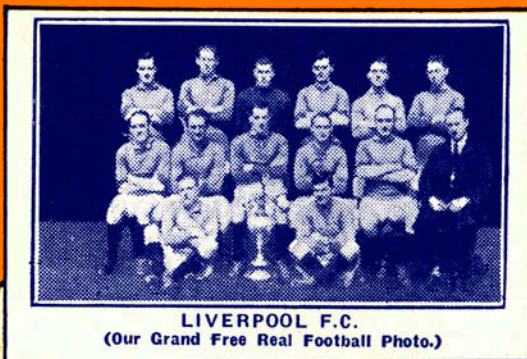


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No. 774. Vol. XXII. Week ending Dec. 9th, 1922.

The Magnet 2^d

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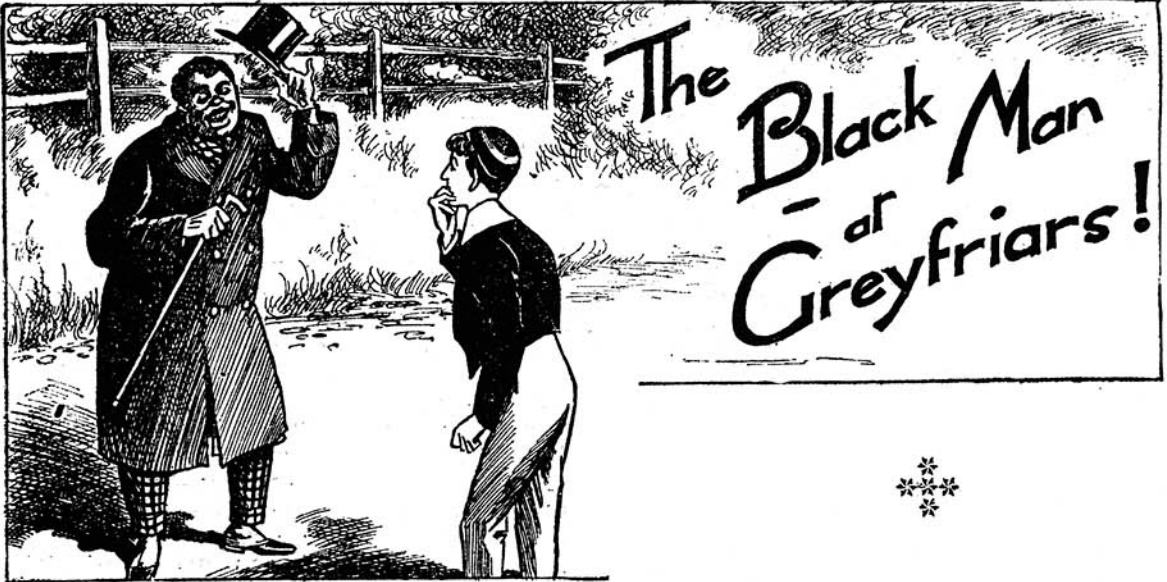
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**EVERY WEEK
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PICKLE JAR AT SCHOOL! Harry Wharton's black Krooman remains loyal and true to his master. In Africa Wharton had saved his life, and Pickle Jar cannot forget the fact. He comes to England with the Famous Five, and then a little later appears at Greyfriars. The African is a good fellow on the whole, but he has weird ideas of English life. Read this amazing story.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Bound for England!

HOMEWARD bound!" remarked Bob Cherry. "Jolly, what?"

The chums of the Greyfriars Remove agreed that it was jolly. Indeed, Hurree Janset Ram Singh declared that the jollyfulness was terrific.

Under a cloudless sky of blue, the steamer throbbed on her way northward, homeward bound from the West Coast of Africa.

After their long sojourn on the Congo, Harry Wharton & Co. were bound for England—and Greyfriars!

They had been through some wild adventures, and terrible perils; but now that all was over, they did not regret that they had accompanied Captain Corkran on his African expedition. But they were very keen to see Greyfriars again.

Billy Bunter, perhaps, was the keenest of the party to walk once more in the old quad. He was thinking chiefly of the tuckshop in the corner behind the elms. Often and often, under the burning sun of Africa, had Bunter's thoughts wandered to the school tuckshop, and dwelt in loving longing upon

jam-tarts and dough-nuts and cream-puffs.

"I say, you fellows," said Bunter, as he leaned back luxuriously in his deck-chair, "just think of it!"

"England home and beauty!" said Frank Nugent.

"And snow!" said Johnny Bull. "Real snow, after all this blessed beastly tropical heat!"

"Ripping!" said Harry Wharton.

"After all, there's no place like a chap's native land," said Bunter.

"Halko, hallo, hallo! Bunter getting patriotic!" exclaimed Bob, in astonishment.

"Oh, really, Cherry! The more I see of the world, the more I see what a jolly place England is!" said Bunter. "Outside England, there's practically nothing fit to eat—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Just think," said Bunter dreamily, "of real genuine British beef—"

"Oh!"

"And mutton—" said Bunter.

"Hear, hear!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"And then, the jam-tarts," said Bunter, blinking at the chums of the Remove through his big spectacles. "I've heard a lot of talk about the progress of civilisation in West Africa. I

know I jolly well haven't seen a single jam-tart there!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We'll have a terrific spread in the Rag when we get back," said Bunter. "I'm going to stand treat to all the Remove. I expect that I shall find a good many postal-orders accumulated while I've been away. Then there's the ivory—we're getting a whack in the ivory that Corkran is taking home. That will come to something."

"You won't be able to blue the plunder in the tuckshop, Bunter," said Harry Wharton, with a smile. "Our whack is going to be handed over to our parents or guardians to be taken care of."

"I shall object to that!" said Bunter warmly. "But I've got other resources, too! I'm going to sell my wonderful parrot."

"Worth about half-a-crown!" said Nugent.

"A wonderful talking parrot is worth a lot of money," said Bunter.

"Your parrot doesn't talk."

Bunter gave a fat wink.

"I can make him!" he answered. "Didn't I make the fetish talk in the Congo village? What's the good of

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being a ventriloquist if you can't make a parrot talk?"

"Well, you fat, spoofing bounder!" exclaimed Bob Cherry indignantly. "Let me catch you swindling!"

"Oh, really, Cherry!"

"The esteemed swindling Bunter will be sat upon," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Yah!" was Bunter's elegant rejoinder.

In Bunter's state-room below there was a wire cage, containing a green parrot that the fat junior had brought on board at Lagos.

Why Bunter had bothered himself with that parrot had been a mystery to the juniors hitherto; certainly it was not from affection for the bird. Having got it on board, Bunter had taken no further care of it; and certainly the green parrot would not have survived the first two days at sea had not the Co. looked after feeding it.

No doubt the parrot could have been taught to speak, more or less; but Bunter had not taken the trouble. Evidently he was relying upon his weird gift of ventriloquism in order to palm off the parrot upon some unsuspecting purchaser.

But he realised now that if he was to make that profitable sale, it would have to be at some time when his comrades were not present.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There's your giddy nigger, Harry!" ejaculated Bob Cherry suddenly.

Wharton glanced down to the lower deck.

Pickle Jar, the Krooman, had come up from below. The brawny black man, clad only in calico shorts, was streaming with perspiration after his spell in the stoke-hole.

He looked up and caught Wharton's eye, and ducked his woolly head.

There was an expansive grin on Pickle Jar's black face. Harry Wharton gave him a smile and a nod from the distance.

But Wharton was feeling a little troubled, and he looked very thoughtful when Pickle Jar disappeared from sight.

Bob Cherry glanced at his chum with a grin.

"Pickle Jar will make rather a sensation at Greyfriars!" he remarked. And the juniors chuckled at the idea.

"He can't come to Greyfriars!" said Wharton hastily.

"He means to!" grinned Nugent.

"Hasn't he said that he won't leave Mass' Harry?" chuckled Johnny Bull. "He's sticking to you like glue, old chap. Why, he got his job as fireman on board this steamer, just to follow you home."

"I know!" said Harry. "But—"

The captain of the Remove looked worried.

The black man's faithful attachment touched his heart, and he had a real liking for Pickle Jar, the Krooman. But what on earth was to be done with Pickle Jar when the party arrived in England, Wharton could not guess.

Captain Corkran came along the deck, with a black cheroot between his teeth. He paused to speak to the juniors, with a smile on his tanned face.

"Glad to be homeward bound?" he asked.

"Yes, rather, sir!" answered Harry.

"The gladfulness is terrific, esteemed sahib," said Hurree Singh. "Only I shall be sorry to miss the excellent sun. I am not looking forward to the snowful December in esteemed England."

"I suppose you know that Pickle Jar is on board, Wharton," said Captain Corkran.

"Yes, sir; I've seen him several times," said Harry. "The poor chap is set on coming home with me. He doesn't understand the difference between Africa and England, of course."

"You've made no plans about him?"

"No; I don't know what to do." Corkran nodded.

"I shall have to talk to him, and get him to take a fireman's job back to Africa, when we land," he said. "We'll send him home with enough cash to buy whole stacks of brass rods, and become a millionaire on the Congo. That will satisfy him."

Wharton could only hope that the captain was right. But he had his doubts; and the event was to prove that his doubts were justified.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Home Again!

IT was a cold, clear day when the Greyfriars party landed at Southampton. The juniors breathed in the clear cold air with deep satisfaction—with the exception of Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. In the trip to

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Africa the nabob had enjoyed chiefly the heat. Now he was thickly clad, with a fur-lined coat on outside his other garments, and still he shivered. Harry Wharton & Co. went ashore without seeing Pickle Jar, and Harry was glad to avoid a meeting. He trusted to Corkran to send the devoted black man home safe and satisfied. To poor Pickle Jar, Wharton was Mass' Harry, a person who was to be followed and obeyed and he had not the faintest conception of a schoolboy's life. It was impossible to explain to him; and as the parting was inevitable, Harry desired to avoid a painful scene.

The night was passed in Southampton, and the next morning the Greyfriars juniors took a walk about the famous seaport, before the time came to catch the train for London. While Bunter was putting in an extra couple of hours in bed, the Famous Five sauntered about the town, above Bar and below Bar; and they were on the point of returning to the hotel, when Bob Cherry uttered a sudden exclamation.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Good old Pickle Jar!"

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Wharton, in dismay.

Pickle Jar presented a startling appearance, as he came up to the Greyfriars

juniors, grinning. The black man of the Congo felt the northern cold even more keenly than Hurree Singh. Apparently he had already expended most of his available cash on clothing, and he was wearing several overcoats one over another. On his woolly head was a brand-new silk hat, that shone in the sun, and round his black neck, in place of a collar, was a silken muffler of many colours. He ducked his head to Wharton and removed his shining topper with a flourish.

