

SECRET SOCIETY KEEPS UP GUY FAWKES NIGHT AT GREYFRIARS!

# The MAGNET 2<sup>D</sup>

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EVERY SATURDAY.

Week Ending November 10th, 1934.



A "STAR TURN" IN THE BULLY'S STUDY!

# FOOLED ON THE FIFTH!



## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### Quick Work!

"**C**HERRY!"  
Loder of the Sixth shouted.  
"Cherry!"  
Loder roared.

"Cherry!"  
Loder bawled!

It was the third time of asking, so to speak, but still Bob Cherry of the Greyfriars Remove turned a deaf ear. Bob was walking across the quad towards the House. He was not exactly running, but he was walking very fast—very fast indeed. Loder of the Sixth was striding after him, shouting as he strode. Bob seemed to be in a hurry to reach the House, Loder in a hurry to reach Bob.

"Cherry!" hooted Loder for the fourth time.

Still Bob, like the celebrated Felix, kept on walking! He reached the House steps, where four juniors were standing, all regarding Bob in great surprise. Bob was not deaf, and certainly he had heard Loder—half Greyfriars could have heard him. And it was rather a risky game to pass unheeded the angry shout of a Sixth Form man who was head prefect and captain of the school.

"Bob, you ass——" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"Bob, you duffer!" exclaimed Frank Nugent.

"Loder's calling you!" said Johnny Bull. "Yelling after you!"

"The yellfulness is terrific!" said Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

Bob Cherry's four chums made those remarks all at the same time. But Bob did not heed any of them. Individually and collectively, he passed them by like the idle wind, which he regarded not.

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By

**FRANK RICHARDS.**

He pushed through his astonished chums and trotted into the House.

Loder came panting up to the steps. "Stop him!" he snapped breathlessly.

Harry Wharton & Co. were not likely to stop Bob when they realised that he must have some powerful motive for wanting to keep clear of the bully of the Sixth just then. But an order from a Sixth Form prefect had to be obeyed—in appearance, at least.

"After him!" exclaimed Wharton. And the four rushed into the House after Bob.

Loder came tramping up the steps rather breathlessly.

What was "up" the Co. had no idea. They knew that Bob had gone down to the village after morning class, and as he was still wearing his overcoat, he had evidently just got back. But why Loder had spotted him and pursued him across the quad was a mystery to them.

That mystery, however, was quickly elucidated as they overtook Bob inside the House. He jerked a rather bulky package from an overcoat pocket.

"Get that out of sight, quick!" he breathed.

Wharton received it, and walked on with it, holding it in front of him. Loder was coming in at the doorway.

The package was too large for jacket pockets, or trouser pockets. It was too large to be successfully hidden under a jacket. To keep it out of Loder's sight there was only one resource—for Wharton to hold it in front of him, and keep his back to Loder.

That he promptly did!

He walked on, leaving Nugent and Johnny and Hurree Singh gathered round Bob. Now that he had got rid of the mysterious package, Bob did not seem to mind if Loder caught him.

Loder arrived on the spot a few minutes later.

Wharton walked on. To keep his back to Loder he had to walk towards the Sixth Form Studies. He did so—quickly!

Loder did not glance after the Remove fellow disappearing towards the Sixth Form passage. He had no suspicion of that rapid transfer of the package. So far as Loder knew, it was still in Bob's possession. Had Wharton turned round, a different tale would have been told. But Wharton did not turn round.

"Cherry!" panted Loder.

"Yes, Loder!" said Bob meekly.

"I called to you three or four times in the quad!" yapped Loder. "Why didn't you stop?"

"Please, I was frightened!" said Bob, trying to look as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth.

"What?" hooted Loder.

Johnny Bull and Nugent and Hurree Singh blinked at Bob. Then they grinned. There were fellows at Greyfriars who were afraid of Gerald Loder since he had "sneaked" into old Wingate's place as head prefect and captain. Loder was a bully and a tyrant, and he ruled with a heavy hand. But if there were fellows afraid of him, Bob Cherry certainly was not one of them. Even Loder could not believe that his angry looks had frightened the cheery, sturdy Bob.

"Awfully frightened, Loder!" said Bob humbly.

"You lying young rascal!" exclaimed Loder.

"Honest-to-goodness, Loder!" said Bob. "I was fearfully frightened. You see, I caught sight of your face!"

"What?"

"And your features did it!" explained Bob.

Three fellows chuckled as Bob made that explanation. Bob remained quite grave. Loder stared at him.

He had not been prepared to believe that his angry looks had frightened the junior. Still less was he prepared to believe that his features had had that effect.

"Why, you—you—you——" he gasped.

"But here I am, if you want me, Loder," said Bob, still meekly. "Did you want anything?"

"You'll take a hundred lines, for cheek, to begin with!" gasped Loder.

"Yes, Loder. Is that all?"

"No," said Loder grimly. "That is not all. You'll come with me to the Head's study and hand over those fireworks you've got in your pocket."

Three juniors guessed at once what was in the mysterious packet Bob had so dexterously handed over to Wharton. That packet, fortunately, was now out of sight. Wharton had gone up the Sixth Form passage, still holding it in front of him as he went.

Bob raised his eyebrows.

"Fireworks?" he repeated.

"Yes, fireworks!" sneered Loder. "You know perfectly well what the orders are on November 5th. No one is allowed to have fireworks in his hands till leave is given, after class. You know that, as well as I do."

"But I haven't any fireworks in my hands, Loder!" said Bob innocently. "Look!"

He held up his hands—both empty!

Loder breathed hard.

"You needn't pretend to misunderstand me, Cherry! You've got a packet of fireworks in your pocket."

"I haven't."

"I happen to know that you have," sneered Loder.

Bob shook his head.

"I know the rules as well as you do, Loder," he said. "I give you my word that I haven't any fireworks in my pocket."

"Well, of all the rotten young liars!" exclaimed Loder, in genuine disgust. "I heard you tell Vernon-Smith as you came in that you had bought a packet of fireworks at Uncle Clegg's, in the village, and had them in your pocket. That was why I followed you."

"Oh!" ejaculated Bob.

"Do you deny it now, you young rascal?" sneered Loder.

"Oh! Yes. I—I—I——"

"Well, you can deny it in the Head's study!" said Loder, grabbing Bob by the shoulder. "You can shell them out on the table there and tell Prout that you haven't got them. Come on, you lying young rogue!"

"I—I say! I—I don't want to go to Prout——"

"I dare say you don't. But you're going!" said Loder grimly. "Come on! You can tell your lies to Prout!"

And Loder, with a grip of iron on Bob's shoulder, marched him off to the Head's study, now occupied by Mr. Prout, the temporary headmaster of Greyfriars.

Bob glanced back and winked at his chums as he went.

They chuckled.

Hardly any other prefect at Greyfriars would have listened to what one junior said to another to get information against him. That was one of Loder's little ways that did not make him popular. On this occasion the information he had obtained had been correct—at the time. But it was no longer correct, as Bob had succeeded in getting rid of the package of fireworks. Loder, unaware of that rather

important circumstance, propelled him to the Head's study, in the full belief that his overcoat pockets were crammed with forbidden fireworks. And Bob went with him cheerfully, happy in the knowledge that they weren't!

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### A Narrow Escape!

HARRY WHARTON stopped suddenly.

He was half-way along the Sixth Form passage.

Juniors were not supposed to enter those precincts, except when fagging for the Sixth or for some other important reason.

Wharton, therefore, did not want to meet any Sixth Former—especially as he was carrying a package which had to be kept dark from the eyes of authority.

What that package contained he did not yet know, but he could guess. A package smuggled into the school on the Fifth of November really told its own tale!

Obviously Bob had been breaking the strict rule on the subject of fireworks, and Loder had somehow got on his track.

Quick work had relieved Bob of the guilty goods; but Wharton naturally did not want them to be found on him.

**Now that Gerald Loder is "top dog" at Greyfriars he is determined to make his old enemies squirm. But under cover of a Secret Society his victims very soon prove that they can hit back, and hit hard!**

So he hurried past the doors of the Sixth Form studies, hoping that none of them would open till he was clear.

One door stood wide open, but that did not matter as it was Loder's door, and Loder was not there.

Wharton was passing that doorway when a door farther up the passage opened; that of Walker's study.

Then the junior stopped abruptly. He was just outside Loder's open doorway when he heard the handle of the farther door turn.

Another moment and Walker of the Sixth would be in the passage, meeting the Removite face to face.

Wharton had a split second to act in, but it was enough for him. He side-stepped swiftly into Loder's study. Loder, just then, was busily engaged elsewhere, so it was quite a safe refuge.

The captain of the Remove was inside Loder's study as Walker stepped from his up the passage. He vanished just in time.

Walker's footsteps came down the passage.

Harry Wharton slipped behind Loder's open door. He did not want Walker to see him as he passed.

It was fortunate that he did so, for James Walker stopped at the doorway and glanced in.

"You there, Gerald!" he called out.

Gerald Loder was not there, and Walker went on his way. Behind the door Wharton was hardly breathing.

He listened to Walker's footsteps receding. But they did not recede far. There was a sound of voices down the passage.

Walker had met Carne of the Sixth and stopped to speak to him.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Wharton.

The two prefects, chatting in the passage, were like two lions in the path! Both of them would have seen Wharton at once had he emerged from Loder's study.

Evidently he could not emerge; especially with Bob's package in his hands. But to remain where he was meant waiting for Loder to come in! Which was a rather worse alternative!

Softly, without a sound, Harry closed the study door. Then he crossed to the window.

It was easy enough to drop from the window into the quad, if there was no master's eye on the spot, the Sixth Form studies being on the ground floor.

But it never rains but it pours! At a little distance from the Sixth Form windows two masters were walking and talking. One was Mr. Twigg, the master of the Second Form. The other was Mr. Woose, who had taken Quelch's place as master of the Remove that term.

Wharton stepped back quickly from the window. Not only could he not drop out, but he did not want to be seen at a Sixth Form window by a master's eye.

The situation was getting rather desperate.

He was safe enough in Loder's study till Loder came. But Loder might come in any minute. It would be bad enough if he found Wharton there. It would be worse if he found the package, too.

The latter, at least, could be got out of sight. Wharton glanced round the study with the idea of finding some secluded spot for parking it, where Loder's eyes would not fall on it.

To make sure of the contents of the package he jerked open the wrapping-paper at one end. His guess had been correct—it contained fireworks. Quite a collection of squibs, crackers, and other fearsome things were closely packed inside.

He crossed over to Loder's grate.

There the fire was laid ready for lighting. It was not likely to be lighted before tea-time, when Loder's fag, Tubb of the Third, would put a match to it.

Swiftly Wharton unpacked the coals arranged over the sticks and made a space at the back of the grate large enough to take the package.

Into that space the package was crammed. Sticks and knobs of coal were swiftly re-arranged over it, hiding it completely from sight.

The guilty goods were safely hidden now.

Even if Loder found Wharton in his study he was not likely to guess that a package had been stacked away in his fire-grate.

Later on there might be an opportunity of recovering it. For the present, at least, it was quite safe.

If it was not recovered before Loder's fire was lighted the bully of Greyfriars was likely to get a surprise at tea-time. That could not be helped. It was Loder's own fault for being a spy and a bully!

Wharton crossed softly to the door again. He heard the voices of Carne and Walker in the passage. They were still there.

"Where's Gerald?" he heard Carne ask.

"Not in his study!" answered Walker.

"Well, we may as well wait for him there!"

"Oh, my hat!" breathed Wharton.

He jumped back from the door. Footsteps were coming up the passage.

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It was neck or nothing now! Luckily the package was safe, and could not be found on him in any case!

He leaped across to the window and threw up the lower sash. Plenty of fellows were in sight, but Mr. Twigg was walking away, leaving Mr. Woose by himself. Wharton had to chance Woose! It was better than chancing it with Walker and Carne. He remembered, too, that Woose was an extremely absent-minded gentleman. Probably he would forget the matter in a short time. Wharton hoped so.

He jumped from the window. The study door was opening from outside as he landed under the window. Mr. Woose gave quite a jump at the sight of a Remove boy jumping from a Sixth Form window.

Wharton expected naturally to land on the path when he jumped. "Look before you leap" is an ancient and useful proverb. But the captain of the Remove, in the circumstances, had no time for looking before he leaped!

Besides, how was he to guess that any fellow had chosen that particular moment for leaning against the wall under the broad stone window-sill to rest his fat limbs while he devoured a stick of toffee?

Nobody could have guessed that! Wharton leaped, and landed—not on the path under the Sixth Form windows, but on a fat figure that crumpled up and rolled over, with a fearful yell, under him.

"Yaroooh!" roared Billy Bunter. "Ow! Wow! Yarooop! Help! The house is falling down! Whoop!"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Wharton, as he sprawled over Bunter.

"Urrggh! Wooogh! Yaroooh!" "Wharton!" gasped Mr. Woose, staring at the startling scene with wide-open eyes. "Goodness gracious! Goodness gracious me! Wharton!"

Wharton rolled off Bunter, picked himself up, and ran. Billy Bunter sat up and roared.

"Ow! I'm killed! Wow! I'm smashed! I say, you fellows, the house is falling over! Look out! Yaroooh!"

Bunter's first impression was that the building was collapsing on him. But as he sat up and blinked round through his big spectacles he saw that Greyfriars still stood in its ancient place.

Walker glanced down from the window at the roaring Owl of the Remove.

"Stop that row, you young ass!" he snapped, and he slammed the window shut, quite unaware of the cause of Bunter's "row."

"Ow! Wow!" "Wharton!" exclaimed Mr. Woose.

"Oh! Yes, sir!" gasped Harry. He ran up to his Form-master. Mr. Woose blinked at him very severely over his glasses.

"You should not play these practical jokes, Wharton," said the new master of the Remove sternly. "Jumping on a boy's head from a study window is a very, very foolish and reckless prank!"

"Oh, sir!" "And you must have entered a Sixth Form study for the purpose of playing this foolish trick on Bunter!" said Mr. Woose.

"Oh, sir!" "I am very, very much surprised at you, Wharton—the head boy of my Form. Very much surprised indeed!" said Mr. Woose severely. "You will take fifty lines, Wharton, for playing this absurd trick on Bunter!"

"Yes, sir!" said Harry meekly. And he cut away. Mr. Woose glanced after him with a frown. He was, as he had said, very, very much surprised at

the head boy of his Form playing such a thoughtless prank on Bunter! He was quite unaware that that prank had been unintentional! Mr. Woose had made one more of his many mistakes, and the captain of the Remove was not likely to enlighten him! Fifty lines was not much—especially as Woose hardly ever remembered to ask a fellow for his lines!

Harry Wharton departed, in quite a satisfied frame of mind. Billy Bunter, who had had a tremendous shock and had dropped his toffee, and was now groping about frantically in search of it, was not feeling so satisfied. But in an imperfect universe it was impossible to satisfy everybody!

## THE THIRD CHAPTER.

### Not Guilty!

**M**R. PROUT frowned. In these days, now that Prout was headmaster in place of Dr. Locke, the mere sight of a Remove fellow was enough to make Prout frown.

