



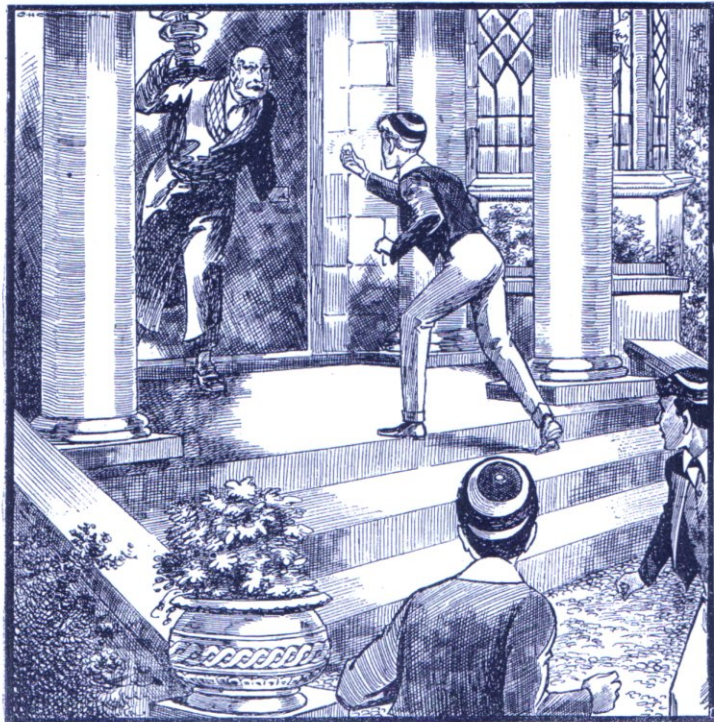
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THE SECRET OF THE WIRES!



BOB CHERRY RECOVERS THE DIAMOND!

(One of the Scenes in the Magnificent Long, Complete School Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars.) 4-10-19



The Secret of the Wires!

A Magnificent Long, Complete School Story of Harry Wharton & Co. :: at Greyfriars School. ::

... BY ...
FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Billy Bunter Thinks It's Very Strange!

"DASH, dash, dash!"
"O!"
"Once more, you fellows. Dash, dash, dash!"
"O!"

Billy Bunter gave a start. He was standing in the Remove Form passage at Greyfriars School. Bunter had been sent on an errand by Mr. Lascelles, the maths master, who wanted to see Harry Wharton in his room. Wharton was captain of the Remove Form. Bunter had looked round the Close and the playing-fields, and he had been to the gym. Then he went along to the Cloisters; but he drew blank, and he could not discover Wharton under the old elms or in the school tuck-shop. His search had been in vain when he rolled along to the Common-room, and when he looked along all the old stone passages.

At last, puffing and blowing, as a final chance, Billy Bunter went up to the Remove Form passage, and as Bunter approached the closed door of Study No. 1 he heard some remarkable noises going on inside the room.

The fat junior blinked in surprise. The noises certainly showed that Harry Wharton & Co. were in their quarters; but they puzzled Billy Bunter tremendously, and he put his eye to the keyhole and blinked into the study through his big spectacles.

He could see Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent, the owners of Study No. 1, and besides the owners he could spot Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the dusky Nabob of Bhanipur, who was commonly known as "Inky." Seated next to Inky was Bob Cherry, and standing by Bob's side was Jolony Bull and Lord Mauleverer. Whilst, sitting on the window-ledge, Bunter could just get a glimpse of Mark Linley and Tom Brown.

"Now, I wonder what little game they're up to!" murmured Billy Bunter. Bunter was the fattest and greediest junior at Greyfriars, and when he

wanted to find out anything he never hesitated to look through a study keyhole. Billy Bunter was the worst eavesdropper at Greyfriars, and his curiosity often brought him whole loads of trouble in the way of kicks and bumpings. But Bunter's little failings seemed to be incurable, and his mean actions never seemed to worry him very much.

"Now, then," said Harry Wharton, "I'll try you on a few letters. What's this: Dash, dash, dash?"

"O!" came a chorus from the rest of the juniors in the study.

"Dot, dash, dash?"

"U!"

"Dot, dash, dash, dot?"

"J!"

Billy Bunter sniffed. "Oh, you jays!" he muttered. "What in the dickens do they mean by that, I wonder? It sounds as though they're going off their heads."

"That's jolly good!" said Harry Wharton's voice. "I think we shall soon pick it up now. You seem a bit weak on the dots, Mauly. You'll have to peg away at it, you know!"

"My dear fellow," drawled Mauleverer, "it's such a fag, thinking them out, you know—what!"

"Don't be a lazy rotter, Mauly!" laughed Bob Cherry. "Now, tell me what this is. Ready? Dot, dot, dot!"

"S!"

"That's all right, Mauly, old bean! Peg away at it, and you'll soon catch us up!"

Billy Bunter blinked hard. "What the dickens can those rotters be up to?" he muttered. "Dot, dot, dot!" And then Mauly says 'S.' They must be off their dots, I should think!"

"Don't you think we ought to try a few words over now?" said Harry Wharton's voice. "Franky is jolly good at it. We practised for over two hours last night."

"Go ahead!" replied Bob Cherry. "Let's have a few short ones, Harry!"

"Right! Have you got your pencils ready?"

"Yes!"

"Here you are, then. I'll give you a short sentence. Go! Dash, dash,

dash, dot; dot, dot, dash; dash, dot; dash; dot, dot, dash, dot; dot, dot, dot!

"Yes. Go ahead!"

"Yes. Go ahead!"

"Dot, dash; dash, dot. Now the next word. Dot, dash; dash, dash, dash;

dash, dash, dash. That's the lot!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Bob Cherry. "I've got it all right. 'Bunter's an ass'!"

Billy Bunter snapped his teeth on the other side of the door.

"I'm an ass, am I?" he mumbled.

"What the dickens are they up to?"

"Everyone got that all right!" said Harry Wharton; and there was a general cry in the affirmative.

"Yes, rather!" laughed Mark Linley.

"It's quite easy when you once get the hang of it. It's the dots which do me in, though. If you'll just wait half a second I'll just go along to No. 13 and get my book on signalling."

Mark Linley jumped up from his seat, and opened the door of the study so suddenly that he ran into Billy Bunter, who was not expecting so sudden an exit, and wasn't prepared for it.

"Oh!" ejaculated the Lancashire lad.

"Ow!" gasped Bunter. And the fat Removee sat down suddenly. He did not mean to sit down, but the shock of the collision settled the matter for him. He sat on the linoleum and blinked at Mark Linley.

"Ow! I—I—"

"You rotten eavesdropper!" cried Mark Linley. "I believe you were listening at the keyhole."

"I—"

"What's that?" shouted Harry Wharton, springing to the door and looking out into the passage.

"It's this rotten far toad!" explained Mark Linley. "He was listening at the keyhole, and I biffed into him. He wasn't quite prepared for me."

"You worm!" cried Harry Wharton.

"What the dickens did you think you were going to hear by listening at the keyhole?"

"I—I wasn't! I—I—"

"Oh, shut up! I've got a jolly good mind to bump you, you fat rotter!"

Billy Bunter scrambled to his feet. He

adjusted his big spectacles, and blinked at the chums of the Remove as they looked at him through the open doorway.

"I say, you fellows—"
"Oh, I'll leave him to you, Wharton!" said Mark Linley. "I'm going along to No. 13 to get my signalling book."

"Well, you can clear off, Bunter!" cried Harry Wharton. "And don't let me find you up to your rotten tricks again, or you'll get it where the chicken got the chopper, and that was in the neck!"

"I say, Wharton—"
"Well, what do you want?" snapped Harry Wharton.

"What are you chaps up to, Wharton?"

"What does dash, dash, dash, dash, dash, dash, and dot mean?"

"You utter worm!" roared the captain of the Remove. "I thought you said you hadn't been listening? I'll jolly well bump you!"

"I didn't! I wouldn't! You fellows are up to some sort of game, I know, and I—I jolly well want to know what it is. What are you doing all that dotting and dashing for? Don't you let old Queelch hear you dashing so. You know our Form-master absolutely jibs at bad language!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Harry Wharton & Co. gave a roar of laughter.

"The esteemed Bunter's fathfulness completely takes the august bun!" remarked the dusky Nabob of Bhanipur, in his quaint English. Inky had a way of expressing himself which was quite unique.

"I don't want any cheek from you, Inky!" growled Billy Bunter. "I guess I want to know what game you rotters are going in for!"

"Why, you fat idiot," cried Harry Wharton, "what on earth are you getting at, I should like to know? What on earth has it got to do with you as to what we are doing?"

"I want to know all about this blessed—"

"Ring off, Bunter!" said Harry Wharton grimly. "You'd better travel. You've passed the limit years ago, and we can't stand you!"

The wormfulness of the honourable Bunter is great, and the donefulness is terrific," remarked the dusky Nabob.

Billy Bunter blinked at them.

"What's the wheeze, you chaps? What's all this dot and dashing going on, eh?"

"Dry up!" said Harry Wharton, frowning. "You can keep off the grass, Bunter. If you say the word 'dot' or 'dash' again you'll be bifed! We'll decide on that right away, won't ye, you fellows? Every time the fat bounder says 'Dot' or 'Dash' we bump him!"

"But who're you dashing—"
"There he goes again!"
"Bump him!"

"Ow! Oh, really, I— Help! Yah! Ow!"

Six strong pairs of hands grasped the Owl of the Remove, and he was bumped down in a sitting posture on the linoleum with a mighty bump.

The bump knocked all the breath out of him—he never had much—and he remained sitting there, staring dazedly at the chums of the Remove.

"You—you—you beasts!" he gasped.

"I—I—I—"
"Shut up! Keep off the grass!"
"But—but I've got something to tell you!"
"I—I—I—I— I've got a blessed message, hang you!"

"Blow your message!"
Bunter staggered to his feet. He

dusted his trousers, and blinked at the chums, and put his big spectacles straight.

"I—I—I say, Wharton, you rotter! I—I've got a message for you; but now you've treated me like this I've got a jolly good mind not to tell you a blessed thing!"

"You dummy! What are you getting at?"

"It's jolly important, I can tell you, and as soon as—as you've let me into the secret about all these blessed dots and dashes I'll tell you what the message is; but not before!"

Harry Wharton grasped the fat Remove by the arm and shook him until his teeth rattled.

"Ow! Look out, you cad!" roared Bunter. "You'll shake my spectacles off in a minute, and then you'll jolly well have to pay for a new pair!"

"What's the message?"

"I—I—"
"Shake, shake, shake!"
"Will you speak, you fat duffer?" howled Harry Wharton. "What's the blessed message about?"

"I—I— Larry wants you— Ow! Leggo! Larry Lascelles wants to see you in his study at once. He's waiting, you cad!"

"You howling dummy!" roared Harry Wharton. "Do you mean to say that Mr. Lascelles sent you up to fetch me, and you've taken all this blessed time over it?"

"Well, look what you cads have been doing to me!" mumbled Billy Bunter.

"Anyway, old Larry will be getting jolly angry if you don't buck up and go!"

"Bump this fat bounder, you chaps!" cried Harry Wharton to the rest of the Remove. "I shall only be away for a few minutes. Old Larry wants to see me about something."

"We'll deal with Bunter, Harry!" exclaimed Frank Nugent. "You leave the fat rotter to us! Be as quick as you can, and then we can get on with the bizney!"

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

A Surprise for Harry Wharton!

MR. LASCELLES was seated in his study, with a paper in his hand, and the maths master of

Greyfriars looked up with a pleasant smile on his face as Harry Wharton presented himself.

"Come in, Wharton, my boy!" said Mr. Lascelles. "I sent for you some time ago. Harry Bunter only just delivered my message?"

"Yes, sir. I—I think there was a little delay about it!"

"Well, never mind that now. I am just looking through a very interesting catalogue, Wharton."

"Are you, sir?"

"Yes. It's a journal called 'Surplus,' and is published by the Government, and contains a very full list of surplus stores the authorities are endeavouring to sell to the public. They were stores intended for the Army and Navy and Munition buildings during the war, you know."

"I've seen a lot of advertisements about those things, sir. Some are jolly cheap, I believe!"

Mr. Lascelles smiled. The popular maths master at Greyfriars was familiarly known as "Larry." He had only returned to the school a few weeks, having got back from the war with a record to be proud of, for he had faced the Huns in many a battle, and the Loamshire Regiment, in which he held his commission, demobilised Larry Lascelles with many regrets. He was just the right sort for the Army; but the maths master had his work to do at Greyfriars, and he had come back now, and had already settled down again, and

he had become even more popular than he had been before joining the colours.

"Ha, ha! Some of the things are cheap enough, my boy!" he laughed. "Such things as boilers, and machines for turning out big naval guns; but I think that the Government will find it very hard to find purchasers for such things."

