

JOIN THE GREYFRIARS PARLIAMENT TO-DAY!

FULL PARTICULARS TO BE FOUND INSIDE.

No. 702. Vol. XXII.

Week Ending Sept. 10th, 1922.

The Magnet ¹/₂ 1

Library

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED
THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD."



This Week's Story: "THE SCHOOLBOY DIVERS!" By Frank Richards.



THE CHUMS OF GREYFRIARS PREPARE TO VISIT THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA!

(An exciting incident from the long complete story in this issue.)



The Editor's Chat

Address your letters to: The Editor, THE MAGNET LIBRARY, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. I am always pleased to hear from my chums.

OUR COMPANION PAPERS.

"THE BOYS' FRIEND"	Every Monday
"THE MAGNET"	Every Monday
"THE POPULAR"	Every Tuesday
"THE GEM"	Every Wednesday
"CHUCKLES"	Every Thursday
"THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL."	Published Yearly

FOR NEXT MONDAY!

We have another splendid story of the chums of Greyfriars for our next issue, entitled:

"THE PERSECUTION OF MR. PROUT!" By Frank Richards.

In this story we learn how Mr. Prout, the rather excitable master of the Fifth Form at Greyfriars, gets up against Herbert Vernon-Smith, the Boulder of Greyfriars. As you all know, there was a time when Vernon-Smith was one of the most reckless juniors at Greyfriars, but lately he has calmed down considerably.

However, he manages to get on the wrong side of the Fifth Form master, and receives a licking he doesn't forget, and for which he makes Mr. Prout pay very dearly.

The Boulder deals with the master in a manner which gives great amusement to all the fellows at Greyfriars—and perhaps the Boulder was just a little lucky he was not bowled out.

The story is packed full of fun, and I strongly advise all my chums to make a point of getting next week's issue of the MAGNET Library.

THE SUPPLEMENT.

There is to be another special supplement in our next issue—a Ghost Number. Ghosts sound very Christ-mas-y, but I suppose there is no reason why ghosts should only come out at Christmas time. At any rate, Harry Wharton and his chums have prepared a ghost number of the "Herald," so I suppose we can safely look forward to some fun next week.

Altogether, next week's MAGNET is a number which is going to give you ample cause for laughter—there must be no "chancing" getting your copy. Order it now, and you are certain to have it.

THE GREYFRIARS PARLIAMENT.

On Page 12 of this issue you will read the report of the first meeting of the Greyfriars Parliament, of which I have written before.

Now, I want all readers of the MAGNET to understand that this is their Parliament. I want you all to write letters—not too long, remember—in the form of speeches, and if they are considered to be of general interest to readers of the MAGNET, then they will be published in the Parliament page, and a money prize sent to the writer.

You can make a "speech" on sport, or hobbies, or both—or anything else you think is likely to interest your fellow-readers. Hints are particularly sought, and "speeches" which contain useful hints are going to be the ones most likely to win a prize.

All letters should be addressed "The Greyfriars Parliament, c/o The Editor, the MAGNET Library, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, E.C. 4.

So join the Greyfriars Parliament today, my dear chums. I will publish as

many "speeches" as I possibly can, but readers must not be disappointed if they do not see their "speech" in print for a week or so after they have sent it along. It takes time, you must remember, to get the MAGNET Library prepared and printed.

THE "HOLIDAY ANNUAL."

It would not be fair to conclude my Chat this week without making some reference to the "Holiday Annual." I am so anxious for every reader of the MAGNET Library to have a copy of this famous Annual, that I cannot refrain from again warning you that they are fast being sold out, and a reprint will not be possible.

There are over three hundred and sixty pages in the Holiday Annual, there being school stories, adventure stories, poems, plates, coloured and photograph—sports stories, puzzles, tricks—in fact, every taste is catered for in this wonderful Annual.

Ask your newsagent for a copy of the "Holiday Annual" to-day, and if he has not got a copy in stock, ask him to order you a copy as soon as he can.

NOTICES.

Football.

St. Pancras Junior F.C.—This Thursday team wants players and fixtures; average age, 17. Apply, Hon. Sec., S. Richardson, 15, Hauxton Road, London, N.W.1.

Correspondence.

Miss Verge Silvestro-Hendon, c/o 145, Prince's Street, New Swindon, Wilts., wishes to correspond with readers in Scotland and Devonshire, with a view to exchanging picture postcards.

F. Bottomley, 45, Downhills Park Road, Tottenham, N.15, wishes to hear from readers, anywhere, willing to help with his amateur magazine, "The Pathfinder," especially one who would help to type copies. There is a back-number and exchange club. This correspondent also wants to exchange postcard views. (There are more Readers' Notices to be found on page 20.)

Your Editor.



REAL
Autographs
of your
FAVOURITE
FOOTBALLERS

Not printed copies,
but the players'
actual signatures.

SEE THIS
WEEK'S

Sports Fun 2!

The "One-Long-Laugh" Paper
Buy Your Copy TO-DAY!

BEST Boys' Books on the Market.

THE BOYS' FRIEND LIBRARY

Fourpence Per Volume

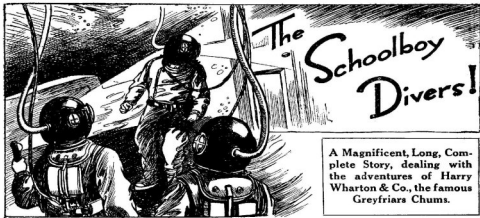
- No. 630.—**THE BLACK BUCCANNERS.**
A splendid long complete yarn of the Foster field. By J. W. Wierway.
- No. 631.—**RAILWAY AND RING.**
A grand long complete story of the boxing ring. By Ronald Wray, author of "The Hidden World," etc., etc.
- No. 632.—**THE SCHOOLBOY MULTI-MILLIONAIRE.**
A gripping tale of rascality, fun and adventure. By Victor Nelson, author of "The Boy With Fifty Millions," etc.
- No. 633.—**THE IDOL OF ST. FRANK'S.**
A tremendous school yarn starring Gordon Lee, Nipper & Co., Handforth & Co., Timothy Tucker, and the other jokers of St. Frank's.
- No. 634.—**THE IMPOSSIBLE CHANCE.**
A gripping tale of rascality, fun and adventure on the racetrack. By John Hunter, author of "The Smasher," etc., etc.

THE SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY

Fourpence Per Volume

- No. 248.—**THE GOLDEN GODDESS.**
A mouthwatering story of London and the East, introducing GUNGA DASS.
- No. 249.—**THE CASE OF THE ROGUE LAIRD!** or, The Mystery of Dunstreath Castle.
A story of SEXTON BLAKE v. GEORGE HARRISON PLUMMER.
- No. 250.—**FINGERPRINTS OF FATH.**
A wonderful story of baffling mystery. By the author of "The House of Ushast; or, The Case of the Spurious Spiritist."
- No. 251.—**THE BRIGAND'S SECRET.**
A fascinating story of SEXTON BLAKE v. TINKER in Italy and London. By the author of "The Lassa's Secret."
- No. 252.—**THE MYSTERY OF THE CLOCK.**
A fascinating story of SEXTON BLAKE, PROFESSOR NEW COUNT IVOR GARLAC, and ADRIAN STEELK, New-paper Correspondent.

Now on Sale. Buy Your Copies TO-DAY!



A Magnificent, Long, Complete Story, dealing with the adventures of Harry Wharton & Co., the famous Greyfriars Chums.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

(Author of the Famous Greyfriars Stories appearing in the "POPULAR.")

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

A Jolly Old Salt!

"COME on, Billy!"

"Yowow! Beast! I'm not coming!"

"Your mistake—you are!"

Bob Cherry, the champion fighting-man of the Remove Form at Greyfriars, spoke in a very grim tone. And Billy Bunter, not wishing to part with his right ear, which was held as if in a vice between Bob Cherry's thumb and first finger, went.

It really was not such a bad place to which Bob Cherry was taking William George Bunter, the fattest junior at Greyfriars. But, judging by Billy's wild yells and howls, Bob might have been taking him to the most terrible spot on earth.

In the sea at Pegg Bay a score of juniors were bathing, and their happy laughter went ringing over the waters until they echoed from the white cliffs of the coast. Harry Wharton, captain of the Remove, was sporting himself in the cool, calm waters of the bay, and with him were Frank Nugent, Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh and Johnny Bull.

A little further to the west a dozen other Removees splashed and kicked and yelled and swam. Alone on the shore were Billy Bunter and Bob Cherry.

Bunter had a keen dislike to water. It had been said that the number of baths William George indulged in in one year could be easily counted on one hand. The cheerful Bob was making it a point of duty to encourage Billy to bathe—and Billy wasn't liking Bob's form of encouragement.

"I shall catch my death of cold, you beast!" howled the fat Removeite.

"Lemme go!"

"I'm going to teach you to swim—you can already float like any other old barrel," said Bob Cherry cheerfully.

"Kim on!"

With a mighty tug, the fighting-man of the Remove heaved Billy Bunter on top of a big wave. Down went the fat

junior, and he started to strike out as if for dear life. Harry Wharton & Co., looking round, gave vent to a roar of laughter.

"Swim, Billy—swim!" roared Bob Cherry excitedly. "Look out! You're going down!"

Another big wave struck the fat junior as he lay in about two inches of water, and he gave a terrific howl.

"Yarooooop! Oo! Gug-gug—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Frantically Billy struck out, although the two inches of water had now disappeared. As he floundered, more sand than water was thrown to his right and left.

"Rocks ahead!" roared Harry Wharton. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Help! Rescue! I'm drowning!" hooted the Owl of the Remove.

"Coming!" said Bob Cherry. "Look out!"

Another wave rumbled in shore, and covered the fat junior, and, with a howl of laughter, Bob dashed towards the fat junior, and logged him far up on the sands, many yards from the reach of the water.

"Saved!" said Bob Cherry fervently.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the delighted bathers.

Billy Bunter was not delighted. He sat and gogged the sand from his hair and ears.

"I—I—I—I could have swum ashore, of course!" he mumbled hastily.

"Don't think I'm trying to minimise your gallant deed, Cherry—"

"M-m-my gallant deed?" stammered Bob Cherry.

"Yes; I'll admit you dived into the hungry waters in order to rescue me from a watery grave," went on Billy Bunter, frantically rubbing the wet sand from his hair. "All the same, a good swimmer like myself could have got ashore quite easily. I—I—I think I'll change now!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Oh, Billy, you'll be the death of me yet! You fat, tubby chump, you

were not in the water at all—at least, there was only an inch!"

"Oh, really—"

"Fin, ha, ha!" shrieked Harry Wharton. "Billy, come in here, you chump; and get that sand out of your ears and hair!"

"I'm done up after—after my desperate struggle for life—"

"You're likely to be done in altogether if you don't pull yourself together, my son!" said Bob grimly.

"Kim on!"

And, with Bob's firm grip on his ear once more, the luckless Bunter was rushed into deeper waters and there slucked. He howled and he stormed and he raved. But the juniors kept him there until they were ready to come out, and by that time even Billy was prepared to admit that it was delightfully cool in the calm waters of the bay on that sunny afternoon.

As the time for tea drew near, however, the juniors came out, and rubbed themselves down and dressed in their kitons. They were just finishing when two men strolled casually up to them. One of them was in the uniform of a skipper of a small steamer, and with him was a tall, burly man dressed in the less imposing uniform of a mate.

"Good-afternoon, young gentlemen!" said the skipper politely.

"Good-afternoon, sir!" chorused the juniors.

"Perhaps you know this district pretty well?" went on the skipper, picking out Harry Wharton to address that question.

"Yes, sir," said the captain of the Remove quietly. "We belong to Greyfriars—Greyfriars School, you know, on top of the hill."

The skipper looked doubtfully at his mate, who nodded at once. The skipper turned again to Harry Wharton.

"You were here during the war?" he asked.

"Yes."

"All the time?"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 762.

"Yes."
"There were several wrecks about here."

"Yes—several."
The skipper hesitated again, and as some of the juniors were moving away, he waited until only the Famous Five—Hurree Singh, Bob Cherry, Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull, and Harry Wharton—remained listening to him.

"My name is Holden—Captain Holden," said the skipper. "This is my mate—Mr. Anderson. Might I ask your name?"

Considerably mystified, Harry Wharton formally introduced his chums, and then gave his own name.

"I take it I can put you to a few questions?" went on Captain Holden. "I'm down here on official business, and I want to find somebody who can give me some information about the ships that were wrecked here during the period of the war without the subject being discussed in every cottage and in every public-house bar."

Harry Wharton nodded, and looked curiously at the skipper and the mate. The skipper appeared to be a genial sort of fellow, and his mate evidently believed that a still tongue shows a wise head, for he had not spoken since they had appeared before the juniors.

"My business, young gentlemen, is diving," said Captain Holden, seating himself down on the sands, and indicating to the others to follow suit.

"Diving?" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Yes; salvaging stuff from sunken ships. Perhaps you've heard of me?" suggested Holden.

"Can't say I have," said Harry Wharton.

The captain smiled. "Well, I expect you will hear of me in the next few weeks," he said, with a little laugh. "I'm going to work down here for a bit."

"Here? In Pegg Bay?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Yes."

"Great pip! I shouldn't mind—"

Bob Cherry broke off suddenly.

The captain laughed.

"You were going to say you would like to see some of the diving operations?" he said.

"Ahem! Something like that," admitted Bob, a little sheepishly.

"Well, so you shall, my boy!" said the genial captain. "I shall be glad of your company—all five of you, in fact."

"My hat!"

"You mean that, sir?" said Harry Wharton eagerly.

"Why not?"

"I—I didn't know," stammered Harry Wharton.