## SIX MORE WINNERS!

Have you won a prize in our grand competition on "Why I Like The GEM"? Look below and see if your name is among the winners. If not, watch out for further lists of prizewinners. There are many more prizes to be won. Here are this week's winners:

**MISS E. GOODGER**, 86, Sheffield Road, Erdington, Birmingham.—Vanity Case.

**MISS B. DEUTSCH**, 816, Dollard Avenue, Outremont, Quebec, Canada.—Special Prize.

**G. K. STUART**, 22, Glandon Road, Seven Kings, Ilford, Essex.—Model Aeroplana.

**N. LEE**, 3, Zetland Terrace, Norton, Malton.—Fountain Pen.

**P. ARNOLD**, 55, Newton Street, Macclesfield, Cheshire.—Penknife.

**R. SIDDLER**, 201, Camp Road, Leeds, Yorks.—Pocket Wallet.

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As master of the Fifth, Prout had not come much in contact with the Remove; but he had not liked what he had seen of that Form.

As headmaster, now that Dr. Locke was in a nursing-home, Prout saw more of the Remove than he had seen as a senior Form-master.

And he liked them even less! It was true that the Remove were a rather unruly Form. Perhaps it was true that they rather prided themselves of that fact. Still, they did not quite deserve the severe opinion Prout had formed of them. That was chiefly due to Loder of the Sixth.

Loder had Prout's ear. Prout would have been surprised and offended had he known that all Greyfriars regarded him as being led by the nose by Loder of the Sixth!

He was quite unconscious of being led by the nose. He had absolute confidence in Loder. He trusted him completely. Never had any fellow been more thoroughly unworthy of a headmaster's trust. Prout was quite unaware of that. Plenty of fellows at Greyfriars could have told him; but, of course, no one did.

Loder had a "down" on the Remove,

especially on certain members of that Form! Loder's chief idea on becoming "top dog" had been to make his old enemies squirm! He had done so—not wisely but too well!

Lines and lickings had fairly rained on the Remove. Other Forms had a hard time, too; but Harry Wharton & Co. came in for the keenest edge of Loder's tyranny.

That was why a "secret society" had been formed in the Lower School; and already Loder had learned that his victims could hit back, and hit hard!

For a week or more the school had been talking of the "Secret Seven."

Who they were nobody knew—outside the select circle of the secret society. But Loder had the strongest of suspicions that Harry Wharton & Co. could have told him all about it had they liked!

Prout had no doubt that the root of this rebellious business was to be found in the Remove—if one could only find it!

Every day Loder had some report, well-founded or otherwise, for Prout's ears respecting the Remove and the leaders of that Form. Prout felt that the Remove was a thorn in his side in his new career as a headmaster. He was very severe with that Form! He backed up Loder all along the line!

Now, as Loder marched Bob Cherry into his study, Prout frowned grimly. Bob, as a member of the famous Co., was already in his black books. Now he had been "at it" again, and Prout reached for his cane, without even waiting for Loder to speak.

However, Prout, though obtuse, overbearing, and pompous, was a just man. He would not willingly have been unjust even to one of the most exasperating members of an exasperating Form! Cane in hand, he waited for Loder to make his report.

"What is it, Loder?" he asked. "What is it this time?" Prout spoke as if the sins of the Remove were numberless as the sands on the seashore.

"This junior, sir, has been smuggling fireworks into the school," said Loder. "He has his pockets crammed with them at the present moment. I caught him as he came back from the village!"

Prout's frown intensified. There were strict rules on that subject at Greyfriars. Fireworks were dangerous things. There had been accidents in junior studies.

Certainly, fellows were allowed to let off all kinds of fireworks on the Fifth of November, in celebration of Mr. Fawkes' desperate attempt to cut short the flow of Parliamentary eloquence in the House of Commons in the reign of King James the First.

But no such things were allowed in the studies. None were allowed in the possession of juniors till leave was given for the bonfire celebration to begin. A reckless young ass with squibs and crackers in his pocket was a danger to himself and everybody else.

The rule was quite a good and sensible one; though, needless to say, it was frequently disregarded by thoughtless fellows.

Bob certainly had meant no harm in disregarding it. In fact, he had probably forgotten it when he had seen the stock of fireworks at Uncle Clegg's shop in the village, and laid out his pocket-money in the purchase thereof.

Still, whether he had or had not meant any harm, he had broken a strict rule, which entailed trouble. So he was glad that he had succeeded in getting rid of that package before Loder's grasp fell on him.

He stood with his meekest look before the frowning gaze of Mr. Prout. It was not for him to speak! Loder had

stated that his pockets were crammed with fireworks. It was for Loder to make his words good!

"Upon my word!" said Prout, in his deep, booming voice. "I am not surprised—not in the least surprised! I expect nothing but reckless disregard of the rules of the school from certain boys in the Remove—boys upon whom I have had my eye for some time! Cherry!"

"Yes, sir!"  
 "You are aware that no boy, especially in a Lower Form, is allowed to have combustibles in his possession during the day!"

"Yes, sir!"  
 "Such things are dangerous!" boomed Prout. "You are well aware of it! I remember that once a Remove boy—Bunter, I think—looking in a dark cupboard, struck a match, and inadvertently set fire to a secret store of fireworks there! There was a great commotion!"

Bob suppressed a grin. Prout, unfortunately catching that grin before it was quite suppressed, gave him a glare.

"It is not a laughing matter, Cherry!" he boomed.

"Oh, no, sir! Not at all, sir!"

"I shall cane you, Cherry, for having fireworks in your pockets! The combustibles in question will be confiscated! You will empty your pockets and place the contents on my table."

"Very well, sir!" said Bob meekly.

He proceeded to empty his overcoat pockets and place the contents on Prout's table.

First came a handkerchief. Then a piece of string. Then a pocket-knife. Then a small bag of bullseyes. Then a stump of pencil. Then a rather worn and crumpled slip of paper, on which a number of Latin irregular verbs were written. Then a bit of sealing-wax.

Prout watched that interesting collection, frowning. Bob stopped at last. His overcoat pockets were now empty.

"Cherry!" boomed Prout.

"Yes, sir!"

"Place the fireworks on the table!"

"What fireworks, sir?" asked Bob innocently.

"The fireworks which Loder states are in your pockets!" snapped Prout. "How dare you affect to misunderstand me?"

"There are no fireworks in my pocket, sir."

"What? What? Loder, did you not say—"

"Cherry is deliberately speaking falsely, sir!" said Loder venomously. "I know for a fact that he has fireworks on him. He may have slipped the parcel under his coat."

"Take off your overcoat, Cherry!"

"Yes, sir!"

Bob peeled off his overcoat. He carefully did so in such a way as to make it appear that he was afraid of letting something drop. That was for Loder's benefit. He kept it over his arm folded, as if its folds hid something. That also was for Loder's benefit.

Prout peered at him across the table. Prout was not a suspicious man.

"There appears to be nothing, Loder—" he began.

Loder could scarcely conceal his contempt for Prout's obtuseness. It was quite clear to Loder that Bob had something hidden in his folded coat from the way he had handled it.

"Cherry has the package hidden in his coat at this moment, sir!" he said.

"What!" ejaculated Prout.

"I—I haven't!" stammered Bob.

"Take the coat and shake it, Loder!" boomed Prout. "We shall very soon ascertain whether this boy is attempting to deceive me under my very eyes!"

Loder strode at the junior, and grasped the overcoat from his arm. He took it by the collar and gave it a vigorous shake.

Had there been a parcel hidden in it certainly that parcel would have plumped down to the floor. Loder fully expected to see it plump! He was disappointed. Nothing plumped!

Quite puzzled, the bully of the Sixth shook the coat again. But the result was the same. Any number of shakes could not have shaken out what was not there. And nothing was there!

"Really, Loder, it appears—" began Prout.

"I told you there weren't any fireworks, sir," said Bob meekly. "I told Loder so before he brought me here, sir, only he wouldn't believe me."

"Really, Loder—" said Prout crossly.

Prout liked his prefects to be zealous, but it looked as if Loder was suffering from overmuch zeal. Prout did not want his valuable time wasted, and he did not want fellows marched into his study for nothing.

"He has the fireworks, sir!" said Loder viciously. "I thought they were hidden in his coat. I believe he tried to make me think so. He—he may have slipped the package under his jacket."

"Shall I take my jacket off, sir?" asked Bob meekly.

"Take it off at once, you young rascal!" snapped Loder, without giving Prout time to speak.

Bob took off his jacket. He stood in his shirtsleeves in the Head's study. Loder grabbed the jacket and shook it.

"Really, Loder—" said Prout again.

"I know he had the fireworks, sir!" said Loder, between his teeth. "I heard him tell another Remove boy so as he came in. He pretended not to hear me when I called him, and ran into the House."

"I haven't any fireworks about me, sir!" said Bob. "Shall I take off anything else?"

"Certainly not!" boomed Prout.

"You may replace your jacket, Cherry! Replace it at once! Loder, this is absurd!"

"But I am certain, sir—"

"Obviously, the boy has no fireworks about him!" snapped Prout.

"Cherry, you may replace those—those articles in your pockets! Loder, I desire my prefects to be zealous in enforcing the rules of the school; but there is such a thing as making sure. Loder—you should make sure before you bring a boy into my presence and report him to me. Cherry, you may leave my study."

Bob Cherry lost no time in doing so.

He did not grin till he was safe outside the door.

He did not linger there. He was anxious to get clear

before Loder came out. It was judicious to give Loder a wide berth for the present.

"You must be more careful, Loder!" said Mr. Prout, when the junior was gone. "Mistakes like this will not enhance the prestige of the prefectorial body, Loder!"

"I made no mistake, sir!" said Loder, breathing hard. "I can only suppose that the young rascal succeeded in pitching the package away after running into the House. I was a minute or so behind him."

Grunt from Prout.

"If you questioned him, sir, and made him answer directly whether he had bought fireworks in Friardale or not, he—"

Prout waved a plump hand.

"Nothing of the kind, Loder! No fireworks were found on the boy! He denied that he had any in his possession, and he was evidently speaking the truth. That is sufficient."

"But, sir, I am certain—"

"I do not approve of direct questioning of a boy against whom there is no evidence!" snapped Prout. "It is tempting such a boy to speak untruthfully. Such a boy, Loder, might reasonably think that he is not bound to incriminate himself. It is placing a premium upon untruthfulness. I disapprove strongly of such inquisitorial methods! Fair play before everything, Loder! Think over that, Loder, and do not allow your zeal to outrun discretion!"

Loder swallowed that as best he could. He left the study, carefully keeping to himself what he thought of Prout.

"Silly old ass!" he breathed, as he  
*(Continued on next page.)*

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closed the study door. "Pompous old chump!"

Probably Mr. Prout would have lost his high opinion of Loder on the spot had he heard that expression of Loder's estimation of him. Fortunately for Loder, Prout did not hear.

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

##### Billy Bunter Wants to Know!

"I SAY, you fellows!"  
"Cut off, Bunter!"  
"But, I say, what's the game?" demanded Billy Bunter.

"Find out!" suggested Johnny Bull. Bunter blinked at him through his big spectacles.

"That's why I'm asking you!" he said.

"Fathead! Roll away!"  
Bunter did not roll away. He was curious, and curiosity was Billy Bunter's besetting sin.

Bunter wanted to know what the Famous Five were up to.

What they were "up to" did not concern Billy Bunter in the very least. Doubtless that was the reason why he wanted to know.

It was quite a bright day for November, and after dinner most of the fellows were out of the House. Contrary to their usual custom, the Famous Five of the Remove were sticking indoors instead of going out.

Usually wild horses would hardly have kept Bob Cherry within walls when he had a chance of getting outside them. Yet here he was, sticking in with the others.

The Famous Five were standing in a window embrasure looking out. They had a view of part of the quad, a corner of the gym, a number of fellows punting a footer about, and other things more or less interesting. But such a spot of scenery was really hardly attractive enough to keep fellows standing at a window staring at it, and Bunter was naturally puzzled.

It did not occur to his fat brain that, from where they were standing, the chums of the Remove were able to keep an eye on the Sixth Form passage. He did not know that they had any reason for so doing.

But they had. They were waiting for Loder to go out. Loder had gone to his study after dinner.

Mr. Prout did not know or suspect—but plenty of Greyfriars fellows knew—that it was Gerald Loder's habit to smoke a cigarette after dinner. No doubt that was why he had gone to his study now. Anyhow, there he was, and the row of juniors standing at the window were waiting for him to clear.

Bob's package of fireworks was still parked among the sticks and coals in Loder's study grate.

Bob certainly had no great objection to a terrific explosion taking place when Loder's fire was lighted. But he did not want to waste his fireworks. He had spent money on those fireworks, and he wanted to let them off, with the aid of his friends, when the bonfire celebrations began after dark. Letting them all off at one fell swoop in Loder's study was a waste, and was certain to cause a fearful row—in both senses of that word!

If Loder would only go out before afternoon class, it was easy to nip into his study and retrieve that package. Bob admitted that Wharton had had no choice but to hide it in the study, and he fully approved of the spot where he had hidden it. If the fireworks could not be recaptured, it was something to make Loder jump.

Still, he wanted to recapture them if he could.

After class every fellow was free to buy all the fireworks he liked at Mrs. Mibble's shop in the corner of the quad. That was not of much use to Bob, however, as he had spent all his available cash on the supply now stacked in Loder's grate.

They waited and watched. Ostensibly they were watching the scene outside, but every now and then they cast a glance towards the Sixth Form studies.

Bunter, puzzled, blinked at them. He had been looking for the Famous Five. He wanted to see them about negotiating an advance on a postal order he was expecting, but which somehow had failed to arrive.

Now he had found them—disinclined for his company. That, however, did not worry Bunter. Fellows ought to have been glad to see Bunter at any time, considering what a nice fellow he was. But somehow they never were!

"Blessed if I make you fellows out!" said Bunter crossly. "Here you've been sticking ever since dinner, slacking about! I say, you fellows, Mrs. Mibble has got in some new jam-rolls in the tuckshop!"

"Go and scoff some!" suggested Bob Cherry.

"Well, look here, if you fellows will lend me five bob—"

"Scat!"

"I mean half-a-crown—"

"Buzz off!"

"Only till this afternoon!" Bunter hastened to explain. "I know you want your money for fireworks to-day, as it's the fifth. But the afternoon post will be in in plenty of time. I'm expecting a postal order—"

"Hook it!"

"And you can have it as soon as it comes, in lots of time for buying fireworks—"

"Bow-wow!"

"Well, look here what are you up to?" demanded Bunter. "You're up to something, sticking about here doing nothing! Is it a jape?"

"Run away and play!"

Instead of running away and playing, William George Bunter sat down in the window seat. He was not only curious, but he was getting, as Alice remarked in Wonderland, curiouser and curiouser!

Something, evidently, was on hand to chain these five usually active fellows to this spot, and Bunter was going to know what it was.

"Are you fellows after Loder?" he inquired.

"Shut up, ass!"

"Well, if you're trying on that Secret Seven bizney, it ain't safe here!" grinned Bunter. "Take my tip and chuck it, and come along to the tuckshop—"

"Dry up!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"The dry-upfulness is the proper caper, my esteemed idiotic Bunter."

"Yah! I say, you fellows, Loder's in his study. I saw him go in," said Bunter. "He's in a jolly bad temper, too. I fancy he had a jaw from Prout this morning. I say—"

"Is he wound up?" asked Nugent.

