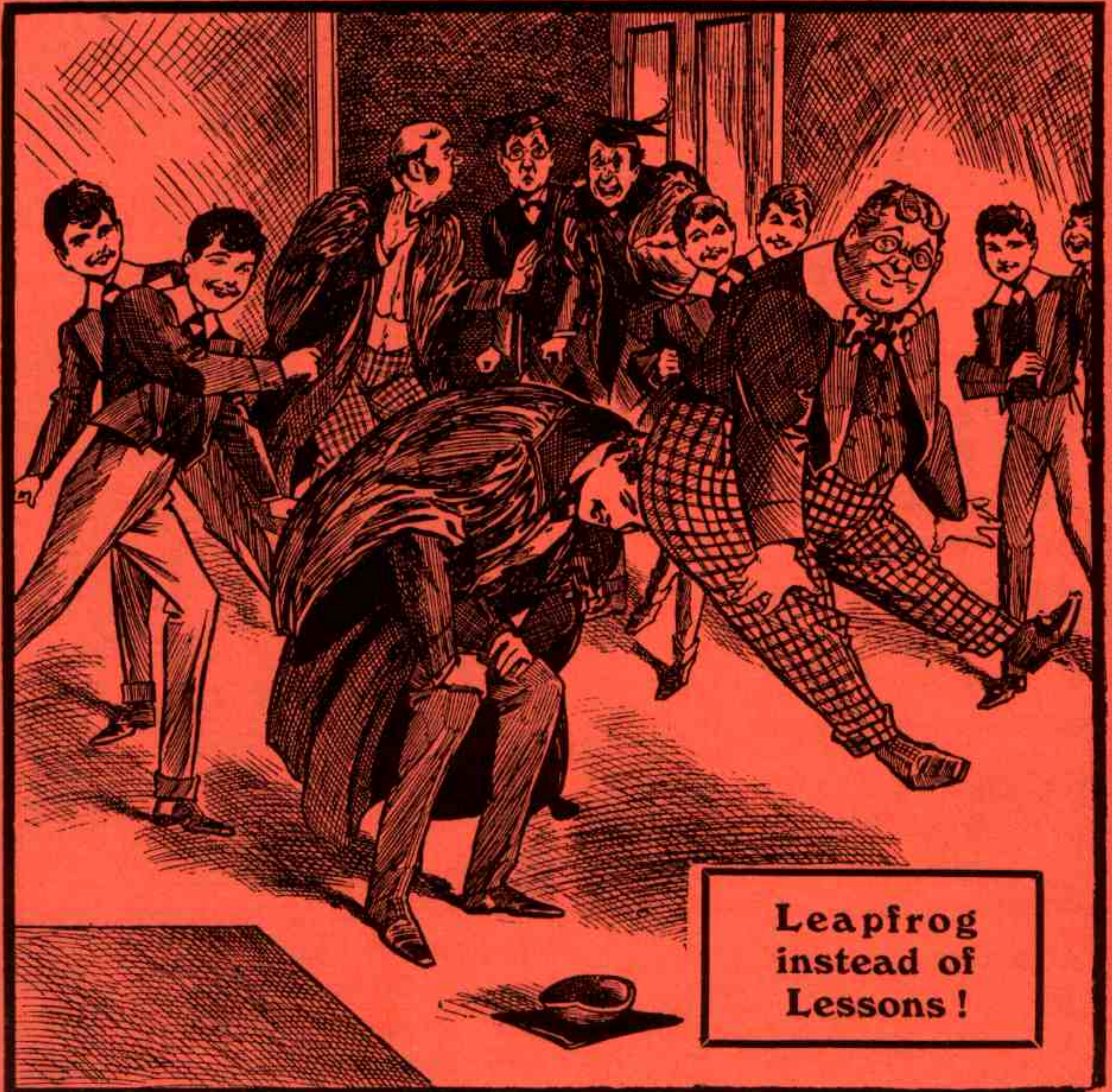


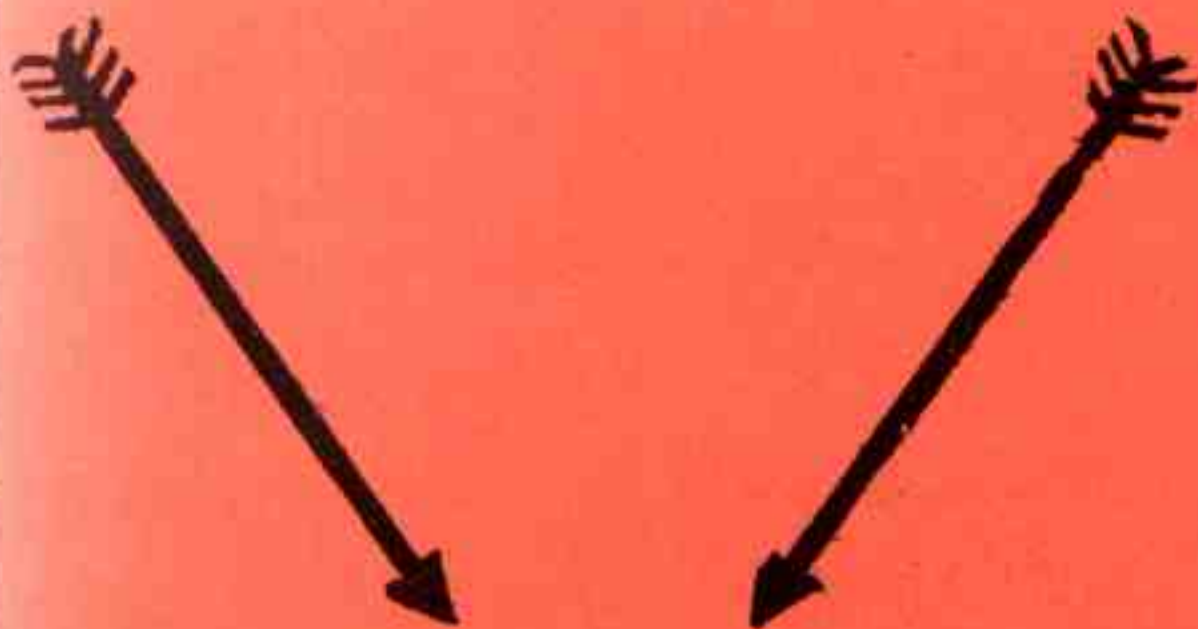
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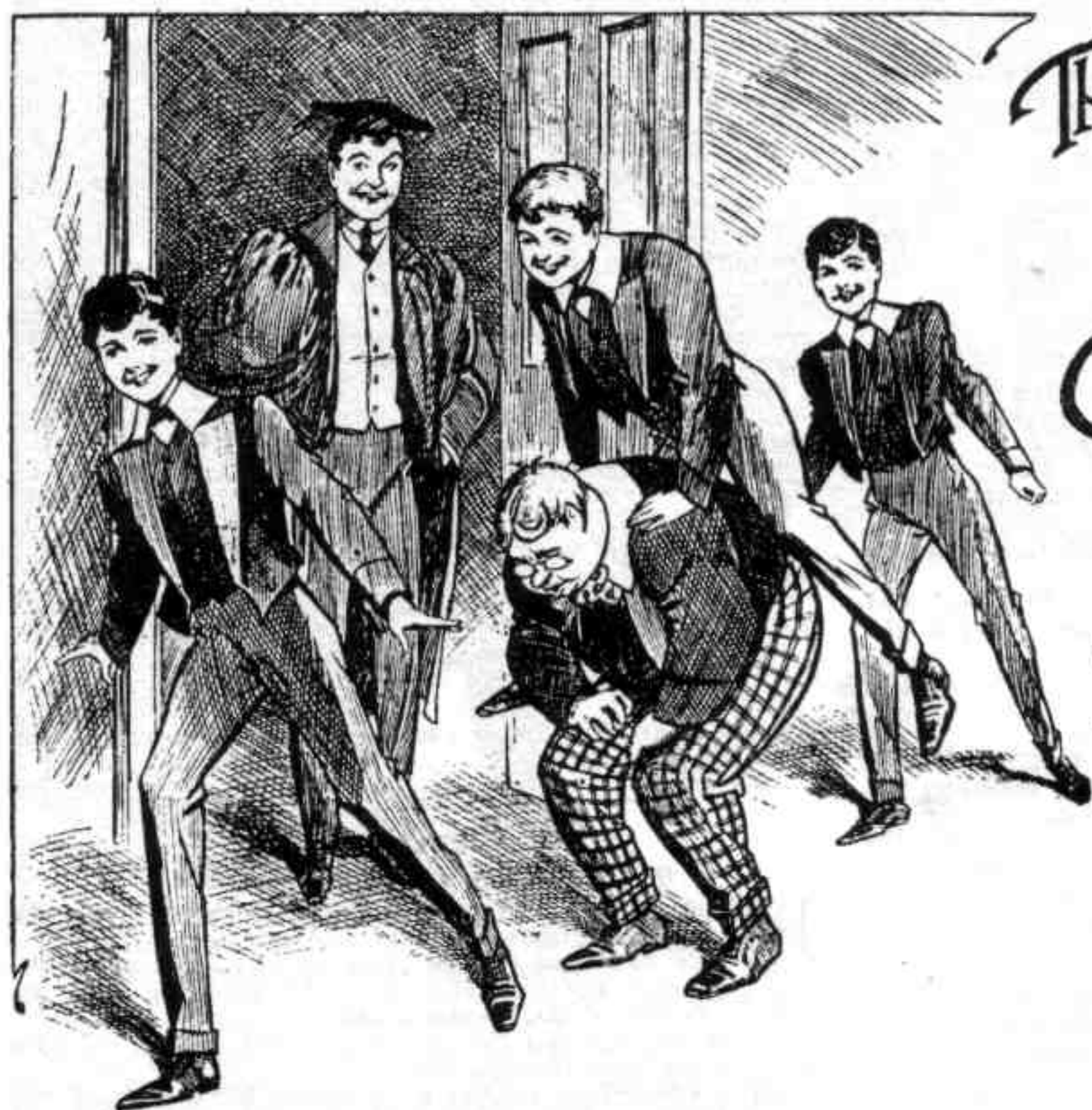
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—By—
FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. The Revolt of the Remove.

"SILENCE!"
Buzzzzzz.
"Silence, I say!"
Stamp! Thump! Bang!
Buz! Buzz! Buzzzzzzzz!
Mr. Capper, the master of the Upper Fourth at Greyfriars, almost tore his hair.
It was the second lesson in the morning. The Fourth Form-room at Greyfriars was crowded with fellows; the Lower Fourth, or Remove, being there as well as the Upper Fourth. The Remove-master was away ill, and Mr. Capper had charge of both Forms till his substitute arrived. That substitute was expected in a day or two. Meanwhile, there was trouble.
Trouble had been growing for more than a week.
Mr. Capper did not like his extra duties, and he did not like the Remove—a strange want of good taste on his part, as Bob Cherry, of the Remove, complained.
And the Remove never did pull well with the Upper Fourth, even without being in the same Form-room with them.

Matters seemed to be getting to a climax at last.
Mr. Capper had resorted freely to the use of the cane to keep the juniors in order. He had been altogether too free with that cane. During first lesson nearly half the Remove had been caned, and they did not like it. And they did not like the superior grins of the Upper Fourth. The Upper Fourth fellows prided themselves upon their gentlemanly behaviour, in contrast to the conduct of the Remove. And the exasperation of the Removites had been growing and growing, till all of a sudden it burst out in the form of a concerted "rag."
Harry Wharton, the captain of the Remove, had been caned, on a supposition that he had been talking in class—and he hadn't. Bob Cherry had relieved his feelings on the subject by a loud sniff, expressive of boundless contempt for Fourth Forms and Fourth Form-masters, and things in general. Whereupon Bob Cherry was called out in his turn, and the whole Remove burst into a loud buzz of disapproval.
Mr. Capper was red and excited.
He shouted "Silence!" again and again, but silence did not come. The Removites, as they would have expressed it, were fed up. They had had enough of Mr. Capper, as Mr. Capper had had enough of them.

They buzzed, and they stamped on the floor. Some of them buzzed through combs covered with paper, proving to the irritated Mr. Capper that some of them, at least, had planned the "rag" in advance. The unfortunate Form-master waved his hands, and brandished his cane, and shouted to the recalcitrant juniors. But it was all in vain. Bob Cherry, instead of going out to be caned, contented himself with banging on his desk with a heavy ebony ruler. And the juniors, excited by their own noise, entered into the spirit of the thing, and it looked as if the rag would develop into a riot.

Mr. Capper was almost tearing his hair—which would have been a pity, for he had not very much to spare.

"Will you be silent?" he roared.

Buzzzzzz!

Bang! Bang! Bang!

"We're fed-up!" shouted Johnny Bull.

"We've had enough!" roared Bolsover major. "No more lickings."

"Hurrah! No more lickings!" chorussed the Removites.

Mr. Capper gazed at the riotous juniors, speechless with wrath. The Upper Fourth were sitting very primly in their places, showing what well-behaved boys they could be, and how superior they were to mere noisy fags. But the Remove were quite out of hand. And the evident dismay and helplessness of the Form-master encouraged them. The din was growing terrific, and it was impossible for the lesson to proceed.

"Boys!" gasped Mr. Capper. "Boys! Bless my soul! Boys! Hear me!"

Buzzzz! Buzzzz! Buzzzz!

Mr. Capper's voice was drowned in the roar. Then up rose Temple of the Fourth, like Horatius of old, to throw himself into the breach, as it were.

"Shut up, you fags!" he shouted.

"Yah!"

"Go and eat coke!"

Buzzzzzzzzzzzz!

"Sir!" Temple of the Fourth turned towards his Form-master. "Mr. Capper! Sir! If you like, we'll turn these cheeky fags out of the Form-room."

"Just you begin!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Pile in, and see what you'll get!" yelled Nugent.

Mr. Capper waved his hands helplessly.

"Silence, Temple! How dare you propose such a thing! Dear me!"

"Well, they won't keep in order, sir," said Temple, "and we don't like fags in our Form-room, either. They ought to be put in with the Third, sir."

"Yah!"

"Booh!"

Buzzzz! Buzzzz! Buzzzzzz!

The whole of the Remove had joined in it now. Even Billy Bunter was stamping on the floor with his big feet, and the gentle Alonzo Todd was banging an exercise-book on his desk. Bob Cherry's ruler was doing great execution. He had smashed an inkpot already, spurring ink over the fellows near him, and had caught Vernon-Smith a crack on the side of the head which made Vernon-Smith give utterance to a fiendish yell.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

"Boys," shrieked Mr. Capper, "if this riot does not cease instantly, I shall cane every boy in the Remove—every individual member of the Form! This is disgraceful! It is—is unheard-of! Silence!"

Bang! Bang! Bang! Buzzzzzz!

Mr. Capper grasped his cane, and strode towards the rioting juniors. Some of the fellows jumped out of their seats to avoid him—he looked dangerous. But the juniors further back yelled defiance, and some of them hurled ink-balls, and even exercise-books, and the Fourth Form-master staggered back as they pelted on him.

"G-g-g-goodness gracious!" gasped Mr. Capper. "This is—is outrageous! Cease this rioting instantly, or I shall call the Head!"

"Yah!"

"No more lickings!"

"Booh!"

Mr. Capper rushed out of the Form-room. The Remove were quite out of hand, and he could not deal with them. His retreat was followed by a yell of victory from the Removites. They left their desks at once, roaring.

"Hurrah!"

"You noisy fags!" yelled Temple of the Fourth. "We'll jolly well turn you out! We don't want you in our Form-room. Line up, you fellows, and roll 'em out!"

The Fourth-Formers gave a yell in response. They were quite willing to come to blows with their old enemies of the Remove. Neither were the Remove unwilling.

"Back up!" shouted Harry Wharton. "Chuck them out!"

"Hurrah!"

The departure of Mr. Capper had removed the last vestige of order. Fourth-Formers and Removites rushed at one another, determined to eject one another from the Form-room. The Form-room belonged to the Fourth, and the Removites were really intruders there; but that did not make any difference to Harry Wharton & Co. The odds were on their side; and they were great fighting-men. Temple & Co. found that it was not so easy after all to eject the noisy fags. The first person ejected was Temple himself. Bob Cherry grasped him round the waist, swept him off his feet, and fairly hurled him into the passage. Temple went rolling and gasping along the floor.

After him went Dabney, and Fry, and Scott, yelling. Then one by one the Fourth-Formers were rushed to the door by the victorious Removites, and hurled forth.

The passage was strewn with gasping, furious Fourth-Formers. Some of them jumped up and rushed back to the attack, but the doorway was crammed with Removites, and they were hurled back. The Lower Fourth cheered enthusiastically. They had thrown out their old enemies, and they had the Form-room to themselves.

Bob Cherry slammed the door, and the juniors dragged a desk against it. Outside in the passage the Fourth-Formers yelled threats.

"Hurrah!" yelled Nugent. "We've done them brown! Hurrah!"

"Hip-pip!"

"It's a giddy victory!" chuckled Peter Todd. "Hurrah for us!"

"You won't hurrah so much when the Head comes in!" growled Vernon-Smith.

"Oh, rats! We're fed-up with Capper!"

"Down with Capper!"

"Hurrah!"

And the excited juniors executed a war-dance of triumph in the Form-room.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Out of the Frying-pan into the Fire.

HARRY WHARTON, the captain of the Remove, was the first to calm down.

He had been carried away by the excitement, like the rest, and his palms were still smarting from the latest infliction of Mr. Capper's cane.

But he realised that the riot might—and, indeed, would—have very serious consequences.

Matters had been coming to a climax for some time. A new master was expected in the place of Mr. Quelch, the Remove-master, but there had been delay in his arrival. When Mr. Capper first took charge of the Remove, he had expected it to be for only a few days. So many pupils were, of course, too much for one master, and Mr. Capper's temper had suffered.

There had been trouble several times; and now it had come to a head.

"My hat! There will be a row over this!" said Wharton. "Capper has gone to fetch the Head, and the Head will be waxy. Mind, we shall all have to stick together, and say that we're fed-up with Capper. After all, it's time we had a Form-master of our own. If Quelch is too ill to come back, it's time his substitute arrived."

"I heard Wingate say he was coming to-morrow," Frank Nugent remarked.

"Well, he's been coming every day this week," growled Johnny Bull. "I'm fed up with Capper and his cane. I've had enough. He's not up to our weight, anyway."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here comes the Head!"

The din in the passage without, made by the angry Fourth-Formers, died away. A hand turned the handle of the door, but it did not open. The desk jammed against it inside prevented that. That was a sharp knock on the door.

"Boys, open this door at once!"

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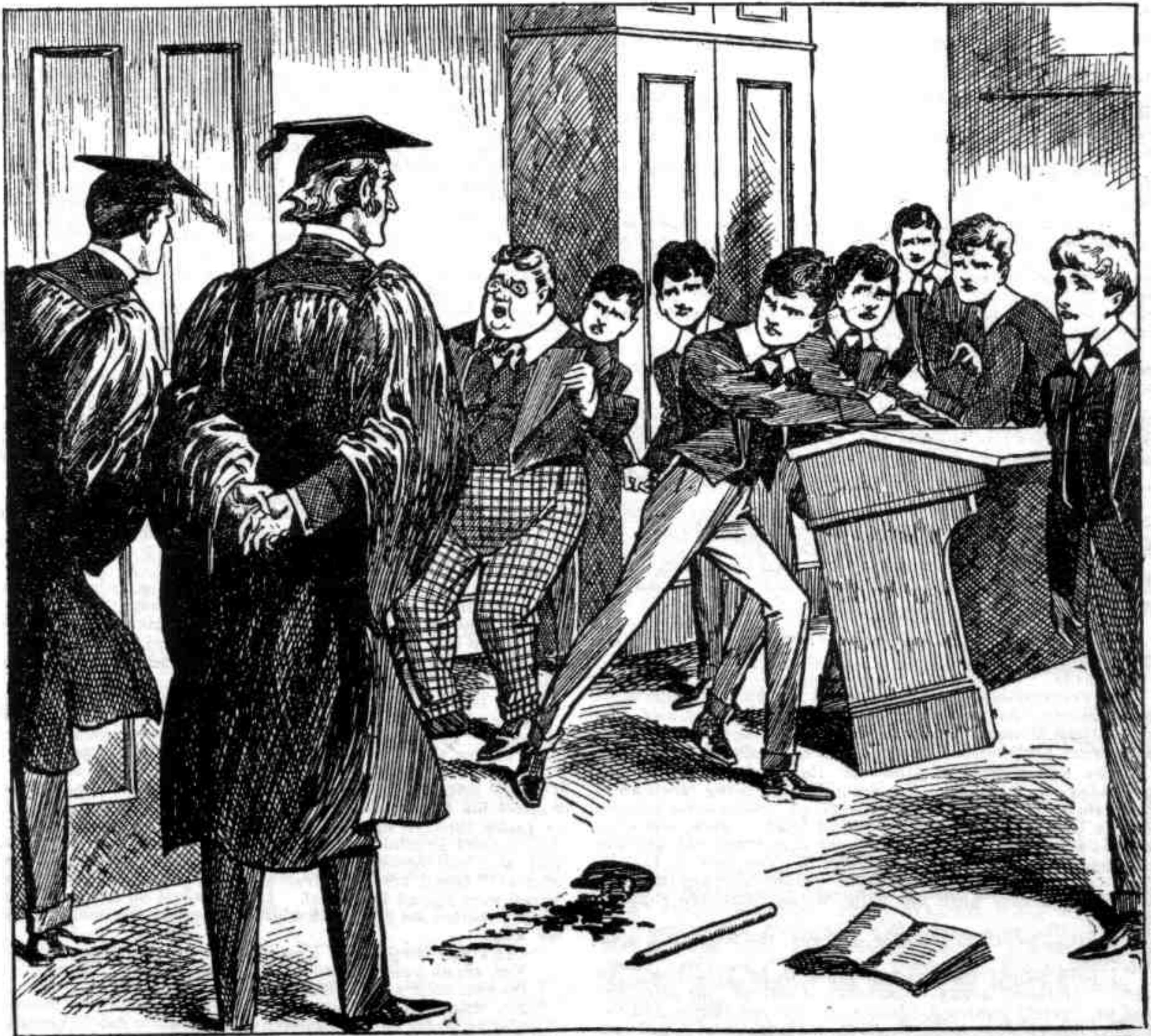
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The Removites became silent as Dr. Locke's stern glance fell upon them. "I have been called here by Mr. Capper," said the Head severely. "An unparalleled scene of disturbance has taken place. What do you mean by it?" (See this page.)

It was the voice of Dr. Locke, the headmaster of Greyfriars. The Removites exchanged glances, and then dragged the desk away. The door swung open, and the Head walked in, with rustling gown, his brow very severe. Mr. Capper, still red and excited, followed him.

The Removites became very silent as Dr. Locke's stern glance fell upon them.

"I have been called here by Mr. Capper!" said the Head severely. "An unparalleled scene of disturbance has taken place. What do you mean by it?"

There was silence.

"Owing to the illness of your own Form-master, Mr. Capper very kindly consented to take charge of you for a time," said the Head. "Otherwise, you would have missed the instruction for which you are sent here. You should be grateful to Mr. Capper."

Some of the juniors smiled. They would not have been sorry to miss the instruction, as a matter of fact. Few of them were keen on Latin or mathematics.

"After what has happened," resumed the Head, "you cannot expect Mr. Capper to take any further trouble with you."

"Hear, hear!" murmured a voice at the back.

The Head frowned.

"Mr. Capper, therefore, declines to be troubled with you any further, and I am not surprised at it. But this riot can-

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not be passed unpunished. Every member of the Remove will take five hundred lines."

"Oh!"

"You will go into your own Form-room and write out these lines, instead of proceeding with your lessons this morning," said the Head. "A prefect will be placed in the room to keep order, and in case of disturbance he will summon me. I trust you will have too much good sense to add to the disgracefulness of your conduct. Your new master, Mr. Knutt, arrives to-day, I hope. Now go into your Form-room—and keep order."

"Yes, sir," said Harry Wharton.

"You will all apologise to Mr. Capper before you go."

The Removites hesitated.

But they were so glad to get away from Mr. Capper that they felt they could make some concession; and, besides, it was impossible to disobey the Head. And Harry Wharton & Co. felt, too, that perhaps the fault wasn't all on Mr. Capper's side. That much-worried master had had plenty to do with two Forms on his hands—and one of them so unruly a Form as the Greyfriars Remove.

"We're sorry, sir!" said Wharton gracefully.

"Yes, sir, sorry all round," said Bob Cherry.

"The sorrowfulness is terrific, honoured sahib!" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Very well," said Mr. Capper, who felt almost forgiving now that he was to be rid of the Remove. "I pardon you!"

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And the Remove filed out of the Form-room, under the Head's eye. In the passage, Temple & Co., of the Fourth, greeted them with glares and shaking fists, to which the Removites responded with sniffs and grimaces of great scorn. But as the Head looked out into the passage those demonstrations of mutual regard died away.

"Well, here we are again!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, as the Removites marched into their own Form-room. "Glad to be back—and I'd just as soon do lines, as lessons with Capper!"

"Same here," grinned Nugent. "But I wonder what prefect is going to be put in charge. I hope it will be old Wingate or Courtney."

"If it's Loder, there'll be more trouble," said Johnny Bull. That suggestion was sufficient to make the Removites grave again. Loder, of the Sixth, their old enemy, was a prefect, and it was quite possible that he would be sent into the Form-room to keep order. And if he came there with authority, they knew Gerald Loder well enough to know that he would take that opportunity of paying off old scores.

The juniors sat down to their desks with their books, and waited. Some minutes elapsed before their new guardian arrived.

"I hope it won't be Loder!" sighed Tom Brown. "If there's any more trouble, after what's happened, the Head will put it down to us—not to Loder. He won't be able to see that the Remove is always in the right, and—and—"

"And everybody else in the wrong!" grinned Bulstrode.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We shall have to be jolly careful," said Harry Wharton. "Loder will take it out of us if he can—if it's Loder. Let him rip and take no notice—that's my advice."

"I say, you fellows, you can leave Loder to me, if it's Loder!" said Billy Bunter, blinking round through his big spectacles.

"Oh, rats!" said Bob Cherry.

"You know what a jolly good ventriloquist I am. I'll make him sit up—"

"Shush!"

The Form-room door opened, and a big Sixth-Former came in—evidently the prefect who was to take charge of the recalcitrant Remove for the remainder of the morning. The Removites exchanged hopeless glances. It was Loder!