Harry Wharton grinned.

"Now, what I want to see you about," continued Mr. Lascelles, "is the signalling we discussed a few days ago."

"We've been practising hard, sir," said Harry Wharton, "and we're getting quite a decent speed up in reading."

"That's very good news, Wharton. I thought the subject would interest you immensely. As I told you at the time, I took a signalling course whilst I was in France, and I know the whole thing interested me tremendously. Are you learning the semaphore code of signalling as well as the morse?"

"Yes, sir; but we find it jolly difficult to send the morse signs without an instrument."

"Why, bless me, I should think you do!" laughed Mr. Lascelles. "You must have the proper instrument. What I want you to do is to get a few of the fellows in the Remove together, and form a sort of signalling section; similar to the Royal Engineers signallers in the Army."

"It's a ripping notion, sir!"

"Now, I have a friend at the old munition store at Wapshot. They made an awful lot of signalling apparatus there during the war, you know?"

"Yes, sir."

"This friend has sent me a copy of the catalogue of surplus stores he is anxious to dispose of, and I am seriously thinking of buying a few of the instruments so that you and your Form-fellows can make use of them in your signalling section."

"That would be awfully kind of you, sir!" said Harry Wharton heartily.

Mr. Lascelles rose from his seat and commenced to open a large brown-paper parcel standing on the floor.

"They've sent along a few specimen instruments for me to have a look at, Wharton," he said. "We'll just see what there is. Hallo! Here's a little field telephone!"

Harry Wharton stepped forward, much interested.

"These little things are known as D III's in the Army," explained Mr. Lascelles, unstrapping the little leather case and revealing a small black instrument, with a little telephone-receiver, and a small key for sending messages. The maths master pressed the key, and the telephone at once gave forth a loud "buzz."

"Hallo!" laughed Mr. Lascelles. "It's working all right, anyway!"

"Buz, buz, buz, buz, buz!"

The little telephone buzzed away merrily as Mr. Lascelles pressed and released the sending-key.

"It brings back memories," said the maths master. "Many a time have I worked over one of these little instruments in a nasty, cold, damp dug-out, with the Huns only a few dozen yards away. This noisy little buz became a serious handicap eventually, though, because the wily Hun invented an instrument from which he was able to pick up the messages as the telephone sent its current through the earth, and the authorities had to forbid the use of the D III telephone in the front-line trenches, excepting in cases of emergency."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "What a cunning beast the Hun was!"

"We soon checkmated him though!"

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said Mr. Lascelles. "To beat the Hun at his own game we invented an instrument called the Fullerphone, and by some wonderful arrangement, none of the current leaked into the earth, so the gentle Hun was baffled there all right!"

"That was jolly lucky, sir!" said Harry Wharton. "Is—there a Fullerphone there?"

"Yes, here is one. It's a good deal bigger, and in a wooden case."

The Fullerphone was unpacked, and Mr. Lascelles placed it upon his writing-table, switched over a lever, and pressed the little black sending-key. There was a faint perpetual buzzing sound.

"That's the secret of the beauty!" laughed the maths master. "That little perpetual buzz hides a multitude of sins, and it must have worried the wily Prussian quite a lot!"

"Good, sir!"

"Now, we'll just see what else there is," said Mr. Lascelles, bending over the parcel. "Hallo! Here's a weighty thing, if you like! By Jove! This'll be a very useful thing for us!"

"What is it, sir?"

Mr. Lascelles gave a groan as he staggered across to the table with a large instrument; but, in spite of its weight, he placed it down with great care.

"This thing is known as a Combined Power-buzzer and Amplifier, and it is altogether a most wonderful invention, for one can not only send messages by merely passing the current through the earth itself, but by the aid of the amplifier the sender can also hear the message sent in reply."

"Do you mean to say it's a sort of wireless telephone, but instead of sending through the air you send along the ground, sir?"

"That's exactly what it is, Wharton. It's a perfectly marvellous thing, and a vast number of these instruments were in use by the armies during the war. They were used especially in attacks, or by those brave fellows in the front lines, whenever the enemy put down an artillery barrage. These little instruments were the one means of keeping up communication with those in the rear."

"What a wonderful thing, sir!"

"Of course, it is not a thing any idiot can work. There have to be two stations, naturally, and, in order to send out the message from one station to another, it is necessary for both sender and receiver to fix up a series of earth-pins, and run them out alongside their stations."

"What are they, sir?"

"Earth-pins are little metal forks, and they are stuck into the ground and connected up to the instrument by means of a length of copper wire. These pins then send the electric current through the ground, and then the message is picked up by the amplifier at the other station. Of course, they have also placed out their earth-pins. This mysterious power of electricity is very wonderful thing. I must admit it altogether puzzles me, although I quite understand how it works."

"It does seem weird, sir!" said Harry Wharton, somewhat puzzled. "But doesn't the amplifier on this combined instrument pick up all sorts of messages which may be floating about through the ground from somebody else's instrument?"

"Yes, it does!" replied the maths master. "That is the one failing of what otherwise is an amazing machine. It does pick up other currents, and although one is able to 'tune' them out by means of certain valves, there is always a lot of jamming going on, especially in wet weather. Of course, it is just the same with ordinary wireless."

"I suppose it is a pretty powerful current on this power-buzzer, sir?"

"I should think there is, Wharton," said Mr. Lascelles. "You can get quite a nasty shock from a power-buzzer, and one has to be very careful when placing out the earth-pins. I've many a time had a shock which has made me jump and squeal at the same time. It used to be a form of practical joke amongst signallers in the Army in France!"

"It must have been rather funny, sir!" laughed Harry Wharton. "And if we use this we had better go a bit careful!"

Mr. Lascelles drew out a cigarette and lit it.

"Well, look here, Wharton," he said, after a pause, "I can see you've got your fellows a bit keen on the idea of signalling, and I shall certainly arrange for my friend to send along a few more instruments so that I can buy them. I shall keep the samples he has sent me, and you can take them over into your charge at once, if you like."

"Oh, sir!"

"That's all right, Wharton," said Mr. Lascelles kindly. "You get these things up to your study and just look them over. They look a bit intricate at first sight; but it's astonishing how simple they really are. And your fellows have got the signalling books I lent them the other day. They ought to help you to work the things out."

"Rather, sir!"

"Very well, Wharton, you just get a move on with this little lot, and get them shifted out of the way. I will think the scheme out, and will let you know later on what sort of programme I want you to work."

"What about that coil of cable there, sir?" said the captain of the Remove, pointing to a small drum of telephone-cable lying next to the torn remains of the brown-paper parcel.

"Take that with the rest of the things, Wharton. You fellows can go right ahead, and pick up all the knowledge you can. We ought to soon have quite a useful little signalling section!"

Harry Wharton flushed with pleasure at the words of the maths master.

"I hope you will, sir!" he replied.

"I—I know all the fellows will be jolly grateful to you for having given them all these things, sir!"

Mr. Lascelles gave a hearty laugh.

"That's all right, Wharton!" he said.

"You go ahead now!"

"Very well, sir."

Harry Wharton left the study, and hurried upstairs to tell his chums about the great news. He was brief with his information, but sufficiently lucid to get the juniors to flock downstairs with him in order to transfer the wonderful instruments out of "Larry's" room into Study No. 1 in the Remove-Form passage.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Power-Buzzer—and Bunter!

"MY hat!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "This is something like!"

The whole of the signalling instruments had been brought up into Study No. 1, and the chums of the Remove stood round the table on which the things had been placed, and they gazed on the D 111 and the power-buzzer and amplifier, and the Fullerphone, and the dry batteries, and the drum of cable, full of rapture.

"We ought to do some good with this little lot," said Bob Cherry. "Oh crumbs! Won't it make old Coker tear his hair!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And Temple, Dabney & Co. of the Upper Fourth! This is where they fancy get left behind!"

"Eh?"

"So jolly ripping of old Larry to remember the Remove!" continued Bob Cherry. "He is a brick—old Larry!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Well, it's no good staring at these blessed things, is it?" laughed Bob Cherry. "The best thing we can do now is to get those books Larry lent us, and go over these instruments one at a time."

"That's the idea!" agreed Tom Brown.

"Well, who knows anything about electricity to start with?" asked Harry Wharton. "We want to have someone who knows how to join up cable to different terminals, and all that sort of thing, or else we shall be all at sea!"

"I know something about it," volunteered Johnny Bull. "I've often worked on the engine of our motor in the holidays, and one picks up quite a lot doing that."

"Good egg!"

"And I always see to the electric-bells when I'm at home," said Mark Linley. "I don't know much about it, but it really is quite simple so long as you've got the diagrams, and all that sort of thing is in the signalling books Larry lent us."

"We shall manage all right!" laughed Harry Wharton. "And, after all, we can do very much harm even if we do make mistakes."

"Too true, O king!" said Bob Cherry solemnly. "Now, what shall we start on? What happens when we touch this little fellow?"

Buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz, buzzzzz! Bob Cherry had placed his finger on the little sending-key of the D 111 telephone, and there was a loud buzz.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the Removeites, as Bob Cherry gave a start of surprise. "My hat! This thing seems like the real goods! Hallo! Here's that fat dummy come back now!"

Billy Bunter rolled into the study with a broad grin on his fat face, and the chums of the Remove glared at him.

"Hallo, you fellows!" said Bunter.

"What's the game?"

"Ring off!"

"Really, Wharton! You might let me just have a look at them. I know what you chaps are up to now. You're going in for signalling. That's the little game, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is; and now you can buzz off!"

Billy Bunter blinked through his big spectacles.

"Really, you chaps, you might just let a fellow see the blessed things. Anybody would think I was jolly well going to eat them!"

"That wouldn't be extraordinary!" growled Bob Cherry. "You eat nearly every blessed thing that you can lay your hands on!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Don't be a cad, Cherry! I'm nearly fed up with your rotten remarks, I can tell you, and you'd better go easy a bit!"

"Eh?"

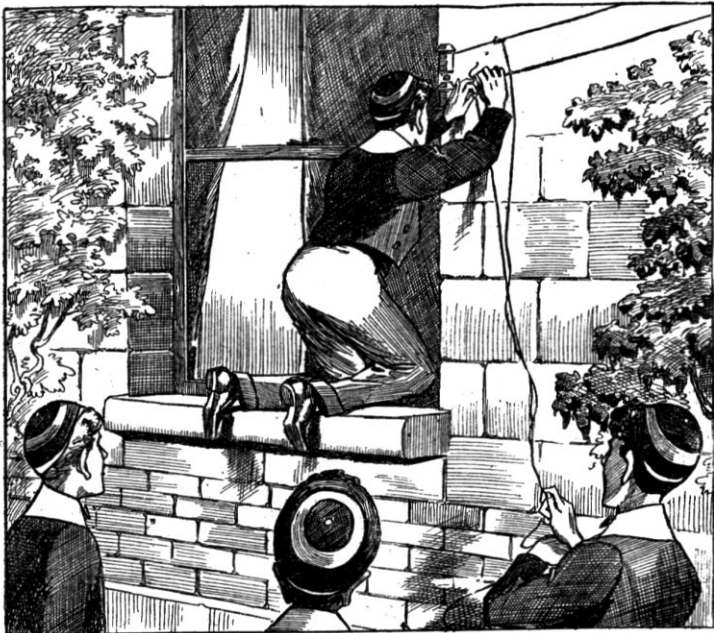
"There comes a time when a worm turns, you know."

"What?"

"I might retaliate if you're not a bit more careful, and I am a dangerous chap when I get my rag out, I can tell you!" "Just hark at the fat rotter!" gasped Bob.

"Well, you take the warning to heart a bit, that's all!"

And Bunter rolled up to the table and



Johnny Bull climbed on to the window-ledge of Mr. Prout's study and connected his cable to the telephone-line going into the study. "Now," he said, "if Wharton wants to be funny, let him be funny to old Prouty!" (See Chapter 5.)

stood looking at the telephone equipment.

"My giddy aunt!" roared Bob. "I've got a jolly good mind to buff the rotter with one of those blessed telephones, and I would, only I don't want to damage the telephone!"

"Oh, dry up, Bob, old man!" growled Bunter. "You're always talking so much. A chap can't hear himself even when you're about!"

Bob Cherry looked daggers at the Owl of the Remove; but his glare was quite lost upon the intruder, for Bunter was examining the combined power-buzzer and amplifier with tremendous interest.

Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent and Johnny Bull were standing round the little D 111 instrument, and Maulverer and Mark Linley and Tom Brown were endeavouring to solve the mysteries of the Fullerphone, so for the moment Billy Bunter was left alone. Bob Cherry snorted as he glared at the fat junior; but he gave it up as a bad job, and he turned his attention, with Hurree Singh, on the instrument in Harry Wharton's hand.

