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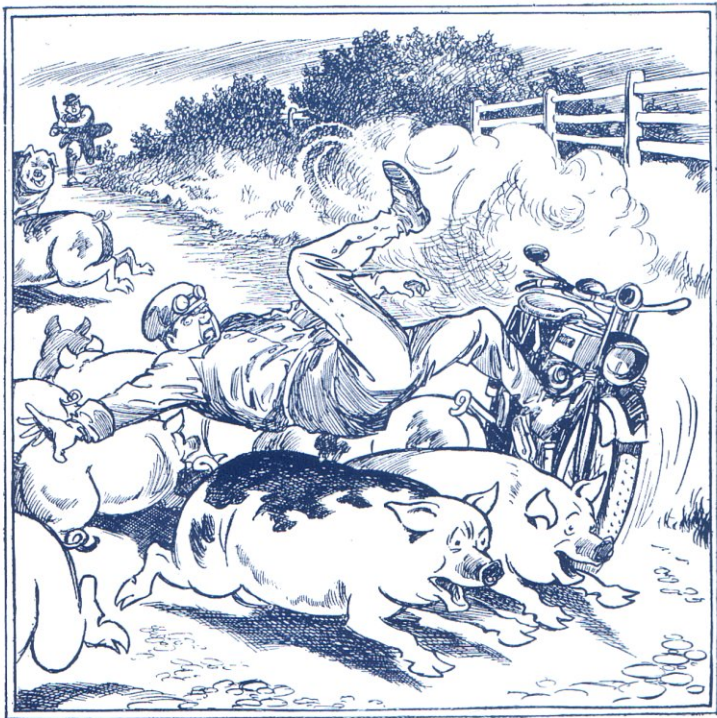
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No. 700. Vol. XVIII.

READ THIS SPECIAL STORY, "COKER'S CONQUEST!" INSIDE.

July 9th, 1921.



**COKER, THE ROAD-HOG, COMES A CROPPER!**

(An amusing incident from the long complete tale of Greyfriars in this issue.)

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# The Editor's Chat



Address all your letters to:  
 The Editor, "The Magnet Library,"  
 The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.  
 I am always pleased to hear from my chums.

**FOR NEXT MONDAY.**

**"BILLY BUNTER'S LUCK!"**  
 By Frank Richards.

The above is the title of our next grand, long, complete school story of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars, and Billy Bunter, the fattest, cutest, funniest junior in the Remove Form.

Billy Bunter's story of the postal-order is as well known to my chums as the name of the author of the famous Jimmy Silver & Co. stories. But, as we learn in next week's story, Billy Bunter really gets something far more substantial than a mere postal-order. He gets a huge sum of money—in banknotes, and he comes by it without "borrowing" it.

What he does with this money, and the extraordinary sequel to his—Billy's—luck, Mr. Richards has turned into a splendid story. Readers who like to read a really funny story will fully appreciate next week's MAGNET LIBRARY.

**THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD" SUPPLEMENT.**

In our next issue there will also appear another four-page supplement devoted to Harry Wharton & Co.'s famous weekly, the "Greyfriars, Herald." There is

another parody on a well-known song, only it is Alonzo Todd who blossoms forth as a poet, and Dick Penfold takes a back seat for once.

Tom Brown, who is probably the greatest humorist at Greyfriars, contributes a splendid article on "Running Away from School." This is the funniest article I have read for many a long day.

On the whole, my chums, we have every reason to think that our next issue is going to be a real good one, and will maintain interest from cover to cover.

Get your order placed for your copy now, or you may be disappointed!

**MY SPECIAL MESSAGE!**

This is the seven hundredth number of the MAGNET LIBRARY. For seven hundred weeks I have received the support of thousands and thousands of boys and girls all over the world. For seven hundred weeks those boys and girls have perused the adventures of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars.

During those seven hundred weeks it is safe to say that there has not been published one "dud" number of the MAGNET LIBRARY—as a reader from Carlisle put it when writing to me about the six hundred and fiftieth number.

But seven hundred weeks ago Harry Wharton & Co.'s magazine was unheard

of. To-day you have it published as a supplement in the MAGNET LIBRARY. It is only comparatively recently that Billy Bunter has brought out his own weekly. To-day that is published as a supplement in our companion paper, the "Popular." Much improvement has come with the passing of the weeks, until to-day I think I am right in saying that I have succeeded in placing before the boys and girls of the world the ideal story-paper.

During those seven hundred weeks which have passed since the MAGNET LIBRARY was first to be seen on the book-stalls and in the shop windows, I have worked out many ideas to satisfy the wishes of my chums. The "Popular" was brought out for them. My younger readers wanted a comic paper—"Chuckles" appeared for them.

My special message to every reader of the MAGNET LIBRARY, whether boy or girl, is—many, many thanks for the magnificent way in which you have supported the MAGNET LIBRARY and its companion papers, and many thanks, too, for the way in which you have secured new readers and new chums for me.

I hope that seven hundred weeks hence I shall still be writing a message of thanks to quite a new generation of readers—I shall, if you will all tell the younger readers, as they grow up, of the keen enjoyment you have obtained from the MAGNET LIBRARY. As you get older, as the kiddies begin to get older—pass down the MAGNET LIBRARY to them, my chums, but still remember that I am always willing to hear from you, or to help you in any way I possibly can.

I read almost daily, letters from readers who commenced with the first number of the MAGNET LIBRARY, have grown up into manhood, fought for their King and country, and still remember the joyous Monday mornings when the MAGNET LIBRARY appeared on sale. Needless to say, I answer all letters of that description. Once a chum, always a chum!

And they have passed down the word—the MAGNET LIBRARY is the best paper for boys and girls! That is how I have always had thousands upon thousands of chums! You can do the same now—pass on the word, boys and girls, and let the MAGNET LIBRARY remain as it is now, the most popular paper for boys and girls!

That is my message to my chums in this our seven hundredth number!

**A REMINDER!**

In this week's issue of the "Boys' Friend," now on sale, G. L. Jessop, the famous all-England cricketer, has written a grand tale of sport and adventure, entitled, "Fighting Jack Cresley." Go to your newsagent at once and get a copy of the "Boys' Friend."

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A magnificent detective story, introducing Nelson Lee, the famous detective, Nipper, his young assistant, and the Thomas Pulvers.

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**Your Editor.**



# Coker's Conquest!

A Magnificent, Long, Complete Tale of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars School, and the Girls of Cliff House. By FRANK RICHARDS.

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### In Clover!

"WHAT luck, Archie?"  
"Trot out the joyful tidings!"

"Is it a remittance?"

A letter had just arrived, by the afternoon post, for Archie Howell of the Remove.

The missive had been delivered to Study No. 1, which Archie shared with Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent.

Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Singh were also present; and the Famous Five glanced expectantly at Archie. They were in the state known as stony; and a remittance for Archie Howell would mean that they would share the spoils.

Archie frowned a little as he ripped open the envelope.

"It's not likely to be a remittance, dear boys," he said. "I don't think the pater is exactly rollin' in riches at the moment. He's just made some big speculation or other—an' you know what these speculations are. If they come off, it means a gold-mine for the speculator. But if they don't—"

The speaker broke off with a whoop of delight.

"A remittance?" said Bob Cherry eagerly.

"Yes—an' a jolly fat one at that! Look here!"

And Archie Howell produced a crisp and rustling fiver, and held it up for inspection.

"A fiver, by Jove!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Well, you're in clover, and no mistake!"

"Jolly careless of your pater not to have registered that letter!" said Johnny Bull. "I suppose he's got so much wealth that a fiver going astray wouldn't make a bit of difference."

Archie Howell drew out the letter which accompanied the banknote. He perused it with sparkling eyes.

"Hurrah!" he ejaculated.

"The speculation's come off all right!" queried Frank Nugent.

"I should say so! Just listen to this, you fellows!"

And Archie Howell declaimed his father's letter, which ran as follows:

"My Dear Archie,—You will be

pleased to know that the success of my recent speculation on the Stock Exchange has trebled my resources.

"A short time ago my financial position was hardly so sound as I could have wished. I confess that I was beginning to doubt whether I should be able to continue the payment of your term fees. By great good fortune, however, I have been able to strengthen and consolidate my position, and we need have no fears for the future.

"I am enclosing the sum of five pounds, which I trust you will expend judiciously.

"I hope you are making good progress with your studies and sports at Greyfriars.

"Ever your affectionate,  
"FATHER."

The Famous Five shared Archie Howell's delight.

"That's ripping news!" said Harry Wharton. "My uncle says that he doesn't approve of speculation—gambling, he calls it. He says that more fortunes are lost than made, at that game. But your pater appears to be one of the lucky ones."

Archie Howell nodded.

"From what I know of the pater," he said, "it wasn't a rash speculation. He looked before he leapt, you know. He knows all the ins 'n' outs of the stock markets, an' when he sees a good thing he jumps at it."

"And he's turned up trumps with a fiver!" said Bob Cherry.

"Which he hopes you'll expend judiciously!" chuckled Johnny Bull. "Well, the most judicious way of spending it is to stand us all a jolly good feed!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's a half-holiday to-morrow," said Archie Howell. "What do you fellows say to a visit to the matinee at Courtfield, followed by a feed at the Elysian Cafe?"

"Topping!"

The juniors were in high spirits. Funds had been so scarce that for over a week they had been compelled to have tea in Hall, and tea in Hall was a very frugal affair. The prospect of a first-rate feed in Courtfield was decidedly pleasant.

"You're a brick, Archie!" said Frank

Nugent. "I shall be pleased to reciprocate when my ship comes home!"

"Same here!"

"Miss Phyllis will be invited, of course?" said Harry Wharton.

"Of course. No party's complete without Phyl," said Archie loyally.

He was very devoted to his sister, the charming, vivacious girl at Cliff House.

"The programme having been settled," said Johnny Bull, "we'll get on with the washing!"

The "washing" consisted of getting out a number of stories and articles for the "Greyfriars Herald."

The juniors had been devoting so much time to cricket of late that they were behindhand with their contributions to that bright and breezy periodical, whose fame had extended throughout the civilised world, and to the United States of America.

Archie Howell was not a member of the editorial staff, but he readily consented to write a special article on summer sports.

As soon as the amateur journalists had got busy with their allotted tasks, a fat junior detached himself from the door of Study No. 1, and rolled away down the passage.

Billy Bunter's ear had been glued to the keyhole ever since the arrival of Archie Howell's letter. And the Owl of the Remove had overheard the whole of the ensuing conversation. His eyes were glistening behind his big spectacles, and he was fairly bristling with excitement.

Skinner and Stott and Bolsover major were coming along the passage from the opposite direction.

Billy Bunter halted, and blinked excitedly at the trio.

"I say, you fellows, have you heard the latest?"

"Yes, rather!" said Skinner. "The kitchen cat's been taken ill, through swallowing a chunk of your home-made toffee. It isn't expected to recover."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Don't be a funny beast—"

"Certainly not!" said Skinner. "I should hate to cut you out!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What's the latest, Bunter?" asked THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 700.

Bolsover major. "Has the Head invited you to tea?"

Billy Bunter snorted. "I was going to tell you about that fellow Howell," he said. "But if you're not interested, I'll find somebody who is."

"Eh? What about Howell?"

"His pater's blossomed into a giddy millionaire—"

"What?"

"He backed a bull, or a bear, or some sort of animal, on the Stock Exchange," said Bunter impressively, "and he's made a mint of money!"

"My hat!"

"And he's sent Howell a banknote for fifty quid!"

"Ganmon!"

"It's a fact!" said Bunter. "I saw the banknote with my own eyes! Howell's a lucky brawler, and no mistake! It isn't every fellow who gets a hundred quid sent to him—"

"You said a minute ago it was fifty," said Stott.

"Ahem! That was a slip of the tongue. It was a hundred. Just think of it—a hundred quid! Enough to buy a car!"

"Enough, to buy a Ford, p'raps, but not a real car," said Bolsover major.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Howell's going to invite all his pals to the theatre and to a big feed to-morrow afternoon," Bunter went on. "I'm his pal, of course."

"You discovered that as soon as the banknote arrived, I suppose?" said Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really Skinner, I've been Howell's best pal for years and years!"

"Why, you've only known him a few months!"

"I'm his bosom pal, anyway. And we shall have a top-hole time to-morrow afternoon. There will be rabbit-pie and pastries galore, and strawberries-and-cream—"

"Oh, dry up!" growled Bolsover.

The mention of those tempting delicacies fairly made his mouth water.

"It's a pity you fellows aren't on good terms with Howell," said Billy Bunter. "You'd all be invited, if you were, and you'd have the time of your lives."

"Rats!"

Skinner and Stott and Bolsover passed on. They were looking very thoughtful. They knew that Bunter had exaggerated Archie Howell's good fortune. At the same time, they were quite prepared to believe that Archie had received a substantial remittance from home. And they were determined to obtain, by hook or by crook, invitations to the outing which was to take place on the morrow.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Love's Labour Lost!

"WHAT the merry dickens—" Archie Howell halted in astonishment in the doorway of the Remove dormitory.

It was bed-time for the juniors, and the majority of the Removites were already in the act of undressing.

Bolsover major was engaged in making—or, rather, remaking—Archie Howell's bed. And Archie stared in amazed wonder at the bully of the Remove.

"What's the little game?" he demanded.

Bolsover looked up. "That you, Howell?" he said. "Some cheeky brawler has had the nerve to make you an apple-pie bed—"

"What?"

"And I'm putting it to rights for you!"

Archie stared harder than ever. And Harry Wharton & Co. stared, too.

It was not surprising that some practical joker had made Archie Howell an apple-pie bed. That sort of thing was frequently done in the Remove dormitory. The surprising thing was that Bolsover major, of all people, should go out of his way to readjust the sheets and blankets.

"Bit thick, I call it, to play a trick of this sort," Bolsover went on. "I'd like to know who did it. I'd give the fellow a jolly good laming!"

"Faith, an' it was meself that did it, entirely," said Micky Desmond.

"You, was it?" shouted Bolsover major.

And he made a rush at the Irish junior. Micky Desmond would have received a rough handling, had not Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry gripped Bolsover by the collar and swung him back.

"Leggo!" roared Bolsover. "He admits that he played that trick on Howell, and I'm going to pulverise him!"

"You sily ass!" shouted Bob Cherry. "It was only a harmless jape."

"My pal Howell must be protected from japes of that sort," said Bolsover.

"Great pip!"

The juniors stared blankly at the bully of the Remove. They could not understand what he was driving at.

"I'll let you off this time, young Desmond," said Bolsover. "But if you make Howell an apple-pie bed again, you'll get it in the neck!"

And Bolsover returned to the task of rearranging Archie Howell's bed.

"You—you burbling duffer!" exclaimed Archie. "Do you imagine that I'm not capable of takin' my own part? Why are you posin' as a champion of the oppressed?"

Bolsover made no reply to these questions. He finished remaking the bed, and Archie Howell seated himself upon it. No sooner had he done so, than Skinner dashed up, and started to unlace Archie's boots.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked on, spell-bound. And Archie Howell was too flabbergasted to interfere.

Skinner unlaced one boot, and pulled it off, and then he removed the other.

"Got any boot-brushes up here, Smithy?" he inquired.

"Bub-bub-boot-brushes?" gasped Vernon-Smith faintly.

"Yes!"

"But what do you want 'em for?"

"To clean Howell's boots, of course!"

"Well, I'm jiggered!"