"Me lib for find Mass' Harry!" he said.

"Oh dear!" said Harry.

"Mass' Harry glad to see old Pickle Jar?" inquired the Krooman anxiously.

"Oh, yes!" said the captain of the Remove. "But I thought you were going back in the steamer, Pickle Jar."

The Krooman shook his head.

"Lib for die with Mass' Harry," he answered.

"Don't you find it jolly cold here?" asked Bob.

Pickle Jar shivered.

"Bewry cold," he answered. "No sun! Me wish Mass' Harry lib for Congo one-time with old Pickle Jar. If Mass' Harry no lib for Congo, Pickle Jar stay 'long Mass' Harry, neber mind cold."

Wharton was deeply perplexed. He simply could not utter a word to wound the feelings of the simple Krooman; yet how to get rid of him otherwise was a mystery. Pickle Jar's manner was that of a dog that had found his master after a parting.

"Don't you want to go back to the Congo, Pickle Jar?" asked Harry, after a pause.

"No, no! I shall never see the Congo again."

"No leabe Mass' Harry."

The juniors walked on, leaving Wharton to speak with the Krooman. Harry Wharton's face was full of dismay. The Krooman's black eyes watched him narrowly.

"No want ole Pickle Jar?" he asked.:

"Yes, yes! But it's impossible," said Harry. "I am going back to school."

"No sabbey school."

"I should not be allowed to take you where I am going, Pickle Jar."

"Mass' Harry master."

"I am not master," said Harry, smiling faintly. "Where I am going, there are masters whom I must obey."

The black man reflected a moment.

"All same ole Corkran?" he asked

"Well, something like that. I have to obey orders."

"Me sabbey," assented Pickle Jar. "All right! You take me for one servant."

"But we're not allowed to have servants," said Harry, laughing in spite of himself. "It's impossible."

"S'pose dere are lions!" suggested Pickle Jar. "S'pose dere snakes! Ole Pickle Jar keep watch."

"Oh, my hat! There are no lions or snakes in England."

The black man looked amazed.

"Golly!" he remarked.

"So you see, old chap, you'd better go back to your own country," said Harry. "Captain Corkran will give you as many brass rods as you like; you will be a rich man on the Congo."

"No want. Where you go?"

"Greyfriars School."

"What Greyfriars?"

"Well, it's a school," said Harry. "I'm afraid you wouldn't understand."

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old fellow. There is a headmaster, whose orders have to be obeyed."

"Headmaster! All same headman on Congo?"

"Well, something like a headman," said Harry. "Big chief."

"Big Chief ober Mass' Harry?"

"Yes."

"Ole Pickle Jar sabbey," said the black man, with a nod of his woolly head that nearly pitched off the new silk hat. Pickle Jar clutched it, and set it straight upon his thick wool, and went on: "Me sabbey! All right! Me kill chief."

"What?" gasped Wharton.

"Kill um," said Pickle Jar innocently.

"Kill um, one-time, and Mass' Harry be Big Chief in um place."

Wharton looked blankly at the Krooman.

"Oh, my hat!" he ejaculated. "Pickle Jar, old man, you must go back to the Congo. In white man's country you must not kill."

"Kill enemy," said Pickle Jar.

"No, no! You would be hanged. Besides, it is wrong—"

"Mass' Harry angry if Pickle Jar kill Big Chief?" asked the Krooman.

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"No kill. Lib for 'bey Mass' Harry. All same, me come Greyfriars 'long Mass' Harry."

"It's impossible, Pickle Jar. You must go back to the Congo. Give me your fin, old man; I must leave you now or I shall be late."

"No want Pickle Jar come?"

"It can't be done."

Wharton shook hands with the black man and hurried after his friends. He glanced back at the corner of the street, and saw the Krooman standing where he had left him, like a black statue.

"All serene?" asked Bob Cherry.

"I think so," said Harry. "I think I've made the poor fellow understand. He suggested killing Dr. Locke, and making me Head of Greyfriars."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors returned to their hotel; and when they boarded the London train, nothing was seen of Pickle Jar, the Krooman. Wharton could only hope that the black man had realised that what he wished was impossible, and that he had gone on board the steamer again for Africa. At the same time, he was sorry enough to part with the faithful fellow.

There were a couple of days in London for the Greyfriars party, and in London they parted with Captain Corkran.

Then the express bore them down through the green countryside of Kent.

Glad enough were the juniors to see the old familiar English countryside again.

"Courtfield Junction!" sang out the porters' voices at last.

"Here we are again!" said Bob Cherry.

"Courtfield Junction! Change for Friardale and Red-lyffe."

Harry Wharton & Co. changed for Friardale. In the local train, Billy Bunter set his parrot-cage on the rack, with a defiant blink at his comrades.

The bird did not look very cheerful, probably feeling the change of climate. But Bunter did not mind. So long as the green parrot survived long enough to be sold, Billy Bunter would be satisfied.

From Friardale Village the chums of the Remove walked to Greyfriars, leaving their baggage to be sent on. Bunter did not leave the cage, however. It swung in his fat hand as they came out of the station.

"I say, you fellows, which of you is

carrying this parrot to the school?" inquired Bunter.

"Echo answers, which?" grinned Bob.

"The whichfulness is terrific, my esteemed fat Bunter."

"Slackers!" grunted Bunter. "Well, I'll carry it."

And half an hour later the green parrot from Africa was duly installed in Study No. 7 in the Remove at Greyfriars.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Sold!

HERE was quite a sensation in the Remove when the travellers from the Congo arrived at the old school. Great was the welcome the Famous Five received; and even Billy Bunter received a welcoming smack on the shoulder from Peter Todd which made him howl. For two or three days the Famous Five had to relate their adventures to dozens of fellows. Even Coker of the Fifth condescended to come along to Study No. 1 to hear all about it. Skinner of the Remove displayed a deep interest, especially in the ivory, which he wanted to see; but as the ivory was not to be seen, Skinner winked knowingly—indeed, Skinner spread a rumour that the chums of the Remove hadn't been to the Congo at all, but that an acquaintance of his had seen them at Southend-on-Sea at the time—which was just like Skinner.

Harry Wharton & Co. told their tale of adventure modestly; when fellows wanted to hear about it; but Billy Bunter was much more expert than the

Famous Five at "telling the tale." Bunter's exploits on the Congo were wonderful, and they grew more wonderful every day. He related how he had stood up to yelling hordes of cannibals, and quelled them with the power of his eye—how he had slain savage lions and charging elephants—how he had saved the lives of all his comrades, one after another, by taking terrific risks and displaying unexampled courage. To all of which the Remove listened with wide grins. Somehow or another they did not believe Bunter's yarns, at which the Owl of the Remove waxed wrathful and indignant. They did not even believe that the green parrot had been given to him by a native chief whose life he had saved from the jaws of a crocodile, though Bunter pointed to the parrot itself as evidence.

Whenever Bunter "spread" himself on the subject of his Congo adventures the Remove fellows seemed to be all doubting Thomases.

Neither did the juniors swallow his story of a "faithful nigger" who had followed him all the way to England. In that yarn Bunter had coolly borrowed Pickle Jar, the Krooman, as it were.

Wharton was thinking often about Pickle Jar in the days after his return to school. He did not expect to see the devoted Krooman again, and he supposed that Pickle Jar was on his way back to Lagos or the Congo. But, after his experience with the Krooman, he would hardly have been surprised to see his grinning black face turn up, even at Greyfriars. As the days passed, and nothing was heard or seen of the black man, however, Wharton was relieved, and dismissed the matter from his mind.



Billy Bunter turned to the cage. "Polly! Pretty Polly!" he said. "Talk, Polly! What's the time?" "Six o'clock!" cackled the parrot. Fishy jumped. "Great Jerusalem!" he exclaimed. He glanced at the study clock. "Why, the blessed bird can tell the time!" (see Chapter 3.)

You want real good thrillers? Well, you'll always get them here!

Meanwhile, the green parrot from Lagos was installed in Study No. 7, somewhat to the discomfort of the inmates of that study. The parrot did not talk, but he chattered and croaked almost without cessation. Juniors were not allowed to keep pets in their studies, as a rule; but Mr. Quelch had made an exception in favour of Bunter's parrot, temporarily. Billy Bunter had explained that he was so fond of that parrot that he simply hadn't been able to leave him behind in Africa. He forbore to mention that he had bought him for sixpence at Lagos just before going on board the steamer.

Peter Todd growled when the parrot chattered during prep; and to Peter, moreover, fell the task of feeding him.

Fisher T. Fish dropped into the study after tea one day, when Bunter was alone there with the parrot. Fishy eyed the parrot keenly, and Bunter eyed Fishy, hoping that he had found a customer at last.

"Talks?" said Fishy.
 "Like anything," said Bunter.
 "Waal, let's hear him," said Fisher T. Fish. "If he talks, I guess I could give you a dollar."

"That wonderful talking parrot for a dollar!" said Bunter warmly. "The price is five pounds."

"Can it!" said Fisher T. Fish derisively.

"To an old pal, I'll make it four—"
 "Bury it!" said Fishy.

him talk, and I'll go to two dollars. Let's hear him."

"Polly wants sugar!" came from the parrot. "You give Polly sugar! Where did you get that face? Is it a face?"

"Oh gum!" exclaimed Fisher T. Fish. "My hat! I'll keep him in the study and teach him to slang Bull and Field. He, he, he! Two dollars, Bunter!"

"Three pounds!" said Bunter.
 "Go and eat coke!"
 "Make it ten bob!" said Bunter.
 "Too cheap!" came from the parrot.
 "Make it a pound!"

"Jerusalem crickets!" exclaimed Fisher T. Fish. "Ain't he a marvel? Here's your ten bob!"

And Fisher T. Fish carried off that wonderful parrot in triumph. Billy



FOOTBALLERS IN THE LIMELIGHT!

LIVERPOOL F.C.

THE WONDERFUL STORY OF THE LIVERPOOL CLUB—THE FAMOUS TEAM WHICH MAKES THE SUBJECT OF OUR FREE REAL PHOTO.