Billy Bunter blinked through his big glasses at the intricacies of the power-

buzzer, and he pulled the heavy instrument to the side of the table and commenced to handle the various parts.

"I wonder what this is for?" he murmured. "Blessed if I can understand these blessed things."

The fat junior unconsciously placed his fat hand across the two brass terminals, and then he carelessly commenced to toy with the sending-key. He pushed the key down heavily, and the next moment there was a loud buzz, and a wild shriek.

"Ow!"

Bunter roared at the top of his voice, and he danced about the study with his left hand tucked under his arm, and his face twisted up into an expression of anguish.

"Oh! Help! I've been struck by lightning! Ow!"

"What's the matter?" cried Harry Wharton anxiously.

"Yaroop! Ow! It nearly killed me!

Ow!"

"What's up?" roared Bob Cherry.

Billy Bunter staggered across to an armchair, and collapsed into it with a bump.

And then he rocked about, moaning with anguish.

"Oh-h! It's broken my arm!"

"What have you done, you fat idiot?" cried Harry Wharton.

"The machine!" roared Bunter.

"Ow! It struck me! Oh-h-h-h!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Removites burst into a hearty roar of laughter, and Bunter groaned louder than ever.

"The—the fat dummy!" laughed Harry Wharton. "He's had a shock from the power-buzzer! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Serves the boulder right!"

"Oh-h! I'm dying!" moaned Bunter. "It—it sent stabs all over me, and I think it's broken my arm, and done something to my spine!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You eads!" moaned Bunter. "Your beastly machine ought to be smashed up and sold as old iron!"

"Serves you right, you fat rotter!" cried Bob Cherry. "That'll teach you not to meddle with things which don't belong to you!"

"Oh-h-h!" moaned Bunter afresh.

His deep groans and the Removites' roars of laughter had aroused a certain amount of interest from passers-by, and

there was a little group of juniors clustered round the open door of Study No. 1, and they peered into the room to see what all the excitement was about.

"What's up with Bunter?" cried Rake.

"The fat rotter has just had a shock off a telephone Larry has lent us!" laughed Harry Wharton. "Nobody asked him in, and it's his own fault!"

"Oh-h!" moaned the unhappy Bunter. "I'm feeling so rotten! It's—it's made me feel as though I'm going to faint!"

"Oh, dry up, Bunter!"

"Can you give me a drop of water, Inky?"

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the dusky nabob, grinned pleasantly, and walked across to the cupboard.

"Certainly, my esteemed and honourable chum!" said the nabob. "I will give the water to you jurgfully!"

"Oh-h! Buck up, Inky!" moaned Bunter.

Hurree Singh took out a jug of water, and Bunter held out a shaking hand towards it.

"Do you really require the water wantfully, my honourable and ludicrous Bunter?"

"Oh, yes!" moaned Bunter. "I feel so beastly faint! Buck up and give it to me!"

"Right! Here you are!" said Hurree Singh, and he threw the contents of the jug straight into Bunter's face.

Swoosh!

"Yarooop!"

The fat Removite leapt up out of the chair with a wild shriek as the water swirled over him, and there was a roar of laughter from Harry Wharton & Co.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow!" shrieked Billy Bunter. "I'm drowned! Ow! You beastly nigger!"

The water ran down the fat junior's collar and down his neck, and he looked like a drowned rat as he spluttered and gasped and gouged the water from his eyes.

"Now, the esteemed and ludicrous chum asked for the water jurgfully!"

"You confounded nigger!" cried Bunter. "I've got a jolly good mind to report you to old Quaky!"

"Oh, get outside, Bunter!" exclaimed Bob Cherry giving the fat Removite a good push to the door. "We're fed up with you, and now you've had your water you can go!"

Billy Bunter rolled through the door, as Bob Cherry helped him with another hefty push, and the fat junior bumped into Temple, Dabney, & Co. just as those dignified members of the Upper Fourth were about to enter Study No. 1.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Nothing for Temple, Dabney, & Co.

"WHERE are you coming to, you fat boulder!" said Temple wrathfully.

"Ow!" gasped Bunter.

"Get out of the way!" snapped the leader of the Upper Fourth, and he gave Bunter another push to help him along the passage, and the fat junior rolled away. Harry Wharton & Co. grinned at the new-comers.

"Hallo, Temple!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "You're just in time to hear the news!"

"What!"

"This is where we smile!"

Temple, Dabney, Fry, and Phipps, of the Upper Fourth Form at Greyfriars, came into Study No. 1, and Temple exchanged a solemn wink with his comrades.

"We've heard all about your latest stunt," said Temple. "And we think you're a cheeky lot of kids to think that you're going to run this signalling section."

"Absolute cheek!" said Dabney.

"Quite the limit!" said Fry.

"Don't know what's coming over the blessed school!" added Phipps.

"Begad!" ejaculated Mauleverer.

"This is almost worse than having a Bunter in the study!"

"Yes, you buzz off, Temple!" cried Harry Wharton. "You've come on the scene too late, and it's one up to little us!"

The leader of the Upper Fourth glared at the chums of the Remove.

"If you small kids think you're going to run every blessed thing in the school you're making a jolly big mistake!" he growled. "I guess we've decided to go in for this signalling as well as you, and for a start I'm going to borrow this little telephone!"

Temple calmly picked up the D 111 telephone, which the chums of the Remove had been examining when Bunter received his electric shock from the power-buzzer. Harry Wharton & Co. could hardly believe their eyes now.

"Come along, you fellows!" said Temple to his followers. "We'll just make a start on this!"

"Rather!" said Dabney. And the four members of the Upper Fourth calmly walked out into the passage.

"My giddy aunt!" gasped Bob Cherry, as the study door closed. "What—what on—"

"Arh, you going to allow that?" shrieked Johnny Bull. "What ever is the matter with you, Wharton?"

Harry Wharton drew his hand across his forehead.

"Well, of all the evers that ever everted!" gasped the captain of the Remove. "I—I've never seen such cheek! It knocked me all of a dither! Come on, you chaps, we must get them back at once!"

"Rather!" roared the Removites.

"After them!" cried Harry Wharton.

"They've gone up to their study for a cert!"

Harry Wharton & Co dashed into the passage, and tore along to Temple, Dabney, & Co.'s study. They arrived just as those dignified members of the Upper Fourth closed the door and turned the key Fourth in the lock. Bob Cherry arrived first, and gave a hearty kick on the panel.

"Open the door!" shouted Bob.

Temple, Dabney, & Co. laughed. They were not likely to obey an order like that.

Bob Cherry kicked savagely at the door. The Removites had now gathered in force; but the door was of thick oak, and the lock was a strong one. Kicking was not likely to have much effect upon it.

From within the study came the sound of a chuckle, and then there was a loud buzzing noise. Temple, Dabney, & Co. were evidently trying the railed telephone.

Harry Wharton & Co. raged in the passage. Their property was being made use of by the raiders, and they could not get at them.

"My hat!" exclaimed Bob. "I'll get in it—Here! That stool!"

At the angle of the passage there was a heavy caken stool. Bob's eyes rested upon it as he glanced wildly around, and he ran up the passage and seized it. It was almost too heavy for him to carry alone; but Johnny Bull was at his side in a moment.

Between them they dragged it down the passage to Temple's door.

"Come on, you fellows! Lend a hand!"

"Rather!"

"Mind your heads!"

Swung up in the grasp of Bob and Johnny Bull and Harry Wharton, the heavy stool crashed on the lock of the study door. The whole door trembled and groaned under the terrific shock.

Within the study Temple put the tele-

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phone down in amazement. He had expected the Removites to rage helplessly outside, and kick the door; but an attack like this he had never dreamed they would venture upon.

"Shut up, you kids!" he shouted furiously. "You'll have the blessed door down in a minute!"

"That's just about what we mean to do, you rotten raiders!" shouted back Bob Cherry.

"I'll—I'll—"

Crash!

The lock cracked open.

One more battering crash and the door would be through.

Temple moved towards it in consternation. Dabney and Fry and Phipps stared helplessly at their leader.

Crash!

The door flew open, the lock hanging in fragments. The heavy stool thudded to the floor.

Harry Wharton & Co. rushed in.

To haul themselves upon the Upper Fourth dandies and hurl them across the study was the work of a moment.

Mark Linley picked up the raided telephone, and slung it across his shoulders with a satisfied grin.

Temple, Dabney, & Co. grouped together as if anticipating an attack, and they had some reason to anticipate it. The Removites were wild with wrath at the timidity of the dandies of the Upper Fourth, and they looked at their captain for a lead.

The rivalry between the Upper Fourth and the Lower Fourth, as the Remove Form was sometimes called, was of long standing, and it was not by any means uncommon for Harry Wharton & Co. to measure strength with the Upper Fourth, in spite of the marked difference in weight and age.

The chums of the Remove never thought of a little thing like that, and they certainly were not going to allow themselves to worry them now that they had been raided in broad daylight and under their very noses, as it were.

"Come on!" shouted Harry Wharton. "Let's wipe up the study with them!"

"Hurrah! Down with the Upper Fourth!"

"Stand back, you kids!" said Temple loftily. "Get out of my study at once!"

"Rats! Give 'em socks!"

The Removites had their blood up.

"Close the door, Franky!" shouted Harry Wharton. "Quick! Shove the table against it before any more of these Upper Fourth bouncers come along!"

"Stop it!" shouted Temple.

Frank Nugent jammed the door shut, and Lord Mauleverer and Hurree Singh dragged the table to it, most of Temple's books and papers falling down in the process, with the inkpot to keep them company on the floor.

Temple rushed forward furiously, only to find the Removites standing their ground as firm as a rock.

"Now, then!" said Harry Wharton. "You bouncers had the cheek to raid us under our very noses, and now you're going to get it in the neck!"

"You—you cheeky young kid!" said Temple. "What do you mean? Don't forget that you're dealing with fellows in a higher Form!"

"R—ts!"

"Look here—"

"If they're in higher form, it's all right. That makes it balance up, old bean, because we're eight!"

"You dare to touch us, and—"

"Just see!"

"Keep back! Get out of this study at once, and we'll say no more about it. And you can have your rotten tele-

phone back into the bargain!" exclaimed Temple, considerably alarmed now that he saw that—impossible as it seemed—the Remove chums were in deadly earnest.

Harry Wharton grinned.

"Come on, you fellows!"

Nothing loth, the chums of the Remove followed their leader, rushing to the attack. Temple, Dabney, Fry, and Phipps stood on the defensive, hitting out with all their strength. Mauly and Tom Brown went crashing to the floor, but the other six fastened like bloodhounds upon the four dandies of the Upper Fourth, and fought them desperately. And the two on the floor were up in a twinkling, rushing to back them up.

Fighting fiercely, the four raiders were dragged down, and the Removites sprawled over them, keeping them down.

"Leggo!" roared Dabney.

"Not just yet!" said Bob Cherry, kneeling on his chest. "Now I'm going to jam your napper on the floor each time you wriggle!"

Bob gripped Dabney by his rear prominent ears. The enraged Dabney struggled, and Bob carried out his threat. Dabney's head went in a postman's knock on the floor. He yelled with pain, but did not struggle again.

Harry Wharton & Co. had the upper hand now. Temple, Dabney, & Co. were helpless in their grip, and the Removites were masters of the situation.

"What are you going to do?" gasped Temple, as Harry Wharton rose to his feet, the other seven juniors being quite sufficient and quite equal to the task of keeping the raiders down.

"We're going to give you a lesson just to show you that you kids shouldn't try to bone other people's telephones!"

"I'll—I'll—"

"Ring off, Temple; old bean," said Tom Brown, "or I shall pinch your nose! It's a long nose, you know. Everyone knows that!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the Removites at Brown's atrocious pun.

Harry Wharton glanced round the study. He calmly turned out a drawer in the bookcase by the simple process of pulling out the drawer and letting the contents stream upon the floor. The drawer had been full of neckties, pairs of braces, and so forth, and Harry Wharton selected an assortment of the articles and proceeded to tie the hands of the four defeated raiders.

They did not venture to struggle, after Dabney's head had been rapped on the floor as a hint of what they were to expect if they did.

"If you chaps will yank them over here," said Wharton. "I'll tie their ankles to the leg of the table, and they won't be able to wriggle away and sneak any more telephones."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll give you such a licking for this, you cheeky kids!" said Temple hoarsely.

"Oh, dry up!"

"You—you—"

"Jam his head on the floor, you fellows!"

"With pleasure!" said Tom Brown.

"The pleasurefulness is simply terrific, my august chum!"

Temple's head was jammed. He did not speak again, but he glared ferociously at the grinning Removites.

Harry Wharton used up several expensive neckties in tying four ankles to the leg of the table. The four dandies of the Upper Fourth sprawled on the floor, foaming with wrath, but quite helpless.

"Next more?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Rag the study!"