For a moment Harry Wharton had thought there was something suspicious about the questions which the skipper had put to them. But, after the skipper had laughingly suggested that they should accompany him in the business of salvaging or searching the wrecks in the neighbourhood, there was little room for suspicion.

"After all, you fellows can help me," said the skipper. "You see, if you can point out to me where some of the ships went down, it will save me any amount of time. I shan't have to get my chaps down into the bed of the sea, searching, searching, searching. Of course, I don't expect you to be able to drop me right over the sunken vessels. But that would be too much to expect. But we shall be nearer for your help."

"The hopefulness of the esteemed

fact is terrific!" murmured Hurree Singh, in his quaint English.

The skipper looked hard at Hurree Singh for a moment, and the stolid mate placed his hand over his mouth to hide a grin. It was probably the first time they had heard the King's English spoken in such a peculiar fashion.

"Where's your ship, sir?" asked Bob Cherry eagerly.

"Oh, we shall have to go along and fetch that," said the skipper easily. "You understand, of course, it would be an expensive matter to bring a diving-ship along on what might prove to be a wild-goose chase. Beside, I have to report to the authorities."

"Oh?"

"Perhaps they won't like the idea of schoolboys being on the diving-ship," said Frank Nugent.

"That won't matter. I'm skipper, you know, and a skipper is a little tin god when he's aboard," laughed Holden.

"Isn't that so, Anderson?"

"Ay, ay, sir!" muttered Anderson.

"So we'll start off on the questioning—no. This is hardly the place in which to question anybody," said the skipper, correcting himself. "There is—ahem!—a refreshment shop?"

THE GREYFRIARS PARLIAMENT

Opens on Page 12!

JOIN TO-DAY AND SEND UP YOUR "SPEECH" AT ONCE!

"At the back of the village of Friar-dale, sir," said Harry Wharton.

"Then that is the place to talk," said the captain. "And, if you would be good enough, I should like to have a chat with the police."

"The police?" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"Rather!" said the skipper. "I want the help of the police in keeping the fishermen from my vessel. Their nets might foul my divers' air-pipes, and there'd be trouble. The police-station is quite handy?"

"There isn't a police-station, really," put in Johnny Bull. "There's an old chump of the name of Tozer, who keeps a lock-up. The nearest station is Court-side."

"Oh! That's all right, then!" said Holden. "Come on, you fellows!"

Somewhat mystified still, the Famous Five jumped to their feet and walked beside the genial skipper up the cliff path to the village.

"Oh! That's all right, then!" said Holden. "Come on, you fellows!"

Somewhat mystified still, the Famous Five jumped to their feet and walked beside the genial skipper up the cliff path to the village.

"Oh! That's all right, then!" said Holden. "Come on, you fellows!"

Somewhat mystified still, the Famous Five jumped to their feet and walked beside the genial skipper up the cliff path to the village.

"Oh! That's all right, then!" said Holden. "Come on, you fellows!"

Somewhat mystified still, the Famous Five jumped to their feet and walked beside the genial skipper up the cliff path to the village.

"Oh! That's all right, then!" said Holden. "Come on, you fellows!"

"Tozer!" roared Johnny Bull.

The constable turned round at the sound of his name, and bestowed a lofty stare in the direction of the Famous Five and the two officers. Perhaps the gold lace on the skipper's sleeves interested Tozer, and caused him to forget to inform Johnny Bull that the representative of the law in that district should be addressed with proper respect.

Tozer came stolidly forward to meet the juniors and their companions, and came to a halt in front of them.

"You was requiring information, p'raps?" he suggested to Holden.

He completely ignored the Removets, and Bob Cherry chuckled.

"If he wanted information, Tozer, he wouldn't come to you!" he said calmly.

"Saucy himp!" snorted Tozer. "I'm at your service, sir!"

The skipper nodded.

"Thank you, officer?" he said, a little sharply. "I'm on business down here—or, at least, I soon shall be. I shall have a diving-ship in the bay, and I don't want nobody interfering with it."

"Which as 'ow it will be out of the way of them Greyfriars himps, at any rate!" said Tozer venomously. "Them boys ought—"

"The Greyfriars fellows may be helping me," suggested Holden. "I'll trouble you to see that no villagers put out in boats to the ship if we are working. A fouled air-pipe might mean the death of one of my men. You understand?"

Tozer was impressed by the authoritative tone and the gold lace. He made a clumsy salute, which brought a smile to the faces of the Famous Five.

"I understand, sir, and I'll keep all them Greyfriars vandals—"

"I don't want all the Greyfriars fellows kept away—some of them might be helping me," said Holden sharply.

"These five young gentlemen, for instance, will be helping me for a certainty!"

"You take the notice of one who knows them, sir," said Tozer warningly. "They're perfect nuisances, but has no respect for the majesty of the law!"

"That's my business—trusting them," retorted Holden. "Now, boys, you'll get along with the job. Good-afternoon, officer!"

"Afternoon, sir!" growled Tozer.

"Good-bye, Mr. Tozer!" said Bob Cherry sweetly.

"Huh!" snorted Tozer, and he turned his back upon the five zealous juniors.

They led the way to the lumbago, and went inside. In less than five minutes the five juniors were sitting down to feed ginger-beers and pasties, and they warmed towards the genial skipper and the silent mate. On the whole, they were rather glad the officers had approached them on the sands at Pegg Bay.

"Now, perhaps you won't mind answering a few questions," said Holden, producing a huge notebook from his pocket, and a pencil.

"In the first place, there was a ship called the Maria sunk within a few miles of the bay?"

"Yes; in the first year of the war," said Harry Wharton.

"A long way out to sea, though," put in Nugent thoughtfully.

"Right! Then there was a ship called the Torrence," went on the skipper, making a few notes in his pocket-book.

"That was sunk in the third year of the war, about a mile along the coast from where we first met you," said Johnny Bull at once.

"Ah! A single funnelled vessel,"

"Right! Then there was a ship called the Torrence," went on the skipper, making a few notes in his pocket-book.

"That was sunk in the third year of the war, about a mile along the coast from where we first met you," said Johnny Bull at once.

"Ah! A single funnelled vessel,"

"Right! Then there was a ship called the Torrence," went on the skipper, making a few notes in his pocket-book.

"That was sunk in the third year of the war, about a mile along the coast from where we first met you," said Johnny Bull at once.

"Ah! A single funnelled vessel,"

"Right! Then there was a ship called the Torrence," went on the skipper, making a few notes in his pocket-book.

"That was sunk in the third year of the war, about a mile along the coast from where we first met you," said Johnny Bull at once.

"Ah! A single funnelled vessel,"

"Right! Then there was a ship called the Torrence," went on the skipper, making a few notes in his pocket-book.

"That was sunk in the third year of the war, about a mile along the coast from where we first met you," said Johnny Bull at once.

"Ah! A single funnelled vessel,"

heavily laden?" asked Holden, with considerable interest.

"The juniors shook their heads. "Couldn't say 'Yes' to that, sir," said Harry Wharton. "The ship was sunk during the night, and we never saw it. We only heard about it."

"Any others?" asked Holden. "The juniors packed their brows in thought."

"There was the Elizabeth," said Bob Cherry. "I think that went down in 'nineteen."

"That's right," said Johnny Bull. "But that was a sailing ship."

"That wouldn't be worth my attention," said Holden, with a smile. "We couldn't waste much time on a vessel of that sort."

"I think that's all, then, sir," said Harry Wharton. "Blessed if I can think of any other ship which sunk in this neighbourhood."

"The mistakefulness of my esteemed class is terrific," murmured Hurree Singh. "There was the boatful craft which belonged to my esteemed country."

"Great pip!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "I'd forgotten that."

"So had I," admitted Harry Wharton.

"You mean the Sahib Dinga?"

"The meanfulness is terrifically right," said Hurree Singh.

Holden looked at the mate and nodded. "That sounds a little more hopeful," said Holden slowly. "Any idea what she was carrying?"

"The juniors shook their heads. "The ship was also sunk during the night. It was said she had been torpedoed," explained Frank Nugent.

"There were no survivors."

"Oh!" Holden was thoughtful and silent for a moment, and then for the first time the mate spoke.

"Far out, young gentlemen!" he asked.

"About five hundred yards," answered Harry Wharton.

"And how far from the place where we spoke to you?" asked Holden.

"His hand shook a little as he pencilled a few notes in his book, but his voice was perfectly calm.

"Half a mile, perhaps," said Bob Cherry thoughtfully. "It was round the bend. You see the Shoulder?"

"Yes," replied the skipper. "I noticed that. If it! The Sahib Dinga! I wonder, now, if she would be worth tackling?"

"Blessed if I know," said Bob Cherry. "We thought once we would swim out and try and find her, but we never did get so far out."

"I think we might tackle her," said Holden, as if he had not heard Bob's remark. "I am much obliged to you fellows. The Admiralty will probably be able to furnish me with more particulars concerning the ship's cargo. I will go to London to-night and see the officials. If she is worth my attention I'll bring the diving ship along, and then perhaps you fellows would care to come and see the work?"

"What-ho!" said Bob Cherry emphatically. "Put us all down as privileged visitors, sir, and we'll come along."

"How shall I get to know when you're coming, sir?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Oh, I'll write, if you like, or you can keep an eye on the bay. When you see a small, blue-funnelled steamer you can get a boat and come out, for we'll be aboard," said Holden. "You see, much depends upon how quickly I get my information from the Admiralty."

"Oh! Then we'll watch out, sir," said Frank Nugent. "My hat! I should jolly well like to go down in a diver's outfit!"

"We'll see—we'll see," said Holden, with a chuckle. "Perhaps—mind, I don't promise—when the work is done I'll give you all a trip down to the bottom of the ocean. It's rather interesting!"

"I'll bet it is!" said Bob Cherry enthusiastically. "What a score for little us! Down in the giddy depths of the briny! Great pip!"

The skipper shut his notebook with a snap, and put it into his pocket.

"Have some more ginger-beer," he said.

As a matter of fact, in their excitement and interest the juniors had forgotten all about the ginger-beer and the pastries; but now they tucked in with a will.

Then, after the genial old salt had paid the bill, they went to the station to see the two officers in the train for London.

"Don't forget! A blue-funnelled ship," said Holden, in parting.

"We sha'n't forget, sir!" chorused the juniors.

And the train steamed out of the station, bearing the skipper and mate with it.

Harry Wharton & Co. watched the train out of sight, then they walked slowly and thoughtfully towards Greyfriars.

"I suppose—I suppose it's all right?" muttered Harry Wharton.

"Eh?"

"That chap is on the square, I suppose?"

Bob Cherry and the others stared at their leader as if he had suddenly taken leave of his senses.

"Square?" hooted Bob Cherry. "My hat! Do you think a fellow who's not on the square would go to the police and ask for their help—or his help in this case?"

"Well—"

"Ass!" said Nugent witheringly. "And ain't he going to the Admiralty for permission, or something, to work the giddy wreck?"

"And we don't know that he is coming down here yet," put in Johnny Bull.

"But—"

"I have readfully learnt that the divelfulness for the ludicrous wrecks has been terrific all round the coastfulness of the country," said Hurree Singh. "This skipperful captain is perhaps one of the crowdfulness operating."

"That's so," admitted Harry Wharton. "Blessed if I know why I was suspicious, but—"

"He didn't know anything about the ship, at any rate," said Bob Cherry, with a snort. "It was Inky who remembered it."

"That's so," said Wharton again. "Captain Holden's all right. It's that dummy of a mate I don't like the look of."

"Oh, rats!" said Bob Cherry crossly. "You need not go and put a damper—"

"Who's putting a damper on anything?" demanded Harry Wharton warmly. "I can a jolly well think what I like, can't I?"

Bob Cherry grunted, but made no verbal reply to that question. Certainly, Harry Wharton could think what he



"Swim, Billy, swim!" roared Bob Cherry excitedly. "Look out, you're going down!" Another big wave struck Billy Bunter as he lay in about two inches of water, and he gave a terrific howl. "Yarooop! Ow! Gug-gug!" Frantically he struck out. (See Chapter L.)

NEXT
MOMENT!

"THE PERSECUTION OF MR. PROUT!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. BY FRANK RICHARDS.
THE MAGNET LIBRARY—No. 762.

liked. It would have been difficult to prevent that happening even if all Greyfriars objected.

But there was absolutely no reason to be suspicious of Captain Holden or the mate. The former had stood them a thumping good feed in the village bunsop, and had merely asked them a few questions.

It was quite reasonable, to Bob's way of thinking, that a skipper of an important ship like a diving vessel should come and prospect the ground, as it were, before he brought the diving ship to Pegg Bay.

And who could answer their questions better than Greyfriars fellows? Tozer and the fishermen could have answered them, it is true, but their answers would have required considerable thought, for they were not likely to be clearly defined.

The operations, if carried out, would have to be done in broad daylight. There was not much chance of diving taking place at night, and so there could be no secrecy about the business. All the country-side would know that diving operations were taking place off Pegg Bay, and the cliffs were sure to be the rendezvous of scores of people.

Tozer would be advertising the fact that there was to be diving. It was probable that P.-c. Tozer would be even a little more lofty than usual on account of the extra duties being thrust upon his shoulders.

On the whole, Captain Holden had proved himself a decent chap, in Bob's estimation. He had invited them to go aboard and watch the operations. That alone was surely not the action of a man who was contemplating some villainy. A rogue does not usually ask people to come and witness his work.

"You're an ass, Harry!" said Bob Cherry, by way of conclusion. "If you're suspicious, you jolly well ought to keep away from the diving ship when it comes. You might get run in with your precious scoundrels."

"Oh, rats!" said Harry Wharton, flushing.