Vernon-Smith produced a couple of brushes and a tin of blacking from his locker, and handed them to Skinner, who dropped on to one knee and started to clean Archie Howell's boots.

"Not settin' up in business as a boot-black, surely?" gasped Archie.

"If you are," said Squiff, "you can clean mine!"

"And mine!"

"Likewise mine!"

About a dozen juniors pulled off their boots, and set them down in front of Skinner. That junior gave a snort.

"Dashed if I'm going to polish all the boots in the Remove!" he said. "I'm simply going to clean my pal Howell's."

Skinner's pal Howell looked on with growing amazement. He made no movement to prevent the cad of the Remove from carrying out his self-imposed task. If Skinner chose to go out of his way to clean his schoolfellow's boots, Archie saw no reason why he should raise an objection.

Half the dormitory voted Skinner insane, and the other half considered that he had an axe to grind. But they were unable to fathom his motives just then.

Skinner cleaned the boots as thoroughly as any professional bootblack would have done. And Archie Howell, looking utterly bewildered, started to undress. As soon as he had donned his pyjamas, Stott came forward, and removed Archie's trousers from the bed-rail, over which they had been slung.

"Here, hold on!" exclaimed Archie. "What are you goin' to do with my bags?"

"Put 'em in the press, old man," said Stott.

"My hat!"

Stott was the possessor of a trouser-press. He unscrewed it, and carefully placed Archie Howell's trousers inside. Then he screwed it down again.

"They'll have a beautiful crease in 'em in the morning," he remarked.

The amazing antics of Skinner, Stott, and Bolsover major created a good deal of comment in the Remove dormitory.

Skinner & Co. were the most ungenerous and uncharitable fellows in the Form. They were utterly selfish, and had seldom been known to put themselves out for another. But they had done so now, with a vengeance.

Wingate of the Sixth came into the dormitory to extinguish the lights; and after Wingate's departure the Removites relapsed into silence and slumber.

In the morning Skinner and Stott and Bolsover continued their campaign of kindness.

Archie Howell happened to lose his collar-stud, and Skinner groped in every nook and corner until he found it.

Meanwhile, Bolsover major went to the trouble of filling one of the bowls with water, for Archie's benefit; and he provided a new sponge and a fresh tablet of soap—also for Archie's benefit.

Stott was not idle. Arming himself with a clothes-brush, he carefully brushed Archie Howell's Eton jacket.

Archie shook his head in baffled perplexity.

"Blessed if I can see what their little game is!" he said.

"I dare say they've become Boy Scouts," said Bob Cherry, "and they've decided to do at least a dozen good turns a day!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Are your boots cleaned to your liking, Howell?" asked Skinner anxiously.

"Are you satisfied with your trousers?" inquired Stott.

"Did you sleep comfortably last night, old man?" asked Bolsover solicitously.

Archie Howell blinked at the trio who had waited on him hand and foot.

"Wish you fellows would tell me what you're drivin' at!" he said.

"There was a chuckle from Billy Bunter. "He, he, he! I think I know what their little game is, Archie!"

"Well?"

"They know that you had a fat remittance yesterday from your pater, and they know that you're having an outing this afternoon; and they're fishing for invitations!"

"Oh!"

Harry Wharton & Co. understood at last. And so did Archie Howell. They could not doubt that Billy Bunter's theory was correct.

"So that's the little game, is it?" said Archie. "You're anglin' for invitations, what? Well, I might as well tell you, here an' now, that there's nothin' doin'."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Skinner and Stott and Bolsover major were completely taken aback. They realised that their labours had been in vain. And their feelings towards Billy Bunter, who had given them away, were almost homicidal.



The two men sprang at Coker as he was struggling out of the ditch. Before the junior could free himself from their grasp, a moist pad was clapped over his nose and mouth, and he found himself fighting for breath. He tried to shout, but no articulation came from his lips. (See Chapter 4.)

"By the way," said Harry Wharton, "how did you fellows know that Howell had had a remittance, and that he was sending a treat this afternoon?"

"Bunter told us, of course," growled Bolsover.

"Then he must have been listening at the keyhole!" said Nugent.

"Bump the fat worm!" roared Johnny Bull.

Billy Bunter was not yet out of bed. But he did not remain long between the sheets. The bedclothes were dragged off him, and he was heaved out of bed and dumped on to the floor with a crash which resembled the detonation of a bomb.

"Yarooooooh!"

"Once again!" panted Bob Cherry.

"Bump!"

"Yow-ow-ow! My back's broken, you bullying beasts!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors had no sympathy to waste on the Owl of the Remove, whose troubles were not yet over, for he received a rough handling afterwards from Bolsover major.

For the remainder of that morning Skinner & Co. wore savage scowls. Their little scheme to curry favour with Archie Howell had failed completely, and the merry excursion to Courtfield would not be honoured by the presence of the cads of the Remove!

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Quite a Success!

"I SEEM to be jolly popular, all of a sudden!"

Archie Howell made that remark as he emerged into the Close, with the Famous Five, after dinner.

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"You were popular before, Archie," he said. "But you're the man of the moment now. Everybody seems to be wanting to fall on your neck!"

Even as Bob spoke, Tom Brown and Squiff and Dick Penfold strolled up to the party.

"Topping afternoon, Archie!" said Tom Brown.

"Ideal weather," observed Squiff.

"We ought to have quite a ripping time," said Dick Penfold.

Archie Howell grinned.

"You seem to take it for granted that you're comin'," he said.

"Of course!" said Tom Brown.

"You're not going to leave your old pals in the lurch, surely?"

"I seem to have made a whole crowd of pals since yesterday," said Archie.

"Fellows have been simply swarmin' round me, an' vowin' eternal friendship. I wonder if it would be the same if I was stony-broke?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Of course it would—so far as we're concerned, anyway!" said Squiff. "We're not fairweather friends. We're backing you up through thick and thin."

"Hear, hear!" said Dick Penfold.

"You fellows can come along, with pleasure," said Archie.

"Hurrah!"

"An' Smithy an' Mark Linley an' Toddy can come, too. That'll make a round dozen."

"Splendid!"

Needless to state, Vernon-Smith and Mark Linley and Peter Todd needed no coaxing. They jumped at the chance of joining Archie Howell's merry party.

Billy Bunter offered to join it, of course—an offer that was declined, without thanks.

There was another fellow who would

have been very glad indeed of an invitation. This was Coker of the Fifth.

Coker knew that Phyllis Howell would be a member of the party, and he would have given a great deal to be able to bask in the sunshine of Phyllis' smile.

But Coker did not dare to suggest that he should accompany the party. Harry Wharton & Co. had warned him to keep off the grass, so far as Phyllis Howell was concerned, and if he ignored that warning there would be trouble.

Coker had decided to spend his half-holiday awheel—in other words, to go for a spin on his motor-cycle. He had tried to induce Potter and Greene, his two study-mates, to accompany him, one in the sidecar and one on the carrier at the back. But Potter had said that he didn't want to shuffle off this mortal coil yet; and Greene had hastily informed Coker that he had an appointment. Joy-riding with Coker was a very risky affair, and it was a case of once bitten twice shy with Potter and Greene.

So Coker, removing his sidecar, set out alone. He obtained his motor-bike from the shed, and Harry Wharton & Co. paused on their way to the school-gates, and surveyed the great Coker with amused chuckles.

"Poor old Coker!" said Bob Cherry. "He's still crazy on that motor-bike of his. He won't be happy till he's smashed it to bits—and himself into the bargain!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He's bound to come a ciddy cropper," said Vernon-Smith. "He'll either finish up in the nearest duck-pond, or in the Cottage Hospital!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker scowled at the laughing juniors. "Clear off, you cheeky young cubs!" he shouted.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 700.

"Rats!"

Coker made vigorous efforts to set his machine in motion. But that motor-bike was as obstinate as its owner. It refused to budge. It throbbed and quivered, and it made a most unearthly noise. In fact, it did everything but go.

"Reminds you of Mary's little lamb, doesn't it?" chuckled Dick Penfold.

"Coker had a motor-bike,  
His very own, you know;  
And everywhere that Coker went  
That bike refused to go!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker was desperately anxious to get away from the throng of hilarious Removites. Gripping the handlebars of his machine, he pushed it forward, and sprinted along beside it. As soon as he concluded that it was fairly in motion, he vaulted astride the saddle, and the motor-bike stopped dead.

There was a fresh peal of laughter from the juniors.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Stick it, Coker!"

"The only way to make that ancient gridiron go," said Squiff, "is to dangle a carrot in front of it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Muttering all sorts of things, Coker continued to wrestle with the cantankerous machine, and all of a sudden there was a bang and a blinding flash, and the motor-bike leapt forward like a live thing.

Coker clung desperately to the handlebars. He was unable to check the speed of the machine, but by great good fortune he was able to steer it through the school gateway and into the road, down which it disappeared like a streak of light.

"Now we're off!" murmured Frank Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Strikes me it will be our painful duty to gather up Coker's remains, an' send them home to his sorrowin' parents in a match-box!" said Archie Howell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"No fear of that," said Harry Wharton. "Coker will come through all right. He's got a charmed life. I say, it's time we got a move on, Archie!"

"Half a jiffy, dear boy—"

"Forgotten something?" inquired Bob Cherry.

"I was thinkin' that I might have mislaid my fiver—"

"If you have," said Johnny Bull grimly, "we'll mislay our host!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Archie Howell searched feverishly for the banknote, and at last, to his relief, he found it. It had been hidden beneath the lining of his note-case.

"It's all serene, dear boys," he said. "Come on!"

It was a very merry party that set out for Cliff House.

Archie Howell had told his sister Phyllis of the plans he had made for spending the afternoon—and the fiver. And before Cliff House was reached, a trio of young ladies came into view. They were Phyllis Howell, Marjorie Hazeldene, and Clara Trevlyn.

Harry Wharton & Co. raised their caps, and the Cliff House girls nodded and smiled in return.

"Hallo, Phyll!" said Archie Howell cheerfully. "All dressed up, an' somewhere to go—what? We're goin' to do things in style this afternoon, dear gal. It's my funeral."

"I must insist upon sharing the expenses," said Phyllis. "I'll pay for the seats at the theatre, and you can settle

for the feast that's coming off afterwards."

Archie looked surprised.

"Do you realise what you're lettin' yourself in for?" he asked. "Are you aware that fifteen seats at half-a-crown apiece will cost thirty-seven-an'-sixpence?"

"Perfectly!" said Phyllis.

"But you'll never be able to stand the racket—"

"Oh yes I shall," said Phyllis, with a smile. "You see, I had a five-pound note from home yesterday."

"My hat! The pater's chuckin' his giddy quids about, an' no mistake! If I'd known that our joint proceeds amounted to ten quid, I should have invited the whole of the Remove!"

"There are fifteen of us, as it is," said Tom Brown, "so you can bet that we shall make a biggish hole in the two fivers."

The party proceeded to Courtfield, chatting gaily as they went. They reached the Theatre Royal just as the people were beginning to pour in at the early doors.

A very good touring company had come to Courtfield, and the comedy they performed kept the audience in fits of laughter.

Harry Wharton & Co. held their sides with merriment, and the faces of their girl chums were glowing with enjoyment.

"Topping show!" was Bob Cherry's verdict, as the party came out of the theatre.

"I was afraid I should bust a boiler," said Archie Howell. "Those johnnies on the stage were too funny for words! It was a great show. An' now for some grub, dear boys—an' gals."

Archie led the way to the Elysian Cafe—a well-appointed restaurant in the High Street. He rapped out orders on a lavish scale, and the feed was soon in full swing.

The feasters attacked the good things with relish. And they laughed and chattered merrily, without a care in the world.

And happiest of all were the host and hostess—Archie and Phyllis Howell. They rejoiced in the knowledge that their father's financial affairs were on a sound footing once more.

Wealth was not everything, of course. But it was infinitely preferable to hardship and poverty. And the future, so far as the Howell family was concerned, was bright and radiant.

The celebration was over at length, and the merry party trooped out of the cafe.

"Three cheers for Phyllis and Archie—the founders of the feast!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

The cheers were given with right good will, and then the Greyfriars juniors escorted their girl chums back to Cliff House.

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

### An Amazing Plot!

WHEN Coker of the Fifth went for a spin on his motor-cycle there was always plenty of excitement both for Coker and for any pedestrians who happened to get in the way.

On this particular afternoon there was no exception to the rule.

The machine had started off suddenly and without warning, and, instead of allowing Coker to master it, it mastered Coker!

The Fifth-Former managed to steer the motor-bike through the school gateway, and he also contrived to prevent it from crashing into the school wall on the one

side, and into the prickly hedge on the other. But so far as controlling the speed of the machine went Coker was helpless. He clung to the handlebars for dear life, and he prayed that nothing would get in his way.

He was soon to be disappointed.

A stout, florid-faced farmer was in the act of driving a number of prize porkers to market when Coker's motor-bike suddenly flashed into view round a bend in the road.

"Hellup!" gasped the farmer.

And he promptly side-stepped into the ditch.

The pigs, however, were less agile than their owner. They remained in the roadway grunting and snorting, and Coker, swearing to avoid one of them, bumped into another.

There was a loud squeal from the animal, which was more terrified than hurt.

By some miraculous means Coker had managed to slacken speed somewhat, and the front wheel of his machine had not caught the pig with the force it might otherwise have done.

All the same, the collision was sufficient to unsettle Coker. He was hurled sideways from the saddle, and he alighted in a sprawling heap in the roadway.

As for the motor-bike, it ambled aimlessly along for a dozen yards or so and then stopped dead.

The florid-faced farmer extricated himself from the ditch and came striding towards Coker.

"Young rip!" he snorted.

"Ow!"

"Which you've nearly killed one o' my prize beasts?"

"'Yow! Wish I'd done the job thoroughly!" groaned Coker.

"'Wot!"

"The beastly porker ought to have got out of the way!"

"You—you—"

The irate farmer raised his dog-whip, and brought it down with stinging force across Coker's legs. The Fifth-Former writhed and yelled in anguish.

"'Yarooogh!"

"I'll learn yer!" roared the farmer.

"I'll learn you to come tearin' along the road at that reckless speed, you young rip! Take that! An' that! An' that!"

Lash, lash, lash!

"'Yooop!"

Coker's squeals of anguish were a faithful imitation of the pig's. He continued to writhe under the lashing whip, and the farmer did not desist until he was nearly breathless. Then he growled:

"See 'ere, young shaver, I wants compensation for this!"

"You've had it!" moaned Coker.

"You've taken it out of my hide!"

"'Wot about payin' for the injury to my pig?"

"What about paying for the damage to my motor-bike?" retorted Coker.

The Fifth-Former scrambled to his feet and stood glaring at the farmer, who returned glare for glare.

"This 'ere pig won't fetch nearly such a good price at the market as it would if it was sound in wind an' limb," said the farmer. "You've 'arf-killed it! An' wot I says is this 'ere—if I don't get compensation—"

Coker produced a couple of half-crowns from his pocket and hurled them at the farmer, who stopped one of the coins with his chest and the other with his chin. But he didn't seem to mind. He had not expected to get a penny-piece out of Coker.

"I hope you're satisfied?" growled the Greyfriars fellow.

"Quite satisfied, thanks!" said the farmer, with a grin. "Good-day, sir!"





Seated on a camp stool was an immaculately-dressed man smoking a pipe. He jumped to his feet as the two men came into the circle of light dragging Bessie Bunter. "You fools!" he snarled. "What sort of game have you been playing? This is not Phyllis Howell. You've got the wrong girl!" (See Chapter 5.)