"Oh, really, Nugent! I jolly well know you were in Loder's study this morning, Wharton. It was his window you jumped from, on my head. You jolly nearly broke my neck—"

"Sorry I didn't quite!"

"Beast! I say, if you've been larking in Loder's study—"

"Shut up!"

"Shan't!" said Bunter independently.

"A fellow can talk if he likes, I suppose. If you fellows don't like my conversation you can clear off. Nothing to keep you here that I know of."

Billy Bunter grinned as he made that remark. He was well aware that the Famous Five had some reason for remaining in that spot, though he could not begin to guess what it was.

"Pretty dangerous, if you're thinking of larking with Loder," said Bunter, as the chums of the Remove did not speak. "Those Secret Seven chaps had their faces got up in Guy Fawkes masks, and Loder never knew them. I fancy I know what some of the faces were like, all the same. He, he, he! Of course, I'm not going to tell Loder!"

"Will you shut up?"

"No."

So near the Sixth Form studies, Bunter considered that he was safe from being bumped for his cheek.

"You fat, frabjous, foozling frump!" breathed Bob Cherry.

"Yah! You shut up, Cherry!" said Bunter. "You talk too much, old chap. All jaw, you know, like a sheep's head. He, he, he! I say, you fellows, you might tell a fellow what's on. I can keep a secret. Is it something up against Loder?"

"Shut up!" breathed Nugent as Walker of the Sixth came along from the studies.

Walker glanced at the juniors, at the big window, as he passed. For a moment they wondered whether he had heard Bunter. Apparently he had not, however, for he passed on without taking further notice.

Bunter blinked after him.

"I say, you fellows!"

"Look here, you blithering bandersnatch!" whispered Wharton. "We're waiting here for a chance to nip into Loder's study when he goes out. Now you know. That's all—so you can clear off!"

If Wharton had hoped that that piece of information would satisfy Bunter and cause him to take a much-desired departure, he was disappointed. The Owl of the Remove did not stir. Bunter wanted to know all about it. A fragment of information was only like oil added to the flame of his inquisitiveness.

"Is it a lark on Loder?" he asked.

"No, ass!"

"What are you going to do in his study, then?"

"Nothing!"

Bunter winked a fat wink.

"You're just going into his study for nothing, when you jolly well know that he would whop you if he caught you there—what? Tell that to the marines!"

"Dry up, you fat foozler!"

"Well, you might tell a fellow!" urged Bunter. "No good telling me whoppers, you know. I'm fly!"

Wharton breathed hard.

"We've got to get something out of Loder's study," he muttered. "Now cut!"

"I say, you fellows, I hope you're not going to pinch anything of Loder's."

Only the near proximity of the Sixth Form studies saved Billy Bunter from being up-ended as he expressed that hope.

"You piffling, pie-faced porker!" hissed Bob Cherry. "It's something that belongs to us. Now, get out, before we slay you."

Bunter's eyes glistened behind his big spectacles.

"I say, has Loder been grabbing your tuck?" he asked. "The beast is always confiscating a fellow's tuck. What is it? A cake?"

No reply. Bunter's thoughts ran



Mr. Prout's eyes almost popped through his spectacles at the sight of Bunter seated on the pile of books in the wrecked study. "Oh, s-s-sir!" stuttered the fat junior. "I—I'm not here—I—I mean I never—" "Upon my word!" gasped Prout. "I find you, Bunter, in the very act of ragging Loder's study. This is—is—is unparalleled! Rise!"

naturally to tuck, and the juniors were not likely to tell him that it was fireworks!

"Is it a cake?" asked Bunter eagerly. "Or jam-tarts? I say, you fellows, I shall expect you to whack it out! I say, is it really yours, are you going to pinch some of Loder's?"

It was the second time of asking, and this time Billy Bunter received that for which he asked.

The Famous Five grabbed him off the window-seat and bumped him on the floor, hard and heavy!

Bump!  
"Yaroooh!" roared Bunter.  
"Give him another!" hissed Johnny Bull. "Give him a dozen!"

Bump! Bump! Bump!  
Having started, the Famous Five warmed to the work, as it were. They bumped Billy Bunter. They bumped him hard, and they bumped him often!

Bunter roared frantically.  
"Ow! Wow! Beasts! Loggo! Help! I say, you fellows, I'll help you pinch Loder's tuck, if you like, if you leggo! Yaroooh!"

Bump!  
"Whoop!"  
Bump!  
"Oh crikey! Yaroooop!"

It was at that unfortunate moment that Loder of the Sixth, having finished his cigarette, and another after it, came out of his study.

Bunter's frantic roar smote on his ears, and he came striding to the spot with a gleam in his eyes.

"Bullying—what?" he rapped. "Stop that at once!"

"Yoop!" roared Bunter.  
The Famous Five turned on Loder with gleaming eyes. Loder raised a hand.

"Go to your Form-room!" he rapped.

"It's half an hour to class yet!" said Harry Wharton, as quietly as he could.

"I know that. Go to your Form-room and wait there till class!"

"Woose locks the Remove-room—"

"Go and ask him to let you in. Tell him it's a special detention for bullying. In fact, I'll come with you, and tell him myself," said Loder, with a cheery grin.

With feelings too deep for words the Famous Five were marched off by Mr. Prout's head-prefect. Five minutes later they were sitting in the Remove Form Room, with lines to keep them busy till the Form came in—and all hope gone of retrieving that package of fireworks from Loder's study.

There was only one consolation. If the fireworks remained where Wharton had parked them till Loder's fire was lighted, Loder would get the benefit. That was the only silver lining to the cloud.

### THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

#### Bunter the Hunter!

**B**ILLY BUNTER grinned. He had been bumped, and he was breathless. But he felt that the grin was on his side.

The Famous Five were gone. Loder was gone with them. The coast was

clear. And there was—or Bunter believed that there was—tuck for the taking in Loder's study.

It was one of Loder's pleasant little ways to "confiscate" tuck from junior studies. Fellows were allowed to tea in their studies and make what purchases seemed to them good for that purpose at the school shop. But there was a limit, and if that limit was exceeded, it was, of course, a prefect's duty to intervene. Loder, not very dutiful in other matters, was a whale on performing that duty. And as Loder was the judge of whether the limit was exceeded, he had many opportunities. And the juniors knew quite well that tuck, confiscated by Loder, was not sent to the housekeeper, as was the rule, but was disposed of in Loder's own study! Which caused very deep feelings among the juniors.

Bunter had no doubt that that was the case now. But whether the tuck in Loder's study belonged to the Famous Five or to Loder himself was a trifle light as air to Bunter, so long as he could get away with it safely. That was the important point.

And it was safe now. The coast was clear! Bunter gave a cautious blink round through his big spectacles and rolled along to Loder's study in the Sixth. He pushed open the door, whipped in, and closed the door after him.

He gave an eager blink round the study.

He had hoped to spot the confiscated tuck on the table. But there was no sign of it there.

He rolled across to the study cupboard and pulled the door open. There was no sign of it there, either.

"Beast!" muttered Bunter.

He did not want to linger in Loder's study. Loder was not likely to come in yet, it was true, still, in that study Bunter felt rather like Daniel in the lion's den. Still, he had to find the tuck! No doubt the beast had put it out of sight, somewhere. As a prefect was, of course, not supposed to keep confiscated tuck for his own use, the beast would naturally shove it out of sight in case Prout, for instance, came to the study. Prout sometimes came there for a talk with his head prefect.

"Beast!" repeated Bunter.

Between his desire to unearth the tuck, and his fear of being caught there by Loder, Bunter was in rather a dilemma.

He hesitated to make a further search.

But a blink from the window showed him Loder, Walker, and Carne strolling together in the quad. That was a relief! Loder was safe away, and Bunter had plenty of time.

He made the most of it.

Obviously—to Bunter—what the Famous Five had wanted to get away from Loder's study was tuck! What else could they possibly have wanted? What else, belonging to them, could have been in Loder's study?

Sure on that point, Bunter felt that he had only to look long enough, to find it!

But if it was there, it was well hidden!

Up and down and round about the study went Billy Bunter, rooting after tuck like a dog after a bone.

Every now and then a blink from the window showed him Loder still walking

in the quad with his friends. Loder was safe!

Books and papers and other things were rather disturbed in Bunter's eager search. That could not be helped! An inkpot was knocked over, and Bunter did not waste time setting it up again. The ink flowed over the table and dripped on the carpet, unheeded by Bunter.

He pulled open the door of the bookcase. Likely enough, the beast had slipped it there, behind the books—quite a safe and roomy place!

There was a sound of thudding as Bunter hooked out the books. He had no time to take them out separately.

Books thudded at his feet and accumulated there. Standing in a sea of volumes, Bunter gave a sudden jump at the sound of an elephantine tread in the passage.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter.

He spun round towards the door in alarm, tripped over a Greek lexicon, and sat down on the books.

"Ow!" spluttered Bunter. "Wow!"

The doorhandle turned, and the door opened. The portly form of Prout almost filled the doorway.

"I have looked in, my dear Loder—" began Prout, with his usual pompous geniality.

He broke off abruptly. His dear Loder was not there! His less dear Bunter was!

Sitting on the books, gasping, Billy Bunter blinked at the temporary headmaster of Greyfriars, his eyes almost popping through his spectacles. Prout stared at him blankly.

"What—" he began.

"Oh lor'!"

"Bunter!"

"Oh! No! It's not me, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"What?"

"I—I mean, I—I—I'm not here!" stuttered Bunter. "I—I mean, I—I didn't—that is, I—I wasn't—I never did—"

"Upon my word!" gasped Prout. "I find you, Bunter, in the very act of ragging—I presume that you call it ragging—a Sixth Form prefect's study! This is—is—is unparalleled!"

"I—I—I never—"

"Rise!" boomed Prout.

Bunter staggered to his feet. He blinked at Prout in utter dismay.

Now that he noticed it, Bunter observed that Loder's study did look a bit untidy. With books and papers scattered, and an upset inkpot flowing over the carpet, it was no wonder that Prout supposed that he had caught a Remove boy in the very act of ragging Loder!

"Boy!" thundered Prout.

"I—I—I wasn't!" gasped Bunter. "I mean, I never—"

"Follow me to my study!"

"Oh crikey!"

"At once!" boomed Prout.

"Oh scissors!"

Prout whirled round and swept away. Billy Bunter trailed after him, in the lowest of spirits.

He had not found the tuck. Indeed, he was beginning to believe that there wasn't any tuck! With a dismal fat face, the Owl of the Remove rolled after Prout to the Head's study.

There Prout selected a stout cane.

He swished it in the air.

"Bunter!"

"Oh lor'!"

"Bend over that chair!"

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yoo-hoo-hoop!"

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yaroooh!" roared Bunter.

"Cease that absurd noise, Bunter!"

"Yow-ow-ow-ow-ow!"

"Or I will cane you again!"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. The absurd noise ceased on the spot.

"Now leave my study!"

Bunter rolled away, wriggling. He suppressed his feelings till he reached the corner of the passage. Then he restarted after the interval:

"Yow-ow-ow! Beast! Wow-wow-wow! Urrrgh! Beast! Wow!"

Loder was still walking in the quad. But Billy Bunter did not go near his study again. He was fed-up with Loder's study.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### Loder Tries It On!

**G**REYFRIARS fellows generally were very anxious for classes to be dismissed that day.

The Fifth of November came only once a year, and every fellow in the Lower School, and a good many in the Upper, looked forward to the big bonfire that was to blaze in the school field, the procession with masks and a guy, and the squibbing of squibs, the cracking of crackers, the rocketing of rockets, and the general uproar and excitement.

Keen youths who could not wait for dark, had already been letting off fireworks in secluded spots, like the Cloisters, or the path behind the elms. Some had been bagged by prefects and whopped for breaking rules.

But after class fellows were free to walk into the school shop and buy all the fireworks they liked, and make night hideous with the same.

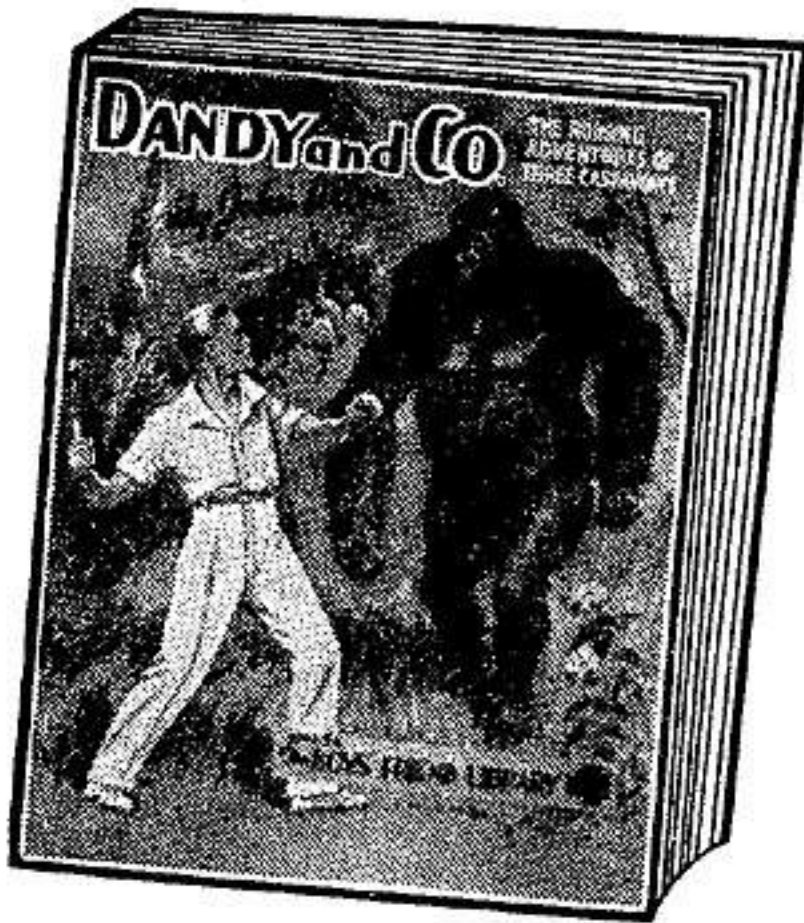
Young masters, like Larry Lascelles, would enter into the spirit of the thing. Older and more irritable beaks, like Hacker, shut themselves in their studies,

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"Gosh!" murmured Hank. "he may be a dandy, but he's a corker, too!" And when the three of them shared the perils of shipwreck together, landing on an island inhabited by man-apes and pygmies, the Dandy proved himself more of a corker than ever. Here are thrills piled on thrills—a regular dandy yarn, and a corker, too! Get it to-day.

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him. He expected an outbreak of indignation from his chum. Instead of which Redwing only looked at him very uneasily and dubiously.

"I say, Smithy, are you sure?" he muttered.

"You fool! Don't you believe me?" snarled Vernon-Smith.

"Yes, I believe you, of course, old chap. But don't you think you may have been mistaken? It sounds awfully thick even for a blackguard like Loder."

"You dolt!"

"I mean, you may have misunderstood——"

Redwing was evidently unable to get it into his head that a Greyfriars prefect could be so base—even Loder!