"The straightfulness of the esteemed captain is honourably proved," said Inky firmly.

But whether reasonable or unreasonable, Harry Wharton still had slight doubts about the enterprise as the chums entered the gates of the old school.

And then, the subject having been thrashed out, they turned their minds to other things.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

News of the Ship!

"I SAY, you fellows—"
Billy Bunter, the fattest junior at Greyfriars, burst into Study No. 1 in the Remora passage, and, apparently, almost bursting with excitement.

It was the day after meeting with the skipper and his mate, Harry Wharton & Co. had got over their excitement, and Nugent, Bull, and Inky thought their leader had got over his suspicions. But Wharton had not got over them, although he did not give voice to his thoughts.

"I say, you fellows—"
"Soat, Billy!" said Frank Nugent.

"If you don't want to hear the latest news—" began Billy warmly.

"Postal-order come?" asked Harry Wharton, in tones that suggested he was bored almost to tears.

"No! Blow the postal-order!" snorted Billy Bunter.

"Eh?"

"Blow the postal-order!" said Bunter again. "I've news!"

"Who's getting it in the neck?" asked Nugent pleasantly.

"Eh? Nobody!"

"Then why the excitement and pleasure?" asked Nugent.

Billy Bunter snorted. He was evidently not in a mood to have his leg pulled that morning.

"Oh, really, Nugent!" he said. "Anybody would think I gloat over somebody else's misfortunes!"

"Don't you?" queried Nugent innocently.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" came in cheery tones, as Bob Cherry came into the study, followed by Johnny Bull and Inky.

"What's the fat tulip after now? Cake or cash?"

"Rats! I say, you fellows, have you heard?" asked Bunter excitedly.

"Heard what?" asked Bob Cherry.

Billy Bunter lowered his voice mysteriously.

"We are going to be diving operations in the bay—" he began darkly.

Bob Cherry sniffed.

"Tell us something we don't know!" he snorted.

"And it's my opinion there's something wrong!" said Bunter, in the same mysterious tones.

Harry Wharton started.

"Eh? What's that, Billy? What makes you think there is something wrong?" he demanded curiously.

"Tozer's going to keep everybody off the bay and away from the ship," said Billy Bunter.

"That shows the divers don't want anybody to see what is happening!"

"You fat ass!" said Bob Cherry, with a snort of disgust.

"That merely shows they don't want a lot of prying asses like you knocking about the ship and getting in the way!"

"So they say!" said Bunter, with a knowing chuckle. "I know better. The captain of the ship doesn't want people prying about so that he can carry on his nefarious work!"

"That's a good word for a fat dum!" said Johnny Bull, chucking. "Go on, Billy!"

"They'll raise the giddy ship, and—and then they'll claim salvage!" said Bunter.

"I've heard of fellows claiming salvage on ships. There mustn't be anybody aboard, and as the giddy old ship has been on the bottom for years, there's not likely to be."

"So that villainous skipper will raise the ship—"

"Put it in his locker, and take it back to London with him, I suppose!" interrupted Bob Cherry sarcastically.

"Yes—I mean, nanno!" said Billy hastily.

"But—there'll be tons and tons of stuff aboard—tea and sugar and rice and all that. The ship came from India. So had."

"So that's the little worry, is it?" said Nugent, with a grin. "You've an idea that perhaps Billy Bunter might get at the cargo first."

"Oh, really, Nugent, I never suggested such a thing! That would amount to stealing!" said Bunter indignantly.

"I resent such a—such a suggestion. All the same, I don't see why—"

"You were afraid to enter an inch and a half of water yesterday, Billy," said Bob Cherry, with a chuckle. "I can't see you diving down a few fathoms to get at some of the cargo—"

"I don't want to get at the cargo, you ass!" howled Bunter. "I was thinking you chaps might."

"So about the little game, is it?" said Harry Wharton, interrupting the fat

junior for the first time. "You think you might dive down to the sunken ship, get at the cargo, and bring it up to you?"

"Ahem! Since you put it like that, Wharton, I shall decline to let you share—"

"You're a fat burglar, Billy!" said Nugent, with a snort of disgust.

"Do you think we can lift huge casks of stuff from out of the hold of the ship, you fat dumsy?" added Bob Cherry.

"And do you think that the tea, and the sugar, and what ever else there might be, would be in an edible state after having been in the sea for years?"

"The tea would put it in water-tight cases, I expect!" said Billy Bunter thoughtfully.

"And you think we're going to risk our lives diving down to that depth in order to satisfy your craving—" began Wharton.

"I don't want you to go near the ship at all!" howled Bunter angrily.

"No one thought of asking you to do it. You suggested it yourselves, and I'm surprised at Greyfriars fellows stooping to such low thoughts. Personally, I'm above that sort of thing. In the circumstances, I shall refuse to speak to you on the subject."

"Thanks!" said Bob Cherry sarcastically.

"I shall cut you out of my scheme altogether, in fact!" added Bunter contemptuously.

"Your scheme to get at the cargo?" suggested Nugent calmly.

"Yes—I mean, nanno! Besides, workings like you would be no good for the task. You would want strong, brave, manly fellows, like Bulstrode, Bolsover, and myself!"

"You're a brave, strong, manly fellow?" asked Bob Cherry, with a face as solemn as an owl's.

"Well, I'm not a fellow to blow my own trumpet, I hope," said Bunter modestly.

"I leave that to others to do. But I must say this is a job peculiarly suitable to a fellow of my abilities."

"What job?" asked Harry Wharton softly.

"Eh? What we've been—ahem! You mind your own business, Wharton!" growled Bunter, correcting himself in time.

"I decline to speak about the matter further, Bulstrode—"

Billy did not finish that sentence. He went out, and slammed the door, and he left four grinning juniors in the study.

The four noticed that fact at once.

"What are you laughing at, Harry?" asked Bob Cherry sarcastically.

"Eh? Laughing?" said Wharton absently.

"I wasn't laughing!"

"I should say not!" said Nugent, with a snort. "You've got a face as long as Nelson's Column. What's the matter?"

"I was thinking," said the Remove captain thoughtfully.

"Thinking of what, you ass?" demanded Johnny Bull. "Pinching some of the cargo of the *Shih Dinga*, as Bunter suggested?"

"Chump!" growled Wharton.

"Then what on earth's troubling you?" asked Bob Cherry, rattified.

"I—I don't know!" mumbled Wharton hesitatingly. "I say, you chaps, do you think Billy is right for once?"

"Right? Right about what?"

"About—about Holden having asked Tozer to keep the place clear for him so that he could—be could—"

Wharton broke off, unwilling to put his thoughts into words.

Bob Cherry groaned, and Nugent, Bull, and Inky grinned.

"You're a chump!" said Bob.
 "Thanks!"
 "And a fatheaded ass!"
 "Good!"
 "Do you think Holden would have asked us aboard to watch everything the divers did if there was anything wrong?" hooted Bob Cherry. "Are we going all over that ground again?"
 "Nobody asked you to, Bob," said Harry calmly.
 "Then don't be a fathead!" growled Bob. "You're too jolly suspicious, my son! I suppose, if a stranger came into one of the neighbouring fields, you'd declare he was burying the proceeds of a burglary!"
 "Oh, rats!" said Harry Wharton.
 "Amounts to the same thing, Harry," said Nugent gently.
 "The samefulness is terrific!" said Hurree Singh firmly.
 Harry Wharton shrugged his shoulders. "We'll leave it at that!" he said. "A chap can't help thinking some things. I'm going to the cliffs."
 "What on earth for?" demanded Bob Cherry in amazement. "You don't think the ship with the blue funnel will be there?"
 Harry Wharton shook his head.
 "I don't expect it, but it might be," he said. "If Captain Holden left London last night, he could be here by now."
 "And if he is, I suppose you'll think that he got over his business with the Admiralty very quickly?" suggested Bob Cherry.

Harry Wharton flushed, thereby admitting that Bob was right. That had been Harry's idea, and the astute Bob had seen through it.

"I'm going!" said the Remove captain. "Anybody coming?"
 "Of course!" growled Nugent.
 And the Famous Five went down the cliffs; but there was no sign of the ship with the blue funnel. Captain Holden was evidently not hurrying over matters—or he was detained in London in the preliminary business of which he had spoken.

The night passed, and before breakfast the next morning Harry Wharton had paid a visit to the cliffs on his bicycle. But still there was no sign of the ship.

It was the evening of the same day that Billy Bunter came rushing into the study whilst the Famous Five were at prep.

"The thieves are here!" he announced excitedly.
 "The thieves?" repeated Wharton in surprise.
 "The divers!" said Billy Bunter.
 "Same thing!"

Bob Cherry turned a solemn and warning glance towards the fat junior.

"Billy," he said, in a manner so serious as to make even the fat junior listen without interrupting, "take my tip, and keep words like these between your lips. If you are wrong, it is slander you are spreading—and slander is a serious offence. If Captain Holden heard you, and chose to take action, the very least that would happen would be your expulsion from Greyfriars. The worst would be a trial in the courts, and a heavy sum of money by way of damages from your father."

"Oh, rats to that!" grunted Bunter; but all the same, he did not again refer to the divers as "the thieves."
 "Have you seen the ship?" asked Harry Wharton quietly.

Yes, I was coming in from the village by way of the cliffs, when I saw



Billy Bunter hid behind a stack and watched, with eyes that bulged from his head, the big black box being dragged up from the depths of the sea. Suddenly the captain leapt forward, and with one mighty blow with a heavy axe he smashed a huge gash in the top of the box. (See Chapter 6.)

the ship—she's got a blue spout—I mean funnel—anchored in the bay," said Bunter.

"A blue funnel?" muttered Wharton. He knew that it was Captain Holden's ship that had arrived, and not any stranger. It was not totally unknown for small steamships to anchor in the bay, and Billy might easily have been mistaken.

"Yes, but she's only a small ship," went on Bunter. "Blessed if I see how she's going to lug up the Sahib Dings, which we were told was quite a decent-sized vessel."

"You don't understand the way they got to work, Billy," said Wharton, with a laugh. "And I'm jolly well certain I'm not going to try and drill it into your thick noddle! Going down to see her, you fellows?"

"Oh, rather!" said Bob Cherry enthusiastically. "We might run up against the skipper and the mate."

"We might," agreed Harry Wharton. But his tone suggested that it was far more probable, in his opinion, that they would never again run across the skipper and the mate.

Hurree Singh stopped on the way down to the gates to get his field glasses, which he thought, might possibly come in useful. He was glad when, later, they came along the cliffs and saw the blue-funnelled steamer lying out in the bay, about half a mile from the beach.

They were powerful glasses Inky had brought with him, and each of the juniors took a turn to have a look

through them at the almost motionless vessel.

They could see a mass of tackle on deck—box-like objects with wheels and handles, and huge reels of piping which they correctly guessed to be the divers' air-pipes.

On the deck only two men could be seen. One was a man of colour—a lascar; the other was Captain Holden, who was sitting on the bridge of his ship, reading and smoking a pipe.

"Let's give him a hail!" said Bob Cherry eagerly.

"He does look lonely," said Nugent thoughtfully. "Hallo, is that another fellow come on deck, Harry?"

Harry Wharton, who was gazing through the glasses, nodded, but did not remove the glasses from his eyes. He was staring intently through them.

"That's the mate," he said suddenly. "He's talking to the skipper and pointing to the cliffs—in us, in fact."

"Great pip!" cried Bob Cherry. "He's spotted us, perhaps!"

The skipper, at that moment, was making use of a telescope, through which he was evidently gazing at the little group formed by the Famous Five.

Suddenly Wharton saw the telescope lowered; and the captain turned to his mate. The Remove captain wished at that moment that he could hear what was being said, although he was not, as a rule, a curious fellow.

Captain Holden got to his feet, and standing upon the bulwarks of his ship, he steadied himself for a moment, then

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. BY FRANK RICHARDS.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 762.

NEXT MONDAY: "THE PERSECUTION OF MR. PROUT!"

waved his arms in the fashion of a semaphore signaller.

"Are you Harry Wharton?" came the message.

Harry Wharton, as leader of the Lion Patrol of the "Comet," Greyfriars, was an expert signaller; and with a glance at his chums, he sent back the answer. "Yes."

The captain's arms moved again. "Come aboard to-morrow evening, if you can. Something interesting to tell you. Bring your chums. Good-bye."

The Famous Five read off the message letter by letter, word by word; and the more they received of it, the more excited they became. To-morrow, then, they would be aboard the divers' vessel.

Bob Cherry, without waiting for Wharton, sent back a message as fast as he could move his strong arms.

"Top of the evening! We shall be there!"

The juniors chuckled and waited for a reply. But none came, and a little later the five juniors started back to Greyfriars and prep with keen anticipation of the morrow's visit to the blue-funnelled ship.

THE FOURTH CHUM.

Aboard the Comet!

"HERE we are, captain!"

Bob Cherry said that out cheerily as the next evening, they went aboard the ship, which, as they could now see, was named the Comet. Captain Holden, his face covered in one huge, welcoming grin, hurried forward to meet them, and the mate strode more slowly in his wake.

"Cheerio, boys!" said the skipper cordially. "Welcome to the Comet!"

"Thank you, sir!" said the juniors in unison.

Already their keen young eyes were looking curiously about the deck of the ship. Several diving-suits lay on the deck, and Wharton noted that whereas four of them were small, the fifth was at least twice as big. The mate's outfit, he thought.

"Come and have a look round, then," said Holden cheerfully. "There's not much of interest to see below—only the engines and cabins. Up here, though, there is much to interest you. See—this is one of the air-pumps."