"Stop it! Get out of it, I tell you!" roared Dabney.

"Will you ring off!" demanded Bob Cherry. "I can't be put to the trouble of jamming your nappers on the floor all the time!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors set to work swiftly. They thought their rivals of the Upper Fourth required a lesson. After all, it was awful cheek for Temple, Dabney, & Co. to raid the telephone in the manner they had, and it wasn't a thing which could be lightly overlooked, so now they did not intend that their lesson should be a small affair at all.

They upset every article of furniture in the study. They mixed up books and papers, they tilted the bookcase over upon the carpet, filled Fry's collar-box with ink, and poured liquid blacking into the hat-box and into Temple's own special glove-box.

The dandies of the Upper Fourth watched them in spluttering rage.

In five minutes the study was in a state that would have taken the most industrious housemaid many hours to set right.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked round with great satisfaction.

"I fancy that about finishes it!" laughed Bob Cherry, clearing the mantelpiece with a sweep of a chair.

Crash, crash, crash!

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! I'm afraid some of your crocks have got broken. Temple, old man. Never mind! You'll be able to buy some more if you can sneak Bradburies as well as you can telephones!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We'd better get out," grinned Johnny Bull. "This will want a lot of explaining if old, Copper looks in. Better leave the explaining to Temple."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

They dragged the table away from the door, and the four members of the raided study were dragged over the carpet with the table and the victorious Removites left the study. Most of them were showing signs of the scrap, but that did not trouble them. They had avenged the raid with a vengeance, and had regained the telephone, and they chuckled gleefully as they scuttled down the passage.

Temple wriggled and sat up, glowering. Dabney and Fry and Phipps looked at him in helpless rage.

"My hat!" gasped Dabney. "The young rotters! Fancy that!"

"Groo!" groaned Phipps.

"Let's get loose!" growled Fry.

"I can't! Can you?"

"No, hang you! Do you call yourself a blessed leader, Temple?"

"Shut up!"

"I thought you said that you were going to run this signalling idea of Wharton's!"

"Dry up!"

"It's all your fault, Temple!" snapped Dabney. "I quite agree with Fry. You're an absolutely rotten leader!"

"Hear, hear!" groaned Phipps.

Temple ground his teeth.

"We—we shall have to call for help!" he gasped. "We shall be the laughing-stock of the school for the rest of the term if we're found like this!"

"Well, I'm not going to stick here, anyway. We shall have to call!"

"Call, then, and be hanged!"

And Phipps shouted for help.

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THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Wrong Number.

THE chums of the Remove stopped in Study No. 1 in the Remove passage, puffing and blowing a little from their exertions, and still chucking. They had scored a complete victory over Temple, Dabney, & Co.—their rivals of the Upper Fourth, and although they knew that somebody would have to release the vanquished, they had very little fear of hearing any more of the matter.

"Well, we've got the telephone back safely!" laughed Mark Linley, placing the recovered instrument on the table with the rest of the things.

"Yes, and we've absolutely dished, diddled, and done those bounders into the bargain!" grinned Bob Cherry, throwing himself into an armchair. "Temple, Dabney, & Co. have come out of the little end of the horn, and no mistake!"

"Rather!"

"The rathfulness is terrific!"

"It's the heftiest time we've had for a long time!" said Johnny Bull. "Old Temple will fairly lose his goat over it, I expect. I'll take those bounders hours to clean their study up."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, now we can go ahead with the signalling," said Harry Wharton. "It's a ripping afternoon, and I suggest we take a couple of telephones down to the quad, run out a bit of cable, and see how we get on."

"Good idea!"

"The Fullerphone has got a hand-receiver set attached to it, so if we take that and the D III we can try our hand at sending messages by the buzzer, and talk over, the telephone whenever necessary!"

"Good egg!"

The chums of the Remove shouldered the various articles and trooped out of the study. The quadrangle was quite empty. It was Wednesday afternoon, and a half-holiday at Greyfriars, and most of the boys were either on the playing-fields or out and about in the vicinity of the school.

Harry Wharton & Co. put the telephones on the ground.

"We had better split up now," said Harry Wharton. "We'll have four at each end of the line. Marky and Frank and Mauly can come with me, and, Bob, you can be in charge of Inky and Brown and Johnny Bull!"

"Right, Harry!"

Harry Wharton took hold of the two bare ends of the cable, and fixed them on to the terminals of the D III telephone.

"Well, here you are, Bob," said Wharton. "This should be all right now, I think. We will run the line out from the drum, and go about as far as the Cloisters, and then we'll try our hand."

"How ripping!"

"Come along, you fellows, we'll run the cable out over the ground. It doesn't matter, because it's properly insulated."

The four juniors set off, running out the cable as they went, and Bob Cherry and his party watched them disappear round the corner of the old school building in the direction of the Cloisters.

From time to time Bob Cherry pressed the sending-key of the telephone, in case the other party had arrived at their destination, and had fixed the end of the cable on to the terminals of their Fullerphone.

Ten minutes elapsed, however, before an answering buzz ran along the cable, and Bob Cherry and his party gave a cheer.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" cried Bob. "Here they are. They've evidently fixed it up all right!"

Buzz-z-z-zzzz!

The little instrument buzzed impatiently, and Bob Cherry caught up the receiver and placed it to his ear.

Buzz-z-z-zzzzz!

"Hallo!"

"Are you there?"

"Where do you think I am?" replied Bob, with a grin.

"Eh? What?"

"Yes, I'm here. What's the row? Have you fixed it up properly, Harry, old man?"

"Is that Cherry?"

"Yes, ass! Blessed if I know who's talking!" added Bob, looking up at his party. "It doesn't sound much like Harry Wharton's squeak."

"I can hear you, Bob!"

"My hat!" growled Bob Cherry. "It is Wharton! I suppose he's having a game with us, the dummy!"

"Sure that's Cherry?" came the voice from the telephone.

"Yes, you idiot! What on earth are you playing at?"

"What have you done with your voice?"

"Eh?"

"What's up with your blessed croak?"

"Why, I—"

"Hold on! Franky says I'm to give you a message!"

"Then go ahead, you dummy!"

"Are you all there—all four of you?"

"Yes, idiot!"

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"Good! Franky wants you to do something just to oblige him!"

"Well, that's easy! What is it?"

"Franky says you can go and drown yourselves!"

"What!"

Bob Cherry put down the receiver, and looked round for a stone to throw at somebody. His face was very wrathful.

"These burbling jabberwocks think they're very funny all of a sudden!" growled Bob Cherry. "They've told us to go and drown ourselves!"

"The silly dummies!"

"I— T—"

Buzz, buzz, buzz!

"There they go again!" said Tom Brown.

"Don't answer it!" exclaimed Bull suddenly.

"Why, I—"

"Don't!" said Bull, very excitedly.

"If they think they can play the giddy goat, it's up to us to pay them out in their own coin!"

"But how?"

"Quick!" cried Johnny Bull. "Take those ends of the cable off the terminals as quick as you can. You only have to unscrew them!"

Bob Cherry unscrewed the terminals whilst the little telephone was buzzing away in response to the frantic sending on the key at the other end of the line.

The buzzing suddenly stopped as the cable was taken off.

"Come on!" said Bull, with a broad grin on his face. "I've got a ripping idea! Do you see that telephone-line by that window there?"

"Y-yes."

"Well, it's the line going into old Prout's study!"

"But—"

"We'll put our two ends on to that. It can be done. I saw it in that book old Larry lent to us. They call it 'teeing-on.'"

"My hat!"

"If Wharton wants to be funny, let him be funny to old Prouty. There ought to be a few screams to this!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come along!" said Bull. "Give me a bunk up on to the window-ledge!"

"Right!"

Johnny Bull ran towards the wall, trailing the cable along as he went, and then Tom Brown and Bob Cherry and Hurree Singh helped him up.

Harry Wharton and his party at the other end of the line gave a chuckle when Bob Cherry had put down the receiver, and after a few moments Harry pressed the sending-key of the Fullerphone again. He thought it was about time they got on to the signalling in a less flippant manner.

He pressed the key again and again, and there was no answer.

"What's up, Harry?" said Frank Nugent. "Is old Bob too annoyed to answer? Tell him it was only a joke."

"It doesn't seem as though there is a proper circuit to the current," said Harry Wharton, with a frown. "The speaking was jolly good, but now even the buzzing sounds different."

"Oh?"

"Hallo! That sounds a bit different now! I believe those dummies must have disconnected it for a minute or two."

Buzz, buzz, buzz!

Harry Wharton slapped away at the Fullerphone-key, and placed the receiver to his ear, and listened.

Brrrrrrrr!

"My hat!" gasped the captain of the Remove. "Blessed if that doesn't sound a little like a bell ringing now!"

"What's that, Harry?"



"C-can you give me a drop of water, Inky?" moaned Bunter. "I feel so beastly faint!" "Certainly, my esteemed chum!" said Hurree Singh. "I will give the water to you jugfully!" Swoosh! "Yarooop!" yelled Bunter, as he caught the contents of the jug full in the face. (See Chapter 3.)

"It sounded like a bell being rung at the other end!"

"A bell?" said Mark Linley. "It can't be a bell, Harry! These things are only buzzers, not ringing telephones! I should—"

"Hallo, hallo! Shut up, Marky!" cried Harry Wharton. "They're on now! Hallo, hallo, hallo! Are you there?"

"Who is it?" came a deep voice over the wires. And Harry Wharton gave a start of surprise.

"Is that you, Harry duffer?" shouted Harry down the mouthpiece of the telephone. "What the dickens have you been doing all this time?"

"What have I been doing?"

"Yes; it seemed to get disconnected. We were only ragging you a few minutes ago!"

"Only ragging?" said the deep voice again. And Harry Wharton looked a little puzzled.

"Yes, you idiot! You needn't lose your wool, you know."

"I—I—"

"Don't splutter down the telephone, you dummy!"

"B-but who are you? Who on earth is that speaking?"

"Don't be an ass! Anybody would really think you didn't know!"

"I—I don't understand."

"Well, put your silly fat head under

the pump, and then perhaps you'll understand a bit better!"

"A—a pump?"

"Yes, and don't bother to put that silly, deep voice on, either. Anybody would think it was old Prout croaking over the telephone!"

There was a distinct grunt at the other end, and Harry Wharton gave a grin.

"What's up, Harry?" said Frank Nugent. "Is old Bob trying to pull your leg? Tell him to go and drown himself again!"

"Hallo, hallo!" cried Harry Wharton into the telephone. "Are you there?"

"Yes, I am still here. I do not understand it at all. I seem to recognise the voice, but I cannot place it. Whoever it is, you are very insolent, not to say insulting!"

"Ha, ha! You chump! Franky says you can go and drown yourself again for trying to pull our young legs!"

"What?"

"You can go and drown yourself again!"

"Why, bless me—what?"

"Oh, dry up, you idiot!"

"I—I—I shall report this extraordinary insolence to the Postmaster-General! I have never heard of such a thing in all my life! Who are you, sir? I demand to know what your business is, and what—what authority you have for thus daring to ring up a master at the school!"

"Ha, ha! You do think yourself funny, old man, don't you?"

"I—I—"

"But don't keep it up all the blessed day, you know. We want to get on to the buzzer now, and practise sending and reading."

"I—I—I—"

"Shall I buzz you a bit?"

"A—a bit of what?"

"Buz, you idiot! Shall we go through the alphabet?"

"This is most extraordinary! It is entirely beyond my comprehension. I fail to understand it! It is most extraordinary!"

"Oh, dry up, Bob, old man! You can't keep it up all night, you know. A joke's a joke, but give it a rest now, for goodness' sake!"

"Goodness me! I seem to recognise that voice. Who is that? It is a boy, and I will know who it is. Speak, you young rascal!"

"Look here, Bob, do, for goodness' sake, ring off now, and let one of the other chaps have a go. We might get a bit of sense down the thing then!"

"Ha! It's a boy, is it? Just speak here for one moment, monsieur, will you?" "Perhaps you will recognise the voice."

"You are a howling—"

"Hallo, hallo! Who ees zat?"

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"Ha, ha! That's a jolly good imitation, Bob, old man! It sounds exactly like old Charpentier!"

"Ciel! Zis ees Monsieur Charpentier at ze telephone, oui!"

"Jolly good! Sounds just like a Froggie!"

"Mon Dieu!"

"Blessed if I didn't think it was old Mossoo for a second!"

"Oui, oui! Zis ees Monsieur Charpentier at ze telephone. Meester Prout, he ees tres angry, oui. Meester Prout, he say zat ze stupid boy ees insolent, Meester Prout, ze understand nozing!"

"Jolly good, old man; but ring off now. That's just about enough of old Mossoo!"

"Oui, oui, mon ami! Eet ees Monsieur Charpentier, oui oui!"