Loder was smiling. Most of the prefects would have grumbled—to themselves, if not audibly—at being taken away from their work to be given charge of troublesome juniors. Not so Gerald Loder! Loder wasn't fond of work, anyway; and Loder saw an opportunity here of settling old grudges that had been in his mind all the term. The look on Loder's face was quite enough to warn the juniors of what they had to expect, if they gave the bully of the Sixth the slightest opening.

The Head looked in from the doorway, the frown still upon his brow.

"I shall expect the strictest order to be kept here," he said. "If there is any disturbance whatever, the offenders will be severely punished. Loder, in case you should find the juniors troublesome, come to me immediately, and I will deal with them."

"Yes, sir; certainly!" said Loder.

The Head turned away. Loder waited till he was gone, and then he turned to the Removites with an unpleasant look on his face.

"I hear you've been making things warm for old Capper," he said. "Old Capper might like to put up with it; I sha'n't, I warn you! If there's any trouble here, you will hear from me! Understand that?"

There was no reply. The Removites looked grimly at Loder, and did not speak. The prefect frowned. Perhaps he had hoped for an impertinent answer.

"You hear me, Wharton?" the Sixth-Former exclaimed.

"I hear you, Loder," said Harry.

"Well, what have you to say?"

"Nothing."

"You are to write out lines from Virgil all the morning," said Loder. "If you won't work, you can do lines. I hope you like the change. It seems like out of the frying-pan into the fire, to my mind. Now, wire in—and not a word! I don't allow talking!"

The Removites looked at Loder with expressions that would have withered him up on the spot, if expressions could wither. Unfortunately, they couldn't; and Loder sat down at the master's desk, and took a novel out of his pocket to read. Loder was quite willing to pass the morning there, reading trash instead of working, and varying the monotony by occasionally bullying the juniors. But the Remove realised—rather late in the day—that they had, in Loder's words, got out of the frying-pan into the fire.

They had escaped from Mr. Capper, to fall into the hands of Loder—and the change was very much for the worse.

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"THE GEM" LIBRARY, Every Wednesday.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Loder Hears Voices.

SCRATCH, scratch, scratch! Pens were very busy in the Remove Form-room. The juniors wearily wrote line after line, and as the lines grew into scores, and the scores into hundreds, they realised that lessons would have been much more agreeable. To write out hundreds of lines in a language they only half understood, and that most of them did not care to understand, was a heavy infliction. Mathematics, French, anything would have been a relief from that weary and grinding task.

There were a few who did not mind. Mark Linley and Penfold, the two scholarship boys, were not sorry to grind on through the "Æneid" in that way. Harry Wharton, too, who had a taste for Virgil, wrote on contentedly. But the rest groaned under their breath, and yawned, and grumbled, as the time passed on.

Loder had one eye on his book, and the other on the Remove. He was waiting for the restlessness of the juniors to show itself in a way that would give him an excuse for coming down heavy.

"Yaw-aw-awwww!" A long, loud yawn, uttered involuntarily by Billy Bunter, sounded through the silence of the Form-room. It was a warm summer's day, and the silence and the Latin and the warmth combined made Bunter sleepy. Some of the juniors giggled. Loder rose to his feet.

"Was that you yawning, Bunter?" he asked.

"Oh, no, Loder!" said Billy Bunter promptly. "Not at all, Loder. I hope you don't think I would yawn in class, Loder!"

"I heard you," said Loder.

"I—I—I think you're mistaken, Loder. P-p-perhaps you're getting deaf?" suggested Billy Bunter hopefully. "I certainly didn't yawn, did I, Fish?" asked Bunter, appealing to the junior who sat next to him.

"I guess you did," said Fisher T. Fish, the American junior.

"Oh, really, Fish—"

Loder picked up a pointer, and gave Bunter a rap over the knuckles. The fat junior gave a loud howl of anguish.

"Perhaps that will keep you awake?" Loder suggested.

"Ow! Ow!"

Loder grinned, and went back to his desk. Billy Bunter rubbed his knuckles in anguish, and cast looks of ferocity at Loder through his big glasses. He did not yawn again.

The juniors ground on wearily at the endless lines. Never had the adventures and misadventures of the "pious Æneas" bored them so fearfully. Their feelings towards Virgil were almost homicidal. Loder looked up again as Bob Cherry shifted his feet restlessly. Bob never could keep still for long.

"Can't you keep quiet, Cherry?"

"Yes, thank you, Loder," said Bob meekly.

"Do you want a rap with this pointer?"

"No, thank you, Loder, please!"

Loder frowned as the Removites grinned. Bob Cherry's exaggerated meekness was intended to be funny, and Loder did not like it. He picked up the pointer again, and came over towards Bob Cherry.

Bob's eyes gleamed, and he picked up a ruler in a careless sort of way. Loder paused. It was so evident that Bob did not mean to be rapped without retaliating that he had to pause.

Any amount of caning for Bob afterwards would not help Loder much if he received a crack from that heavy ruler.

"I shall send you in to the Head, Cherry, if you make another sound!"

"Thank you, Loder!"

"You are yawning again, Bunter!" rapped out Loder, turning his ill-temper upon a less formidable victim.

"I—I—I wasn't!" gasped Bunter. "Was I, Fishy?"

"I guess not, this time," said Fisher T. Fish. "Nope!"

"Don't contradict me, Fish!" said Loder.

"I guess— Yaroooh!"

Fisher T. Fish sucked his knuckles ruefully, and glared at Loder. At the same moment there came a voice from the doorway. The door was half-open, an account of the heat of the day.

"Loder, how dare you ill-treat the juniors!"

Loder started, and swung round. It was the Head's voice; or, at all events, it sounded exactly like it.

"I—I—" stuttered Loder.

Then he paused. He had expected to see Dr. Locke looking in; but Dr. Locke was not visible.

Loder bit his lip hard. He supposed that the Head had glanced in in passing, and gone on his way.

Loder went to the door and closed it, and then came back towards the class. The juniors were grinning; they knew

very well that the sudden voice had proceeded from the Greyfriars ventriloquist, though Loder did not know it.

"Wharton," snapped Loder, "what are you laughing at?"

Wharton looked serious at once

"I wasn't laughing, Loder."

"Don't tell lies! I saw you!"

"I'm not telling lies, Loder. We're not all tarred with the same brush, you know; you shouldn't judge others by yourself," said Wharton coolly. "I was smiling, perhaps, but I wasn't laughing. And if you want to know what I was smiling at, it was you, Loder!"

Loder set his teeth. This was defiance with a vengeance.

"Very well! You will take a note from me to the Head! I shall report to him that you are unruly and impertinent—"

"Then you can take the note yourself!" said Harry.

"Will you refuse to obey me, Wharton?"

"Yes."

There was a buzz from the Remove. The trouble that they had all anticipated was coming at last. Peter Todd nudged Bunter, as a hint for the ventriloquist to begin again. Bunter was quite willing.

"Loder!"

Loder gritted his teeth as he stared towards the door. It was the voice of the Head again.

"The old duffer!" muttered Loder savagely. "What does he mean by talking to me through the door? Why can't he come in? Yes, sir!" he called out.

"Follow me to the Sixth-Form room at once!"

"Yes, sir."

The Head was taking the Sixth that morning, as the juniors knew. Loder hesitated a moment or two, casting a savage look at the Remove. Finally he started for the door.

"Don't let there be any row here while I'm gone, or you'll hear from me!" he said, in a tone of menace.

He left the Form-room, and there was a chuckle from the Removites. Loder looked up and down the passage, surprised to find that the Head was not in sight. However, he made his way to the Sixth-Form room, where Dr. Locke was deep in Sophocles with the Sixth. The Head was so deeply engaged that he did not notice Loder enter. The prefect coughed to draw his attention, and Dr. Locke looked round.

"Well, Loder," he said, "what is it? No trouble with the Remove, I hope?"

Loder looked astounded.

"I've come, sir," he said.

"What?"

"I've come!" said the puzzled prefect.

"Yes, I can see that you have come, Loder," said the Head tartly. "Have you anything to say to me? I am busy, as you can see!"

"But you—you told me to come, sir!" stammered Loder.

"I told you to come and tell me if you had trouble with the Remove," said the Head. "Is that what you have come for?"

"Didn't you tell me to follow you here, sir?"

"What! When?"

"About three minutes ago, sir," gasped Loder.

The Head looked at him very hard.

"I do not understand you, Loder. I have been in this room for the last hour. How could I possibly have spoken to you three minutes ago? Is it possible that you are perpetrating an absurd joke upon your headmaster, Loder?"

Loder almost staggered.

"I—I—I heard you!" he gasped. "You—you called into the Remove-room to me to follow you here, sir!"

"I did nothing of the kind, Loder, and I fail to understand you!" said the Head icily. "Go back to your duties, and don't be foolish!"

Loder, with a very red face, quitted the senior-room. He was puzzled and enraged, and in a towering temper by the time he re-entered the Remove-room. The Removites were all in their places, as orderly as could be desired. They looked at Loder with smiling faces, and that was all.

"You young scoundrels—" began Loder, through his set teeth.

"Loder!"

Loder simply jumped towards the door as he heard the Head's voice again.

"Yes, sir!" he gasped.

"Go back to your place in the Sixth! You are not fit to take charge of the juniors!"

Loder stared blankly at the half-open doorway. The voice sounded as if the Head were calling from some distance down the passage. Loder was in such a state of amazement that he hardly knew what to do. It was impossible to suspect the reverend Head of Greyfriars of being intoxicated, or of playing jokes; but really—

Loder looked at the Removites. They were all as solemn as owls now.

"Did you hear that?" he asked.

"I heard it, Loder," said Nugent meekly.

"What can the old idiot mean?" muttered Loder.

"What old idiot?" asked Nugent.

Loder glared at him, and strode out of the Form-room. He

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simply stamped along the passage, and opened the door of the Sixth-Form room again. The Head had plunged into Sophocles once more, but he stopped when Loder came in and sat down in his place with the Sixth-Formers.

"Loder, what does this mean?"

"I've come back to the Form, sir, as you told me," said Loder sullenly.

"As I told you?"

"Yes, sir."

"What does this mean, Loder? I told you nothing!" exclaimed the Head. "Loder, I suppose this means that you do not wish to be placed in charge of the Remove. If that is the case, you should say so directly, and not resort, sir, to this miserable subterfuge! I am very much displeased with you, Loder!"

"But, sir—"

"That will do! Wingate, may I ask you to take charge of the Remove for the remainder of the morning?"

"Certainly, sir!" said the captain of Greyfriars, rising.

"B-b-but, sir—" stammered Loder.

"That will do, Loder. I do not desire to hear anything from you," said the Head. "Pray be silent!"

And Loder was silent, grinding his teeth. He began to realise that some trick must have been played upon him, though he could not guess how. Wingate left the Form-room, and Loder had the pleasure of working instead of bullying the Removites—a change much for the worse in his estimation.

The Remove grinned when Wingate came in. They guessed what had happened, and they were glad of the change. They could get on with old Wingate.

"You going to look after us, Wingate?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Yes," said the Greyfriars captain grimly; "and I've got a cricket-stump here."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We're going to be as good as gold, Wingate," said Nugent. "We can get on with you!"

Wingate grinned.

"You'd better," he said.

And the Remove did. There was no more trouble in the Remove-room that morning.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Jam-Tarts for Bunter!

"I SAY, you fellows, I know all about it!" Billy Bunter made that remark as he came into the school tuck-shop. Harry Wharton & Co. were there, refreshing themselves with ginger-beer after morning lessons. For once, Billy Bunter was not greeted with the usual reply of "Shut up, Bunter!" The juniors were grateful to the Owl of the Remove for relieving them of Gerald Loder.

"Another ginger-pop, Mrs. Mimble, please," said Harry Wharton. "Are you thirsty, Bunter?"

"What-ho!" said Bunter, "and hungry too!"

"Good—then you'll enjoy your dinner," said Wharton. "Here's your ginger-beer."

"I could do with a snack now," said Bunter. "I tell you what, Wharton. I'm expecting a postal order this afternoon—"

"Go hon!"

"And if you like to lend me a few bob—"

"I don't!" said Wharton cheerfully. "Is it the postal order you were expecting last term, or the one you were expecting the term before?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ahem! This is a—a—a different postal order altogether," said Bunter. "It's from a titled friend of mine. I say, those are ripping jam-tarts, ain't they? I suppose I can have some, Mrs. Mimble, and settle when my postal order comes?"

"You owe me thirteen shillings now," said Mrs. Mimble.

"Good. Make it an even fourteen bob—"

"I shall do nothing of the sort, Master Bunter."

Bunter sniffed.

"Women don't understand business," he growled. "They're asking for votes, and they don't understand the first principles of business. Every big business is built up on a system of credit. That's the only good system. Now, Mrs. Mimble—"

"Nonsense, Master Bunter." Evidently Mrs. Mimble did not want to build up a big business on those lines.

Johnny Bull laid down a shilling.

"Go it, Bunter," he said. "You deserve it for fooling Loder this morning. Pile in."

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"Thank you, Bull. Of course, I shall return this to you out of my postal order."

"When it comes?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Yes, when it comes, of course."

"It won't be any use then," said Johnny, with a shake of the head. "I shall be getting my old age pension by that time."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter sniffed, and buried his fat face in a tart. With his mouth full, he blinked at the grinning juniors.

"I know about it now," he said. "I know all about the new master. I happened to hear Capper talking to old Prout."

"Where did you happen to be?" asked Nugent. "Behind the door, or at the keyhole?"

"Oh, really, Nugent! I—I happened to be passing Capper's window, and it was open, and as I happened to stop there, to—to admire the scenery, I couldn't help hearing the two old jossers talking. The new master's name is Knutt, you know—"

"The Head told us that this morning."

"He's a Master of Arts, and a tutor," said Bunter, starting on a second tart. "He's tutor to a lord—a giddy nobleman named Lord Charles Lovelace—younger son of a giddy marquis. Old Capper has heard about him from people at Oxford, and he says he was called Champagne Charley—a regular dog, you know. Knutt is his tutor and bear-leader. Lord Charles is going on a holiday, and his tutor is coming here to take Quelch's place while he's away, see? Knutt is a young man, no older than Lord Charles, but knows everything—some sort of a beastly swot, I suppose. He won't make me swot, I know that!"

And Bunter put his teeth into a third tart.

"Did you happen to hear when he's coming?" asked Tom Brown.

"Yes, he's coming this afternoon," said Bunter. "Capper has heard of him, but has never met him, and he's anxious to meet him, to compare notes with him about some blessed classic or other—Knutt is supposed to be dead nuts on Æschylus—one of those old Roman johnnies—"

"Or Greek!" grinned Wharton.

"Well, some classic rot," said Bunter. "Roman or Greek, I don't care twopence. Nice prospect for us, ain't it—a beastly swot coming here. Lucky we don't have to take Greek. He'll want to keep us grinding. Makes a fellow almost wish old Quelch would get well and come back, don't it?"

"Well, if he's only a young man, we shall be able to handle him," remarked Bolsover major; "might give him a jolly good ragging to begin with, to show him who's who, and—"

"And what's what!" said Vernon-Smith.

"I say, I heard a lot more about Lord Charles," went on Bunter. "He's a giddy kipper, you know, and head over ears in debt. His father makes him keep on with Knutt, though he's over age—Knutt tries hard to keep him in order. I heard—"

"Oh, blow what you heard," said Harry Wharton. "You must have stayed a long time outside Capper's window admiring the scenery, to have heard all that."

"Did you say some more tarts, Bull?" asked Bunter, the last of his supply having vanished.

"No, I didn't," said Johnny Bull, promptly.

"Did you, Nugent?"

"No fear!"

"I suppose it was you, Inky—"

"The no-fearfulness is terrific," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Well, I could do with some more," said Bunter, "and another ginger-pop. I say, you know, I'll settle it all out of my postal order. I say, Mrs. Mimble—"

"You owe me thirteen shillings, Master Bunter."

"Put it down to me, Mrs. Mimble," said Nugent's voice.

"Yes, Master Nugent," said Mrs. Mimble, pushing the tarts across to Bunter, who started on them at once.

Nugent, who was looking out of the doorway, swung round.

"Eh! what's that?" he exclaimed. "Did you speak to me, Mrs. Mimble?"

"Yes, Master Nugent; you said—"

"I didn't say anything."

"But—but you said—"

"Didn't you order the tarts for Bunter?" asked Wharton.

"Why, I heard you."

"No, I didn't!" roared Nugent. "Bunter, you fat fraud, you can keep your ventriloquism for Loder! Let those tarts alone."

Billy Bunter caught up the plate of tarts and made a rush for the door.

Nugent made a rush for Bunter.

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Billy Bunter reached the door, and Nugent reached Bunter, at the same moment. Nugent's boot was planted behind Bunter as if he were kicking for goal, and the Owl of the Remove went flying through the doorway.

"Yaroooh!"

Crash!

The plate smashed on the ground, and the tarts were strewn there, and Billy Bunter rolled in the tarts, and sat up, gasping and jammy.

"Ow! ow! Beast! Yah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow! I'm hurt! I'm sticky! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, you can have the tarts now," grinned Nugent. "I'll pay for 'em."

Billy Bunter scrambled up, with jam sticking to his fat face and his clothes and his hair. He rubbed it furiously off his spectacles, and glared at Nugent.

"You—you silly idiot—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You kicked me!" roared Bunter, stamping into the tuck-shop, and brandishing two fat fists before Nugent. "Do you hear! I can take a joke with anybody, but I don't allow liberties. Do you understand that? You kicked me on purpose."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If it was a joke, I don't mind looking over it, and I'll have some more tarts," said Billy Bunter.

"Not for me," grinned Nugent. "You can have another kick, if you like."

"You—you rotter! If you kicked me on purpose, I'll wipe up the floor with you," roared Bunter, shaking both fists at Nugent. "I'll jolly well show you that you can't kick me! What would you do if I kicked you?"

"I'd sling you out on your neck."

"Ahem! Well, I'll let you off if you stand me six tarts—twopenny ones, mind."

"No fear."

"Well, penny ones," said Bunter magnanimously.

"Not one!"

"Well, I—I'll let you off, anyway," said Bunter. "I should pretty nearly kill you if I started, and I don't want to do that. You're safe."

And Bunter rolled away—leaving Nugent safe!

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Lord Charles Has an Idea!

"NUTTY, dear boy—"

"Well?"

"I've got it."

Mr. Knutt smiled.

The two men were in the waiting-room at Courtfield Station, the junction where trains were changed for Friardale, which was the station for Greyfriars. The two young men were about the same age, and much the same build; but very dissimilar in other respects.

Mr. Knutt was thoughtful-looking, with early wrinkles in his brow, and a complexion sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.

Lord Charles Lovelace was handsome, healthy, and gay, with a merry gleam always in his eyes, and his boyish countenance almost incessantly lighted up with a smile.

He looked a careless, thoughtless, happy-go-lucky young man, as indeed he was—and the series of "muckers" that had distinguished his career, had not had the effect of diminishing his good spirits in the slightest degree.

He had distinguished himself at college by his high spirits and enjoyment of life, but had utterly failed to distinguish himself in any other way.

And he had distinguished himself since by piling up an accumulation of debts and difficulties which would have turned any other man's hair grey, but which had had no effect whatever upon the curling brown locks of Lord Charles.

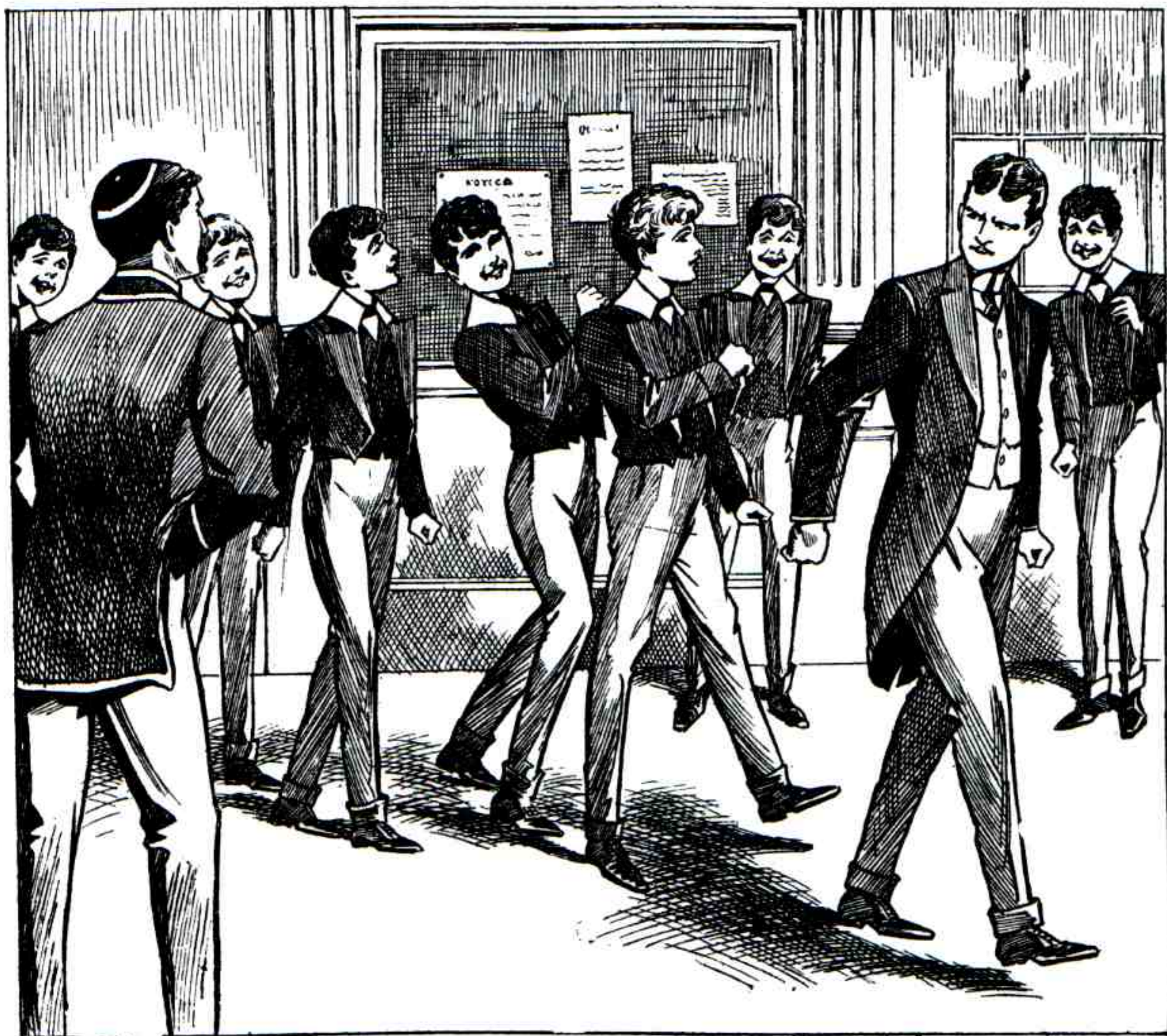
Mr. Knutt's glance was very affectionate as it rested upon his companion. He was guide, philosopher, and friend to the reckless young scapegrace, but as a matter of fact he was more under Lovelace's influence than Lovelace was under his.

A leather trunk lay near Mr. Knutt's feet, as he sat with a copy of Æschylus in his hand, resting on his knee. Lord Charles had a cigar between his fingers, which was more in his line than the Greek tragedian.

Mr. Knutt was on his way to Greyfriars, where he was to act as temporary master in the place of Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove. He was waiting for the local train to Friardale.

"I've got it!" Lord Charles repeated.

"And what is it, now that you've got it?" asked Mr. Knutt.



Bob Cherry fell into the prefect's stride, imitating it as he followed him, and the rest of the juniors followed Bob's example. "What on earth's the game?" exclaimed Wingate, "is that a new variety of here-we-go-gathering-nuts-and-may, Loder?" (See Chap. 10.)

"The idea."

"Well?" Mr. Knutt consulted his watch. "The train is here in ten minutes."

"Yes; that's why I've left it to tell you now," said Lord Charles cheerfully. "There won't be time for you to argue about it."

"About what?"

"My scheme. I thought of it days ago, but I haven't told you yet. Now, I'm going on a holiday, and you're going to a school—Greyminster or something—"

"Greyfriars."

"Yes, that's it. I knew it was Grey-something. You're going to act as a Form-master, and I'm going to dodge my creditors."

Mr. Knutt laughed.

"I don't see what else you can do," he remarked.

"Exactly. But they won't be dodged. Do you know how much money I owe?"

"I don't believe you know yourself."

"Well, I could work it out within a thou. or so," said Lord Charles innocently. "It's the interest on loans piling up that puts me out. It goes up so quick. But the fact is, Nutty, I can't go on that holiday."

"But—"

"They're after me," said Lord Charles calmly. "I can't get out of England. I'm quite done in unless the pater comes round—and the pater won't. There are three separate

persons who can arrest me any minute they like—if they can find me. There are thirty or forty persons who will run me down with bills wherever I go. I sha'n't be able to get credit anywhere, and I couldn't even pay my hotel bill. I have a conscientious objection to swindling hotelkeepers—I mean, that's one thing I haven't done yet. Nutty, old fellow, I've got to go into hiding till the pater comes round."

"But—"

"It's the only way. And as soon as I'd thought it over, it came into my mind at once where I was to hide. What about Greyminster?"

"Greyfriars!"

"Yes; I mean Greyfriars. Eh?"

Mr. Knutt stared at his volatile companion in consternation.

"You—you—you think of going to Greyfriars?" he gasped.

Lord Charles nodded.

"Exactly. Safest place. That's why I insisted on comin' as far as Courtfield with you to see you off, Nutty. Left it too late for you to raise objections. See?"

"But—but it can't be done!" said Mr. Knutt, in amazement and dismay. "I'd do anything I could, you know that; but I'm not entitled to take anybody to the school with me. And it would soon be known that Lord Charles Lovelace was there."

"I'm not going with you."

"Eh?"

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"I'm going instead of you."

"What?"

"That's the idea!" explained Lord Charles, lighting a fresh cigar. "You're going on the holiday—you've no creditors to run you down—and I'm going to Greyminster—I mean, Greyfriars—as a Form-master. See?"

"No, I don't see!" shouted Mr. Knutt. "Dr. Locke has engaged a Mr. Knutt as Form-master, and what do you think he would say if a Lord Charles Lovelace came instead?"

"Lord Charles Lovelace won't. Lord Charles Lovelace is going to borrow your bag and your name."