The skipper brooded into a quick flow of language, describing in detail every point of interest to the juniors, and quite a lot that was of no interest to them. He explained the working of the pumps, how the air went into the helmet, and how it went out again when the diver was below in the deep waters of the ocean.

For over an hour and a half they listened to the technical explanation of the ship's outfit, and the skipper was called upon to answer a myriad of questions. Every question he answered as if he was thoroughly enjoying himself, and no question seemed to savour too much of inquisitiveness, for not for a single moment did he lose his geniality.

Wharton found his suspicions disappearing as he looked up at the kindly face of the captain. In fact, the Remove captain began to think he had been unjust and a bit of an ass ever to doubt the genuineness of the skipper.

"And when will you commence work, sir?" asked Harry, at length.

"When we have located the ship, sonny," said the captain pleasantly. "We shall get you fellows to help us there. It's going to be a very long job."

"Oh?"

"You see, I shall have only one diver working for me—the mate," explained the skipper. "My other divers have been just outside Hull."

"Rotter! Luck!" said Bob Cherry sympathetically.

"Oh, it's not so bad as all that," said Holden, with a laugh. "The mate and I will take it turns to go down, you see. It will be a slow job, as I said, but I hope to find it a profitable one. We get paid by results, you understand."

"Are you going to attempt to lift the cargo?" asked Nugent curiously.

"That depends—we have nothing to tell us what it is like—what it is, and the state of the stuff at the present moment. I mean, that we shall discover when we get below," replied Holden.

The juniors nodded. They understood the mate.

"I—I suppose we couldn't help, sir?" said Bob Cherry hesitatingly.

The skipper started, and looked earnestly at the Famous Five.

"You might!" he said slowly.

"Oh, good!" said Bob eagerly. "I'll go down with pleasure!"

"Great pip, you couldn't let us go down, I suppose, sir?" asked Nugent hopefully.

"I—I don't know," muttered Holden. "You see, although there is not the slightest danger, your head-mate—"

"We shouldn't have to ask him, sir!" said Bob Cherry quickly.

"Oh, that alters matters a little," said Holden thoughtfully. "Of course, you chaps might have a turn at the air-pumps—"

"I'd rather go down in the water," said Bob Cherry promptly, and with emphasis.

Captain Holden laughed.

"You won't find it so wonderfully pleasant, my boy," he said warningly. "It would be a great experience for you, as a matter of fact. But do you really think you could do any good down there, I mean, could you search the ship, and have a jolly careful look round, and bring up a decent sort of an account?"

"We run a paper called the 'Greyfriars Herald,' sir," said Harry Wharton, who seemed a little less eager if none the less interested than his chums. "We're all budding authors, so to speak."

"Good enough, then! I'll let two of you go down with my mate, and the other three can be on duty at the pumps. Two others can go the next time. When do you want to go down?"

Bob Cherry peeled off his coat, and even the mate grinned at that. There was no mistaking Bob Cherry's eagerness.

"Before we have got over the sunken ship," said Holden, with a laugh.

"Athen! It!"

Bob Cherry coughed, and hastily replaced his coat. There were grins on the faces of his chums.

"Chump!" said Nugent. "In a bit of a hurry, aren't you, Bob?"

"I'll be in a hurry to dot you on the books, if you don't shut up!" said Bob, in a stage whisper.

"Are you anywhere near where the Sahib Dinga went down?" asked Holden, with a smile.

"Not far away; you must remember we did not see the ship sink," said Harry Wharton. "The spot has been pointed out to us many times since, of course. But it is guesswork all round."

"I understand that," said Holden. "You can readily appreciate how glad I am of your assistance, if only for that

reason, I should have had great trouble in even locating the district, even had I been left to my own resources. A little help goes a long way."

The juniors did not want to be thanked, and said so.

"I should say that, if you went another hundred yards inshore, and another two hundred and fifty yards towards the Shaulker, you would be about over the Sahib Dinga, sir," said Harry Wharton thoughtfully.

"Thanks! I'll move the Comet along there this evening, and we shall be all ready to start when you come aboard—which will be when?"

"To-morrow afternoon, sir," said Bob Cherry. "It's a half at Greyfriars to-morrow, so we'll be free in the afternoon."

The skipper nodded, and in a few moments the juniors took their leave, and returned to the mainland. There they stopped to have a cheery farewell to those aboard the Comet, before sending their way homewards.

Their absence from Greyfriars had excited little curiosity in the Remove. Fellows went out and came in almost unnoted at Greyfriars. But William George Bunter, who prided himself upon knowing everything that was going on, paid them a visit in their study before they had finished their prep.

Johnny Bull and Hurree Singh, with Bob Cherry, had done their prep in Study No. 1, which was shared by Frank Nugent and Harry Wharton. Thus Billy Bunter had the Famous Five as listeners when he came into the study.

"I say, you fellows—" he began.

"Nothing doing, Billy!" said Bob Cherry. "Buzz!"

"Athen! Did you enjoy yourselves?" asked Bunter, with a knowing wink.

"The Famous Five started, 'Enjoy ourselves!' repeated Wharton.

"Yes."

"Is there any special reason why we should have enjoyed ourselves more to-day than any other day?" asked Bob Cherry shortly.

"Well, a diving ship doesn't come here every day in the year, you know," remarked Billy, with a chuckle.

"What's that got to do with you, any old how?" asked Nugent warmly.

"Oh, nothing, nothing!" said Bunter airily. "Only I might mention that the diving ship is—or is my prey."

"Your what-er?" demanded Johnny Bull.

"The malignance of the faithful chump is terrific!" said Hurree Singh, with unusual emphasis.

"That's pretty far after the people here," said Bunter, with a snort.

"They're going to work there, and I'm jolly well going to see 'em at it! I'm jolly well going to see what they bring up—"

"They'll bring up a rope's end if they catch you aboard!" said Bob Cherry, with a grunt of warning.

"I'm jolly well going to claim some of the stuff they fetch out of the Dingy Sahib—whatever they call the blessed thing that's at the bottom!" resumed Bunter, unheeding. "Blessed if I'm going to see a lot of pirates get away with stuff which rightly belongs to us!"

"Belongs to us!" said Harry Wharton, in amazement.

"Yes—to us—Greyfriars!" said Billy emphatically. "It has sunk in water on our part of the giddy coast, and it's nobody was saved from it, and even the giddy old owners haven't made any claim or attempt to save it—"

(Continued on page 13.)



The GREYFRIARS HERALD

THE SCHOOL HOUSE

Supplement No. 90.

Harry Wharton
Editor

Week Ending September 16th, 1922.

CAST OUT FROM THE SCHOOL!



By Dr. Locke.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT! Dr. Sterndale arrived on the scene just as O'Fender was in the act of swinging the poker toward the glass panel of the bookcase. "Stop!" he thundered. O'Fender spun round in alarm and dismay. The poker clattered to the floor.

A RESPECTABLE, cadaverous-looking youth of about fifteen summers crossed the quadrangle of St. Clive's.

The youth's name was Michael O'Fender. He was always giving offense. On numerous occasions he had come perilously near to expulsion.

O'Fender was wild, wayward, perverse, defiant, insolent, inconsiderate, and incorrigible. He was in the Fourth Form, and was the acknowledged leader of the Society of Lawbreakers.

He was joined in the quadrangle by his chief confederates, Baddion and Japer.

"Well, Michael," said the former, "what nefarious misadventure shall we organize next?"

O'Fender gave a snigger.

"I have evolved a splendid scheme," he said. "We will pay a nocturnal visit to the headmaster's study, and we will proceed to devastate it."

"Splendid!" said Baddion.

"Excellent!" said Japer.

"Only the other day," said O'Fender, "I was subjected to the crushing humiliation of corporal punishment at the hands of the headmaster. If you remember, I placed a concoction of ink and glue and treacle in a paper bag on the door of his study. It descended in an avalanche upon his learned pate. And he declared that he would bring my mispractices to a speedy termination."

"He administered six strokes with the cane, I believe," said Baddion.

"Yes, and I regret to say that I suffered severe physical discomfort. The time is now ripe for vengeance. In the silent watches of the night, we will make a perambulation to the headmaster's study and wantonly destroy his furniture. We will show him that the Society of Lawbreakers is a formidable and powerful organization, and we will effectively intimidate him."

"I consider that is a very commendable plan," said Baddion.

"And one that has our unqualified approbation," said Japer.

Having formulated their cunning scheme in the manner aforementioned, O'Fender and his accomplices retired to their dormitory.

They did not remove any of their sartorial equipment. And the prefect whose duty it was to extinguish the lights did not notice that they had entered their beds fully attired.

When the witching hour of midnight arrived, the conspirators bestirred themselves, and proceeded with one accord to the headmaster's study.

They were armed with various implements of destruction. O'Fender had procured a poker, and his companions had appropriated a pair of Indian clubs.

The trio paused outside the door of the headmaster's apartment.

"When I issue my instructions," said O'Fender, "the work of destruction will proceed forthwith!"

He then uttered a sharp command, and the three marauders threw open the door and rushed into the room.

Little did they dream that the headmaster had anticipated their visit, and taken precautions.

As a matter of fact, Dr. Sterndale had placed a burglar alarm upon the threshold of his study.

The three companions did not hear the alarm go off. But the headmaster heard it in the privacy of his bed-room. He hastily rose, donned a few garments, and hurried to his study.

Dr. Sterndale arrived on the scene just as O'Fender was in the act of swinging the poker towards the glass panel of the bookcase.

"Stop!" he thundered.

O'Fender spun round in alarm and dismay. The poker clattered to the floor.

"You were about to batter and annihilate my furniture!" thundered the headmaster. "It is fortunate that I arrived at the psychological moment."

A deathly pallor spread over O'Fender's countenance.

"We—we thought we heard burglars, sir,"

Next Week! A Grand Ghost Number of the "Herald"!

he faltered, "so we came along to deal with them."

"Dr. Stenradle frowned.
"I am not so glib as to be deceived by such a flimsy excuse," he said. "Michael O'Fender, you will be given no further opportunity of testifying. You will leave this school by the first train in the morning! And your rascally confederates will accompany you!"

O'Fender sank on to his knees, grovelling and pleading.

"Show me a little leniency, sir!" he entreated. "I promise you that there shall be no further trouble of any kind."
"Too late, wretched boy—too late!" said the headmaster. "My decision is irrevocable. You will go to the punishment-rooms for the remainder of the night, and proceed to your respective homes in the morning."

Dr. Stenradle did not relent. And when the morning broke, cold and grey and grim, the names of Michael O'Fender, Benjamin Baddon, and Jollo Japer were expunged from the school register. And St. Clive's was well rid of the Society of Lawbreakers.

AN UP-TO-DATE TRANSLATION OF THE ABOVE NARRATIVE.

By Tom Brown.

A GOGGLE-EYED, hatchet-faced freak of fifteen hobbled across the quad at St. Clive's.

This was Mike O'Fender. It was a curious thing, but although Mike only had a bath once a year, he was always getting into hot water! He was head cook and bottle-washer of the Society of Lawbreakers.

Mike was joined in the quad by two of his cronies, Baddon and Japer.

"Hallo, Mike!" said the former. "What merry stunt shall we get up to next?" O'Fender gave a gasp.

"I've thought of a topping wheeze!" he said. "We'll take a sally to the Head's study in the middle of the night, and turn the place upside-down—fairly wreck it, you know!"

"Ripping!" said Baddon.

"Not half!" said Japer.

"Only the other day," said O'Fender, "I got a fearful lamming from the Old Man. If you remember, I was up a lousy-trap on the door of his study, and he got it in the neck good and proper. He said he'd teach me a lesson!"

"You got three on each paw, I believe!" said Baddon.

"Yes; and now I mean to get my own back on the beetle-browed old buffer!" he said. "We'll show him that the Society of Lawbreakers means business. We'll put the wind up him in a great gust!"

"That's a stunning wheeze!" said Baddon.

"Top-hole!" cried Japer.

Having plotted their plot the trio trotted off to bed.
They didn't take their tops off. The chap who saw lights out was a perfect snorer. He was as blind as an owl. He didn't notice that our heroes—or should I say our villains!—had got into bed with their tops on.

Two hours dragged slowly by.

Room!
When the first stroke of midnight sounded the merry adventurers sprang from their beds.

O'Fender bagged the poker from the fire-place, and the other two fetched some Indian clubs from their study. Thus armed, the trio went along to the Head's study.

They paused for a jiffy in the passage.

"When I give the order," said O'Fender, "we'll bash the blessed door in, and then play that stuff with the furniture!"

"Good egg!" said Baddon.

The order was given, and into the valley of death rushed the six hundred—I mean, into the Head's study rushed the trio of lawbreakers.

But, alas! They were fairly done in the eye. For that crafty old boy, the Head, had rigged up a burglar alarm. And as soon as they trod on it there was a fearful stonking in the Head's bed-room.

Dr. Stenradle, forgetting his rheumatics, his post, and his luggage, bounded out of bed and sprang off at top-speed in the direction of his study.

He turned up just as Mike O'Fender was dealing a hefty swipe at the glass panel of the bookcase.

"Hi, chuck it!" roared the Head. "What's the little game?"

O'Fender had the shock of his life. The poker started from his nerveless fingers.
"You were about to smash up the happy home!" thundered the Head. "I got here just in the nick of time."

O'Fender turned pale.

"Ahem! We—we thought we could hear burglars buzzing around, so we came along to slaughter them, sir," he said.

"That's not the way to do it," said the Head. "Tell that to the Marines! Do I look as if I was born yesterday?"

"No, you don't," murmured Baddon, under his breath. "You look like a blasted Methuselah, with your long beard sweeping the carpet!"