"Look here, you idiot, if you don't drop that rot we shall have to pack up and come in. You are a first-class ass—a burbling jabberwock—a howling dummy!"

"Vat?"

"You're absolutely the limit!"

"Ciel!"

"And I'm jolly well fed up with it! A joke's a joke, but there's a limit even to a blessed joke!"

"Ah, ze boy! Eet sounds like ze zaccos Wharton. Ciel! Ah, Meester Lascelles, listen at ze telephone, s'il vous plait! Ah, merci, merci!"

"Oh, go and drown yourself!"

"What?"

"Now you're trying to be old Larry, are you? Well, I am jolly well fed up, and I shall pack up!"

"This is Mr. Lascelles speaking. Who is that?"

Harry Wharton gave a gasp.

"Oh, I'm sorry, sir! I didn't know that Cherry had—had left the telephone!"

"I don't understand you. Who is that speaking? Answer me at once!"

"T-this is W-Wharton, sir—W-Wharton, o-o-f t-the R-Remove!"

"Oh!"

"Is—Is Cherry there, sir?"

"No, Cherry is not here, and I understand from Mr. Prout and Monsieur Charpentier that you have been exceedingly insolent on the telephone, Wharton!"

"I—I—I—"

"I am very surprised, Wharton. I tell you candidly I do not understand your motive. It is remarkable. Are you speaking from Friardale or Courtfield?"

"F-Friardale o-or C-Courtfield, sir!"

"Yes, I presume you are speaking from a public telephone!"

"N-nunno, sir. I—I'm in the Cloisters, sir!"

"Nonsense, Wharton!"

"But I am, sir. We've come out to practise on the Fullerphone and the D 111 telephone you lent us, sir. We've run out a line from one instrument to another. Isn't Cherry there, sir?"

"Of course Cherry is not here, Wharton! I am speaking from Mr. Prout's study."

"I—I—"

"I can't understand it at all. I will get my hat and come out and see you at once. I will collect Cherry on the way. You will wait in the Cloisters. Do you understand, Wharton?"

"Y-yes, sir!"

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THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

The Biter Bit!

"O H crumbs!" Harry Wharton's face had gone quite white, and he placed down the receiver on the Fullerphone as though he were in a trance.

"What's up?" cried Frank Nugent, looking at his chum in amazement. "Are you feeling rotten, Harry, old man?"

"I—I—"

"Sit down, my dear fellow!" bawled Lord Mauleverer. "The sun's a bit hot to-day, you know. You've probably got a touch of it."

"Oh crumbs!" "Come on!" said Tom Brown anxiously. "Lie down full length on your back. You can leave the Fullerphone for a star."

"Oh, my stars!" "Have you got shooting pains in the head, and feel giddy, and all that sort of thing?"

"Oh, my only fat aunt!"

The chums of the Remove exchanged glances.

"What's up, Harry? Can't you tell us how it affects you. It seems as though you've got a touch of the sun, you know!"

"My blessed Aunt Semolina!"

"You had better come back to No. 1, you know, or go and lie down in the dorm for a bit."

"Oh, he will be waxy!"

"Eh?"

"He'll want to slaughter us for that!"

"What?"

"I can't think how it's happened, can you?"

Frank Nugent looked at his chum in genuine alarm.

"Steady, old man!"

"It must be a blessed freak! That's what it is. Ha! It's a beastly rotten freak!"

"Oh, my hat! What's gone wrong with the duffer, I wonder!"

"It's a freak machine! Oh crumbs! I might have been talking to King George himself, or even to the rotten Kaiser! Lucky it was only old Prout, when you come to think of it!"

"Eh?"

"And old Mossoo! Ha, ha, ha!"

"What?"

"And then old Larry! It's really jolly funny, isn't it?"

"Hallo!" cried Mark Linley. "Here comes Mr. Lascelles, and the other fellows are with him. I wonder what they're laughing at!"

Harry Wharton looked up, and saw Mr. Lascelles and Bob Cherry and his party wending their way across the Cloisters towards them. As the maths master approached, Harry Wharton & Co. raised their caps.

"Well, Wharton," said Mr. Lascelles, "you seem to have put your foot into it with a vengeance."

Harry Wharton flushed crimson.

"I—I am awfully sorry, sir," he said.

"I simply hadn't any idea that I wasn't speaking to Cherry, sir!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Lascelles. "Since I spoke to you on the telephone I have solved the mystery. There is the culprit!"

The maths master pointed an accusing finger at Johnny Bull, who shifted uneasily on his feet as the chums of the Remove stared at him.

"Bull knows too much about these things, I think," said Mr. Lascelles; "and in future he had better mind his p's and

q's, or he will be getting his friends into serious trouble!"

"What do you mean, sir?" said Harry Wharton, looking very puzzled.

"Why, I mean that Bull manipulated his end of the cable in such a way that your Fullerphone was connected to Mr. Prout's telephone-wire. You would never have been able to ring up Mr. Prout, of course, but the Fifth Form-master heard a sort of clicking sound on his telephone, and he picked up the receiver after giving a ring to the exchange, as he thought!"

"Oh!"

"Bull had 'teed' the cable on, you see, and I really do not think that you are to blame, Wharton, although I do think you should be more careful how you speak down the telephone. Even amongst yourselves you must learn to conduct your signalling in a strictly disciplined way. Jokes are very well; but you never know when an emergency arises how disastrous even a joke can turn out!"

Harry Wharton glared at Johnny Bull, and Bull looked very sheepish; but the presence of Mr. Lascelles compelled Harry Wharton to postpone, for the time being, any display of physical force in retaliation for the hoax that had been played.

"It will be necessary for you to apologise both to Mr. Prout and Monsieur Charpentier, Wharton," continued Mr. Lascelles. "I will explain to them how the—misunderstanding, shall we call it—occurred. But the very great disrespect you showed certainly requires a very abject apology!"

"Yes, sir," said Harry Wharton, looking very saintly, but not feeling it. What the captain of the Remove wanted to do more than anything else in the world was to get hold of Johnny Bull and give him a good bumping!

"I have a few hours to spare, my boys," said Mr. Lascelles, "and if you like I will show you how to put out the earth-pins for use with the power-buzzer and amplifier. As we haven't a second power-buzzer to work, we need only make use of the amplifier. But I think we will just see how it works, and find out what currents of electricity we can pick up."

"Oh, good, sir!"

"As Bull has caused a certain amount of trouble, I think it will be a very good idea for him to go back to your study to fetch the instruments!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It will help to pay him out, sir."

"Yes, I dare say you want to get your own back, Wharton. Well, you run off, Bull, and bring that instrument to us as soon as you can. Meantime, we will run the cable in. It will give us something to do!"

Johnny Bull scampered off, and Harry Wharton & Co. disconnected the cable from the Fullerphone, and commenced to coil in the long line they had been using.

Bob Cherry and Hurree Singh strolled back to the quad, and took down the line which had caused so much trouble, and by the time the work had been completed Johnny Bull came staggering along with the instrument on his shoulders and the cells under his arms.

Bull platted the power-buzzer on the ground with a sigh of relief. He was puffing and blowing with the exertion, and Mr. Lascelles smiled.

"That's something off the account, Bull!" he said pleasantly. "I dare say Wharton will make allowances for that when he comes to settle with you!"

Johnny Bull grinned.

"Our jokes are all in the day's work, sir!" he said. "Wharton will soon forget all about it—at least, I hope he will!"

"Well, come along, you fellows!" cried Mr. Lascelles. "We will get away from the school grounds, I think. We will try those meadows over there, near the main road."

"Sir Hilton Popper's estate, sir?"
"Yes; that would do nicely. I believe Sir Hilton doesn't like other people trespassing over his grounds, does he?"
"He's a bit better now, sir. But we've often had rows with him."

"Never mind that!" laughed Mr. Lascelles. "We can't do any damage, so come along!"

The party of Removites fell in behind the maths master, and they walked at a good pace from the school grounds. They had gone about a mile when Mr. Lascelles suggested a halt, and he looked about for a likely piece of ground.

"Ah, here we are! This will do nicely for the experiment. There's a small stream here, and the ground round about is inclined to be marshy. There are plenty of telegraph-lines running along the main road, and altogether we're lucky to get such a good place. Come along, now! I've brought some earth-pins with me."

The party set to work with a will. Mr. Lascelles explained briefly what was wanted, and in less than ten minutes they had set out a row of earth-pins, and had connected them up with a length of cable.

"Put the instrument down on this tree-stump!" said Mr. Lascelles. "That's right. Thanks!"

The maths master ran the cable off the last earth-pin, and connected it up to the terminals of the amplifier, and then he placed the little filament lamps into their sockets, and connected the instrument up to the cells. As soon as this was done the little filament lamps shone brightly, and the Removites gathered round.

"These lamps are the valves," explained Mr. Lascelles. "They are exceedingly delicate, and without them the amplifier is quite useless. It's a great pity we haven't got anybody to work to on another instrument, because as it is we may not hear a thing!"

"Is everything connected up now, sir?"
"Yes; except this wireless head-set."
The maths master put the head-set receiver over his ears, and inserted the cable-plug into its socket.

The juniors stood by motionless and waited.

"Nothing doing!" muttered Mr. Lascelles, after a full minute had elapsed. "I'll just—Hallo! Now there's something!"

"What is it, sir?"
Mr. Lascelles held up a finger for silence, and the Removites stopped speaking.

There was a long pause, during which time the maths master was obviously listening intently, and at last he took the receiver off.

"These are extraordinary things!" he said. "That row of earth-pins we set out run very closely to the telegraph-poles, do you see?"

"Yes, rather, sir!"
"I have just been listening to Sir Hilton Popper speaking on the telephone. There is evidently a leakage of the wires, and this is conducted down the poles to the earth, and then this amplifier picks up the current and allows us to hear what Sir Hilton is talking about!"

"My hat!"
"Sir Hilton seems a very lucky man. Is he very rich, Wharton?"

"Yes, I think so, sir."
"I just heard him telephoning to a friend that he has just received a very fine diamond! It arrived to-day. He says it's the Kilmarnock Diamond, and he has offered to show it to his friend to-

night before it is sent up to the safe at the bank to-morrow morning."

"How ripping, sir!"
"I think I have heard of the Kilmarnock Diamond," continued Mr. Lascelles. "I believe it is a very wonderful stone."

"I think I've heard the name mentioned somewhere, sir," said Harry Wharton. "Can I listen at the amplifier now, sir?"

"Yes, of course," replied Mr. Lascelles. "You had better all take it by turn. Fix it up by rotation. You start off, Wharton!"

The captain of the Remove placed the receiver over his ears and listened intently. For some minutes there was evidently nothing to be heard, and then suddenly Harry Wharton gave a start and a cry of surprise.

"My hat!" he cried. "There's somebody on now. I can hear their voices quite plainly. It does sound rummy!"

"Who is it?" laughed Bob Cherry. "Is it old Poppoff again?"

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"My hat!" shouted Harry Wharton. "Quick—a pencil and paper! Good heavens! Quick, Bob, old man! Take this down quickly! Are you ready?"

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Secret of the Wires.

BOB CHERRY snatched a pencil out of his jacket-pocket, and Mark Linley pushed a piece of paper before him.

"Go on!" cried Bob excitedly. "What on earth is the matter, Harry?"
"Jason speaking! Yes, yes! Can't you hear, man? It's Jason—"

"What do you mean, Harry?"
"Quick, Bob!" cried Harry Wharton. "Write it down. Every word I say! There's something fishy on! Go on! They're talking again!"

"Right, old chap!" muttered Bob Cherry, very much puzzled.

"—Jason! Yes, Jason!" read out the captain of the Remove, as his chum commenced to scribble away on the piece of paper. "Yes, about midnight. D'you hear that? Bring Cribb, and see

that you're loaded up. What? Yes, the old man has got the diamond all right, and to-night's the last chance. Get near—"

Harry Wharton stopped speaking, and a look of intense annoyance flashed across his excited features.

"I've got it down!" muttered Bob. "I—"

"Hallo! They're speaking again. Write away! Yes, near the house, if possible. That's right. The old man's about, and it's not safe to say too much on this confounded telephone. He might come along any minute. Yes, I can work it all right. You had better bring Cribb, in case there's any trouble. Oh, yes, it's a sure thing! Yes, it's the Kilmarnock all right. Quick, there's some—"

"Go on!" cried Bob Cherry.

"Harry's stopped. Wait a moment!"
Harry Wharton listened at the instrument with tense nerves, and the group of Removites and Mr. Lascelles stood in a silent group in a fever of curiosity.

"He seems to have gone!" muttered Harry Wharton, after a few minutes' silence.

"What have you heard, Wharton?" asked Mr. Lascelles, as the captain of the Remove took off the head-piece and laid it down gently on the wonderful, little instrument in front of him.

"I think there's some fishy work going on, sir!"