Coker made no reply. He went to retrieve his motor-bike, and the farmer tramped away, driving his pigs before him.

The motor-bike was damaged. Not being a mechanic, Coker was unable to decide what was wrong with it; but the roadway seemed to be littered with spare parts.

"Rotten luck!" muttered the Fifth-Former. "I might have known something of this sort would happen!"

Not wishing to make himself look ridiculous by remaining in the roadway and attempting to repair his machine, Coker pushed it through the gateway of an adjoining meadow.

Screened from the view of passers-by, he laid the motor-cycle on its side in the grass, and bent over it with a puzzled expression on his rugged face.

"Something's gone wrong with the works," he muttered. "But I'm dashed if I know what!"

Coker had a repair outfit with him; but that was not much use, since he didn't know what to repair. He examined the tyres, and found that they were all right; and he was about to turn his attention to the engine of the machine when he heard a car slow up in the roadway opposite where he stood.

Prompted by curiosity, Coker peeped through a small gap in the hedge. He saw that the car was a yellow one—a small two-seater of American manufacture.

Coker could not help being struck by the appearance of the two men in the car. They were well-dressed, but the expressions on their coarse faces clearly signified that they were not nice persons to know.

The driver of the car was speaking to his companion. Concealed behind the hedge, Coker strained his ears to listen.

"We can't be far from Cliff House now, Jake."

"No. I reckon it's about half a mile farther on, Jerry."

Coker gave a start. What did these men want at Cliff House? Surely such coarse-looking characters could not be the fathers or guardians of any of the pupils there?

The man called Jerry spoke again.

"Gentleman Jack's given us rather a ticklish job this time, Jake."

"Rot! It'll be dead easy to collar the kid."

"In broad daylight?"

"Certainly!"

"But we don't even know which part of the buildin' this girl Howell will be in."

"It won't take us long to find out."

On the other side of the hedge, Coker of the Fifth stood rooted to the ground. His heart was pounding against his ribs. The perspiration broke out on his forehead.

What did this mean?

It could mean only one thing. Appalling and incredible though it seemed, an attempt was going to be made to kidnap Phyllis Howell.

Coker hadn't the pleasure of knowing the man referred to as Gentleman Jack, but he could guess who he was. The leader, most likely, of a desperate gang—a man who directed the operations of kidnappers—a refined criminal, judging by his nickname.

Gentleman Jack had planned to kidnap Phyllis Howell, of Cliff House. And these two men in the yellow car were his agents!

The whole thing seemed so astounding that Coker felt that he was dreaming.

What motive could these scoundrels have in wishing to kidnap Phyllis Howell?

And then the explanation of the matter dawned upon Coker's slow-working brain.

Phyllis Howell's father was now a moneyed man. He had acquired a considerable sum through successful speculation. And Gentleman Jack had got to hear of it, and had plotted to kidnap Phyllis and hold her to ransom.

It was amazing—it was almost unbelievable. Yet that must be the true explanation.

The further conversation between Jerry and Jake confirmed it.

Coker did not catch every word that was said, but he heard sufficient to know what the rascals' intentions were. They had received instructions from their chief to go to Cliff House, capture Phyllis Howell, and convey her by car to the gang's headquarters.

Coker craned forward eagerly in order that he might learn where those headquarters were situated.

A moment later he heard the place mentioned by name. But at that same moment he lost his balance and went crashing into the hedge.

There was a howl of anguish from Coker as he landed in the prickles. And there were exclamations of alarm from Jerry and Jake.

In a twinkling the two men jumped out of the car and rushed through the gateway into the meadow.

Coker saw them coming, and he struggled frantically to disentangle himself from the hedge. But he was too late.

"A schoolkid, by Jove!" panted Jerry.

"An' he's been spyin' on us!" said Jake savagely. "How much have you heard, you young hound?"

"Enough to get the pair of you clapped into prison!" exclaimed Coker, who would have been wiser not to have

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 700.

revealed the fact that he had overheard so much.

"You've heard all about the job we're goin' to tackle—eh?" said Jerry.

"Yes, you rotters! You were going to collar a defenceless girl and make off with her. But you won't get the chance—not while I'm here to prevent you!"

Jerry seemed to regard this as a huge joke. He laughed uproariously.

"Ho, ho, ho! Look what's goin' to prevent us, Jake!"

The man addressed did not laugh. He scowled fiercely, and made a rush at Coker.

The Greyfriars fellow had not yet freed himself from the hedge. But Jake dragged him clear. And then, before Coker had time to struggle, a moist pad was clapped over his nose, and mouth, and he found himself fighting for breath.

He tried to shout, but no articulation came from his lips. He endeavoured to lut out, but his strength was failing him. There was a roaring in his ears; he saw two diabolical faces peering down at him, and then he seemed to be engulfed in a wave of blackness, and he remembered no more.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### The Wrong Victim!

"WELL, leave him here, Jerry," said Jake. "He won't come round for a couple of hours, an' by that time we shall be well away with the girl!"

Jerry nodded.

"Pity we can't help ourselves to that motor-bike of his!" he remarked.

"That!" snorted Jake contemptuously. "Why, it's nothin' but a chunk of old iron! It would disgrace any respectable snap-bean! Let's get a move on, Jerry. It isn't safe to hang about here."

The two soundrels went back to the car, leaving Coker of the Fifth lying unconscious in the grass beside his roundly-abused motor-bike.

Jake threw an anxious glance up and down the road, but there was no one in sight.

A moment later the yellow car disappeared in a cloud of dust.

The two confederates of Gentleman Jack had their plans cut and dried. They intended to drive boldly into the quadrangle of Cliff House, and to inquire for Phyllis Howell, stating that they were distant relatives of hers.

When Phyllis came out to them, they proposed to enter into cheery conversation with her, and to induce her, if possible, to accompany them in the car.

This would be a much simpler and more feasible plan than kidnapping the girl by force.

As Jerry pointed out, it would be next door to impossible to capture Phyllis Howell by force in broad daylight.

"If only we can persuade her to come with us in the car for a joy-ride," said Jerry. "it will be plain sailing."

And Jake agreed.

Shortly afterwards the yellow car swung through the gateway of Cliff House, and slowed up in the quadrangle.

The quad was deserted, save for a dark-haired, pleasant-faced girl of about fifteen. This was Miss Philippa Derwent, commonly known as Flap.

"Excuse me, missy," said Jerry. "but could you tell us where Phyllis Howell is?"

"Afraid I couldn't," replied Flap Derwent; rather shortly.

She didn't like the look of these two men any more than Coker of Greyfriars had done.

"You don't happen to know whether she's in or out—what?" said Jake.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 700.

Flap Derwent shook her head.

"What do you want with Phyllis?" she demanded.

"We're relatives of hers," explained Jerry, "an' we've come hundreds of miles to see her."

"Oh!"

"Which is her study? I take it you have studies here?"

Flap Derwent hesitated. The more she saw of these sinister-looking men, the less she liked them. But she told herself that there could be no harm in giving them the number of Phyllis Howell's study. She did so, and directed Jerry and Jake to the Fourth Form passage.

A moment later the would-be kidnapers waited outside the door of Phyllis Howell's study.

They could hear somebody moving about within, and they exchanged triumphant glances.

"Now for it!" muttered Jerry.

And the two ruffians, after a preliminary tap at the door, stepped into the study.

Phyllis Howell was not at home. At that precise moment she was at the theatre with Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars.

Bessie Bunter, the plump sister of the Owl of the Remove, was taking advantage of Phyllis' absence by raiding the cupboard in her study.

Just as Jerry and Jake entered, Bessie was in the act of reaching down a large sultana cake from one of the shelves.

The study-raider spun round with a guilty start on hearing that tap on the door, and she looked the picture of consternation as the two men came in.

But when Bessie saw that the newcomers were strangers, she knew that she had nothing to fear.

She eyed the two men with interest and curiosity. And the first thing that struck her was that they were extremely well dressed and doubtless very wealthy.

Jerry advanced towards Bessie Bunter with outstretched hand.

"You're Phyllis Howell, of course?" he said.

Bessie was about to reply in the negative, when a sudden impulse came to her to do otherwise. It occurred to her that if she passed herself off as Phyllis Howell, in the absence of the genuine Phyllis, these two men would give her a good time.

So Bessie nodded, thereby inferring that she was Phyllis Howell.

"Jolly pleased to meet you!" said Jerry cordially.

"Same here!" said Jake. "You don't know us, of course?"

Bessie shook her head.

"You're aware that you've got an Aunt Sally, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Well, we're Aunt Sally's cousins—in other words, distant relations of yours."

"Good!" said Bessie.

"You've got a brother at Greyfriars, I understand?" said Jerry.

"That's so," answered Bessie truthfully.

Jerry nodded.

"We must go over an' see him later on," he said. "Meanwhile, what d'you say to an excursion in our car, Phyllis?"

Bessie Bunter's eyes sparkled.

"You've come by car?" she exclaimed.

"Yes."

"How ripping! I'll come, of course. Wait here a minute, while I get my hat."

Bessie's hat was in her own study, and whilst she was gone to fetch it Jerry and Jake exchanged joyful glances.

"Dead easy!" remarked the former.

"Absolutely!" chortled his companion.

"Talk about a lamb bein' led to the slaughter!"

And the two rascals laughed heartily.

Not for one moment did it occur to them that they had got hold of the wrong girl. They had accepted Bessie Bunter's statement that she was Phyllis Howell; and it would be a simple matter to convey their captive by car to the gag's headquarters.

"There's just one thing that puzzles me, Jerry," said Jake. "Gentleman Jack said that this girl Howell was a pretty minx. But I'm dashed if I could see anything beautiful about her!"

Jerry laughed.

"Gentleman Jack's ideas of beauty," he said, "are rather different from ours. If he was the judge in a beauty contest, he'd give the prize to the ugliest girl! He's handsome himself, is Gentleman Jack, but he's got no eye for beauty, so far as the other sex is concerned."

At this juncture Bessie Bunter returned to the study. Her wide-brimmed school hat was plumed with feathers, her cheeks were flushed with excitement, and her eyes glistened behind her spectacles.

"Ready, Phyllis?" inquired Jerry.

"Yes, rather! Lead on!"

Jerry and Jake led the way to the yellow car which stood throbbing in the quadrangle.

Bessie Bunter viewed the small two-seater with some concern.

"I say, there won't be room for me in there!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, yes, there will!" said Jake. "It will be a tight squeeze, but we shall manage it all right."

And they did.

Bessie squeezed herself in between the two men, and Jerry drove off.

Flap Derwent witnessed the departure of the car, and she was frankly puzzled.

The two strangers had inquired for Phyllis Howell. What, then, was their motive in driving away with Bessie Bunter?

"I can't help thinking that there's something wrong!" murmured Flap Derwent. "I don't like the look of those two men. They said that they were relatives of Phyllis Howell, but I'm not so sure."

Meanwhile, the yellow car disappeared from view along the dusty road.

Jerry, who was driving, did not touch Friarisle or Courtfield. He kept to the by-roads; and he drove at such a furious speed that Bessie Bunter began to grow alarmed.

"I—I say!" she shouted. It was necessary to shout, in order to be heard.

"Where are you taking me?"

"You'll soon see!" replied Jerry cheerfully.

"Ow! You're going too fast!" panted Bessie. "I'm sure we shall crash into something in a minute!"

Jerry made no reply. He increased his speed, and the car fairly leapt along the narrow lanes.

Bessie Bunter was terrified out of her wits by this time. Her hat had blown back from her head, and her plump hands were nervously clenched.

Where were these men taking her? Why did they keep chucking as the car sped onwards?

Away to the right stretched level pastures. On the left towered the cliffs of Woody Bay, a quiet little watering-place, where the Greyfriars fellows had once camped out.

It was a coast road along which the car was travelling, and the driver seemed

(Continued on page 9.)

**ANSWERS**  
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2



# The Greyfriars HERALD

SUPPLEMENT No. 28  
Week Ending July 9th, 1921.



Assisted by BOB CHERRY (Fighting Editor),  
VERNON-SMITH (Sports Editor), MARK  
LINLEY, TOM BROWN, and FRANK NUGENT.

Harry Wharton  
Editor

Address all letters to HARRY WHARTON,  
c/o The Magnet Library, The Fleetway House,  
Farringdon Street, E.C. 4.

## EDITORIAL.

By Harry Wharton.

### A NOVEL CRICKET MATCH.

One of my Bournemouth readers has been good enough to send me an account of a novel cricket match played recently between eleven supporters of the GREYFRIARS HERALD and eleven ardent followers of "Billy Bunter's Weekly."

The rival teams were known as the Wharntonites and the Bunterites, and I am informed that on the latter side there was a player who is the living image of Billy Bunter.

Did the Wharntonites win? No. But then the Bunterites didn't win either, so we have nothing to go into mourning about.

Batting first on a good wicket, the Wharntonites hit up 122. The Bunterites managed to score 71 for seven wickets, and then stumps were drawn—likewise the match!

I am always pleased to hear of these friendly tussles, and I am obliged to my Bournemouth chum for sending me details of the match in question.

### THE GREYFRIARS "DERBY."

Whilst on the subject of sport, I might mention that we had an exciting race at Greyfriars on Wednesday last. It was what is known as a donkey race, I believe. One fellow walked on his hands, while another gripped him by the ankles and hustled him along.

The official result, announced by the Clerk of the Course, was as follows:

Mr. R. Cherry's MAULY BOY . . . 1  
Mr. P. Todd's LONZY . . . 2  
Mr. H. Skinner's THE SNEAK . . . 3

Also ran: BUNTY, THE NABOB, FISHY, and HEATHEN CHINEE.

Winner trained by its owner—Bob Cherry.

N.B.—The rumour that "BUNTY" broke a fetlock, and had to be destroyed, is incorrect.

The race was rather a farcical affair; but, then, we must do something to make our lives happy.

An revoir until next week, my chums!  
HARRY WHARTON.

## Society Snapshots!

By BOB CHERRY.

His Highness the Nabob of Bhanipur—commonly known as Inky—is fifteen to-day. The estimated and ludicrous celebration in the worthy studyness will be—terrible.

Lord Mauleverer has just been presented with five hundred lines for stumbling in the Form-room. That's the worst of his lordship. He's always being "caught napping!"

Among the latest wills is that of Baron W. G. Bunter, who bequeaths nothing to charity, for the simple reason that he happens to be a barren baron!

We regret to announce that the Hon. Cecil Reginald Temple, S.O.S. (Society of Swankers), has been struck by a cricket-ball and conveyed to the sanatorium, suffering from swelled head!

Mr. Wun Lung, of China, is also on the sick list. The report states that he is suffering from congestion in Wun Lung!

Mr. Horace Coker reports that something has gone wrong with his motor-bike. We always did maintain that Mr. Coker had a screw loose somewhere!

The Right Hon. Robert Cherry continues to be in excellent health and spirits—(Cut it out!—Ed.)

The rumour that was circulated round Greyfriars yesterday to the effect that the masters were going on strike is incorrect. But I noticed Mr. William George Bunter limping away from Mr. Quech's study with his hands tucked under his armpits; evidently Mr. Quech had been "striking"!

Mr. Sydney Snop is just recovering from a collision with a "Bull" in the Close. The injury of the nasal organ was not very serious; but the matron, before dismissing him, told him it would grow worse unless he "Kipples" it well wrapped up.

## THE PROWLER'S RETREAT!

Written and Composed by  
Dick Penfold.