The Head frowned.
"I'll crack the little jolly lot of you!" he exclaimed. "I'm fed-up with you! You'd better buzz off by the first train in the morning!"

"Show it!" said O'Fender. "That's a bit stiff, ain't it? A hundred lines each would meet the case."

"Dry up, O'Fender," said the Head. "When I say a thing, I mean it. The three of you will skedaddle by the early morning train. Twig!"

The stern old buffer refused to relent. So Mike O'Fender and his pals cleared out next morning. And the Head gave them a parting kick down the School House steps!

EDITORIAL!

By Doctor Locke.

(Temporary Editor.)

AT the request of Wharton of the Remove, I have taken upon myself the task of editing an issue of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

It is rather a novel position in which I find myself. Here am I, a person of advanced years—an "old fogey," as I heard myself rudely styled the other day—conducting a schoolboy journal. It is indeed strange.

Much water has flowed under the bridges since the days when I was a boy. But I can still enter into a boy's thoughts and feelings, and share his sympathies.

I have done my best to make this issue of the HERALD bright and interesting.

If only you can manage to survive this editorial, all will be well, for the other features in this issue are anything but "dry." I have obtained a wide selection of articles, and my thanks are due to the boys who have assisted me in the compilation of this number.

I do not hold myself responsible for everything which appears in this issue. It is quite possible that certain articles will be smuggled into the paper without my knowledge. There is no knowing what will happen, once the contributions pass out of my hands.

Somebody asked me the other day if I thought it was wise to allow the junior boys at Greyfriars to have a paper of their own. I replied that it was an excellent thing. Amateur journalism keeps a boy out of mischief; and, in the case of a boy who intends to follow a literary career, it affords an excellent training.

H. N. Locke

Headmaster.

HIS MAJESTY THE HEAD!

By Dick Penfold.

Who wears a mortar-board and gown,
Likewise a fierce, forbidding frown?

Who is a scholar of renown?

The Head!

Who made me stoop and touch my toes,
And dealt me several lusty blows,
Because I drenched him with a hose?

The Head!

Who gave me lots of lines to write
And kept me scribbling half the night
Because I said he looked a fright?

The Head!

Who never asks me round to tea?
Who never comes and feeds with me,
Because its infra dig., you see?

The Head!

Who says my rhymes are far from good?
And who declares I never would
Become a Byron or a Hood?

The Head!

Who seems to pierce me through and through

With his two eyes of steely blue?

Who gives me lickings—just a few?

The Head!

Yet who, despite his austere ways,
Deserves respect and merits praise?

Who will be honoured all his days?

The Head!

HOW I SEE OTHER FELLOWS!

By Frank Nugent.



GEORGE ALFRED GRUNDY
(St. Jim's.)



A NARROW :: ESCAPE! ::

How I nearly got it in the neck when interviewing the Head.

—By Our Special Representative—

He returned shortly afterwards, and handed me a sealed envelope.

"The note's inside," he explained. "I folded it very nicely, and sealed it securely, as you see."

"Thanks awfully," I said.

And this I trotted along to the Head's study.

Very timidly I tapped at the door. "Come in!" called a deep voice.

I knocked, quaking with apprehension, in spite of the note I had written to pave the way for my interview.

The Head eyed me sternly. It was like a giant glaring at a pigmy.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

"Without a word I handed over my note.

The Head frowned in a puzzled sort of way. Then he ripped open the envelope with his paper-knife, and drew out the sheet of note-paper. He glanced at it, and, puzzled, he proceeded to read it, and his frown grew blacker and blacker.

I began to feel uneasy. Things weren't working out quite so well as I had hoped.

Finally, the Head fixed his gaze on me.

"Boy!" he thundered. "What is the meaning of this 'unpatriotic insolence!'"

"Insolence, sir?" I faltered.

"Yes. This is positively outrageous!"

"Outrageous, sir?" I gasped.

"Do not repeat my words in that parrot-like fashion!" rumbled the Head. "Never in my life have I been so insulted! Do you deny that this is your handwriting, sir?"

No saying, Dr. Locke handed me the note.

I nearly fell down when I perused the written message.

The note was not the same as it had been at the outset. It had been altered.

Slowly it dawned upon my dazed brain that Skinner had played a jape on me. Wherever the word "insolence" had appeared in my note, he had removed it with an ink-eraser. He had also altered the word "pertinent" to "impertinent," so that my message to the Head ran as follows:

"To Dr. Locke.

"Sir,—I have called upon you in order to make myself a perfect nuisance. I am going to ask you a few objectionable questions."

"I am the Special Representative of the 'Greyfriars Herald,' and I wish to ask you a few impertinent questions.

"I hope you will be very angry with me. If only you will give me a hearing, I will come and worry you again. I know you are a beast, and will come me."

I gazed at the written words as if thunder-struck.

"Wretched boy!" thundered the Head. "What have you to say in extenuation of your conduct?"

"I—I— This note has been tampered with, sir?"

"I—I can't say, sir. It would be sneaking. But I assure you that the message was quite respectful in the first place."

The Head had picked up his cane, but he lowered it again when I made my explanation.

I could see that he believed me, and I was immensely relieved.

"Very well, my boy," said the Head. "I am satisfied that you had no intention of insulting me. Come to me again in an hour's time, when I am less busy, and I will answer any questions you may wish to ask me."

"Thanks awfully, sir!" I said gratefully.

And then I went to look for Skinner!

OUR HEAD!

A Few Facts Borrowed From "Who's Who!"

By BOB CHERRY.

"LOCKE, HERBERT HENRY, Doctor of the Divinity. Born at Milton Regis, Dorset, August 22nd, 1866. Eldest son of Benjamin Locke, Esq., J.P. Educated at Grandcourt and Trinity College, Oxford. Rowed in the Oxford crew in 1880, 1881, and 1882. Married, in 1888, Mabel, only daughter of Colonel Hurtleigh Trevor. Headmaster of Burchester Grammar School from 1889 to 1895. Headmaster of Abbeyside School from 1895 to 1901. Has held present appointment since 1902. Author of many works of a scholastic nature, including 'The New Homer,' 'Latin for the Beginner,' and 'A Review of English Poetry.' Recreations: golfing and fishing. Address: Greyfriars School, Friarstable, Kent."

* * *

It was quite by chance that I discovered the above particulars in "Who's Who." I was amusing myself in the school library on a wet afternoon, when I came across all sorts of interesting things. I was pleased to see Dr. Locke mentioned in the gallery of great men. I also saw Colonel Wharton's name, and my paler's—Major Cherry. I looked in vain for a paragraph concerning Billy Hunter's family. But perhaps I ought to have looked in the "Police Gazette"—not in "Who's Who."

* * *

The Head seems to have been quite a giant in his day. "Who's Who" says nothing of his cricket and football achievements, yet I happen to know that Dr. Locke played cricket for his university, and football for the famous Corinthians. He was also a splendid swimmer. On the whole, Greyfriars could not be governed by a finer man.

* * *

Although he is now well past the prime of life, the Head is still something of an athlete, judging by the vigorous way in which he wields the cane. Personally, I would rather have six strokes from Quelch than three from the Head—and lots of my chums agree. When the Head smites, the village blacksmith swinging his heavy sledge is simply not in the picture!

* * *

We would not sweep our headmaster for any Head in the country. Dr. Locke can be very stern and severe, but he is also fair and just. Whenever there has been a miscarriage of justice on his part, it has been quite unintentional. Long life to him, and may he preside over Greyfriars School for many years to come!

I WANT you to hear the lion in his den," said Harry Wharton.

The Head was the lion, of course, and, to tell the honest truth, I didn't feel much like hearing him.

I don't mind interviewing a common or garden person, like Coker of the Fifth, or Sumner of the Remore. But when it comes to tackling such a high and mighty personage as the Head—well, it makes you think twice about it!

"I—I'd rather you interviewed the Head yourself!" I stammered.

"Don't talk rot! The Head's only human. He won't bite you! Tell him you've come to see him on behalf of the 'Greyfriars Herald,' and he'll be as nice as pie. The odds are he'll ask you to stay to tea."

"Some hopes!" I murmured.

"Go and do your duty!" said Harry Wharton sternly. "I know you're in a bit of funk about tackling the Head, but it's simply got to be done! I won't have any slacking!"

Now I knew that I should be tongue-tied as soon as I stepped into the Head's presence.

So I decided to write him a note, and hand it to him. The note would explain my visit far better than I could explain it by word of mouth.

So I went along to my study, and concocted the following:

"To Dr. Locke.

"Sir,—I have not called upon you in order to make myself a perfect nuisance. I am not going to make myself objectionable."

"I am the Special Representative of the 'Greyfriars Herald,' and I wish to ask you a few pertinent questions.

"I hope you will not be very angry with me. If only you will give me a hearing, I will not come and worry you again. I know you are not a beast, and will not come me."

"Now, if I hand this note to the Head," I murmured, "everything is the garden will be lovely!"

I looked round for an envelope, only to find I had run out of them.

"I'll borrow one from somewhere!" I muttered.

I opened the door, and glanced out into the passage.

Skinner of the Remore was passing.

"Got an envelope to give me, Skinner?" I asked. "I want to take a note to the Head."

"Lead me the note," said Skinner, "and I'll go along to my study and get an envelope."

"Why do you want the note?"

"So that I can judge what size envelope will be required."

"All serene!"

I handed Skinner the note I had written, and he went along to his own study.

—New Members Are Wanted! Are You Joining?

A Grand New Feature Starting To-Day! Full Particulars of Membership on Page 2.



THERE was a large attendance at the opening of the first session of the Greyfriars Parliament. The preliminaries were commendably brief. Harry Wharton was unanimously elected to the chair as Mr. Speaker.

On taking his seat, Harry Wharton plunged at once into the business before the meeting.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the sound and useful purpose of the Greyfriars Parliament is to foster the true interests of sport. I believe, as do my colleagues of the Greyfriars Herald, that we have had hitherto far too little opportunity to ventilate grievances, but, more important still, to bring forward new ideas, fresh wherewith of intense interest to all sport-loving chaps."

There were shouts at this stage from the back of the hall.

"Get on with the washing!" shouted a strong voice, which seemed to belong to Skinner.

Eldest Tarleton Fish was seen standing on a form, his mouth wide open. He was saying something, but the only words distinguishable were:

"Call this a congress, you lay!"

"Then the form and Fish vanished in the crowd."

Mr. Speaker proceeded as if nothing had happened, but it was so unfortunate that his address was marred by an unavailing interruption from William George Bunter, the hon. Member for Pufftown.

"Bunter," he said, "I don't call this fair! This job ought to be mine! My paper's better than yours, and I consider—"

Loosest critic of "Order, order!" quelled this objection, and Harry Wharton was permitted to outline his scheme. His speech follows.

"I wish to make a success of this idea," he said. "It is time we got a move on in the matter of sport. I have secured some of the best advice, and I picked up some really first-class notions this summer while touring round with old Mauley in Sir Reginald Brooke's yacht. Now, as we all know, there are plenty of top-hole ideas going. Why should not they be brought to us here for consideration? The practical men will not merely have a fair hearing, but they will have a chance of being taken up and put to service."

The Greyfriars Parliament is prepared as a body to entertain any scheme for the improvement and the furthering of sport. We hope to meet every week. As full reports will be made, brief notices will be in the 'Herald.' I have made all arrangements for that part of the bizness. But we have got to take this affair seriously. We want to work with others, and to show the world that the 'Greyfriars Herald,' backed by the splendid staff weekly, the MAGNET, is a genuine power in the British Empire. I am glad going to possible, with a brief notice of my scheme. All sport and hobby suggestions are invited. I do not mind whence they come, so long as they are good and work with others. This is to show the merry Bunter stuff. It is serious all the time. I am glad to see here to-night the Editor of the MAGNET, and I have pleasure in asking him to express his opinion on the idea."

The Editor of the MAGNET: "Mr. Speaker, I will admit it is a bit unusual for me to attend one of your meetings, but I am glad to be here at your inaugural assembly, and that for several reasons. The most important is just this—I am heart and soul with you in your notion. Anything I can do to assist you in this matter I shall be glad to do. All this summer the notion has been simmering in my brain. We want a straightforward method of airing new schemes in sport and pastimes. But we cannot do this thing unaided. It seems to me what you require is the enthusiastic support of all MAGNET readers."

"For a time the Editor could not go on owing to the excited shouts of approval."

"Quite right, sir!" "Let 'em all come!" "Right on the wicket!" came from all sides.

The Editor: "That being the opinion of the meeting, the same as it is mine, what I suggest is this—namely, that we issue a hearty invitation to all MAGNET readers to send in suggestions. It would be a mistake to let the thing lie halves. Don't stop the spig for a half-porth of tar. Let readers of the MAGNET know that good prizes will be given each week for the soundest paragraphs formulated to be of service to everybody. That is my firm intention, assuming that I have you, Mr. Speaker, and this honourable House, with me. I will do my part. I am equally certain that you will do yours."

There was not the slightest doubt that the Editor was voicing the general feeling. He concluded by wishing the Greyfriars Parliament success in its large measure which it merited, and then sat down, amidst a storm of cheers.

Bob Cherry (Member for South Hants) rose on a point of order, which, however, was referred to the composition of the selection committee. This matter was adjourned for further consideration. The Member for South Hants subsequently craved for the permission of the House to say a few words on boxing.