"Wha-a-a-at!"

"Nobody there knows either of us," chuckled Lord Charles. "When I turn up as Nutty, they won't have a suspicion. Savvy?"

"Why, you—you—you—"

"It's only for a week or two, anyway. The pater must come round, or else I shall have to go ranching in Canada. Meantime, I've got to hide. There are all sorts of things out against me. I don't half understand 'em—legal things, you know. I'm booked to appear at three or four law-courts, and I'm not going to appear. I couldn't stand it. And besides, I should turn up late, and that would be contempt of Court. There will be bobbies looking for me soon, unless the pater comes round in time. Meanwhile I shall be quite safe—teaching the young idea how to shoot. What do you think?"

"I—I think it's the maddest idea that even you ever had!" gasped Mr. Knutt. "It's out of the question. It's impossible. You can't teach, for one thing."

"Well, I've learned, so I ought to be able to teach. I don't believe in this blessed cramming, either. I shall give my boys an easy time."

Mr. Knutt could not help smiling.

"They would certainly have an easy time, with you for their Form-master," he said. "But it is impossible."

"Oh, stuff, you know! I could do it on my head!"

"Form-masters don't smoke cigars all day, for one thing!" shouted Mr. Knutt.

"This is my last cigar," said Lord Charles ruefully, "and I sha'n't buy any more. Can't! Stony!"

"Form-masters have to teach—"

"Well, I can teach. I remember some of the things I learned at Eton," said Lord Charles defiantly. "Hic, haec, hoc—"

"Hic, haec, hoc won't be quite sufficient."

"Arma virumque cano!" said Lord Charles, with a great mental effort.

"You you ass!" said Mr. Knutt. "You would give yourself away at once!"

"Not a bit of it. I shall have your reputation for learning to back me up. The other masters will be a bit nervous of a man who has your reputation."

"And how much reputation will you leave me?" groaned Mr. Knutt.

"Pooh! I shall play the part rippingly! You know how I used to be distinguished in the amateur theatricals. It's only like a part in a play," said Lord Charles. "I shall come through it with flying colours."

"It can't be done! It can't! I must go—"

"Then we shall go as rival claimants, for I'm going, anyway. And I shall denounce you as the spoof Tichborne," said Lord Charles.

Mr. Knutt stared at him aghast.

"You can't do it!" he said feebly.

"Wait and see!" chuckled Lord Charles. "Hallo! There's the train! Come on! Porter, put my trunk in the train for Friardale!"

"Yessir!"

"M-m-my trunk, you mean?" murmured Mr. Knutt, as the porter carried the trunk out of the waiting-room.

"My trunk!" said Lord Charles firmly. "I'm claimin' that trunk, and there will be a row at Greyminster—I mean, Greyfriars—if you claim it! Nutty, old man, you've got to do me this favour. Think of me languishin' in gaol, waitin' for a Roman parent to come round. I'd rather wait at Greyminster—I mean, Greyfriars."

"But—but—"

Lord Charles stepped into the train. He gently pushed back his friend.

"Good-bye, Lord Charles!" he said cheerfully, and adieu.

in a lower voice: "Now, don't you come on to the school and denounce your old chum as an impostor. Gad, what a scene it would make! Good-bye!"

"Bless my soul!" murmured Mr. Knutt.

The train started.

Lord Charles grinned and waved his cigar from the window. Mr. Knutt stood on the platform, and watched the train disappear, with a dazed expression. Finally, he walked away like a man in a dream.

And the train rushed on, bearing towards Greyfriars the most amazing Form-master that had ever undertaken duties there.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER. A Gallant Deed!

"WHARTON!"

"Hallo, Loder!"

"I shall want you to steer for me!"

Harry Wharton looked grimly at Loder of the Sixth. Afternoon lessons were over. The Remove had been in charge of Wingate, and the afternoon had passed quietly enough in the Form-room. The new master had not yet arrived, but it was known that he was coming that day, and some of the Remove were hanging about the gates to see him when he came in. They were chatting cheerfully when Loder bore down upon them.

Loder never would recognise the fact that it had been established, beyond question, that the Lower Fifth did not fag. By dint of bullying he made the more timid fellows in the Form fag for him; but Harry Wharton & Co. did not belong to the timid variety. They were, in fact, only too ready to stand up for their rights and liberties.

"Sorry, Loder!" said Wharton. "I'm going down to the cricket."

"The Remove doesn't fag, Loder," said Frank Nugent. "My dear chap, where were you brought up, if you don't know that?"

"I want one of you brats to steer for me," said Loder, between his teeth.

"Rats!"

Loder clenched his hands, and so did the Removites. They looked a little too dangerous, and Loder, instead of cuffing them, gritted his teeth and passed on towards the boathouse.

"Poor old Loder!" sighed Bob Cherry. "He never will learn, and we've done such a lot to educate him, too!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Loder scowled as he went down to the towing-path. The humiliation of backing down before the juniors enraged him, though he had brought it on himself. Billy Bunter was seated on a bench near the boathouse, and Loder turned upon him. Bunter was not of the stuff of which heroes are made, and Loder had no doubt of being able to fag him.

Billy Bunter blinked nervously at the bully of the Sixth. Loder's expression portended trouble.

"I want you to steer for me, Bunter," rapped out Loder.

"I—I'd rather not, if you don't mind, Loder," said Bunter. "I'm going out with Peter Todd and Dutton and Alonzo this afternoon—"

"So you won't fag for me—eh?" said Loder, picking up an oar.

"Ahem! I— You know the Remove don't fag, Loder. Ow! Don't shove that oar into my ribs! Ow! Leave off, you beast!"

"Are you going to fag for me?"

"Ow! Yes! I—I really meant to say—ow!—that I wanted to fag for you, Loder! Ow!"

"Then come on!" said Loder.

He stepped into his boat, which was moored to the landing-raft. Billy Bunter rubbed his fat ribs ruefully and groaned. He blinked round, calculating the chances of a dash for liberty; but Loder's eye was upon him. He groaned and followed the bully of the Sixth into the skiff.

"I suppose you can steer?" snapped Loder.

"No, I can't, really, you know!" said Bunter. "I—I shall be sure to run the boat into the bank, you know, or— or else sink it, you know—"

"If you don't steer all right, Bunter, I shall lay this oar about you!"

"I—I'll do my best, Loder!"

"You'd better!" growled Loder.

And he shoved off.

Loder pulled away down the river towards the bridge. Billy Bunter sat with the lines, his little round eyes gleaming with rage behind his spectacles. Bunter could steer very well when he chose, but on the present occasion he did not choose. He was enraged at having to fag for Loder, not only because it was an invasion of his rights, but because he was constitutionally lazy, and objected to work in any shape or form. Billy Bunter meant to make Loder sorry

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that he had compelled him to give up the afternoon's excursion with Peter Todd & Co.

Loder was a good oarsman. The boat glided down the river, among a good many other craft, quite a crowd of Greyfriars fellows being on the Sark that afternoon. But the other craft were left as Loder rowed on.

The bright, gleaming Sark flowed between sloping banks, well-wooded, rippling and glittering on its way to the sea. On one side ran the towing-path, and a man who was walking from the direction of the village had paused to look at the bright scene with an admiring eye.

But Bunter had no eyes for the scenery. The boat made a zigzag towards the bank, and the man on the towing-path—a handsome young man with merry, blue eyes—stared at it.

"By Jove! Somebody there who wants lessons in steering!" he murmured.

Loder evidently thought that Bunter wanted a lesson, too.

He glared along the skiff at the fat junior.

"What are you doing, you young idiot?" he exclaimed. "Steer for the bridge! I'm going through!"

"I told you I couldn't steer, Loder!"

"Do you want me to come to you?" growled Loder.

Bunter sniffed. As soon as Loder had got into his stride again, Bunter steered for the bank once more. Loder uttered an exclamation of rage, and jumped up, pulling in his oars.

"I—I say, that was an accident, you know!" gasped Bunter.

"I'll teach you not to have accidents!" howled Loder.

"I—I say—Yah! Oh!"

Billy Bunter struggled in the grasp of the bully of the Sixth, and roared as Loder boxed his ears savagely. The skiff rocked and oscillated wildly, and both of them were in danger of being pitched into the water.

The man on the towing-path called out to them:

"Look out! You'll capsize, you young duffers! By Jove!"

"Leggo!" roared Bunter. "Ow!"

He tore himself away from Loder, giving the prefect a blind drive in the ribs that sent him staggering back. Loder fell heavily into the boat, and Billy Bunter staggered against the gunwale, and shot overboard before he knew his danger.

The boat shot away from him as he fell, and the fat junior, with a choking, sputtering gasp, went deep into the deep water.

Loder scrambled to his feet. The boat had rocked away from Bunter, and the fat junior had gone under at once. The prefect, with a white face, scanned the water for him, but he was not to be seen.

Splash!

The man on the bank, waiting only to throw off his hat, had plunged into the water.

A few powerful strokes brought him to the spot where Billy Bunter had gone in, and as the fat junior came up a strong grasp closed upon him.

Bunter's head swept up out of the water, and a strong grasp upon his collar kept it there. Bunter was struggling wildly, having completely lost his self-possession. He clasped his rescuer round the neck, and clung to him convulsively, his eyes closed.

"Hold on!" gasped the young man. "I mean don't hold on, by Jove! I've got you! Leggo, you young ass! You'll drown us both!"

Bunter's heavy weight dragged him under the surface. There was only one thing to be done, and the rescuer did it. He gave Bunter a rough blow, and drove the fat junior from his fatal grip, and they came up again, and he took care to hold Bunter at arm's-length when they were on the surface again.

Bunter had been dazed by the blow, and was half-senseless, and easy to handle now. The young man kept him afloat, swimming with great ease.

"Help here!" he shouted.

Loder was rowing back to the spot, with all his strength; but in his eagerness he shot past. The fear of what he had done, and its possible consequences, had taken all Loder's nerve away, and he was almost helpless in the emergency. He brought the boat round clumsily, and nearly crashed it upon the swimming man and his burden.

"Look out, you silly ass!" gasped the man in the water. "Haven't you the sense of a rabbit, by Jove? Do you want to drown us?"

He grasped the gunwale with one hand, and Bunter with the other. Loder helped him into the boat. He dragged Bunter in, and the fat junior sank down half-conscious.

"I'll attend to him," said the rescuer. "You row to the shore, quick!"

"I'll row back to the school!" growled Loder. "The fat beast isn't hurt!"

"Ow!" groaned Bunter.

"You belong to Greyminster—eh?"

"I belong to Greyfriars!" growled Loder.

Now that the danger was over, Loder felt nothing but savage annoyance.

"Get back as quick as you can, then. You nearly drowned

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PENNY.

this boy with your brutality!" said the young man. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, by Jove!"

"I don't want any jaw from you!" said Loder savagely. "Mind your own business! He deserved all he got, and he was a clumsy fool to fall in the water!"

"He might have been drowned. You hadn't sense enough to save him!"

"Not much loss if he had been! And don't talk to me like that, either—I'm not having it! I'd pitch you out of the boat for two pins!"

"Do you know whom you are talking to?" asked the young man.

"I don't know, and I don't care!"

"Very well. We will see if the boys at Greyminster—I mean Greyfriars—are allowed to talk to Form-masters in this manner!"

Loder started.

"You don't mean to say that you're the new Remove-master?" he exclaimed.

"I do, by Jove!"

"Mr. Knutt?" exclaimed Loder.

"Exactly!"

"I—I'm sorry I spoke to you as I did!" faltered Loder. "Of course, I didn't know you. I'll get in as quick as I can!"

And he pulled back to the boathouse. From the distance, a good many eyes had seen the accident and the prompt rescue, and a crowd of fellows were waiting for them at the raft.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The New Master is Popular.

HARRY WHARTON and Bob Cherry received Billy Bunter from the boat, as the young man lifted him and handed him out. The fat junior blinked at them, and groped for his spectacles. But his spectacles were at the bottom of the Sark.

"Ow! I'm d-d-drowned!" murmured Bunter. "The beast hit me! Oh!"

"Loder, you cad—"

"He's alluding to Mr. Knutt," grinned Loder.

"I had to punch him in the water, or he would have drowned us both," said the young man. "It was the only way."

"Mr. Knutt!"

The juniors all uttered the name at once. They had been expecting their new Form-master that afternoon, but they had not expected him to arrive in such a dramatic way.

"The new Form-master!" exclaimed Nugent.

The new Form-master smiled.

"I have that honour, by Jove!" he said.

"Jolly glad to see you, sir!"

"Lucky for Bunter you came along!"

"It was ripping of you, sir!"

"The beast hit me!" mumbled Bunter. "He punched me in the water! Ow!"

"Shurrup!" growled Bob Cherry. "Here, let's carry him in, and stand him on his head for the water to run out!"

Billy Bunter was rushed away to the school. He roared.

"I say, you fellows, I've lost my spectacles! Loder will have to pay for them!"

"That is quite right!" said Mr. Knutt—to give that cheerful young gentleman the name by which he would be known at Greyfriars. "Loder, if that is your name, you must certainly pay for the loss this boy has sustained!"

"Oh, I'll pay for his rotten blinkers!" growled Loder.

Mr. Knutt stepped out of the boat, and followed the juniors to the school.

A crowd marched round him. The Removites were very pleased with their new Form-master, and very proud of him. There was little doubt that he had saved Bunter's life, and it had not been without risk to his own. If he had not been a quick-witted and clever swimmer, the dead weight of the scared junior would certainly have dragged him down to death. He was, as Bob Cherry remarked, a Form-master that a Form could brag of.

Bunter was rushed up into the Remove dormitory, where the juniors stripped him and towelled him with such energy that Bunter roared under their vigorous hands.

The new Form-master entered the House in a more leisurely manner, in his dripping clothes. He had lost his hat, and his feet left little pools of water where he trod. The juniors cheered him as they marched round him like a guard of honour. Johnny Bull, who, fortunately—or otherwise—had his mouth-organ in his pocket, struck up "See the Conquering Hero Comes," and although nobody recognised the tune, it added to the din.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Dr. Locke, coming into the

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hall to see what the disturbance was about. "Goodness gracious! Who—who are you?"

"It's Mr. Knutt, sir," sang out Nugent.

"Our new Form-master, sir."

"Indeed! I am glad to see you, Mr. Knutt!" said the Head, shaking hands with the young man. "But—but you are wet! Has there been an accident?"

"By Jove, yes!" said the young man. "A kid fell in the water, and I got wet pulling him out."

"Dear me!"

"He dived in for him in deep water, sir!" howled Nugent.

"Might have been drowned! He saved Bunter's life, sir!"

"Hurrah!"

"Bravo, Knutt!"

"Dear me!" said the Head. "You appear to have arrived at a very fortunate moment for one of the boys of your Form, Mr. Knutt. But you are wet! You must change your clothes immediately!"

"My trunk is at the station——"

"I will see that clothes are sent to your room immediately. Trotter, show Mr. Knutt to Mr. Quelch's room."

"Yessir!" said Trotter.

And Mr. Knutt the Second went upstairs after Trotter the page. The juniors gave him another cheer as he disappeared.

"How is Bunter?" asked the Head, addressing the boys. "Has he been hurt?"

"No, sir; only frightened," said Nugent. "He would have been drowned if Mr. Knutt hadn't pulled him out, though."

"How did the accident happen?"

"Bunter fell out of a boat, sir, and Mr. Knutt happened to be on the towing-path. I suppose he was walking to the school that way from the station."

"How very, very fortunate!" said the Head.

Dr. Locke returned to his study, leaving the crowd of fellows in a buzz. The happening, which might so easily have been a tragedy, excited them. Most of the Removites went up to the dormitory to see how Billy Bunter was getting on. All danger of catching cold had been averted by the rubbing Wharton and Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull had given him. But Bunter was not in a pleasant temper.

"Still alive—eh?" asked Nugent.

Bunter snorted.

"Not the fault of that silly idiot if I am!" he growled.

"He hit me when I was in the water! Punched my head!"

"I suppose you were hanging on to him and trying to drown him," said Bulstrode.

"I was helping him, of course. I never lost my presence of mind for a moment. In fact, I didn't need his help at all."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at!" growled Bunter. "You fellows know I'm a splendid swimmer, and that I've got plenty of pluck. Of course, I never lost my presence of mind. I make it a point never to do such a thing. As a matter of fact, it was rather officious of that fellow Knutt to jump in at all. If he thinks he's going to get a lot of gratitude out of me he's jolly well mistaken!"

"Anybody would be mistaken who thought that," said Harry Wharton, in disgust. "Do you know that Knutt saved your life, you fat oyster?"

"Oh, rot! I wasn't in danger, considering what a splendid swimmer I am."

"Pity he didn't punch your silly head a bit harder!" growled Bob Cherry. "If you keep on like that I'll punch it, too!"

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"You've got to thank him for saving your life!" said Johnny Bull. "You're not going to let him know there's a rotten ungrateful beast in the Remove!"

"I'm jolly well not going to thank him!" said Bunter, rummaging in a box for a second pair of spectacles. "I've lost my glasses through his jumping in after me, and very likely Loder won't pay for them. If he doesn't, I shall ask Knutt to pay."

"Great Scott!"

"You—you fat worm!" roared Harry Wharton. "You're going to thank Knutt for saving you, and were going to see you do it! If you don't make out you're grateful, we'll squash you!"

"Yes, rather!"

"The ratherfulness is terrific!"

"You're coming to his study now!" said Wharton, as Bunter adjusted his spectacles on his fat little nose. "We're going to take you there. If you don't make a proper speech, setting forth how grateful you are, we'll simply smash you afterwards! You're not going to disgrace the Remove!"

"Look here——"

"Them's my sentiments!" chimed in Peter Todd.

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"You've got to do it, Bunter! Knutt isn't going to know there's such an ungrateful rotter in Study No. 7. You can't help being a rotter, but you've got to keep up appearances!"

"I tell you——" yelled Bunter.

"Are you ready?"

"No, I'm not! I——"

"Come on!"

"I won't! I—I—— Leggo my ears, Cherry, you beast! Leggo my neck, Bulstrode, you rotter! Ow! I'll come! I'm coming! What I really meant to say was that I wanted to come!" roared Bunter.

And Billy Bunter was rushed down into Mr. Quelch's study by a crowd of Removites, there to await the appearance of Mr. Knutt.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Bunter's Gratitude.

BILLY BUNTER growled and grumbled as he waited in Mr. Quelch's study for the new Form-master. He was not troubled by any sentiments of gratitude—he seldom was. His chief feeling was annoyance for having been punched, and for the loss of his spectacles, which he was very dubious if Loder would pay for. He would not admit even to himself that he had been frightened out of his wits in the water, and had been going down like a stone when Mr. Knutt reached him and saved him. His feeling towards Mr. Knutt was one of intense exasperation.

"Here comes the 'Nut'!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, giving the new Form-master the name by which the juniors always referred to him afterwards.

"Mind what we've told you, Bunter!" muttered Wharton.

"Gratitude hot and strong, or we'll scalp you afterwards!" whispered Peter Todd. "Boiling oil won't be in it with what we'll give you!"

"Br-r-r-r-r!" growled Bunter.

The new master entered the study.

He was dressed in some clothes that had been Mr. Quelch's, and they were rather long and rather tight for him. Mr. Quelch was a taller and slimmer gentleman than Lord Charles Lovelace.

He grinned at the boys as he came in.

"I understand that this is to be my study!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir. This belongs to our Form-master," said Harry Wharton.

"You are Remove boys—eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Glad to make your acquaintance!" said Mr. Knutt. "I hope we shall get on well together, and, in fact, have a high old time! What?"

The juniors looked at him. They, too, hoped that they would get on with their new master, and they had no objection, certainly, to having a "high old time"; but they were astounded at being addressed in such terms by a grave and solemn Master of Arts—though there was evidently nothing either grave or solemn about this particular Master of Arts.

"Ye-es, sir; I hope so," stammered Wharton.

"And this is the boy who fell into the water—eh?" pursued the Nut. "You should learn to swim, Grundy."

"My name isn't Grundy!" growled Bunter. "My name's Bunter—William George Bunter."

"My mistake. But, as I was saying, you should learn to swim."

"I'm a splendid swimmer!"

"By Jove!" said Mr. Knutt, in surprise. "You didn't look like one. Gad! You were going down like a giddy paving-stone!"

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Nugent. It was the first time he had ever heard a Form-master use that modern and expressive adjective.

"And you clung round my neck like a crab," said Mr. Knutt. "We should both have been drowned if I hadn't biffed you on the crumpet."

"Oh, crumbs!" murmured the juniors. They had wondered a great deal what the new Form-master would be like, but they had never imagined that he would be like this. Mr. Quelch had never referred to biffing people on the crumpet. It was impossible to imagine it.

"You hit me!" growled Bunter. "That was why I couldn't—Ow—ow—ow! Yow!"

Bunter broke off in a wail as Peter Todd jammed a hard and heavy heel on his foot. Mr. Knutt looked at him in surprise.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"It's only Bunter's way, sir," said Wharton. "It's indigestion makes him howl like that. He eats too much."

"Oh, really, Wharton——"



THE FAGS' CHALLENGE—

The Common Room
Third Form
St. John's

5/8/13

Dear Merry,

Inasmuch as the Third Form consider them selves not entitled to play in the junior eleven, they consider that they are not entitled to play in the junior eleven. Therefore they hereby declare that they are going to play in the eleven, or there will be trouble. The Third Form also declare that if the Shell want to see how they play cricket, the Third Form hereby challenge them to meet them in a match. When they will show them that

(2)

they can play cricket as well as ~~the~~ them if they care to play them ^{in the} Third Form are ready to meet them on Wednesday after-noon. If the Junior Eleven refuse this challenge it will be taken to mean they know they can't play cricket and are afraid of the Third Form!!

Signed by A. D'Arcy
Third Form.

—AND TOM MERRY & Co.'s HUMOROUS REPLY TO IT:



Study 1 School House.
St. John's.

August 5th 1913

Dear Wally,

The Junior Eleven are in respect of yours of even dirt they consider that they are not equal to them, and that they are not therefore to meet them. They being afraid of them, and them, therefore, refuse the challenge given by them. But if they want them to meet them, and they nasomuch consider that them should meet them or they, they are a set of silly fags, and they hereby declare to them that they refuse. They hope that they will stop being cheeky fags and if they want something to do, they advise them to wash their neck.

Signed Tomm Merry

The above is a reproduction of the cover page of this Wednesday's issue of "THE GEM" Library, which contains a magnificent long and amusing complete tale of Tom Merry & Co., entitled: "WALLY ON THE WARPATH," by Martin Clifford. Order your "GEM LIBRARY" this week in advance. Price One Penny.

"We've come here with Bunter to speak to you, sir," said Wharton. "He wants to express his gratitude to you, sir, for saving his life."
"Go it, Bunter!" said the juniors, giving the Owl of the Remove looks which expressed very plainly what he would get if he did not "go it."
"I—I'm awfully grateful, sir!" gasped Bunter. "It was

noble of you, sir, to jump into the water and punch my head! I shall never forget it, sir!"
"That's all right, kid," said Mr. Knutt genially. "No need to pile on the agony. I'm glad I pulled you out."
"I've got a bump on my head where you hit me! Yaro-o-oh!"
"Gad! What's the matter now?"

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"Ow! My foot—my toes! Yow!"

"By Jove! Do you suffer from gout?" asked the astounded Mr. Knutt.

It was Peter Todd's heavy heel that Bunter was suffering from, but he dared not explain that to Mr. Knutt.

"It's his over-eating, sir," said Wharton. "It brings this on. Isn't that it, Bunter?" said Wharton, looking at the fat junior ferociously with the eye that was away from Mr. Knutt.

"Ye-es," stammered Bunter; "that—that's it! I'm sorry you saved me, sir—I—I mean, I'm grateful to you for saving my life, sir—"

"That's enough!" said Mr. Knutt. "Let it drop! Perhaps one of you kids will tell me where the dining-room is? I'm famished!"

"Teas over in Hall, sir," said Harry Wharton. "Perhaps you'd be kind enough to have tea with us in the study, sir. Mr. Quelch did once, sir."

"Oh, do, sir!" said Nugent.

"We'll make it a ripping spread, sir!" said Bob Cherry.

"First-chop!" said Johnny Bull.

"Al at Lloyd's!" said Tom Brown.

Mr. Knutt grinned.

"You're jolly good and hospitable," he said. "I fancy I couldn't do better. We'll get to know one another that way—hey? I'm sure I shall get on well with you young fellows, and I'll cram Latin and mathematics into your heads in chunks. What?"

"Oh!"

"Am I very much like your old Form-master?" asked Mr. Knutt.

"Oh, no, sir!"

"Well, I hope you'll like me just as well," said Mr. Knutt.

"Oh, yes, sir! Rather, sir!"

"Well, I'll come to tea in the study," said Mr. Knutt, laughing. "Buzz off and get it ready, like good kids!"

"Ten minutes, sir, that's all."

"Right-ho!" said Mr. Knutt.

The juniors crowded out of the study. The door closed, and Mr. Knutt burst into a loud laugh.

"Behold me a giddy Form-master in a public school!" he chirruped. "Oh, what would the boys say? Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

And the cheerful young gentleman pirouetted round the table, waving Mr. Quelch's academic cap in the air, in sheer high spirits.

The door reopened.

"If you please, sir, would you like—"

Harry Wharton broke off in sheer astonishment as he saw how the new Form-master was engaged. His jaw dropped, and he stared at Mr. Knutt with bulging eyes.

Mr. Knutt turned rather red, and ceased his war-dance.

"Ahem! Just a—just a little exercise, you know!" he stammered. "Good thing after a—a bathe! What do you want, Carter?"

"Wharton, sir. I—I was going to ask you if you preferred anything special for tea, sir," gasped Wharton.

"Oh, any old thing!" said Mr. Knutt.

"Oh! Ye-es, sir."

"I'm not particular. Only a good cigar, that's all I care about—"

"A c-c-c-cigar, sir!"

"I—I mean, of course I sha'n't smoke!" said Mr. Knutt, recollecting himself. "Quite right of you to remind me, Hartley!"

"My name's Wharton, sir," said Harry mildly.

"Yes, yes; quite so! That's all right! Clear out!"

Wharton cleared out.

"Well, of all the queer fish I ever saw, that chap is the queerest!" he confided to his chums. "But he's a good sort!"

"Ripping good sort—with a fine flow of language all his own!" grinned Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"More like a big schoolboy than a Form-master," said Bob Cherry. "Something jolly breezy about him. I like him."

"The likefulness is terrific!"