SUNG BY GERALD LODER.

There's an old-fashioned place, in an old-fashioned street,

In a quaint little old-fashioned town.

There's a place where it's easy to gamble and cheat,

And to see all the greenhorns done brown.

And though to and fro, through the world I must go,

My heart while it beats in my breast,

Though I roam where I please, to the charming Cross Keys,

Will fly back like a bird to its nest!

In that old-fashioned place in that old-fashioned street,

Dwell a quaint little old-fashioned pair.

They are Cobby and Hawke, and they grin like a gawk,

When they see lanky Loder come there.

I love every win in that old-fashioned inn,

When the losers go blue in the face.

Each gain small or big, each cheroot and each cig.

In that quaint little old-fashioned place.

(Note.—This song may be sung without fee or licence outside the door of Loder's study. It may also be whistled, chanted, hummed, or bellowed beneath his study window!—Ed.)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 700.



# In the Nick of Time!

By Dick Russell.

**B**OOM!  
Vernon-Smith of the Remove opened his eyes and awoke, as the first stroke of midnight tolled out from the old clock tower.

A bright shaft of moonlight fell across the floor of the Remove dormitory, illuminating the large room.  
Vernon-Smith sat up in bed, and blinked around. Then he gave a start, for Hazeldene, who usually slept in the next bed to him, was not there. The bed certainly showed signs of recent occupation, but it was empty now.

"Where's the silly duffer got to?" muttered Vernon-Smith. "I hope this doesn't mean that he's gone out on the razzle!"

The next moment the Bounder's keen eyes detected a scrap of paper lying on the floor. It had evidently broken out of Hazeldene's pocket whilst he was dressing, and he had not noticed it.

Vernon-Smith slipped quietly out of bed and picked up the note. The moonlight enabled him to trace out the written words with ease.

"Dear Master Hazeldene,—I shall expect you at the Blackbird at midnight.—Yours,  
"J. Wyatt."

That was all. But it was quite enough for Vernon-Smith. It showed him that his suspicions were correct,—that the weak and wayward Hazel had broken bounds in order to visit a riverside inn.

It is true that the Blackbird was a highly respectable place, compared with the Cross Keys in Friarvale. Jim Wyatt, the proprietor, had at one time been a champion boxer, and he was quite a good sportsman in his way.

At the same time, if Hazeldene were caught coming out of a riverside inn, in the small hours of the morning, there would be short shrift for him. It would be no use telling the Head that Jim Wyatt was a respectable person, and that his inn was a respectable place. There was no excuse for a fellow who broke bounds at night and visited a public-house.

"The mad duffer must be brought back, if only for Marjorie's sake!" muttered Vernon-Smith.

He realised only too well what a blow it would be to Marjorie Hazeldene, the charming Cliff House girl, if her brother were expelled in disgrace. And it was only too probable that such would be Hazeldene's fate, unless steps were immediately taken to bring him back.

Vernon-Smith hesitated scarcely a moment. He dressed hastily, and tip-toed out of the dormitory, so as not to arouse his school-fellow.

"He can't have had much of a start, and I expect I shall overtake him before he gets to the Blackbird," ruminated the Bounder.

He knew which way Hazel would have gone.

Jim Wyatt's inn was situated beside the River Sark, about half a mile from the Greyfriars' boathouse. Hazel would probably have commandeered a rowing-boat, and rowed to his destination.

Vernon-Smith quit the school building, by way of the back room window, without mishap. Then he sped across the Close, took a running leap at the top of the school wall, and dropped lightly down into the roadway on the other side. Then he struck off across the fields, making a bee-line for the boathouse.

When he arrived there, breathless and panting, he took stock of the boats, and saw that a Rob Roy canoe was missing. Then, straining his ears to listen, he fancied he caught the splash of a paddle, further down the river.

In a twinkling Vernon-Smith launched a rowing-boat, and struck out with strong, resolute strokes. He was a fine oarsman, and he was bent on overtaking Hazeldene before he reached the Blackbird.

He had been rowing hard for about five  
THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 702.

minutes, when a startled cry arose on the night air.

"Help! Help!"  
Vernon-Smith recognised the voice as Hazeldene's, and he quickened his pace, putting every ounce of exertion into the task.

As the rowing-boat sped across the moonlit water, the cry for help was repeated.

Presently Vernon-Smith turned his head. He took in the situation at a glance.

Hazeldene's canoe had come to grief underneath a bridge. On steering the canoe underneath the arch he had struck the top of a wooden post. This post could usually be seen protruding from the water. But recent rains had caused the water to rise, and the top of the post had been submerged beneath the surface. Hazel's canoe had grated upon it, with the result that a big hole had been made in the bottom of the craft.

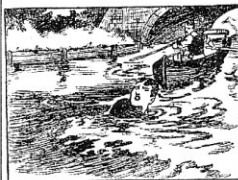
The canoe was now rapidly filling, and Hazeldene, who was no swimmer, was shrieking for help.

By the time Vernon-Smith's boat drew alongside, Hazel was struggling in the water. The Bounder had arrived not a second too soon.

Leaving over, he clutched at Hazel's wildly waving arms, and, with a superhuman effort, hauled him up into the boat.

For a full moment, neither of the juniors spoke. Vernon-Smith was exhausted by his exertions, and Hazeldene was still dazed by his experiences.

It was the Bounder who first found his voice.



Vernon-Smith turned his head just in time to see the canoe fill with water, sending Hazeldene into the river.

"You were a champion chump to come out on this stunt, Hazel," he said. "Luckily, I found the note that you accidentally dropped in the dorm., otherwise I shouldn't have come after you."

"You—you've saved my life!" muttered Hazeldene.

"I don't know about that. But I've probably saved you from the sack. Let's hope we can get back without bumping into any of the boats."

Vernon-Smith pulled the boat back to the boathouse, with the canoe in tow; and fortunately the two juniors remained the Remove dormitory without mishap.

Hazel was truly grateful to the Bounder, and he showed his gratitude by ignoring all further requests from Jim Wyatt to spend "a sociable hour" at the Blackbird.

THE END.

## OUR WEEKLY LIMERICK!

TOM BROWN.

He's more ready to smile than to frown.

It's not much in his line to be down.

You can always depend,

As a foeman or friend,

On the straightness and pluck of Tom Brown.

## The Art of Keeping Clean!

By BILLY BUNTER.

(Billy is the last person in the world to pose as an authority on this subject. He washes his neck once in a blue moon, and he has a positive horror of soap and water. Still, we will let him have his say, or he'll be harping on the "personal jealousy chord" again!—Ed.)

What are the two greatest things in the world?

Lord Leverhulme would say "Soap," and Mr. Pussfoot would say "Water," and they would both be correct.

Even food is not so important as that wonderful kombishash known as soap and water, without which we should go about looking like chimney-sweeps.

What is the first thing you think about on rising in the morning? Brekker, no doubt. But it ought not to be. Yore first thro' should be the water jug and the soap-dish.

Their are sum fellows who wash themselves in a half-harted manna; their are sum fellows who never wash themselves at all. (Don't blow yore own trumpet, Billy!—Ed.)

I have no use for a fello who never washes his neck. I avoyd him as I wood avoyd a plaig. What a terrible thing it is for a chap to go about in an unwashed condition!

I trusted that every reader of the "Greyfriars Herald" will take the advice I am about to give.

As soon as you get up in the morning, fill a basin with cold water, and duck yore head in as far as the nape of the neck. Then go over yore face and neck with a scrubbing-brush until the skin is neatly roar. After which, dry yoreself vigorously with a clean towel.

Repeat this performance after brekker, after dinner, and after tea. In the evening, take a barf in lookwarm water, and get yore pal to go over you with a vacuum cleaner. Sea-bathing and river-bathing will also assist you to become a clean and respectable member of a society. It is not enuff to be clean. You must be neat and tidy as well. Part yore hare in the middle, like you see mine parted in Mr. Chapman's drorings of me. If you have a mistosh, keep it trimmed and brushed. Also brush yore eyebrows, and see that yore lashes are carefully curled.

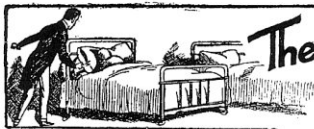
Yore clothes are liable to get dusty, espeshly if you receive a good munny bumpings in the corse of the day, like I do. You should therefore carry a poekitt clothes-brush on yore person. You should also carry, in case of necessity, a hare-brush and comb, a tooth-brush, a shaving outfit, a set of boot brushes, sum boot-polish, and sum face-powder. You will then be able to keep yoreself "clean, sober, and properly dressed," as they say in the Army.

You kann't do better than take me as yore model. I am always as clean as a new pin, and my fresh, rose-coloured complexion is the envy of my school-feloes. (Draw it mild, Billy! When did you have yore last annual bath?—Ed.)

If this article should be the means of hundreds of feloes forming the habit of washing there neck, then it will not have been ritten in vein.

Scap and water—and plenty of it—that is one of the biggest secrets of suckness.

Quit the ranks of the grate unwashed, and make up yore mind to follow the waggelent advice of yore old pal W.G.B.!



# The Greyfriars Runaways!

By MARK LINLEY.

"YOU are an Old Boy, sir?" Harry Wharton asked the question of a tall, athletic-looking young man, attired in cricket flannels and a blazer. He had been watching you practise at the nets, and now that the practice was over he gathered round him as he seated himself on one of the benches in front of the pavilion.

"Yes, I was at Greyfriars once," said the stranger, in reply to Wharton's question. "I didn't have a very long innings here, though."

"You don't mean to say you were sacked, sir?" ejaculated Tom Brown.

"Oh, no," said the Old Boy, with a smile. "I was fortunate enough to escape that calamity."

"What was it like at Greyfriars when you were here, sir?" I inquired.

"The life was much harder than it is now. Why, you kids are living in a paradise, compared with what it used to be. When Dr. Sterndale was headmaster we got precious few holidays, and the discipline was simply awful. Sometimes we used to wonder whether we had dropped into a reformatory by mistake."

"The hat!" said Wharton. "It must have been pretty awful. Did any of the fellows ever run away?"

"They tried to," said the Old Boy. "But in every case—barring one—they were caught and brought back."

"There was Kennedy of the Remove. An awfully nice kid he was, and he got hauled up before the Head for laughing in chapel. He couldn't help it. The Head happened to see, when announcing the events of the week. Next Sunday is Good Friday, and poor old Kennedy exploded. He got a dozen with the birch next morning, and he was so savage about it that he decided to bolt from the school. He packed a few of his most treasured belongings, arranged for a fellow to answer his name at calling-over, and then he hopped by way of the cricket-field."

The Old Boy paused.

"Was Kennedy missed at calling-over, sir?" asked Nugent.

"No. But, later in the evening, the prefects saw six lights-out in the Remove dormitory found a dummy figure in Kennedy's bed. He reported it to one of the masters, and search-parties were sent out. Kennedy got as far as Burchester before he was captured. Then he was brought back to the school, and publicly expelled next day."

"That was awfully rough luck," said Johnny Bull. "Tell us about some of the other fellows who tried to run away, sir."

The Old Boy pulled reflectively at his pipe.

"There was Billy Briggs, who planned the job quite cleverly, and very nearly did the trick," he said. "Billy was a plump fellow, with an enormous appetite, and in those days the grub at Greyfriars was poor, both in quality and quantity. Anyway, it didn't suit Billy at all, and he made up his mind to bolt. He hid for three days in the loft over the wood-shed, having smuggled plenty of provisions up there beforehand, and he remained there until the hue-and-cry was over. Then he caught a train to London, where his home was."

"And he got there?" I asked eagerly.

The Old Boy shook his head.

"He was recognised by the stationmaster at Courfield Junction, and detained. His Etan togs gave him away, you see. And he had the Greyfriars ribbon round his straw hat, and the Greyfriars tie."

"What happened to Billy Briggs, sir?" inquired Tom Brown.

"He shared the same fate as Kennedy," said Johnny Bull, with a sigh. "It was broken by Hurrec Singh."

"Did you not say just now, honoured salih, that there was one attempt to bunkfully bolt from the school which proved successful?"

"I did," said the Old Boy. "The only fellow who ever got away from Greyfriars without being captured was Jim Trelawney."

"Jim Trelawney!" echoed Harry Wharton. "Why, there's a bit of doggerel about him. It begins:

"On the twenty-fifth of May  
Jim Trelawney ran away."

"That's so," said the Old Boy.

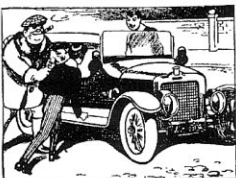
"How did he wangle it, sir?" asked Peter Todd. "Tell us all about it."

"Well, this fellow Trelawney was in the Upper Fourth, and he had a great pal named Teddy Lyons. The pair were as thick as thieves. One night there was a raid on the school lockshop. I don't know to this day who the raiders were; but there was an inquiry next morning, and suspicion fell upon Trelawney and Lyons, because it so happened that they had been absent from their dormitory during the night. The real reason for their absence was that they had planned a practical joke on the Fifth. Anyway, the Head wouldn't accept their explanation. He said he was quite satisfied that they had raided the school shop, and he gave them the birch and confined them to the punishment-room for twenty-four hours."

"What a brute!" exclaimed Bob Cherry indignantly.

"Yes, Sterndale was a regular Bolshev. He lost his job eventually through his brutality; and then Dr. Locke came along, and everything changed for the better."

"But what about Trelawney and Lyons, sir?" said Wharton. "We're awfully interested about them."



Forrest, true to his word, was waiting for them. Without a word, he bundled the two runaways into the car, and started the engine.

"Like Kennedy and Briggs, they decided to bolt," said the Old Boy. "But they didn't mean to make up their minds to run away as the other two. They enlisted the aid of a third party—an Old Blue named Forrest, who often visited the school, and took a keen interest in them."

"Trelawney wrote to Forrest, explaining what had happened, and saying that he and Lyons had made up their minds to run away from school. Forrest, who was a very prosperous, generous sort of fellow, undertook to help them. He arranged to meet them outside the school gates at midnight on the twenty-fifth of May."

"You can guess how excited Trelawney and Lyons were at the prospect of freedom. They were ready for flight long before midnight, and when the first stroke of twelve sounded from the clock-tower they were scaling the school wall."

"Forrest, true to his word, was waiting for them. He had come down in his car, and he bundled the two runaways into it without a word. Then he went off at top speed, and didn't slow up until he had put a dozen miles between the car and Greyfriars."

"I've brought a change of attire for both of you," he said. "Your Etan and school colours would give you away. Slip into these togs, and you'll be safe."

"This is awfully good of you, sir," said Trelawney.

"Not at all. To my mind, you're quite justified in running away from Greyfriars. You've been shamefully treated, and I've got no scruples about aiding and abetting your escape. If you were just a pair of adventurers running away without any real reason, I shouldn't have helped you. As it is, I'm going to take you to London. You'll be safe there. How soon will your absence be discovered, do you think?"

"Not until rising-bell, sir," said Teddy Lyons.

"That's good. We shall be in the capital long before then."

"Well, to cut a long story short, Forrest managed to get the fugitives to London without mishap. Then he gave them his blessing and a couple of quid apiece, and left them to their own devices."

"Neither Trelawney nor Lyons intended to go home. Trelawney's people lived in Cornwall, and Lyons' pater was in India, in some cavalry regiment. They decided to get jobs in London, and work out their own salvation, as it were."

"But this job-getting proved a much harder task than they had anticipated. They tramped the streets of the city, spent all their money, and were soon down and out."