"Why?"
"I know that Sir Hilton Popper's butler is named Jason, and it struck me at once that this butler is arranging with someone or other to come and help burgle the diamond you heard Sir Hilton talking about a few minutes ago."

"I remember Jason!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "He looks a rotter if anybody does, and I wouldn't trust him with an exercise-book!"

"Then do you think that this butler is plotting to steal his master's diamond—the Kilmarnock Diamond?" said Mr. Lascelles incredulously.

"Well, sir, don't you think the conversation is very strange in view of what you heard Sir Hilton say?"

The maths master took the piece of paper on which Bob Cherry had written down every word which Wharton had dictated.

"Is this esteemed and ludicrous sahib Jason taking the diamond stealthily?" said Hurree Singh. "Or are you off the esteemed map, my honourable and august chum?"

"I don't know what to think, Inky. But, anyway, I could tell even on this instrument that Jason was in an awful funk that Sir Hilton Popper might come in and disturb him. Besides that, the man he was talking to seemed to say every word in an absolute whisper. In fact, I couldn't hear a thing the other speaker said."

"It is certainly very strange!" said Mr. Lascelles, looking up from the paper. "Very strange indeed! I do not know what to suggest."

"What was so suspicious was the tone in which Jason was speaking, sir," explained Harry Wharton. "There was something about it which seemed fishy."

"Hm!"

"Of course, I may be wrong, sir!"
Mr. Lascelles stared hard at the piece of paper, and the chums of the Remove kept silent.

"It's very strange!" muttered the maths master. "I distinctly heard Sir Hilton's voice talking on the telephone, and on the strength of what he said this man Jason's remarks are certainly most suspicious!"

"Do you think we ought to go over and tell Sir Hilton, sir?"

"I don't know what to say!"

"The old boy's such a bad-tempered Johnny!" said Bob Cherry. "He would simply rave at us if we went, and tell us to mind our own business, or some tommy-rot like that!"

"Is he that sort?" laughed Mr. Lascelles.

"I should think he is, sir! Why, he used to want to half-kill a fellow if anybody at Greyfriars ever poached or took an apple out of his orchards!"

"There are many owners of estates who get annoyed over that sort of thing, Cherry."

"I know that, sir," replied Bob, with a grin. "But old Popper goes past the limit as a rule."

"Then you don't advise me to go and tell him what we've heard on the amplifier?"

"I don't, sir! And besides that, he would think we were pulling his leg if we started to talk about things like power-buzzers, and amplifiers, and goodness knows what!"

"Can't we try to catch these men off our own bat, sir?" suggested Harry Wharton.

"Bless me! Dr. Locke would never sanction such an expedition, Wharton."

"But we can combine it with our signalling work, sir!"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, sir, we can fix up one or two outposts and keep in touch by signalling, and if those johnnies come along by any chance, we should be able to catch 'em—I mean, we should be able to catch them."

"That's not a bad idea, Wharton!"

"Do let us try it, sir!" cried Bob Cherry. "After all, sir, we've heard the plot, so we ought to do something. Don't you think so, sir?"

Mr. Lascelles smiled.

"Oh, I can see that this adventure would just about suit you fellows!"

"My esteemed sahib," said Hurree

Singh, "those ludicrous and honourable burglars might be caught napfully by us!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And it would give us a chance to do our signalling, sir!" continued Bob Cherry. "It will be such sport if we get the ratters, too!"

"Well, I shall be very surprised if Dr. Locke sanctions the scheme," said Mr. Lascelles. "But if you are all so keen to get on to the secret of this mystery, I do not mind asking the headmaster to give me permission to take you out for a few hours on night signalling. I think, perhaps, if I put it like that he might agree."

"Good idea, sir!"

"I do not think it will be very wise to say anything about the probable crime, as I feel he would put his foot down on that at once."

"Don't say anything about that, sir!"

"Mum's the word, sir!"

"Very well, then," laughed Mr. Lascelles. "I feel that you boys have drawn me into this mysterious plot against my will. But I am just as keen as anybody else for a little bit of excitement. I am afraid I must put that down to my bad training in France."

"Good training, I call it, sir!" said Bob Cherry stoutly. "A bit of excitement now and again is a jolly good tonic, sir!"

"Well, we may be letting ourselves in for an overdose of the tonic this time!" said Mr. Lascelles. "But never mind that now. We've compromised ourselves, and we must see it through now."

"Hurrah!"

The Removites cheered lustily, and the maths master smiled at the excited juniors.

"Come along," he said. "We don't want any noise about it, and I don't know yet whether Dr. Locke will sanction the expedition. If you fellows pack up the instruments and the earth-pins and the cable, we'll get back to the school and see what the headmaster has

got to say about it. And don't you forget that you have got to apologise to Mr. Prout and Monsieur Charpentier, Wharton!"

"Right, sir!"

The chums of the Remove set to with a will, and all the signalling paraphernalia was packed up and ready to be carried off in a very short space of time.

"Are you ready, Wharton?" asked Mr. Lascelles.

"Yes, sir!"

"Well, come along, then, and we will go and see what Dr. Locke has to say to my suggestion. I must say I hope he will sanction it, as I am beginning to look forward to this little skirmish."

The signallers stepped out, and carried the baggage in turns. Mr. Lascelles turned to Harry Wharton as the little party arrived in the school building.

"I think you fellows might wait in your study," he said. "I shall only be a few moments, and I will come up and tell you whether Dr. Locke sanctions the scheme."

"Very well, sir."

The maths master left the Removites at the passage door, and he left them there suddenly, as he caught a glimpse of Dr. Locke's majestic figure just on the point of entering his study door.

Harry Wharton & Co. grinned as Mr. Lascelles dashed away, and then they made their way up to the Remove Form passage and went into the study, and waited for Mr. Lascelles to return.

It was ten minutes before the master put in an appearance, however, and the Removites rose from their chairs respectfully as the maths master looked in.

"I won't keep you a minute!" said Mr. Lascelles kindly. "I have seen the headmaster."

"What is it, sir?" said Harry Wharton excitedly.

"Dr. Locke says he is quite willing to allow me to take you out for a few hours this evening. He is very interested to hear about the signalling, and—"

"Hurrah!"

"And he hopes that—"

"Hip-pip, hurrah!"

"Be ready in this study at nine sharp, then!" cried Mr. Lascelles, with an expansive grin on his handsome face. "And mind you don't let the whole of Greyfriars hear about it, that's all!"

And Mr. Lascelles slammed the study door to, and strode down the Remove Form passage.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

The Kilmarnock Diamond.

"NINE o'clock!" Harry Wharton & Co. were in Study No. 1, and waiting anxiously for Mr. Lascelles.

The juniors, by all the regulations and by-laws, should have been in their dormitory at this hour; but to-night was a special occasion. Instead of going upstairs to the dormitory, they had remained in their study, and to prevent a scene with any officious prefect, or to escape from a torrent of questions from other members of the Remove Form, Harry Wharton had wisely locked the door on the inside. And now they were waiting for the maths master.

"Nine o'clock!" repeated Bob Cherry. "Whish old Larry would buck up and come!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Everybody got a cricket-stump now?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Yes."

"And you've all got a piece of rope or string?"

"Yes."

"Good!" laughed the captain of the

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Remove. "Now we're fully equipped and ready to deal with any rotter we come across trying to burgle—what?"

"Rather!"

"We shall have to be careful how we hit the boulder!" said Harry Wharton. "These stumps are pretty hefty, you know, and we don't want to go and brain anybody—even if he is a rotten burglar!"

Bob Cherry made one or two imaginary blows through the air with his cricket-stump, and unfortunately Hurree Singh, the dusky Nabob of Bhanipur, got in the way, and Bob's weapon caught Hurree Singh a sharp rap on the back of his curly head.

Crack!

"Ow!"

"Oh, sorry, Inky!" cried Bob. "Dashed if there's enough room in this beastly study to practise sword drill!"

"Ow! My esteemed and ludicrous chum!"

"Sorry, Inky!"

"You buffed me on the head stumps-fully! Ow!"

"Shut up you two!" cried Harry Wharton, turning the key in the lock. "Here comes Larry at last! We don't want any rowing!"

Mr. Lascelles knocked and flung open the door of the study, and looked in. He was wearing a cap, and smoking a pipe, and he appeared to be ready to start on the expedition.

"Hallo, Wharton!" he cried pleasantly. "Are you all ready now? I'm a bit late. Ah, that's right! I see you've all got a cricket-stump apiece. I've brought a very useful ash walking-stick with me. We might just as well go prepared."

"Rather, sir! We're all ready, and we're bringing the Fullerphone and the D III telephone and the cable, so that we can keep in touch in the dark when we split up."

"That's the idea! Come along!"

Mr. Lascelles led the way, and they tramped down the deserted stone passages and out of the door leading into the quadrangle. The boys kept close together now. The night was fine and cool, but very dark. A keen breeze had sprung up since the afternoon, and it whistled now through the rows of old trees and round the corners of the old grey building.

The little party stepped away from the school, and practically retraced their afternoon walk as well as they possibly could in the direction of Sir Hilton Popper's estate.

"It's very dark, and we musn't strike a match!" said Mr. Lascelles, when they had walked a considerable distance. "I think we've kept a good direction. Ah! That is Sir Hilton Popper's clock striking!"

Musically through the night came the chime from the clock-tower.

Ten o'clock!

The party had steered a wonderfully straight course in the darkness, and they were in good time if the conversation they had overheard on the telephone was anything to go by.

Mr. Lascelles whispered instructions to the party to walk in pairs now, and, keeping in touch, they went forward more cautiously.

"That lighted window is the library, sir!" muttered Bob Cherry. "It looks as though Sir Hilton is still up!"

"Ah! That's the library, is it?"

"Yes, sir."

Sir Hilton Popper's country residence was a fine edifice. Parts of the house were extremely old; but Sir Hilton had

had a good many alterations made, and, the general effect of his home was very beautiful. There was a sweeping carriage-drive running up to the stone steps in front of the massive front portal, and there was a fine broad lawn in front. The grounds all round were beautifully timbered with grand old trees, many of which were older than the house itself.

Mr. Lascelles guided the Removites under a huge spreading oak-tree, about a hundred yards from the library window.

"We will wait here for the time being!" he whispered. "Wharton and I will make a skirmish round the house. You must all keep as quiet as mice. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"It would never do for us to be discovered by anyone. We should find it very difficult to justify our presence here."

"Trust us, sir!" murmured Bob Cherry, gripping his cricket-stump firmly in his right hand. "Any noise and they'll get a taste of this stump, sir!"

Mr. Lascelles smiled in the dark.

"Right, Cherry, my boy!" he whispered. "I will make you responsible for the rest. Come along, Wharton, I think we had better get our reconnaissance done, for we shall have to split up shortly, and have one party on one side of the house and one on the other. We must be prepared for Jason's confederates coming in any direction."

"Yes, sir," said Harry Wharton quietly. "I'm ready!"

Mr. Lascelles and Harry Wharton disappeared in the darkness of the night, and Bob Cherry and the remainder of the Removites waited patiently under the old oak. About half an hour after the two had gone, the lights were switched off, and the juniors concluded that Sir Hilton was retiring for the night. Their surmise seemed to be a right one, for a minute or two later fresh lights appeared at two large windows upstairs. This was evidently Sir Hilton Popper's bed-room.

"Here they come!" whispered Frank Nugent, after a long pause. "Here's Larry and Wharton!"

Two forms emerged almost before the chum of the Removite realised what Frank Nugent had said.

"Is that you, sir?"

"Yes, here we are!" said Mr. Lascelles' voice. "We've had a good look round, and I have decided that the best means of guarding the place is by breaking up the party into pairs, and stationing each pair in the vicinity of the corners of the house."

"That's a good idea."

"We will keep the Fullerphone here, and run a cable out to the D III telephone, which will be in Wharton's charge. Any messages from the parties at the front of the house can be sent to the back. I shall remain here alone, and if anything is required, whoever is in the front must come here and report."

"Ripping arrangement, sir."

"Wharton, you take the D III now, and Hurree Singh can run the cable out. You two can then take up a position at the left corner at the back. Cherry and Bull will take the right corner at the back. Mauleverer and Nugent will keep to the left of the front, and Linley and Brown will go to the right of the front. Go along now, my boys, and good luck to you. I'll fix the cable on to the terminals of the Fullerphone, Wharton."

Mr. Lascelles groped about in the dark, and fixed the two lines on to the instrument, and then the Removites went off to their allotted positions. The maths

master, at his lonely position under the oak, sat down on the grass and looked up at the lighted window where Sir Hilton Popper's bed-room was. He watched and waited patiently, and at last the light was switched off, and the whole house looked to be in darkness.

"I wonder if that scoundrel Jason is dressed and waiting!" he muttered. "I wonder!"

Buzz, buzz, buzz!