"Well, I think we shall get on with him," said Harry.

"Now about the tea. We've got to whip round, and stand a really good extra special tea."

"Hear, hear!"

"I say, you fellows, I'll do the cooking, you know. I—"

"You can buzz off, Bunter!"

"Oh, really, Wharton! I want to do something for Mr. Knutt, you know, as he—he saved my life," said Bunter. "I hope you don't think I'm—ahem!—ungrateful. I'm going to come to the feed, of course, to—to show my gratitude!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't see anything to cackle at! I shall insist—"

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"THE GEM" LIBRARY,
Every Wednesday.

Our Companion Papers.

"THE PENNY POPULAR,"
Every Friday.

"Take that fat freak away, Peter Todd; he belongs to you!" growled Wharton.

And the chums of the Remove prepared that feed in No. 1 Study without the valuable assistance of William George Bunter. It was a record spread, the juniors pooling funds to obtain the best that Mrs. Mible could supply.

When it was ready, Wharton called for Mr. Knutt, and found that gentleman smoking a cigarette in his study, with his feet on the table. Mr. Knutt jerked down his feet as he saw the junior's surprised face.

"Tea's ready, sir!" said Harry.

"Good egg!" said Mr. Knutt. "So am I! Lead on, Macduff!"

And the amazing Form-master followed Harry Wharton to No. 1 Study.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Tea in No. 1 Study.

QUITE a party of Removites had gathered in No. 1 Study to have tea with the new Form-master.

A "master to tea" was not generally regarded as a pleasure by the juniors. Form-masters sometimes honoured their boys in that way, but such occasions were dreadfully solemn and serious, and could not be called enjoyable.

The master would be very affable, but the boys would have on assumed manners of great solemnity, and there was usually a gasp of relief in the study when the honoured but oppressive guest was gone. But it was not like that with the new master of the Remove.

Mr. Knutt was popular at once. He was so boyish in his manners as to appear almost one of the boys himself, and his peculiar manner of speaking placed them on familiar terms at once.

Mr. Knutt did not appear to have even heard of the great and solemn dignity it was necessary for a Form-master to keep up. There were Sixth-Formers at Greyfriars who were much more dignified than Mr. Knutt.

And his evident enjoyment of tea in the study made the juniors enjoy it, too. Their liking for Mr. Knutt was immediate and immense.

Tea proceeded in the highest spirits.

The study was crowded, but the juniors did not mind that, and Mr. Knutt did not appear to mind it, either.

As the study was very full and very warm, the door was left open; and that gave an opportunity to other Remove fellows to come along and see their new master.

And before long there was quite a crowd in the passage, deeply interested in the remarks and proceedings of the amazing Mr. Knutt.

Mr. Knutt appeared to have a healthy appetite. A spread of unusual dimensions had been provided, and the Form-master accepted the many helpings that were pressed upon him from all sides, and "did himself" very well.

"I must say, this is ripping!" said Mr. Knutt, beaming upon the juniors. "You kids seem to have quite a good time here. What?"

"The goodfulness is terrific, honoured sahib!" said Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"Will you try the tarts, sir?"

"What-ho!" said Mr. Knutt.

"May I fill your cup again, sir?"

"Go it!" said Mr. Knutt. "Pour out the Rhine wine—let it flow!"

"We're jolly glad to have you for our Form-master, sir!" said Bob Cherry. "I suppose you play cricket, sir?"

"Play cricket!" smiled Mr. Knutt. "I should say so, by Jove! I played for my college!"

"Did you really, sir?"

"I suppose perhaps I'm a bit different from what you expected—what?" said Mr. Knutt.

"Well, yes, sir," said Harry Wharton. "We heard that the new master was a—a—a bit of a swot, sir, and never expected you'd be a cricketer!"

"You won't find me much of a swot," said Mr. Knutt. "I never was a reading man—never could stand it, you know. I sha'n't make you kids work hard. Plenty of cricket, plenty of rowing, and lots of time in the open air—what? That's my system."

The juniors simply beamed. It was their system, too, if they could have managed it. Mr. Knutt was a Form-master after their own hearts.

"Do the masters play in the teams here?" said Mr. Knutt, showing much interest in the subject of cricket.

"Sometimes, sir; but not much," said Wharton. "Mr. Quelch wasn't a cricketer. It wasn't in his line."

"It's in my line," said Mr. Knutt. "Do you kids mind if I light a cigarette?"

"Not at all, sir!"

Mr. Knutt produced his cigarette-case—a handsome

crocodile case with a crest on it—a very valuable possession for a Form-master. It was full of cigarettes of the most expensive variety. Nugent and Bob Cherry jumped up with matches at once. Mr. Knutt lighted up, and blew out little clouds of smoke.

"Hallo! Smoking in your study, Wharton?" exclaimed Vernon-Smith, coming along the passage and looking in. "Oh, my hat!"

Mr. Knutt nodded affably to the Bounder.

"It's I," he explained. "Ahem! I suppose I'm setting a bad example to you youngsters? You don't smoke, of course?"

"It isn't allowed to boys, sir," said Nugent demurely.

"Quite right, quite right, by Jove!" said Mr. Knutt. "It's a bad thing all round—spoils your wind, and makes you unfit, you know! Knutt always tells me—"

He paused.

The juniors could not help looking at him in surprise as he mentioned his own name.

The new master coloured a little. He had very nearly put his foot in it that time.

"My uncle, you know!" the new master explained, with perfect coolness, after a second's pause. "My Uncle Knutt, you know—very wise old boy, always giving me good advice. It was through him I got the post here, you know, as master of the Remove. But for Uncle Knutt I shouldn't be at Greyminster now."

"Greyfriars, sir."

"Yes, I mean Greyfriars!" Mr. Knutt lighted another cigarette. "Never smoke, my boys—never even when you grow up. It's a waste of money and a waste of strength."

And he blew out smoke cheerfully, evidently not thinking it necessary to take his own advice, good as it was.

Mr. Knutt smoked cigarette after cigarette, lighting one from another, and the study was soon thick with smoke.

The juniors coughed a little, and their eyes smarted a little, but they kept up a heroic appearance of liking it.

There was a stately step in the passage, and Mr. Capper looked in.

"Ahem!" said Mr. Capper. "I heard you were here, Mr. Knutt. I have been anxious to meet you— Goodness gracious!"

Mr. Capper blinked in amazement into the cloud of smoke that surrounded Mr. Knutt.

The new master of the Remove nodded to him.

"Glad to see you!" he exclaimed. "Trot in!"

"Eh?"

"Smoke?" asked Mr. Knutt, extending his cigarette-case towards the astounded master of the Upper Fourth.

"N-nunno!" gasped Mr. Capper.

And without waiting for further words, he rustled away. He had been anxious to meet the young master of arts who had been so distinguished for his learning. But the sight of him in the junior study, with his feet across a chair, and a cloud of smoke around him, astounded Mr. Capper so much that he had to go away to recover himself. And the atmosphere of the study was not inviting by this time.

Mr. Knutt looked into his case again, and found that it was empty.

"Hallo, all gone!" he ejaculated. "And not a cigar left! I smoked the last with Knutt—I mean Uncle Knutt—at Courtfield! Rotten luck!"

"Your uncle came to Courtfield to see you off, sir?" said Harry.

Mr. Knutt chuckled.

"Yes, he saw me off, by Jove—though he really didn't mean to! Ha, ha, ha! Well, I will be travelling now—thank your very much, youngsters—I've enjoyed myself immensely. I think we shall pull together famously. What?"

"Sure of it, sir."

"Yes, rather."

"Hear, hear!"

And Mr. Knutt took his leave. Wharton picked up a sheet of impot. paper and waved it in the air to clear off the thick smoke. Alonzo Todd looked in at the doorway, and blinked in the smoke, and wagged his forefinger reproachfully at Wharton.

"My dear Wharton," said Alonzo, "I am surprised—I may say shocked! I should never have suspected you of smoking in your study like Vernon-Smith."

"Go on!" said Harry.

"I trust you are not taking to bad ways, my dear Wharton. I should be extremely sorry to see you on the downward path. My Uncle Benjamin would be shocked if he could see this study now—nay, disgusted!"

"My dear ass—"

"I saw Loder in the passage, too," said Alonzo. "If Loder should discover the study in this state, Wharton, he would report you to the Head. Indeed, it would be his duty to do so."

The juniors burst into a roar of laughter. Alonzo Todd's mistake was natural, as he had not seen Mr. Knutt in the study.

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"THE SCHOOLBOY SHOPKEEPERS!"

A Splendid Complete Tale of Harry
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NEXT
MONDAY.

The "Magnet"
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ONE
PENNY.

"Don't give us away!" implored Bob Cherry. "Keep the dark and deadly secret, Alonzo!"

"My dear Cherry—"

"Let's make him swear it on the bones of his ancestors!" said Bob, seizing the unfortunate Alonzo by the collar and jerking him into the study.

"Ow! My dear friend—"

The juniors entered into the joke at once. They surrounded Alonzo Todd, who was beginning to look alarmed.

"To your knees!" thundered Wharton.

"My dear Wharton."

"To your knees!"

Alonzo was forced down upon his knees in the middle of the study.

"Now raise your right hand!" ordered Wharton.

"My dear Wharton—" protested Alonzo feebly, as he raised his right hand.

"And now swear—"

"Impossible! I have never done such a thing, and I am shocked and surprised that you should ask me, Wharton! My Uncle Benjamin—"

"Swear—"

"Never! My Uncle Benjamin would be shocked, nay, disgusted, if—"

"Fathead!" roared Wharton. "Swear never to reveal the dread and ghastly secret. By the bones of your aunt's sisters!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, I comprehend now. Certainly, my dear Wharton! I will promise—"

"Swear!"

"I have an objection—"

"Swear or be slaughtered! By the bones of your aunt's sisters, by the noble blood of Todd de Todd, you will never reveal the horrible mystery!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I s-s-s-s-s—" stammered Alonzo.

"Swear!"

"I s-s-swear—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"So I've spotted you, you young scoundrels!" It was Loder's voice, and the prefect looked into the study with glittering eyes. "Smoking—and threatening Todd to make him keep it a secret—eh? You disgusting young rascals! Follow me to the Head at once!"

"I say, Loder—"

"Follow me!" shouted the prefect.

He strode away.

The Co. looked at one another, and then burst into a helpless giggle. Then they followed Loder. They had no objection to following him into the Head's presence, on the charge of smoking in their study. The ludicrousness of Loder's mistake made them chuckle as they followed him.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Not Gully.

L ODER strode on angrily, annoyed by the chuckles of the juniors as they walked after him. He set their merriment down to sheer bravado, and he spitefully determined to make matters as bad as he could for them with the Head. Indeed, if the charge he was about to make had been founded in fact, the matter would have been sufficiently serious. And Loder knew nothing about Mr. Knutt having had tea in No. 1 Study. He was always trying to "catch" No. 1 Study, and he fancied he had caught them at last.

Bob Cherry fell into the prefect's stride, imitating it as he followed him, and the rest of the juniors followed Bob's example.

The sight of six or seven juniors strutting and stalking after the prefect down the long passage to the Head's study made the spectators roar.

"What on earth's the game?" exclaimed Wingate, catching sight of them. "Is that a new variety of here-we-go-gathering-nuts-and-may, Loder?"

Loder looked round, and as he saw the antics of the juniors he scowled ferociously.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I've caught these young scoundrels smoking in their study!" said Loder angrily. "I'm taking them to the Head!"

"Oh, you've been smoking, you kids!"

"No, Wingate," said Harry.

"You lying cub!" said Loder. "Your study fairly reeks with it. Follow me!"

He tapped at the door of the Head's study and entered.

Dr. Locke looked astonished as the crowd of juniors followed the prefect in, like a flock of sheep.

"Dear me! What is the matter, Loder?" said the Head, adjusting his glasses.

"I have brought these boys to you, sir, to deal with. They have been holding a regular orgy in their study—smoking till the place simply reeks with it—"

"Bless my soul! Is it possible?"

"The room is like a pot-house, sir, reeking with smoke, and cigarette-ends everywhere," said Loder. "I thought it my duty to report the matter to you, sir."

"Quite so, Loder. Wharton, I am surprised at this; I should never have suspected you of this conduct. What have you to say?"

"Only that we haven't been smoking, sir."

"What!"

"None of us, sir," said Bob Cherry.

"But Loder says—"

"Loder is mistaken, sir," said Wharton meekly.

The prefect gave a sneering laugh.

"They are not speaking the truth, sir," he said. "I leave it to you, sir, to step along to the study and judge for yourself."

"I shall certainly do so," said the Head.

"But, sir—" began Wharton.

"Enough, Wharton—there is no need for words! I will see for myself," said the Head majestically.

And he left his study, followed by Loder and the juniors. The procession made its way back to No. 1 Study in the Remove passage.

The Head uttered a sharp exclamation as he stepped into the study. He coughed, too. The smoke had by no means cleared off yet. Cigarette-ends lay in the tray on the table, at least seven or eight of them.

Dr. Locke turned a severe glance upon the Removites.

"Wharton, what does this mean? You have denied smoking in your study, and here are the traces of it, plain enough for anyone to see!"

"We haven't been smoking, sir," said Harry meekly. "It was a visitor, sir."

"Indeed! One visitor has smoked all these cigarettes?"

"Yes, sir."

"It is as bad as if you had smoked yourself, Wharton, if you have allowed another boy to smoke in your study!" said the Head sternly.

"But I haven't, sir."

"Do you mean to say that one person smoked cigarettes here against your will—seven or eight cigarettes?"

"Oh, no, sir! But he was a visitor, and we couldn't object."

"No boy has a right to smoke—"

"But it wasn't a boy, sir."

"What! Not a boy! It is surely impossible, Wharton, that your girl friends from Cliff House have been smoking cigarettes here!" exclaimed the Head, aghast.

In spite of their respect for the Head, the juniors could not help grinning at the idea of Marjorie and the Cliff House girls smoking in the study.

"This is not a laughing matter, Wharton!" said the Head angrily.

"Oh, no, sir! But—but it wasn't a girl, sir."

"If it was neither a boy nor a girl, whom could it possibly have been?" demanded the Head, in astonishment.

"A man, sir!"

"Oh!" said Loder.

"A man!" said the Head.

"Oh, I understand! You have been visited by some relative—"

"No, sir. We had a master to tea, sir, and he smoked cigarettes afterwards," said Wharton demurely. "We did not think we had a right, sir, as juniors, to lecture him on the subject."

"Certainly not!" said the Head. "I hope you will never be impertinent enough to criticise the actions of your elders, Wharton."

"Quite so, sir."

"I don't believe them, sir," said Loder, snapping his teeth. "It's an excuse—it's not true. Why couldn't they say so to me, if it was true?"

"Why did you not tell this to Loder, Wharton?"

"He didn't give us a chance, sir. He wouldn't listen to a word, but made us follow him to your study, sir."

"You have been somewhat hasty, Loder," said the Head, frowning.

The prefect knitted his brows.

"I don't believe them, sir!" he said obstinately. "Let them say what master it was. Most of the masters here don't smoke."

GOOD TURNS.—No. 6.



A COUPLE OF SCHOOLBOYS DOING THEIR INVALID UNCLE A REAL GOOD TURN ALONG THE SEA-FRONT.



"Leggo!" roared Bunter. "Ow!" He tore himself away from Loder, giving the prefect a blind drive in the ribs that sent him staggering back. Loder fell heavily into the boat, and Billy Bunter staggered against the gunwale, and shot overboard before he knew his danger. (See Chapter 6.)

"What master was it, Wharton?"

"Our own Form-master, sir."

"Ah! Indeed! Mr. Knutt!"

"Yes, sir. He was kind enough to come to tea with us, sir," said Harry. "If you care to mention it to him, sir, I am sure he will tell you so."

The Head smiled.

"I believe you, Wharton," he said. "I shall mention the matter to Mr. Knutt, but I certainly believe you. Loder, I wish you had taken more trouble to inquire into the matter before you troubled me with it. You have brought me here for nothing, sir, and wasted my time."

And the Head marched majestically out of the study.

The juniors grinned in Loder's face. The prefect was in such a rage that he could hardly contain himself until the Head was gone.

"You young cubs!" said Loder between his teeth. "I'll make you smart for this!"

"Because we haven't smoked?" asked Wharton, in surprise. "Surely you don't want us to do such a naughty thing, Loder?"

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"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Would you like us to follow you to the Head's study again, Loder? Another procession?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The prefect stamped away, and slammed the door after him. A roar of laughter followed him down the passage.

"Poor old Loder!" said Bob Cherry, almost weeping with merriment. "Always on the track of something, and always digging up mares'-nests."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And good old Knutt!" said Wharton. "He's helped us to score off Loder this time, though he doesn't know it. I think the Head will be getting fed up with Loder's reports soon."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the juniors waved papers and books in the air to clear away the smoke left them by Mr. Knutt, chuckling gleefully over the discomfiture of their old enemy, the bully of the Sixth.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.
Caught Bending.

THE Removites took their places in the Form-room on the following morning with mingled feelings. The peculiar characteristics of their new master had surprised them, and they wondered how he would "turn out" in class. Some of them were inclined to "rag" him on account of his youth and evident inexperience; while others wanted to show their appreciation of his good-nature by making things as easy as possible for him. The fellow who was most keenly bent on giving as much trouble as possible was Billy Bunter—on account of the rap on the head he had received in the river when Mr. Knutt had rescued him.

But Harry Wharton & Co., and Peter Todd as well, had talked to Bunter, and impressed upon him that if there were any ventriloquism in the Form-room he would be slaughtered, scalped, boiled in oil, and bumped. And although all those terrible threats were not likely to be carried out, Bunter realised that it would be wiser not to exercise his peculiar gifts on the unsuspecting Mr. Knutt.

Mr. Knutt was a quarter of an hour late to lessons, the juniors filling up the interval by playing leap-frog in the Form-room.

They were going strong when the Form-room door opened to admit the new master.

"Tuck in your tuppenny, Bunter!" Bob Cherry was roaring.

Mr. Knutt paused in the doorway to survey the scene, and grinned.

"Go it, Cherry!"

"My turn. Keep still!"

"Tuck in your tuppenny!"

"Cave!" gasped Wharton, catching sight of the Form-master in the doorway.

The leap-froggers straightened up at once in dismay.

"Ahem!" said Wharton.

Mr. Knutt laughed.

"Don't let me interrupt you, youngsters," he said. "That's a healthy exercise. Gad! I'll join you if you like."

"Wha-a-a-at!"

"You, sir?"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"Go it, sir!" shouted Bob Cherry, in great delight. "Down again, you fellows! Tuck in your tuppennies!"

And the game was resumed.

Mr. Knutt joined in the game with great spirit.

Master and pupils flew about the room in the joys of leap-frog, with yells of laughter.

The boys enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Astounded as they were by the extraordinary conduct of their Form-master, there was no doubt that they liked him wonderfully well. Leap-frog was better than Latin any day.

There was a considerable din in the Form-room. A desk had been knocked over, and two or three fellows sprawled in their jumps and rolled on the floor.

The Form-room door opened in the midst of the excitement, and Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, looked in.

Mr. Knutt was just bending, and Harry Wharton's hands were on his back, and he flew over just as Mr. Prout looked in, landing before the astonished master of the Fifth.

Mr. Knutt's head being down, he did not see Mr. Prout, and the juniors were not disposed to stop their game, as they had their own master's authority to continue it.

Therefore, the whole line rushed on, leaping over Mr. Knutt in turn, and landing before Mr. Prout, bending in their turn to give their followers the jump.

Mr. Prout could not speak. He could only gaze upon the scene like a man in a dream.

In the absence of a master, unruly boys sometimes played leap-frog in the Form-room, but in the presence of a master, and with the master himself joining in the game, it was so incredible that Mr. Prout pinched himself to ascertain that he was awake.

Junior after junior vaulted over the bending form of Mr. Knutt.

Mr. Capper came out of his own room, and joined the Fifth Form-master, looking in to see what the unaccustomed disturbance was about. He had fancied that the new master was having trouble with the Remove. He almost fainted as he saw what was going on.

"Goodness gracious!" he murmured.

"M-m-my word!" stuttered Mr. Prout.

"If the Head should see it——"

"Good heavens!"

Mr. Twigg, the master of the Third, was attracted to the spot by the noise, and he also stared in, dumbfounded.

Fortunately, the Sixth Form-room was at some distance, THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 289.

and the Head did not hear those unaccustomed sounds of revelry.

"Go it!"

"Tuck in your tuppenny!"

"Pile in!"

"Hurrah!"

"Bless my soul!" stammered Mr. Twigg. "Can I believe my eyes? Is that really Mr. Knutt playing at leap-frog with the juniors?"

"It must be a dream!" said Mr. Capper dazedly. "A horrible dream! I refuse to credit the evidence of my eyes!"

"Extraordinary!" said Mr. Prout. "Amazing! Inexplicable! Unparalleled!"

The last junior being over, Mr. Knutt rose upright, to take his turn again at running and jumping. Then he caught sight of the three astounded masters staring in at the open door.

"Gad!" ejaculated the new master.

"Mr. Knutt!"

"Sir?"

"For goodness' sake—if the Head should see this—remember yourself, sir!" ejaculated Mr. Twigg, in horrified agitation.

"You chaps playing?" asked Mr. Knutt, innocently.

"What!" shrieked the three Form-masters together.

"Good exercise, by Jove!" said Mr. Knutt. "It's a long time since I've played leap-frog—I used to play it at Eton. begad. Come on!"

"Wha-a-at! What!"

"Tuck in your tuppennies!" said Mr. Knutt.

"My dear sir!" said Mr. Prout, with dignity; "you forget yourself! If the Head should see—this revolting exhibition, he would request you to leave Greyfriars! My dear Mr. Knutt, you are very young, certainly, but—but really, pray recollect yourself——"

"Oh, by Jove!" said Mr. Knutt, in dismay. "Quite right, my dear sir, quite right. Thank you for reminding me, by Jove! Boys, go to your places at once! Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir!" said the Removites.

They went to their places. The three Form-masters, exchanging hopelessly amazed looks, departed, talking together in whispers. Mr. Knutt was looking dismayed and penitent.

"This won't do—this won't do!" he said, as the Form-room door closed on the three astounded masters. "Not a bit of it! We're here to work, I believe. Let's work!"

And the Removites chuckled as they prepared to work with their amazing master.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.
Easy Lessons.

MR. KNUTT fumbled over Mr. Quelch's desk, perhaps looking for some assistance in his task. The Removites watched him curiously. It was quite clear to them that the new master was utterly without experience, and did not know how to begin. Mr. Knutt found a book at last, and opened it with a great assumption of dignity and gravity.

"First lesson is French, I suppose?" he asked.

"Monsieur Carpentier gives us French lessons, sir," said Harry Wharton, "we have two hours a week at French, sir."

"Well, I'm new to this, you know," said Mr. Knutt, confidentially. "I depend on you young fellows to help me out, you know."

"Oh, yes, sir!" chorussed the delighted Removites.

"The Head expects us to work," said Mr. Knutt, gravely. "Of course we must work. That is really what we're here for, by Jove!"

"Certainly, sir."

"Did you prepare your lessons last night?" asked Mr. Knutt, with some faint recollection of his own schooldays.

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Then what ought we to be doing now?" asked Mr. Knutt, cheerfully.

The juniors grinned joyfully.

"We begin by playing noughts-and-crosses, sir," said Vernon-Smith.

"Gad! Do you really?" asked Mr. Knutt.

"Yes, sir; or draughts——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We're doing Cæsar, sir," said Harry Wharton, with a warning glance at the Bounder. "You'll find a Cæsar in Mr. Quelch's desk, sir."

"Good egg!" said Mr. Knutt. "We'll simply grind at it. I must try to do my duty by the Head! I don't want to give the old sport any reason to complain."

And he discovered a Cæsar in the desk, and started.

"Gallia est omnia divisa in partes tres—"

"We're further on than that, sir," said Nugent, demurely. Mr. Knutt shook his head.

"Better to begin at the beginning," he said, wisely.

"But we've done that with Mr. Quelch, sir," said Mark Linley.

"Never mind—you'll learn more by going over it again. Now, what does that mean in English! Don't all speak at once."

"Gaul was anciently thickly covered with trees!" said the Bounder.

"Was it really?" asked Mr. Knutt.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go on, my lad—you're a bright boy," said Mr. Knutt, who evidently had no suspicion of the ridiculous nature of Vernon-Smith's translation. "What does the next bit mean—Quarum unam incolunt Belgae?"

"Where there were heaps of monkeys!" said Vernon-Smith. "Is that right, sir?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Knutt, turning a wise look upon the page; "go on—we're getting on famously. What's the next—Aliam Aquitani?"

"And elephants!" said the Bounder.

The juniors could restrain themselves no longer. A yell of laughter rang through the Form-room.

Mr. Knutt looked surprised, and then he seemed to understand. Perhaps, too, utterly as he had forgotten his Latin, some glimmering of it came back again as he looked at the lines familiar to every schoolboy.

"Ahem! I think you are off-side there," he remarked. "I shall have to no-ball you, Jones—"

"Vernon-Smith, sir!"

"Yes, I mean Smith. Carton, please construe."

As there was no one of the name of Carton in the Remove, Harry Wharton rose to obey. Mr. Knutt had a peculiar trick of forgetting names, which reminded the fellows of Lord Mauleverer of the Remove. Harry Wharton construed well; he had no intention of pulling the leg of the good-natured Form-master.

"I'll tell you what!" said Mr. Knutt, "you are doing this uncommonly well, Carter—uncommonly well. You shall take the class for a bit, and I'll look on, and—and give you a tip whenever you are off-side."

"Certainly, sir," said Wharton.

He had an idea that he could have given Mr. Knutt more tips than Mr. Knutt could have given him, but he did not say so.

He cheerfully took the class, which he was quite qualified to do, being the best Latin scholar in the Remove, with the exception of Linley.

Mr. Knutt looked on with approval.

He made a few interruptions, feeling called upon as a Form-master to do so, but his remarks showed such a state of hopeless ignorance on the subject that the Remove could not help laughing, and he soon left it all to Wharton.

"Keep it up, my boy," he said, when Wharton turned to him at last. "Keep it up! You're making a ripping innings."

"What about next lesson, sir?"

"Ahem! What's next lesson this morning?"

"Roman history, sir."

"H'm! Very well, we'll take Roman history next. You may go to your place, Carter; you have done very well, indeed; you are a credit to Greyminster."

And Harry Wharton went grinning to his place.