"For days they lived in a State bordering on starvation, until at last Teddy Lyons could hold out no longer."

"Jim," he said, "there's only one thing to be done. I'm going to give myself up."

"Trelawney looked aghast."

"You're going back to Greyfriars?"

"Yes."

"But it will only mean expulsion!"

"I shall throw myself on the Old Man's mercy. But surely you're coming back, too, Jim?"

"Never!" answered Trelawney. "I've made my own bed, and I mean to lie on it. I hate to desert a pal, but nothing on earth will induce me to go back to that place."

"What happened then, sir?" asked Bob Cherry breathlessly.

"Teddy Lyons went back to Greyfriars. He was in an appalling state when he arrived, and was taken to the sanity. The Head took compassion on him—even Sterndale was not absolutely dry of the milk of human kindness—and allowed him to stay on."

"And Trelawney?" I asked.

"He went off to America as a stowaway. Knocked about in the States for a number of years, made his pile, and came back to England."

"And he was the only Greyfriars fellow who ever ran away without being collared?" said Nugent.

"The only one in all the long history of the school."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "That fellow deserved to get away, if only for his determination. I'd give a great deal for the privilege of shaking hands with him."

The Old Boy extended his hand with a frank smile.

"You may have your wish," he said quietly. "My name is Jim Trelawney!"

THE END.

"BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY"  
IS THE  
BEST PAPER ON THE MARKET  
FOR BOYS! (W. C. B.)

STOP PRESS: I don't know how this advertisement of Bunter's got in, but as it's been paid for at the usual rate, we've decided to let it remain.—H. W.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 700.

# ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS!

By Harry Wharton.

Mabel R. (Taunton).—No; it is not because of any personal feeling that I leave Billy Bunter out of the Remove cricket team. If Billy were as good a cricketer as he makes himself out to be, he could play in every match with the greatest of pleasure. But methinks that Billy will never become such a star player as the other "W. G."!

Jack S. (Highgate).—Have you ever seen Billy Bunter the worse for drink?—Great Scott, no! Billy takes nothing stronger than ginger-pop. But we have often seen him the worse for food!

Gladys M. (Worthing).—Sorry to hear that you have lost your Pekingese terrier, which was the apple of your eye. Would you like a party of Greyfriars fellows to come down to Worthing and search for the beast—I mean pet?

Hector L. (Hammersmith).—No, sirrah! We do not intend to let Billy Bunter take over the editorship of the "Greyfriars Herald."

J. L. T. (Kingston).—(1) There is accommodation in the Remove dormitory for forty fellows. (2) Mr. Quelch's Christian name is Horace Henry Samuel. Very few fellows think he deserves to be called by a "Christian" name, though!

Johnny Baker (Blackpool).—No, I haven't yet decided what I'm going to be when I grow up. Any good jobs going begging up your way?

Rupert H. (Marlborough).—Sorry, but I cannot give you full directions for concocting a booby-trap, as you request. You might do somebody an injury!

Vera M. (Sydenham).—In my humble opinion, the best literary genius in the Greyfriars Remove is Mark Linley, and the best poet is Dick Penfold, though he perpetrates some terrible things at times!

J. G. (Colchester).—Not being a medical man, I cannot give you a cure for warts. Personally, I seldom have a "Wharton" my hands!

Horace K. (Wimbledon).—"You have not yet replied to the letter I wrote you over six months ago. You're worse than a Government department!"—And a jolly busy!

"Inquisitive" (Bromley).—If I attempted to reply to your hundred-and-forty-nine questions, I should take up the whole of the supplement. Let me have them one at a time, and I'll see what I can do for you.

Johnson, T. (Chiswick).—Many thanks for your letter. I am pleased to hear that you are a keen supporter of the old "Herald." No, I'm afraid I can't see my way to publishing your adventure story. I am, therefore, sending it back by next post.

Mary (Balham).—"I would like to know who your special representative of the 'Impertinent Interviews' is." I am very sorry, my dear lady, but the person in question has asked me to keep his name out of the paper.

Billy C. (Kensington).—There has been some talk of having a cricket challenge cup to be competed for by the four schools—namely, Greyfriars, St. Jim's, Rockwood, and Highcliffe. But that is as far as it has reached. All the fellows are in favour of it, now all that is wanted is—the cup.

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By our Special Representative.

No. 2.—DR. LOCKE.

I was about to take forty winks on my study sofa, when the door was thrown open, and a limnan whirlwind rushed in.

"You lazy slacker!" roared the editor of the "Greyfriars Herald"—for it was he—"You let me down last week with your 'copy,' and I suppose you think you're going to play the same trick twice over! Well, you're not! I've promised my readers that I shall keep you up to the scratch."

"Oh, help!"

"Yes, you'll need help by the time I've finished with you! Up you get!"

So saying, the beast gripped me by the nape of the neck, and hauled me off the couch.

"I want you to go and interview the Head," he said.

"The—the Head?" I gasped.

"Certainly!"

"But he's unapproachable!"

"Rats! It'll be quite all right for you to visit him out of school hours. If you're dubious about bursting into his study without warning, write him a chummy little note, something like this:

"My Dear Old Bean,—I propose to drop in and have a cup of tea with you this afternoon, also a friendly confab, with a view to describing the interview in the 'Greyfriars Herald.' Shall we say five o'clock, old fruit?"

"Ass!" I snorted. "If I start addressing the Head as 'old bean' and 'old fruit,' I shall get my nose in a sling!"

The editor shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, you can choose your own method of obtaining the interview," he said. "And if your article isn't in my hands by tea-time you'll be punched, pommelled, and publicly pulverised!"

I confess that I had no stomach for the task which the editor had given me.

Interviewing headmasters is a delicate and dangerous operation. Personally, I'd just as soon interview a Bolshevik.

But the job had to be done, for Harry Wharton was in grim earnest.

"All serene!" I growled. "You shall have my article in good time."

"You'll know what to expect if I don't!" said the editor.

And he strode out of the study.

As soon as the chief had departed, I looked round for a bottle of resinous substance, which I always keep handy in case of emergency.

It was quite on the cards that the Head would come me for what he considered my "cock" in interviewing him, and, like a good scout, I meant to be prepared.

I rubbed the resinous substance into the palms of my hands, and then gave a chuckle of satisfaction.

"The Head can lam me as hard as he likes," I chortled, "but I shall hardly feel it!"

I then made tracks for Dr. Locke's study. As I peeped along the corridor leading to the sacred apartment, I encountered a flying figure.

Skinner of the Remove swept past me, running at breakneck speed.

"Who's the thump—?" I ejaculated.

But Skinner was gone.

I passed on to the Head's study. The door was ajar, and I became aware of a great bang on the wall within.

Bang, bang!

Crack, crack, crack!

It seemed as if a number of revolvers were being discharged in the study, and I peeped into the room with a sort of fearful fascination.

The scene which met my gaze was extraordinary.

The floor seemed to be alive with jumping crackers, which were leaping and spurling in all directions.

The crackers weren't the only things that were jumping. The leaps which the startled Head was making would have turned a champion high jumper green with envy.

Fervently clutching the folds of his gown, the Head was prancing to and fro like a cat on hot bricks.

In spite of myself I could not refrain from laughing. I tried to bottle it, but in vain.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ho!" thundered the Head, spinning round.

"Ho, ho, ho!"

"How dare you snigger at my discomfiture! How dare you, moreover, hurl lighted fireworks into my study!"

"Oh, crumbs! I—I—"

"Such an outrage is altogether without precedent! I shall punish you most severely for this misdemeanor!"

I backed away in alarm.

"I—I wasn't—I didn't—I never—I—I faltered."

"Be silent, wretched boy! Step into my study, and I will deal with you as you deserve!"

I now knew, of course, what Skinner had been up to; but the laws of sneaking forbade me from giving him away. Besides, I had the resinous substance rubbed into my palms, so what was there to fear?

Pulling myself together, I stepped boldly into the Head's study, with a do-your-worst expression on my face.

The last of the jumping crackers had spent itself by now, and the silence in the study was so intense that you could have heard a peppermint drop.

It was broken at length by the Head.

"Never, in the whole of my career, has such an unprovoked and unwarrantable attack been made against my person!" he thundered. "Do you realise, boy, the enormity of your conduct?"



The Head was prancing to and fro like a cat on hot bricks, trying in vain to avoid the jumping crackers.

I made no answer.

"I will endeavour to teach you that you cannot play such pranks with impunity!" the Head went on.

And, stepping to his cupboard, he produced a formidable-looking cane.

"Thank goodness I had that bottle of resin handy!" I reflected.

But alas! The resin availed me not, for the Head pointed to a chair, and requested me to place myself in a convenient position over it.

I hit my lip with vexation, and my knees wobbled with fright.

"Why had I not thought of barricading my 'bag'?"

"Get over!" commanded the Head tersely.

There was no help for it. I "got."

The cane came down with stinging force, and I displayed my talents as a vocalist. I chanted a wild refrain, the chorus of which went something like this:

"Ow! Yow! Wo-wow-wow! Yurooooooh!"

And it was a very forlorn and dejected special representative who limped into the editor's sanctum an hour later with his "copy."

NEXT WEEK :

No. 3.—MR. MOBBS.

## COKER'S CONQUEST!

(Continued from page 8.)

to be nearing his destination, for he slackened his speed.

"Hadh't we better turn back now?" faltered Bessie Bunter. "We must have come at least a dozen miles!"

"There was no reply from Bessie's companions.

The car halted at length near the top of the cliffs. It was impossible to proceed any farther.

"Here we are!" said Jerry, jumping out. "Come along, Phyllis!"

"Where?" asked Bessie, in alarm. "Down to the shore. We're goin' to explore the smugglers' caves."

"I don't want to explore the caves. I'm tired and hungry, and—"

"You've got no choice in the matter," said Jake. "This way!"

He assisted Bessie Bunter to alight from the car, and gripping her arm with painful intensity, he forced her to accompany him down the narrow rugged path leading to the shore. Bessie pleaded and protested, but in vain.

Jerry followed on, leaving the car where it stood. It was a very lonely part of the coast, and the vehicle would be quite safe.

Half-way down the path Bessie Bunter began to struggle fiercely. She could no longer doubt that she had fallen into the hands of a pair of scoundrels. And in her terror she fought like a wild cat.

"Give me a hand, Jerry!" panted Jake.

Jerry hastened to comply, and Bessie Bunter was soon overpowered. Her struggles ceased, and she was compelled to accompany her captors down to the shore.

The trio halted at length outside the entrance of a large cave.

Jake darted a swift glance up and down the shore.

"All clear!" he muttered.

And Bessie Bunter was half-dragged into the cave, Jerry and Jake were quite unmoved by her screams of terror.

At the back of the cave was a narrow aperture, through which the trio had to pass in single file.

Jerry went first and Jake brought up the rear, so that there was no escape for Bessie Bunter.

The tunnelled passage led to another cave, formerly a favourite resort of smugglers, and now the headquarters of Gentleman Jack's gang.

There were a few crude articles of furniture in the cave, which was illuminated by a big lantern, which stood on the sandy floor.

Seated on a camp-stool, with a pipe between his teeth, was an immaculately-dressed young man. He rose to his feet as Jerry and Jake entered with their captive.

"Here she is, guv'nor!" said Jerry. "It was the easiest job we've had for ages!"

"She gave us a bit of trouble on the way down here," said Jake. "But we got her away from the school as easy as winkin'."

Instead of congratulating his accomplices, as they had expected, Gentleman Jack—for it was he—broke into a torrent of abuse.

"You fools—fools!" he snarled. "What sort of game have you been playing?"

"Eh?"

"This girl isn't Phyllis Howell!"

"What?"

Jerry and Jake looked utterly taken aback.

"But she—she told us she was," protested the former.

"Bah! Didn't I tell you that Phyllis Howell was a pretty minx?"

"We—we thought you must have been mistaken, guv'nor," stammered Jake.

"Am I ever mistaken?"

"Nunno!"

"You're a pair of drivelling dunder-heads!" snorted Gentleman Jack contemptuously. "You can't be trusted to carry out a simple job of this sort! You—"

"—you— Oh, you make me tired!" Bessie Bunter threw out her arms appealingly to the speaker.

"I'm not Phyllis Howell!" she exclaimed. "I'm Bessie Bunter. Let me go!"

Gentleman Jack shook his head. "I'm afraid you'll have to stay here for a bit," he said, not unkindly. "It wouldn't be advisable to let you go, in the cires. You'd blab, an' give the whole show away."

"I shouldn't breathe a word—"

"I'm not takin' the risk!" was the reply.

"You—you're going to keep me a prisoner in this place?" wailed Bessie.

"Yes. But it won't be any hardship, provided you behave yourself. There will be plenty of grub, an' so forth—in fact, this will be a home away from home!"

And Gentleman Jack laughed grimly at his jest. Then he turned to Jerry and Jake.

"Off you go!" he said curtly. "I shall expect to see you back within the hour, with the right girl this time. I'll overlook your first blunder, but I never overlook a second, as you know."

Looking very subdued and crestfallen, Jerry and Jake quitted the cave.

Gentleman Jack hurried after them, and supplied them with an intimate description of Phyllis Howell.

"There will be no excuse if you fail this time," he said.

"Rely on us, guv'nor!" said Jerry. "We shan't make a mistake again."

"Pity you didn't describe the girl to us before," said Jake. "Then we shouldn't have made a hash of it the first time."

Gentleman Jack waved his hand towards the exit of the outer cave.

"Clear!" he said shortly. "And if you're not back within the hour with Phyllis Howell, you'll know what to expect!"

And Jerry and Jake set off on their dastardly mission.

### THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

#### Amazing Discoveries!

"MY only aunt!"

Bob Cherry uttered that exclamation in startled tones.

Harry Wharton & Co. had seen their girl chums back to Cliff House, and they were returning across the fields to Greyfriars, when Bob Cherry, who was walking in front, gave that startled shout.

"What the merry dickens—" began Harry Wharton, in amazement.

"Anything wrong, Bob?" inquired Frank Nugent.

Bob Cherry made no reply. He raced swiftly across the meadow, and his chums gazed after him in blank astonishment.

And then they saw what Bob's objective was.

Lying in the grass, close to the far hedge, was a motor-cycle. And beside the machine sat Coker of the Fifth, passing his hand dazedly across his forehead.

"Great pip!" ejaculated Vernon-Smith. "It's Coker!"

"Looks as if he's come a cropper,"

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"He crashed through the hedge, most likely," said Wharton, quickening his pace.

"Poor old Coker!"

"Send for the ambulance, somebody!"

"Coker!" exclaimed Bob Cherry breathlessly. "What's happened? Had a smash-up?"

"No," said the Fifth-Former.

"Then what—?"

"I was attacked by a couple of hooligans!"

"My hat!"

The rest of the juniors came running up, and there was a chorus of inquiry.

Coker had not long regained consciousness, and he was unable to tell his story very coherently. But it was a startling story, all the same, so startling that Harry Wharton & Co.'s first impression was that Coker must be wandering in his mind.

As Coker proceeded with his narrative, however, there could be no doubt that he was stating facts.

He explained to the juniors that his motor-bike had got out of order, and that he had pushed it into the meadow in order to repair it. While he was trying to find out what was wrong, a yellow car slowed up in the roadway, and he overheard two men in conversation.

They were the agents of a notorious rascal named Gentleman Jack, and they intended to kidnap Phyllis Howell, and hold her to ransom.

