefectorial authority was gone, and the power of the ashplant a thing of the past.

"Bend over, Cherry!" he ordered.

Bob Cherry, instead of bending over, as ordered, laughed in the face of the bully of the Sixth.

"Loder's bound to do his funny turn!" he remarked.

"Will you bend-over?" roared Loder. "Hardly, old bean!"

Loder made a cut at the junior with his cane. The next moment the cane was torn away and tossed out of the House.

Five or six fellows grasped Loder, and he came down on the floor with a terrific bump!

There was a yell from the quad.

"Roll up, you men! They're going it again!"

"Bump him!" yelled Bob.

"What-ho!"

"Give the cad jip!"

Bump! Bump! Bump!

"Here, stop that!" shouted Carne of the Sixth, speeding to the spot.

"Give him some, too!" yelled Vernon-Smith.

"Bump him!"

"Oh, my hat! Yarooooogh! Whoop!" spluttered Arthur James Carne as he was collared, up-ended, and bumped on the floor beside Loder.

Bump! Bump!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

thoughts dwell on next week's special Free Gift in connection with our Sheriff's Outfit. This will consist of a

SHERIFF'S SECRET CODE AND CYPHER KEY

which is undoubtedly the finest Free Gift of the series. By means of this code you can send secret messages, knowing full well that only those who know the prearranged code letter can decipher the message.

I can tell you, chums, you'll be real pleased when you get this ingenious Gift which will be PRESENTED FREE with next Saturday's MAGNET. The only way to make sure of getting this splendid Free Gift in connection with the MAGNET Sheriff's Outfit—the finest gift-series ever presented with any boy's paper—is by placing an order for next Saturday's MAGNET with your newsagent to-day! The reproduction of the Sheriff's Secret Code on the cover of next Saturday's MAGNET will alone be enough to make every boy and girl anxious to secure a copy. Get in on the ground floor, as aforementioned, by ordering YOUR copy to-day! You'll feel like a bear with a sore head if you miss this record-breaking Free Gift.

Space being short, I'd better "get on with the washing" and tell you something of what I have in store for you in next week's BUMPER FREE GIFT ISSUE of the MAGNET. You're bound to enjoy FRANK RICHARDS' masterpiece, for he has never written a better yarn. In next week's tip-top school tale you will read more about the cunning Gerald Loder who is at daggers drawn with Harry Wharton & Co., the cheery chums of the Remove Form at Greyfriars. It is entitled:

"THE SECRET OF THE VAULTS!"

Thrills galore await you in Morton Pike's stirring story of highwayman adventure, while, of course, there will be another topical issue of the "Greyfriars Herald" and an interesting Soccer talk by "Linesman."

YOUR EDITOR.

COME INTO THE OFFICE, BOYS!

Always glad to hear from you, chums, so drop me a line at the following address: The Editor, The "Magnet" Library, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. A stamped, addressed envelope will ensure a reply.

Well, my Sheriff chums, by now you will all be trying out the Thumbprint Recording Outfit presented FREE with this week's issue of the MAGNET! As Fisher T. Fish, of the Greyfriars Remove, would say: "I guess and calculate you're all mighty pleased with it!" It's certainly something unusual in the way of Free Gifts, what? To those of my chums who are keen autograph hunters—and I know many of you are—now is your chance to get a thumbprint as well while you're about it. It is very far from easy to detect certain people by their handwriting, but a thumbprint is infallible as a means of identification as records at Scotland Yard have proved that no two persons' thumbprints are exactly alike!

As this is the fourth item in connection with our FREE Sheriff's Outfit it would be perhaps wise at this juncture to hold a sort of kit inspection for the benefit of the vast numbers of readers who have newly joined our ranks. It is three weeks now since the MAGNET presented the first part of the Sheriff's Outfit and regular readers should have in their possession a Sheriff's Star, an Invisible Writing Pencil, a Sheriff's Six-Shooter, and a Thumbprint Recorder. If you have not been able to get all these topping Free Gifts I strongly advise you to see your newsagent right now, or failing this, write to our Back Number Department, Bear Alley, E.C.4, enclosing the necessary stamps to cover cost of copies required and postage for same. Meanwhile, you can let your

"Those kids are out of hand, if you like!" grinned Coker. "What?"