WHEN the late Mr. Tom Watson was secretary of the Liverpool club he once made this remark: "My players are always either at the top or the bottom of the League. They never do things by halves, for they are either well up or right down." And this remark, it may be added, was almost literally true, for no team at present in first-class football has had such a run of ups and downs. Just now, of course, it is the turn of the Liverpool club to be up on top, and last season they won the championship of the First Division. What is more, they are, at the time of writing, in such a position and playing such good football that it is suggested that they may perform the well-nigh unique feat of winning the League two seasons in succession. This Liverpool club is as old as some of its competitors, and it had rather a peculiar beginning. Away back in 1892 there was a split in the camp of the Everton club, which led some of the organisers to form another team in Liverpool. In those early days Everton played at Anfield, but then Everton moved to Goodison Park, to allow the new side to stay on at the old Anfield ground. A band of skilful players was

brought from Scotland, but at first the efforts of the new club to get into the top class were unsuccessful. However, they were elected to the Second Division in 1893, and forthwith proceeded to justify their inclusion by winning promotion to the First Division in their opening season. In the first year the Anfielders went through twenty-two League matches without being defeated. Since then they have indeed been a team of ups and downs. Three times they have descended into the Second Division, but each time they have won their way back to the top class at the first attempt, and they hold at least one record which is without parallel in the history of the game—that of winning the Championship of the Second Division and the Championship of the First Division in successive seasons. And yet, however, the name of this famous side is still absent from the English Cup, for, although they got to the Final Tie in 1914, after a memorable Semi-final victory over Aston Villa, they were eventually beaten by Burnley at the last hurdle. In years gone by the management of the Liverpool club has always been ready to spend much money to secure the right sort of footballing

material, but the present team, which is the best, without doubt, by which the club has ever been represented, is also the cheapest—a big proportion of the men wearing the colours in these days being fellows who were obtained when young. Probably no team at present playing boasts quite such an imposing number of players who have earned the distinction of playing in International matches, and it is eloquent of the strength of the side that at the present moment there are three International players—Lucas, Bamber, and Lacey—who cannot find a regular place in the first eleven. Scott, the goalkeeper, has played many times for Ireland, Longworth, the right full-back, is an English International, and his colleague, McKinlay, the captain, has played for Ireland. Many people consider that Bromliow is the best left half-back in the country, and forward there is the deadly Chambers, who scored two goals for England against Ireland the other week. The present Liverpool team is not only very good, it is also about the biggest, man for man, in the country. And they are demonstrating week by week that good big ones are still better than good little ones on the football field.

Bunter's fondness did not make him take care of his beloved pet, and Peter could not see the bird neglected. Tom Dutton, being deaf, did not hear the parrot screaming, and so he did not mind the addition to the study; but Peter minded a good deal, and he told Bunter about twice a day that it was time the parrot went, at the same time steadily declining to buy him. Bunter asked the modest sum of five pounds, which would have shown rather a handsome profit on the sixpence he had paid for the bird at Lagos. Bunter even made the parrot talk as an inducement to Peter to buy him; but the only result of that was that Peter took the Greyfriars ventriloquist by the collar, and shook him forcibly, whereupon the parrot ceased to talk immediately. The first offer Bunter received for the parrot came from Fisher T. Fish, the American junior.

"I'd take three from you, Fishy, old chap."

"I guess not," said Fisher T. Fish. "And I kinder reckon I don't believe the pesky bird can yaup at all."

Bunter turned to the cage, that was hanging before the study window.

"Polly! Pretty Polly!" said Bunter encouragingly. "Talk, Polly! What's the time, Polly?"

"Six o'clock!" cackled the parrot. Fisher T. Fish jumped.

"Great Jerusalem!" he exclaimed. He glanced at the study clock. "Why, the blessed bird can tell the time!"

"These West African parrots are wonderfully intelligent," said Bunter. "They know an awful lot. The man I bought him of—I—I mean, the native king who presented him to me—told me—"

"Can it?" said Fisher T. Fish. "Make

Bunter winked at the back of Fishy's head, and then started for the tuckshop, to catch Mrs. Mimble before she closed. The green parrot was sold at last, and Fisher T. Fish, if he had only known it, was sold also!

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Awful for Fishy!

JOHNNY BULL and Squiff were in the study when Fisher T. Fish arrived there with his new purchase. Both of them stared at the American junior as he plumped the parrot's cage down on the table.

"What's that?" demanded Johnny Bull.

"I kinder guess it's my parrot."
 "You're not keeping that cluttering,

New pals and old, meet Harry Wharton & Co. again next week!

noisy beast in this study!" exclaimed Squiff warmly.

"I guess I'm selling him again soon!" explained Fisher T. Fish. "I've given Bunter ten bob for him, and I calculate I'll make something on the deal, the way that parrot talks."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Johnny Bull. "I don't see where the cackle comes in. It's simply a wonderful bird," said Fisher T. Fish. "You give him sugar, and he talks like a Dutch uncle. You just listen to him."

The American junior presented Polly with a lump of sugar. The parrot accepted the sugar, but did not talk. It only blinked solemnly at Fisher Tarleton Fish with its round eyes.

"Talk, you blighter!" snapped Fishy. Dead silence.

"You rotten, obstinate, pesky mugwump, talk!" yelled Fishy.

"Ha, ha, ha!" howled Johnny Bull. "He won't talk unless Bunter's present."

"Why not?" demanded Fish.

"Because he can't talk without a ventriloquist in the room!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Squiff.

Fisher T. Fish jumped.

"A—a—a ventriloquist!" he ejaculated. "Oh, my hat! I'd forgotten that fat clam was a ventriloquist. Mean to say he's been pulling my leg?"

"My dear ass, you were born to have your leg pulled!" grinned Johnny Bull. "Bunter couldn't have sold him to any other fellow in the Remove."

Fisher T. Fish fairly gasped with indignation. Fishy prided himself upon being sharp and keen and cute, and having his eye-teeth cut, as befitted a galoot who had been "raised" in "Noo Yark." But it was evident that the galoot from Noo Yark had been done this time.

"I—I—I guess I'll make potato-scrappings of him!" gasped Fisher T. Fish at last.

He rushed from the study, leaving Johnny Bull and Squiff chortling. Peter Todd was in Study No. 7 when Fish rushed in, wild-eyed and breathless.

"Where's Bunter?" shrieked Fish.

"Eh? What's the row?" asked Peter, in astonishment.

"Bunter!" gasped Fish. "Ten bob—parrot—sold—done—diddled! I'm going to scalp him! Where's Bunter?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Where is he?" roared Fisher T. Fish. Without waiting for an answer, he rushed away again. In the Remove passage he rushed into Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry, who had just come upstairs. There was a yell from the two juniors as they went spinning.

"You silly ass—"

"What the thump—"

Fisher T. Fish reeled against the wall.

"Seen Bunter?" he gasped. "He's sold me a pup! He's sold me that pesky parrot! He's pulled my leg!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, go and chop chips!" snarled Fisher T. Fish. And he sped downstairs.

Lord Mauleverer was coming up, and Fisher T. Fish caught him by the shoulder on the lower landing.

"Seen Bunter?" he howled.

"Yaas!"

"Where is he?"

"Don't know."

"You mugwump, you know where he is if you've seen him!" raved Fish.

His lordship shook his head.

"How should I know?" he asked.

"It's hours since I've seen him. I saw him at dinner, old bean."

"You silly jay!"



A roar of rage burst from Pickle Jar, and he made a jump at Ponsonby; and in a second the Highliffe junior was swinging in the air, grasped in the black man's powerful arms. "You laugh at Pickle Jar?" exclaimed the Krooman. (See Chapter 5.)

Fisher T. Fish rushed on, leaving Lord Mauleverer staring. The American junior did not stop to make any more inquiries. He sped out into the quad, and headed for the school shop.

That was Bunter's most probable destination when he had any money. Fisher T. Fish rushed wild-eyed into the tuckshop, quite startling Mrs. Mimble. The Owl of the Remove was not to be seen.

"Bunter!" gasped Fishy.

"Heaven bless us!" exclaimed Mrs. Mimble. "What is the matter, Master Fish?"

"Bunter—has Bunter been here?"

"Yes, certainly. He has been gone only a few minutes."

"Did he spend any money?"

"Yes, a ten-shilling note."

"All of it?" gasped Fish.

"There was a halfpenny change."

Fisher T. Fish clung to the counter for support, and groaned. To part with a shilling was, to Fishy, something like visiting the dentist. And he had parted with ten shillings!

It was like the extraction of ten teeth, one after another, to Fisher T. Fish. For a moment or two he was overwhelmed, and he could only groan, while Mrs. Mimble gazed at him in astonishment.

"Are you ill, Master Fish?" she exclaimed.

"Yep! Nope! I say, Bunter can't have gobbled all that tuck in a few minutes—even Bunter! Did he take it away with him?" gasped Fish.

"Yes; I lent him a basket."

Fisher T. Fish ground his teeth. Evidently Bunter had expected the purchaser of the wonderful parrot to

"tumble" to the real facts, and had taken his precautions.

"Which way did he go?" gurgled Fish.

"I really do not know."

"Oh crikey!"

Fisher T. Fish staggered, rather than walked, from the tuckshop. But he did not give up hope yet. His ten shillings were gone beyond recovery, but there was still the tuck, if that could be recovered. Even Bunter could not have disposed of so much internally yet.

Through the dusky quad Fishy sought for Bunter, but found him not. He returned to the School House, and sought the Owl of the Remove up and down the passages and in the Common-room and in the studies. But William George Bunter was not to be found.

Evidently the fat junior had retired to some secret recess, there to devour his prey at his leisure, like the crocodiles he had seen on the Congo.

Fisher T. Fish almost wept.

"Ten shillings!" he murmured, in anguish. "Two dollars'n a half! Oh, Jerusalem! I'll scalp him! I'll burst him!"

But it was not till the hour for prep that Fisher T. Fish succeeded in finding Bunter in Study No. 7. Billy Bunter had to turn up there for prep, and he sat at the table, with a fat and shiny look, toying with his prep.

Ten shillings' worth of tuck in a lump made William George Bunter disinclined for work.

He blinked round in alarm when Fisher T. Fish came in. Fishy had a cricket-stump in his hand.

"Ten bob!" roared Fisher T. Fish, fixing a basilisk eye on Bunter

Up to more "stunts" next week! Keep your eyes on the Greyfriars Chums!



"You Big Chief?" asked Pickle Jar, raising his silk hat to the astonished Mr. Quelch. "Me Pickle Jar, son of Brass Pan. Me lib for find Mass' Harry. Mass' Harry him here?" (See Chapter 6.)

"Oh, really, Fishy—" "Ten bob!" shrieked Fish. "What on earth's the row?" demanded Peter Todd. "He's sold me a talking parrot that don't talk—" "Ha, ha, ha!" "You can cackle!" roared Fisher T. Fish. "I guess I'm having my dollars back—two dollars'n a half! Some!" "If you're not satisfied with the parrot, I shall certainly return your money, Fishy!" said Bunter, with dignity. "You'd better, you fat spoofer!" said Peter. Fisher T. Fish held out a bony hand. "Money talks!" he snapped. "Shell out the dust." "I happen to be short of money for the moment," said Bunter. "I'm expecting a postal-order to-morrow—" "What?" shrieked Fish. "Postal-order." "You—you—you—" "From one of my title relations," explained Bunter. "When it comes, I'll return the trifling sum immediately. Until then, I decline to hear anything more of the matter." Fisher T. Fish gazed at Bunter with a wolfish look. If he had to wait for his money until Bunter's celebrated postal-order arrived, he was not likely to have his claim settled in a hurry, that was certain. But it was evident that the ten shillings were gone. Fisher T. Fish seemed to be past speech. The wrath of Achilles, to Greece the direful spring of woes unnumbered, was simply a joke to the wrath of Fisher Tarleton Fish at that moment. For a moment or two

he glared at Bunter, and then he jumped at him.