The juniors waited cheerfully for the Roman history. They were amused, but more astounded than amused. They had heard of Mr. Knutt as a gentleman of vast intellectual attainments; a man with the reputation of a "swot," who could expound difficult passages in Aeschylus "on his head," so to speak. To find him utterly ignorant of so simple and common a schoolbook as the "Gallic War" of Cæsar was amazing.

"Now, we'll begin at the beginning," said Mr. Knutt; "Rome—I suppose you chaps know what Rome is?"

"Yes, sir," said the Bounder. "It's a verb, sir!"

"A—a what?"

"I roam, thou roamest, he roams," said Vernon-Smith.

"Quite right, my lad, and a very good answer; but I was not alludin' to the verb. Rome is a city!"

"Is it really, sir?" asked several juniors, affecting surprise.

"Just so! A jolly place, too," said Mr. Knutt, reminiscently. "You can get some huntin' there, and there are ruins and things. But, of course, we are dealin' with ancient Rome. Rome was founded a jolly long time ago, in the year something-or-other, by what's-his-name."

"Shall we write that down, sir?" asked Bulstrode.

"Certainly. Nothin' like writin' a thing down to fix it on the memory," said the new master, innocently. "Now, after Rome was founded by Thingummy, they had a war with the what-d'ye-call-'ems."

"Good!"

"Hear, hear!"

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"They had a very wise king named—named—named What's-his-name," said Mr. Knutt. "He was killed by Somebody-or-other, and Thingummy drove over his body as it lay somewhere or other, and the wheels of the what-d'ye-call-it were splashed with his blood."

"Oh, good, sir. We never used to get information like this from Mr. Quelch," said the Bounder.

"And after that," resumed Mr. Knutt, searching his memory, "there was a Roman Empire—I dare say you have heard of that?"

"I believe it's been mentioned, sir," said Bolsover major.

"Which must not be confused with the Empire Music-hall in London," said Mr. Knutt; "that's more in my line, I must say. Empires in those days were quite a different matter. Now, the Roman Empire was built—I mean founded—by—by Thingummy."

"Was Thingummy the first Emperor, sir?"

"Exactly."

"Was he called Thingummy the First, sir?"

Mr. Knutt coughed.

"That's enough Roman history," he said. "I don't believe in cramming. The class will now rest for half-an-hour."

"Oh, good!"

"I say, sir, you are a splendid master; we like you ever so much better than Mr. Quelch, sir."

"I have my own methods," said Mr. Knutt, with dignity. "I order the class to rest for half-an-hour now. Don't make too much row."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The class rested for half-an-hour with great willingness.

Mr. Knutt sat down on the Form-master's chair, and rested his feet on the desk, and lighted a cigarette.

The boys broke into talk, and the Form-room was soon in a buzz, but the Form-master did not seem to mind.

He joined in when Harry Wharton & Co. began to talk cricket, and he showed a knowledge of that great game that far exceeded his knowledge of Latin or Roman history.

The juniors listened to him with great respect, and the conversation glided on pleasantly till a bell rang, and the sound could be heard of boys pouring out of the other Form-rooms.

"Hallo! Time to clear—eh?" said Mr. Knutt.

"Yes, sir."

The new master rose and yawned.

"Well, buzz off, then! I think we've had a very pleasant morning."

"Oh, yes, sir! Ripping, sir! I wish you could always be our Form-master, sir!" said Frank Nugent.

"Ah, I'm sorry it's only for a time!" said Mr. Knutt. "I never thought it was so easy. Now you youngsters can buzz off! I mean, dismiss!"

And the juniors dismissed, chuckling. Mr. Knutt assumed a grave demeanour as he came out of the Form-room. The Head encountered him a few minutes later, and paused to inquire how he had got on with the Lower Fourth.

"Are your class giving you any trouble, Mr. Knutt?" he asked.

"Not at all, sir," said Mr. Knutt.

"They have been very troublesome during the absence of Mr. Quelch," said Dr. Locke. "I was afraid you would find them a little out of hand at first."

"Not in the least, sir," said Mr. Knutt. "I am getting on with them famously. I think I may say they seem to have taken a liking to me."

"Ah! Doubtless owing to the rescue of Bunter," said the Head. "That was a very fortunate circumstance. I am very glad to see that you are popular with the boys, Mr. Knutt. It will make your work with them much easier."

"Yes; I agree with you, sir—though I do not anticipate any difficulty in such simple work," said Mr. Knutt.

"If you would care to lunch with me, Mr. Knutt, we might have a little chat about the works of Aeschylus—your favourite author," said the Head kindly.

Mr. Knutt's jaw dropped.

"Thank you, sir! I shall be—be delighted!" he gasped.

"Then I shall expect you," said the Head.

Mr. Knutt went out into the Close—not looking delighted.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Loder Gets a Licking.

"I—I say, Loder!"

Loder, of the Sixth, looked round with a scowling brow as Billy Bunter addressed him. The prefect was on the landing-raft by the river, about to enter his skiff, to take a row down the river before dinner.

"Well, you fat rotter!" said Loder. "Have you come to ask for a licking for the trick you played on me yesterday?"

Bunter backed away.

"Oh, really, Loder! You know Mr. Knutt said you were

to pay for my glasses. I shall want ten-and-six out of you!" Loder laughed grimly.
 "Wait till you get it!" he said.
 Bunter blinked at him through his big spectacles.
 "But I say, Loder, I must have it, you know. I'm wearing my second pair of glasses now, and suppose anything should happen to them? I've got to get another pair, you know, and you've got to pay for 'em! Mr. Knutt said——"
 "Blow Mr. Knutt!"
 "Look here, Loder, you're going to pay—you're not going to swindle me! Ow! Leggo!"
 The Sixth-Former caught the fat junior by the collar, and Bunter wriggled in his grasp. Loder's face was dark with anger.
 "You fat rotter!" he said between his teeth. "You caused that upset on purpose yesterday! I'm not going to give you ten-and-six, but I'm going to give you a hiding! See?"
 "Oh, really, Loder—— I—I—— Oh! Yah! Help! Rescue! Oh! Ow!"
 Smack, smack, smack!
 Billy Bunter roared and struggled in the grasp of the bully of the Sixth.
 A voice was heard on the other side of the boat-house.
 "This way, sir! Here's the boathouse, and——"
 The Removites were showing their new master round.
 "Great Scott! What's that hullabaloo?" exclaimed Mr. Knutt, as he strode round the building, just as Loder's hand descended upon Bunter's fat person again.
 "Ow!" roared Bunter. "I'm hurt—I'm injured! Help! He's whacking me because I asked him for the money for my glasses! You said he was to pay, sir——"
 Mr. Knutt knit his brows as he strode up to the Sixth-Former.
 "Release that boy instantly, Powder!"
 "My name's Loder!" growled the prefect, as he released the Owl of the Remove, who promptly sidled behind Mr. Knutt.
 "Yes: I mean Loder! You have no right to strike a boy in that brutal manner!"
 "I have a right as a prefect to correct the juniors!" said Loder, scowling. "Bunter was checking me!"

"Don't dare to argue with me—a Form-master!" said Mr. Knutt grandly.
 Loder sneered.
 "I haven't much to learn from a Form-master who plays leap-frog in the Form-room with a pack of kids!" he said insolently.
 "You are impertinent!"
 "Report me to the Head, then!" sneered Loder. "He would be interested to hear what I could tell him about the way you conduct your class, too!"
 "Shut up, Loder!" said Harry Wharton.
 Mr. Knutt looked steadily at Loder. The young man was no taller than the prefect, and Loder, indeed, was heavier and more muscular. The consciousness of greater weight and stature made Loder assume an almost bullying manner towards the young master. He felt that he could have licked Mr. Knutt if he had wanted to, and that feeling made him insolent—for the new master was lacking in the personal gravity and dignity which should have impressed all the boys, big and little, with respect.
 "You are insolent!" said Mr. Knutt.
 Loder shrugged his shoulders with more insolence than ever.
 Mr. Knutt's eyes sparkled.
 "If I were not a master here, I would give you a thrashing!" he said.
 Loder laughed.
 "If you were not a master here, I would wipe up the ground with you!" he said.
 "By Jove! Would you?"
 "Yes, I would!"
 "Gad, I'll give you a chance, then!" Mr. Knutt tossed aside his gown and his coat, and put up his hands in a scientific manner. "Come on!"
 "What!" gasped Loder, astounded at being taken at his word.
 "Put up your hands!" said Mr. Knutt cheerfully. "I'm going to thrash you, Loder! You are a bully, and a licking will do you good!"
 "Great Scott!" said the astounded Loder. "What sort of a queer fish——"
 "Hurray!" roared the juniors. "Go it, sir!"

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The juniors were as astounded as Loder by their Form-master's offer to fight the prefect. But they were delighted, too. Mr. Knutt mightn't be a scholar, but he looked like a boxing-man, and a licking for Loder would have delighted the hearts of all the junior boys at Greyfriars.

Mr. Knutt was growing more and more extraordinary, but he was certainly growing more and more popular at the same time.

"You—you can't mean it?" gasped Loder at last.

"I do! Come on!"

"Don't funk it, Loder!" yelled the juniors.

The prefect scowled.

"I'll come on fast enough, Mr. Knutt, and lick you, too!" he exclaimed. "But it's understood that I'm not to be held responsible for striking a master."

"That's all right!" said Mr. Knutt. "Gad, I should like a little mill more than anything else! And you deserve a licking!"

Loder threw off his coat and cap.

"You won't find it so jolly easy to lick me!" he growled.

"Come on, then!"

Loder came on fast enough, as he said. He disliked Mr. Knutt very much, and he was glad enough to have a chance at him, without the responsibility being laid upon him. For a boy to strike a master was, of course, to ask for expulsion from the school. But since Mr. Knutt himself had given the challenge, Loder was in no danger on that score.

The juniors gathered round in a delighted ring. The boathouse and the trees screened the scene from the school, and there was little danger of interruption. Seniors as well as juniors gathered round as the news spread that Loder was fighting a Form-master.

Mr. Knutt quickly showed that he knew how to box.

He stopped Loder's fierce rush with a drive on the chest that sent the prefect staggering backwards.

There was a cheer from the Removites.

"Well hit!"

"Bravo, the Nut!"

"Go it, Nutty!"

Loder came on again fiercely, and then the fight was hard. Loder was a powerful fellow, and he knew something about boxing.

But Mr. Knutt, if not so burly as Loder, was more scientific, and the gleam in his eyes showed how he enjoyed the scrimmage.

He received Loder's heavy fist full on the nose, and hardly flinched, and seemed not to notice the thin stream of red that ran down to the corner of his mouth.

Loder received a drive in the eye in exchange which caused that optic to keep on blinking in a curious manner, as if he were winking at his foe.

There were no rounds, and the fighting was fast and hard.

Mr. Knutt did not escape without punishment, but Loder was evidently getting the worst of it almost from the start.

But the prefect held out well, and fought on savagely.

If he could not lick the master, he hoped at least to mark him—such marks being certain to make matters very awkward for a man in Mr. Knutt's position.

"What on earth's the matter here?" Wingate exclaimed, dashing up to see what the crowd had collected before the boathouse for. "Why—My hat! Loder! Mr. Knutt!"

The captain of Greyfriars broke off in sheer astonishment.

"It's all right, Wingate!" said Bob Cherry cheerily. "The Nut is licking Loder—he's been asking for it!"

"But—but—" gasped Wingate. "Mr. Knutt—remember—good heavens!"

Crash!

Gerald Loder rolled at Wingate's feet, stretched there by a powerful upper-cut. He lay gasping, on one elbow, evidently finished.

Mr. Knutt dabbed at his nose.

"Had enough?" he asked cheerfully.

"Yes," groaned Loder. "Yes, hang you!"

"No malice, you know," said Mr. Knutt, more like a schoolboy than ever. "Jump up, and give me your fin!"

"Bravo, Nutty!"

Loder staggered to his feet, but he did not accept Mr. Knutt's offer to shake hands. He donned his jacket slowly and painfully, and turned away with a scowl.

"Well, I'll be blowed!" ejaculated the astounded Wingate, staring after Mr. Knutt as he left the spot, blankly.

But the juniors gave a ringing cheer for the victor in that extraordinary combat.

"Bravo, Nutty!"

"Hurrah for the Nut!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 239.

EVERY
MONDAY,

The "Magnet"
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ONE
PENNY.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Uncle Knutt.

"LOVELACE, you—you must be insane!"

The new master of the Remove started. He had gone down the towing-path after leaving the crowd before the boathouse, to bathe his face in the river before returning to the school. Even the thoughtless and inconsequential young man felt the impossibility of presenting himself in Greyfriars with a nose streaming red.

The boys had refrained from following him, and the new master was alone, stooping in the shade of a group of willows, dabbling his streaming nose with water, when the voice broke upon his ears.

Mr. Knutt—the genuine Mr. Knutt—stood beside him. The face of the tutor was deeply agitated, and he was looking at Lord Charles with an expression of horror.

The young man nodded to him coolly.

"Hallo! You here, uncle?" he said. It was a playful custom of Lord Charles to address his tutor and companion as "uncle."

"Yes, yes! You have been fighting—fighting with a boy of Greyfriars!"

"You saw it?"

"Yes, yes!"

"It was a fair fight, and a good scrimmage, uncle," said the young man, laughing. "He was taller and heavier than I was. But I licked him."

"Lovelace! How could you be so—so insane? How have you been conducting yourself at the school?"

"More popular with the boys than you would have been, Uncle Knutt," grinned the scapegrace. "I'm getting on famously. But what are you doing here? I thought you went back from Courtfield when I left you yesterday."

The tutor made an impatient gesture.

"Did you think I could go away quietly and leave you to carry out such a hare-brained scheme? I have put up at the inn in Friardale."

"As Lord Charles Lovelace, I hope?"

"Nonsense! Under my own name, of course."

"Well, it's all serene. I've mentioned my Uncle Knutt to the boys," said the young man, with a chuckle. "You won't give me away."

"I cannot allow this to go on."

"You're not thinking of denouncing an old pal as an impostor, I suppose?" grinned his lordship. "Besides, it's too late now. I'm known at Greyminster—I mean Greyfriars—and you're not. I should denounce you!"

"You—you ridiculous young ass—" gasped the tutor.

"Pile in!" said Lord Charles, with undiminished good humour. "I deserve it all, I know. If you want to do me a good turn, keep a distance from the school. If any of the kids find us together, mind what you say."

"Lovelace—"

"Does my nose look better?" asked the young man, dabbing it with his handkerchief.

"Never mind your nose. Will you withdraw from this ridiculous imposture? I will make what explanations I can to Dr. Locke—"

"By Jove! No. I'm safe here."

"You are not safe from your creditors, if that is what you mean," said the tutor. "I have seen one of your money-lending friends in the village this morning. In fact, I came near the school to-day chiefly in the hope of seeing you, to warn you."

"Which one was it?" asked the other, with interest. "Ikey Solomons, or Israel Gordon, or Peter Schaumitz, or—"

"It was Isaacs."

Lord Charles groaned.

"The worst of the lot!" he said. "I'm in for it. But he doesn't know I'm at the school, and you won't let on."

"Isaac Isaacs knows everything," said Mr. Knutt. "Probably he has learned of my appointment, and may guess that you are here with me. You may have been watched leaving London. I fancy he has some legal document to serve upon you."

"Oh, my hat!" said the master of the Remove.

"You see, you must leave Greyfriars at once."

"No fear! The boys all like me, and they'll stand by me, and if Isaacs comes here I'll get them to duck him!" said the Remove-master confidently.

The tutor almost tore his hair with dismay.

"Lord Charles! Charlie old man, don't be an ass! I tell you—"

"That's all right—that's all right!" said the young man soothingly. "You leave me to take care of Ikey Isaacs. Mind your eye, now—here come some of the kids!"

Some of the Removites appeared on the towing-path.

"Here we are again!" said the new Form-master cheerily. "This is my Uncle Knutt."
 "Glad to see you, sir!" said Wharton, raising his cap. The tutor gasped.
 "I—I am not—" he stuttered.
 "Good-bye, uncle!" interrupted the young man loudly, stopping the tutor's untimely revelations. "Must get back to the school. Lunching with the Head, you know—we're going to talk about Aeschylus, my favourite author."
 "Good heavens!"
 The young man shook the elder's hand heartily.
 "Good-bye, and take care of yourself, uncle!" he said affectionately.
 And he walked away with the juniors, leaving the genuine and unfortunate Mr. Knutt standing rooted to the towing-path, speechless.
 "Does my nose look very bad, kids?" asked the Form-master, as he walked back to the school with Harry Wharton & Co.
 The juniors smiled.
 "Only a trifle swollen, sir," said Bob Cherry.
 "I wonder if you youngsters would do me a favour?" said the young man, glancing at the juniors in a thoughtful way.
 "Anything, Mr. Knutt!" said the Removites, all at once.
 "Of course, it's a dead secret I'm going to tell you."
 "Yes, sir!"
 "There's a man looking for me—a little beaky man named Isaacs—I owe him some money," said Mr. Knutt cheerfully.
 "He's a moneylender, you know."
 "Oh!"
 "He's going to serve some paper or other on me if he finds me—and I don't want him to do that."
 "Great Scott!"
 "Now, suppose you boys keep your eyes open, and if you see a beaky little man hanging about the school, duck him in the fountain, or chuck him into a ditch!"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Will you do that for me?" asked Mr. Knutt genially.
 "Yes, rather, sir!"
 "The ratherfulness is terrific."
 "Hear, hear!"
 "Thanks awfully!" said Mr. Knutt. "The chap's an awful rascal, you know, and I don't want to be bothered with him. I've told him a lot of times that I can't pay him, so it's obstinate and absurd of him to go on bothering me in this way."
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "If he's a moneylender, and has been getting you into his clutches, sir," said Wharton. "He deserves all he can get—and he'll get it in the neck if he comes here."
 "That's right! Thanks awfully, by Jove!"
 And Mr. Knutt nodded genially to the juniors, and went in at the school gates. Harry Wharton & Co. paused, and regarded one another, grinning.
 "Did you ever hear of a Form-master quite like that?" exclaimed Bob Cherry.
 "Well, hardly ever!" murmured Nugent.
 "The hardly-everfulness is terrific!"
 "He does fairly take the cake," said Johnny Bull. "But I like him. He's got a lot of confidence in us."
 "Yes, rather; that's ripping of him."
 "Rotten shame that he should be dunned by a beastly moneylender!" said Tom Brown, the New Zealand junior.
 "Let's tell the fellows, and keep watch for the beast."
 "That's the programme."
 "Hallo, here's Knutt's uncle!"
 The tutor came up hurriedly. His face was worried and distressed, as was not surprising under the circumstances. The juniors saluted him respectfully. They were prepared to like the popular Form-master's uncle.
 "My dear boys!" gasped the tutor, "I understand you belong to the Remove to—to Mr. Knutt's Form?"
 "Your nephew's form, sir," said Harry Wharton, "that's right."
 Mr. Knutt the genuine gasped.
 "M-m-my nephew! E-e-exactly. Would you mind telling me how you get on with my—my nephew in class?"
 "Oh, rippingly, sir!"
 "Splendidly!" said Tom Brown.
 "And you—you progress as usual with your lessons?" stammered the tutor.
 "Better than ever, sir!" said Nugent. "We've never enjoyed a morning's lessons as we did this morning, sir!"
 "But—but did you learn anything?"
 "Yes; we learned a lot of new things about the history of Rome, sir," grinned Johnny Bull.
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "And we had a ripping game of leap-frog," said Tom Brown.
 "Leap-frog?" shrieked the tutor.

"Yes, sir!"
 "Did he—he—did Mr. Knutt play leap-frog in the Form-room?"
 "Certainly, sir! He's a regular sport! Why, what's the matter?"
 Mr. Knutt did not reply. He clutched at his hair, and rushed away, and the juniors gazed after him in consternation.
 "Potty!" said Tom Brown.
 "He doesn't approve of his nephew's methods," remarked Nugent. "Very affectionate old uncle, anxious to see how the young man's getting on, I suppose. He doesn't look much older than his nephew, does he?"
 "Some uncles aren't any older than their nephews," said Nugent. "Depends on the age of their parents, you see. Must say he's a rather young uncle—but he's solemn enough to be a double-barrelled uncle. Very kind of him to take such an interest in the Nut. But we're going to look after the Nut, and if Mister Isaacs comes along we'll scalp him!"
 "Hear, hear!"
 And the word was passed round in the Remove, and there were many watchful eyes on the look-out for a little beaky man—and if a little beaky man showed up in the neighbourhood of Greyfriars that day, that beaky little man was likely to feel exceedingly sorry for himself!

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER. Plenty of French.

AFTERNOON lessons were a joy to the Remove. As a rule, the bell called in a crowd of reluctant juniors, who would much rather have remained on the cricket-pitch, or the river, or in the Close.
 But matters were different now. Under Mr. Knutt's new methods, class-work was no longer hard or heavy. Roman history from Mr. Knutt was as good as any ordinary Punch-and-Judy show, as Bob Merry remarked.
 The Head happened to see the Remove going in, with bright and cheerful faces, and he gave a nod and a smile of approval.
 It was clear that the Removites liked their new Form-master, and were glad to go into lessons; and the Head was glad to see it. He had feared that the young man might have some trouble with the unruly Form, especially after the painful experiences of Mr. Capper. But there was no sign of trouble; as the poet says, all was calm and bright.
 The Head wondered how Mr. Knutt had succeeded so soon in getting the restive Remove into hand; but he did not suspect his methods.
 There were one or two other points about Mr. Knutt that surprised the Head. He had asked the new master to lunch principally to talk Greek Tragic Poets with him—a subject upon which Mr. Knutt was supposed to be especially strong. Mr. Capper had been there, and he was prepared to sustain the Head's attack, as it were, and take Mr. Knutt between two fires.
 But Mr. Knutt had jibbed at Aeschylus.
 He had persisted in talking cricket. The Head was willing to discuss that great game, having been a cricketer in his youth, but Mr. Capper was bored. Both of them tried to bring the talk round the Aeschylus. Mr. Capper would remark:
 "Yes, as you say, speaking of late cuts, I was going to remark about the Seven Against Thebes—"
 To which Mr. Knutt would rejoin with perfect calmness:
 "Yes; but, Aeschylus apart, did you ever see Fry?"
 And Mr. Knutt had escaped from the luncheon-table, finally, without betraying his ignorance of Aeschylus, and all his works.
 The Head attributed this reserve to modesty. He did not know the young man!
 Mr. Knutt came into the Form-room with a cheerful smile, and a slight swelling on his nose. He gave the juniors a cordial nod.
 "Lemme see, you have French this afternoon, I think," he remarked.
 "Next lesson, sir," said Wharton.
 "Oh, good! Instead of the first lesson, we will take a little rest," said Mr. Knutt. "I suppose you fellows don't object?"
 "Not at all, sir!"
 "No fear!"
 "The willingness of our esteemed selves, honoured sahib, is terrific!"
 Mr. Knutt put his feet on the desk and lighted a cigarette. He drew a newspaper from his pocket, and began to scan it, and the Remove were left to their own devices. There was a bang in the Form as a junior spotted the fact that the paper Mr. Knutt was reading was a sporting paper, and that the

part he was reading gave the ages and weights of certain "geogees" for a certain race.

The juniors could not help staring at him, then. Betting on horses was so utterly beyond the "limit" in the school that they were astounded. Any boy found betting at Greyfriars was certain of being flogged or expelled; and a master similarly engaged would undoubtedly have been requested to resign—without the option of refusal.

And here was their amazing new master consulting betting lists in the open Form-room, before the astonished eyes of his pupils.

"Well, this takes the giddy cake!" murmured Vernon-Smith. "By George! I fancy I could get on with that chap, after all."

"It is shocking!" said Alonzo Todd. "My Uncle Benjamin would be shocked—nay, disgusted. My dear Peter, perhaps it would be beneficial if I should speak a few words in season to Mr. Knutt, and warn him of the error of his ways."

"Shurrup, fathead!" said Peter Todd.
"Silly ass!" said Bob Cherry. "Don't start him using the cane. We're getting on famously as it is; and it's his own business."

"But, really, my dear Peter—"
The Bounder rose in his place.
"If you please, sir—" he said.
Mr. Knutt looked up from his pink paper.
"Yes, Jones?" he said.

"Ahem! Vernon-Smith, sir; that's my name. I see you are reading one of my favourite papers, sir. Would you mind giving me your opinion of the chances of Bonny Boy for the Milford Handicap?"

The Remove simply gasped. Vernon-Smith was known to have a nerve of iron; but this simply took the juniors' breath away.

But Mr. Knutt did not seem to notice anything peculiar in such a question from a junior schoolboy to his Form-master.

"No go!" he said emphatically. "Bonny Boy will be scratched. The same stable is running Highland Mary, and Highland Mary will romp home!"

"Oh, crumbs!" murmured Bob Cherry.
"You'd recommend me to put my little bit on Highland Mary, sir?" asked the Bounder coolly.
"Yes, by gad!" said Mr. Knutt. "Highland Mary's the dark horse in that race. I'm going to have a pony on it myself."

The horrified looks of the Removites seemed to recall Mr. Knutt to himself. He coloured a little, and thrust the paper into his pocket.

"Ahem!" he said. "I—I mean, of course, that—that—of course—under the circumstances—I was thinkin'—ahem—what?"

"Yes, sir?" said Vernon-Smith.
"You may sit down, Jones!"
Fortunately, at that moment Monsieur Charpentier, the French master, came in, and Mr. Knutt was relieved from his embarrassment.

Mr. Knutt hailed the French master with delight.
"This is where you come in, Monsieur Chumchum?" he said.

"Charpentier, Monsieur Knutt," said the little Frenchman courteously.
"Yes, I mean Charpentier. Go in and win, monsieur; you will find my class very attentive and—and eager to learn, by Jove! What?"

"Zat is very good news for me," said the French master. "It is not often zat I find ze Remove in zat frame of brain." Monsieur Charpentier meant frame of mind; but his English was not much better than the Remove's French.

"Pile in!" said Mr. Knutt. "I'll look on. Don't work the youngsters too hard, you know. I'm no believer in swottin'."

"Mon Dieu!" murmured the surprised Frenchman.
However, he piled in. Mr. Knutt sat on Mr. Quelch's desk, and swung his legs as the French master took the Remove in hand. Half an hour was the time allowed that afternoon to the language of la belle France; but when the time was up, Mr. Knutt addressed the French master very earnestly.