The great Horace was right. The Remove, evidently, were very much out of hand. Mr. Woose, greatly agitated, hovered in the offing, gesticulating.

"Goodness gracious! Boys—boys, you really must not do this! You really must keep order! Order, I say! Go into your Form-room! Please go into your Form-room! Goodness gracious me!"

"Bump the Squeaker, too!" shouted the Bounder.

"Hold on, Smithy, you ass!" Wharton dragged the reckless Bounder back. "Come on, fathead, and don't play the goat!"

Leaving Loder and Carne gasping on the floor in a dazed and dizzy state, the Remove marched into their Form-room.

There they waited for Mr. Prout. Fellows of other Forms crowded in the corridor, staring in at them. The Remove were the cynosure of all eyes at Greyfriars just at present.

There was a warning shout from Stewart of the Shell as a heavy, elephantine tread was heard.

"Prout's coming!"

"What—what is all this crowd?" came a deep voice. "Disperse—go away at once! Upon my word! Go away!"

Mr. Prout marched in and closed the Form-room door after him. The Remove stood facing the temporary Head of Greyfriars.

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Execution!

THE silence in the Remove-room was deep. It could almost have been cut with a knife.

Prout's voice broke it at last. "Boys of the Remove! You—the whole Form, without a solitary exception—have been guilty of an act of unprecedented rebelliousness! An act, I may say, unparalleled!"

Prout paused, to let that long word sink in.

"You have attacked, assaulted, a prefect of the Sixth Form! You have broken detention! You have absented yourselves from school without leave! Such conduct is—is unheard of!" Prout very nearly said "unparalleled" again, but he changed it to "unheard-of" in time. "I take the most serious view of this. Had only a few boys been concerned in such an outrage I should certainly have expelled them from the school. But I can hardly expel a whole Form!"

"Hardly!" murmured the Bounder.

"May I speak, sir?" asked Harry Wharton, quietly and respectfully.

"If you desire to make excuses, Wharton—"

"I should like to explain, sir—"

"There is nothing to explain! Do you deny that you seized Loder of the Sixth and tied him to the desks?"

"No, sir. But—"

"Do you deny that you walked out of detention?"

"No, sir. But—"

"Then there is nothing to explain. I refuse to listen to a single word in extenuation of your rebellious conduct," said Mr. Prout sternly. "Not a single syllable!"

"But, sir—"

"Silence!" boomed Prout. "Silence! It only remains for me to deal with this unprecedented occurrence! I have considered whether to single out the ringleaders and expel them from Greyfriars! I have decided, however, that as the whole Form appears to have been equally concerned in this outrageous

outbreak, equal punishment shall fall upon the whole Form!"

"If you will listen, sir—"

"I will listen to nothing!" boomed Prout. "I will not listen to a single word! I will hear no excuses of such conduct! I warn you, Wharton, that my eye is upon you, and that you are in danger of being sent away from this school. Take care, sir!"

Wharton shrugged his shoulders. If Prout would not listen to a single word, it was useless to utter a single word! He stood silent.

"I have considered the matter, and decided what steps to take!" resumed Prout. "The whole Form will be flogged, after prayers, in the morning, in Hall!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Phew!"

"Oh crikey!" groaned Billy Bunter.

"That," boomed Prout, "is your sentence! Reflect upon it, and let it be a warning to you! Dismiss!"

In silence the Remove filed out of the Form-room. In grim silence they went to their studies.

"What's the verdict?" asked Coker of the Fifth, meeting them on the staircase.

"Floggings all round!" answered Bob.

"Well, you've asked for it!" said Coker. "You jolly well deserve it! I hope it will do you good, and I can jolly well say—Yaroooop!"

The rest of Coker's remarks were incoherent, as he went rolling down the stairs.

That evening in the Remove studies there were serious faces. In all the studies at Greyfriars there was excitement. Such a wholesale order as the flogging of a whole Form was distinctly unusual.

Thirty fellows were going to be flogged in a batch—which was what Mr. Prout would really have been justified in describing as unparalleled!