"I happened to overbalance, and crash into the hedge," continued Coker, "and the rotters heard me. I could have licked the pair of them in fair fight, but there was nothing fair about their methods. One of them clapped a pad of some sort over my nose and mouth, and after that I remembered nothing."

Archie Howell came forward quickly. His face was white and tense.

"How long ago was this, Coker?" he asked.

"It must have been quite four hours."

"And you've been unconscious all that time?" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"I suppose so."

"My hat!"

"The whole thing sounds like a giddy fairy-tale!" said Bob Cherry. "But it must be true. Coker wouldn't pull our legs over a thing like this."

"But why should those precious scoundrels want to kidnap Miss Phyllis?" exclaimed Johnny Bull.

"Didn't you hear what Coker said? They're going to hold her to ransom. I suppose they know that her pater has made a pile of money, and they want to transfer some of it to their own pockets."

The juniors stood in a group in the meadow, excitedly discussing the situation.

They were all deeply concerned for the safety of Phyllis Howell, and Archie was naturally the most concerned of all.

Vernon-Smith was inclined to be optimistic.

"It's quite on the cards that Miss Phyllis hasn't been captured at all," he said. "When those scoundrels arrived at Cliff House she wouldn't be there. She'd have been with us at Courtfield."

"That's true enough," said Harry Wharton. "But she'll be collared this evening, as sure as fate, unless we nip over and put her on her guard."

"Come along!" said Archie Howell.

Coker insisted upon accompanying the juniors to Cliff House. He was weak and exhausted, and he leaned heavily on Johnny Bull's arm, while Hurree Singh pushed his motor-bike.

Harry Wharton & Co. said little as they went, but they were feeling decidedly anxious.

Half an hour since they had left

Phyllis Howell safe and sound at Cliff House.

But what might have happened during that half-hour?

There had been no sign of a yellow car at Cliff House, but it was more than possible that the kidnapers had been in hiding, waiting for Phyllis to return.

When the Greyfriars juniors reached the gateway of the girls' school, they found Flap Derwent standing, with a troubled expression on her face.

"Is my sister all right?" asked Archie Howell breathlessly.

"I hope so," was the reply.

"But—"

"Isn't she here?"

"No. She went out ten minutes ago to post some letters for Miss Primrose, and she hasn't returned. I can't understand it. The pillar-box is only a hundred yards along the road."

The juniors exchanged startled glances.

"You've seen nothing of a yellow two-seater car here, I suppose, Miss Derwent?" said Vernon-Smith.

The girl nodded.

"You have? When?"

"A yellow car came here early this afternoon. There were two men in it. They said they were distant relatives of Phyllis Howell, and I directed them to her study."

"The cunning rotters!" exclaimed Coker. "Can you describe the men, Miss Derwent?"

"Yes. They were both well-dressed in blue serge suits, and they wore Tribby hats. One of the men—the driver—had a twirling moustache. The other was clean-shaven."

"Those are the two!" said Coker dramatically.

"Did they go away when they found that my sister wasn't here?" inquired Archie Howell.

Flap Derwent nodded.

"They went away practically at once—and they took Bessie Bunter with them."

"Great Scott!"

"Bessie hasn't come back yet, and Miss Primrose is at her wits' end. And now Phyllis has disappeared!"

Archie Howell turned to his school-fellows.

"They've collared her!" he exclaimed. "The car must have come back for her, an' intercepted her, either on her way to the post, or on the way back."

"But why should they want to collar Bessie Bunter?" exclaimed Squiff, in perplexity.

"Ask me another."

"They may have thought that Bessie's people were rolling in riches, as well," said Bob Cherry.

A horrified expression came over Flap Derwent's face.

"You—you don't mean to say that both Bessie and Phyllis have been kidnapped?" she ejaculated.

"Looks very much like it," said Frank Nugent.

"Come along, you kids," said Coker.

"Let's see if there's any sign of the yellow car."

The Greyfriars fellows hurried along the road in the direction of the pillar-box.

There were car-tracks in the roadway, but of the car itself there was no sign. Neither was there any sign of Phyllis Howell.

"They've kidnapped her, right enough!" said Archie, clenching his hands. "The cowardly hounds! If only we can get to grips with them—"

But that seemed a very remote possibility.

There was no means of getting off in

pursuit of the yellow car, for Coker's motor-bike was out of order.

And, apart from that, the juniors did not even know which direction the kidnapers had taken.

"This is awful!" said Harry Wharton.

"Beastly!"

"What can we do?"

The juniors paused in the gathering dusk, and exchanged helpless glances.

An hour before there had been no cloud on their horizon, so to speak. They had been as happy as sandboys.

The kidnapping of Phyllis Howell was not at all a perfect ending to an otherwise perfect day.

It seemed more than probable that Bessie Bunter had been kidnapped, too. But the Greyfriars fellows were far more concerned for Archie Howell's sister than for Billy Bunter's. They had a warm regard for Phyllis. For Bessie they had scarcely any regard at all. Even so, they were anxious—desperately anxious—to rescue both girls from their terrible plight.

"The question is," said Bob Cherry, "whereabouts are the gang's headquarters? If we can only get to know that, the rest will be fairly simple."

Archie Howell turned to Coker.

"Did you happen to hear the scoundrels mention where they intended to take my sister?" he inquired.

Coker nodded.

"You did?" shouted Archie eagerly.

"Yes. One of them actually mentioned the name of the place. But I can't recall it now to save my life!"

Archie gave a groan.

"You really can't think of it, Coker?" said Harry Wharton.

"No."

"Try," urged Johnny Bull.

"My dear kid, I've been trying ever since I recovered consciousness. But it's no use. It's clean gone out of my head."

"P'raps you'll remember it later on?" suggested Dick Penfold hopefully.

"Meanwhile," said Vernon-Smith, "we'd better be getting back to Greyfriars."

"There's no sense in hanging about here. We can do nothing. We haven't the foggiest notion which way the kidnapers went."

Even Archie Howell, who was fiercely anxious to track down the members of the Gentleman Jack's gang, realised the futility of embarking on a wild-goose chase in the darkness, without a single clue as to the whereabouts of the kidnapers.

And it was with heavy hearts that the party made their way back to Greyfriars in the deepening dusk.

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## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### On the Trail!

GOSLING the porter was in the act of closing the gates when Harry Wharton & Co. and Coker of the Fifth arrived.

"Young rips!" growled Gosling.

"Wot I say is this 'ere—I've a good mind to report yer!"

"Rats!"

Hurreo Singh pushed Coker's motor-bike through into the Close, and the others followed.

"I s'pose we'd better see the Head?" said Archie Howell.

Harry Wharton nodded.

"No need for all of us to go," he said. "You and Coker can explain the facts."

The Fifth-Former and the Removite went direct to the Head's study.

Dr. Locke listened with growing amazement to their startling narrative.

"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated. "It is almost incredible, Howell, that your sister has been kidnapped!"

"It's true enough, sir," said Archie morosely.

"But I quite fail to understand the motives of the kidnapers—"

"They know that my pater's made a lot of money, sir, by successful speculation, and I expect they'll write to him and demand a big sum for Phyllis' release."

"But why should they kidnap another girl, whose parents are by no means wealthy?"

Archie shook his head in perplexity.

"That beats me altogether, sir," he confessed.

"I think I know what happened," said Coker suddenly.

"Well, Coker?"

"I should say that they collared Bessie Bunter by mistake, thinking she was Phyllis Howell. And when they discovered the blunder, they came back again for Phyllis."

"My hat!" murmured Archie. "I believe you're right."

"Let us hope that the situation is not so appalling as it seems," said the Head.

"I will telephote to Miss Primrose, and ascertain if either of the girls have returned."

The Head did so. And the distracted headmistress of Cliff House informed him that both Phyllis Howell and Bessie Bunter were missing from school.

"I am completely at a loss, Dr. Locke!" exclaimed Miss Primrose. "I am at my wits' end to know what to do!"

"I shall be pleased to take the matter up on your behalf, madam," said the Head. "If you will permit me to do so, I will communicate at once with the police. And if we have no news of the missing girls by the morning, I will arrange to send out search-parties from this school."

"That is extremely good of you, Dr. Locke. I will leave the matter entirely in your hands, and I sincerely trust that we shall have news before many hours have passed. This suspense is terrible!"

"You may rely upon me to do everything in my power, Miss Primrose," said the Head. "If there are any developments, I will communicate with you at once."

Dr. Locke replaced the receiver on its hooks, and turned to Coker and Archie Howell.

"I am about to get in touch with the police, my boys," he said. "And I have no doubt that the members of this nefarious gang will soon be laid by the heels."

But Coker and Archie Howell thought otherwise. Their faith in the capabilities of the local police was not so strong as the Head's. They pictured the plump and portly P.-c. Tozer endeavouring to track down the yellow car. And they groaned audibly.

The Head again picked up the receiver, and asked to be put through to the local police-station.

After an interminable delay, the operator's voice sounded over the wires.

"I can get no reply, sir."

Dr. Locke stamped his foot with annoyance.

"The matter is of extreme urgency," he said. "Can you not get through to the station at Friarsdale?"

"No, sir. I've tried Courtfield, too; but I can get no answer."

"Will you keep ringing them at intervals, and let me know as soon as you are successful?"

"Certainly, sir!" said the operator. Coker stepped quickly forward.

"You can't get through to the police, sir?"

"No," replied the Head.



"Then p'raps you'll allow me to pop over to Courtfield on my motor-bike, sir, and explain everything to the inspector?"

"But you are too exhausted, my boy. You have received a very rough handling—"

"I've got over that now, sir," said Coker. "Will you let me go?" he added eagerly.

After some hesitation, the Head consented.

"May I go with Coker in the side-car, sir?" inquired Archie Howell.

"Very well, my boy."

"Thanks awfully, sir!"

When Coker and Archie Howell emerged into the dusky Close, they found quite a crowd waiting for them.

Billy Bunter was loudly lamenting the fact that his sister had been kidnapped.

"Blessed if I can understand why they collared Phyllis Howell," said the fat junior. "It was Bessie they were after. They're going to hold her to ransom, in the hope of getting a substantial sum from one of my titled relations—"

"Titled coker!" growled Bob Cherry.

"Hallo, you fellows! What's the Head got to say about it all?"

"He's given us permission to go over to Courtfield and lay the facts before the police-inspector," said Coker.

"Fat lot of use that will be!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"We're not asses enough to suppose that the police will be able to do anything," said Archie Howell. "But if we buzz over to Courtfield on Coker's motor-bike, we may be able to pick up some information about the yellow car."

"That's so," said Harry Wharton.

"But Coker's motor-bike's out of action!" protested Frank Nugent.

"It won't be out of action for long, dear boy," said Archie Howell. "I'm a bit of a mechanic, an' I'll soon put it to rights."

"I say, you fellows," said Billy Bunter. "I've a jolly good mind to go on the track of the kidnappers myself!"

"You!" said Squiff scornfully. "Why, you couldn't track down a kipper, let alone a kidnapper!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Field—"

"Dry up, Bunter!"

"Wish we were coming along with you fellows," said Tom Brown enviously.

"Yes, rather!"

"There's room for one on the carrier at the back," said Coker. "But it wouldn't be safe for anybody to come without the Head's permission."

"And the Head's not likely to let anybody else take a hand," said Harry Wharton.

Archie Howell borrowed a lantern from Gosling, and he and Coker made their way to the shed in which the motor-bike had been placed.

By the light of the lantern Archie overhauled the machine. There was not very much the matter with it, and the necessary repairs were soon completed, and the sidecar affixed.

"All serene, dear boy," said Archie, at length. "Would you rather go in the sidecar, an' let me do the drivin'?"

"You're rather fagged, you know."

But Coker wouldn't hear of it. He insisted upon Archie Howell going in the sidecar; and then he started up the machine, which gave no trouble whatever on this occasion.

Harry Wharton & Co. watched the couple depart.

"Good luck, you fellows!" sang out Bob Cherry.

"Hope you pick up some intelligence!" said Vernon-Smith. "Coker needs to, anyway!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Famous Five did not join in the



Skinner dropped on one knee to clean Archie Howell's boots. "Not setting up in business as a bootblack, are you?" gasped Howell. "If you are," said Squiff, "you can clean mine!" "And mine!" "Likewise mine!" said a dozen juniors pulled off their boots and set them down in front of Skinner. (See Chapter 2.)

laughter which followed Vernon-Smith's remark. They were growing increasingly anxious for Phyllis Howell's safety. They did not know Gentleman Jack, but they supposed him to be the type of man who stopped at nothing.

The motor-bike sped away into the darkness.

The police-station at Courtfield was reached without mishap.

Archie remained in the sidecar, while Coker strode into the station, roused the slumbering inspector, and acquainted him with full details of the calamity which had occurred.

It took Coker quite a long time to convince the inspector that he was not romancing. But when the Fifth-Former mentioned that he had been sent to the police-station by the headmaster of Greyfriars, the officer became convinced that it was a genuine case, and he promised to get on the track of the kidnappers without delay.

As soon as Coker had gone, the inspector dropped into a chair and calmly nodded off to sleep again.

"Well?" said Archie Howell, when Coker emerged into the street.

"The inspector's promised to take up the case."

"Did you describe the car to him?"

"I gave him every blessed detail!"

"I expect it went in one ear and out of the other."

"You bet!" said Coker. "These local police are too slow and stodgy for words! It's up to us to track down the kidnappers. We shall put up a better show than the police, anyway."

Archie nodded.

"What's the next move?" he inquired.

"We'd better find out if a yellow two-seater has been seen in Courtfield to-day."

"Right you are!"

Coker and his companion made numerous inquiries, but with no result.

No yellow car had been seen in the little market town that day.

Neither had any second-hand answering to the description of Jerry and Jake been seen in the locality.

"Nothin' doin'," said Archie Howell, at length.

"We won't give up," said Coker doggedly. "Let's explore one of the roads for a dozen miles or so. The odds are all against our discovering anything at this time of night. But we never know our luck. Are you game?"

"Of course!" said Archie. "But look here, Coker. You're not fit—"

"Rats!"

Coker set off in a westerly direction. And Archie Howell, as he sat in the sidecar, with a gale blowing in his ears, marvelled at Coker's pluck and fortitude. He knew that the Fifth-Former had passed through some terrible experiences that day, yet he stolidly refused to throw up the sponge.

Archie felt that he had misjudged Coker in the past. He had always regarded him as a queer sort of ass. But he realised now that however asinine Coker might be, he possessed some sterling qualities. He was as keen as Archie himself on rescuing Phyllis Howell from the hands of the kidnappers.

The motor-cycle sped onwards through the shadows.

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Both Coker and Archie Howell kept their eyes open, but they neither passed nor encountered anyone on the road.

When they had proceeded several miles, Coker slowed up beside a signpost which loomed up in the darkness like a ghostly sentinel.

The wording on the signpost was clearly visible in the rays of the front lamp of the machine:

**"TO WOODY BAY—5 MILES."**

Coker gave a sudden shout, which echoed along the road.

Archie turned to his companion in astonishment.

"What the thump—!" he began.

"I've got it!" exclaimed Coker triumphantly. "I've remembered!"

"Remembered what?"

"The name of the place where the gang's headquarters are. It had quite escaped my memory until I saw this signpost!"

"My hat! You mean to say that the kidnapers are at Woody Bay?"

"Yes—in one of the smugglers' caves. I couldn't for the life of me recollect what those scoundrels said. But it's all come back to me now."

Archie Howell gave a whoop of delight.