"Are you very busy this afternoon, monsieur?" he asked.
"Non, monsieur; zis is ze last of my lessons."
"Then you might go on," said Mr. Knutt. "My opinion is that the juniors don't get enough French. They ought to have more instruction in that lovely language, you know. What?"

"Mais, monsieur—"
"Oh, do pile in, monsieur. I'm simply enjoying it myself. It's such a pleasure to hear the real, genuine Parisian accent."

Monsieur Charpentier bowed, highly flattered.
"Mais—but—ze ozzer lessons!" he murmured.
"Not important at all, in comparison with French!" said Mr. Knutt. "If you'd do me a great favour, monsieur,

you'd pile in and give the kids some more French. I—I like to hear you doing it."

"I shall ave ze grand pleasure," said Monsieur Charpentier. "If you zink zat he is all right zat I do so."

"Right as rain!"

"Zen I continue."

And Monsieur Charpentier continued. Mr. Knutt, with great skill, headed him off, so to speak, whenever he hinted that he had done enough, and the result was that Monsieur Charpentier was kept in the Form-room till afternoon lessons were over. It was the longest French lesson the Remove had ever had, but as it warded off more troublesome lessons, they did not mind.

When the hour of dismissal came master and pupils parted on the best of terms. The juniors chuckled as they left the Form-room.

"The Nut is a regular k-nut!" said Bob Cherry. "But I can't make him out. He knows no more about our lessons than a kid in the Second Form. How on earth did he get the job?"

"Blessed if I know!" said Nugent. "But I'm jolly glad he got it!"

"Hear, hear!"
The Removites were all agreed upon that point.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

"Duck Him!"

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"
"There he is!"
"We've spotted him!"

The exclamations came from a group of Removites outside the gates of Greyfriars. Harry Wharton & Co.—and, in fact, nearly half the Remove—had taken up their stations there, to watch for the enemy. They were determined that the little beaky gentleman of the name of Isaacs, if he came to Greyfriars, should not be allowed to worry Mr. Knutt. And now, as they watched the road, there came into sight a little man whose description exactly accorded with that given by their Form-master of his troublesome "dun."

He was a little, fat man, with a large, fat nose, in a tight-fitting frock-coat, open to reveal a gorgeous fancy waistcoat and a gigantic watchchain. The numerous seals on his chain clinked as he walked.

"That's the man!" said Nugent.
"Yes, rather!"
"He's not coming in!" said Wharton. "We'll show the bounder that he can't come here bothering our Form-master!"

"Hear, hear!"
The beaky little man stopped as he came up to the gateway. He saluted the juniors very politely and with an oily smile.

"My young frients," he said, in a treacly voice, "this is Greyfriars School—eh?"

"Yes, sir," said Harry Wharton. "Do you want to see anybody, sir?"
"Yeth," said the stranger.
"Perhaps you are Mr. Isaacs, sir?"
"Yeth; that is my name," said the beaky gentleman. "Perhaps you can tell me if a new master here ith named Mr. Knutt?"

"Quite so, sir."
"He ith here?" asked Mr. Isaacs.
"Yeth," said Nugent solemnly.
"And he hath a frient viz him?" asked Mr. Isaacs. "He hath a young frient of the name of Lord Charleth Lovelace?"

"Not at all, sir!"
"Nobody of that name here, sir."
"Vat!" said Mr. Isaacs, looking past the juniors into the Close, and catching sight of the new Remove-master, who was strolling there with his hands in his pockets.

"Vat! I can see him vith mein own eyeth!"
The juniors followed the beaky gentleman's glance.
"That's our new Form-master, Mr. Isaacs," said Harry Wharton.

Mr. Isaacs staggered.
"That," he exclaimed—"that young gentleman ith your Form-master?"
"Yes, sir! Mr. Knutt!"
"Mein cootness!" exclaimed the astonished Mr. Isaacs. "Mein great cootness! Young shentlemen, it is nethessary for me to speak to that shentleman!"

Mr. Isaacs made to enter, but the juniors closed up grimly in his way.
"Excuse me, sir," said Wharton. "You are not allowed to enter here. No dogs or moneylenders admitted, sir!"

"Vat!"
"Would you mind buzzing off, sir?" asked Bob Cherry respectfully.
"Mein gootness! I insist upon coming in!"

And Mr. Isaacs, looking angry, strove to push his way through the crowd of Removites in the gateway. Mr. Knutt, in the Close, had caught sight of the fat figure at the gate, and had gone hurriedly into the House.

Mr. Isaacs did not succeed in pushing his way through. The juniors closed round him, and many hands were laid upon Mr. Ikey Isaacs' stout person.

"Let me path, you young ratheals!" exclaimed the indignant Mr. Isaacs.

"It can't be did, sir! Don't you understand plain English? You can't come in!"

"I inthist upon pathing!"

"Here, Newland, tell him in his own language!" said Bob Cherry, turning to Newland, the Hebrew boy in the Remove. "You can pitch it to him in his own lingo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Newland grinned. "Rats!" he said. "Isaacs, you can't come in! Buzz off!"

"Nonthense!" said Mr. Isaacs angrily. "I am coming in! I inthist!"

"Oh, collar him!" said Wharton.

"You young ratheals— Oh! Ah! Yah!"

The unfortunate Mr. Isaacs was swept off his feet, and the juniors rushed him down towards the river. The fat gentleman struggled wildly in the grasp of the excited Removites. The boys, who were thinking only of standing by their popular Form-master, did not care twopence for Mr. Ikey Isaacs or the threats he yelled at them. They rushed him down to the landing-raft in the grasp of many hands.

"Now, in with him when I give the word!" shouted Wharton. "One!"

Mr. Isaacs swung high in the grasp of the juniors. The river danced before his terrified eyes, and the boathouse seemed to swim round him.

"Two!"

Another swing.

"Let me go!" shrieked Mr. Isaacs. "I cannot thwim! I shall be drowned! You young ratheals, will you let me go?"

"Will you promise to clear off, and never come to Greyfriars again?" demanded Wharton.

"Nonthense!"

"Three!" said Wharton.

Another swing, and the beaky little man turned almost green.

"Let me go!"

"Go!" roared Wharton.

In another instant the fat man would have splashed into the water.

But just then a man dashed up, and caught hold of him, and stopped the threatened ducking. It was the gentleman the juniors knew as "Uncle Knutt."

"Stop!" shouted the tutor.

"Hold on, sir!" said Wharton. "I mean, let go, sir! We're going to duck him!"

"Let me go!" shrieked Mr. Isaacs. "I'll have the law of you! I'll have you all prothecuted! I'll have you put in prithon! Ow!"

"Stop! Stop!" gasped the tutor. "My dear boys, you must not duck Mr. Isaacs!"

"He's a rotten moneylender, sir!" said Bulstrode. "He's come here to dun our Form-master, sir! He's come here to dun your nephew, sir!"

"He's come to worry Mr. Knutt, sir!" said Harry Wharton.

"It ith not so, Mr. Knutt!" shouted the struggling Mr. Isaacs. "I have come to see Lord Charith Lovelace, who ith in the school!"

"Rot!" said Wharton. "There's nobody of that name there!"

"I have thee'n him!"

"Fathead!" said Bob Cherry disrespectfully. "That was our new Form-master you saw—Mr. Knutt, this gentleman's nephew."

"It ith vun lie!" shrieked Mr. Isaacs.

"What!" roared Bob Cherry. "A lie, is it, you money-lending toad? Heave him in!"

"Duck him!"

"Go!" yelled Wharton.

Uncle Knutt was pushed aside, and the moneylender went whirling into the water, with a wild and terrified yell.

Splash!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, good heavens!" gasped Mr. Knutt, staggering against the boathouse. "What will happen now? Oh, good heavens!"

"It's all right, sir," said Harry Wharton; "we're standing by your nephew, sir! We're not going to let him be worried by rotten moneylenders, sir!"

"My—my nephew! Oh dear!"

Mr. Isaacs' oily head came up, and two or three of the

juniors, who were standing ready, grasped him. There was no danger of Mr. Isaacs being drowned, though he was frightened almost out of his wits.

"Help!" he shrieked. "I was drowning! Help!"

Bob Cherry fixed a grasp upon Mr. Isaacs' oily hair, and held him up close to the edge of the raft.

"You're all right, Ikey," he said comfortingly; "and a bathe will do you good, even if it's the first one you've ever had!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Help!"

"Are you going to promise to let Mr. Knutt alone?" demanded Wharton.

"Yeth!" shrieked Mr. Isaacs. "Help!"

"You won't try to see Mr. Knutt again?"

"No! Help!"

"Honour bright?"

"Yeth! yeth! Pull me out!" gasped Mr. Isaacs.

"Yank him out, you chaps."

Mr. Isaacs was dragged upon the raft.

He collapsed there, gasping and dripping, his fat, flabby cheeks white with terror. The water formed round him in a pool as he sat.

"Oh! Mein goodness!" he groaned, "I sall catch cold! Young shentlemens, I shall have you prothecuted! Ow!"

"You shouldn't come worrying our Form-master, then," said Harry Wharton sternly. "If you get laid up, it will keep you out of mischief for a bit, Mr. Cent-per-cent."

"I never get thent-per-thent., no thuch luck!" groaned Mr. Isaacs. "A mitherable twenty per thent.! That'll all! Oh, my gootness."

"My boys—" said Uncle Knutt, feebly.

"It's all right, sir," said Bob Cherry, "we've settled him, sir. He won't worry your nephew any more, sir; if he does, we'll give him a real ducking next time, sir."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

"Mein gootness!" Mr. Isaacs staggered to his feet.

"Mein great gootness! You young ratheals! Bleth my soul! Oh, my gootness!"

Mr. Isaacs shook the water from his clothes, and looked round for his silk hat. It was floating away in the middle of the river.

"We'll fish out your topper, if you'll buzz right off, and not bother us any more," said Johnny Bull.

"Oh, mein gootness!"

Some of the juniors jumped into a skiff, and pushed off after the floating topper. Mr. Isaacs gave a cunning look round him, and then dashed off in the direction of the school.

There was a yell of alarm from the juniors.

"He's off!"

"He's broken his word, the beast!" gasped Nugent.

"After him!"

And the juniors broke into a wild chase. But fear lent Mr. Isaacs wings, and he fairly flew over the ground. With the whole crowd of juniors whooping behind him, he rushed through the school gates, and sped across the Close.

"Oh, bless my soul!" moaned the genuine Mr. Knutt, "what will happen now? Just when I have succeeded in getting Charley's affairs settled, too— Oh, dear! What will happen now?"

And "Uncle" Knutt followed the juniors, though at a less terrific pace. Whatever happened now, it was pretty certain that Lord Charles Lovelace's career as a Form-master at Greyfriars had come to an end.

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

Not Knutt.

HARRY WHARTON & CO. came across the Close with a wild whoop, on the track of the unfortunate Mr. Isaacs.

But Mr. Isaacs was running like a deer.

He fairly flew across the Close, and dashed into the School House, with the juniors whooping behind him.

"Have him out!" roared Bob Cherry.

"After him!"

"Hurrah!"

The juniors were in a wild state of excitement by this time. They were thinking of nothing but capturing the obnoxious Mr. Isaacs and throwing him out. He had broken his word—or they supposed he had, knowing nothing, of course, of the real identity of their Form-master.

But the Head had seen the wild chase from his study window. The shouts had drawn him there, and Dr. Locke had almost fainted with astonishment at the sight of a little beaky man in limp clothes, hatless, racing towards the house with a mob of yelling juniors at his heels.

The Head strode from his study, and met the drenched and

dismayed Mr. Isaacs in the hall, just as the Removites burst into the house in hot pursuit.

"Collar him!" roared Wharton.

"Have him out!"

"Help!" shrieked Mr. Isaacs, fairly clinging to the Head in his terror. "Keep them off! Help! Call the police! Oh! Mein goodness!"

"Boys!"

The thunderous tones of the Head brought the excited juniors to a sudden stop.

"Oh, crumbs!"

"The Head!"

"Cave!"

The juniors fell back. Dr. Locke fixed a stern glance upon them. Mr. Isaacs clung to his gown for protection, pumping in breath after his unaccustomed exertions. The moneylender was safe now; but to his eyes the juniors' looks were simply wolfish, and his terror was by no means gone.

"Boys! What does this mean?" demanded the Head, sternly. "Who is that man, and how dare you chase him in such a manner, under my very windows?"

"He's a rotten moneylender, sir," said Bob Cherry. "We were only going to kick him out, sir. That's all, sir."

"A beastly Shylock, sir."

"You have no right to treat anyone in such a manner," said the Head, though his tone was less stern now. "Disperse at once."

And the juniors reluctantly dispersed.

Mr. Isaacs breathed more freely. He let go the Head's gown, and blinked at the majestic old gentleman, who was looking at him with severe eyes.

"What do you want here?" asked Dr. Locke. "Who are you?"

"Name of Isaacs, sir," said the moneylender, in a wheedling tone. "I haf come to see my client, Lord Charles Lovelace, sir."

"There is no one of that name here, Mr. Isaacs," said the Head. "I have heard the name—the gentleman you mention was the pupil of one of my masters, Mr. Knutt. But he is not here."

"I have theen him, sir."

"What! You have seen him here?"

"Yeth, thir."

"Indeed! If Mr. Knutt has brought his former pupil here, it is quite without my knowledge," said the Head quietly.

"He oweth me money," said Mr. Isaacs; "he ith hiding here, tho as to get away from hith creditorth. But he can't get away from Ikey Isaacs."

"If you will step into my study, I will send for Mr. Knutt, and he will doubtless explain. How did you come into that state, sir? You are wet?"

"I have been thrown into the river by your boys, sir."

"What! Bless my soul!"

"Lord Charlth must have put the young rathcals up to it," said Mr. Isaacs. "He wanted to keep me away. But he won't keep me away till I've therved a paper on him."

"You had better get a change of clothes—"

"Not till I've theen Lord Charlth," said Mr. Isaacs.

"Please step into my study—"

"Very well, thir."

Mr. Isaacs, still squeelching water from his boots, stepped into the Head's study. Dr. Locke rang for Trotter, and told him to request Mr. Knutt to come at once.

Trotter hurried off with his message.

Mr. Isaacs moved so as to be out of sight of the Form-master when he entered. The words of the juniors had shown the money-lender the trick that had been played on the Head of Greyfriars. He knew both Knutt and Lord Charles Lovelace well by sight, and so it had not taken him long to realise how matters lay. The Head regarded him with a frown as he stepped behind a screen.

"May I inquire what you are doing, Mr. Isaacs?" demanded the Head, with asperity.

Mr. Isaacs winked—receiving a frozen stare in reply.

"I don't want him to bolt!" Mr. Isaacs explained.

"What! You cannot imagine that my Form-master would run away, I suppose?" exclaimed the astonished Head.

Mr. Isaacs chuckled.

"You will thee," he replied. "Hush! He ith coming."

There was a tap at the door, and the new master of the Remove entered. He cast a hurried look about the study, and was relieved to see no one but the Head. Then he advanced into the room. Mr. Isaacs glided from behind the screen, and placed himself between the young man and the door.

The Remove Master swung round. He started as he saw the money-lender.

"Oh! Gad!" he ejaculated in dismay.

"I think you know me, Lord Charlth," grinned Mr. Isaacs.

"What!" exclaimed the Head. "This is Mr. Knutt!"

"That is Lord Charlth Lovelace!" said Mr. Isaacs calmly.

"Impossible!"

Lord Charles groaned dismally.

"I suppose it's all up now," he said. "Ikey, you black-

guard, you might have let me down a bit more lightly. What?"

The Head was regarding them in blank astonishment. He broke in now, with a very stern look at the pseudo Mr. Knutt.

"Will you kindly explain what this means, sir?" he asked. "Am I to understand that you are not Mr. Knutt at all?"

"No more than I am," grinned Mr. Isaacs. "He is Lord Charlth Lovelace, and he is hiding here from his creditorth."

"I—I'm sorry if I've caused you any—any inconvenience, sir," said Lord Charles penitently. "And don't blame Knutt, either. He couldn't help it."

"I am waiting for you to explain," said the Head coldly.

"By Jove, there isn't much to explain!" said the new master of the Remove. "I'm Charley Lovelace—"

"Champagne Charley!" chuckled Mr. Isaacs.

"Mr. Knutt is my tutor. He was coming here, but I left him at Courtfield, tearing his hair, and came here instead. I've got Isaacs, and half a dozen more of his tribe, after me, and until my pater comes round and pays up I wanted to lie low. I thought I could lie low here as a Form-master, sir, and really, I've been very successful. My Form like me, and I've been very popular—"

"You—you have imposed yourself upon me as Mr. Knutt!" exclaimed the Head, though not very sternly, as the comical dismay in Lord Charles' handsome face made it almost impossible to be really angry with him.

"I suppose I have," admitted the young man. "But I've done my duty as a Form-master, sir, and I assure you I didn't mean any harm. I was just goin' into hidin' for a bit, that's all."

"And Mr. Knutt—where is he? Was he a party to this?"

Lord Charles' face broke into a smile.

"Good lor', no! I did it against his will, and he was left in a state of hysteria. You should have seen his face when I left him standing on Courtfield platform!"

"Where is he now?"

"Hauntin' the place," said Lord Charles cheerfully.

"Hangin' round the school ever since I came here—like the ghost of Hamlet's father. He seems to have an idea that I can't teach the Remove. That's rot, of course! I've been gettin' on swimmingly with the boys. They all like me. But Nutty is going potty with anxiety. I suppose you're goin' to kick me out now, sir?" added Lord Charles plaintively.

The Head smiled in spite of himself.

There was a tap at the door.

"Come in!" said the Head.

Mr. Knutt—the genuine Mr. Knutt—entered the study. He was looking extremely distressed and disturbed. He glanced at Lord Charles, who grinned, and at Mr. Isaacs, who smirked. Then he looked at the Head of Greyfriars.

"I suppose you know the circumstances now, Dr. Locke?" he said.

"You are Mr. Knutt, I presume?"

"Yes, sir," said the tutor.

"I am aware of the absurd imposture that has been practised," said the Head, in a stately manner. "Lord Charles Lovelace has come here under your name, but, as I understand, without your permission."

"He has never asked for my permission when he has had a wild idea in his head," groaned Mr. Knutt. "He is turning my hair grey. I have been in a state of distress I cannot describe, sir, since he entered upon this mad prank. I did not know what to do, sir. Hope you will forgive me for not coming immediately and telling you the facts, but—but—but—"

"But you couldn't round on me, could you, Nutty?" grinned Lord Charles. "But it's all serene now for you. Dr. Locke is goin' to overlook your part, as you couldn't help it."

"I dare not suppose that Dr. Locke will do anything of the kind," said Mr. Knutt. "I certainly cannot expect it."

"Not at all, Mr. Knutt," said the Head kindly. "I think I understand how matters were, and though I must blame this young man for his foolish freak, I cannot blame you. I realise the difficulties of your position in the matter. Pray do not distress yourself. If you still care to take up the position here, it is open to you."

Mr. Knutt drew a deep breath of relief.

"Thank you, sir. I will try to show you that your confidence is not misplaced."

"I suppose this is where I get off the scene," said Lord Charles dismally. "Isaacs, you scoundrel, you see the harm you've done!"

"Mr. Isaacs need not worry any more about his money," said Mr. Knutt. "In my distress I had no resource but to go to your father, Lord Charles—"

(Concluded on Page 27.)

Our Grand New Serial Story!

MYSTERIA

By **SIDNEY DREW**, Prince of Adventure Story-tellers.

READ THIS FIRST.

Ferrers Lord, the famous multi-millionaire, is surrounded in his magnificent London residence by his friends Ching-Lung, Barry O'Rooney, Gan-Waga, the Eskimo, and Prout & Co.—the stalwarts of the millionaire's famous submarine, the Lord of the Deep. After a period of inaction there is a rumour afloat that Ferrers Lord is about to start upon one of his great expeditions again. Meantime, the millionaire himself is devoting all his attention to a curiously carved narwhal's tusk which he has picked up in an East-End curio-dealer's shop. The tusk proved to be hollow, and to contain some gold coins, and a small wad of parchment, which bears a strange message from the sea. This tells of a mysterious floating island inhabited by strange monsters, which Ferrers Lord determines to go in search of. Thurston immediately christens the phantom island "Mysteria" in advance. All hands board the Lord of the Deep, which slips out of its secret cave on its mysterious new quest. Ferrers Lord makes for an uncharted island, which he intends to use as his headquarters, and, arrived there, he lands with a party to make the acquaintance of the inhabitants, leaving Prout in charge of the launch. Prout captures a wonderful talking cockatoo, which has evidently escaped from some vessel, but which is now enrolled as one of the crew of the Lord of the Deep as James Jimson, A.B. Back on the submarine, the adventurers at last catch sight of "Mysteria." The mysterious island—bare and ghostly-looking—appears to be floating in the sky. It is a mirage, but, as Ferrers Lord points out, there can never be a mirage without a substance. The millionaire determines to start in pursuit of the floating island at once, but a terrific volcanic eruption occurs, in the course of which a blazing fire-ball falls on the Lord of the Deep, passing clean through her from deck to keel. Ferrers Lord orders her to be beached, and through the mist of fine dust which fills the air the sinking submarine races for the shore.

(Now go on with the story.)

The Lord of the Deep Aground.

Suddenly every man on deck cheered. There was the bar of the island harbour barely a furlong ahead, and the two pillars showed up like two grey sentinels guarding the way to safety.

"Good enough!" cried Gan-Waga, dancing with delight.

It was foolish to attempt to dance on the slanting and slippery deck. Gan sat down with a thud that shook his spine painfully, and jerked the last portion of his statement out of him with great violence. Another exploding cartridge showed the island nearer.

"Get the launch afloat!" ordered the millionaire. "We must try to tow her. Drag that gun aft, and bring everything heavy you can lay hands on."

The launch slid into the water. Though so small, she was very powerful.

Maddock and Joe sprang into her. The screw of the submarine was flinging the spray higher at every throb, and threatening to rip away her flukes.

Ferrers Lord fathomed the depth. So far as loss of life was concerned, the peril was almost past, unless the vessel foundered unexpectedly.

He had watched every rivet put into her, and knew her strength. The greatest risk lay in the unnatural strain the machinery was enduring.

If any of it broke from its bed, it would probably crash through the submarine's sides like a knife cutting tissue paper.

"We shall pull through all right—eh, old man?"

Rupert Thurston was the speaker.

"Ourselves—yes," said the millionaire, with a yawn.

"How do you like the prospect of spending a fair portion of your lifetime on that brutal island? Oh, we shall pull through, even if we sink! Bring Honour up. We must look after Honour, and keep him, so to speak, in cotton-wool. I

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"THE GEM" LIBRARY,
Every Wednesday.

think he could dig the Lord of the Deep out of the centre of the Pacific for us."

With a cigarette between his lips, he took the wheel from Prout. Then he stopped the engines. It was useless to endanger them any more. The launch was struggling bravely with her heavy load. Luckily for all, the sea was smooth.

"Seven and a half!" cried the leadsman.

Then he called "Seven!" and later "Six!" Forty-two feet of water was a good deal for a diver to work in with much ease.

"Five!" came the cry, and then "Four!"

Ferrers Lord frowned impatiently. He started and ran forward when the man shouted "Three!"

"My word, Rupert, we'll scrape and hang ourselves up if it goes on like this!" he said. "Heave again!"

"Eight, sir!"

"Thank goodness! It was only the bar," said Ferrers Lord. "I fancied for a moment that the big wave had washed enough sand up to fill up the bay. If we had stranded here, the next storm would have battered us to scrap-iron. We'll manage it now."

"We're in the bay, then, old chap! I can barely see a yard ahead."

There was a quick jar, and a loud, snapping sound. A broken rope hissed back over the stern, and knocked the leadsman senseless to the deck. Then Joe bellowed out of the gloom:

"She's aground, sir, and the cable's parted!"

"Drop anchor fore and aft!" said Ferrers Lord. "Attend to this poor fellow, Rupert. I hope that blow hasn't broken his skull. Hal, is that you? You'll have to work now. We daren't leave her here. Hang this dust! It might be midnight in a fog!"

They were breathing and eating the choking stuff, and it had an abominable, sulphurous taste. Underfoot it mingled

Our Companion Papers.

"THE PENNY POPULAR,"
Every Friday.

with the salt water, forming a slippery, treacherous paste. Several men had ugly falls, and it was necessary to walk as carefully as cats.

Two anchors were let go to keep the vessel from veering with the tide. Everyone was as grimy as a stoker or a sweep.

"Where are we? Does anybody really know?" asked Ching-Lung.

A Strange Reception!

"Me soon find him out, Chingy," said Gan-Waga. "Good-byes! Likes water morer dans bad 'rough ugly dust!"

Before Ching-Lung could stop him, he had leapt over the side. A few heavy drops fell.

"That will clear the air if it lasts, and I jolly well hope it will rain barrels!" said Ching-Lung. "I've eaten about a bushel of mud. My tongue will want scraping down with a file after this. Who said rain? Mind it doesn't get into your ear and drown you!"

The rain came down with a rattle. All round them thunder muttered and growled. The closely-falling drops quickly mastered the dust. They saw the launch and its two damp and grimy occupants close by.

Gan-Waga hung by one of the cables, chewing a tallow candle, while the Lord of the Deep lay almost broadside-on to the shore, more than a third of her deck submerged.

"Too dangerous. You'll have to get her through the pillars somehow, Honour," said the millionaire. "I can scent a gale."

The engineer beckoned for the launch.

"Two gun-carriages and four men!" he said. "Over there!"

He pointed to a distant clump of palms.

"You want some of those trees—eh, sonny?" said Ching-Lung. "I'm a splendid woodcutter—a kind of genius at it. Gan and I practised on Barry's head, and never made him wink. How many trees shall I bring?"

The man who never wasted a word held up six fingers.

"Why couldn't you make it half a dozen, old son? Hi, Gan, you mass of suct, get into that launch! You're getting your trouser-bottoms wet, you silly. I'll take Joe and Barry; that's three. Gan doesn't count, for he'll never work except on the 29th of February."

"I'll make the fourth, then, if you'll have me, Ching," said Rupert.

"Tumble in, then. I say, I don't think we shall need more than one gun-carriage, Hal. If we do, we'll signal. Sling that one over gently, boys!"

Very quickly the launch was running cautiously up the little river that emptied itself into the bay.

The rain fell perpendicularly, and the thunder muttered over the island. They laughed as they looked at each other.

"Well, you are a pack of pretty dears!" said the irrepressible Ching-Lung. "Why don't you wash yourselves?"

"Because washin' is loike wurrk, sor," explained Barry; "ut hurrts."