The Bounder offered two to one, in doughnuts, that "old Pompous" would burst before he was through if he handled the job himself.

"I say, you fellows, I think I ought to come last, as I'm at the bottom of the Form!" said Billy Bunter. "Prout will be tired by then!"

"The tirefulness will probably be terrific!" grinned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "The esteemed Prout will be preposterously tired!"

"Not so tired as we shall be!" sighed Bob Cherry.

"Well, it was worth it!" remarked the Bounder. "We've played the Highcliffe match and beaten Highcliffe, and given that bully Loder the time of his life! It was jolly well worth it!"

"Hear, hear!"

"And we're not done with Loder yet!" added the Bounder.

Most of the fellows agreed that it was, as the Bounder said, worth it. But they looked rather grim, all the same, when they turned out at the clang of the rising-bell the following morning.

Billy Bunter was seen to pack several exercise books into his tight trousers in anticipation of what was to happen after prayers. But most of the fellows disdained such precautions.

They had the comfort, such as it was, of finding themselves the observed of all observers in Big Hall after prayers.

The whole school had orders to remain present and witness the punishment of the Remove; doubtless as a warning to other rebellious fellows who might think of going and doing likewise!

On the occasion of a Head's flogging it was usual for Gosling to be sent for to "hoist" the offender. But no doubt Prout realised that hoisting thirty fellows, one after another, would be

rather a strain on that ancient gentleman. Anyhow, a hassock was placed for the delinquents to bend over, in turn.

Loder of the Sixth handed the cane to Prout. There was a deep silence in Hall as Harry Wharton was called.

The silence was broken by a sound of steady swishing! No sound came from Harry Wharton, though his face was a little set and pale.

After Wharton came the rest of the Co. and then the Bounder. They had it hot and strong.

Then Prout visibly tired a little. Squiff and Peter Todd and Tom Brown suffered less; Redwing and Ogilvy and Russell less still. And the fellows who came after them found Prout less and less equal to the exertion he had imposed on himself.

Prout was getting breathless and red in the face. His swishes were falling with a marked diminution of force.

The scene, solemn enough at the beginning, was taking on a slightly farcical aspect!

After sixteen or so fellows had been dealt with, Prout was plainly weakening. His grunts were heard all over Hall!

After twenty, he stopped to wipe his brow with a large pocket-handkerchief! At that proceeding a giggle was heard from the Second Form!

It was immediately checked by the prefects, who were there to keep order, though it was observed that Sykes of the Sixth winked at Blundell of the Fifth, who barely changed a chuckle into a cough in time.

Prout, game to the last, went on!

Man after man came up, bent over, took his gruel, and retired; but now they grinned and winked at the other fellows as they went! Prout hardly flicked the lucky men who came late on the list!

Billy Bunter, to his great joy, came last! What with Prout's evident exhaustion and the exercise-books so carefully packed into his bags, Bunter felt that he was all right! He stepped up quite briskly—rather too briskly, perhaps, for those concealed exercise-books needed negotiating with care! There was a sudden howl of laughter in Hall, as Bunter was seen to halt, and wriggle, and clutch at the legs of his trousers—which were bulging!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" boomed Prout. "Bunter, I am waiting for you!"

"Oh lor'!" gasped Bunter.

"Bunter, if you keep me waiting—"

"Oh crikey!"

Those exercise-books had slipped out of place! But there was no help for it, and Bunter had no time to replace them! He bent over the hassock.

Swish, swish, swish! The brief pause while he waited for Bunter seemed to have invigorated Prout! He laid it on quite handsomely.

Bunter roared.

"Whoop! Yooop! Yarooooooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" boomed Prout. "Dismiss!" The "execution" was over!

Loder of the Sixth carried matters with a high hand that day. Nobody wanted another flogging from Prout! Loder's authority had been vindicated, and he used it to the full and stretched it to the utmost. But the turn of the Remove was coming!

THE END.

(The next yarn in this grand series is entitled: "THE SECRET OF THE VAULTS?" Look out for it in next week's BUMPER FREE GIFT NUMBER of the MAGNET, chums!)
THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,392.