Whack, whack, whack! "Yooop!" roared Bunter. "Help! Rescue! Murder! Fire! Whoop!" Billy Bunter fled wildly round the study table, with Fisher T. Fish in raging pursuit. The cricket stump did great execution.

"Help!" yelled Bunter. "Toddy, you beast—turn him out! Yarooop! Stand by an old pal, old fellow—whooooop!" "Not at all," said Toddy cheerfully. "If you swindle a chap, that's what you want! Give him some more, Fishy." "I guess I'll burst him!" gasped Fisher T. Fish.

"Yooop! Whoop! Mmmmmmm! Yow-ow-wooop!"

Billy Bunter fairly fled from the study, and Fisher T. Fish raged down the Remove passage after him. For the next ten minutes William George Bunter's career was crammed with excitement. It was not till he was exhausted that Fisher T. Fish gave up the chase; and by that time Billy Bunter was more than exhausted. He dodged back into Study No. 7 at last, and sank on the carpet, spluttering. Fisher T. Fish glared into the doorway after him.

"I guess I'm going to give you the same every day till you shell out of durocks!" he gasped.

"Yow-ow-ow!" And with that threat he limped away. He came back into Study No. 14 breathless and tired out, and Johnny Bull and Squiff greeted him with cheerful grins.

"I guess I've taken it out of his hide!" gasped Fisher T. Fish, hurling

the stump into a corner. "But—but"—Fisher T. Fish groaned—"but the money's gone! Ten bob, you know! I calculate I reckoned I was going to rope in a profit on that parrot! Two dollars'n a half! Gone!" And Fisher T. Fish almost broke down and wept.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Black Man!

"My only hat!" ejaculated Skinner.

He paused and stared. It was a half-holiday at Greyfriars, a week or so after the return of Harry Wharton & Co. Skinner was strolling along the road towards Courtfield, when a startling sight met his surprised gaze.

A brawny, powerful-looking black man was coming along the road. Black men were uncommon enough in that quiet corner of Kent, to attract a second glance. But this black man was striking in other respects.

He wore an enormous overcoat of bright blue, with brass buttons. Round his brawny neck was a thick muffler of red and yellow stripes. On his woolly head was a tall hat. Below the overcoat were revealed trousers of a bright and cheery green check.

Skinner blinked at him, wondering how this amazing merchant had got through Courtfield without a mob following at his heels.

The big black man stared about him as he came on, and his glance lighted on Skinner. He came up to Skinner.

With a broad grin that showed a magnificent array of white, gleaming teeth, he ducked his woolly head to the junior, and raised his shining hat in salute.

"My word!" murmured Skinner. "What a giddy merchant! Hallo, Snowball!"

"Lib for Greyfriars!" said the black man.

"What?" "You sabbey?"

Skinner blinked. He had never heard the Coast English of West Africa spoken before, and it was rather a problem to him.

"Can't you speak English?" asked Skinner.

"Me speak! Speak English all same white man. Lib for Greyfriars? You sabbey Greyfriars?"

"Sabbey!" murmured Skinner. "Oh, savvy—l see! Yes, old tulip, I savvy Greyfriars! I belong to Greyfriars."

"You b'long, all same 'long Mass' Harry?"

"My only hat!" ejaculated Skinner. "Mass' Harry? Do you mean Wharton?"

The black man nodded vigorously, evidently delighted at being understood. "Wharton! Yes; Mass' Harry!" he said. "Me lib for find Mass' Harry. You sabbey?"

Skinner whistled. Skinner, who never believed anything if he could help it, had certainly never believed in the 'faithful nigger.' He realised now that Pickle Jar, the Krooman, had a real existence. He stared blankly at the black man.

"You're the giddy cannibal?" he asked.

Pickle Jar frowned. "No cannibal! Me good Coast boy," he said quickly. "Krooman! One-time

Catch on, you chaps! Next week's Greyfriars tale's a rare treat!

boatswain on Portugee ship! Sabbey? Lib for find Mass' Harry! You know?" "Oh, yes, I know him!" grinned Skinner. "You take ole Pickle Jar to Mass' Harry?"

Skinner chuckled. He could imagine the sensation that would be caused at Greyfriars by the arrival of the Krooman. That arrival was likely to dismay the captain of the Remove; for which reason the amiable Skinner decided at once to be the black man's guide to the school.

"My dear chap, I'll show you the way with pleasure," said Skinner.

"Pickle Jar tank you."

"Pickle Jar! What a name!" murmured Skinner. "Come on! Mass' Harry's at home now, and he'll be delighted to see you—I don't think!" added Skinner under his breath.

"Me come one-time."

"Oh, gad! Who's your friend, Skinner?" called out the voice of Cecil Ponsonby, of Highcliffe. Ponsonby and Gadsby, of the Highcliffe Fourth, came out into the road by the path across the common. They stopped to stare at the black man, and grin, and Ponsonby extracted an eyeglass from his pocket and adjusted it in his eye to take a second stare.

"No friend of mine," growled Skinner. "This blessed nigger has come along asking for Wharton."

"What a picture!" said Ponsonby.

"Is he going to give a performance?" inquired Gadsby. "By Jove, he'd bring down any house in that outfit."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Pickle Jar stared at the Highcliffians. The good-natured grin died off his black face, as he realised that the two well-dressed fellows were making fun of him. A very ugly look replaced it. Pickle Jar, the Krooman, was devoted to Harry Wharton, and Mass' Harry's word was law to him. But otherwise he was still the primitive West African savage; and Pon and Gaddy, if they had only known it, were waking up a very dangerous customer.

"Where did you get that complexion, old bean?" asked Gadsby.

"No sabbey."

"Is that Joseph's coat you've got on?" asked Ponsonby.

"Pickle Jar no sabbey."

"It's the giddy coat of many colours," chuckled Gadsby. "What an outfit! What's your name, darkie?"

"Krooman name Pickle Jar."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Highcliffians.

"No laugh at Pickle Jar!" said the Krooman, with a dangerous gleam in his big black eyes.

Ponsonby, in the exuberance of his spirits, tilted the black man's hat, and the shining topper rolled in the dust on the high-road.

The result of that action was a surprise to the dandy of Highcliffe.

A roar of rage burst from the Krooman, and he made a jump at Ponsonby, and in a second the Highcliffe junior was swinging in the air, grasped in the black man's powerful arms.

Gadsby and Skinner jumped back in terror.

Ponsonby was not laughing now. His heart almost stopped beating with fear as he swept the air, with earth and sky spinning round him.

"Help!" shrieked Ponsonby.

"Oh gad!" gasped Gadsby, with a chalky face. "Oh crikey!"

"Help!"

"You laugh at Pickle Jar?" exclaimed the Krooman.

"Put him down!" gasped Skinner. "It was—was only a joke! Good heavens!"

"Mass' Harry say no kill in white man's country!" said Pickle Jar. And he tossed Ponsonby into the hedge.

There was a crash in the thicket as the Highcliffe junior landed there. He rolled on the grass of the common, scared almost out of his senses. Gadsby was already in flight, streaking away across the common at top speed. He had had more than enough of chipping the strange black man.

Ponsonby staggered to his feet, his teeth chattering. Without a word, he fled after Gadsby.

Pickle Jar, his good humour restored as suddenly as it had left him, picked up his silk hat, and brushed it with his sleeve. Skinner was running in the direction of Greyfriars, and the Krooman called after him:

"No run! No hurt!"

Skinner did not heed.

That sudden blaze of ferocity in the black man had scared him as much as it had scared the Highcliffians. He ran as if for his life.

"You stop!" shouted Pickle Jar. "You lib for show me where find Mass' Harry."

Skinner tore on. But the Krooman, having found a guide to Mass' Harry, was not inclined to lose him. He ran in pursuit of Skinner.

Skinner almost fainted with fear as he heard the heavy footsteps of the black man thundering behind him.

There was a quarter of a mile of deserted road in front of Skinner before he could reach Greyfriars and safety. He ran as he had never run before. Just then Skinner certainly looked as if he could have won the mile at the school sports. His feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground as he fled, with white face and gasping breath.

Fast on his track came the Krooman.

Rapid as Skinner was, the active black man was faster, and, but for the fact that Pickle Jar had to stop now and then to secure his magnificent silk hat on his woolly head, Skinner would have been caught.

As it was Skinner reached the school gates, panting and exhausted, about six yards ahead of the Krooman.

He rushed in, breathless, and yelled to Gosling as he passed.

"Shut the gates! Help! Ow!"

"My heye!" ejaculated the school porter.

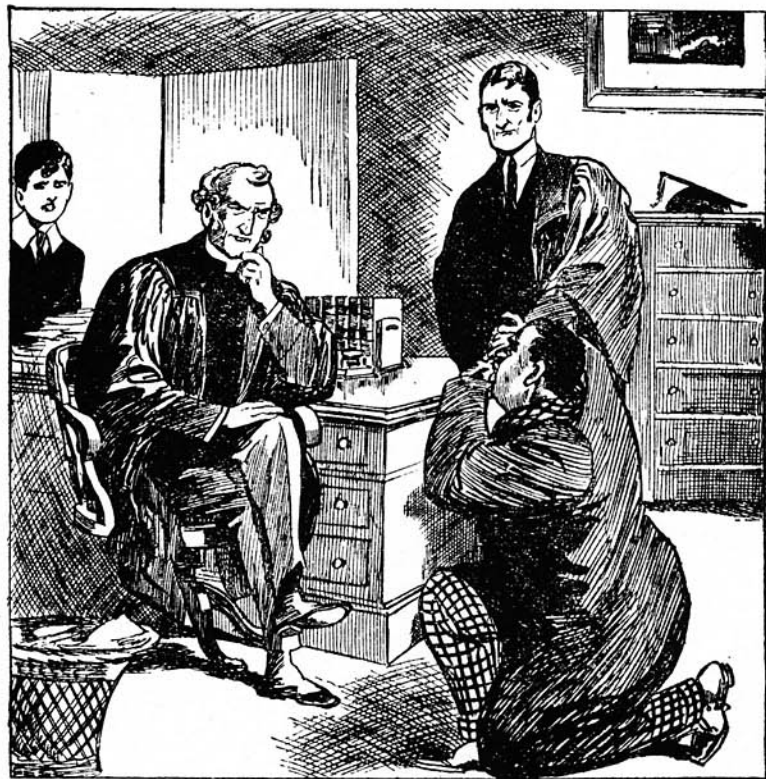
Skinner reeled on towards the School House, and Gosling, after a blank stare at him, glanced at the gateway. He almost fell down at the sight of a brawny black man in strange attire thundering in at the gates after Skinner.