The Bounder laughed savagely.

"Not much good going to l'rout, when you don't believe me!" he snarled.

"I believe you, but——"

"Oh, rats!"

The Bounder tramped away, leaving Tom Redwing looking very troubled. He had only one satisfaction—Loder had whopped him, but he was left to whistle for his spread. And somehow or other Smithy was going to repay that whopping before he or Loder was much older.

Loder of the Sixth was not, however, as the Bounder supposed, "whistling" for his spread. One resource had failed the unscrupulous bully of the school; but he was already trying on another, with better luck.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### A Very Dutiful Prefect!

**L**ORD MAULEVERER sat on his luxurious sofa in Study No. 12 in the Remove, and glanced round that study with lazy satisfaction.

It was close on tea-time, and all was ready for tea in Study No. 12.

Whether to celebrate bonfire day, or simply because his hospitable spirit moved him, Mauly was standing one of his many spreads that afternoon.

The study table was covered by a spotless cloth—probably the only spotless one in the passage. And it almost groaned under good things.

Mauly cared little for tuck himself. But he laid in supplies for his friends with a generous hand when he asked them to tea.

Cakes and buns, tarts and scones, ham and cold beef, eggs and tomatoes, ham sandwiches, egg sandwiches, tomato sandwiches, all sorts and conditions of good things were there—in piles, almost in stacks.

Large as the supply was, it was likely to be wanted. Quite a large party was coming. There would be Mauly himself and his study-mate, Sir Jimmy Vivian, the Famous Five, Redwing and the Bounder, Peter Todd, Squiff, Tom Brown, and Hazeldene, Russell, and Ogilvy, and last, but not least, Billy Bunter. Such a numerous tea-party required large supplies. Mauly's study, though the roomiest in the Remove, was likely to be filled to capacity.

Mauleverer was taking a rest on his sofa now, till it was time for his guests to begin to trickle in. Most of them, if not all of them, were busy about fireworks at the present moment. Sir Jimmy Vivian had gone to bag extra chairs along the passage, and Mauly was alone—when the study door opened.

"That you, Jimmy? Oh gad!" Lord Mauleverer sat up suddenly as he stared at Loder of the Sixth in the doorway.

Loder walked in. He had his ashplant under his arm.

Walker and Carne followed him. They stood leaning on either side of the doorway, grinning.

Gerald Loder glanced over the well-spread table. His eyes gleamed with satisfaction at what he saw.

But there was a stern frown on his brow as he fixed his eyes on Lord Mauleverer. That youth was breathing rather hard.

"What does this mean, Mauleverer?" demanded Loder.

"Tea, old bean!" said Mauly.

"You're starting on an orgy like this, are you?" said Loder. "Don't you expect to burst yourself?"

Mauleverer coloured faintly.

"I've got some men comin' to tea, Loder," he explained. "It's rather a spread. Quite a lot of fellows—fourteen or so."

"I suppose you fags could have indulged in greedy gorging like this and nothing said in Wingate's time!" remarked Loder. "Wingate was a great deal too easy with you. You're a disgusting young glutton, Mauleverer!"

"Don't be an ass, Loder!"

"What!" roared Loder.

"And don't yell in a fellow's study! I don't like it!"

(Continued on next page.)



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"Hullo, what's up?" exclaimed Vivian, staring at the three prefects, as he put down the chair. "Loder's come here to pinch our tuck, Jimmy!" said Lord Mauleverer, resignedly. "That's enough!" rapped Loder. "Tell your friends the party's off, when they come. This disgusting and unhealthy gorging has got to cease! The whole lot is confiscated!"

"Goorgh! Gug-gug!" Loder choked over the lemonade that had gone down the wrong way. "Urrrrgh! Wurrgh!" Bang! Fizz! Bang!  
 "Look out—"  
 "Oh, my hat!"  
 "Great Scott!"  
 "Groooogh! Oooogh!"  
 "The place will be on fire—"  
 "Oh crikey!"  
 Bang, bang, bang, bang!

Lumps of coal shot out of the grate. Crackers cracked and banged, squibs fizzed, Roman candles shot off showers of sparks. Catherine wheels buzzed wildly. The whole bundle of fireworks had caught now, and they were all going off together.

Among them were a number of jumping crackers. Jumping crackers, naturally, jumped! They leaped from the fire, cracking as they leaped, banging right and left all over the study.

The room was filled with smoke, and the smell of gunpowder, and the strong scent of soot, brought down the chimney in clouds by the explosion.

Loder gurgled, Carne coughed and snorted, Walker began to sneeze wildly. The grate was spitting forth crackers that jumped and banged round their feet like machine-gun fire.

The door was thrown open, and Sykes, Bancroft, Parkinson, and several other Sixth Formers stared in amazement.

"What on earth's going on here?" shouted Sykes.

"That ass Loder letting off fireworks in his study, like some silly fag!" yelled Parkinson. "My hat! I wonder you haven't more sense, Loder! Do you want to set the House on fire?"

Bang, bang! Fizzzzz! Whizzzz! Bang!

One of those fearsome contrivances,

a jumping cracker, which had a dozen bangs in it, was hopping about the study like a thing of life! With every bang it hopped. It banged between Loder's knees, and he bounded back, crashed on the tea-table, and sent it reeling. It banged on Walker's legs, and then on Carne's waistcoat, and dropped on his feet, banging. He kicked it away frantically, and it banged in the doorway, hopped into the passage, and banged among the Sixth Form men there.

Bang, bang, bang!  
 "You ass, Loder!" roared Sykes.  
 "You blithering fathead, Loder!"  
 "Fancy a Sixth Form man larking like that—"

Fellows were gathering under Loder's study window in the quad, staring up. Coker of the Fifth was heard yelling:

"Look at that, you men! Loder letting off fireworks in his study! It's against the rules! I wonder what Prout would say!"

Bang, bang! Fizzzzz! Squish! Whizzz!  
 The last squib squibbed, the last cracker cracked. Blessed silence descended on Loder's study at last—amid smoke and fumes, and scattered smoky lumps of coal and broken crockery, and squashed tarts and cakes, and upset lemonade and orangeade!

Loder's study looked as if a volcanic eruption had happened there, and Loder looked like a demon in a pantomime—only more so!

**THE TENTH CHAPTER.**  
**Prout Comes Down Heavy!**

"H A, ha, ha!"  
 There was a roar of merriment in the dusky quad. That terrific uproar in Loder's study caused general surprise

and interest. Only five fellows knew the real cause of it. But a good many fellows guessed that it was a jape on the unpopular prefect. The fizzing and whizzing and banging elicited shouts of laughter from the swarm of fellows who gathered under the Sixth Form windows.

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "I say, you fellows, fancy Loder letting off fireworks indoors!" squeaked Billy Bunter. "Sixth Form man, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "Cheek!" declared Coker of the Fifth. "He would whop a fag for it! Now he's at it himself! Prout ought to know!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "Well, it was worth that bundle of fireworks!" said Bob Cherry to his comrades. "And Loder can't say that he didn't ask for it! We tried every way to get that bundle back, but Loder stopped us! Now he's had the benefit of it—and I wish him joy of it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "The joyfulness is probably terrific!" chuckled the Nabob of Bhanipur. Harry Wharton laughed.

"He's asked for it, and got it!" he said. "But we shall have to keep this fearfully dark! It would mean a flogging!"

"Well, nobody knows!" grinned Bob. "I dare say Loder will think of the jolly old Secret Seven; but he can't lay his finger on the man who parked the goods in his grate!"

"Lucky it happened at tea-time!" chortled Johnny Bull. "Loder can't have enjoyed the feed he pinched from Mauly, in the circus!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
 The explosions had ceased in Loder's

(Continued on page 16.)



"Yes, sir!" Walker left the study. Prout waited, frowning majestically. Carne and Loder began picking up things from the floor, and putting them back on the table. The Bouncer stood breathing hard. He was a prisoner in the study till the prefects had been instructed by Prout; after which it would be too late to tip his friends to get the fireworks out of sight. But the Bouncer was not beaten yet.

Prout stood facing the doorway. Loder and Carne were stooping to pick up scattered goods. The Bouncer turned aside and swiftly drew a piece of paper from one pocket with his left hand, and a pencil from another pocket with his right. A list of Latin verbs was written in ink on the paper; but the back was blank.

On that blank Smithy swiftly scribbled a few words. Then the pencil

disappeared into his pocket again.

With a careless air, the Bouncer moved past the open window.

The paper fluttered out into the dusky quad.

It dropped to the ground there; and at the same moment Loder strode across and grasped the Bouncer by the arm.

Prout stared round.

"What?" he boomed.

"Vernon-Smith has written a note, sir, and thrown it out of the window!" said Loder. "And Wharton is picking it up!"

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Visibility Not Good!

HARRY WHARTON had seen the white paper flutter in the dusk, as it was dropped from Loder's window.

The Bouncer, as he dropped it out,

stood clear against the light, and all the Famous Five saw his action.

They did not need telling that Smithy knew that they were there and had dropped that note to inform them of something that he could not convey by word of mouth.

Harry Wharton darted forward like an arrow from a bow.

Almost in a moment he had stooped under Loder's window and picked up the fluttering paper.

Another moment and he would have darted away.

But he was not given that moment! Loder was too watchful for that! The bully of the Sixth put his head out of the window.

"Wharton! Stop! Stop at once!"

Wharton stopped.

The paper was in his hand; and concealment was impossible.

Loder grinned down at him.

(Continued on next page.)



Come on, you footer fans, fire in your queries! "Linesman" is never happier than when he's dealing with problems of interest to the Soccer enthusiast. Address your letters to "LINESMAN," c/o The MAGNET, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

STRANGE TRANSFERS!

THERE are many things about football which are difficult to understand, and I am not surprised when I get letters from my readers asking me to explain what, to them, seems to be something of a mystery. I have one such letter in front of me now from a reader who says that he has been watching certain transfers lately, and he adds: "For the life of me I can't understand them!"

Let it be admitted that some of these transfers do seem strange. Take, for instance, the exchanges which have been carried through by Huddersfield Town and Newcastle United since the start of this season. In their respective Leagues—the first and second divisions—these teams were doing badly. Newcastle were in need of a centre-forward, so they secured the transfer of Jack Smith, from Huddersfield Town.

Almost on the same day that this transfer of a centre-forward from Huddersfield was carried through, Huddersfield, in their turn, obtained the services of a new centre-forward, named John Ball, from Manchester United. Shortly afterwards, Huddersfield went to Newcastle and paid a substantial fee for James Richardson. All very strange, isn't it?

*The argument runs something on these lines. If Smith is not good enough to lead the Huddersfield Town attack, how can Newcastle hope that he will be good enough to lead their attack? And, again, if Newcastle are in dire difficulties looking for extra players, how can they afford to transfer one of their forwards?*

Let me say at once, in attempting to reply to my correspondent, that some of these transfers even mystify me, and I believe they are occasionally dictated by something approaching panic. On the other hand, it does not necessarily follow

that because a player is not considered good enough for one particular side he will not be good enough for another side. The play of different teams—the style, I mean—is very different, and a player who does not quite fit in with the ideas of one manager may be perfectly suited to the ideas of another manager. That is one reason why there are so many cases of failures in one side being big successes in another side. Mistakes are often made by managers, of course, but it is not necessarily true that when a player makes good after changing his club that the manager of the original club was at fault.

ADVANTAGES OF A QUICK THROW-IN!

DO you think that the wing half-backs should make a point of taking all the throws which fall to their side? That is another interesting question which I am asked to answer. In the great majority of cases, of course, the wing-half should do the throwing, because he is supposed to be an expert at the throw-in business.

At the same time I think it is worth while for certain other players to learn the rudiments of the throw. Wing forwards, for instance, can often gain for their side a real advantage if they can throw the ball in quickly and accurately. In the first International match of the present season—between Wales and England—Matthews, the outside-right of England, happened to be on the spot where the ball ran out of play.

*He picked it up and, in the twinkling of an eye, as it were, he threw the ball in to Britton, who swung it over for Brook to score a very clever goal. The England outside-left got the opening because the Welsh defenders weren't ready for the surprise throw-in.*

I am quite sure that this was a bit of quick work which was thoroughly appreciated by Brook, because I happen to

know that this Manchester City outside-left is himself a firm believer in the advantages of the quick throw. Once, when I was at the Manchester City ground in mid-week, I saw Brook practising the throw, and when I saw him doing this I expressed surprise. "Oh," he said, "it is just as well to be able to do it properly, even though, strictly speaking, it is not my job." That Brook had mastered the art of the throw was plainly demonstrated during last season's Cup Final, when he threw the ball in several times in a way which upset the Portsmouth defence.

The point about the quick throw-in by some player other than the half-back is that it usually happens when a forward throws the ball in hurriedly he doesn't do it fairly. But it is certainly worth while to get the ball back to play without waste of time in certain circumstances. That means it is worth while for players, other than the wing half-backs, to know the rights and wrongs of the throw-in.

NOT ACCORDING TO RULE!

NOW we come to a technical question about the rules of the game. A reader from Leicester says that in his district there has been much talk concerning the action of a referee in a first-class match in which Leicester City figured. According to this correspondent, the opponents of Leicester were attacking, and one of the Leicester defenders, making a desperate tackle in the penalty area, fouled an opposing forward. As the referee blew the whistle for a penalty kick the ball travelled across goal to another attacker, who drove the ball into the net, and a goal was allowed. Was this according to rule?

*The answer is that, if the facts are as stated, the action of the referee was not according to rule. Once he had blown the whistle for a penalty kick the ball was "dead," and he could not allow a goal to be scored and counted for something which happened after the whistle had blown.*

It is true that the referee has the power given him to refrain from stopping the play if by so doing he is likely to benefit the offending side. But if he has blown, then he cannot exercise that discretion and award a goal.

I think it would be found, on closer inquiry, that the referee in this particular case did not actually blow the whistle. He might have raised it to his mouth, but then refrained from sounding it when he saw that a goal was likely to be scored.

"LINESMAN."





light, he ran across to the fire, which was low in the grate, but smouldering red, and knelt there on the hearthrug. Nugent turned on the light, and the other fellows came in, and the study door was closed.

Smithy's list of verbs was in Wharton's hand. He was holding the back of the paper to the fire.

That list of verbs did not interest the captain of the Remove. He was not concerned at the moment about capio, capis, capit. It was the back of the paper, on which Mr. Prout and Gerald Loder had seen only a beautiful blank, that interested him. It was that that he was holding to the heat of the fire.

"My hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Is that it? Smithy—"

Wharton, still holding the paper steadily to the heat, glanced up over his shoulder.

"Something's up!" he said. "Blessed if I know what it is! Can't guess and can't imagine! But Smithy wants us to know in a hurry!"

Bob whistled.

"They can't have spotted the Secret Seven—"

"Hardly!" said Nugent.

"It's something—rather urgent!" said Harry. "Smithy chucked this paper out of the window for us, and it's thumping lucky that Loder doesn't know that the Secret Seven have fixed themselves up with invisible pencils! Smithy couldn't call out to us with Prout there, but it's on this paper all right!"

"Good old Smithy!" said Johnny Bull.

"Trust the old Bounder to get away with it!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "But what the thump can he have written?"

"Something we had to know quick!" said Nugent.