CAPTAIN CRIMSON!

A GENTLEMAN OF THE ROAD!

WHAT'S GONE BEFORE.

The inhabitants of Widewater, a smugglers' paradise, are disturbed by a friendly warning from Captain Crimson, a mysterious highwayman, to be wary of Dan Hickerman, the Excise officer.

Hickerman is after "big game" in the shape of Harry Wortley, a notorious Jacobite agent who is known to be in the vicinity. Wortley is in possession of the famous Tringham heirlooms which he hopes to take to France and dispose of in order to raise money for the Jacobite cause. The hunted Jacobite manages, with the help of a youngster named Jack Lemard, to board a brig which is waiting in the creek, escaping the Excise men by the skin of his teeth. His fellow conspirators, Squire Dashwood and Kit Trunch, an ex-pirate, are left behind at the latter's house, rather fearful that Hickerman and his men will break in upon them.

THEY knew the dragoons had found an entrance to the grounds in spite of the locked gate in the lane, for they could hear them trampling over the garden and moving in the yard behind the house. But an hour went by, and another. A third bowl of punch had been brewed from the kettle on the hob, and half-consumed, yet still no summons came from the officer in command.

The squire began to nod, and when he fell asleep, Trunch let him snore in peace, and sat on in silence, puffing at his enormous porcelain pipe, absorbed in his own thoughts, until Mr. Dashwood awoke suddenly, blinked at the candles, and stammered thickly:

"Those redcoats are a long time making up their minds to come in, Trunch!"

"They've been gone this hour and more!" growled the ex-pirate.

"Gone!" exclaimed the squire.

"Where?"

"Back to Widewater from the way they took; and the brig's sailed, for I went up to the attic to see. That dog Hickerman must have changed his mind. At any rate, the officer rode down to the creek's mouth—I heard him—and when he returned his voice was like that of a bear with a sore ear as he ordered the men to horse."

"Ods life, man, and that's where I must be getting me, unless your clock there lies."

The squire rose unsteadily. As he did so his foot caught something beside the



BY
**MORTON
PIKE.**

chair on which his brother-in-law had sat.

"Ods! Look at this, Trunch!" he cried. "Sink me, if Harry hasn't left the jewels behind him!"

The pair stared blankly at one another. Then the ex-pirate frowned. He would like to have made that discovery himself, for there, sure enough, was the precious valise, on whose contents the fate of the Jacobite invasion might hang. Very ugly thoughts passed through his mind, but he instantly dismissed them. Too many folk knew the tipsy squire had been with him that night to risk anything of that kind—even for ten thousand pounds!

"We must put this in a safe hiding-place, Mr. Dashwood," he said gruffly. "I have such a one."

"Not so, my excellent friend. Those jewels go to Dashwood Hall with me," said the squire, bracing himself against the table, for he was very full of punch. "If my feather-brained relative forgot them in his haste, 'tis all the more my duty to guard them for our lawful Sovereign, King James."

"Yet I vow you are in the way to lose them on the road," urged Trunch.

"Egad! Not in the manner you would hint at! Since there are no pigeons abroad at this hour, there are no hauls, you cautious old sea-dog," laughed Mr. Dashwood, more valiant even than usual by reason of the liquor that was in him. "Have I not my pistols, too? Once in the saddle, Trunch, 'twould take a strong man to get the best of Lance Dashwood, drunk or sober!"

The ex-pirate shrugged his shoulders, not without misgivings. Then, seeing that argument was useless, he brought the roan to the yard door, handing up the heavy wallet with an even heavier heart.

"At least, let me see your honour as far as Normans End?" he urged.

"What; have me go at a foot pace, friend Christopher? Fie upon you!" said the squire scornfully. "Yonder

floats the moon. 'Tis only five miles to Widewater Black Boar, where I shall take my 'night-cap' if Jepp hasn't gone to bed—fare thee well, Kit!"

The impatient roan carried her foolish master into the lane at a brisk trot.

Practised horseman though he was, with an iron grip in the saddle, the squire had not gone far before he pulled the roan into a walk and dropped the reins on its neck, perhaps the wisest thing he did that night.