"Then we're hot on the trail, dear boy!" he exclaimed joyfully.

"Absolutely!" said Coker. "Look here, kid, we shall have to tackle this cowardly gang between us. It would be wasting too much valuable time to go back to Greyfriars for help."

Archie nodded.

"Full speed ahead!" he ejaculated. "I'm simply spoiling for a scrap—and if there aren't more than three members of the gang, we ought to be able to win through."

"We will!" said Coker grimly.

And the motor-cycle sped on through the night.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Well Played, Coker!

WHEN they reached the cliff-top at Woody Bay, Coker slowed up.

"We shall have to go on foot from here," he said.

Archie Howell nodded, and jumped out of the sidecar. He was feeling ripe for a hand-to-hand encounter with the kidnapers; and he was grimly determined to bring about his sister's release.

But first of all the smugglers' cave had to be found—the cave in which the two girls were imprisoned.

There were dozens of caves at the base of the cliffs, and it might take the two Greyfriars fellows hours to locate the right one.

Leaving his machine at the top of the cliff, Coker commenced to descend the path leading to the shore. And Archie Howell followed.

The night was intensely dark, and the would-be rescuers found great difficulty in picking their way.

"Pity I didn't think of bringing my electric torch along," murmured Archie. "We could do with it now."

"All I hope is that we're able to find the giddy cave," said Coker. "There's such a network of 'em that it will be like hunting for a needle in a haystack."

Fortune favoured Coker and his companion.

When they reached the rugged shore, and peered around, a subdued glow of light attracted their attention.

"This way!" muttered Archie softly.

They made their way cautiously towards one of the largest caves.

There was an aperture at the back of the cave, and it was through this aperture that the light glowed.

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"Must be another cave at the back of this one," murmured Coker.

"Yes; the one we're lookin' for," said Archie.

And he led the way towards the aperture, with Coker following close on his heels.

In the narrow tunnelled passage, Archie Howell halted, and he beckoned to his companion to do the same.

A shrill feminine voice became audible—the voice of Bessie Bunter.

"Let me go—let me go! I won't stay here any longer! You promised that I should have plenty to eat, and I haven't had a scrap! I'm starving! Yow!"

"Starve away!" came the gruff retort.

Coker nudged Archie Howell.

"Gentleman Jack!" he muttered, almost inaudibly. "The other two don't seem to be here."

Then Phyllis Howell's voice could be heard.

"You brute—you cowardly brute! How long do you intend to keep us here?"

There was a chuckle from Gentleman Jack.

"That depends on your fond parent," he said. "I'm writin' to him now, tellin' him that his pretty daughter's in my hands, an' demandin' a certain sum by way of a ransom. If he chooses to meet me by special appointment, an' pay the sum in question, you'll be free within twenty-four hours. But if not—well, you'll stay here until your father agrees to my terms."

Phyllis shuddered. She knew that her father would never consent to hand over a large sum to this scoundrel. He would use every endeavour to trace his daughter, of course; but he would never agree to Gentleman Jack's terms.

The kidnaped girls were seated on chairs which had no backs to them. And Gentleman Jack was reclining on the sandy floor, with a writing-pad on his knees. His two confederates—Jerry and Jake—were absent. They had evidently gone to take the yellow car to its usual place of storage.

More than once, the thought of escape occurred to Phyllis Howell. But she was forced to abandon the idea. In the first place, she would be no match for the kidnapper-in-chief; and secondly, the butt-end of a revolver protruded from one of Gentleman Jack's coat-pockets. Phyllis knew that he would not hesitate to use it if she tried to get away. So she resigned herself, as best she could, to the grim situation.

And then, chancing to look towards the entrance to the cave, Phyllis beheld, to her overwhelming joy and relief, the face of her brother! She could have shouted with exultation; but Archie raised a warning hand.

Gentleman Jack was seated with his back to the junior, and Archie would have found it a fairly simple matter to overpower the scoundrel.

But at that moment Bessie Bunter betrayed his presence. She happened to catch sight of Archie, and she blurted out:

"Thank goodness you've come! Get us out of this—quick!"

Gentleman Jack spun round on the instant. Then, leaping to his feet with a savage imprecation, he whipped the revolver from his pocket, and fired.

Bang!

The bullet whizzed past Archie Howell's ear, and buried itself in the sandy wall.

Gentleman Jack fired again, but no report followed; merely an empty click.

He sprang forward, swung the revolver aloft, and brought the butt-end of it down on Archie Howell's unprotected head.

The junior had tried to dodge the blow, but in vain. He dropped like a log, stunned and helpless.

"You unspeakable villain! You've killed him!"

It was Coker of the Fifth who uttered that exclamation. And the next instant the revolver was wrenched from Gentleman Jack's grasp, and sent hurtling into a corner of the cave.

Then a fierce and furious fight began; a thrilling hand-to-hand encounter.

Bessie Bunter looked on breathlessly, whilst Phyllis Howell tended her brother, who, fortunately, was not badly hurt. He was too dazed, however, to go to Coker's assistance.

The Fifth-Former was a very useful fighting-man, and on this occasion fury lent zest to his blows.

Gentleman Jack returned blow for blow. But he was the first to tire. And after a time Coker had the man at his mercy. He drove him round and round the cave, hitting out right and left. And presently, summoning all his strength, he dealt what proved to be a knock-out blow.

The leader of the gang of kidnapers threw up his hands, and toppled backwards. And Coker, his breath coming and going in great gasps, promptly seated himself on Gentleman Jack's chest.

"Bravo, dear boy!" said Archie Howell approvingly. "You've floored him, by Jove!"

Gentleman Jack made frantic efforts to rise, but Coker's weight pinned him to the floor.

"There's a length of rope over in that corner," said Coker. "We'll string this scoundrel up, so that he can't do any more damage!"

Phyllis Howell pounced upon the rope at once, and Gentleman Jack's arms and legs were effectively secured.

The kidnapper pleaded to be released, but he pleaded in vain. Then, changing his tactics, he resorted to threats, which were equally in vain.

"You'll spend the night in the nearest lock-up, my beauty," said Coker; "and it'll serve you jolly well right!"

Phyllis Howell turned swiftly to the Fifth-Former.

"We must go at once!" she exclaimed.

"The other two scoundrels may be back at any minute, and they are both armed."

"Then the sooner we shake the dust—or, rather, the sand of this place from our feet, the better!" said Archie Howell.

"What about this villain?" said Coker.

"Are we going to leave him here?"




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Archie nodded.

"We'll give the police instructions where to find him," he said. "Come along!"

"I—I can't walk! I'm starving!" wailed Bessie Bunter. "How can I tramp all the way to Cliff House? It's miles and miles from here!"

"My motor-bike's waiting at the top of the cliff," said Coker. "I'll take you back in the sidecar."

"An' I'll see if I can get hold of another machine," said Archie. "Somebody ought to boast one, even in this little fishin'-village."

By this time, rescuers and rescued had left the caves behind, and they were toiling up the cliff-path. Coker mounted guard over his motor-bike, and Bessie Bunter clambered into the sidecar.

Meanwhile, Phyllis and Archie proceeded to the little cluster of houses and fishermen's cottages which comprised the village of Woody Bay.

The hour was very late, but a light still glimmered in the window of the little police-station.

Archie beat a tattoo on the door with his clenched fist, and a stalwart constable appeared on the scene.

"What on earth—" he began.

In a few concise sentences, Archie Howell related the events of the evening. He explained that Gentleman Jack had been left, bound and helpless, in the smugglers' cave, and that his two accomplices, Jerry and Jake, would probably return that night.

"Hope you succeed in bringin' the three of 'em to book," said Archie.

"Meanwhile, where can we borrow a motor-bike?"

"I've got one here," said the constable.

"Good! An' a sidecar?"

"Yes."

"Better still!"

The policeman—he was a more intelligent man than P.-c. Tozer, of Friarale—readily lent his machine to Archie Howell. And then he telephoned to the nearest town for assistance, in order that Gentleman Jack and his confederates might be laid by the heels.

Shortly afterwards, Archie and Phyllis rejoined Coker and Bessie Bunter on the cliff-top.

"Got a machine?" shouted Coker.

"Yes, rather!"

"That's ripping!"

"An' we've made the necessary arrangements for those precious scoundrels to be placed under arrest!"

"I'm not a vindictive sort of fellow," said Coker; "but I hope they each get about twelve months' hard!"

"Whatever happens, they're not likely to worry us again," said Phyllis Howell.

Then she advanced towards Horace Coker, and held out her hand.

"I have lots to thank you for," she said gratefully.

"Not at all, Miss Phyllis. It's your brother you've got to thank."

"Rats!" said Archie. "If it hadn't been for your rememberin' the name of the place where the kidnappers were, we should never have been able to carry out this rescue stunt. An' the way you stood up to Gentleman Jack, too! It was great!"

"Coker's a real hero!" said Phyllis warmly.

The midnight chimes were sounding when Coker and Archie Howell got back to Greyfriars, after seeing the two girls safely to Cliff House.

The Head and Mr. Quelch were waiting up in the former's study, and they were astonished and relieved to learn that the kidnappers had been thwarted, and that Phyllis Howell and Bessie Bunter had been safely restored to their school.

Harry Wharton & Co. were awake, and they were overjoyed when Archie told them the good news. They congratulated him heartily upon the success of his quest, but Archie urged them to reserve their congratulations for Coker.

That night's adventure had two direct results.

In the first place, Gentleman Jack was captured by the police, and the same fate befell Jerry and Jake.

The other result of the adventure was the cordial friendship which sprang up between Coker of the Fifth and Phyllis Howell.

And the friendship of Miss Phyllis was the finest conquest that Coker could possibly have made. He had longed for her friendship in the past; he had despaired of ever winning it; and now it was his.

Coker might have been a bit of an ass in some respects; but, as Bob Cherry remarked, he was a jolly plucky sort of ass—an opinion which, when the news of Coker's heroism was spread abroad, was shared by all Greyfriars!

THE END.

## THE ART OF JU-JITSU!

A helpful little article on the wonderful Japanese self-defence system :: :: :: By W. E. HOPE.

**J**U-JITSU—pronounced Ju-Jitz—is that highly scientific system of wrestling practised by the Japanese. As even a slight knowledge of this system can be of great use in self-defence, I shall explain a few holds by which falls can be secured. These you can practise with your chums.

Unlike in ordinary wrestling or boxing, jackets, with loose sleeves extending just below the elbows, are worn by competitors in this fascinating sport. Before starting, the two opponents stand upright facing each other with feet well apart, each holding firmly the sleeves of the other's jacket just above the elbow. Either one sleeve may be grasped or both. Which ever method of holding is adopted, the thumb should be under the sleeve and the fingers outside, as this gives the firmest grip.

It is not according to the Japanese custom to shake hands, but in the Kodo Kwan, the great institute in Tokio for the teaching of Judo (the improved form of Ju-Jitsu wrestling), the contestants always bow ceremoniously before the portrait of Dr. Kano, the founder of the modern form of the art.

### A Simple Fall.

Unlike ordinary wrestling, you can score a point in Ju-Jitsu without securing a fall in the strict sense of the word. For instance, if you have a man entirely at your mercy, even though he be not on the floor, a score is recorded in your favour.

A simple fall can sometimes be secured in the following manner: Take a swift step towards your opponent and thrust your right leg well behind his, at the

same time releasing your right hand grip from his left sleeve and clutching his jacket just below the throat. Then, with all your strength, push your man backwards over your leg. As he goes on his back, drop forward on your left knee and quickly place your right knee on his stomach, thus rendering him hors de combat.

### The Unexpected in Ju-Jitsu.

Another method of attack will seem quite remarkable to any fellow who has only seen catch-as-catch-can, or some similar style of wrestling. Suddenly release the sleeves of your opponent's jacket and slip backwards on to the floor with the body slightly on the right side. Twist your right foot round the left ankle of your antagonist, at the same time pushing against his left knee with your left foot. If this manoeuvre is accomplished smartly—and this fall can be secured easily after a bit of practice—your opponent will at once take a tumble.

But this is not sufficient for the requirement of obtaining a point in a Ju-Jitsu bout. Now, you must render him incapable of any further fight for the time being. Thus, after your man is down on the floor, slide forward swiftly in a sitting position and place your left foot on his stomach to press him down again if he attempts to rise. Then grip the heel of his left foot with your left hand and the toes with your right, raise his leg upwards, and twist in an outward direction. By a variation of this hold you could break your opponent's leg, but the twist described will be quite sufficient to make any fellow cry "Pax!"

### Useful Against an Attack with the Fists.

A Ju-Jitsu trick that can be used in an ordinary contest and which can be remarkably useful as a means of self-defence against anyone who aims a violent blow with his fist at you, is as follows: We will say, for example, that a bully aims a blow with his right fist straight for your face. Slightly side-step so that the blow misses you, and grasp the fellow's arm with both your hands, your right hand clutching his wrist. At the same time throw your right foot behind his, and set your hip firmly against his waist. Now bend the right arm of your attacker backwards so that his hand comes against his shoulder. Let go with your left hand, transfer it swiftly under his elbow, and grip your own right fore-arm. By forcing backwards and downwards on his right arm and using your left arm as a lever, he will fall backwards over your leg. He must give way on account of the strain thrown on his shoulder and wrist, both of which would suffer severely if he tried to resist.

The great advantage of Ju-Jitsu as a sport is the fact that whereas good physical condition is desirable, no exceptional strength is needed for becoming proficient. Even girls can become quite good at the game. On more than one occasion have muscular professional wrestlers have been thrown in a few seconds by small Ju-Jitsu experts. By studying anatomy and learning how to contract the muscles according to the Ju-Jitsu system, falls can be taken without any danger of breaking your bones. This knack can be extremely useful in other sports such as football. Instinctively, a fellow who has studied the art puts into practice his knowledge as he feels himself taking a tumble, thus saving himself a sprained back or a broken limb.

Many books are published on the subject of Ju-Jitsu, including a useful little handbook in "Spalding's Athletic Library," which can be obtained for a shilling through any bookseller.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 700.



Have you ever camped out and experienced the joys of cooking your own grub? Have you ever felt the desire to seek the woods and highway, to get away from the smoke of the city and town? In these splendid articles you can learn to do all these things. AN OLD HAND tells you how.

## Article No. 6. — — — A WEEK-END CAMP.

**W**EEK-END camping has come to stay in this country. A good many people cannot get away except for a week-end. So I am going to give you some tips about week-end camping.

Before going to camp work out a programme of what you intend to do on the Saturday and Sunday. Supposing you go to camp on Friday evening and get your camp pitched; on Saturday you begin to

These names will be given for anything which happened in camp, such as a wasp's nest near by, or if a tent-pole broke, and so on. My own camps have been called: "Lonesome Camp" (because I was alone), "Caravan Camp" (because I lived in a gipsy caravan), "Wayside Camp" (because I camped by the wayside), and so on and so forth. It makes it more interesting to give things your own names.

One of my tents is called "Snoaker," and another "Chump." My favourite axe is called "Wallop"!

There are lots of little jobs you can do during a week-end camp. All your own personal kit should be marked or branded with your own private sign or initials. You can do that with a bit of red-hot wire in the camp-fire, or with a pen-knife. If three or four of you always go to camp together, you could call yourselves by some secret name, which no one else knows. I know of several little camp clubs like that. You might be called:

- "The Forest Nomads."
- "The Silent Prowlers."
- "The Robin Hood Clan."
- "The Paleface Indians."
- "The Wandering Trackers."
- "The Trailblazers," etc., etc.