"We shall see pretty soon."

The Famous Five gathered eagerly round the paper that Wharton was holding to the fire.

As the heat permeated it, traces of writing began to appear on the sheet that had presented a beautiful blank to the eyes of Loder and Mr. Prout.

Neither of them had thought of invisible pencil-writing. That was one of the secret resources of the Secret Seven of Greyfriars.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" breathed Bob Cherry. "Look!"

"My hat!"

"Good old Smithy!"

The traces of writing grew clearer as the heat was applied. A word leaped out into sight:

"Prout—"

"Something about Prout!" said Bob.

"What on earth is Prout up to that couldn't wait till Smithy got out of Loder's study?" asked Johnny Bull, quite perplexed.

"Look!"

The rest of the writing came out clear. It ran:

"Prout is going to confiscate all fireworks. Get them hidden—quick!"

Harry Wharton & Co. stared at that message.

(Continued on next page.)



# Come Into The Office. Boys!

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

**L**IKE to go diving, chums? Not the ordinary kind of diving which you can do in any swimming pool, but **REAL UNDER-WATER DIVING FOR EVERYONE!**

Fancy walking around on the bottom of the sea for twenty minutes or so at a stretch! This is what you will be able to do, if the new invention which a French officer has patented becomes popular. It consists of a sort of face mask, together with a cylinder of compressed air. The mask is attached to the face, like a face-mask, and the cylinder is attached to the body by a strap. Then the diver goes down, and allows the air to be delivered gently to his nostrils.

It is claimed that by means of this device one can walk about on the sea-bottom to his heart's content, coming to the surface before the air supply is exhausted. I've seen some under-water photographs of people using this apparatus, and they look good. So perhaps it won't be long before you are able to say to your chums: "What about an underwater hike this morning?"

Of late there have been some most

## INTERESTING INVENTIONS,

some of which will certainly appeal to my readers. Those of you who are cycling fans may like to know that a new apparatus has been made whereby you can "travel" miles without leaving your own room! It is a support which holds up the rear wheel of a bicycle and presses it against a ball-bearing roller. Every mile or so, a bell rings, so there is nothing to prevent you, if you are energetic enough, to cycle umpteen miles before breakfast without even leaving your room.

Here's another invention—this time for Arctic explorers. You are all familiar with the caterpillar tractor idea, such as is used on tanks in war-time. The latest adaptation of this is made specially to grip ice, and there is a project on hand for a party to motor to the South Pole! But it will be a long time before some enterprising person starts running charabancs there!

How many of you like drawing maps in school? The latest idea in geography lessons is to have a globe-shaped blackboard, with the lines of latitude and longitude marked on it. The schoolboy has to draw his own maps on the globe-blackboard. Like the idea? If not, don't blame me. I didn't invent it!

By the way, have you heard of the jolly Cococubs, those cheery little animal friends whose merry adventures appear every week on the children's pages of the big "dailies"? Ah, I thought you had! Then why not have a set of Cococubs of your own? There's a brightly painted model of one of the Cococubs in every tin of Children's Bournville Cocoa. Ask your mother to buy Children's Bournville Cocoa for you and start collecting Cococubs. You can get houses for your Cococubs, too, in exchange for the discs from the top of each tin. Once you've tasted this delicious cocoa, boys, you'll want it always, with the result that you will be able to collect a complete set of Cococubs and their houses in double quick time.

There are a number of

## RAPID-FIRE REPLIES

to be attended to this week, so here goes: **The Most Valuable Water in the World** (J. K., of Totnes): Heavy water is the

most valuable in the world. It is worth approximately £120 per teaspoonful! Chemical laboratories can only produce a thimbleful every two days. It contains twice as much hydrogen as ordinary water, and it takes 400 gallons of ordinary water to produce one ounce of heavy water!

**Getting Monologues Published** (A. Johnson, of Willenhall): Any reputable music publisher will consider your monologues if they are any good. Submit them to the publishers with a stamped, addressed envelope for return if unsuitable. You can get the address of music publishers from any musical publication. Remember that reputable publishers do not charge any publication fee, and have nothing to do with a publisher who asks for fees of any description.

**How Long do Parrots Live?** No one knows exactly, but some of them attain great ages. One has been known to live 118 years—and it is still going strong!

**Can Trees Grow on Ice?** ("Unbeliever," of Whitstable): Yes. In Lapland a species of tree is found which can conduct water through several feet of hard-frozen soil and ice.

**What are "The Rats of Norway"?** (C. B. King, of Lancs.): They are lemmings—small rodents which migrate periodically across Norway and Sweden. Eventually they plunge into the ocean and drown.

Now a word or two about next week's **MAGNET** programme. The long complete yarn of Harry Wharton & Co. is entitled:

## "THE DICTATOR OF GREYFRIARS!"

By Frank Richards.

As usual, it is packed as full of good things as only this popular author can pack a yarn. Judging by my postbag recently, our new series of stories telling of the feud between Loder and the chums of the Remove are proving immensely popular. I haven't had a single criticism of them yet, which proves that they must be "the goods." But you can always depend on Frank Richards delivering the goods, and your Editor doing his best to see that the old **MAGNET** is always on top.

There'll be a double-page "Greyfriars Herald" supplement, further thrilling chapters of Morton Pike's popular adventure story and another interesting Soccer talk by "Linesman," while I'll try to wedge my little chat in somewhere amongst this budget of good things. So don't miss next week's issue, chums!

YOUR EDITOR.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,395.

Every word was clear now, and they understood at once. Smithy, evidently, was kept in Loder's study, so that he could not convey that very piece of information to the other fellows and give them a chance of getting ahead of Prout.

"Oh crumbs!" ejaculated Nugent. "Confiscating all our fireworks! The cheeky old ass!"

Wharton tossed the paper into the fire. It was done with now, and it was rather dangerous to keep about.

What Prout would have thought—and done—had he learned that Smithy had conveyed information to his friends under his portly nose would not bear thinking of.

"Come on!" panted Wharton.

The Famous Five dashed out of the study.

There was no time to lose. In the woodshed was an immense store of fireworks, representing nearly all the pocket-money at present available in the Remove. Perhaps, in view of what had happened in a prefect's study, Prout was justified in confiscating the lot at one fell swoop. But the juniors could hardly be expected to see eye to eye with Prout in that matter.

They had not the slightest intention of losing that supply if they could possibly help it.

They whipped out of the House and raced down to the woodshed.

A crowd of juniors there were getting busy.

A weird-looking guy, seated in an ancient chair, had already been brought out. Several fellows were letting off squibs and crackers, anxious for the noise to begin. Most of them, however, were sorting out the fireworks for conveyance to the school field, where the celebrations were to take place, and where the big bonfire was piled up ready for lighting.

There was a general startled exclamation as the Famous Five burst, breathless, on the merry crowd.

"What's up?"

"What the dickens——"

"Quick!" panted Wharton. "Get all the fireworks together! We've got to get them out of sight—sharp!"

"What the thump for?" exclaimed Skinner.

"Prout——" gasped Wharton.

"Never mind Prout now!"

"Fathead! Prout's going to confiscate the lot because of that row in Loder's study!"

"Oh, great pip!"

"What a rotten sell!" said Lord Mauleverer.

"Shame!" hooted Squiff.

"I say, that's jolly thick!" exclaimed Temple of the Fourth Form. "I say, I've spent a quid on my fireworks—a whole quid!"

"We've all spent jolly nearly all we had!" roared Bolsover major. "That old fool Prout——"

"That old ass Prout!" snorted Hobson of the Shell.

"Look here, how do you know, Wharton?" demanded Skinner suspiciously. "If you're pulling our leg——"

"Ass! Smithy got the tip to us! Get the things together, and get them away!" exclaimed the captain of the Remove. "You can leave a few for the prefects to find when they get here—they won't be long! Buck up, and get the things away! Park them under the elms in the quad for the present! It's

too dark there for anybody to spot them!"

"Buck up!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

The juniors bucked up at great speed. There were many exclamations of wrath and disgust, but no time was lost.

What was going to be done with the fireworks, and where and when they were ultimately going to be let off, remained unsettled; there was no time to discuss that. The business on hand was to save them from confiscation.

That business was promptly attended to.

The juniors streamed out of the shed, every fellow carrying packages and bundles—his own or somebody else's; it did not matter which, so long as the goods were got away.

The Bounder's great stack required

## GREYFRIARS CARTOONS

By HAROLD SKINNER.

No. 21. TOM REDWING.

This week our lightning artist selects for his subject a character with whom you are all familiar—TOM REDWING, the son of an old sea salt.



Reddy's the son of a sailor bold,  
And a sailor bold is he;  
His greatest happiness, so I'm told,  
Is afloat on an angry sea.

He likes to battle against the storm  
In a boat on the boiling sea.  
Well, let him! A nice warm bed in the  
dorm.  
Will jolly well do for me!

several fellows to handle it. But all the bundles were picked up by one fellow or another and carried off.

In a very few minutes the woodshed was deserted. Here and there a few scattered crackers or squibs lay about, dropped by hasty hands, to greet the eyes of authority when authority arrived. By the doorway the guy sat in his chair, neglected and deserted. The lantern that lighted the shed was blown out, and it was left in darkness.

At a safe distance, under the shadowy old elms in the quad, hidden by the November darkness that had now descended thick and deep, the rescued goods were parked. They were safe there for the time at least. But the work had been done none too soon; already in the darkness gleamed several flashlamps, lighting authority on its way to the woodshed with confiscatory intent.

## THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Too Late!

"COME on, you men!" said Loder of the Sixth.

"Yes, come on!" said Carne.

Loder was keen, at all events. Walker and Carne were keen. The rest of the prefects did not seem fearfully keen.

Indeed, Sykes was heard to murmur that it was rot, and Bancroft that it was silly, and Parkinson that it was a shame.

But orders were orders. Mr. Prout stood in the place of the absent headmaster, and his orders had to be obeyed by his prefects.

Keen or not keen, the Sixth Form men followed Loder from the House.

Loder knew where to look for the confiscated goods. He was quite aware of the plans made by the juniors for celebrating the glorious fifth.

Indeed, Loder had debated in his mind whether he might be able to barge in and spoil the show before the happening in his study provided him with an excuse, backed by the authority of Prout.

Loder of the Sixth led the way direct to Gosling's woodshed through the November gloom, several of the prefects turning on pocket torches to light the dark way.

He was a little puzzled by the silence and general deserted appearance of the spot as he neared it.

He had expected to find a crowd of fellows there, and enjoyed the prospect of seeing their faces when they were ordered to hand over the fireworks for confiscation.

Instead of which, the woodshed was dark and deserted; and there was nobody to be seen or heard.

"What on earth's that?" exclaimed Walker, as he spotted a strange figure seated in a chair outside the shed, his light falling suddenly on it.

"Only a guy!" grunted Loder.

"Oh!"

It was rather a startling sight to come on suddenly. The guy was built up of old sacks and such things on a wooden framework, draped in an old coat, with an ancient hat on its head, and its face was formed of a grotesque Guy Fawkes mask. Looming out of the shadows in the glimmering lights it had an uncanny, half-human look.

Walker gave it a vicious kick as he passed it. It had startled him and he found satisfaction in kicking it.

The guy lurched over, chair and all, and fell on its side. Walker gave it another kick, and the mask and hat rolled off.

Then he followed the others into the woodshed.

Loder flashed his light round.

A few scattered fireworks on the floor told what had been there! But what had been there was there no longer.

"They're gone!" said Loder, scowling. "I suppose they've started for the school field already! Get after them!"

Loder led the way again and the prefects marched off for the school field.

This was entered by a gate from the quadrangle, generally shut and locked at dark. Now it stood wide open, and was to remain open till after the celebrations were over. It was time now for the bonfire to be lighted; and Loder expected to sight the blaze.

But the bonfire was not lighted. The stack of combustibles loomed dimly through the gloom.

Neither was there a crowd of juniors

in the field with fireworks to be confiscated! Nobody was there!

Loder stared about him, perplexed. "Where are the young sweeps?" he exclaimed.

"Not here!" said Carne. "Nobody here!" grunted Sykes. "Look here, Loder, if we're to bag their fireworks, where are they? I'm getting fed up."

"If you don't choose to carry out Prout's orders, Sykes—"

"Oh, rats! Where are they, I say?" "We've got to find them," growled Loder.

"Looks as if they've got the tip!" said Walker.

"They can't have—not a word has been said, so far, outside my study," snarled Loder. "Only that young cad Vernon-Smith knows, and he's still there, and Prout's with him."

"Well, it's no good hanging about here!" growled Bancroft.

Loder led his flock back to the quad. Evidently it was no use hanging about there.

Several of the seniors slipped quietly away in the quad. They had had enough of this hunt for elusive juniors and their fireworks.

Not only the fireworks were not to be found, but the juniors also seemed to have vanished from all knowledge. November nights were dark, and it was as black as a hat in the quad, except where light fell from lighted windows. Dozens of fellows might have been near at hand, yet unseen; but it was extraordinary that they were not heard.

"Have they all gone back to the House, or what?" demanded Walker.

"What the thump does it mean?" grunted Carne.

Loder gritted his teeth.

"They had all their dashed rubbish in the woodshed, I know that," he snarled. "I know they got leave from Gosling. But—"

"Then they've found out—"

"How could they? I—why—what—what—oh crumbs!" Loder broke off, as a spark sailed in an arc through the blackness and descended in the midst of the bunch of prefects.

Bang, bang, bang, bang!

"Look out!"

"Oh crumbs!"

There was a sudden scattering of the great men of the Sixth as a jumping cracker jumped, and hopped, and banged, and roared in their midst—hurled by an unseen hand from the darkness.

Bang, bang, bang!

Loder gave a yell of rage.

"That's one of them—that—" He made a fierce rush in the direction from which the spark had sailed.

Crash!

He crashed into somebody in the dark and grabbed fiercely and savagely at that somebody.

"I've got you, you young hound! I'll smash you! I—"

"What? What?" came a squeaky, high-pitched voice. "Who—what—release me— How dare you seize me thus—what—what?"

It was the startled high-pitched voice of Mr. Woose, nicknamed the "Squeaker" in the Remove!

Loder, evidently, had got the wrong pig by the ear!

"Oh gad!" he gasped. He let go Mr. Woose as if that gentleman had suddenly become red-hot. "Oh! I—"

"What? Who is that? Loder?" exclaimed Mr. Woose, blinking at him owlishly through his glasses in the gloom. "Is that Loder of the Sixth

Form? Loder, how dare you seize me in that ruffianly manner? I repeat, sir, how dare you?" Mr. Woose's voice rose to a high and indignant squeak. "Loder, I shall report this to Mr. Prout—"

Loder spluttered.

"Sorry, sir, I—I took you for a junior—I—I—I can't see in the dark, sir—I—I thought—"

"Nonsense!" squeaked Mr. Woose. "Even if you supposed it was a junior, Loder, how dare you rush on anyone in that ruffianly manner—"

"Someone has just thrown a cracker at me, sir, and I—I thought—"

"Pah!" snapped Mr. Woose.

"Look out!" yelled Carne.

A circling spark descended behind Loder. Probably the sound of his voice guided the aim of the unseen fellow in the darkness.

Bang, bang, bang, bang!