The roadster would take him home without a fault, he knew, and already the cold wind, after the reek of the hot room, was making him most comfoundedly drowsy.

Still, the squire had sense enough left to realise what it was he was carrying on the pommel, and clutching the valise with both hands, he alternately dropped forward over it, and then recovered himself sufficiently to sit up again with a jerk, very much on the alert.

At those times he fancied an enemy lurking in every shadow, and called out: "Ha, you dog, I see you!"—or, "Ho, villain! Come out, if you dare!" as he passed some wall overhung with trees.

Normans End was long abed, and, as he left the thatched cottages behind, the squire allowed the increasing desire for sleep to overcome him for a moment, what time his laced hat fell off on to the road.

"You ride late, sir!"

The squire awoke at the sound of a voice to find the roan had stopped in front of a lych-gate. A mounted figure, sitting motionless beside him on a black horse, was pressing something very hard, cold, and unmistakable against his neck!

"Zounds! Fellow!" he gasped.

He snatched mechanically at his holster, and the fact that it was empty sobered him in a moment.

Although only the outline of the speaker was visible in the faint moonlight, a sudden conviction thrust itself on the bemused squire.

"Who in the fiend's name are you?" he cried hoarsely, well knowing what the answer would be.

"Captain Crimson, at your service, sir!" said the other.

"Pitiful robber—low thief, and gallows fruit!" shouted the squire, vainly trying to pull himself together. "You take me at a cowardly disadvantage!"

"My dear sir, even excess of strong liquor is no excuse for bad manners," said the highwayman. "Last week I relieved a duke of his superfluous guineas, and, believe me, we bowed at parting. We did indeed. 'Tis all a matter of breeding, Mr. Dashwood, a quality in which you should not be lacking."

Then the well-bred voice grew hard as steel.

"Your purse, sir! Thank you, I am obliged," and Captain Crimson bent his head. "As one horseman to another, may I point out that I have removed your roadster's headstall, in case you should think fit to follow me? The knowledge may prevent a serious accident. Also, you will reach home the sooner if I ease you of this weight." So saying, he plucked the precious valise suddenly out of the hands that were powerless to hold it, and rode off, bidding the squire "Good-night!"

Two white heels showed dimly for a moment as the black topped the low wall of the churchyard, and Lancelot Dashwood was left staring blankly into space!

Coming out of the Black Boar yard at two o'clock in the morning, Jack Lennard stole softly across the street from force of habit. But this time, instead of climbing the stout creeper to reach his own window, as was usual after some nocturnal escapade, he walked boldly to the front door which the doctor opened.

"Well, my night bird, you're late returning to the roost!" was the doctor's greeting. "What of Mr. Wortley?"

"On his way to France, father," laughed Jack. "But have you seen anything of Hickerman?"

"Yes, both seen and heard! He came to the Boar, roaring like a lion and soaked to the skin, about an hour after the dragoon officer had returned, and the pair fell out to a pretty tune until we thought blows would be struck. Then, just as things were growing quieter, in staggered the squire, hatless and raging, for he had encountered this Crimson fellow who is turning our little world upside down. Dashwood vows he has ruined him."

"Captain Crimson again! But the squire never carries more than a handful of guineas in his fob, father, and those not for long. How can he be ruined?"

Dr. Lennard shook his head gravely. "The imagination of a scarce sober man is difficult to follow," he said. "We could make nor head nor tail of the business, but he raved about jewels and papers that might hang folk in high places. And now, my boy, look at the clock! Are you going to eat the supper your mother set by the fire to keep hot, or will you wait till breakfast time?"

"I'll have supper now, father," laughed Jack, sitting down. "And I promise you I'll be ready for breakfast when it comes!"

The Hue and Cry!

"**W**HOA!" said Bartholomew Huggett, jerking the word out of the corner of his ugly mouth, and bringing his rusty black gelding to a halt.

Having made the leafy lanes of Suffolk uncomfortably warm for a gentleman of his calling, for Bart

Huggett was a highwayman, he was in search of fresh fields, and the prospect from the highest point of Windyway Heath struck him as the very thing he wanted.