"We all know that the art of self-defence is held in higher esteem these days than ever, and I am glad to see that it is being put on a good footing on our own soil by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in 'Rodney Stone,' and of the historic meeting at Handcross. But what I want to say is this—let the slackers wake up! A man should be a man, not a timorous and faint-hearted chump like Skinner—all right when he is backed by his friends, but quite unable to put up a good fight on his own. We know that there are chaps at St. Jim's as well as Greyfriars who only dare show themselves in a crowd. They ought to write in and master the principles of the great art, which a man can walk through the world unafraid, able to take care of himself, to assert his power when he sees cases of flagrant bullying, far be it from straight left-handers when the occasion calls for any such display. Take Aubrey Racks of St. Jim's."

The Member for South Hants was unable to proceed, for Mr. Speaker, though plainly and carrying on of amateur magazine does not seem to be in the exercise of his official duty, to call him to order.

Mr. Speaker: "We will now continue with the business on the paper."

Mr. Speaker: "I understand, Mr. Speaker, that notice will be taken of all sports!"

Mr. Speaker: "The hon. and gallant Member understands correctly."

The Member for Friesland: "And hobbies?"

Mr. Speaker: "Decidedly—most emphatically—all recognised hobbies."

Mr. Speaker: "And the gateway? What about amateur magazines?"

Mr. Speaker: "I consider that the subject, immensely fascinating, of the preparation and carrying on of amateur magazine does most assuredly enter into our programme."

Murmurs of approval were heard.

Mr. Speaker: "At this stage I propose to send the Editor of the MAGNET to favour us with a few more words. It is his press night, and he has to hurry away, but be

will, I believe, oblige with one or two remarks before duty calls him away."

The Editor: "I am glad, Mr. Speaker, that you gave me this opportunity. I am altogether in favour of including amateur magazines. As you know, I have been receiving and answering letters for many years. Letters containing questions—many of them poses, but that matters nothing—as to how to bring out an amateur magazine. Your idea of devoting attention to such matters receives them of a great responsibility. We must more frequent our air on a subject of this importance. We need to canvas for the best opinions. Knowing that what I say here will reach MAGNET readers all over the world, I would ask everybody interested in this subject to send in their views. As stated, payment will be made for all letters which are passed as serviceable."

The Editor: "I am glad to see that the editor was Tom Brown."

"I should like to tell the House of a rather unfortunate experience I had when cycling last week on a main trunk road. As the House knows, many of the big tractors which run between towns have second lorries behind them. The saving of this road is a great one, and I would like to me that drivers of lorries are not sufficiently instructed in the width of road they should work for in these circumstances. The trailer driver should be more careful. As a matter of fact, it occurred badly, and knocked me clean off my bike."

Tom Brown was warmly congratulated on having referred to the Traffic Committee.

Several members put before the House questions as to the upkeep of bikes, the advisability of cancelling the most useful part for a sake, and also for jumping out. There were also questions on the paper regarding fishing, egg-collecting, and swimming as an aid to adding to one's inches. These were referred to sub-committees.

Alonso Todd, the Member for North-West Lancs, laid before the House a valuable recipe for making a copying-pad, which was as follows:

"Take two parts of Russian gins, one and a half of distilled water, and five of glycerine. Boil the gins in the water until soft, then warm in the glycerine until dissolved. Then pour the composition into a flat tray to cool. Use when solid."

Mr. Bunter proposed to thank to Mr. Todd, and pointed out that all such information was warmly appreciated.

William George Bunter, M.P., then made a few remarks, which were indignantly heard in the Press Gallery. The substance of these remarks was that hectographs were messy.

Mr. Speaker: "Possibly the hon. member has not sufficiently mastered the business."

W. G. Bunter: "No amateur magazine is worth a cent which is not printed."

Peter Todd: "What about printers' bills?"

All were asked to be more concise; and, to my mind, the humble pass-round magazine has much to commend it."

Mr. Speaker: "I deprecate personalities. I move now that this House go into committee for the Report Stage, and that the production of amateur magazines be referred to the Finance Committee."

Passed, nem. con.

The House rose after adjourned till next Monday, when important business is to be taken.

Readers of the MAGNET are invited to send "speeches" for the Greyfriars Parliament. Turn to page 2, and read all about this grand new feature.

THE SCHOOLBOY DIVERS!

(Continued from page 8.)

"They're doing so now!" said Bob Cherry.

"They jolly well ought not to—that's my ship!" said Bunter.

"Y-y-your ship!" stammered Bob Cherry.

Bunter possessed an imagination that would either lead to his being a wonder-ful journalist or his going into prison—or both. But, used as the Famous Five were, to Bunter's fertile imagination, they hardly expected him to have the "neck" to imagine that the sunken Sahib Dinga belonged to him.

"Yes—mine!" said Bunter firmly.

"Last night, in the dead of night—"

"The d-d-dead of night!" stammered Bob Cherry again.

"Yes; don't interrupt me, Bob Cherry!" said Bunter peevishly. "I went down into the deep, dark depths of the icy ocean—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors roared. Billy had struck a dramatic attitude, which was funny, but not half so funny as his words. Billy Bunter hated the dark more than anything, except cold water, and the sea was the very last place Billy would have thought of going in the dead of night, as he put it.

"It's no laughing matter, I can tell you!" hooted the fat junior. "I went down in the watery ice—I mean—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Shut up, you laughing hyenas!" roared Bunter. "You're putting me into such a flutter, I can't think what to say—"

"What crams to tell, you mean?" snorted Nugent.

"Go on, Billy!" said Harry Wharton, wiping the tears of merriment from his cheeks. "Get on with the yarn!"

"And when I found the Dingy Sahib six thousand feet down—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I put a sheet of Greyfriars notepaper, bearing my name, on the port bulkhead!" went on Billy, unheeding the interruption, and drawing still further upon his wonderful imagination. "That, according to—Lloyd's—"

"Oh, shut up, you ass!" shrieked Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Therefore, the ship's mine!" hooted Billy Bunter. "And I'm jolly well going to claim everything that comes off it—when it's all off, of course! I'm jolly well not going to draw on my bank account—"

"Your whatter?" shrieked Bob Cherry.

"My bank account! I shall refuse to draw a cheque to pay the captain for his divers!" said Billy Bunter. "He's—he's a giddy trespasser, and has no right to take the stuff at all. When I claim all the stuff, I shall sell it. I might, perhaps, give you fellows a share!"

"Give us what you owe us, and we'll be rich for life!" said Harry Wharton.

"The richfulness would be terrific!" said Hurree Singh.

"Oh, really, Inky! However, you're a jealous lot of beasts!" snorted Bunter.

"You're jealous because you didn't think of my wonderful idea of going down and taking a claim—I mean pegging a claim—nunno—"

"I wonder if the currents will wash away your notice, Billy?" asked Bob Cherry solemnly.

NEXT

MONDAY!

"THE PERSECUTION OF MR. PROUT!"

"Oh! I—I—I say, Bob, old man, if that happens, you'll bear me out, won't 'em that the ship's mine, won't you?" said Bunter anxiously.

"I don't know about telling 'em that!" said Bob Cherry. "But we'll jolly well bear you out—of the study!"

"Yes, water!" said Harry Wharton.

"Collar him, you chaps!"

"Here, keep off! Yow!"

Bunter was collared, and Hurree Singh neatly tripped him up. In a moment the fat junior was on the floor—he went there with a bump, which brought forth a loud howl.

"Kill the labber out!" said Bob Cherry, with a chuckle. "Good-bye, bluebell!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Varooocoo! Yowp! Beasts! Yah!"

Bunter was rolled out, and he lay, gasping, in the passage. And there the Famous Five left him, and returned to Billy Bunter's of his wonderful dive of six thousand feet, the depths of icy ocean in the dead of night!

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Into the Depths!

WEDNESDAY afternoon found Harry Wharton & Co. rowing out to the Comet in cheerful spirits. They were looking forward keenly to the diving operations, and not for a single moment did they give a thought to the dangers surrounding such an enterprise.

They were schoolboys, and schoolboys generally act first and think about things afterwards. Nugent, perhaps, had a few qualms as he looked over the side of the boat and wondered what lay beneath the calm surface of the waters of the bay.

Nugent was a great reader, and the stories he liked most were adventures in the depths of the jungle, where wild animals were encountered. Nugent therefore had qualms of doubt, wondering if there were huge giants of the ocean to be met with that afternoon.

As a matter of fact, Nugent had no need for doubts that afternoon, for he was one of the three eventually asked to man the pumps. Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry were selected to go down, and Bob's spirits rose even higher at the prospect.

Harry Wharton's heart beat with excitement, but he was outwardly calm. There was a seriousness to the business which appealed to the sturdy captain of the Remove even if it failed to appeal to the cheerful Bob.

"Come along, you chaps," said Holden briskly, as soon as they were told of their duties for the afternoon. We can't afford to wait; the tide will be coming in soon, and the water will get deeper. Mr. Anderson is going down. You, Wharton, had better get into that suit over there, and Cherry can take that one lying there. The laser will help you dress."

The laser came forward, and for the next twenty minutes Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry were busy getting into their heavy and cumbersome outfit. Anderson proceeded to dress himself, until it came the time for placing on his helmet.

The captain did that little job, whispering to Anderson at the same time. Then the skipper turned his attention to Wharton and Bob Cherry, upon whose heads were placed the helmets which went with their outfits.

Through the glass fronts of their helmets they could see the shining faces of their chums. Johnny Bull improved the shining hour, so to speak, by dancing up to Bob Cherry in a fighting attitude. Hurree Singh and Nugent stood still, laughing, for the Greyfriars juniors certainly looked very curious in their outfit. "Old Bob looks just like Tarzan, in that rig-out!" said Nugent.

"The lookfulness is terrific!" said Hurree Singh.

"Get the pumps going, boys," said Captain Holden quickly. "And, if you value the lives of your chums, do not stop for a single instant!"

Nugent, Johnny Bull, and Inky went at once to the machine which was to supply both Bob Cherry and Harry Wharton with air whilst they were down in the depths. The laser and Captain Holden worked the machine which gave Anderson all the air he required.

Then Captain Holden signed to them to go over the side of the ship.

Both Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry felt a curious thrill as they slowly placed their feet on the ladder which led them into the water. There was plenty of piping for both of them, although neither could get very far away from the other. Harry Wharton had a lifeline attached to his outfit which, he had been told, he was to pull three times if he stumbled upon the wreck of the Sahib Dinga.

Anderson went over the other side of the ship, and from the moment they put their heavily-weighted feet on the ladder until they got back to the deck of the Comet, Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry lost all sight of their fellow-diver.

The bottom rungs of the ladders were reached, and Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry suddenly had the sensation of their feet dangling in the water, which would have called space—although they could be no space where there was water.

They kicked out nervously and spasmodically and instinctively, but, realising the impotence of doing that, they kept their feet down until they should reach the bottom of the bed of the ocean.

It seemed hours and hours to them before they had turned and something, and it was growing darker and darker. They could hardly see what was around them; they felt as if they were in a particularly thick fog.

Both had powerful electric lights, which pierced the gloom of the water in an even manner. Both struck bottom at the same moment, at least, they thought it the bottom of the sea.

But they were wrong. Almost at once it occurred to Harry Wharton that his feet were not upon sand or rock. It was the tilted deck of a ship upon which his feet had landed. He had found the wreck already.

Instantly he gave three tugs of his lifeline—the agreed signal that he had discovered the Sahib Dinga.

"Atars!" exclaimed Captain Holden. "The 'o' out already!"

"Great pip!" shouted Nugent. "Good old Greyfriars!"

"That's upset my plans a little," said Holden, with a frown.

"How's that?" asked Johnny Bull, industriously turning away at the pump.

"I thought the greater part of the afternoon would be spent in finding the sunken ship," explained Holden. "Now that's done, and we sha'n't have to shift the ship again, I'll have to get the boys up again and give them more directions."

"Shall we pull them up, sir?" asked Nugent.

"Two of you pull—their's not very hard

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 762.

work, for the water helps them a little," said Holden. "The other one must keep turning away at the pump."

Hurree Singh turned the handle of the air machine, and Johnny Bull and Frank Nugent lugged on the ropes.

Harry Wharton suddenly felt his feet leaving the deck of the sunken ship, and Bob Cherry, suffering in the same way, gave a groan. He could not understand that he was being pulled up, and the thought assailed him that he was being swept away with the current.

But when, a minute or two later, daylight suddenly burst upon his eyes, he realized what had happened.

Leaving the laser to turn the handle of the pump supplying the mate with air, Captain Holden helped the two juniors on the deck, where their helmets were removed.

For a moment the Removites stared about themselves in a dazed manner. Then they looked at one another, and at their chums, and grinned.

"Well, that's a dashed funny sensation!" announced Bob Cherry.

"I stumbled right on top of the sunken ship," said Harry Wharton excitedly.

"How 'ell get Anderson up!" said Holden; and his voice sounded just a little grim to the juniors, excited though they were.

Bob and Harry did not move, but Hurree Singh, being now released from the necessity of turning the handle of the pump for the Removites, helped to haul in Anderson.

The mate's helmet was quickly removed, and he looked in considerable surprise at his skipper.

"What's the matter?" he demanded surlily.

"The Sahib Dinga has been found—we're almost on top of it," explained Holden. "You'll have to go down this side of the ship, with the boys, and have a good old search round."

The mate's eyes glistened. He was evidently surprised and pleased at the unexpected suddenness of the find. He nodded.

"Now, boys," said Holden briskly, "the Admiralty informed me that the only articles of value upon the sunken ship are contained in black tin boxes. I want you to try and find them—the boxes, I mean. When you succeed, or if Anderson succeeds first, the boxes will be tied to ropes you will have below with you, and then they'll be hauled on deck."

"My aunt! Things are getting exciting!" said Bob Cherry enthusiastically.

Harry Wharton did not speak.

"Ready, then, boys?" asked Holden. "Hold on! How many boxes are there?" asked Harry Wharton.