They had experienced a heavy strain that day, both before and after the mysterious object had struck the vessel, but it took a good deal to shake the nerves of such hardened adventurers.

Moreover, they had Ferrers Lord and Harold Honour to rely upon. Had the Lord of the Deep been in ribbons, they felt that these two wonderful men could piece her together. They had seen greater wonders even than that accomplished.

The delay that jarred so much on the millionaire did not trouble the others.

Mysteria could wait, so far as they were concerned. Rupert Thurston, in his heart of hearts, still believed the island a myth.

The mirage they had seen did not convince him. With the atmosphere in such a condition of unrest, anything was possible, he argued. He did not remember that the millionaire had answered the engineer's question.

The Mysteria they had seen could only have been the reflection of some distant island. Just as sailors who gaze appalled at vessels soaring in the sky, or racing along over the sea in the teeth of the wind, tell eerie stories of phantom ships, this eerie tale of a floating island had arisen.

"Nine hundred and ninety-nine people out of a thousand would hold my view, old boy," he had said to Ching-Lung.

Ching-Lung's answer ought to have been written up in letters of gold:

"True, O King! Nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine people would probably agree with you. But don't forget this, sonny. Lord doesn't, and he's just the odd one and the pick, not of your paltry thousand, but of my million."

The launch had been cleared of all heavy goods, but she was drawing over four feet of water. Gan-Waga, who was popularly supposed—this was a libel—to do no work, tested the depth with a pole as they crawled up the stream with the tide.

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It was damp, dreary, muggy, and desolate, but they were in high spirits, and made light of discomfort. Barry made a little shelter, and managed to light his pipe.

Gan-Waga immediately snatched it away, stuck it between his teeth, and swore to brain the lawful owner on the spot if he dared to ask for it back.

"Which spot will you hit him on, Ganus?" grinned Ching-Lung. "It would puzzle you to brain him. Turn up that pipe, you thieving rascal!"

"Yo' go homes and eats bathbricks, Chingy," replied the refined and polite Eskimo, "and dens——"

Gan-Waga, pipe and pole, vanished, and Barry held his sides. Gan had tried to prod some of the river-bed that was too low down. A ten-foot spar will not reach the bottom of a fourteen-foot hole, under ordinary circumstances. Gan managed to make it, but he got wet.

"Sthop the carrt!" laughed the Irishman. "We've dhropped our proize monkey. Bedad, luk at his lovely face roisin' abuv the foamin' billers, loike a gooseberry floatin' in the froth of a pot of beer. Down he went wid a moighty splosh, and we all yelled out 'Hooray!' Av he'll give his ugly face a wash we'll—we'll—— Bedad, Oi can't think of a rhyme! Sthick the boathook in him tenderly and haul him up!"

The Eskimo still retained the pipe. He looked the cleanest of the party as they hauled him in, and he was smiling genially.

"Did you do that on purpose, or was it intentional?" asked Thurston.

"Noes; didn't dones him sentionals, Ruperts, dids him on my faces!" grinned the Eskimo. "Putted de poles wheres dere wasn't nuffins, and wents downs see wheres de nuffin wasn't. Ho, ho, hoo!"

"Did you find it?"

"Ho, yis; I finds him good 'nough, Chingy!"

Joe stifled a giggle, and prodded Barry in the ribs.

"'Ere," he said, "talk to the fat lunatic! It ain't common-sense Irish. How could he?"

As a general rule, Barry was too shrewd to fall into such a palpable trap. This time he did so, over head and ears, as Rupert took a turn with the pole.

"Thunder and gridirons," he said, smiting his horny left palm with his right forefinger, "and that's supposed to be a man! Did yez hear ut? Luk at the facts in the face. Faith, ut's enough to make yez loie down and choke yerself wid yer collar-sthud! Firrst the miserable haythin says he didn't do ut intentional, but on that gunpowther explosion he calls his face! D'yez follow me?"

Ching-Lung, Rupert, and Joe nodded as gravely as if they were listening to a judge summing-up the evidence in a murder trial.

"Quoite so, thin," went on Barry O'Rooney. "That's dottiness, for a stharrt. Thin he says—oh, get a padded cell for ut!—then he says he put the pole where there was nothin'. Dottiness number twice, for there's no such thing as nothin', except in his own head. D'yez follow?"

Again the listeners nodded to show that they both followed and agreed.

"And thin—— Faix, av Oi'd knowed Oi'd live to hear ut, Oi'd have choked mysilf wid my own fading-bottle whin a blue-oied babe——"

"Wids two squintses in eeches of dems," interrupted Gan.

"Shut up! Soilence! Loie down and croak!" roared Barry. "Oi niver had a squint. Av yez don't belave me, ax Terence McGuire, who lived in a cellar—Oi mane, in the mansion nixt dure to our castle—Oi mane—— Bedad, phwat do Oi mane? Anyhow, yez 'ud have to dig him up to ax him, and av he can swear now loike he cud in thim days, yez 'ud be sorry. Be koind enough, at laste, to kape your rosebud mouth shut, and not wear out your beautiful mahogany set of teeth. Bedad, where was Oi?"

"In quod," suggested Joe mildly.

"Quoite throe—quoite throe, No. 54," said Barry. "Oi was in quod, bedad, and many a toime Oi had to tickle yez up wid a bayonet, Joe—No. 54—to make yez wurrk. Well," he added, as Joe, feeling the smartness of this repartee, held out his hand, "let bygones be bygones. Oi'll niver let on to the police, Joe. Be honest in the future, me bhoy; and, as yez have a wakeness for pigs' trotters, don't pinch them, but buy thim. And av yez can't afford to buy thim, rimember yez have two of your own to fall back on!"

Joe absolutely withered up, and Ching-Lung and Thurston roared. Barry was a terribly tough nut to crack, and he had scored this time off Joe's own bowling. Joe had insinuated that Barry was a convict, and in a twinkling the quick-witted son of Erin, with one turn of his tongue, had turned himself into a prison warder, and the carpenter into both a convict and a pig.

"You're right off the rails, Barry," said Ching-Lung. "You've wandered clean away from the subject."

"With all due politeness, sor," continued the merry Irishman, "Oi don't call that Iskimo a sibject, but an object. He wudn't luk so bad in an aquarium, after all; but—Will, lit's get to the point. That haythin says he wint down to see where the nothing was. That's balminess—full-soized balminess. Phwat's the good of looking for nothing? Only a howlin', woolly-wigged savage wud do ut. And thin"—Barry paused to give emphasis to his clinching summary—"the wobbly, wild-oied spalpeen says he found ut!"

"And so I didses, ugly faces!" said Gan-Waga.
"Phwat? Found nothing? Show ut me. Let me see ut. Let me faal ut!"

"Deres it is, den!" shouted Gan-Waga. "Dat's whats I founds. Ho, ho, ho, ho, hoo-oo-oo! Is dat's nuffin', hunk?" His right hand shot from behind his back, and vigorously rubbed a collection of evil-smelling mud into Barry's face and hair. It was Joe's turn to laugh, although he had had to wait for it. He shrieked as Barry scooped the mess out of his eyes, clambered forward, without another word, and washed himself. Then he came back to his seat, and regarded the grinning faces.

"Wasn't ut funny?" he remarked, after a pause.
"I thought so, Barry," said Rupert.
It was on the tip of Barry's tongue to warn Rupert against thinking at all, in case he should contract brain-fever. He remembered in time that Rupert was an officer. Ching-Lung was a prince and several times a millionaire, of course, and, as such, even more to be respected; but even the favoured few of the crew were shy with the plucky young Englishman. Not that Rupert was at all arrogant or dignified in any way; but there was something about the prince that made him very dear to the men. The harder they hit him the more he laughed, and the harder he hit them back, and that was what they loved.

"Dear me, how did that come there? How lucky it didn't burn you!" said his Highness, gently withdrawing a lighted cigarette from the back of Gan's saturated collar. "Anybody know anything about the tide?"

"Still running in fast, sir," answered Joe.
"Then I think we'll get off the tram here. I think we shall have rain soon, don't you?"

"Ut does luk a bit loike rain, sor," answered Barry, baling hard. "P'r'aps ut won't rain so much afther ut clears up. Excuse me, Masther Gan," he added apologetically, after pouring a pailful over the Eskimo. "Owing to bad oie-soight Oi mistook yez for the drainpoipe. Yez don't moind, do yez, now? Oi didn't lose my oie-soight loking for wurrk, so don't spring that ould wheeze on us, Joe. Oi know yez want to, but it's so ancient that ut's got grey whiskers all over ut."

Joe withered again. It was the very remark he was about to make.

"How did you do it, then?" he asked, feebly. "Here, I know—I know for a million pounds!"

"How, yez spalpeen? Till me, and the money's yours. Bedad, Oi've got ut here in me watch-pocket all riddy for yez."

"You did it trying to squint round the back of your collar, tryin' to see if you'd washed the nape of your neck properly," said Joe.

And Gan said: "Ho, ho, ho, ho, hoo-o-oo-oo! Good 'noughs. Oh, butterfuls! Trying sees necks of hims napes! Oh, butterfuls, Chingy! Grandfuls! Ho-oo-oo-oo-oo! Oh, butterfulness! Was its, Chingy, hunk! Dat why he squintles all overs bofe eyesses. Oh, loveliful! Ho, ho, hoo!"

Gan's mirth was brought to a sudden end by the grounding of the launch. Thurston leapt ashore and caught the painter. The rain fell faster than ever.

"Get back!" cried a gruff voice. "I want no white dogs here!"

For a second Rupert thought it was one of Ching-Lung's tricks. He glanced up. The prince's rifle was levelled.

"If that's your courtesy," said Ching-Lung, "kindly take your hands off that gun, stranger. If I happened to bore a hole in you the rain might soak through and give you a cold. Thanks very much! Stay where you are, please. We'd like to know you better, and to find out whether you usually address gentlemen so politely. Our friend the stranger, Ru."

Then Thurston turned round, still thinking it was a ruse. But he was mistaken.

A Disputed Landing—The Stranger's Threat.

THE stranger obeyed the order with ludicrous speed, and flung his hands at full length above his head. He was a tall, gaunt fellow, probably nearer sixty than fifty, with a beard streaked with grey, and an unhealthy-looking face. His black eyes, remarkably bright and alert, glared fiercely at the intruders. He wore a thick, tightly-

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 289.

"THE GEM" LIBRARY,
Every Wednesday.

Our Companion Papers.

"THE PENNY POPULAR,"
Every Friday.

buttoned pea-jacket, blue trousers, and heavy sea-boots, and a faded, red tam-o'-shanter.

"Troth, fancy meetin' Bill Bailey at last!" said Barry, breaking the brief silence. "And fancy him bein' so rude as to want to send us away! Plaze, sor, av we woipe our face nicely on the duremat, may we walk on your noice, clane deserrt oisland? Sure, we won't dirthy the carpets a bit, sor."

Joe grinned, and Ching-Lung lowered his weapon.
"Maybe red nob has bought the island, Irish," he remarked, "and he'll show us the receipt, if we ax him nice."

"Be quiet, Joe," said Rupert, who was taking stock of the man. "Look here, sir, will you kindly tell us why we have no right here? Not that it will make any difference, I fear, for we have a curious habit of doing what we like and going where we like. I should have imagined that company would be rather welcome than otherwise in this lively spot."

"I did not ask for your company," snarled the stranger. "This island belongs to Germany, and I am a German citizen."

"Then, bedad, av yez have a German sausage about yez hand ut over, for Oi'm as impty as a fiddle!" said Barry O'Rooney.

"Oh, do gives us a German slorsidges!" giggled the Eskimo.

"If you two idiots aren't stone dumb," said Ching-Lung, "I'll hammer your skulls together! Now, my friend, we don't want to stay here all day. You speak excellent English for a German subject. You and your Kaiser are heartily welcome to this magnificent three-pennyworth of Empire. We're sorry we forgot to bring our passports, but we'll go ashore, all the same. We intend to cut a few trees down, so you can tell the Emperor to send us on the bill, and we'll—er—think about paying it. No, don't go."

"Faith, ut will break our heartts av yez do," said Barry tearfully. "We're just beginnin' to loike yez."

The man hastily stopped and turned round. Ching-Lung had imitated a most persuasive sound—the click of the trigger of a revolver.

"What do you want with me?"

"Only to know your name, friend," said Rupert.

"That's my business."

"I do not deny it," said Rupert, smiling, "but we are beginning to take an interest in you. It is only natural when one meets a mysterious white man in this outlandish spot. We cannot help being curious. This is his Imperial Highness Ching-Lung, and I am humble Rupert Thurston, of London."

"And I am Julius Faber, administrator of this island for its owners, the German Government!" growled the stranger. "All German laws are enforced here. To land, you require a passport; otherwise you land here at your own risk."

Barry, Joe, and Gan-Waga evinced symptoms of great alarm at this terrible threat.

"Joe," wailed Barry, his teeth chattering. "let's run back all the way! Bedad, he'll imprison us for loife!"

"Old me up afore I swoons away wi' terror!" moaned Joe.

Gan-Waga shivered like a jelly tapped with a spoon.
"Oh, I bad 'nough frighteneds!" he grunted. "Oh, not lets him lockses me ups, Barry! Oh, bad 'nough shockingness! Am I pales? I fetches my bigs brudders to hims—yes, I wills!"

The mysterious islander strode away, and they saw his red tam-o'-shanter bobbing in and out among the rocks.

"A queer go, Ching!" said Rupert. "What do you make of it?"

"Nothing alarming, sonny," answered Ching-Lung. "Our pal of the German name and English accent has struck something good, and wants to keep it all for himself—guano, pearls, or seals. His ship is hidden somewhere. When a man tumbles across guano or pearl-oysters he generally gets savage if anybody else comes along. We don't want his guano, and he can choke himself with his oysters, for all I care. Timber is what we want, and here goes to get it."

The rain was still drifting over the island in melancholy sheets. They lifted the light, strong gun-carriage ashore, and shouldered their axes.

"I suppose the launch'll be safe enough, sir?" said the carpenter.

"It will, with this little boy to look after it, Joseph," said the prince, patting the wet stock of his rifle. "What gorgeous weather for tadpoles, isn't it? Now, boys, fasten on to those ropes, and pull. By the look of it, the tide will pretty soon ebb."

Dragging the gun-carriage after them, they climbed the sandy hill. The white chips began to fly before their blows.

"Stand clear!" shouted Joe. "My word, if this drops on your face, Gan, you'll have three black eyes!"

(Another long instalment of this grand adventure tale next Monday.)

THE "NUT" OF GREYFRIARS

(Continued from page 23.)

"Oh, gad!" groaned Lord Charles. "Have you brought the pater down on me, too?"

"And he has agreed to see you through your difficulties once more," pursued Mr. Knutt. "Your debts will all be paid, upon your promise of amendment."

"Mein gootness!" murmured Mr. Isaacs. "I shall get mein monish!"

Lord Charles' face lighted up.

"Good old pater!" he exclaimed joyously. "And good old Nutty! You have saved me! Ikey, you old rascal, you hear that, and you can keep your paper in your pocket! Gad! I'll come back to town with you, and you shall pay my fare!"

Mr. Isaacs grinned.

"Always ready to oblige a shentleman like you, Lord Charlth," he murmured.

"Yes; you are a very obliging old rascal!" said Lord Charles cheerfully. "The pater's a brick, Nutty! You're a brick! Dr. Locke is a brick! Dr. Locke, I beg your pardon, and I hope you forgive me! If there had been any other place to dodge into I wouldn't have bothered you here at Greyminster."

Dr. Locke smiled.

"I forgive you, certainly," he said.

He shook hands with Lord Charles cordially enough.

"Good-bye, sir! Good-bye, Nutty! Don't make the Remove work too hard. They've got out of the habit of it. Come on, Ikey! We're friends now, ain't we, begad?"

And the volatile young gentleman quitted the study with the moneylender. Mr. Knutt remained, making explanations to the Head; but the talk soon turned upon Aeschylus, and, deep in that entrancing subject, both the masters soon forgot all about Lord Charles and his astounding prank.

Harry Wharton & Co. stared blankly as Lord Charles came out of the House with the moneylender, apparently on the best of terms.

"Is it all right, Mr. Knutt?" asked Harry. "We ducked him—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lord Charles. "I'm much obliged to you! Ikey, you can put down the damage in the bill."

"Yeth; I'm going to, Lord Charlth," said Mr. Isaacs.

"You see, there's a little mistake," Lord Charles explained airily to the astounded juniors. "I'm not Knutt. I'm Champagne Charley."

"Oh, my hat!"

"I came here to dodge Isaacs, Levi, & Co., and borrowed my tutor's name. Uncle Knutt is the genuine Knutt, and you'll find him a harder nut than I am," said the young man. "But it's all right now. I'm off, and I hope you will get on with Nutty. Treat him well. He's a good little ass."

"Oh, great Scott!"

"Good-bye, boys! I don't suppose I shall ever act as a Form-master again, but if I do I hope I shall have a ripping Form like the Remove! Good-bye, all!"

And Lord Charles shook hands with the astonished Removites one after another, and walked away with the grinning Isaacs.

"Well, if that doesn't take the giddy biscuit!" gasped Bob Cherry, looking after Lord Charles as if in a dream. "Who'd have thought it?"

"It prances off with the whole biscuit factory!" said Nugent. "Who'd have thought it? We've been entertaining an angel unawares."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Never mind! He was a good sort!" said Harry Wharton. "Give him a cheer!"

And the juniors gave the Nut a parting cheer, and Lord Charles turned round and raised his hat gracefully in acknowledgment.

The next day the Remove were in charge of the genuine Mr. Knutt, and they did not find lessons quite so easy as with the Nut.

But they got on very well with Mr. Knutt, and gave him an easy time so long as he remained at the school, which was until Mr. Quelch returned. When Mr. Quelch came back the juniors were glad to see their old Form-master once more. But they never forgot Lord Charles, and for a long time they talked and chuckled over their short but eventful acquaintance with that amazing Form-master, the Nut.

THE END.

(Another splendid long, complete school tale of Greyfriars next Monday, entitled: "THE SCHOOLBOY SHOPKEEPERS" by Frank Richards. Order in Advance. Price One Penny.)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 289.

NEXT MONDAY: "THE SCHOOLBOY SHOPKEEPERS!"

EVERY MONDAY, The "Magnet" LIBRARY. ONE PENNY.



Greyfriars
Lypies.

BY
The "MAGNET"
Library's Own
Rhymester.

No. 4.—BOB CHERRY.

A long-limbed, healthy lad is Bob,
A splendid type of youngster;
The nation's heart with pride should throb
To have such boys amongst her.
His eyes are all aglow with mirth,
His ways are frank and sunny;
And surely happiness is worth
Far more than mints of money?

Bob makes the lofty manners drop
Of high-and-mighty Coker,
And more than once has put a stop
To Loder's games of "poker."
He's not an interfering fool,
A sneak both mean and brainless,
But one who really loves his school,
And keeps its honour stainless.

Bob Cherry is, without a doubt,
A mass of wiry muscle;
And bullies have been counted out
In many a thrilling tussle.
The Highcliffe cads have felt his fist,
And Vavasour and Monson
Have begged our hero to desist—
To them he seemed Jack Johnson!

Though Bull can fight like one possessed,
And Wharton has some science,
They have to give the bully best—
He sets them at defiance.
The only fellow in the Form
He cannot triumph over
Is Cherry, who has made it warm
For him—the great Bolsover!

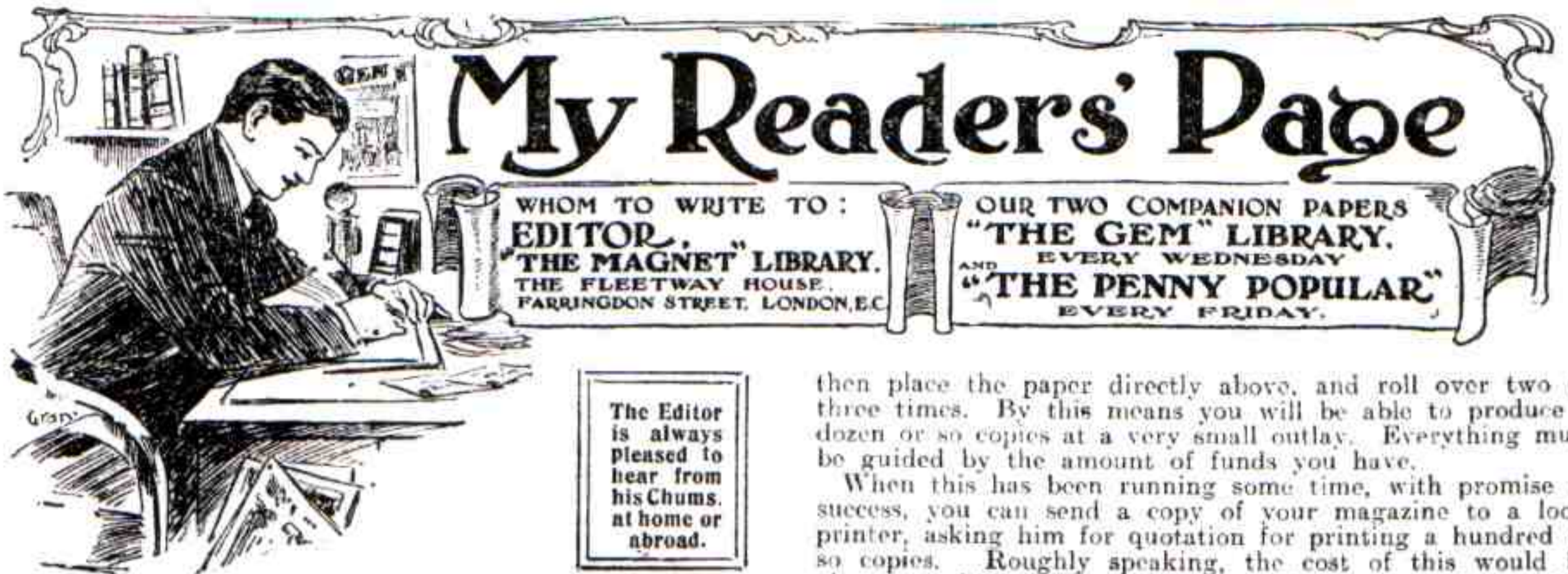
Yet Cherry is, to tell the truth,
When girls are present, modest;
With them he thinks himself uncouth—
His manners are the oddest.
Although one day he'll maybe wed
His Susan or his Sarah,
His honest cheeks get very red
With Marjorie and Clara.

Once Cherry was expelled for theft,
His protests went unheeded;
But when the school found they were "left,"
Apologies were needed.
To think that Bob could be a thief
Was really very funny.
One might suppose an Indian chief
Had manners sweet as honey!

Good, honest Bob! long may you be
The boy Frank Richards makes you—
A hero brave on land or sea,
Whatever fate o'ertakes you!
To "Magnetites" who on life's course
Are nobly persevering,
Your sunny smile's a latent force,
For ever bright and cheering!

The Subject of next Monday's Lyric will be
FISHER T. FISH.

A Splendid Complete Tale of Harry Wharton & Co. Order Early.



WHOM TO WRITE TO:
EDITOR,
"THE MAGNET" LIBRARY,
THE FLEETWAY HOUSE,
FARRINGTON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

OUR TWO COMPANION PAPERS
"THE GEM" LIBRARY,
EVERY WEDNESDAY
AND
"THE PENNY POPULAR"
EVERY FRIDAY.

The Editor
is always
pleased to
hear from
his Chums,
at home or
abroad.

FOR NEXT MONDAY:

"THE SCHOOLBOY SHOPKEEPERS."
By Frank Richards.

This splendid, long, complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co. relates the history of a serious attempt on the part of a group of Remove Form juniors to run a school shop. Harry Wharton & Co. take up the scheme, a company is formed, and the shop is opened. The names of the Famous Four on the directorate inspire the fellows with confidence, and for a time business is brisk. However, the well-known methods of the general-manager—Fisher T. Fish, the American junior in the Remove—begin to assert themselves, with disastrous consequences. Harry Wharton & Co. do their best to have the business conducted honestly, but their wily general-manager proves too much for them in the end, and

"THE SCHOOLBOY SHOPKEEPERS"
have to shut up shop abruptly.

A "POPULAR" COMPETITION!

I venture to remind my "Gem" readers once again of the splendid and most popular competition,

POPLETS.

which is still running in our grand companion paper,

"THE PENNY POPULAR."

Every week a number of "Penny Pop" readers are receiving cash prizes, varying in value from £1 to 1s., simply for writing down a couple of words.

The merit of a "Poplet" consists of the aptness it bears to the example chosen, of course; but it is not necessary, as some of my readers seem to think, for a "Poplet" to contain any very deep meaning in order to win a cash prize. Many of the winning "Poplets," on the contrary, have consisted of very simple words which have won prizes merely by reason of the appropriate sense in which they have been used.

Everybody has an equal chance of winning a prize at "Poplets," so that it behoves everybody to try their hand at this fascinating, simple, and entertaining competition. This week's number of "The Penny Popular" contains twelve examples from which "Poplets" may be constructed, and I urge my chums to get a copy of our splendid companion paper to-day, and take advantage of the chance thus offered them of winning

CASH PRIZES FOR "POPLETS."

"HOW TO RUN A SCHOOL MAGAZINE."—No. 2.

Circulation.—Although your "School Magazine" commenced in a very small way, there is no reason why, month by month, or week by week, it should not grow.

After you have felt the ground, as it were, with your single hand-written copy, you might invest in a small gelatine copying outfit, which would probably run into about five shillings or so, or you can purchase rolls of gelatine copying paper, a simple and inexpensive method. All you have to do is write out one copy with specially prepared ink, take impressions on proportionate strips of gelatine, and

then place the paper directly above, and roll over two or three times. By this means you will be able to produce a dozen or so copies at a very small outlay. Everything must be guided by the amount of funds you have.

When this has been running some time, with promise of success, you can send a copy of your magazine to a local printer, asking him for quotation for printing a hundred or so copies. Roughly speaking, the cost of this would be about ten shillings, and there would be no harm in charging a penny per copy, which would very nearly clear off the cost of printing. I am not suggesting that you run this paper with a view to making a profit out of it—probably you and others who help will devote their time and pocket-money merely for the love of the thing—but in case your resources do not run to cost of printing, a small charge per copy would greatly assist.

But before you go to the printer make a rough calculation as to the number of pages you will require. How many words per page, and class of paper. For the latter purpose you will be able to obtain specimens, together with quotations for different qualities and sizes.