A mouldering skeleton, swinging on a gibbet where two roads crossed, was all in its favour, from his point of view, and the out-at-elbows highwayman chuckled.

A rolling common—miles of it—the little town of Widewater in the distance, with the masts of shipping on the broad river; half a dozen windmills turning their sails in the sunshine—all spoke of prosperity and fat purses, and Bart Huggett chuckled again.

"Hallo! What's this?" he said suddenly, as his squinting eyes saw something familiar on the ground a pace away.

Dismounting, he picked it up.

It was a strip of red velvet, with two slits in it—the very counterpart, in all but its colour, of the black mask that reposed in his own pocket, with a brace of barkers for company.

"Ecod, never heard of such a thing!" ejaculated Bart Huggett. "Crimson velvet—eh? I'll keep it for luck! I want that bad enough!"

Mounting again, he saw the spire of a village church on his right, and turned the gelding's head towards it.

I Say, You Fellows!

Don't miss the

**SHERIFF'S
SECRET
CODE
and Cypher Key**

FREE

with every copy of

**NEXT SATURDAY'S
MAGNET!**

Where there was a church there would be an inn. Within half a mile he came to Betty Loop's alehouse, where, behind a foaming mug and some cheese, Mr. Bartholomew Huggett sat him down to think things out.

He was still thinking, on a bench at the back of the open door, when old Betty's nephew, Dick, entered the alehouse. Dick did not notice the stranger when he came in, but strode across the floor in haste to an inner room where a row of barrels stood, and blurted out the news he had brought before his aunt could stay him.

"Folk say Squire Dashwood, of Widewater, was robbed last night of ten thousand pounds by Captain Crimson!" he cried. "What do you think of that?"

"Lawk's a mussy!" gasped the old woman, making a sign to her nephew, who turned quickly round and saw the stranger.

As Huggett was quietly munching his cheese, Dick hoped he had not caught those incautious words.

After some whispering with old Betty, he went over to the solitary customer and passed the time of day.

It was just what the newcomer wanted. Having two silver shillings still left in his fob, he emptied his mug

at a draught, and invited Dick Loop to join him in another.

While they were talking, the stranger drew his pipe out of a pocket in the skirt of his shabby, drab riding-coat. As he did so Dick Loop's eyes narrowed, and his heart gave a big jump.

A tell-tale strip of crimson velvet had come into view above the frayed edge of the square pocket-hole, and, though it dropped back again the next moment, it told Dick Loop something that sent a quiver through every limb.

"Well, sir," he said, mastering his voice and jumping up suddenly, "I must be leaving you! I've got my pigs to feed!"

Leaving the house, he went into the orchard, where Huggett's horse was cropping the grass.

Again his heart jumped.

The horse was a black one, lean and underfed, its sides scored with innumerable spur-galls. But there were the two white heels, sure enough; for, having slightly strained its hind feet leaping a stream, its owner had bandaged both fetlocks three days before, and the rags were still there.

"Gads life! It's him, right enough—and twenty guineas for his capture!" murmured Dick, rather dazed at the great discovery. "But what's the best way of doing it? For never did I set eyes on a more desperate-looking ruffian, and all the men away in the fields!"

Dick Loop stood there a few moments, rubbing a doubtful chin, the grazing horse turning a wicked-looking head inquiringly towards him, with ears flat on the neck and some white eyeball showing viciously.

Although the puzzled lad did not know it, the horse's owner was squinting at him from the window of the alehouse, and breathing hard through his nose.

Meanwhile, at the Black Boar, Dan Hickerman was conversing with Squire Dashwood.

"You are a brave man, Mr. Dashwood!" said the chief of the Excise, with a note in his voice that made the squire frown.

"What do you mean by that, Hickerman?" demanded Mr. Dashwood.

"One must have rare courage to ride at midnight with a wallet of heirlooms on your saddle these times, and the mystery highwayman about! I know as much of night work as most men, and I've plenty of pluck, as a rule, but not enough for that."

"In short, I am a bigger fool than you?" said Lancelot Dashwood; and he gripped his heavy whip.

"Gentlemen—gentlemen!" expostulated Mr. Falcon. "Why quarrel when we should rather be planning to lay that daring villain by the heels?"