The skipper started, and glanced questioning at the mate.

"Do you remember, Anderson?" he asked.

"Three!" said the mate surlily. "Come on—let's get busy!"

The helmets were fixed again, and, simultaneously, the pumps were set in operation. Then the three divers disappeared over the side again, only this time Anderson went with Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry.

The sensation of finding their feet without a holding did not trouble the juniors this time so much as before. Anderson, they saw in a few moments, disappeared more quickly than they. After a seemingly interminable period, they again found their feet on the deck of the sunken ship.

It was eerie, ghostly, down there in the depths of the sea. It was a sensation the nature of which the juniors had never before experienced. Anderson, who appeared like some huge giant, led the way slowly, stumblingly, along the deck of the ship, his light glimmering eerily to show the way.

Something brushed against Bob's head, and he gave a short, sobbing gasp. Fishes, he thought, might easily account for that particular sensation.

Something else flashed across Harry Wharton's glass, momentarily staggering him. It was hard work, walking along that deck, stumbling, almost falling, but getting along in Anderson's wake, terribly slowly, but surely.

Suddenly Anderson stopped, after what seemed like ten minutes. Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry staggered towards him. By this time the two juniors were beginning to feel stiff and sore, and the weight of clothes—if their outfits could be called clothes—was terrific and wracking to their bodies.

It appeared to them, as they strained their eyes to pierce the murky gloom, that Anderson was beckoning to them. They stepped forward in front of them, and found themselves up against what appeared to be a door—a cabin door.

Anderson laid his weight against it, turning the handle as he did so. It scarcely budged a fraction of an inch. A movement of the mate's helmet told the juniors that he was expecting them to help.

They pushed against the door, and the sensation of seeing it move without feeling it do so added to the eeriness of that wonderful experience.

Hours it seemed before the door was wide enough opened for Anderson to show his light inside. For some moments he stood there, only his light moving.

When he moved away from the door, which still remained open, and the juniors saw his arm move twice up and down as he jerked at a line. He was signalling something or other to those above.

Then he moved on again, round the other side of the ship to the cabin which must have been backing on to the one they had just left. Again the same struggle was gone through in order to force open the door, and by that time Bob Cherry and Harry Wharton were staggering upon their feet with exhaustion.

Two eyes gleamed at them through the glass front of the mate's helmet, and then three pupils were given on the life-line.

"Haul them up!" ordered Holden sharply.

Hurree Singh, Johnny Bull, and Frank Nugent ran towards the side of the ship, and Holden gave a terrific roar.

"No!" he almost shrieked. "Turn that handle—turn it, you idiots!"

With a gasp of horror and dismay, all three juniors leapt to the machine which had been fixed to Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry.

"You assess!" said Holden fiercely. "Do you want to kill your friends? Two of you can haul, the other must work the air-pump!"

Hurree Singh and Johnny Bull left the turning to Frank Nugent without a word. They felt they deserved the hard work ordered by the mate's skipper. They ought to have had more sense than to leave the vital pumps.

It was nearly five minutes before they got Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry up

to the surface, and by that time the laser had dragged up Anderson, who climbed up the ladder unaided.

Holden himself removed the helmets from the juniors' heads, and the moment that was done, Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry felt as if they had received a blow upon the head. They were dizzy with exertion, and Nugent, Bull, and Jeky looked at them in alarm until they opened their eyes.

Bob Cherry was the first to make a movement. Then it was to grin.

"Some experience, you chaps!" he whispered.

"How long have we been down?" asked Harry Wharton.

"About twenty minutes," said Nugent.

"My hat! I thought you would say all day!" said Harry Wharton, with a faint grin.

"Just five minutes too long for the first time," said Holden.

"The boxes will be in the cabin we went to—the second cabin," said the mate gruffly. "We'll get them up tomorrow, eh?"

"Yes, rather," said Holden enthusiastically. "You fellows are bricks—I sha'n't forget you when I'm paid for the job!"

"Oh, rats to that, sir!" said Bob Cherry, recovering his usual cheerfulness. "We more or less trust ourselves upon you!"

"Never let it be said!" said Holden, with a grin. "Well, boys, I think the best thing we can do is to have a good feed! Eggs and bacon, eh? And jam?"

"What ho!" said Harry Wharton. "I could eat the hind leg of a bullock!"

"Same here—the other one, I mean!" said Bob Cherry, with a chuckle.

"Then get your duds off, boys, and come on!" said the skipper genially.

Nugent and the others helped them remove their cumbersome gear, and the two juniors thought they were treading on air as they went down the companion-way after the skipper.

They found themselves in a large cabin, well finished and furnished, and in less than half an hour the laser brought in egg-and-bacon, even as the skipper had promised them.

Never before in their adventurous careers had Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry felt so tired and weary as they did that night. They were the first to get into bed in the Remore dormitory, and they were the first to get to sleep.

And even Harold Skinner's remark that the Famous Five had evidently been "going in" failed to rouse them. They were blissfully unconscious of the remarks William George Bunter addressed to them about pinching the staff of his ship.

And they were just as blissfully unaware of the sensation Billy Bunter's words caused in the Remore. Within five minutes after Wingate, the captain of the school, had turned out the lights, every junior in the dormitory knew what had been happening aboard the Comet that afternoon, and knew that Harry Wharton & Co. had added diving to their many accomplishments.

But there was not one junior in the Remore who failed to shriek with laughter when Billy, with many a wild exaggeration, explained to them how the Famous Five had stolen the notice from the staff of a thousand feet below the surface of the waters of Pegg Bay.

But Bunter's statements, though wild, received sufficient attention to rouse in certain Removites a longing to be on the

Come! when the diving operations were in progress. Others maintained that Harry Wharton & Co. were silly fools to get mixed up in dangerous undertakings which would bring them nothing.

But those opinions, though voiced in loud tones, failed to reach the brains of the tired juniors, wrapped as they were in the deepest slumber.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Treachery!

"BUNTER!"

No answer. Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, called out the name again. The Remove was in class—the Remove, that is, with the exception of William George Bunter.

Mr. Quelch was in an impatient mood that morning. It had been whispered during breakfast-time that the Remove master had lost a page of his manuscript which dealt with the "History of Greyfriars"—a work which had achieved a certain amount of fame even before it was ready for publication.

"Wharton!"
The captain of the Remove rose to his feet at once.

"Have you seen Bunter this morning?" demanded the Form master sharply.

"No, sir."

"What?"
Mr. Quelch barked out that word as if Harry Wharton was personally responsible for the presence of William George Bunter. Mr. Quelch put his nominal roll upon his desk and looked questioningly at Wharton.

"You are not going to tell me, Wharton, that that absurd boy has again taken leave of his senses and left the school?" he asked acidly.

"No, sir!" said Harry Wharton promptly.

"So you know he has not left the precincts of the school?"

"I can't say that, sir. I—we none of us has seen Bunter this morning, sir," said Harry Wharton.

Mr. Quelch breathed hard through his nose. Besides being impatient, the Remove master was also apparently unreasonable. It was no fault of Harry Wharton's if the fat junior was not in class. Wharton was prepared to admit that Billy Bunter should have a keeper, but he had no intention of volunteering for the post.

"Was Bunter awake when you got up this morning, Wharton?" asked Mr. Quelch.

"I think so, sir."

"You think so? Was he getting up?"
"No, sir. He had already got up and dressed, for his bed was empty. Of course, sir, Bunter might have been walking in his sleep. It is—ahem!—unusual for Bunter to rise without aid, sir."

There was a titter in the Remove—a titter which was silenced by a single glance from the master's gimlet-like eyes. Harry Wharton suddenly behought himself of the fact that it might be dangerous—not to say painful—to play with the master of the Remove that morning.

"You are in a humorous mood this morning, Wharton," said Mr. Quelch tartly. "Some of the classics provide humour to the initiated—very interesting humour. And a humorist such as you will undoubtedly appreciate it."

"Y-y-yes, sir?" murmured Wharton, as Mr. Quelch paused.

"You will appreciate it so much, doubtless, that you will like to write out

some of it to impress it upon your memory," went on Mr. Quelch in his most cutting tone. "I think one hundred lines of Virgil will appeal to your sense of humour, Wharton, sir?"

"D-d-do you, sir?" stammered Wharton.

"I most certainly do, Wharton," said Mr. Quelch bitingly. "You will spend Saturday afternoon in the study of the humorous side of Virgil!"

"Virgil's about as humorous as tinned cat!" muttered Bob Cherry to Frank Nugent in a whisper. "Why the thump couldn't he say a hundred lines and be done with it?"

"Sh, 'sh! He's listening!" muttered Frank Nugent.

Mr. Quelch turned his gimlet eyes upon the speaker. The master of the Remove undoubtedly had been hearing—too keen hearing, in the opinion of many Removites.

"Your knowledge of the same book, Nugent, is not quite so good as your perspicacity!" snapped the irate master. "You will keep Wharton company! Cherry!"

"Y-y-yes, sir!"
"One hundred lines! I hope my method of imposing them meets more with your approval!"

"My hat!" gasped Bob Cherry, in dismay.

"All Bunter's fault! He's gone again!" said Johnny Bull in a very soft whisper.

"You are apparently aware of the present whereabouts of that idiotic person, Bunter!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, turning like a flash upon Johnny Bull. "You say he has gone. Where, pray?"
"I—I—I dunno, sir!"

"You dunno?" repeated Mr. Quelch sarcastically. "You dunno? Have I taught you to speak the King's English in such a fashion, Bull?"

"Nunno, sir!"

"Nunno!" roared Mr. Quelch.

"I—I—I mean nunno, sir!" stammered Johnny Bull, feeling as if he would like the floor to open and swallow him.

Mr. Quelch breathed hard—so hard, in fact, that the Removites called it a snort.

"You will join Cherry and Wharton in this class-room on Saturday afternoon and occupy your mind with the study of the English language!" rapped out the Remove master. "Now, perhaps, some junior would be good enough to enlighten me as to what has happened to Bunter."

Nobody answered. The Removites had a feeling that any answer would be torn asunder by their Form master that morning. Mr. Quelch was in a tantrum with a vengeance, and it was all Bunter's fault. Had he not absented himself from the Form room, it is quite probable Mr. Quelch would have forgotten all about his lost manuscript in concentrating upon the unenviable task of teaching the Remove those things which they ought to know but didn't care whether they learned or not.

One thing on top of another, however, had, as Bob Cherry would have put it, put the tin lid on it. Mr. Quelch, never very good-tempered, was ready to relieve his feelings at the expense of the Removites.

"Bulstrode!" snapped the master.
"Y-y-yes, sir!" stammered Bulstrode, wondering what on earth old Quelchly



"I'm jolly well going to fetch Wharton & Co.!" hooted Bunter furiously. He staggered towards the gangway, at the foot of which he had left his boat. But the captain dashed forward, gripped him by the back of the neck, and with a powerful heave swung him round. (See Chapter 6.)

NEXT
MONDAY!

"THE PERSECUTION OF MR. PROUT!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF
GRIFFIARD, BY FRANK BUCHANAN.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 752.

could have thought of concerning himself.

"You will proceed at once and search thoroughly for Bunter!" snapped Mr. Quelch. "You had better really try and find him, Bulstrode. It would be unwise for you to return without some information concerning the absent junior. You may go, Bulstrode."

"Th-thank you, sir!" said Bulstrode. And he hurriedly left his seat in the Form.

Bulstrode was quite certain of one thing, as he left that Form-room. If he returned there at all that morning it would be with Bunter's ear between his thumb and forefinger. Without Bunter, Bulstrode had no intention of returning to the Form-room. Mr. Quelch had said that it would be unwise to do so, and knowing Mr. Quelch and his tantrums, Bulstrode fully agreed with his Form-master.

But Bulstrode might have searched for a year and never found the fat junior of the Remove.

William George Bunter had seldom dragged himself from between the sheets until he saw Bob Cherry approaching with a sponge—a little article which the cheerful Bob kept for slackers.

But on this particular morning William George had risen early—long before rising-bell. And at the moment the Remove master was verbally castigating several of the prominent lights in the Remove, the cause of the trouble was rushing out to the diving-ship Comet.

There was activity on board the ship even at that early hour. Two men were working like niggers—one of them, a lascar, turning the handle of an air-pump, whilst the other was working a steam winch.

And even as William George Bunter pulled himself on board he heard the clatter of the winch as a huge black box was dragged out of the water at the end of a chain.

"M-m-m-my hat!" stammered William George Bunter. "They're—they're pinching my cargo!"

Neither of the men paid any heed to the fat junior. It is doubtful if they even saw him. They were busy—very busy. And they seemed in a hurry, for no sooner was the big black box, dripping with water, on the deck, than the chain

and hook were cast off and rapidly lowered into the water again.

Billy Bunter hid behind a stack and watched with eyes that bulged from his head. A rope was attached to the hook on the end of the chain, which disappeared with the hook into the sea. Even Billy Bunter was sharp enough to realise that the other end of the rope was held by someone down in the depths of the sea—a diver.

The rattle of the winch ceased suddenly, and the white man leapt to the box which had been raised from the water, and with one mighty blow with a heavy axe he smashed a huge gash in the top of the black box.

He dropped to his knee, the eyes of the lascar upon him, and his hand went into the interior of the box. He withdrew his hand a moment later, and he held up a thick, dull object, which looked to Billy Bunter like a bar of iron.

But Billy Bunter's brain was remarkably quick and active in some respects. He realised instantly that the bar was not of iron. A man would not bring a ship and a diver to recover a few bars of iron from the sunken Sahib Dingy. It was—it must be—gold!

"Mr—my—my giddy aunt!" muttered the fat junior.