Loder, startled almost out of his wits, jumped clear of the ground. He bumped into Mr. Woose, knocking that unfortunate gentleman backwards.

"Goodness gracious!" squeaked Mr. Woose. "What—what—Loder—I—I—you—"

Bang, bang, bang!

"Goodness gracious me! What—what—" stuttered Woose.

"There he goes!" yelled Carne, glimpsing a shifting shadow in the darkness. He rushed at it.

A bundle, emitting sparks, dropped in front of him. There was a sudden wild whizzing and fizzing, as squibs and roman candles, tied together, went off all at once. Carne leaped back with a yell from showers of sparks. From the darkness came a howl:

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Loder & Co. were not finding the fireworks! But the fireworks were finding them!

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Prout is Not Pleased!

MR. PROUT started.

Smithy grinned.

Having given his prefects his lengthy and solemn instructions, and seen them start, Prout had sat down in Loder's armchair to wait for his head prefect to bring in the confiscated goods. Perhaps also he thought of keeping an eye on Vernon-Smith, lest that youth should convey a warning to the other fellows of what was coming—little dreaming that that warning had already been conveyed and acted on.

Smithy did not mind waiting. The "invisible pencil" stunt had been fixed up among the "secret society" of Greyfriars, ready for any emergency in which secret communication might be required. Smithy knew that Harry Wharton would lose no time in holding that paper to the fire, and discovering the secret message scribbled on the back of the list of Latin verbs. He had no doubt that the fireworks had been disposed of before the prefects left the House in search of them. So he waited cheerfully in Prout's company.

Prout waited in

majestic silence, taking no notice of the Bounder, only seeing that he did not leave the study.

He had sent a message to Mr. Woose, requesting him to step across to the school shop, and inform Mrs. Mimble that the sale of fireworks was to stop at once if it had not stopped already.

That night—or so Prout fondly supposed—the Fifth of November would be celebrated without fireworks—if celebrated at all!

Prout was quite a kind-hearted man, and he was rather sorry to spoil the fun for the Lower School, but he felt it his duty, and Prout was a whale on duty!

His stern edict had gone forth—there were to be no fireworks, not a single cracker, not a solitary squib, not a lone-some Roman candle or rocket! No more fireworks were to be bought, and those already bought were to be confiscated to the last squib! That would be a severe, but no doubt salutary lesson to reckless fellows who parked fireworks in prefects' fire-grates!

And so Prout started, in great surprise, at the sound of cracking crackers and squibbing squibs from the dark quad.

That sound was quite unexpected by Prout! It was not so unexpected by the Bounder, who grinned.

"Bless my soul!" said Prout.

He heaved his considerable weight out of Loder's armchair and stepped to the window.

It was black as a hat outside, but the blackness was broken by flying sparks and streaming squibs.

Fireworks were going off!

There was no doubt about that!

"Bless my soul!" repeated Prout.

Frowning portentously, he hurried to the door. He had forgotten Vernon-Smith, but the Bounder ventured to remind him of his existence.

"Please, sir—" began Smithy.

"Eh, what?" Prout glanced at him.

"May I go now, sir?" asked Smithy meekly.

"Oh! Yes! Certainly! You may go, Vernon-Smith!" said Prout. And he rolled out of the study, and, like Iser in the poem, he rolled rapidly!

The Bounder grinned and followed him.

Prout rolled rapidly, but Smithy was out of the House long before Prout reached the doorway. He cut away across the quad in search of the other fellows. In the gloom he barely dodged a figure that was running for the House. It was Carne of the Sixth.

Mr. Prout, standing in the doorway, stared out.

Bang, bang, bang! Fizzzz! Whizzzz! came from the November night. It did not look as if Loder & Co. had taken possession of the fireworks.

"Unprecedented!" gasped Prout.

(Continued on next page.)



ASK DAD—

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A gasping figure tottered up the steps, and the temporary headmaster of Greyfriars stared at Mr. Woosc. The new master of the Remove tottered in, breathless.

"Mr. Woosc!" boomed Prout.

"Oh, goodness gracious!" gasped the Squeaker. "Oh dear! I—I have been considerably upset, Mr. Prout! Some boys appear to—to be letting off fireworks—perhaps you have noticed—"

"Perhaps!" hooted Prout. "I am not deaf, Mr. Woosc!"

"No! No! Quite so!" stammered the confused little gentleman. "Of course not! Quite so! I am somewhat upset! Loder rushed into me—I was knocked over—it was very, very clumsy and inconsiderate, I thought! Oh dear!"

"Where is Loder?"

"I really do not know! I did not remain after he had—oooh!—knocked me over! I—I was feeling very, very upset!"

Mr. Woosc tottered in to his study. Prout, with a thunderous brow, glared out into the blackness.

Carne of the Sixth came running up the steps. He nearly ran into Prout in his hurry. The temporary headmaster caught him by the shoulder.

"What is occurring out there, Carne?"

"Oh!" gasped Carne. "Those young demons—"

"What? Such expressions, Carne—"

"I—I mean, the fags!" gasped Carne. "They—they're pelting us with fireworks! We can't see them in the dark! Oh crumbs!"

"Did not Loder take possession of the fireworks as I ordered him to do?" boomed Prout.

"We couldn't find them, sir—"

"Nonsense!"

"The fags have hidden them somewhere—"

"Absurd! Have you not questioned the boys?"

"They're dodging away in the dark, sir, and—and pelting us with fireworks—"

"Upon my word!" gasped Prout.

Bang, bang, bang! Fizz! Whizz! Squizzzz! came from the darkness. Fireworks, it was only too clear, were going off in great numbers.

Walker of the Sixth came dashing in from the quad. He, also, appeared to have had enough of it. He dashed in, breathless.

Bang, bang, bang, bang!

Whizz! Fizz! Whizzzz!

"Walker," almost shrieked Mr. Prout, "where is Loder?"

"I—I don't know, sir!" gasped Walker. "I lost sight of him, sir! I—I suppose he—he—he's somewhere, sir!"

Bang, bang, bang!

"Have the boys been told that there are to be no fireworks this evening?" boomed Prout.

"We haven't found any of them, sir—the whole crew are dodging us. I—I had a jumping cracker on the back of my neck—"

"Absurd!" snorted Prout.

Bang, bang, bang!

From the direction of the school field came a dancing flare of flame. Somebody had set fire to the bonfire and it was blazing up.

Prout glared into the quad. The fireworks evidently had not been seized by the prefects, as ordered by Prout.

The boys had not even been told that fireworks were forbidden that evening! Prout was very angry, but he was a just man—he prided himself on being a just man! Boys in possession of fireworks on bonfire day, believing themselves at liberty to let off the same, could hardly be blamed for letting them off.

Loder was to blame!

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Prout realised that!

Loder should have seized the fireworks before the juniors started their celebration! Prout had ordered him to do so! He had detained Vernon-Smith indoors so that he could give no warning! Loder should have carried out his instructions! He must have wasted time—or blundered somehow! Prout felt very displeased with Loder!

Bang, bang, bang!

Whizzzz! Fizzzz! Squizzzzz!

Prout snorted, turned from the doorway, and stalked back to the Head's study! He did not feel disposed to root about the dark quad personally, at the risk of being caught in the ear or the neck with a whizzing squib or a jumping cracker! Loder had bungled it—and that was that! Anyhow, the fireworks must be nearly all expended by this time at the rate they were going at! Prout snorted and went.

In the Head's study he waited for Loder. Cracking and banging in the quad died away; the firework display was over. Prout waited for Loder to come and report—and explain.

But he waited in vain!

Loder did not come!

Loder of the Sixth was otherwise engaged just then! Prout little dreamed how he was engaged!

## THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Guilty!

"I'VE got you!" hissed Loder.

His grasp closed on a flitting shadowy figure in the darkness of the quad. Loder had got him!

It did not occur to Loder for the moment that he had been allowed to "get" that shadowy figure. But he realised it very soon afterwards, as hands reached out of the darkness and seized him.

How many pairs of hands fastened on him Loder did not know. He knew that there were half a dozen at least. In actual fact, there were seven pairs!

Loder had not been thinking of the Secret Seven of Greyfriars! But they had been thinking of him.

The bully of the school had, in fact, walked blindly into the trap. Showers of whizzing, banging, cracking fireworks had scattered the prefects. Most of them were fed up with the affair, anyhow, and glad to "chuck" it. Only Carne and Walker were really keen on backing up Loder. And Carne and Walker had had enough—and cleared!

Nobody cared whether they cleared or not. But if Loder had tried to clear he would have had no chance. There were too many eyes watching for Gerald Loder.

But Loder was not clearing—he was getting hold of a dim figure that had hurled banging fireworks. And now it was too late to try! Seven pairs of hands bore him to the earth.

He struggled frantically.

"Let me go! Hands off!" he panted. "By gad, I'll thrash you for this—I'll have you sacked—I'll—Groooooogh!"

A crumpled cardboard box that had once contained fireworks was crammed into Loder's open mouth.

He gurgled wildly, effectually gagged.

He still struggled, down on his back, with seven shadowy figures piling over him.

But he had no chance. They were too many for him—many too many!

His upward glare dimly distinguished the faces over him in the gloom—hideous, grotesque faces. His assailants were got up in Guy Fawkes masks.

Plenty of fellows had put on Guy Fawkes masks for the celebrations. There were scores of them about. But

Loder remembered the Secret Seven who had handled him before, disguised in masks.

The Secret Seven were at work again!

They did not speak. The Secret Seven did their work silently. They were not giving Loder a chance of identifying them by their voices.

Loder, struggling and wriggling, was pinned down till every ounce of breath in his body was expended, and he lay spent and exhausted.

Then he was lifted.

Each arm and leg was grasped. Another fellow had his neck, another his hair, another his ears. In such a position Loder was scarcely able to resist. He was carried away in the gloom, into the dense darkness under the elms.

He knew that he was being carried along Elm Walk—at a safe distance from the House! He strove wildly to yell, but the crumpled cardboard in his mouth presented insuperable difficulties.

His bearers turned off among the trees, and Loder was dumped down at last, close by the school wall.

Several gleams of light came from the gloom. Electric pocket-lamps had been turned on.

There was a murmur of voices, a sound of chuckling. Dim figures flitted on all sides.

Loder glared round him, hoping to recognise some of the fellows in the glimmer of the torches.

But every face he saw had a Guy Fawkes mask on it. Recognition was impossible, unless he could get loose and tear the masks off the faces.

But one thing was clear to him. The Secret Seven, as they chose to call themselves, had numerous associates. There were more than seven in the secret society of Greyfriars—many more!

Loder had suspected that already! Several times he had been collared by the Secret Seven, but he had suspected that it was not the same seven every time. By that simple device the secret society had made it practically impossible to identify them.

Now there were at least a score of juniors round him, of whom not one was recognisable. And he was not given the remotest chance of snatching off a mask, to identify the wearer for denunciation to Prout, and subsequent sacking! His hands were pulled behind him and his wrists tied together there. Then his ankles were tied together. He had half-expected it. He had been through this before.

Slumping against the old stone wall, half-lying, half-leaning, Loder glared in speechless rage at the dim, grotesque figures.

Nobody spoke. But there was an almost incessant sound of chuckling. The young rascals seemed to be enjoying this! Loder was not. The enjoyment was wholly on the side of the Secret Society of Greyfriars.

There was no help for Loder. In that secluded spot, after dark, nobody was likely to find him, even if he was looked for. And he was not likely to be looked for! Nobody knew that the Secret Seven were at work again, and that the bully of Greyfriars had fallen into the hands of the Philistines. And he could guess, too, that some of the young rascals were posted to keep watch, to give warning of the possible approach of prefects or beaks. In which case, Loder would have been whisked away promptly.

The light of a torch was directed on his furious face. He blinked in the light.



As Prout jerked the mask from the face of the effigy, the light from his study window fell full upon a white and furious face, and jaws that chewed frantically on a handkerchief. "Loder!" said Prout, like a man in a dream. "Loder, of the Sixth Form! My head prefect! Loder!" "Crumbs!" gasped Trotter, the page.

"Loder!" came a deep, husky bass voice.

The speaker was disguising his voice, dragging deep notes up from the depths of his chest. Loder had not the faintest idea who was speaking; but no doubt the masked juniors had, for there was a chuckle.

"Grooogh!" gurgled Loder.

He tried to speak and failed. He chewed fiercely at the crumpled card-board.

"Loder!" repeated the deep voice. "You are in the hands of the Secret Seven of Greyfriars. You have mucked up the bonfire celebrations. We've let off the fireworks, instead of keeping them for the procession and the bonfire. You are a rotten bully, Loder, and you are going to be punished. Guilty or not guilty?"

"Gurrgh!"

"Let him speak!"

The gag was removed. Loder gurgled for breath, gathering force for a yell for help. A jumping cracker was tucked into his collar under his chin. A shadowy hand was revealed holding a match in the light of a torch.

"If you call out, Loder, that cracker will be lighted," said the deep voice of the chief of the Secret Seven.

Loder immediately decided not to call out.

"Guilty, or not guilty?"

"You young scoundrel!" hissed Loder.

"That is not an answer. Only the guilty are punished by the secret society of Greyfriars. Are you guilty of being a beastly bully, and a sneaking tick, and a putrid tyrant?"

"I'll smash you!"

"Stick a pin in him!"

"Yaroo!"

"Guilty or not guilty?"

Loder gurgled.

"Not guilty!" he gasped.

He had to answer. He did not want the pin again.

"That won't do!" said the deep voice. "Only the guilty are punished by the mysterious brotherhood."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Shut up, you cackling asses! This is a serious matter."

The chuckle died away. Apparently some of the mysterious brothers were not taking the mysterious brotherhood very seriously. Perhaps it was rather too like the films to be taken very seriously. However, orderly silence was restored.

"Guilty, or not guilty, Loder?"

"Not!" gasped Loder.

"Stick that pin in him!"

"Whoop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence! You're wasting time, Loder!" said the deep voice severely. "I ask you once more—guilty, or not guilty?"

Loder panted with rage. Evidently, the pin was going on with its work till he pleaded guilty before his mysterious judges. He had to make up his mind to it. He was more than tired of the pin.

"Guilty!" he gasped.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The prisoner at the bar pleads guilty to his heinous and manifold crimes and misdemeanours!" said the deep voice. "That's that! Gag him!"

Loder's own handkerchief was

annexed and jammed into his mouth. His necktie was used to secure it there.

"Have you anything further to say, Loder, before your sentence is carried out?"

Loder had nothing to say. He could utter no sound at all, not even a mumble! He was silent.

"The prisoner has nothing to say!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The sentence will now be carried out, as the prisoner has nothing to say for himself!"

To Loder's surprise an ancient and rather rocky chair was brought into the light. It was the chair to which the "guy" had been attached, at the woodshed. Why it was brought there Loder could not guess; but he was soon enlightened.

Many hands lifted him, and he was seated in the chair.

His legs were tied to the legs of the chair, his arms to the back. Several cords were wound round him and the chair, and knotted.

The Secret Seven seemed to be rather liberal with cord. Yards and yards were used up on Loder! There was no doubt that he was quite safe when the last knot was tied.