There was a murmur of approval among the other occupants of the inn parlour.

Before the Excise officer could make reply, however, the door burst open, and Dick Loop rushed in, followed by Jack and Billy Jepp.

"We've got him!" cried Dick. "Captain Crimson is drinking at our house now! He doesn't know it, but I've seen the red mask in his pocket, and galloped here with the news!"

If a barrel of gunpowder had exploded in the cellar of the Black Boar it could scarcely have caused greater confusion.

Glasses were overturned, every man jumped to his feet, and there was a general rush for the stables, even the elderly Mr. Falcon limping in the wake of the rest.

Quite a dozen of the townfolk had been listening to the squire's story of how he had been robbed the previous night, and Dick Loop's news had come at the right time, when everybody was filled with indignation and thirsting for vengeance.

The hue and cry was a great thing in those days, when there were no police, and it was better even than a fox-chase. Every man turned out, swearing wild oaths, and getting in each other's way.

Jack Lennard's face was beaming like a rising sun, for there would be no school that afternoon for him.

What with the clatter of hoofs on the cobbles, the dragoons saddling up, and old Jepp sallying out at the last minute in his shirtsleeves, with a brace of pistols, shouting for his horse—no wonder the parson, passing on his fat cob, cried:

"What's all this hubbub about? Has the Pretender landed?" and then joined the hue and cry himself.

"And you, too, friend Falcon?" he exclaimed to the retired East India merchant, who was leading his old white pony to the mounting-block.

"No, rector. I am past it, alas! But my eyes are still young, and I can keep watch for sight of the rogue."

The posse streamed out, the squire and Jack leading, while the red-coated dragoons, on their black, plug-tailed horses, brought up the rear, and gave quite a military appearance to that strange procession.

As the posse reached the edge of Windyway Heath, the squire called for silence, and the chatter ceased while he held a brief consultation with the dragoon officer, who did not know the lay of the land so far as Widewater.

"Those of you who have pistols had best see to the priming now," said Lance Dashwood. "And shoot to wing him if this highwayman tries to break through! His only chance will be to

make for the London road through the Manor Woods, and Mr. Warden is sending twenty troopers to close that way. Now, gentlemen, if you are all ready, we'll have him—and as little noise as may be, I beg of you!"

Jack, mounted on a post-horse, with Billy beside him, was in his element, hoping secretly that the captain would make a dash for it and give them a good run.

With the sandy road muffling their approach, that oddly assorted posse came to the mouth of the green ride leading to the alehouse.

There nobody spoke, and while half the dragoons filed through a gate on the one hand, and the other half spread along the road leading to the little village, the remainder of the crowd bunched together across the opening, cutting off all chance of escape.

Jack would have gone with Mr. Dashwood, but the squire waved him back.

With Hickerman and his riding-officers, Lance Dashwood passed out of sight round the curve in the green ride.

The stout rector mopped his brow, and everyone sat up, very alert, as a loud chorus of voices broke the eloquent silence.

"Have a care, all of you!" cried old man Jepp, holding his pistol ready. "He's coming!"

But it was the squire whose mount they heard as he came round the bend.

"He's gone!" he shouted. "On to the heath, every man jack o' ye, and a guinea to the one who smokes him first!"

With an angry roar of disappointment, the group turned their horses and spread out over that wide stretch of rolling waste that had struck Mr. Bartholomew Huggett as the very place for him.

They had learned from Betty Loop that her ugly customer had left the inn five minutes after Dick's departure, first

making some pointed inquiries about the Chelmsford road and how to reach it.

"Which tells us clearly," said the squire, "that the Chelmsford road was the last he had in his mind to take. There are fifty lurking places on Windyway Heath, and we shall find him in one of them. The cunning dog knows the lay of the land too well already to ask any questions concerning it! But keep your eyes open, for the moment he hears the clamour, he'll be away like the wind!"

And clamour there was in plenty as they rode this way and that, beating the gorse which grew very tall in places, peering down into the gravel-pits, approaching the dense clumps of silver birch with more caution and the hollows where the bramble-bushes were high enough to hide a mounted man.