It was Gosling's duty to see that undesirable characters did not enter the precincts of the school. But Gosling forgot his duty at the sight of the brawny black man.

He made a single jump into his lodge. Slam!

The slam of the door was followed by the shooting of the bolt.

And Pickle Jar, the Krooman, thundered on across the quadrangle in full pursuit of the fleeing Skinner.



"Big Chief let ole Pickle Jar stay 'long Mass' Harry?" said Pickle Jar. And the black man dropped on his hands and knees. It was his way of showing his respect for the Big Chief of Wharton's tribe. (See Chapter 8.)

The most famous and most popular schoolboys in fiction!

THE SIXTH CHAPTE A Startling Arrival!

HELP!" Skinner staggered up the steps of the School House and reeled in. The great door stood wide open, as always on half-holidays. Harry Wharton & Co. and most of the Remove fellows were on the football ground. Skinner reeled into the House and dragged at the door.

Mr. Quelch came hurrying out of his study with a startled face.

"Skinner, what—"

"Help me with the door, sir!" panted Skinner. "There's a black cannibal after me!"

"What?"

"A mad nigger, sir! He's nearly killed Ponsonby! Oh dear! Help!"

"Bless my soul!"

The Remove master looked out into the quad. Pickle Jar, the Krooman, was heading for the School House full pelt. On all sides Greyfriars fellows were staring at him in wonder. Scared fags dashed out of his way—even Coker of the Fifth backed off the path in a hurry as the Krooman came thundering along.

"Shut the door, sir!" shrieked Skinner. "We shall all be murdered!"

"Nonsense!" snapped Mr. Quelch. "Leave the door alone at once, Skinner. Who is this man?"

"A—mad cannibal, sir—"

"Nonsense!"

Pickle Jar reached the steps of the School House and came up. There was a buzz of voices from the crowd of fellows gathering in the quad and staring at the black man.

Mr. Quelch stood in the doorway to bar the entrance of the Krooman. His heart was beating rather painfully, though his manner was cold and calm. For the brawny Krooman could have picked up the Remove master with one hand and tossed him over his head had the spirit moved him to do so. But there was a quiet courage hidden under the scholarly exterior of the master of the Remove, and his hand was raised commandingly as the Krooman reached the top of the steps.

"Stop!"

Pickle Jar stopped. Skinner was fleeing desperately up the stairs, yelling to all the fellows he passed to look out. But Pickle Jar was not looking ferocious. Evidently he recognised Mr. Quelch as a person in authority, and he stopped at the word of command, ducked his woolly head, and raised his silk hat.

"You Big Chief?" he asked.

"Wha-a-at?"

Pickle Jar waved a big black hand, indicating Greyfriars.

"Dis Greyfriars?" he asked.

"Yes—yes, certainly! This is Greyfriars School," said the Remove master.

"Who are you? What do you want?"

"Me Pickle Jar."

"Bless my soul! Do you mean that that is your name?"

"Me Pickle Jar, son of Brass Pan," said the Krooman. "Me lib for find Mass' Harry. Mass' Harry, him here."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

He understood now. He remembered now the name of Pickle Jar, which Wharton had mentioned in a talk with his Form master after his return from the Congo.

"Me good boy!" said the Krooman reassuringly. "No kill in white man's country."

"Wha-a-at?"

"Mass' Harry say so. Me lib for 'beg Mass' Harry! Him master!"

"Bless my soul!"
"Mass' Harry say him 'beg Big Chief at Greyfriars," said the Krooman. "You Big Chief?"

"I—I—I—" Mr. Quelch hardly knew what to answer. "My—my good man, you should not have come here!"

"Lib for serve Mass' Harry," said the Krooman simply. "Me tink him glad see ole Pickle Jar. Me walk many day. Me ask white man where find Greyfriars. Pickle Jar berry cold! No care! Find Mass' Harry."

"Upon my word!" said Mr. Quelch. A dozen juniors were staring over the banisters at the Krooman. Billy Bunter's fat face and big spectacles came into view.

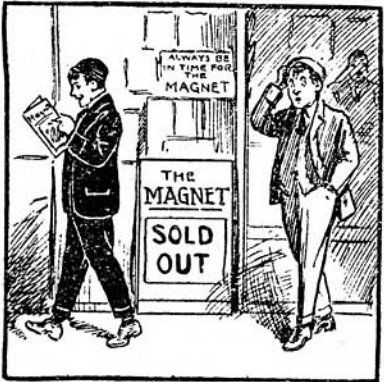
"That's the chap!" exclaimed Bunter. "That's my faithful nigger!"

Billy Bunter rolled down the staircase. Pickle Jar looked at him as he came into view and grinned.

"Little fat Bunter!" he said. "Member ole Pickle Jar?"

There was a chuckle from the juniors on the stairs. Pickle Jar's greeting did

ORDER THE MAGNET WELL IN ADVANCE!



The Boy Who Did, — and — The Boy Who Didn't!

not bear out Bunter's description of him as a faithful nigger.

"You—you know this—this person, Bunter?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir!" grinned Bunter. "This is the nigger who was on the Congo with us, sir. Devoted to me, sir. My faithful follower, sir."

"No troof!" said Pickle Jar.

"What?" exclaimed Bunter.

"No troof! Me kick little fat Bunter on Congo."

"Ha, ha, ha!" came from the staircase.

"Me serve Mass' Harry! Little fat Bunter no good!"

"Look here, you cheeky nigger—" roared Bunter.

"Silence, Bunter!" said Mr. Quelch. "My—my good man, you—you appear to have had a long journey; you may come in and rest. Pray take a seat."

He indicated the oak settee, but Pickle Jar hesitated.

"No sit down in presence Big Chief!" he said.

"My good man, pray rest yourself, and—and we will see what is to be done," said the puzzled Remove master.

"Pickle Jar sit on floor."

"Bless my soul!"

The Krooman sat on the floor, close to the fire that burned cheerily in the hall. Its warmth was evidently grateful and comforting to the black man from the tropics.

"Bunter, go and find Wharton, and ask him to come here at once!" said Mr. Quelch.

And Bunter, with a scowl at the black man, went. The faithful nigger, unexpectedly, had arrived; but it was only too clear now that he wasn't Billy Bunter's faithful nigger.

And Mr. Quelch, leaving the black man hugging the fire, repaired to the Head's study, to consult with Dr. Locke upon this extraordinary happening. And when he was gone, the Greyfriars fellows gathered in the hall in a buzzing crowd, to look at the black man, and ask him questions; and even Skinner came along, realising at last that there was no danger. Meanwhile, Billy Bunter rolled down to the football-field with the startling news for Harry Wharton that the black man from the Congo had arrived.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Loder Asks For It!

ISAY, you fellows—"

"Clear off, Bunter!"

"I say—"

"Shut up!"

The Remove footballers were busy. Harry Wharton had picked up sides for a practice match; and all the Famous Five were thoroughly enjoying the game. Billy Bunter ran on the field, and received shents on all sides from the footballers.

"You're wanted!" spluttered Bunter to the captain of the Remove.

"Rot!"

"Old Quelch—"

"Look here, has Quelch sent you for me?" exclaimed the captain of the Remove angrily, grasping Bunter by the collar and shaking him.

"Ow, wow, yow! Yes!"

"What's up, then?"

"That nigger—"

"What?"

"That rotten cannibal—" spluttered Bunter.

Evidently, in Bunter's estimation, Pickle Jar was no longer a faithful nigger.

"What is the fat idiot talking about?" exclaimed Johnny Bull impatiently.

"Blessed if I know," said Wharton in wonder.

"That cannibal—" shrieked Bunter.

"What cannibal, you blithering idiot?"

"Pickle Jar—"

"What?"

"He's come!" gasped Bunter.

"Oh, my hat!"

The captain of the Remove released Bunter's collar. He stared blankly at the fat owl.

"Pickle Jar! Here!" he stuttered.

"Yes, here!" howled Bunter savagely. "He's murdered Ponsonby of Highcliffe—"

"What?" shouted all the footballers together.

"And nearly killed Skinner—"

"Impossible!" gasped Wharton.

"And Mr. Quelch has sent for you to keep him quiet till the bobbies come!" said Bunter.

Harry Wharton's colour changed. He ran off the field at once, caught up his

Frank Richards makes things hum in next week's breezy story!

coat and muffler, and put them on as he raced towards the School House.

Billy Bunter stared after him breathlessly. The football stopped by common consent; Bunter's news had startled all the fellows. Bob Cherry followed the Owl of the Remove off the field, and took him by a fat ear with a finger and thumb that gripped like a vice.

"Is Pickle Jar really here, you fat fraud?" he asked.

"Ow! Wow! Yes! Leggo!"

"Has he really hurt Ponsonby and Skinner?"

"Killed them!" howled Bunter. "I think he's eaten Ponsonby. Skinner's dying at this minute!"

"You fat villain!" gasped Bob.

"Yow-ow-ow!"

Bunter jerked himself away and fled. In a state of great anxiety, the chums of the Remove hurried to the School House. There was no doubt in their minds that Bunter had exaggerated, in his usual style; but they were very apprehensive as to what the black man from the Congo might have done. It was very doubtful whether the black man would remember always to behave himself now that he was in the white man's country.

Meanwhile, Harry Wharton had reached the School House at top speed. He came in breathlessly, to find Pickle Jar squatted before the fire, surrounded by a buzzing crowd of Greyfriars fellows, senior and junior.

Pickle Jar jumped up at the sight of him. He grinned all over his black face, with a flash of sparkling teeth.

"Mass' Harry!" he exclaimed. "Ole Pickle Jar lib for find Mass' Harry. No leabe Mass' Harry 'gin!"

The black man dropped on his knees before the captain of the Remove, took Wharton's hand, and pressed it to his forehead, the Greyfriars crowd staring on blankly during that ceremony. There was a chuckle from some of the fags.

"Get up, old chap!" said Wharton, colouring. "Pickle Jar, old man, you shouldn't have come here!"

"Mass' Harry no glad see ole Pickle Jar?" asked the Krooman, his face falling.

"Yes, yes; of course! But—"

"What the thump is that nigger doing here?" Loder of the Sixth came along, and he stopped to stare rudely at the Krooman. "You've brought that Christy Minstrel into the house, Wharton?"