Throwing caution to the winds, he rushed forward, his little fat legs moving like clockwork, and his eyes gleaming wildly behind his huge spectacles.

"That's mine!" he howled.

Captain Holden gasped, dropped the bar of gold, and leapt to his feet as if he had been touched with a red-hot poker.

"Yours!" he ejaculated. "Who—who the dickens are you?"

"Never mind who I am!" shouted Bunter wildly. "That's my giddy business, you rotter! You're pinching—"

A muttered word fell from the captain's lips, and he turned furiously to the winch. A moment later there was another rattling noise, and from out of the water came a second big black box.

Almost beside himself with excitement, William George Bunter leapt towards the box as it came inland, and hung on to it as it was lowered to the deck.

"It's my gold!" he howled, looking round at the white face of the captain.

"I—I—I told Wharton I'd pegged—pegged my claim!"

"Pegged your claim?" repeated the almost dazed captain. "You fat little toad! You're talking out of the back of your neck!"

"I'm—I'm—I'm willing to go halves!" said Billy Bunter eagerly.

He rose to his feet and faced the captain, with excitement written in every line, every wrinkle of his fat face. Billy Bunter was convinced, in his own mind, that the ship was run by pirates. The fat junior had absolutely no reason for thinking so; but a reason was not a matter of great concern to Billy Bunter when he got an idea into the back of his head.

Captain Holden laughed suddenly, and shrugged his shoulders.

"I shall really have to speak to your Head about this," he said. "I can't have a fat schoolboy interfering with my work just when the fit takes him. You'd better go back to Greystriars, my boy."

"You want to get rid of me!" howled Bunter furiously. "I'm jolly well not going. You might be able to fool Wharton. He's an ass. But you can't fool me!"

"You think I—er—I am stealing those boxes?" asked the captain, with an ugly laugh.

"I don't think. I jolly well know!" snorted Bunter. "If you were sent here by—the War Office you'd have taken the boxes back without opening them."

"Gad!" a muttered imprecation left the captain's lips, and he turned furiously to the winch again as the rope on the chain began to tauten and move about. Two minutes later a third box was on the deck—a box similar in size and shape to the others—the third box of gold.

"M-m-my hat!" gasped Billy Bunter, with his eyes nearly dropping from his head. "This there must be thousands—millions—billions of pounds in those boxes! My hat! I—I say, captain—"

The captain paid no heed to the fat junior. The lascar was still pumping air down to the diver.

Billy stamped his feet in helpless rage. It never entered his head that he was in all probability making a fool of himself. Bunter was firmly convinced in his own mind that the captain and the diver were stealing the boxes and their contents.

The captain was hauling up the diver, and all the time he kept a wary eye on the fat junior. Billy Bunter's face at that moment was worth looking at, picturing as it was uncertainty, greed, rage, and chagrin.

"The diver appeared on the ladder, and his head and shoulders came over the side of the ship slowly and steadily.

"I'm jolly well going to fetch Wharton & Co.!" howled the fat junior furiously.

He staggered rather than ran towards the gangway, at the foot of which he had left his boat. But he did not get there. The captain dashed forward, gripped him by the back of the neck, and with one powerful heave swung him round.

"Ow!" Bunter lost his balance—it was quite easy for the fat junior to do that—and collapsed upon the hard, unympathetic deck, where he remained, gasping in surprise, and not a little terror.

"Ow, you—you rotter!" he panted. "You're jolly well afraid of Wharton & Co. being here!"

Captain Holden laughed grimly. "You're a fat fool!" he said ironically.

AT THE TOP OF THE TREE

FOR SCHOOL AND ADVENTURE STORIES!

Tales of School
Life, and of
Adventure on
Land and Sea.

Magnificent
Coloured Plates
and many other
Wonderful
Features.



The Finest
Present You
Can Make
Your Chum!

NOW
ON SALE
at all
Newsagents and
Bookstalls.

NEXT MONDAY "THE PERSECUTION OF MR. PROUT!"
THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 752.

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYSTRIARS. BY FRANK RICHARDS.

"I'm blessed if I know what to do with you. I'm a jolly good mind to push you into your boat and take away the oars!"

"Ow! Oh, really, skipper——" began Billy plaintively.

"You're a meddling young scoundrel!" went on the captain. "Here, Anderson!"

The diver had removed his gear with the aid of the laser, and he came forward as the captain called him.

"This fat chump has seen the contents of the boxes," explained Holden grimly. "What shall we do with him? Push him overboard, or take him with us?"

"Better take him with us. He'll only blurt it all over the shop if we let him go ashore," said the mate coolly. "A trip to Germany will do him good."

"G-G Germany!" stuttered Bunter, jumping to his feet. "Look here, you rascals! Wharton & Co. will be here in a minute, and they'll jolly soon put a stop to your little game!"

Captain Holden started.

"Here? In a minute or two?" he muttered.

He glanced towards the beach. There was no sign of Harry Wharton & Co. But the skipper and the mate were not to know that it was Bunter's bluff—that Harry Wharton & Co. were at the moment writing under the lash of their Form-master's tongue.

"Up anchor, skipper, and get away!" said the mate quickly.

"Look here——" bawled Bunter, frantic with rage and fear.

"Oh, shut up!" snorted the captain.

He went to the gangway, and without so much as another glance at the fat Remove, he cut the rope which held the rowing boat. And thus Billy Bunter's last hope of getting ashore was gone.

It took but five minutes to get up the anchor, and during the five minutes Billy Bunter howled and raged and fumed. But it was all to no purpose.

A quarter of an hour after he had put his foot on the deck of the Comet, the vessel was under full steam, steaming away from Greyfriars, where Billy Bunter devoutly wished himself.

"I'll give you my—my claims to the gold——" he began, as he saw the white cliffs drawing farther and farther away.

The captain and the mate laughed—an ironical laugh, which told Billy Bunter that he might just as well sit down on the deck and hold his tongue as speak to the gold thieves. So he sat down and left his fate to the gods to determine.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Chase!

BLOW, Quelchly!"

Thus Bob Cherry of the Remove, as the Famous Five went into their study after morning lessons. Neither Buletoe nor Bunter had turned up during the morning, and all the Remove suffered in consequence. Hurree Singh had secured an imposition for the following Saturday afternoon, so that it was now certain that the Famous Five would be detained. That meant no football, and no football meant a loss of practice.

No wonder the Famous Five were not in a very cheerful mood. The only Billy Bunter for the greater part of it. Had Bunter not disappeared, Mr. Quelch might have been at least reasonable. Bunter had caused quite a lot of trouble during recent weeks through running away from Greyfriars. Now he had gone again!

NEXT MONDAY!

"THE PERSECUTION OF MR. PROUT!"



The greyhound of the sea found its grey at last, and the first intimation Captain Holden had of the imminent danger was a shot which was fired across his bows. Bang! Crash! The shell crashed into the water a few yards ahead of them, and Holden groaned. "Stop!" he signalled to the laser below, and the engines of the Comet became silent. (See Chapter 8.)

"There's one consolation. Bunter will be sacked when he returns this time," said Bob Cherry, with some little satisfaction. "That fat clam causes more trouble than he's worth."

"I wonder where he's gone this time?" mused Wharton.

"Probably foisting himself on St. Jim's again," scowled Johnny Bull. "I wish they'd keep the toad!"

"The keepfulness would be pleasantly acknowledged by the robinfulness," said Hurree Singh.

Bob Cherry grinned slightly at Inky's quaint definition of the round robin. All the same, Bob felt that a round robin would fit the occasion if St. Jim's did keep Billy Bunter for good-and-all.

"Anyhow, we're going to have another little dice-to-night," said Harry Wharton. "That isn't stopped, at any rate."

"No," said Bob, brightening up a little. "After all, there's some interest in life, even when old Quelchly gets the tantrums."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

By the time afternoon lessons came, the Famous Five were in high spirits. It takes a lot to smother the high spirits of a junior for many hours. And even when "old Quelchly" came into the class-room for afternoon lessons the Famous Five were quite cheerful.

"He's better!" muttered Harry Wharton.

"I've found the missing page of manuscript, my boys," said Mr. Quelch quite mildly. "It had blown under my book-case, and was found there by one of the maids. Has anybody heard of or seen Bunter?"

No one had, and the grim lines came back to Mr. Quelch's lips. That afternoon was about the only one in the history of Greyfriars when the Remove could have been called a model class. The juniors paid heed to their lessons, and Mr. Quelch's grim brow. And when the bell rang, even Mr. Quelch had no fault to find with the juniors.

Immediately after they had finished a hurried tea, the Famous Five hastened to the cliffs in anticipation of a glorious evening beneath the waves. Hurree Singh and Johnny Bull were particularly bright and cheerful, for they had been promised a trip below.

But they were not again to don a diver's outfit.

They reached the cliffs, and there they came to a sudden halt.

"She's gone!" shouted Bob Cherry. "My only aunt!" exclaimed Nugent. "I say, you fellows, it's rather sudden, isn't it?"

Harry Wharton lit his lips. Somehow or other, this came as no surprise to him. He glanced at his chums grimly.

"I think I mentioned something might happen," he said calmly.

Bob Cherry shrugged his shoulders angrily.

"We've been duped!" he said sulphurously. "If I could get at that captain fellow——"

"The bill-fulsness would be terrific!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS BY FRANK RICHARDS.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 762.

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY—PRICE 2!

said Hurree Singh, finishing Bob's sentence as that worthy broke off in sheer disgust.

Harry Wharton turned to the sea again.

"There's a boat out there, but blessed if I can see anybody in it!" he said quickly. "I wonder—"

"Bunter!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Bunter's gone, and so has the Comet!" said Harry Wharton grimly. "There might be a link between the two disappearances."

"Oh, rats!" said Johnny Bull shortly. "The fat rotter was never aboard the Comet at all!"

"No—not that we know about, that is," agreed Harry Wharton calmly.

"But supposing—supposing Bunter took it into his fat, brainless noodle to go and claim the cargo which the captain was making from the Sahib Dings?"

"Oh, my hair! That might be possible!" said Bob Cherry.

"And, on the same line of reasoning, suppose the fat ass happened to get on the Comet just as the captain had got up what he wanted from the sunken ship? They wouldn't let Bunter go!"

"Rather not!" assented Nugent, with emphasis. "They'd keep the babbler with them for safety's sake!"

Bob Cherry grinned.

"Then why did Holden go to Tozer?" he began.

"Just for the reason I mentioned before—and what Bunter said might be

the case," he said quietly. "Tozer is a quiet old stick, with no more brain than a rabbit. He wouldn't think of asking the skipper for his papers to prove that he had the right to examine the Sahib Dings. He'd be too bucked with importance because he'd been given a job by a man in gold lace!"

"That's so!" admitted Bob, with another grunt. "What are we going to do?"

"Do!" said Wharton thoughtfully.

"Well, I propose we go to Chatham!"

"Chatham!" said the other four, in unison.

"Yes. There will be destroyers there—ships fast enough to catch the Comet," said Harry Wharton. "It's not a bit of good going to Tozer—he'd waste half the week taking notes in his blessed old pocket-book. We'll get to the head of affairs right away by going to Chatham."

"Good!" said Nugent heartily. "Harry's right! Who's got the doings for the fares?"

"The godfulness is terrific, my worthy chums," said Inky quietly. "The remittance camefully arrived by the morning post."

"Come on, then—it's little us for a sea trip after all!" said Bob Cherry, with enthusiasm. "Blessed if I don't think Billy Bunter is worth something after all! He does give us a little run out now and again!"

The others chuckled and relaxed into silence as they sped away to Friarlane.

It was an awkward journey to Chatham from the little village, but with luck, the juniors hoped to be at the Naval Barracks within an hour and a half. Prep, and everything else connected with Greyfriars was driven from the juniors' minds.

They were more fortunate than they dared hope, for, by catching connecting trains, they were at the Naval Barracks in Chatham in under an hour and a quarter. There they met with some little difficulty in getting to the officer in charge, but their persistence won them through in the end.

The officer listened to them, courteously at first, and then with incredulity. But Harry Wharton & Co. had their way—they pleaded and talked and almost raved in their excitement. But the result was what they wanted—the wireless was got busy, and then the Famous Five were conducted through the dockyard to a fast destroyer, which shot down the river to the sea in quest of the blue funnelled diving ship.

The wireless flashed and buzzed incessantly, and the course of the destroyer was altered half a dozen times. But the greyhound of the sea found its prey in the end, and the first intimation Captain Holden had of the imminent danger was a shot which was fired across his bows.

Holden swore and raved. Billy Bunter shot like a rabbit down into the hold, and remained there, shivering like a jelly with fright.

£45 in Prizes TO BE WON!

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO!

Here is a splendid opportunity for you to win one of these generous prizes.

On this page you will find six silhouettes, each showing a person doing something, and what you have to do is to write in the space under the picture the exact action portrayed. All the actions can be described in one or two words. But not more than two words.

When you have solved this week's picture puzzles, keep them by you in some safe place. There will be six sets in all, and when the final set appears you will be told where and when to send your efforts.

You may send as many complete sets of efforts as you please.

The First Prize of £25 will be awarded to the reader who succeeds in submitting a set of solutions exactly the same, or nearest to, the set of solutions in the possession of the Editor. In the event of ties, the prize will be divided. The other prizes will be awarded in order of merit. No competitor will be awarded more than one share of the prizes.

This competition is run in conjunction with the "Boys' Friend," the "Gem," and the "Popular," and readers of those journals are invited to compete.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

It must be distinctly understood that the decision of the Editor is final and binding.

A Simple New Competition!

"SILHOUETTES"

First Prize, £25.
(Second Set.) Ten Prizes of £1, and 20 Prizes of 10s.