There was a quick, faint buzzing sound from the Fullerphone, and Mr. Lascelles gave a start of surprise, and then a chuckle of satisfaction as he pressed his finger down on the sending-key in response to the signal from Harry Wharton.

Dash, dash, dash; dash, dot, dash!

Harry Wharton, at the other end of the line read the Morse signs, and turned to Hurree Singh.

"That means O.K.!" he murmured. "Larry has heard our signal, so everything is all right for the moment!"

The captain of the Remove had taken up a position between two large bushes, from where they could see a big French window leading out of the house, and they also commanded a fair view of the rest of the windows running along the back of Sir Hilton's house.

"We'll give Larry an 'O.K.' about every five minutes," whispered Harry Wharton. "You just skirmish along, Inky, and see where Bob and Johnny Bull have fixed themselves up."

"All right, my esteemed chum!"

The dusky nabob glided away into the darkness, and Harry Wharton settled himself down like the rest of the watchers to wait and listen. The wind seemed to have dropped a little now, but there was sufficient breeze to make a strange sighing sound through the branches of the trees, and the sky was overclouded and stormy-looking.

"Oh crumbs!" muttered Harry Wharton. "This is a dismal job! Hallo! That's eleven o'clock!"

Eleven boomed out from the clock-tower of the old house, and when the chime had finished the silence of the night seemed more eerie than before, and the lonely watcher gave a shiver of apprehension. The very air seemed laden with mystery.

Hurree Singh appeared before Harry Wharton without a sound, and the captain of the Remove almost shouted with surprise as the dusky nabob laid a hand on his arm.

"The worthy Cherry is concealed in a bush bumpfully!" he muttered. "Our esteemed and worthy chum says he will catch the burglar bumpfully if the honourable rotters come arrievfully."

Harry Wharton gave a chuckle in the dark at the nabob's quaint message.

"That's right, Inky," he whispered.

"Did you see anything?"

"I thought I caught a glimpse bumpfully of a light in one of the august rooms, my esteemed chum."

"Oh!"

"The Bash went quickly, and I thought my eyes had deceived me wrongfully."

"Well, sit down here now!" muttered Harry Wharton. "It might have been that rotter Jason out on the prowl; but we had better wait now!"

The captain of the Remove buzzed a message to Mr. Lascelles over the wires, and told the maths master briefly in Morse signal-signs what Inky had related. At the end of the message Mr. Lascelles sent along the 'O.K.' signal, and Harry Wharton and Hurree Singh lapsed into silence again, and from time to time the prearranged signal was sent.

Boom!

"At last!" ejaculated Harry Wharton, as did also the rest of the watchers as the clock boomed out its twelve strokes. "Twelve o'clock at last, my esteemed chum!" muttered Hurree Singh.

"Keep quiet, Inky! I thought I heard a noise at the window. There! What is it?"

The two juniors stared through the blackness of the night in the direction of the French window, but they could see no sign of movement.

"It must have—" Buzz, buzz, buzz!

"Hallo! That's Larry! He seems to be in a hurry, too!"

Harry Wharton tapped the key of the telephone in reply, and then his little instrument started to buzz its message.

"Dash, dot, dot; dot, dash; dash, dot; dash, dot, dot; dot, dash, dot!"

"D-a-n-g-e-r!" Harry Wharton and Hurree Singh read out the letters as the little instrument buzzed away.

"Danger!" muttered the captain of the Remove. "Larry must have seen something! Hallo, look, Inky—quickly! That French window door has been opened! Good heavens! Jason must have slipped out whilst we were reading the message!"

"The esteemed rotter has probably got the diamond stealthily!"

"Quick, Inky!" gasped Harry Wharton. "You go one way, and I'll—Good heavens! What's that?"

"Help!" The cry rang out and pierced the night air with its shrill, and Harry Wharton and Hurree Singh leapt to their feet.

"It's Bob!" gasped Harry Wharton.

"Help! Rescue! I've got him! Quick, you chaps!"

Bob Cherry's voice rose in a mighty shout from the thicket of trees at the side of the house, and there was a wild rush in his direction.

"Help! Rescue!"

All the Removites and Mr. Lascelles dashed away in the direction of the cries, and as Harry Wharton and Hurree Singh were nearest, and approached the spot, they could hear a wild struggle going on, and above it the hoarse oaths of a man's voice.

"All right, Bob!" roared Harry Wharton. "Stick it! We're here!"

"Quickly, Har— Oh! He's hurting!"

Harry Wharton caught a glimpse of a confused mass on the grass, and he threw himself into the midst of it, and the next instant Hurree Singh followed him.

"Let me go!" roared the man's voice. "You young hounds, I'll half-murder you for this!"

"Rats!"

"Hold him, Harry! I—I've got him all right!"

"Give me that diamond, you young fend!"

"Perhaps!" panted Bob Cherry. And he struggled frantically out of the grasp of the raving man just as Mr. Lascelles and the remainder of the party arrived on the scene.

Bob Cherry stood clear of the struggle, panting for breath.

The windows of the old house were commencing to show light after light.

Sir Hilton Popper's household was evidently astir. The noise of the struggle had roused them from their slumber, and servants were running about in a fever of excitement.

Bob Cherry held up a hard, solid article in his hand, and saw that it was

an enormous diamond. By good fortune it had been in the very hand of the man at whose wrist Bob had literally flung himself when he had spotted the midnight marauder only a few inches away from him.

"I'll let old Popper have it at once!" cried Bob, as he saw the struggle was as good as over.

Bob Cherry dashed away, running round to the front of the house as he had never sprinted before.

Just as he reached the front entrance a man in a dressing-gown flung open the door, and, holding a lamp above his head, peered out into the night.

It was Sir Hilton Popper.

"All right, sir!" shouted Bob Cherry, as Johnny Bull and Mark Linley dashed towards the steps. "I've got it! Here's your diamond!"

"What'd you mean?" raved Sir Hilton. Bob Cherry ran up the steps, and held out his hand, in the palm of which rested the enormous Kilmarnock Diamond.

Sir Hilton Popper gave a violent start of amazement as the rays of the lamp caused the great stone to scintillate its brilliance like a great star on a frosty night.

"Good gracious!" he gasped. "My Kilmarnock!"

"Yes, here you are, sir!" exclaimed Bob excitedly. "Your butler, Jason, tried to thieve it, but we got it back!"

"Jason?"

"Yes, sir; and we've got that rotter as well!"

Bob Cherry placed the great diamond into the baronet's hand, and then proceeded to relate the adventure. When he had finished it, Sir Hilton grasped Bob Cherry's hand in a grip which made the other joint wince.

"I—I simply do not know how to thank you, my boy!" gasped Sir Hilton.

"But, come along in, all of you! Ah! Who is this?"

Mr. Lascelles and the rest of the party came striding along, chatting loudly.

"Where's that bounder Jason?" cried Bob Cherry, as the party came up to the steps. "You haven't let him go, have you?"

"No fear!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "He's tied up all right, and the gardeners have taken him indoors at the back of the house."

"I'll—I'll— Why, goodness me, I'll thrash the life out of that scoundrel! My own butler a thief! Brrrrrr!" roared Sir Hilton, as the party trooped into the hall, where a group of terrified maid-servants were huddled together, and every tooth in the party was chattering away nineteen to the dozen.

Mr. Lascelles introduced himself to Sir Hilton as soon as the party entered the library, and the excited old baronet shook hands with him and the Removites half a dozen times without realising what he was doing.

After a few minutes he calmed down, and Mr. Lascelles related the whole of the story to him, whilst the juniors helped themselves lavishly to the refreshments which Sir Hilton's housekeeper brought in in a never-ending procession of trays.

There is little more to say. The excitement at Greifriars the next day beggars description, and Harry Wharton and his signallers were the heroes of the day. Jason was given in charge, but nothing was ever heard of his two con-

federates. It was concluded that they must have received sufficient warning of the failure of Jason's scheme when Bob Cherry had closed with the ruffian Jason, and they evidently got clear away.

The butler was brought up for trial, where he received fit and proper punishment for his crime, and he must have blessed the day when his plot was so miraculously revealed in the Secret of the Wires.

THE END.

(Don't miss next Monday's Grand Long Complete Story of Greifriars School — by FRANK RICHARDS.)

NOTICES.

Football.

Matches wanted (16-17). Write F. Lawrence, 11, Lake Street, Shadwell, E. 1.

Matches wanted. Cheston United F.C. (15). Write John Brown, 25, Rochford Street, Kentish Town, N.W.

Matches wanted. Keping United (14), within 5 miles of Clapham Common. Write A. Tarlong, sec., 14, Lincom Road, Clapham, S.W.

Matches wanted. 6 mile radius (15-18). Write A. Delmont, sec. Navarre F.C., 14, Ilfrey Mansions, Calvert Avenue, London, E. 2.

Centre-forward wishes to join club (16-18). 3 mile radius from Finsbury Park. Write E. R. T., 9, Harvist Road, Holloway, London, N.

Matches wanted (15). Write D. & C., 20, Lifford Road, Camberwell, S.E. 5.

The Derby Villa Football Club wants matches in Manchester (16-17). Write J. Harris, 8, Manor Road, Levenshulme, Manchester.

E. Cooke, Ashmore Road, Shirland Road, Paddington, W. 9, would like to hear from readers desirous of forming a football club.

Hale End United F.C. wants matches for coming season. 5 mile radius (18). Write R. Finney, 15, Macdonald Road, Hale End, Walthamstow, E. 17.

Middleton Parish Church Institute F.C.—wants matches, 6 mile radius (17). Write Frank Macdonald, 12, Bonshaw Clongit, Middleton, near Manchester.

Matches wanted (12-14). Write W. Ridway, 14, Palmerston Terrace, Woodlands Road, Middlesbrough.

Back Numbers Wanted.

Alfred James, 42, Nile Street, Portsmouth, wants "Figgins' Fir-Pudding," "Bunter the Boxer," "Under Bunter's Thumb," and "Special Constable Coker," 2d. each offered.

John Auchenbriar, 10, Little King Street, Edinburgh, wishes to sell a large number of "Scribble Libraries."

B. Duncan, 37, Dartmouth Road, Brondesbury, N.W. 2, has back numbers of Companion Papers for sale.

Ronald Crawford, 5, Queen Margaret Crescent, Hillhead, Glasgow, wants "Parted Pals." Will pay postage.

W. Grady, 50, Clyde Street, Port Elizabeth, South Africa, wants "Schoolboys Never Shall be Slaves," "Bob Cherry's Barring Out," "After Lights Out," "The Boy Without a Name." 4d. each offered. Write first.

Correspondence, etc., Wanted.

Miss Mattie Gilliland, 42, Milton Street, Partick, Glasgow, W.—with readers anywhere, not over 15.

Cecilia Young, care of 53, Orchard Street, Brecon, South Wales, wants members for the South Wales Correspondence Club, which provides correspondence and friendship for all. Amateur magazine and free library.

D. E. Lambert, 145, Gwydir, Cambridge—wants readers anywhere, with a view to starting a Stamp Exchange.

Miss G. M. Edwards, 199, Middlewood Road, Hillsborough Park, Sheffield—with readers anywhere, 15-16.

Alfred E. Randle, Knutsford, 201, Edward Street, Nuneaton, Warwickshire—with readers anywhere, 16-18.



SYNOPSIS.

Johnny Goggs comes to Rylcombe Grammar School from Frankingham with his chums Trickett, Blount, and Waters.

Goggs is a jiu-jitsu expert, and a clever impersonator, and the organizer of many brilliant jokes. He leads an expedition of Grammarians to St. Jim's, and accomplishes one of the most daring night raids ever perpetrated.

General Cutts of St. Jim's falls foul of Bingo, the butcher, and after a scrap, in which Cutts is worsted, Bingo picks a quarrel with Goggs.

Bingo is completely defeated, and Cutts loses a big bet. Goggs accepts Bingo's challenge to a return fight.

Snipe, Larking, and Cutts kidnap Goggs during the night before the day of the fight. Consequently, he fails to appear at the appointed place in the woods. At the last minute Blount is handed a letter in Goggs' handwriting, saying that he is not coming.

Bingo fights Grundy, and defeats him. Goggs' three chums and a party of St. Jim's juniors remain behind afterwards to discuss the disappearance of Goggs. Carpenter joins in as they are talking of the absence of Larking and Snipe from the dormitory the previous night.

(Now read on.)

The Search.

"THEY were on the same job, we're certain," Gay said.

"You think that—"
"We know that something or other was done to Goggs to keep him away from the fight. But we don't know what, and we don't know why," said Frank Monk.

"If Larking was in that I'll never speak to him again as long as I live!" flashed Carpenter.

And now his loyalty was of another kind. He was loyal to the good in him—that Goggs had seen clearly, and others had glimpsed.