"He came to see me," said Harry shortly.

"Well, of all the cheek!" exclaimed Loder. "What the thump do you mean by it? Is he a minstrel, or a tramp, or what? I shall cane you for this, Wharton!"

"Mr. Quelch knows—"

"That's enough! Hold out your hand!"

The bully of the Sixth let his ash-plant slip into his hand. Harry Wharton looked at him steadily, but did not obey the prefect's order.

"Do you hear me, Wharton?" thundered Loder.

"Look here, Loder—"

Loder raised the cane, as if to cut the junior across the shoulders. That was enough for Pickle Jar.

With a deep growl the Krooman sprang at Loder.

Before he knew what was happening, the cane was wrenched from Loder's hand, and he went with a crash to the floor on his back. The brawny knee of the black man was planted on his chest; two sinewy hands held Loder down as

easily as if he had been a baby. White with terror and rage, Loder of the Sixth stared up at the black man who gripped him.

Pickle Jar glanced inquiringly at Wharton.

"Kill um?" he asked.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Rather a Problem!

"KILL um!"

Pickle Jar asked that question with cheerful calmness.

There was a buzz of amazement and alarm from the Greyfriars crowd. Harry Wharton stood for a moment transfixed.

"Help!" panted Loder. "Help! Drag him off!"

Coker of the Fifth made a movement forward. The Krooman turned a look of such ferocity upon him that Horace Coker jumped back very hastily.

"Pickle Jar!" gasped Wharton.

"Lib for kill um?" asked the Krooman.

"Let him alone at once."

"Him beat Mass' Harry. You let Pickle Jar kill um," urged the Krooman.

Wharton caught the Krooman by the shoulder.

His strength would have been as nothing against that of the powerful black man; but Pickle Jar yielded at once.

"Let him alone!" panted Harry.

He dragged the Krooman away from the terrified prefect. Loder of the Sixth still sprawled breathless on the floor.

"My only hat!" murmured Bob Cherry. "You'll have to keep your giddy nigger muzzled, Harry."

Loder staggered up.

He was still white, and very much shaken. He gave Wharton a bitter look, but did not carry the argument any further. He backed away through the crowd and disappeared, evidently only anxious to get to a safe distance from the black man.

Mr. Quelch came back at that moment, looking very grave.

"You will bring your—your friend to Dr. Locke's study, Wharton," he said.

"The Head will see him."

"Yes, sir!" murmured Wharton.

He tapped Pickle Jar on the arm.

"Come with me, old chap," he said, "and behave yourself. You're going to see the Big Chief."

"Big chief of Mass' Harry's tribe?"

asked the Krooman.

"Oh, my hat! In a way, yes. Come on."

"Me come."

Harry Wharton followed the Remove master, and the Krooman followed Wharton. They left the Greyfriars fellows in a buzz behind them.

Pickle Jar, at first sight, had seemed like a figure of fun to the juniors; but his outbreak towards Loder was alarming enough.

Various Stages in the Lives of Greyfriars Celebrities.

No. 5.—HORACE COKER.



Be sure you get the 1923 "Holiday Annual"! It's better than ever!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 774.

Nobody wanted to be very near the big Krooman if he had another savage outbreak.

But there was nothing savage in the Krooman's looks as he entered the Head's study with Wharton and Mr. Quelch.

His broad black face was grinning good-humouredly. Wharton signed to him to remove his hat, and the Krooman took off the shining topper. The grin faded from the black face as Pickle Jar found himself face to face with the Big Chief of Greyfriars.

Dr. Locke, sitting erect at his writing-table, with his silver hair and clean-cut features, was an imposing figure, and the black man was awed.

"Ah! This is the—the man?" said Dr. Locke.

"That is the man, sir," said Mr. Quelch. "His name is Pickle Jar—a most extraordinary name."

"Very extraordinary indeed," said the Head. "Is it possible, Wharton, that this coloured gentleman's name really is Pickle Jar?"

Wharton smiled faintly.

Dr. Locke was a mine of knowledge—

NEXT WEEK'S

FREE REAL PHOTO—

he knew half a dozen languages, and he knew all about the ancient world, and a good deal about the modern; but his acquaintance with the manners and customs of the West Coast of Africa was decidedly limited. On that subject, the captain of the Remove was able to give him information, since his trip to the Congo.

"Yes, sir," said Harry. "The Coast blacks have very odd names. They pick them up from the white men. His name is Pickle Jar, and he's told me that his father's name was Brass Pan. I came across Kroomen out there named Cream Jug and Fried Onions."

"Extraordinary!" exclaimed the Head.

He blinked at the Krooman over his gold-rimmed glasses.

"Does he speak English?" he asked.

"Coast English, sir," said Harry.

"Me speak," said Pickle Jar. "Lib for speak English all same 'long of white man."

"Bless my soul!"

"Me serve Mass' Harry on Congo," said the Krooman. "Me berry glad see Big Chief of Mass' Harry's tribe. Big Chief lib ole Pickle Jar stay 'long Mass' Harry."

"Dear me!" said the Head.

Pickle Jar, evidently by way of showing his respect for the Big Chief of Wharton's tribe, dropped on his hands and knees, and approached the astonished Head in that attitude. He took the doctor's right hand and pressed it to his black forehead.

Dr. Locke seemed petrified for some moments.

"It's only his way, sir," said Wharton hastily. "He means to show respect. He—he thinks you are chief of the tribe—he takes the Greyfriars chaps for my tribe."

"Bless my soul!" said the Head faintly.

"Upon my word!" murmured Mr. Quelch.

Wharton signed to the black man to

rise. Pickle Jar stood erect, with his silk hat in his big black hands.

"But what is the man's object in coming here, Wharton?" asked the Head.

"He doesn't understand, sir," said Harry ruefully. "He wants to stay with me in England."

"Extraordinary!"

"Lib for die with Mass' Harry!" said the Krooman. "Mass' Harry eend ole Pickle Jar away, him make chop."

"Chop?" repeated the Head. "What does he mean by chop, Wharton?"

"I'm afraid he means he will kill himself, sir," stammered Harry.

"Goodness gracious!"

The Krooman nodded.

"No want live if leabe Mass' Harry," he said. "Him master. Him send away ole Pickle Jar, me lib for chop."

Dr. Locke took off his spectacles and wiped them. Never had the Head of Greyfriars been so puzzled in his life.

"The man has actually followed you from West Africa, Wharton?" he asked.

"He got on the steamer as a fireman, sir," said Harry. "I hoped that Captain Corkran would arrange to send him home from Southampton. But he seems to have found his way to Greyfriars, looking for me."

"Such devotion is—ahem!—very admirable," said the Head. "But—but it is very—very awkward. Certainly the good man cannot remain permanently at Greyfriars. But—but since he is here, accommodation can be found for him for a time, and I will consult Captain Corkran as to dealing with him. No doubt Captain Corkran will be able to suggest a solution of the difficulty. Meanwhile, he may stay. I presume that you can answer for his good conduct, Wharton?"

"He will do anything I tell him, sir," said Harry.

"Very good. I will see that accommodation is arranged for him, for a few days, at least."

"Thank you very much, sir," said Wharton gratefully.

Pickle Jar looked inquiringly at his master. He did not understand half the Head's English.

"Me lib for stay 'long Mass' Harry?" he asked.

"Yes, for the present," said Wharton.

"Ole Pickle Jar berry glad. Ole Pickle Jar 'bey Big Chief with glass eyes," said the Krooman, ducking his woolly head to the doctor. "Ole Pickle Jar know um great ju-ju man."

"Ju-ju man!" murmured the Head. "What is a ju-ju man, Wharton? I presume you know."

"A—a witch-doctor, sir!" stammered Harry.

The Head started. To be taken for a witch-doctor by the simple African rather startled him.

"You had better take the man away now, Wharton," he said hastily. "You will see that he wants for nothing. Bless my soul!"

Wharton signed to the black man to follow him, and left the study—the most puzzled and perplexed junior at Greyfriars.

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2:

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Not to be Stood!

"WAAAL, that gets my goat!" Thus Fisher T. Fish.

Fisher Tartleton Fish, the cute and keen youth who had been "raised" in "Noo Yark," was indignant.

His indignation could scarcely be expressed in words. It could not have been expressed at all in English; and Fishy tried to express it in American; but even the American language was inadequate.

"I should smile!" he ejaculated. "It gets my goat! It does, just a few, and then some!"

The cause of Fisher T. Fish's burning indignation was Pickle Jar, the Krooman.

It was the day after Pickle Jar's arrival at Greyfriars; and the black man was to be seen in the quad, walking there and shivering in coat and muffler, with a blanket wrapped round him for additional warmth.

BOLTON WANDERERS FOOTBALL TEAM!

Certainly the Krooman cut an extraordinary figure, and most of the Greyfriars fellows smiled when they saw him. But Fisher T. Fish did not smile. He frowned.

Fisher T. Fish was a member of the greatest democracy that had ever existed; the biggest and freest country on the "face of the yearth," as he often told the Greyfriars fellows. Being a free-born republican and democrat, and a firm believer in liberty, equality, and fraternity, Fishy might have been expected to extend the right hand of fellowship to the black man from Africa. But Fishy didn't.

The rights of man, as Fishy often told the other fellows, were embodied in the American "Constitution." But the rights of man, it appeared, were limited to the smaller section of mankind whose skins were white. The majority of the human race, being coloured, were altogether excluded from the rights of man, and, indeed, from all rights whatsoever, according to the democratic beliefs of Fisher T. Fish.

The news that a black man was actually sheltered under the ancient roof of Greyfriars moved Fishy to burning indignation—it got his goat, as he expressed it in his native tongue.

"That nigger!" he gasped. "That black nigger, moseying around among white men—that black Sambo! I guess this puts the lid on. I guess I'm not standing this! I calculate it's the pesky limit! Some."

"What's the matter with the chap?" asked Vernon-Smith, staring at the American junior in wonder. "He's quiet enough, if the fellows let him alone."

"A black nigger!" howled Fisher T. Fish.

"Niggers generally are black, I believe," said the Bounder. "Are you worrying about his complexion?"

"I guess that nigger's going, or else

(Continued on page 17.)

Good old MAGNET!

OUR SPECIAL HOME-COMING NUMBER!



The GREYFRIARS HERALD

Supplement No. 102. Week Ending December 9, 1922.

KEEPING BUNTER QUIET!



GAGGING THE LECTURER! "Here endeth the lecture!" chuckled Frank Nugent. The audience began to melt away. Billy Bunter blinked at them. He could only mumble through his sticking-plaster gag. "Mmmm!"

"WHEN I was out in the Congo—" Billy Bunter began that sentence. But he never finished it.