Front Page.—You will either be able to select from the styles the printer has in stock, or conceive your own front page; but to commence with, you will find the former course the cheaper.

Before your paper goes into print, you will, of course, want to have every feature arranged in the best possible way, giving the maximum amount of news in the minimum space. Draw up a list of features. Sports, school work, old boys, etc.

Sports.—Under this heading you should give notes of future fixtures, results and reports of recent matches, written up either by the sports captain or your special reporter. Be sure to include notes by the captain, dealing with the general form of the team, encouraging this player, advising that, and generally tending to put the whole team into perfect unison. Your accounts of big matches, whether lost or won, should be absolutely unbiassed, and giving only a straightforward report of what took place.

If you boast a sports committee, publicity should be given to their meetings.

School Work.—The various Form-masters would probably give you the necessary information regarding work and progress. Announcements of coming examinations, with lists of entries, should always appear. If you have any literary societies, boy scouts, patrols, cadets, or any other enterprises, don't miss giving them a look in. If your paper is to appeal to the school, you should deal with the whole life that goes on within its walls.

Advertisements.—If you can show a decent circulation of the magazine amongst your schoolfellows—provided you tackle the right people—adverts. could easily be secured. There are the local sports requisites dealers, tuckshop, stationers, and every tradesman who reckons to do a good trade amongst schoolboys. Generally, he will jump at the chance of advertising in a paper exclusive to schoolboys.

Then there would be no harm in sending particulars of your rates to some of the big London houses who deal in boys' requisites, whether for sports, model electric appliances, foreign stamps, etc., or whatever they be.

Rates.—You might charge 10s. per full page for one insertion, with a reduction of 25 per cent. per insertion for twelve insertions (if monthly). Then divide your page into four, charging 3s. per quarter page per insertion, with the same discount per insertion, if twelve insertions. Make out a list of rates, and either post this direct, or call upon the likely people. The profits thus made could be used:

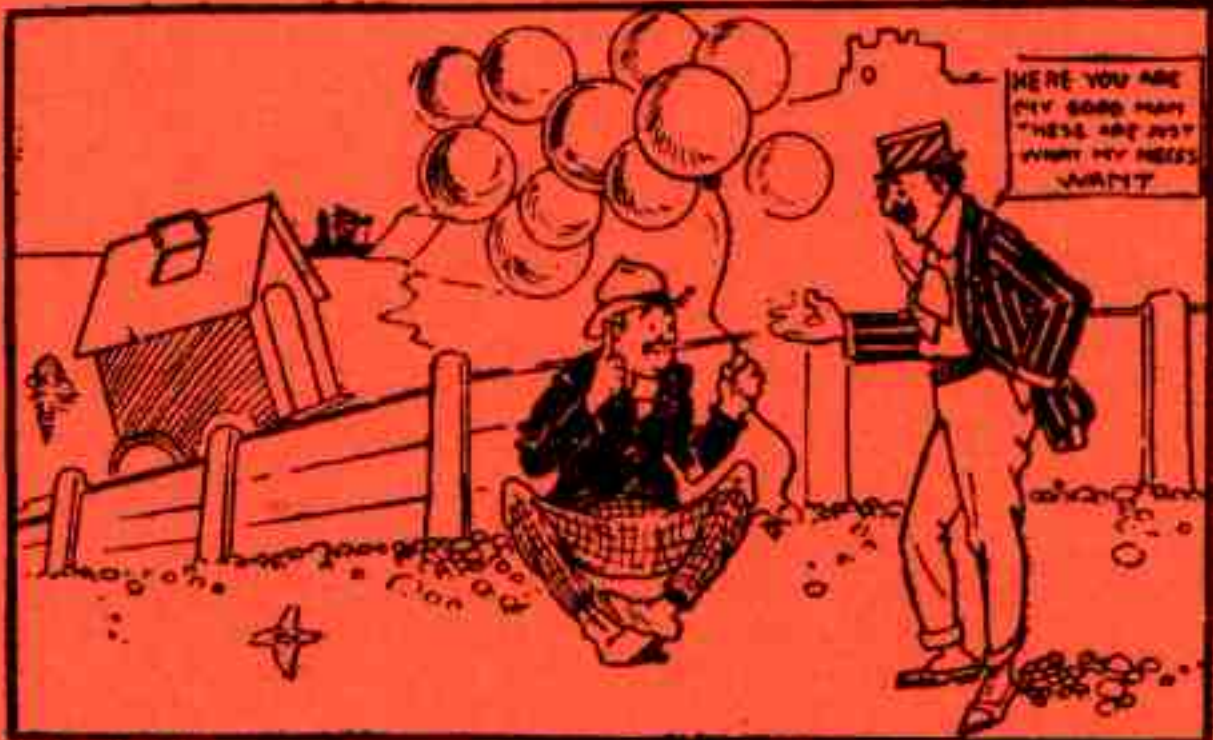
(1) For expense of getting out the paper.

(2) Any overplus could be devoted to your sports fund.

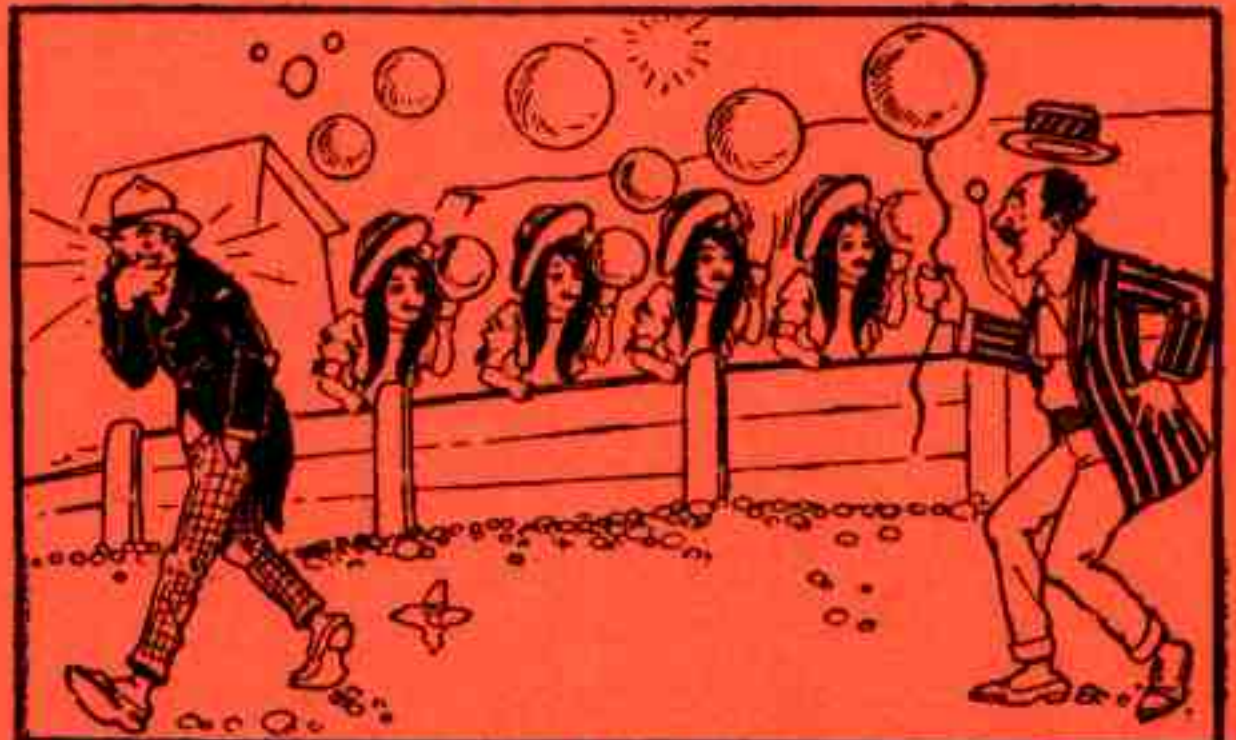
The Editor

THE "MAGNET" LIBRARY SPECIAL COMIC SUPPLEMENT.

THOUGHT HE WAS BUYING THE LOT!

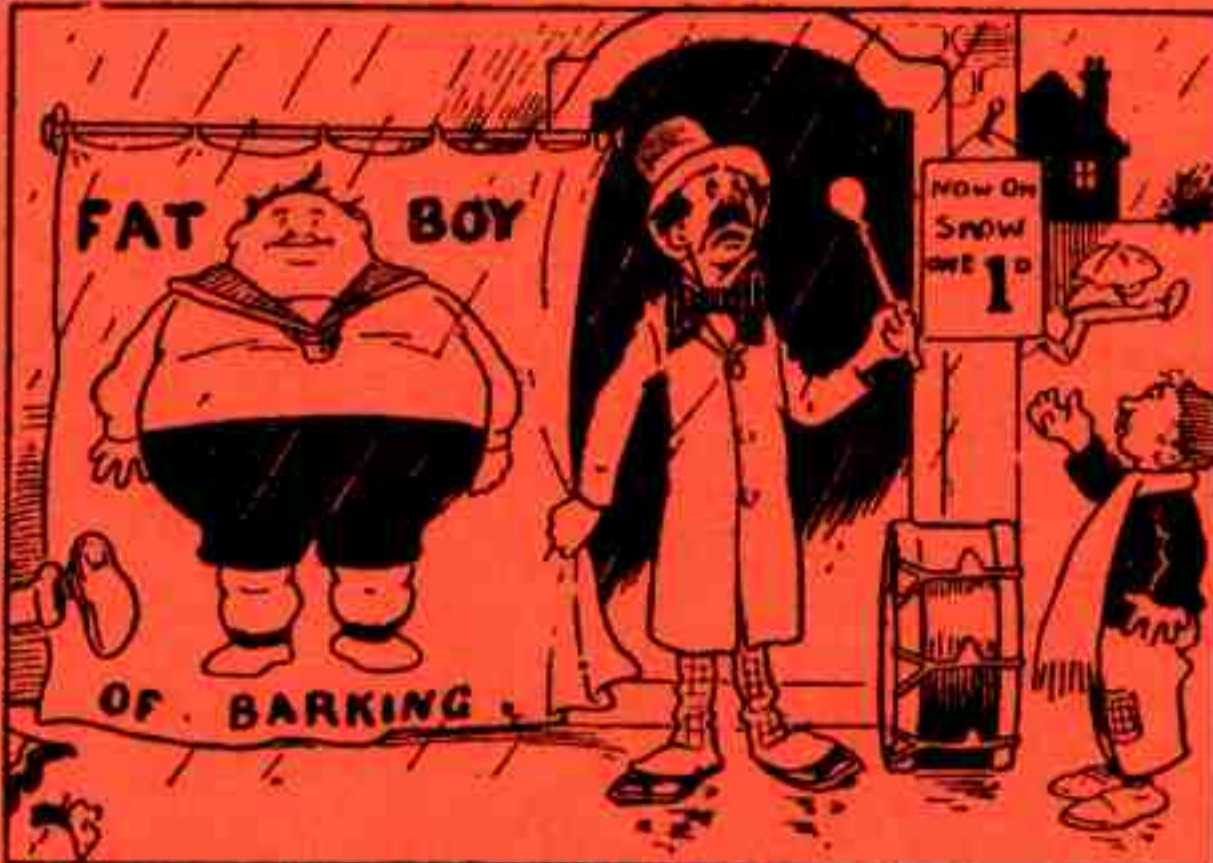


1. "I'll give you sixpence for the lot," said the major. "My nieces asked me to buy some balloons for them." "Right-oh, sir, shall I wrap them up in paper, or send them along by messenger?"

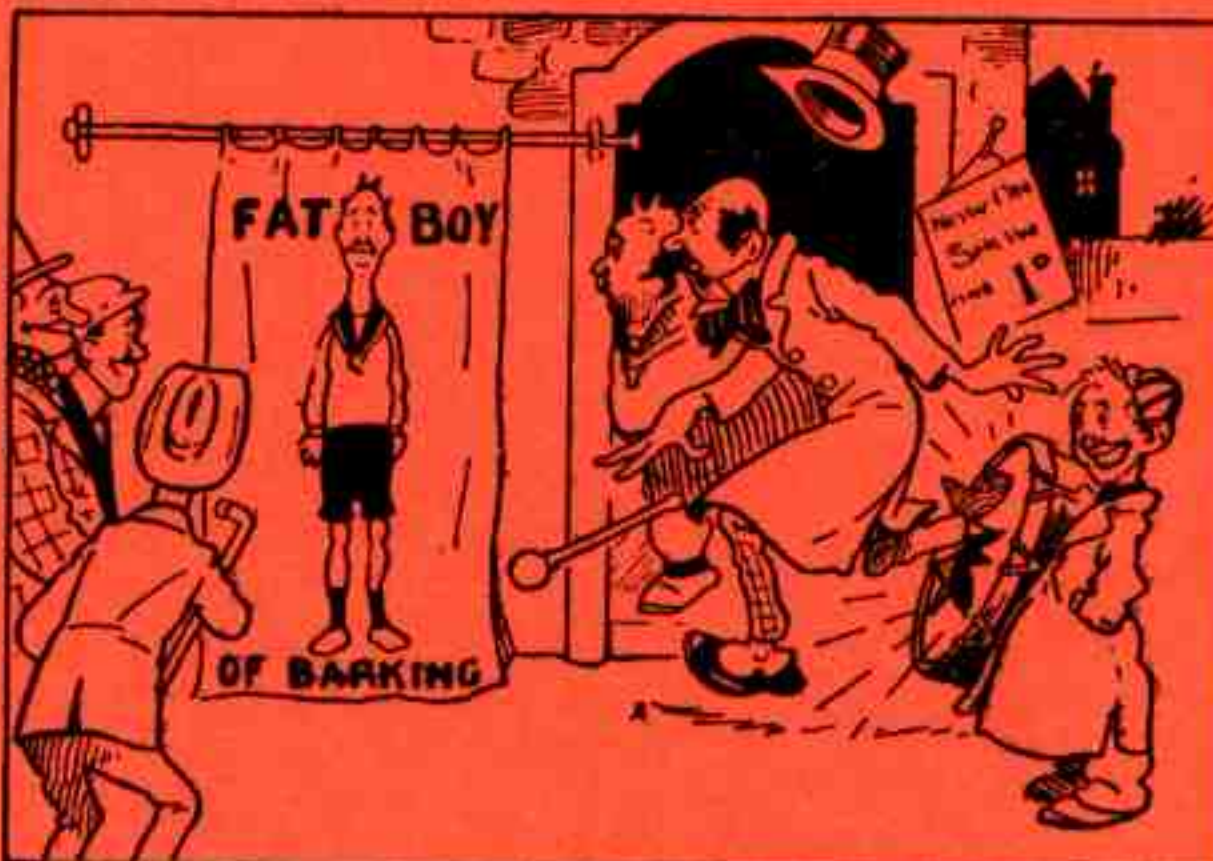


2. But as a matter of fact, the Major had paid sixpence for one balloon, for his merry little nieces had been blowing bubbles, and he had mistaken them for balloons.

WAT-ER SURPRISE!



1. "Now's the time to see the Fat Boy of Barking!" roared the showman. But just then it commenced raining, so he hopped inside for a jiffy.



2. But hearing sounds of hilarious merriment he went outside, and wasn't he surprised to find the sheet had shrunk as per above!

MADE AUNTIE STARE!

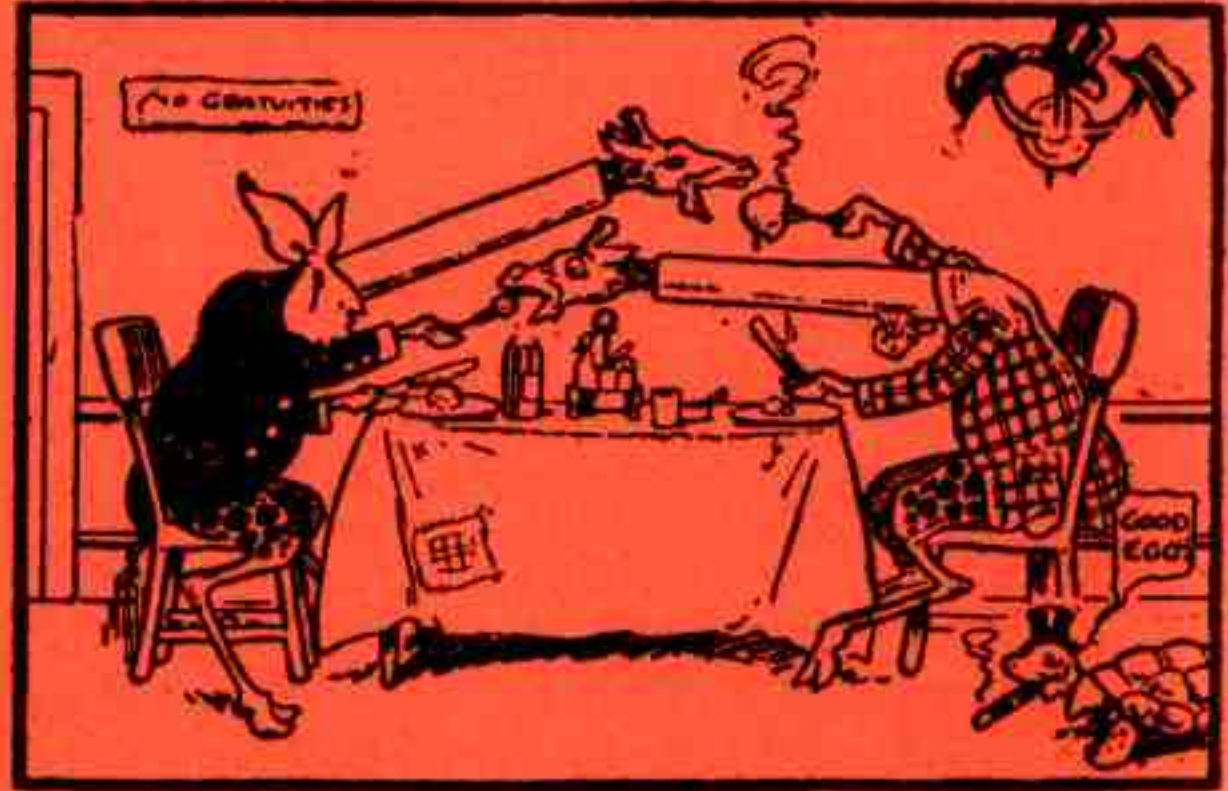
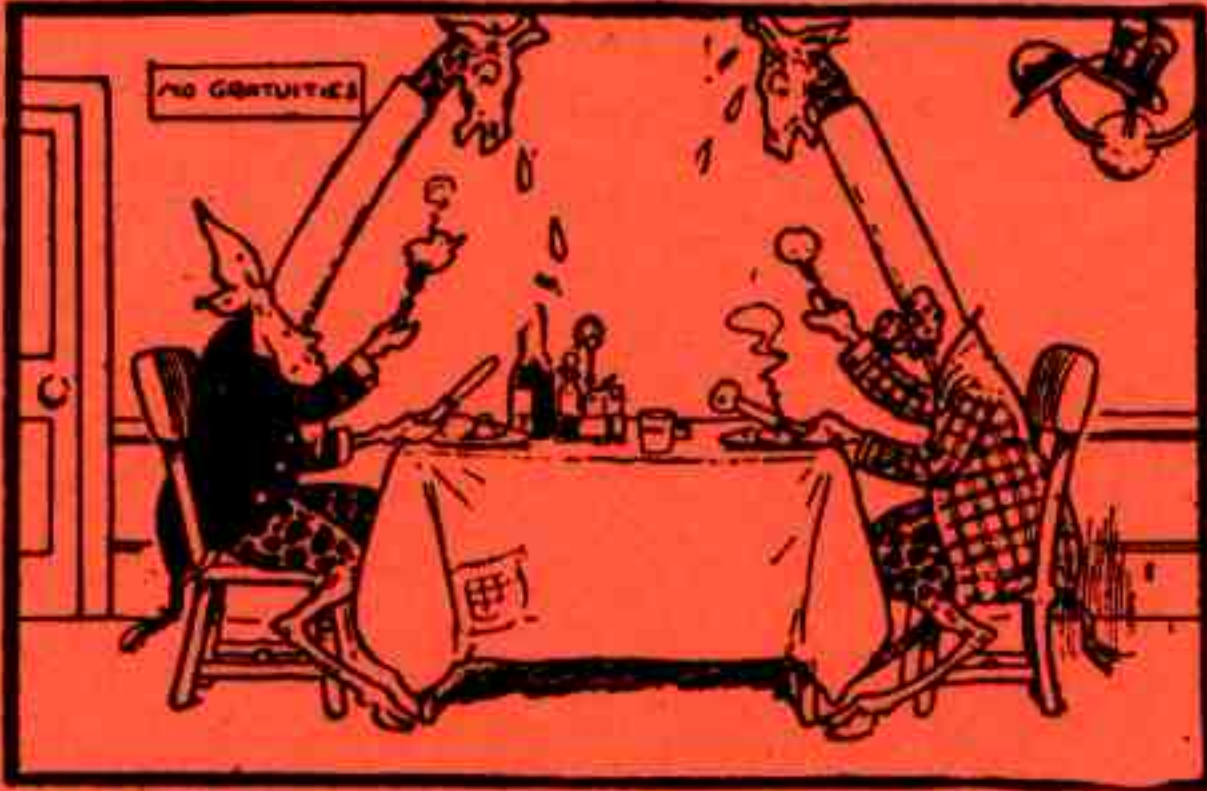


1. "Lawks-a-mussy-me!" shrieked Auntie Jane. "I expected to see a nice, dear, chubby little duck of a baby, not this horrible flat-footed freak!"



2. But the optical illusion was merely the result of the very awkward way which the delighted daddy carried his son and heir for Auntie's august inspection.

THEY "COLLARED" EACH OTHER'S DINNER!



1. "Hang these beastly collars!" growled the giraffe. "How on earth are we going to get at dinner? What's to be did?"

2. Then the above nutty notion of feeding each other struck the brainy animals, and they both enjoyed their dinner without any trouble.

HE GOT THE BIRD!



1. "Here's an idea!" smirked Sandy to his pal. "I'll just push the arrow down this chap's gun."

HE SHOULDN'T HAVE ASKED A SILLY QUESTION!

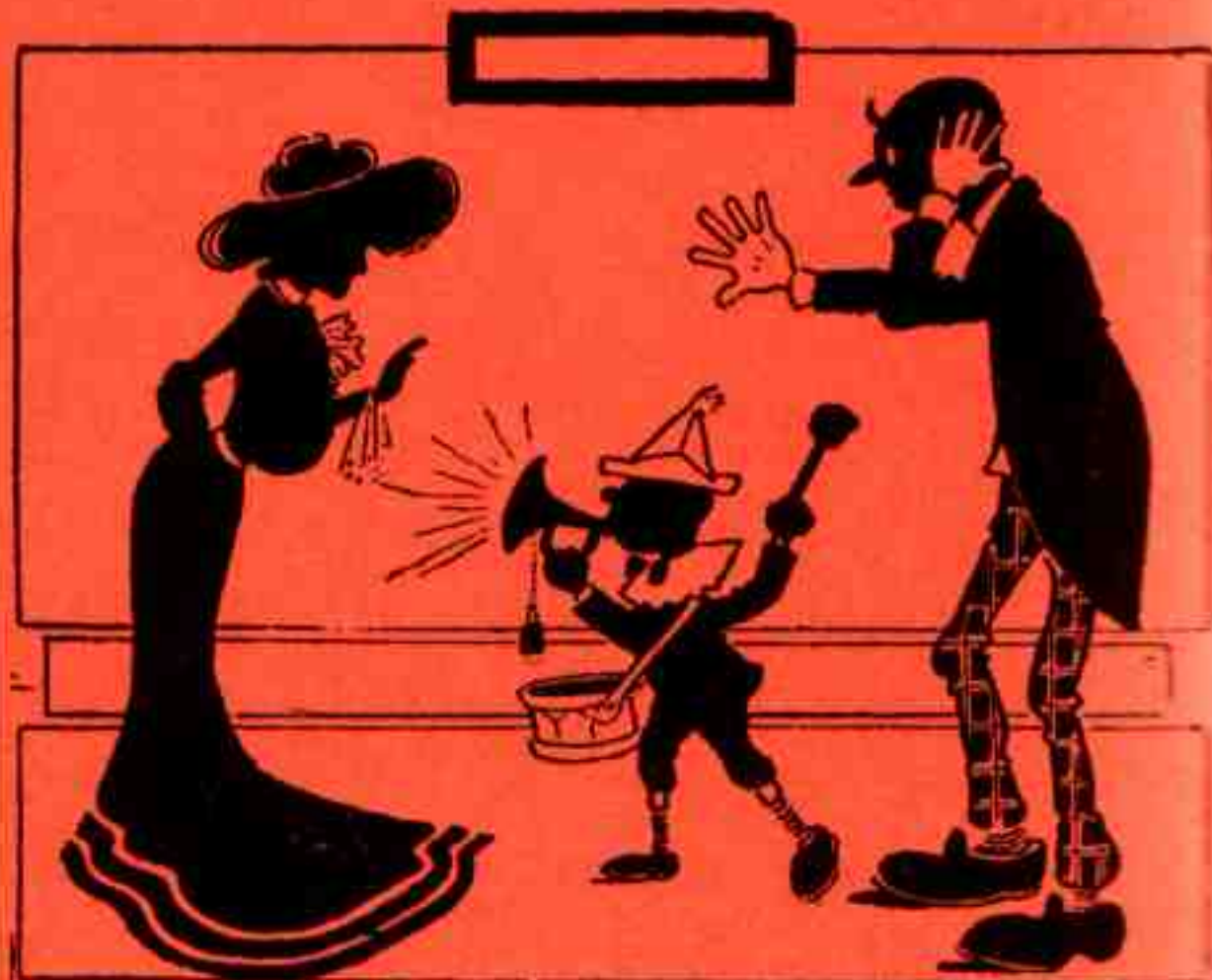


"Hallo, fishing?"
"No. I'm eating a pancake sifted with Norwegian goldfish, and catching poached eggs in a butterfly net!"



2. "Then when he fires at a bird the bullet pushes the arrow there first; and as I have a long line and a reel attached—"

NICE FOR JOHN!



Hubby: "For goodness' sake, my dear, take that trumpet away from Tommy. I've got a bad headache!"
Wifey: "How unreasonable you are, John! Why, that's the only thing that keeps him quiet!"



3. "I am able to run off home with it in time for dinner." Don't the fellow in the background look surprised?