But they were not finished yet. A particularly hideous Guy Fawkes mask was fixed over Loder's face, and fastened there. Then the tattered old coat, taken from the guy, was ranged round him, more cords keeping it tight round the hapless bully of Greyfriars.

Loder's identity had completely disappeared now.

No one, looking at him, would have guessed that it was a human figure in the chair. His aspect was that of a

Guy Fawkes "guy," and that, evidently, was what the mysterious brotherhood of Greyfriars intended.

The truth was dawning on Gerald Loder now. He was going to be used as a "guy" in the Guy Fawkes procession! At that thought he bit on the gag in helpless fury. But there was no help for Loder. Loder had asked for it, and he was getting it!

The chair was lifted. Loder was a good weight, but many hands made light work.

Heaved high, over the heads of the masked juniors, Loder was borne away. More and more fellows joined up as the procession went down the Elm Walk into the quad. Shouts and yells and cheers rang on all sides. Mouth-organs and castanets added noise, if not music. Swaying over the roaring crowd went the bully of Greyfriars, with innumerable voices yelling round him.

"Here's another guy!"

## THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Some Guy!

"GUY FAWKES—guy!"

"Stick him up on high!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Here's another guy!"

Mr. Prout glanced from his study window. In the school field the bonfire was high, dispelling the November gloom. Flaring light fell in the old quad, casting strange shadows among the elms, reflecting on innumerable windows. It lighted a swarm of fellows marching in procession, with a guy swaying aloft.

There were no fireworks. Usually such a procession was accompanied by cracking crackers and squibbing squibs. But the fireworks had all been expended before it started to keep them out of the hands of authority. Had there been fireworks Prout would have weighed in. But there were none, and Mr. Prout had nothing to complain of in the procession, which had not been forbidden.

He even smiled faintly at the sight of the guy.

Prout had been a boy once, though it was a long time ago. Once upon a time, in the dear dead days beyond recall, Prout had joined in just such celebration. There was plenty of noise, though there were no fireworks. And Prout did not like noise. Still, it was not going to last long. And he was a benignant gentleman in his own way. He smiled.

There were more than a hundred fellows in the procession. Half of them wore Guy Fawkes masks, so there was nothing to distinguish the seven fellows who were carrying the guy from a crowd of others. All were shouting and yelling and cheering.

Some of them knew who and what the "guy" was. More did not know, but fancied that it was an ordinary effigy. Certainly nobody outside the select circle of the Secret Society was likely to guess that the hideous figure in the swaying chair was a Greyfriars prefect.

No such suspicion came anywhere near Prout's thoughts. He gazed from the window and smiled.

As if to give him a good chance of observing the proceedings, the signal was given for the procession to halt before the study window. A terrific roar burst forth.

"Guy Fawkes—guy! Stick him up on high!"

"Let Prout see him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

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The effigy swayed before Prout's window.

Through the eye-holes of his mask, Loder's eyes were gleaming and glinting with speechless rage. Now that there was light on the subject, he was savagely trying to pick out the identity of his assailants.

One of them, he was certain, was Wharton. But he suddenly sighted Harry Wharton, unmasked, sauntering along at a distance. Another, he was assured, was the Bounder. But again he saw the Bounder, unmasked, among the other fellows, not even looking at him.

The same fellows were not carrying him all the time. Every now and then the burden was handed over to another bunch of bearers. Again and again Loder felt certain that he knew one or another of his enemies, and again and again he sighted that very fellow unmasked in the crowd, far away from him.

It did not occur to Loder at the moment that fellows every now and then removed their masks in shady spots, and replaced them afterwards, in order to puzzle and perplex him.

Most of the crowd, as he could easily see, were unaware of the identity of that remarkable guy. And, so far as

### LEATHER POCKET WALLETS FOR BUDDING POETS!

Compose a Greyfriars limerick like the following and win one of these USEFUL PRIZES!

Billy Bunter's renowned for his thirst.  
But his appetite's really the worst.  
Quite enough for a score  
He will eat, and want more.  
It's a wonder, it is, he don't burst!

The above effort was sent in by: J. Macmillan, 32, Shooter's Hill Road, Blackheath, S.E.3.

he could ascertain, the fellows he suspected most were among those innocent ones.

"Let Prout see our guy!" roared the Bounder.

For the moment Smithy was without his mask, and quite willing for Mr. Prout to see how very innocent he was, with an eye to the future.

The guy was marched right up to Prout's window.

He gave quite a start as he looked at it. It seemed to him, for that startling moment, that the eyes of the effigy moved and gleamed as if the thing were alive.

A strange fancy, of course. Prout smiled at that strange fancy as the guy was marched on again.

More and more fellows gathered and joined up as the procession moved on out of the quad into the school field.

There the blazing bonfire made it almost as light as day.

Round the field, in the glare of the crackling, leaping fire, went the procession, the guy swaying aloft. Round and round, amid yells and cheers, Loder chewing on the gag in speechless fury.

"I say, you fellows, ain't you going to burn it?" squeaked Billy Bunter.

"Shove it in the fire, you men!" shouted Tubb of the Third.

Loder shuddered.

He really wondered, for a terrible moment, whether these wildly excited fellows might not shove that guy into the bonfire!

"Stick it in the fire!" shouted Bob Cherry, for the moment unmasked.

"The stickfulness in the fire is the proper caper, my esteemed chums!" came the voice of Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Hurrah!"

"Stick him in!"

"Let's see him blaze!"

Loder choked and gurgled. Evidently a lot of the fellows did not know that the guy was alive! If they chucked him in—

Fortunately there was no danger of that. The Secret Seven of Greyfriars were very much down on Loder of the Sixth, but not to that extent. Not quite. The guy was paraded round and round the field, while the bonfire burned out, and died down.

"I say, you fellows, why don't you burn it?" squeaked Bunter.

"Shove it in the fire before it goes out!" shouted Temple of the Fourth.

"Stick it in!"

"Look here! We're jolly well going to burn it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Loder of the Sixth was not of a grateful or thankful nature. But he was deeply thankful when the bearers turned away at last from the dying bonfire, and carried him back to the quad.

As the fire died out darkness settled down again. A bell rang in the House. It was time for the celebrations to cease, and for the celebrators to turn up for roll-call.

Many of them were disappointed because the guy had not been burnt, and puzzled to know why the fellows crowded off to the House.

Seven—all masked—were left in charge of the guy. Whether they were the same seven who had started with him, or not, Loder had no means of telling. But he was going to know soon. When they set him loose, he was going to grab at their masks.

But they did not set him loose.

The chair was planted on the path under Prout's study window. There it was left.

The last seven disappeared in the gloom, and did not remove their masks till they were out of Loder's sight.

Loder remained.

Prout's study window was dark at present. Prout had gone off to Hall for calling-over. Loder would not even be missed at call-over, for prefects were allowed to cut it, if they liked, and Loder often did. Loder had to sit where he was till he was found.

He chewed on the gag. By this time he had put in a considerable amount of chewing, and was able to gurgle. But he could only gurgle. He could not call out. His gurgle mingled more or less harmoniously with the November wind wailing among the branches of the old elms.

Loder was not enjoying Guy Fawkes night! It was very improbable that he would be pleased to remember the Fifth of November!

## THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

### A Startling Discovery!

HARRY WHARTON & Co. answered cheerfully to the call of their names in Hall.

Mr. Prout took the roll personally. Nobody was missing from call-over except Loder, whose absence excited no remark. Roll-call was later than usual that evening, and when it was finished, the school was dismissed to prep.

In many of the junior studies, however, prep was rather neglected that  
(Continued on page 28.)

# CAPTAIN CRIMSON!

## WHAT'S GONE BEFORE.

Dan Hickerman, an Excise-officer, together with a troop of dragoons, is detailed to keep an eye on Widewater, a smugglers' paradise and the haunt of Captain Crimson, a mysterious highwayman. Later, Hickerman is informed by a Government spy named Sturge that Squire Dashwood, the most popular figure in Widewater, and Septimus Parslow, headmaster of the Grammar School, are Jacobites, and must be arrested. Unlike Parslow, a born tyrant, the squire is respected by the Grammar School boys. In consequence of this, young Jack Lennard determines to warn the squire before it is too late. Luck is against Lennard, however, for the whole school is detained following a raid on Parslow's apple barn.

(Now read on)

## A Daring Escape!

**A**N audible shiver ran through the hall, and Jimmy Martin gave a stifled sob, which made Mr. Parslow's observant eyes focus in his direction.

Martin was a delicate little chap, whom Jack Lennard had always championed against the rough usage of the other fellows, and little Jimmy worshipped the head boy in consequence.

Jimmy sat next to Jenkins, and Jack had seen Jenkins pass him one of those "forbidden fruits" when prayers began.

As the rustle of paper and the opening of books told that work was beginning, the headmaster of the Grammar School walked down the far side of the hall with that stealthy, cat-like stride of his until he came behind little Martin's desk. Then, stretching out his arm without warning, he flung the lid of the desk wide open.

"Ha! I thought so," he said, taking out a half-eaten apple. "A Darcy-spice—of which there are but two trees in the whole town, both of them in my orchard!"

"Please, sir, it was given to me! Indeed, I did not steal it!" wailed Jimmy Martin, as Parslow clutched hold of the youngster by the neck.

"And who gave it to you?"

Jack Lennard jumped up from his seat.

"I know who gave it to Martin, sir!" he cried, flashing a hot glance at Jenkins, who sat tight.

"I am questioning Martin, not you, Lennard!" was the freezing observation of Mr. Septimus Parslow, M.A. "Since this miserable thief will not answer, we will see if we cannot make him!"

Lifting the terrified youngster from the ground, he carried him, all struggling arms and legs, to the oak table at the far end of the hall.



BY  
**MORTON  
PIKE.**

Jack never knew why he did it—or, indeed, how he did it—but on the impulse of the moment he shouted:

"Don't you tell him, Jimmy!"

And the whole school gasped.

"What, is this mutiny?" thundered Mr. Parslow. "Come out here, Lennard, this instant!"

The awe-stricken boys watched as Jack Lennard walked to the punishment-table, head erect, shoulders squared, and both fists clenched tightly at his sides.

"Touch little Martin if you dare, sir!" he cried, and his voice rang through the astonished stillness in the hall.

With a hoarse cry of ungovernable rage, the tyrant headmaster dropped his victim face downwards on the table, and then rushed at the head boy.

But a certain corporal of Hickerman's dragoons had found Jack a very apt pupil in the noble art of self-defence in the stable-yard of the Black Boar where they were quartered, and, quickly side-stepping, little Martin's champion shot a muscular "right" to Parslow's throat which sent him staggering a yard away.

"You young villain!" roared Mr. Parslow, recovering his balance and hurling himself on the lad.

The next moment a very hard "straight left" found the point of Mr. Parslow's jaw, and the heavy man crashed down, the back of his head thudding against the edge of the brass fender, and he lay there quite still.

In an instant a revulsion of feeling overwhelmed the victor.

"Great heavens! He's dead! I've killed him!" he cried; and before anyone could raise a hand, he had bolted from the hall.

Knowing the great school gate was locked, Jack Lennard tore open a door in the brick wall, raced across the orchard, scaled the selfsame buttress Langley had used the night before, and dropped into the road.

Two sounds reached his ears as he began to run—a piercing scream and the gallop of hoofs.

Jack guessed that Mrs. Parslow had

been informed, and that a mounted messenger had been sent for the doctor. On his way, the man would inform the constable, without doubt, and the fugitive realised that home was the very last place he must make for, since it would be the first place where they would search for him.

Where should he hide until he had seen his father? Then the squire's peril flashed across Jack's memory, and he sped along the field path that would bring him to Dashwood Hall, where there were sliding panels and "priests' holes" in plenty, he knew.

With every yard he placed between himself and the possibilities of swift pursuit, the more terrible became that act he had done on the impulse of the moment.

They hanged people for murder—and for a great many other things, as he knew, in the year of grace 1745, and the ghastly thought forced him to increase his pace until he reached the gate of Dashwood Park, scarlet and breathless.

"Why, what be amiss, Master Jack?" asked the groom, who was riding out on a young horse.

"I want to see the squire!" panted Jack Lennard.

The man shook his head.

"Squire be away early this morning, and left no word," he said.

Jack groaned at first, and then a bright idea seized him.

"Something has happened, Jerry; you'll hear all about it later on," he said. "Call at our house, and tell my father I must see him at once. I shall be here waiting for the squire, but no one else must know it. Can I trust you to keep your mouth shut, Jerry?"

"Close as a rat-trap, Master Jack!" grinned the groom.

As he went away, very puzzled, the perspiring fugitive sought the stables, where he hid himself in the hay-loft.

It seemed an age before Jerry returned with his news.

Dr. Lennard was out on his long round. The constable, as Jack dreaded, had already been to the house, throwing his mother into hysterics, and the Black Boar was filled with the wildest of rumours.

Some had it that Mr. Parslow was

dead; others that he was not dead at all, but had been arrested on an unaccountable charge; while a strange whisper was going round to the effect that a great store of French muskets had been discovered in an apple-loft—which, of course, was ridiculous, as Jerry said, and poor Jack did not argue the point.

He dared not ask what Hickerman and his dragoons were doing, and, as the groom made no mention of the Excise-officer and his escort, the lad had to rest content, for the squire's sake, and long for his coming.

"I wonder who will come first," Jack muttered to himself, as he tossed restlessly on the sweet-smelling hay—"Mr. Lancelot Dashwood or the dragoons?"

Hour after hour went by, and it was four o'clock in the afternoon when loud voices and the clatter of hoofs awoke Jack from a troubled sleep. He peeped through the trapdoor in the floor of the loft, and then slid down the ladder, with a glad cry, as his father and Squire Dashwood rode up to the stable door, chatting unconcernedly, which told him that they knew nothing.

"What in the name of fortune are you doing here?" exclaimed Dr. Lennard at sight of the tousled lad, his hair filled with hay, and distress in every line of his dejected face.

"Ha, ha, my young friend—playing truant, eh?" laughed Mr. Dashwood. "Never thought I should encounter your father on the road, and bring him along at the wrong moment, did you?"

"May we go into the house, sir!" pleaded Jack, as the two gentlemen dismounted and Jerry took charge of their horses. "I have something to tell you."

In a panelled room of that fine old mansion, with a goodly row of his ancestors looking down on the dashing squire as he filled the doctor's goblet, Jack's news fell on the two men like a thunderbolt.

"Zounds! Dashwood, this is what comes of playing with fire!" exclaimed Dr. Lennard severely, finding his voice at last. "I have warned you many a time, and now you are burnt in all conscience!"

"Sink me, doctor, I believe you're right, after all!" said the squire ruefully. "Had the prince not been so confoundedly long-winded in coming, the boot would have been on the other foot!"

"Piague take your prince, as you term him—I call him the Pretender—and 'tis no longer a case of his coming, but of your going, and this hot-headed boy of mine must go with you if we can find a way," said the doctor, very haggard and careworn all at once.

"Do you mean that, father?" cried Jack, seeing a ray of hope for the first time that day.

"Most decidedly. Roke, the smuggler, should sail to-night, and be in Dunkirk by to-morrow. You shall begin your studies in earnest in Paris, under my old friend, Perriot, the king's surgeon, to whom I will give you an introduction, with another to a banker who will furnish you with an allowance. It is your poor mother who will be the chief sufferer."