The fat junior was standing, with legs akimbo, in front of the fire in the junior Common-room. There were about a dozen fellows in the room, either reading or playing chess. And as soon as Billy Bunter opened his mouth, they opened theirs.

"Dry up, Bunter!"

"Give it a rest!"

"We're suffering from an overdose of your Congo adventures!" said Peter Todd.

"Oh, really, Toddy! I was about to tell you fellows that when I was in the Congo—"

"Shurrup!"

"Go and lie down!"

The Removites were sick and tired of listening to the experiences—real and imaginary—that Bunter had had in the Congo, from which State he had just returned.

Since his arrival at Greyfriars Bunter had done nothing but chatter. His tongue had wagged incessantly. And he prefaced every remark with "When I was out in the Congo—"

Bunter blinked through his big spectacles at his wrathful schoolfellows.

"Beasts!" he grunted. "I get nothing but rudeness in this place. It was different out there. The natives treated me with great respect—some of 'em worshipped me. Yet as soon as I come back to this beastly hole I find I can't get a word in edgeways! When I'm here I seem to be of no account. But when I was out in the Congo—"

The repetition of that remark fairly put the lid on it, so to speak.

The chess-players left their chess, and the readers laid aside their books, and advanced with one accord towards Billy Bunter. The fat junior was seized by many hands, and frogmarched to the door. As he was bundled out into the passage, Bolsover major shot out his foot, and it came into painful contact with the rear of Billy Bunter's person.

"Yaroooooh!"

"Get out!" roared Bolsover. "We're fed-up with you and your Congo fairy tales!"

Billy Bunter, who had alighted on all fours on the linoleum, picked himself up and limped painfully away. His schoolfellows hoped that he had been cured of chattering about the Congo.

But they were wrong!

That evening a sheet of paper appeared on the school notice-board. It bore the following announcement, in Billy Bunter's spider-like scrawl:

"ROLL UP! ROLL UP! ROLL UP!

There will be

A LANTERN LECTURE

in the junior Common-room on Saterdag evening at 8 sharp. The lecturer will be the well-known eggexplorer and traveller, W. G. BUNTER, who has just returned from the Congo.

Admission: Sixpence per head.
Standing Room: Tuppence per foot.

The lecture will be entitled

'MY EGGSPEERENCES IN THE CONGO.'

Come and listen to the thrilling adventures of your plump skoolfellow!

(Sined) W. G. BUNTER."

If you miss the latest "Holiday Annual" you'll never forgive yourself!

"He's at it again!" growled Bob Cherry. "Seems to be no stopping him!" Harry Wharton laughed.

"We shall have to keep Bunter quiet somehow," he said. "Between now and Saturday we'll think out ways and means."

"Why not gagfully silence the fat and ludicrous Bunter?" suggested Hurree Singh. Wharton shook his head.

"Too dangerous," he said. "If we were to stuff a gag into Bunter's mouth, the chances are he would choke. But it won't be difficult to think of an alternative wheeze."

"We must shut the fat boulder up somehow," said Johnny Bull. "His Congo experiences are getting on everybody's nerves."

When Saturday evening came, quite a crowd of fellows flocked towards the junior Common-room. But they had no intention of paying either sixpence per head or two-pence per foot.

Sammy Bunter had been stationed outside the door, at the receipt of custom. But there was no custom to receive. The entrance was rushed, and the crowd swarmed into the Common-room unchecked.

An extraordinary scene met their gaze. The room was in darkness, save for the feeble light of an old lantern which Billy Bunter had borrowed from the woodshed.

The lecturer stood on the raised platform at the end of the room, and the lantern stood at his feet.

The fellows who had expected to find a magic-lantern and a screen were disappointed. Bunter's idea of a lantern lecture was to have an ordinary lantern, with nothing magic about it.

There was quite an uproar in the room. "Where's the magic-lantern?" "Where's the screen?" "And the slides?"

Sammy Bunter's shrill voice rose above the uproar:

"I say, you fellows, you haven't paid! I'm waiting to collect your tanners!"

"Then you'll have to wait a jolly long time!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

Billy Bunter had hoped to make quite a good thing out of his "lantern" lecture. He had expected sixpences to rain upon him as thick and fast as leaves in Vallombrosa. But there was nothing doing. And Bunter realised that he would have to give his audience the benefit of his experiences in the Congo, without getting anything in return.

"I've a jolly good mind to cancel the lecture, as you haven't paid!" he exclaimed. "But I won't be hard on you. I know you're simply dying to hear what I've got to say, so I'll get on with the washing."

A silence fell upon the audience. That silence ought to have aroused the lecturer's suspicions; but it didn't. Bunter took it to mean that the fellows were breathlessly awaiting his lecture.

The fat junior cleared his throat. And then he began:

"When I was out in the Congo—"

The lecturer got no further. Bob Cherry sprang up suddenly from his seat, and rushed towards the platform. He clasped Billy Bunter round the neck with his left arm, and with his disengaged hand he clapped something over Bunter's mouth. The "something" was an oblong piece of very strong sticking-plaster. Bob had borrowed a reel of this useful substance from the matron.

With the sticking-plaster sealing his lips, Bunter was powerless to speak. By working his jaws he could probably have removed the obstruction; but this would have been painful. It would have been equally painful to have torn the sticking-plaster off with his hand. Only the matron would have been able to remove it painlessly, with a certain spirit.

Billy Bunter's face became purple with rage. He made a muffled, mumbling sound, but found it quite impossible to articulate distinctly.

"Here endeth the lecture!" chuckled Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The audience began to melt away. Billy Bunter blinked after them, striving vainly to speak. His lecture, which was to have been one of the most thrilling of modern times, had begun and ended with the phrase, "When I was out in the Congo."

Picking up the lantern, Bunter followed the audience from the room.

Emerging into the passage, he almost bumped into Mr. Quelch, the Remove master.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated that astonished gentleman. "What is wrong? Have you cut your lip, Bunter?"

"Mmmmm!"

Mr. Quelch realised that it was futile to put questions to a person who was not in a position to answer them. He stood looking at Billy Bunter with a puzzled frown.

By going through a variety of deaf-and-dumb motions, the fat junior managed to make Mr. Quelch understand that he had not placed the sticking-plaster over his mouth with his own hands, but that it was a jape on the part of his schoolfellows.

"Dear me!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "It appears, Bunter, that an effective attempt has been made to silence you. You have evidently been too garrulous. You will proceed to the matron at once, and ask her to remove that plaster."

Billy Bunter nodded, and hurried away to the matron's quarters.

He had learnt his lesson. He knew that if he started talking about the Congo his lips would again be sealed. And from that time onward Billy Bunter was never heard to commence a remark with "When I was out in the Congo!"

THE END.

EDITORIAL!

By PETER TODD.

MY temporary editorship has now drawn to a close. This is the last time the editorial of the GREYFRIARS HERALD will appear under my name.

Harry Wharton & Co. are back from their expedition to the Congo.

Wharton is too busy with other matters to edit this week's issue, but he will take up the reins again next week.

Harry looked through the numbers which were compiled during his absence, and he was good enough to compliment me on the way I have carried on. I told him that the credit was due to my sub-editors rather than to myself. They have proved a loyal band of workers, and have backed me up splendidly in my efforts to maintain the high standard of the paper.

One of my correspondents writes that if it wasn't for the fact that my name has appeared as temporary editor, he would not have suspected there had been a change, because the contributions seemed as good as ever. I feel much flattered by this tribute, and thank my chum for his kind message.

I shall now vacate the editorial chair in favour of Harry Wharton. But I shall not fade away entirely into oblivion. The "Ancestors" feature, which, I am pleased to say, has proved popular, will be continued. This week, as you will see, I deal with Bob Cherry's earliest ancestor, and next week it will be Lord Mauleverer's turn.

Talking of Mauly, he has not been much in the limelight of late. He still holds the appointment of Fashion Editor, but I've not been able to get a word of "cope" out of him! The lazy beggar spends all his time on the study sofa, day-dreaming.

Harry Wharton & Co. are back. Let us shout and sing! But Billy Bunter is also back. Let us growl and groan! The fat Owl is installed once more in Study No. 7, much to the disgust of his study-mates. We hoped he would return from the Congo a different fellow. But alas! the Ethiopian cannot change his skin, nor the leopard his spots. And Billy Bunter is the same as ever!

Au revoir, dear boys! The brief reign of King Peter is ended.

PETER TODD.

WELCOME HOME!

By Dick Penfold.

Open wide the gates of Greyfriars,
Stand aside there, if you please!
Wharton and his gay companions
Have returned from overseas.
Let us greet them; let us treat them
To a ripping study feed.
Let the fat and beaming Bunter
Fairly gloat with thoughts of greed!

Smite the drum and sound the cornet,
Let tin-whistles screech and wail!
If these instruments you're lacking,
Get a poker and a pail!
Bang and batter! Crash and clatter!
Raise a most terrific din.
Welcome home, our merry comrades!
(Note Bob Cherry's joyous grin!)

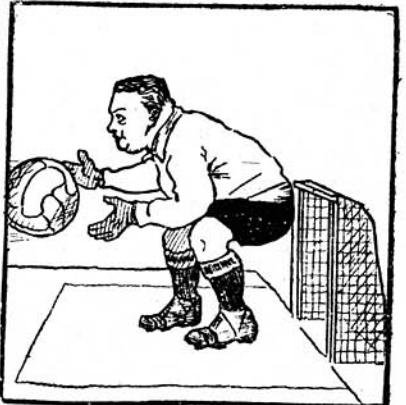
Bring hot pies and cakes and doughnuts
From the tuckshop close at hand;
We will hold a celebration
Great and glorious, good and grand.
Every chappie will be happy,
Laughter glows on every face;
Congo heroes are returning
To the old familiar place.

Open wide the gates of Greyfriars,
See the conquering heroes come!
All are tanned and fit and healthy,
None are looking sad or glum.
Let us meet them; let us greet them
With a chorus of delight!
There will be great doings, brothers,
In the Common-room this night!

HOW I SEE OTHER FELLOWS!

By Frank Nugent.

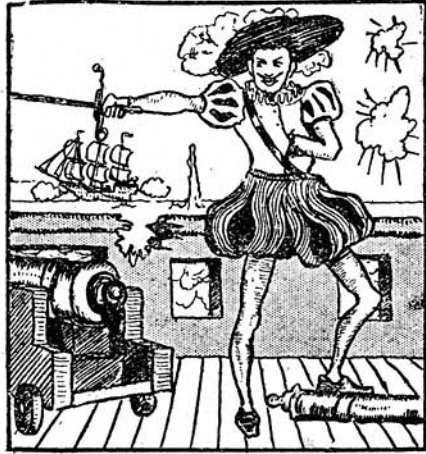
(The Greyfriars Cartoonist.)