Jack and Billy pulled up beside the gibbet at the cross-roads, and scanned the ground before them.

It was a point of vantage, being the highest spot on the heath which sloped gradually towards the river valley. But nothing moved.

To left and right in their rear the red-coated dragoons were working forward systematically, cocked musket resting on thigh, while the civilian helpers galloped about in groups of three and four, calling loudly one to another in the unusual excitement of a man-hunt.

"Come on, Billy!" said Jack suddenly. "Let's take Sandy Lane as far as Burnt Mill. Even if we don't spot our bird on the way, we'll get a view of everything from the old building before the wind gives him warning. And if he should make for the fields, we'll see him!"

(Twas an ill day for Bart Huggett when he picked up that crimson mask, for— But read next week's amazing story, and be thrilled!)

FREE APPROVAL

Write for Fully Illustrated Musical List. The "SOUTHERN ISLES" UKULELE BANJO

You can play this delightful instrument with very little practice with the aid of our Free Lightning Tutor. Brass Fretted Finger Board; sweet, mellow tone; softly built; highly-polished finish. 30/- VALUE for 11/9. We will send you one of these "Southern Isles" real Ukulele Banjos upon receipt of your name and address. If entirely to your satisfaction you send 1/6 on receipt and 1/- fortnightly until 11/9 is paid. Full cash with order or balance within 7 days 10/6 only.

J.A. DAVIS & CO.

Dept. B.P.49. 94-104, DENMARK HILL, LONDON, S.E.5



30/- value for 11/9

BE STRONG

I promise you Robust Health, Doubled Strength, Stamina, and Dashing Energy in 30 days or money back! My amazing 4-in-1 Course adds 10-25 lbs. to your muscular development (with 2 ins. on Chest and 1 in. on Arms), also brings an Iron Will, Perfect Self-control, Virile Manhood, Personal Magnetism. Surprise your friends! Complete Course, 5/-. Details free, privately.—**STEBBING INSTITUTE (A), 28, Dean Road, LONDON, N.W.2.**

FOOTBALL JERSEYS

	All Colours		Send For Free List	
12/6		12/6		
Dozen Carriage Paid		Dozen Carriage Paid		

GEORGE GROSE, New Bridge St., London. **LUDGATE CIRCUS**

All applications for Advertisement Space in this publication should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, The MAGNET, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.



Send no Money

NO DEPOSIT REQUIRED

We will send for your free approval, upon receipt of a postcard, our famous "SOUTHERN HAWAII" UKULELE. If satisfactory you pay 1/- fortnightly until 11/9 is paid. Every Musical Instrument supplied on equally attractive terms. Write for Fully Illustrated Catalogue. Seven Days' Free Trial allowed.

J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. B.P.140), 94-104, DENMARK HILL, LONDON, S.E.5.

HAVE YOU A RED NOSE?

Send a stamp and you will learn how to rid yourself of such a terrible affliction free of charge.

Address in confidence: **T. J. TEMPLE, Specialist, "Palace House," 128, Shaftesbury Avenue, LONDON, W.1.** (Est. 30 years.)

BE TALL

Your Height Increased in 14 days or Money Back. Amazing Course, 5/-. Send STAMP NOW for free book.—**STEBBING SYSTEM, 28, Dean Road, LONDON, N.W.2.**

BLUSHING,

Shyness, "Nerves," Self-consciousness, Worry Habit, Unreasonable Fears, etc., "bared or money back! Complete Course 5/-. Details—**L. A. STEBBING, 28, Dean Road, London, N.W.2.**

BE TALLER!

Increased my own height to 6ft. 3ins. CLIENTS GAIN 2 to 6 INCHES! Fee 42 2s. STAMP brings FREE Particulars.—**P. M. ROSS, Height Specialist, SCARBOROUGH.**

STAMMERING!

Cure yourself as I did. Particulars Free.—**FRANK B. HUGHES, 7, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.1.**

BE BIG!

Readers of "The Magnet" who are troubled about their Height, Physique or General Health should write for my two FREE illustrated books, enclosing 2d. stamp.—**P. CARNE, BHIWBINA, CARDIFF, S.W.**