If you wished to do so you could have a secret sign of your clan and a secret code. During a week-end camp all this could be talked over and arranged. Then you could fix up your own "secret laws," which might be something like this:

1. Keep clean and healthy.
2. Come to camp with the clan.
3. Behave like a man.



Then you can arrange lots of dodges which are only known to your own clan, such as:

- A special handshake.
- A special whistle or call.
- A password.
- A clean-sign or crest (like a trade mark, a school crest, or coat-of-arms).

All these little things make a camp of palms more interesting. Keep a diary or log-book, and put them all down in it, so that you know what they are. This, again, gives you something to do in a week-end camp. Every evening you should unpack the log-book and write down an account of what you have done that day, giving the date and time in the margin of the page. A camp log-book is a most useful thing to keep, because you can always refer to it, and so find out exactly what happened at the camp before last.

In this log-book you ought to keep a list of good camp sites for week-end camping trips. If you can also make a good sketch-map, showing where these camp sites are, so much the better. All this you can do during your week-end camp.

Some campers stick up a little standard or sign on a staff (see sketch). This sign is fretworked out of wood and screwed into a cleft at the top of the staff. When this standard is stuck in the ground by the side of the tent it means: "This is the Camp of the Trailblazers," or whoever it may be in camp.

Personally, I always use one. It makes the camp more campy. You see, a tent



carry out your programme. For instance, your programme might be as follows:

- Saturday, June —, 1921.
- 6.30 a.m.—Get up and wash or bathe.
- 6.45—Cocoa and biscuits.
- 7.0—Morning run.
- 7.30—Breakfast.
- 8.0—Clean up, wash up, and tidy tent.
- 9.0 to 12 noon—Explore the River Tadpole and visit the Roman Camp at Smuggledford.
- 12 noon to 1 p.m.—Cook, eat, and clear up dinner.
- 2.0 to 2.0—Rest or read.
- 2.0 to 5.0—Expedition to see the old Manor House at Little Pingle, returning by Lee Common to Fletcher's Wood.
- 5.0—Tea.
- 5.30—Wash up and tidy camp.
- 6.0—Supper.
- 8.30—Camp-fire sing-song or yarns.
- 9.30—Turn in.
- 10.0—"Drowse the glim" (lights out).

On the Sunday you should arrange for a quiet day of rest, and those who wish to attend a place of worship should go. The rest of the time may be spent in nature-study, walks and rambles, and reading. Do not kick up a shindy or hold a rowdy camp-fire sing-song on a Sunday.

Do not laze around all day in camp. Get out and see something of the country. Some "raw campers" spend all day lolling about doing nothing. You should work out a programme and write it down as suggested above. Take the programme to camp and keep to it. You will enjoy your camp much more if you do this.

There are lots of little kinks and tips which the old hand does in order to make the camp interesting. Almost certain sure he will name his camp.

If there is an old oak-tree, with one great branch smashed and burnt by lightning, he may call his camp, "The Camp of the Ruined Oak."

- Again, he might call it by such names as:
- "Lone Pine Camp."
  - "Hurricane Camp."
  - "Thunder Camp."
  - "Camp Many Wasps."
  - "Laughter Camp."
  - "Broken Tent-Pole Camp."
  - "Camp Many Jokes," etc., etc.

dumped on a field is not a camp. It is all these little kinks and dodges that make a camp a camp. You might even go so far as to wear the sign of your camp clan on your camp shirt or jersey. Some campers do that. Get your mother or sister to work a little sign or crest in silk for you.

Most boys can get away for week-ends, even if they are working in an office, so begin at once to get together your week-end hiking outfit.

The more things you can make yourself the cheaper it will be.

Everywhere you go you will find interesting things to see and do, if you have got your eyes open. Have you ever visited Stonehenge—the old Druid Temple? Have you ever walked along the old Roman roads? Have you ever followed the ancient Pilgrim's Way? You can quite easily cycle out and camp near these places. The camper gets to know more geography and history by camping than most people do from books alone.

You ought to make special week-end outings to these places of interest. Have you ever been in the New Forest—or on Dartmoor? Then get off and see England for yourself. It is quite simple.

The Underground Railway and the General Omnibus Company publish a series of little booklets which will show you everything of interest round London, for instance. You can get these from Electric Railway House, Westminster, S.W. 1. From them you will be kept busy going to see interesting things for many months.

You just make up your mind—"This coming week-end we will cycle or walk to such and such a place to see the old Roman fortifications," or, "Next week-end we'll make for the New Forest." There is much to see, and once you begin to explore and find out these spots you will go on and on (till you know everything of interest within thirty or forty miles of your own home. It is more fun than loafing about doing nothing, and it is far more exciting than the "pictures."

If you are interested in birds you can make your week-end camp a special bird-catchery camp. Now is your time. Summer is here. Get to camp!

# THE CASE OF THE LOST NUGGET!

Another Astounding Adventure of Herlock Sholmes, the Great Detective, Told by His Friend, DOCTOR JOTSON.

**H**ERLOCK SHOLMES was having a busy morning. Among the usual crowd of tax-collectors, bill-collectors, brokers, and autograph hunters that thronged our waiting-room at Shaker Street, were two clients.

As all my patients, save one, had died during the previous week, I was reclining in a chair in Sholmes' consulting-room, in the anticipation of hearing something interesting. My anticipations were fully gratified.

The first client proved to be none other than Mr. Leo Hammerguger, of Regent's Park, the famous importer of wild animals. He was greatly distressed. It appeared that his valuable chimpanzee, Cuthbert, had disappeared. It was not often that Mr. Hammerguger had made a pet of any of his imports, but he had made an exception of the ape in question. Cuthbert had been brought up in his household. He had been taught manners, and could eat peas from a knife with the best of the Hammerguger family. Now Cuthbert had disappeared. So wonder Mr. Hammerguger sought the aid of my famous friend, Mr. Herlock Sholmes!

Having received two studio portraits of the missing chimpanzee, Herlock Sholmes saw the animal importer safely down the back staircase. Then he rang the bell for Mrs. Spudson to show in the second client. This proved to be another fine old lusty Briton, named Yobbo Mosenstein.

Mr. Mosenstein was even more excited than Mr. Hammerguger had been. In his mental distress he spluttered like a Ford car with steam in the exhaustor.

"Come, calm yourself!" said Herlock

Sholmes soothingly. "You can speak quite freely before my colleague, Dr. Jotson."

Making a supreme effort, Mr. Mosenstein pulled himself together. "I have been the victim of a most astounding theft, Mr. Sholmes!" he blurted out. "In my library at home I had a great gold nugget, which I brought back from California with me some months ago. It was on a writing-table by the window, acting as a paper-weight. This morning at ten o'clock I saw it there with my own eyes. I was called out of the room. Five minutes later when I returned it was gone—vanished into thin air."

"Who was in the house besides yourself?" asked Herlock Sholmes.

"Only my sister, who acts as my house-keeper. Nobody could have possibly entered the library by the door. The window, by which the table was situated, was slightly open, but the room is up on the second floor of the house. There is a bit of ivy on the wall outside, but it is quite impossible that anyone could have climbed up by that. The whole thing is inexplicable."

"I do, no, he said. "But how the mischief you guessed—"

"I never guess," put in Sholmes. "I deduced the fact in question with the massive brain with which kind Nature has endowed me. Come, let us proceed to your home! Jotson, my trusty friend, I shall need your assistance."

Together we took our departure by the back exit to avoid the bill-collectors. In Shaker Street we obtained a taxi, and alighted ten minutes later at Mosenstein's house in Regent's Park. As we stepped on to the pavement, who should we run against but Inspector Pinkeye, of Scotland Yard.

"Why, hallo, Pinkeye!" was Sholmes' cheery greeting. "Any cases on hand at present?"

Pinkeye smiled complacently, and politely ejected the quid of tobacco from his mouth before replying.

"I'm on my way to make a capture now, Mr. Sholmes," he said. "It has come to the knowledge of the Yard that a boy chimney-sweep is being employed at a place called the Cedars, in Tipdown Road, near here. You probably don't know that under section forty-three, folio B, paragraph two of the Sweepers' Act of 1881, that 'no minor is allowed to climb up inside of any chimney, smoke-stack, funnel-pipe, or vent-pipe for the removal of any soot or other extraneous or combustible substance whatsoever hereinafter mentioned or not mentioned within the scope of this here Act.'"

"And somebody has been committing this heinous offence, eh?" said Sholmes.

"He has," said Inspector Pinkeye. "A young urchin was distinctly seen to appear out of a certain chimney-pot at the Cedars. I'm on my way to nab the malfactor now."

"Highly notable employment for you, Pinkeye," said Sholmes jocularly, as the bulky Yard official rolled on his way.

(Continued on next page.)

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## The Case of the Lost Nugget!

(Continued from page 15.)

As we entered the garden of Mr. Mosenstein's house; Sholmes at once asked to be shown the window of the library. Mr. Mosenstein led us round to the side of the house. An idea which had been simmering in my head suddenly came to a boil, causing me to give a cry of satisfaction.

"My dear Sholmes," I whispered excitedly, "I have been putting two and two together, and my deduction is that Mosenstein's gold nugget was removed by Mr. Hammergugger's agent."

"Of course, that theory occurred to me as soon as it became apparent that the two addresses were in the Regent's Park district," said Sholmes. "However, my dear Jotson, it was your greatest credit that you should have been able to deduce the possibility in less than half an hour."

I glowed with pleasure at this high praise from the great detective. Just then Mr. Mosenstein stopped, and, pointing up to a window, indicated that that was the position of the library.

"Perhaps you would like to go inside the house now," he suggested.

"No. There will be no need for that," said Sholmes.

He drew from his pocket the magnifying-glass that had disappeared from the sitting-room on the previous day. With it he carefully examined the ground beneath the ivy-clad wall. Then he replaced my magnifying-glass in his pocket, and turned to the expectant client.

"I need make no further investigations here, Mr. Mosenstein," he said. "You shall hear from me later. Good-day!" And with that curt remark Herlock Sholmes hooked his stick in his ear, and led me from the garden. With me in tow, Sholmes strode rapidly through the streets, as though anxious to reach some particular destination as soon as possible.

Really, this case is too simple, my dear Jotson," he chuckled softly, as lengthening footprints of a member of the ape species were plainly visible on the soft ground in Mr. Mosenstein's garden. Therefore, by following the trail of Hammergugger's monkey we can conveniently hope to recover Mosenstein's nugget."

"Quite so, Sholmes," I agreed. "But where is the chimpanzee? That is the question."

"Really, I despair of you at times, my dear Jotson. Fortune has put a clue as plain as a pickstaff into our hands. With all the opportunities you have had of witnessing my methods, I am surprised that you have not grasped it."

Feling duly humbled in the presence of my famous friend's amazing intellect, I followed faithfully at his heels without further comment. Presently I noticed the name, "Tip-down Road," up on the side of a house, and the burly form of Inspector Pinkeye came into view. Pinkeye was solemnly regarding a rambling old-house, notebook in hand. Suddenly a shower of soot flew out of a chimney in the house, and there appeared an ugly head as black as night.

"Come down out 'o' there, you young rip!" roared Pinkeye. "I'll have you if I have to wait here all day!"

"My dear Pinkeye," said Sholmes, approaching the irate detective, "you haven't arrested your young chimney sweep yet, then?"

Pinkeye swung round with a growl.

"No!" he snapped. "But I'll have him as sure as there's only one eye in my name! I'd have had him long ago, but I can't make anyone hear up at the house. I believe that's the selfsame boy who's been purloining door-handles in this neighbourhood. See! He's got one in his hand now!"

Sholmes and I gazed in the direction of the chimney. Certainly the bobbing black figure held something that gleamed yellow in its hand. I turned and looked at Sholmes in triumph, but the great detective avoided my gaze, and addressed himself to Pinkeye.

"Perhaps the people of the house have all gone out while the chimneys are being swept," he murmured, with a suspicion of a



I gazed aloft, and saw a thin line of blue smoke ascend from the chimney. Then a shower of soot shot out, followed by a screeching black figure who clutched frantically at Pinkeye's whiskers.

"They may be a long time in coming back. Now, I presume you are anxious to make your capture and return to your favourite corner in the Bobbies' Rest as soon as possible? Ah, I thought so! Well, at the side of the house, there is a ladder. Mount on to the roof, have your handcuffs ready, and leave the rest to me."

Inspector Pinkeye gripped Sholmes by the hand. In spite of his disparagement of my friend's amazing powers at times, he was not above accepting assistance in the hour of need. As the officer went round the house, Sholmes stooped and picked up a brickbat.

"I shall need your valuable help in this case, my trusty Jotson," he said. "Directly you see me reach the porch of the house, throw this brickbat at the figure in the chimney-pot."

Greatly wondering, I took the brick and watched Sholmes depart. When he had reached the porch I followed his instructions. With a mighty heave, I sent the brick flying

in the direction of the chimney. The black figure ducked its head into the chimney-pot in the nick of time. Then it came up, gazed at me reproachfully for a second, and sent the yellow substance it held in its hand hurtling in my direction! I made a frantic effort to jump aside, but I was too late. The soot struck me full on the top of my bowler-hat, sending my headgear over my eyes, and knocking me head over heels into a flower-bed!

While I sat there watching the North Star chasing the hills, my round the firmament, I heard a familiar voice. "Well done, Jotson, my dear fellow! You performed your part splendidly! Thanks to you, the Mosenstein gold nugget is in our hands."

"I thought it was on my head!" I groaned.

"Well, the weight's off your mind now," said Sholmes soothingly. He helped me to emerge from my battered bowler, and raised me to my feet. Then he turned and led me, dazed, but happy with the praises ringing in my ears, to an open window at the side of the house. Together we climbed into the place. With unerring instinct, Sholmes made for the deserted library, and touched a match to the fire that was laid in the grate. Then we clambered through the window again.

"Look, Jotson!" On the roof was Inspector Pinkeye, his handcuffs ready for action. A wisp of blue smoke curled up from the chimney-pot. Next moment a shower of soot shot out, followed by a screeching black figure with a long tail. Pinkeye started back in astonishment, and nearly fell from the roof. Then, as the monkey came down, he remembered his duty, and snapped the darbies over the creature's wrists!

Terrified almost out of its wits, Cuthbert, the human chimpanzee, fastened its sharp teeth into one of Pinkeye's buttons. Next instant the man and monkey rolled from the roof to the ground twenty feet below!

Fortunately, Inspector Pinkeye fell on something soft. He rose at once, rubbing his head. The ape landed on the bed of perambulators. Like lightning, Sholmes snatched my battered bowler from my head, and pulled it down over the eyes of the unfortunate Cuthbert.

By this time quite a crowd had collected in the street outside. A portion of it made its way round to the side of the house, headed by none other than Mr. Hammergugger.

"Mr. Sholmes!" cried the animal importer. "You have found him—my little Cuthbert!"

The reunion between Hammergugger and his favourite chimpanzee was touching in the extreme. Pinkeye took one look at the monkey, and nodded away in the direction of the Bobbies' Rest!

That evening, with two handsome cheques in his pocket—one from Hammergugger, and the other from Mosenstein for the return of his nugget—Sholmes stood me a fish supper in the Criterion.

"A very successful day, my dear Jotson," he said, with his mouth full of chips. "That meeting with Pinkeye outside Mr. Mosenstein's house was most fortunate. It gave me the clue that led to the recovery of both the monkey and the nugget. Your health, Jotson!"

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