Carpenter had never been such as Larking and Snipe were. Fussy, weak, sulky, and certainly Gordon Gay and Frank Monk did not see them. Perhaps he was the more to blame because of that—because, having the light, he sinned against it. But few people see things thus, and certainly Gordon Gay and Frank Monk would only throw over Larking and Snipe, and all their ways and works, those two were ready to take him as one of themselves—one of the decent and straight majority of the Rylcombe Fourth Form.

"It would be the best day of your life when you made up your mind to do that, old top!" said Frank Monk seriously.

"Tell us what you know," Gay said. "If Larking is not in this it may clear him, and if he is—well, you've said how you feel about it."

"I woke up in the night and heard someone moving," Carpenter answered. "I was only half awake, and didn't take much notice when there was no reply to my question who it was. But I couldn't get to sleep again, and I got out and found that both Larking and Snipe's beds were empty."

"What about Goggs?" inquired Gay.
"I didn't notice. It wasn't my affair—I wasn't thinking about Goggs. But I was worried about Larking. I haven't been able to understand him a bit lately."

"Well?"
"I tackled him in the morning, after you had been along and it was seen that Goggs wasn't there. Gay. He denied having been out with Snipe. Said he'd been out on the

randan—I thought with Racke and Crooke or some of those rotters—and would have asked me to come along only that he knew I was rather off that kind of thing. That's all."

"See here, Carpenter, there's a small crowd of us—our chaps and St. Jim's fellows—who mean to see this thing to the bottom. We're staying on here till we have settled it up. Do you care to join us?" said Gay.

"I— Would you care to have me? That's the thing," returned Carpenter doubtfully, almost humbly.

"We should," answered Frank Monk.
"Then I'll stay. I should hate to go home not knowing what had happened. But I'm sure nothing really bad can have been done to Goggs. Larking— Oh, he isn't rotter enough for that—he isn't, really!"

But both Gay and Monk thought that Carpenter's faith in his former chum—who was never to be his chum again—fell somewhat short of completeness.

What was certain, however, was his anxiety Goggs was perfectly sincere in his anxiety about Goggs.

The Wootton brothers came hurrying up now. They had been investigating the matter of tents and camp equipment.

"It's all serene, Gordon," said Jack Wootton. "At least, it's all serene if the Head says 'Yes.' The tents and all the rest can be got out in an hour."

"You'll have to ask the Head, Monkey," said Wootton minor.

"Oh, shall I? And why?"
"He's your pater, isn't he?"

"Blow all that! That's no reason why I should—"
"He's your pater in the hole, surely, if he is only your headmaster in term time," argued Wootton minor. "And you always say that he's a jolly decent sort of pater, too."

"So he is, as!" growled Monk.
"It's all right. I'll ask him," Gay said. "I ain't say anything about Gogges, though."

"Best not," Harry Wootton agreed.
But Monk shook his head doubtfully.

"If anything has happened to the dear old boulder there will be a gorgeous row when the Head comes to know," he said.

"Can't be helped," replied Gay, with a shrug of the shoulders. "If I told him it would be taken out of our hands straight away."

"And he went off."
"Carpenter's staying on with us," said Monk to the two Australians.

"Oh!" said Jack Wootton.
"It is!" said Harry.

Carpenter flashed. Angry words were on the tip of his tongue, but he managed to choke them down.

After all, there was no reason why these fellows should welcome him. And the Woottons were nothing if not outspoken; they had really exercised some restraint in saying so little as they did.

Dr. Monk was busy when Gordon Gay sought him, and asked very few questions. He did not even inquire how many tents were wanted; he seemed to take it for granted that only his own son and the Three Wallabies were concerned.

So the tents were got out, and Bags & Co. and the St. Jim's fellows came along and helped, and Carpenter worked as hard as any of them.

A spot on Wayland Moor was chosen for the encampment. No one was likely to object to their pitching there. Gay, the two Woottons, Carpenter, and Clive stayed to make the camp supplies; while Bags, Tricke, Westall, Cardew, Levison, Talbot, Kangaroo,

Dane, Glyn, and Grundy went out to start the search.

The great George Alfred fastened himself upon Talbot, and endured Cardew and Levison, whom he did not much like, for the sake of Talbot's company. Bags & Co. took one direction, Kangaroo & Co. another.

One of the bands of three went over the moor. The other disappeared into the woods. The four found themselves a few minutes later in the village.

Bingo stood in shirt-sleeves and blue apron at the door of his employer's shop.

Bingo's face was marked, but it was not nearly so highly decorated as the ragged countenance of Grundy.

The butcher lad gave them a very friendly smile.

"Let's have a word or two with this chap, and tell him what's up," said Grundy.

"Can you bear to speak to him, old top?" asked Cardew mockingly.

"Is it worth while to confide in a fellow of that sort?" inquired Levison.

"I think the fellow's all right at heart, old chap," said Talbot. "And he may be able to help us. He must get about the neighbourhood a good deal. I've often seen him driving round with his joints."

"Oh, I don't bar him at all," Levison answered.

"I should think not!" sniffed Grundy. "He's a heap better chap than you are, let me tell you, Levison!"

"Oh, I'll let you tell me anything you like. It doesn't follow that I take any notice of it, Grundy."

They halted, and a beckoning uplift of the head which Talbot gave brought Bingo out to them at once.

"What me?" he asked. "Thought it was hollerday time with you gents. Do you scrap in the hollerdays?"

"When we have to," replied Talbot, smiling. "But it isn't any question of scrapping just now."

"It's about Goggs," said Grundy.

"Look 'ere, you know, I ain't 'alf sure as there wasn't some hanky-panky in that business," Bingo said gravely. "I can't get it into my 'ead now as Goggs would treat me that way. He's a gentleman, if ever there was one, and he's got stuck for a recruit. Was he kept away?"

"That's what we think," Talbot answered. "We don't think—we know," said Grundy. "Grundy never thinks—he always knows."

"It's about that there letter?" asked Bingo, ignoring both Grundy and Cardew.

"Forgery," said Levison bluntly.

"My word! That's 'ot stuff! Well, I ain't goin' to ask you who done the forgery—ain't my business, an' you might not like to tell me. But if there's anything as Percival Binks—that's me—can do to 'elp, say the word, an' it's on us!"

Bingo's willingness was not unexpected, but his delicacy was. Most fellows in his place would certainly have wanted to know who was suspected of forging the letter.

There was evidently more in Bingo than they had thought of.

"I think you can help," said Talbot.

"We know you can," growled Grundy. "Say 'ow, then!" said Bingo.

"You get about a good deal, don't you?" Talbot asked.

"I'm out with the cart most days, certainly."

"We want you to keep a sharp look-out. Our belief is that Goggs has been kidnapped, and is being kept a prisoner somewhere no far from here."

"That's it, is it? Lemme get my dukes on

from what kidnappers the poor sufferer innocently, and I'll land 'em one or two, I promise you," said Bingo, with intense earnestness. "I say, may I let on about this to anyone else?"

"Do you want to?" asked Tavish.
"Yes. There's my pal Heavins," replied Bingo. "He ain't such a fool as he looks, not by long odds, an' he's gettin' about a goodish bit just now. He might 'appen on somethin'."

"Tell Heavins, by all means!" said Talbot. And the four went on their way, while Bingo walked back to the shop, scratching his well-greased head reflectively.

The Prisoner Goggs.

IT is hardly necessary to say that Johnny Goggs did not like being seized, gagged, bound, and carted off through the night to some destination unknown.

But perhaps it is also unnecessary to say that his feelings were not quite what those of the average boy would have been in a similar case.

Goggs wasted no time in vain anger against the treachery of Snipe.

He had never believed in Snipe, though he had partly believed in the story he told.

Snipe was only doing after his kind. And Goggs wasted no time in deploring his own foolish gossamer.

Long ago he had come to the conclusion that it was better to be a fool than a knave—though one need not be either.

He did not feel alarmed. Not for a moment did he imagine that he would be murdered. He did not even anticipate specially rough treatment. And most certainly he did not expect a long spell of captivity.

Somehow or another he would soon get free of the toils, he was sure.

One thing troubled him—that he was hardly likely to get free before Snipe and Larkins had cleared out. The knowledge of their design to take dingies at Wayland in order that they might exult over him in durance vile would have comforted him exceedingly.

He would have seen a chance then of getting even with them long before next term—a ferriable long time to wait! And Goggs did like getting even with those who had wronged him.

The two men of whom Cutts had spoken as Black and Brown sat in front of the cart, and only exchanged a few gruff words from time to time. There was nothing in their design to take dingies at Wayland in order that they might exult over him in durance vile would have comforted him exceedingly.

Presently the cart began to bump horribly, and Goggs, unable to help himself, was flung from side to side. He guessed that they had left the road over the moor for the rough moorland itself.

He took a good many bruises, but he bore them with his usual philosophy.

Now they slipped and scuttered down a steepish descent, and there was a cooler feel in the air, a damp feel, as though they were close to a stream.

Then they stopped, and Goggs was lifted out, without any regard to his comfort. Black or Brown—he did not know which was which as yet—seized him by the legs and dragged him out, and the other fellow did not catch him by the shoulders in time to prevent his head from bumping the ground hard.

(To be continued.)

The Editor's Chat.

The MAGNET. THE DEM. THE BOYS' FRIEND. CHUCKLES. THE PENNY POPULAR.
Every Monday. Every Wed. Every Monday. Every Friday. Every Friday.
YOUR EDITOR IS ALWAYS GLAD TO HEAR FROM HIS READERS.

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

The "Greyfriars Herald" is going to be published again very soon!

The date of its reappearance is October 29th:

In its new form it is going to be the finest school journal of its kind that has ever been printed:

Details and particulars of a great new competition will be given in No. 1:

Tuck Hampers will be given away as prizes to the winners of this great competition?

Every reader has an equal chance of winning one of these much-coveted awards?

Our Tuck Hamper Competition in the old "Greyfriars Herald" was the most popular feature ever included in a paper for boys and girls:

I can almost hear my readers cheering as they read this welcome announcement?

Owen Conquest is the writer of the stories of *Rookwood* which appear every week in the "Boys' Friend":

Owen Conquest has written some of the finest school stories for boys and girls that have ever been published?

The name of Owen Conquest is famous all over the world?

Owen Conquest is writing a new series of long, complete school stories for the "Greyfriars Herald":

These school stories will deal with an entirely new school that will speedily jump to fame as great as that of *Rookwood*?

Many novel features of unusual interest will be included in this new edition of the "Greyfriars Herald":

An entirely new scheme in the way of a Picture Gallery will be explained in No. 1?

Every reader will have an opportunity of contributing to this splendid new scheme?

There will be dozens of bright and screamingly funny contributions from juniors of the famous Greyfriars School?

Unless you order your copy of No. 1 well in advance you are very liable to disappointment?

You ought to tell every boy and girl you know about this great event?

If you don't, your chums may come along to you and say that they think it was most unfriendly on your part not to tell them

about the reappearance of the "Greyfriars Herald"?

You will oblige me also by spreading the good news to every boy and girl with whom you may be acquainted?

I shall be exceedingly grateful if you will tell them all that the "Greyfriars Herald" will be published on October 29th?

THE "HOLIDAY ANNUAL."

In a little over a fortnight's time the finest book for boys and girls that has ever been published will be on sale in all the bookshops. The "Holiday Annual" is a thick book full of all sorts of bright and original features which will make a special appeal to all readers of the Companion Papers.

The long, complete school stories of Greyfriars, St. Jim's, and Rookwood, by the famous authors Frank Richards, Martin Clifford, and Owen Conquest, will be voted the finest ever written.

The "Annual" also contains coloured plates, beautiful art photographs, and hundreds of illustrations.

Articles, tricks, puzzles, and humorous sketches are included by the dozen.

There is also a grand play for amateur actors which will entertain people of all ages, and should be of especial interest to "Magnet" readers, as it introduces Harry Wharton & Co. and other famous characters of Greyfriars.

There is a splendid portrait-gallery of the famous schools, together with a "Who's Who?" This will be found most useful to all Companion Paper readers.

You will also be very interested in a special long supplement of the "Greyfriars Herald" and "Tom Merry's Weekly." This is full of amusing and entertaining features.

The "Holiday Annual" will be on sale on October 13th, and from what I've heard there is going to be a tremendous rush for copies, so to avoid disappointment you had better order your copy at once.

The price will be 5s., and it will be the best five shillings' worth obtainable anywhere.

YOUR EDITOR.

The Big Three!

Do not fail to read the entirely new series of thrilling adventures of these dauntless, inseparable chums which starts in this week's popular comic, the JESTER. An offer of £300 to be won in a simple Football Competition, and a host of amusing pictures, jokes, and good stories also appear in this famous story and picture weekly.

Order your copy NOW!

Out on Friday, 1st.



JIM HARDY



BUSTER



PAT O'SULLIVAN

Jester