Whatever Jack thought of the proposal, was not destined to be spoken then, for he suddenly pointed to one of the windows.

A red-coated dragoon was just riding past, and a loud knocking resounding from the hall door was followed by a stern order:

"Open, in the King's name!"

"You are lost, Dashwood!" cried Dr. Lennard, turning very white. "They'll search the house from top to bottom!"

"And find nothing for their pains," said the Jacobite plotter, striding to the wall, where he pressed on the panelling which slid aside, revealing a secret cavity. "I am truly grieved to impose on your friendship, Lennard, but what can I do? This passage leads to the old well-head in the park, and my man Jerry is to be trusted. Will you see Tom Roke and send us word after night-fall? Come, Jack!"

Jack Lennard glanced at his father, who motioned to the opening. The next moment the sliding panel had closed behind the pair!

Dr. Lennard emptied his glass, walked into the hall, and came face to face with Mr. Hickerman and another man in civilian dress whom he did not know.

"We want a word with Squire Dashwood, doctor," said the former, with a rather conscious smile.

"And so did I, Hickerman, but I can wait no longer," said Dr. Lennard, leaving the two visitors taken aback for the moment as he made his way to the stables.

"He's been here about his boy," said the Excise-officer to the lieutenant. "Tell your fellows to allow the doctor to pass."

"I should be proud to be father of that boy," said the other man, who was Mr. Sturge, the new usher at the Grammar School. "'Twas as good as a play to see him knock Parslow senseless. The only pity is it was over too soon!"

### A Helping Hand!

**I**T was very dank and chill in the old, moss-grown well-head which stood in the centre of the park, and Jack was shivering, as he and his companion crouched there, sick at heart from those hours of waiting for the messenger.

About three o'clock in the morning there came a soft tapping on the stone slab, which Lancelot Dashwood slid back a couple of inches.

"That you, Jerry?" he breathed at a venture.

"Hist, sir!" came a whispering voice in reply. "The doctor says 'tis now or never, for 'twill be getting light in an hour. Roke is waiting with a boat at Dead Dog Hard, but the dragoons are all round the park, and Hickerman's riding-officers are watching the marshes. This packet is for Master Jack, and I've brought your honour some food."

"Which I hope is less indigestible than your news," muttered the squire, taking a basket from Jerry, and the heavy packet, which he handed to Jack.

While both ate ravenously, the faithful Jerry unfolded Dr. Lennard's plan.

"When your honour be ready," he whispered, "I'm to crawl away to the edge of the lake yonder, wait there until you'll be getting nigh to the park paling, and then fire a pistol, giving a shout at the same time. That'll bring the red-coats on the road full gallop for the gate, and leave the coast clear for you. If no one has heard you, the doctor will meet you in Black Boar yard with Billy Jepp."

"'Tis a risk!" murmured Squire Dashwood. "It would be safer to go back along the passage into the hall, and—"

"Be nabbed by Hickerman, who together with half a dozen helpers, is still trying to find the secret panel?" said Jerry. "They mean to take your

honour if they can—all along of a man they call Sturge, who never stops whistling while he hunts."

"Very well, get you over to the lake and give us five minutes," whispered the squire. "Are you ready, Jack?"

Both the squire and Jack were hatless as they struck across the silent parkland, undulating and grassy, and as they neared the high wooden pales that surrounded the domain, the fugitives bent down, waiting breathlessly for the signal.

"I'll give you a leg up, squire, when we get there," whispered Jack. "Don't bother about me. I can climb like a cat, there it goes!"

From out of the darkness behind them a sharp report rang out, followed by a cry of: "Here they be!" and the sound of startled voices from the gate in the wall.

"So far, so good!" said Mr. Dashwood, leading the way forward at a run.

The two leaped up and caught the top of the paling together, then dropped into the nettles on the other side, within a yard of a dragoon who was in the act of standing up in his stirrups to peer over the barrier.

"Odds blood! I've got 'em!" yelled the dragoon, firing his musket at random while his horse reared. Then, as two crashes in the hedge across the road told him the way the fugitives had taken, the man drew his broadsword and followed Jack, while a warning shout brought six others galloping up.

Had there been any daylight, Jack Lennard would have laughed at "all the king's horses and all the king's men," knowing every inch of the ground as he did. But in the dark, it was another matter, and the sound of his own feet betrayed him.

A ploughed field was bad enough, but roots were very dangerous-going, and the hedges being mostly of hazel and thick at that, the rustle revealed him every time he broke through.

As he doubled back like a hare across a fifty acre meadow, making for the fence that bordered a farm lane on the right, he heard the rest of the dragoons approaching in the distance, and knew that the whole troop would take up the chase in a few moments.

"Have a care, boys, he's somewhere in this field!" shouted the man who had first spied them.

Jack exerted every ounce of strength to reach the fence, but luck was against him. The top bar was rotten, splintering with his weight, and as he fell heavily into the lane almost under the feet of another horseman, he gave a cry of despair.

"Quick, lad, jump up behind me!" said a voice out of the darkness. "Where do you want to go?"

The voice was strange, but unmistakably friendly.

"Dead Dog Hard, sir!" gasped Jack, clambering on to the croup of the horse that stood oddly motionless.

"Then hold tight, we're going to take the gate here!"

The next moment the horse had cleared the gate.

The exhausted lad was conscious of soft turf under the thudding hoofs, of a rapid gallop that presently splashed through water and spongy ground.

"Look out, there's someone on the marsh!" came a sudden hoarse shout from not far away.

The gallop finished in a squelch of



salt mud as the first grey light crept into the sky.

"This is Dead Dog Hard," said Jack's rescuer; "and I hear Tom Roke yonder."

"But who are you, sir?" panted the boy, trying in vain to make out the shadowy figure on the black horse.

"When you come back to Widewater, and should chance to find a new gibbet on Windyway Heath, Jack Lennard," said the man, with a touch of bitterness in the mocking voice, "doff your hat, lad, and place one good deed to the credit of Captain Crimson."

The next moment the man was gone and Tom Roke had appeared upon the scene.

"In with you!" he whispered. "We've got the squire aboard!"

There was no school that day, for Mr. Septimus Parslow had been heavily ironed and carried off to London in a chaise, with two dragoons riding escort beside it.

"Fancy all those muskets in the loft and we never knew it!" said Parker in an awe-stricken tone.

"I wish we knew what's become of Jack Lennard?" said Langley. "Chuck us over an apple, Jenkins—if you haven't eaten the lot!"

### A Wet Night in Paris!

**R**AIN was falling heavily outside when the anatomy lecture came to an end, and the professor rose to leave the room.

"Do not forget," he said, "my third address will be given here the day after to-morrow at the same time. Good-night, messieurs—if, indeed, one can call it so!"

In those days the School of Medicine was in the Rue de la Boucherie, and the would-be surgeons hastened along the deserted streets to their various homes in a dozen different directions.

One of them, however, lingered under the portico after the rest had gone. His lodging was nearly two miles away, and he had no wish to be soaked to the skin.

Moreover, he was English, and feeling a little lonely and strange in Paris, where he had been studying for the last two months, making but one friend, Pierre Lerolle, a young artist, with whom he shared an attic in the Latin quarter.

This would-be surgeon pressed his three-cornered hat firmly on his powdered head, and, with notebook in one hand, and his stout cudgel in the other, he splashed through the running water which coursed down the flooded street.

Not a soul did he meet on the way, and in a sense he was not sorry, for it kept folk indoors, and the badly lit quarter was not the safest of places after nightfall, as Pierre Lerolle had warned him.

He had not far to go now, however, and he turned into the Passage of the Black Cats, which was a short cut leading to his own street.

The passage was very narrow for some distance, bordered by tall houses that seemed almost to meet overhead, and the only light came from a hanging lantern round the first angle where the lane widened into a tiny square that had a tree growing in the centre of it.

The splash of water from the eaves drowned the sound of the walker's feet until he was within half a dozen yards of the angle, when a voice cried:

"Back, villains—back, cowardly, murderous dogs!" and he heard the unmistakable rasp of steel upon steel!

Although he was only seventeen, to hear someone in peril was quite



"Touch little Martin if you dare, sir!" cried Jack Lennard, leaping forward, and shooting out a muscular "right" to Parslow's throat, which sent the tyrant headmaster staggering.

enough. Taking quick strides, he reached the bend in the lane and saw things for himself.

A tall man, who had evidently drawn his sword not a moment too soon, was trying to undo the fastenings of his cloak with one hand while he beat off the attack of two others, all the time retreating backwards to gain the protection of the solitary tree!

It was not his quarrel—the man might be the veriest scoundrel on earth for all he knew—but his anger rose at the sight of that unequal combat, and he measured the distance by the dim light of the lantern overhead.

"One at a time, you curs!" he shouted in English, and before the nearest man could turn his head the carved knob of the oaken cudgel caught him under the right ear, sending him staggering against his companion, who was almost carried off his feet.

With a muttered curse, the pair took to their heels, leaving rescuer and rescued under the swinging lantern, which threw their reflections on to the wet pavement in an odd jumble of light and shadow.

"A thousand thanks, young gentleman!" exclaimed the man, speaking in his own language, to the lad's surprise. "But for your timely aid there might have been another unsolved mystery added to the many that stain the stones of this lawless city. And to think I should owe my life, maybe, to a fellow-countryman. Your hand, boy, and my heart with it!"

"From the glimpse I had of your swordplay, sir, you rate my help too high," smiled the lad modestly, his tone instantly changing to one of anxiety as some red drops fell splashing from the other's wrist. "You are wounded!"

"Ma foi! I believe I am," said the man, looking ruefully at the bleeding cut—"though I had not noticed it before!"

"There is no surgeon hereabout," said the lad, "but my own lodging is close handy. That wound should be dressed without delay before you inform the Chief of Police of this outrage."

"Which I have not the slightest intention of doing," said the man, with a curious smile.

As he spoke he drew the unfastened cloak about his shoulders again to hide the scarlet coat he wore.

The uniform was unknown to the young student, but he had realised at once that his new acquaintance was an officer and a gentleman, and he led the way into the narrow continuation of the Passage of the Black Cats.

Although both threw cautious glances behind them as they went, they did not notice another cloaked man who had watched that interrupted fight from the mouth of a dark alley and who followed on tiptoe, keeping them in view at a distance until they entered the doorway of the lad's lodging!

In that bare attic room, five stories above the street, the grateful gentleman, when the damaged wrist had been cleansed and bound in a strip of linen, torn from the good Samaritan's slender stock of shirts, looked about him inquiringly.

"This is a very unexpected meeting of fellow-countrymen in a strange land," he said. "May I know to whom I am indebted for all your kindness?"

"My name is Lennard, sir," answered the lad. "Jack Lennard—studying medicine here by my father's wish, greatly against my own will I assure you."

(Who is the stranger Jack Lennard has befriended? There's a big surprise in store for Jack—and for you, too, in next week's nerve-tingling chapters of this popular adventure yarn.)

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**FOOLED ON THE 'FIFTH'!**

(Continued from page 24.)

evening. From many studies—especially those in the Remove—came sounds of merriment, which did not indicate that the occupants were hard at work.

Probably they were thinking less of prep than of the effigy still seated in the old chair in the quad, abandoned in the November gloom, and wondering what Loder of the Sixth was feeling like.

It was certain that he was not feeling happy.

Mr. Prout went back to the Head's study. He switched on the light there, and frowned. He was puzzled by the fact that Loder had not come along yet. He had sent a message to him, and learned that Loder was not in his study. It seemed that his head prefect was still out of the House after lock-up, which was rather perplexing. Prout stood at his window and looked out. Then his frown intensified.

Right under the window was an ancient chair, planted on the path, with the Guy Fawkes guy sitting in it.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Prout, greatly annoyed.

He stared at the effigy.

From memories of far-off boyish days Prout supposed that the guy would be consumed in the bonfire—the usual fate of guys!

Instead of which, the celebrators had left it sitting under the Head's window—why, Prout could not imagine, unless it was intended as an act of impertinence towards his important self. He did not, as yet, know what very powerful reasons the juniors had for not burning that guy!

Prout left his study, and marched out angrily. He called to Trotter, the page, and Trotter followed him out of the House. They arrived at the spot where the guy sat, and Prout pointed to it.

"Remove that—that object at once, Trotter!" he said.

"Yessir!" said Trotter.

He grasped the guy to jerk it away. The next moment Trotter let out a startled yell, and jumped back.

"Yaroooh!"

"Trotter," boomed Prout, "what—"

"It's alive!" yelled Trotter.

"What! You utterly ridiculous boy, what do you mean?" snorted Prout.

"How dare you make such an absurd statement, Trotter?"

"It—it moved!" gasped Trotter.

"Nonsense!"

"It—it squeaked, sir!"

"Absurd!"

"It's alive!"

"Silence, you stupid boy!" boomed Prout.

He took hold of the Guy Fawkes mask and jerked it from the face of the effigy. Under it he naturally expected to see stuffing of some sort—a folded sack, or something of the kind. Instead of which—

Prout staggered back. The mask dropped from his nerveless hand. His eyes bulged from his head.

The light from his study window fell full upon a white and furious face, and jaws that chewed frantically on a handkerchief.

Evidently Trotter was right. It was alive! It was very much alive!

"Urrrrgh!" came from it.

"Loder!" said Prout, like a man in a dream. "Loder of the Sixth Form! My head prefect! Loder!"

"Crumbs!" said Trotter, unable to suppress a grin.

Prout did not grin. Olympian thunder gathered on Prout's portly brow.

He knew now why Loder of the Sixth had not come in to report. He knew now upon what he had gazed from his study window when the procession was going on! His head prefect!

Prout found his voice at last.

"Release him!" he said faintly.

Trotter had some work to do to release the effigy. But he got him loose at last. At a gesture from Prout, the

grinning page carried away the old chair and the old coat and the fragments of cord. The "effigy" was left with Prout.

"Loder!" said Prout.

"Gurrrgh!" gurgled Loder. "I—I say—uugggh!—they got me—and—and gagged me—and—and—groogh!"

"Who?" roared Prout.

"Some of them, sir—masked—the young villains who call themselves the Secret Seven—groogh!"

"And you allowed them to do so?" boomed Prout.

"I—I—ooogh! I—I—"

"My head prefect—the captain of the school—you allowed them to cover you, sir, with ridicule, with—with ignominy, with—"

"I—I couldn't help—"

"Pah!"

"I—I—I—"

"Bah!" snorted Prout.

He stalked away! Loder of the Sixth limped after him.

The Secret Seven of Greyfriars had scored again! Grinning faces greeted Loder the next day all over the school. Fellows howled round corners. "Here's another guy!" and scampered away. Quite a number of fellows at Greyfriars School were pleased to remember that Fifth of November! But Loder of the Sixth was not one of them!

Another Guy Fawkes Day had come and gone, and Harry Wharton & Co., of the Remove, had made the most of it.

Gerald Loder, however, was never likely to forget that eventful night. He had been ridiculed in the eyes of his chief—he had been made to look a fool before the whole school. It was the limit!

THE END.

"THE DICTATOR OF GREY-FRIARS!" is the title of next week's yarn of the chums of Greyfriars. And it's a real corker! Be sure to read it, whatever you do!

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