FATLY WYNN.

(St. Jim's Marvellous Goalie.)

That's right—have a good laugh! Everyone laughs who reads the "Herald"!



ANCESTORS!

By
PETER TODD.

*Sir Jovial Jolly, the
First of the Cherrys.*

“Wilt apologise to me, Sir Jovial, for thy base conduct?”
“Nay, Bessie.”
“The Queen frowned.
“If thou wilt express sorrow for what thou hast done,” she said, ‘I will order thee to be liberated. If, on the other hand, thou dost persist in this insolence, I will arrange for thee to be publicly executed on Tower Hill.’

“Verily, that will be rather a lark!” chuckled the irrepressible Sir Jovial.
“The Queen gave him one more chance.
“Go down on thy knees; and say, ‘Beautiful Queen, I apologise,’ and I will let thee off.”
“I am not in the habit of telling fibs, Bessie, said Sir Jovial.
“What meanest thou?”
“Well, how could I address thee as ‘Beautiful Queen’ when thou hast not a beautiful face?”
“That did it, of course
“The Queen was choking with rage as she went back to her palace in a taxi. She lost no time in making all arrangements for the execution. It was fixed for the Thirteenth of December.

“When Sir Jovial heard of this, he laughed heartily.
“The thirteenth day of the month hath always been unlucky for me,” he said. “I was born on the thirteenth. I was wed on the thirteenth. And on the thirteenth my head will be taken in to the Queen on a charger. Well, well! Such is life!”

Bob Cherry paused. I looked at him rather breathlessly.
“You mean to say your ancestor was executed?” I said.
“Yes.”

“How did he take it?”
“As if it were the richest joke he’d ever experienced. On the way to the scaffold he played leap-frog with the executioner, and set the crowd roaring with laughter. Then he picked up the axe and examined it critically.

“Verily, ‘tis a blunt instrument,” he remarked to the executioner. ‘I doubt if it will make any impression on this neck of mine. Shall I lend thee my penknife?’
“Silence, knave!” growled the executioner over that block!”

“I want to make a speech first,” said Sir Jovial.
“And he walked to the edge of the scaffold, and made such a screamingly funny speech that the crowd went into hysterics.

“Sir Jovial was criticising the executioner’s personal appearance when the axe fell. His last word, according to the historians, was ‘Tarzan!’
“I don’t believe it!” I said.

Bob Cherry shrugged his shoulders.
“Believe it or not, as you like, Toddy,” he said. “I’ve simply stated the facts as I know them. And now I must toddle off to the footer-field. My pals are waiting for me.”

So saying, Bob Cherry gave a mischievous chuckle and sprinted away, leaving me to pass on his story to the readers of the “Greyfriars Herald.”

(Next week: *Monty the Mauler—the first Mauleverer.*)

BACK FROM THE CONGO!

A Cheery Chat with the
Famous Five.
By Our Special Reporter.



NOTEBOOK in hand, I was the first to meet the Famous Five on their arrival after several weeks of thrilling adventure in the Congo. Judging from their radiant faces, I gathered that they had had a grand time, and yet, at the same time, were glad to be home again.

“Why, here’s the special reporter of the ‘Herald!’” exclaimed Harry Wharton. “Proof that the paper’s still going strong, at any rate.”

“Did you expect to come back and find it dead and defunct?” I asked.

“Hardly! I knew that old Toddy would keep the flag flying.”

“Have you a message for the Press?” I inquired.

“Yes. You can let our readers know that we’re jolly glad to be back again! They’ve read all about our adventures in the Congo, so we won’t bore them with a repetition of them.”

“Are you all fit?”

“Perfectly!”

“Billy Bunter’s looking a bit groggy.”

“That’s because I haven’t had a meal for over an hour!” said the fat junior.

“Ha, ha, ha!”

“Have you brought back any photographs and souvenirs from the Congo?” was my next question.

“Yes, rather!” said Wharton. “Franky here has taken some ripping snaps, and he’s brought back enough to fill an album. As for souvenirs, we’ve brought back lots of interesting things for the walls of the study.”

“Hurrah!”

“It’s good to see the old place again,” said Johnny Bull almost affectionately.

“There were times when we thought we should never see Greyfriars any more,” said Nugent gravely. “We’ve been in some fearfully tight corners. Bunter’s stupidity landed us into a good many of them.”

“Oh, really, Nugent—?”

“Anyway, it’s a real treat to be back,” said Bob Cherry. “Are they going to cook the fatted calf in our honour?”

I nodded.

“There’s going to be a glorious banquet in the Rag,” I said. And Billy Bunter’s mouth began to water in anticipation.

“Let us wendfully make our way thither, and dispose of the esteemed and ludicrous fatheaded calf!” said Hurree Singh. “I have an aching voidfulness insidefully.”

It was a very merry party that went along to the Rag, and the celebration was one of the grandest in the school’s history. Greyfriars is delighted to welcome its heroes home; and I feel sure that that delight will be shared by all loyal readers of the “Greyfriars Herald.”

OF course, I didn’t expect Bob Cherry to tell me that his earliest ancestor was the monarch who never smiled again.

I pictured the original Bob Cherry as a person who was always bubbling over with mirth and I proved to be right.

“The first ancestor that I’ve got any definite knowledge of,” said Bob, in reply to my questions, “was Sir Jovial Jolly. He flourished in the reign of Good Queen Bess. I’ve got earlier ancestors than that, I know, but they didn’t make much of a stir.”

“What sort of man was Sir Jovial?”
“He fitted his name to a ‘T.’ He was a country squire, with rosy cheeks and twinkling eyes. He was always happy. For a priceless optimist, he had Mark Tapley and Sunny Jim licked hollow! And he always laughed loudest when things were at their blackest. I’m jolly certain I’ve inherited my optimism from him.”

“Tell me some anecdotes about him, Bob,” I said, feeling mightily interested.

“Well, Sir Jovial happened to be playing bowls at Plymouth, with his pal Drake, when the Spanish Armada came along. He and Drake didn’t turn a hair. They just chuckled when they caught sight of the Spanish ships.

“Bust me!” groaned Sir Gloomy Growser, who was standing near. “This is a sorry look-out for England, forsooth! Those infernal Spaniards are about to invade our shores. A plague on them!”

“And a plague on thee, also, for being such a long-faced, gloomy wight!” cried Sir Jovial Jolly. “Thinkest thou that we care a fig for yonder Spaniards? Ere sunrise to-morrow their galleons will be sunk in the ocean bed!”

“Ay, ay!” said Sir Francis Drake, with a chuckle. “We will conclude our game of bowls, and then put paid to the account of these wily Spaniards! Let me see. ‘Tis thy turn to trundle, Sir Jovial!”

“They calmly finished their game of bowls, and then they put out to sea and sunk the Armada. Sir Jovial was grinning all the time. And when a cannon-ball knocked his cockade off, he grinned harder than ever. As he paced the deck, exposed to the enemy’s fire, he did nothing but make puns and merry jests.”

“I’ve never heard of Sir Jovial Jolly in connection with the sinking of the Armada,” I said.

Bob Cherry smiled.
“My ancestor preferred to hide his light under a bushel,” he said. “He let old Drake collar all the credit. Queen Elizabeth offered him the O.B.E., but he told her he had no use for trumpery decorations of that sort. ‘You can take it away and pawn it, Bessie,’ were the words he used.”

“What happened then?”

“Sir Jovial was arrested on a charge of low treason.”

“My hat!”
“They marched him off to the Tower of London,” said Bob Cherry, “and while he was there—a prisoner in irons—the Queen called on him.

You can’t keep a straight face and read the “Herald” at the same time!

WANTED AT ONCE—NEW MEMBERS AND MORE "SPEECHES"
GLANCE BELOW! WHAT ABOUT IT?

The Greyfriars Parliament

Grand Money Prizes for "SPEECHES"



AT the usual meeting on Monday last Mr. Peter Todd, Deputy-Speaker, said he had received notice of a motion which Mr. Potter desired to put.

Mr. Potter: "I wish to move that Mr. Coker be permitted to resume his seat." (At the last meeting Mr. Horace Coker was suspended for a month for riotous behaviour.)

Mr. Peter Todd: "As Mr. Coker has been suspended with the concurrence of the House, I fail to see how the motion can be considered."

Mr. Greene: "But Coker is outside. He wants to come in now."

Mr. Peter Todd: "There is nothing doing. If Mr. Coker attempts to flout the House he will be removed."

Mr. Horace Coker (he spoke from outside, but his voice carried): "You burbling chumps! I tell you I am coming in!" (At this stage a crash was audible, followed by the banging of a pair of boots along a wall. The incident then terminated.)

Mr. Peter Todd: "I wish to lay before the House a very interesting suggestion which comes from READER J. G. PRICE, Stout, Hall, Reynoldston, Glamorgan-shire, South Wales. Reader Price suggests the formation of a Council for the Protection of Fags." (Hear, hear!)

Mr. Potter: "I call that a ripping wheeze!"

Mr. Peter Todd: "'Wheeze' is an unparliamentary term."

Mr. Potter: "You don't know Coker. He treats Greene and me like a pair of blessed fags! Most unreasonable, he is."

Mr. Greene: "Yes, that's just what I say. It is all very well for you, Toddy, old scout, to suspend Coker; but what about Potter and yours truly? I say it isn't fair. It isn't playing the game!"

Mr. Peter Todd: "Order, order! I am not in the habit of being addressed as though I were something hot to drink for a cold!"

Mr. Potter: "Bunter often called you 'Toddy.'"

Mr. Peter Todd: "What Bunter says, he says."

Mr. Greene: "Oh, yes, you are full of excuses for Bunter now he is being devoured by lions!"

Mr. Peter Todd: "I have no authentic information that Bunter has supplied a meal to the king of the animal world."

Mr. Greene: "Come off it! You know jolly well that no lion worth a pinch of salt would miss a good thing like Bunter—not if it happened to be hungry!"

Mr. George Tubb: "As King of the Fags, I protest! Let's hear about the Council for the Protection of Fags."

Mr. Teddy Myers: "Yes; shut up that pair of jabberwocks, Potter and Greene. What does Reader Price say? Hurrh for Reader Price!"

Mr. Potter: "Both Reader Price! What I want to see established is a Society for the Protection of Potter and Greene. Life has not been worth living in our study since you kicked out Coker! He gets pottier and pottier. He calls Greene and me all the bad names—says

we did it. Why, I knew nothing about what he was doing—only that he has been full of Congo since he found Captain Corkran wasn't taking him!"

Mr. Peter Todd: "I can hold out no hope to Messrs. Potter and Greene that this House will undertake the formation of such a society. They must settle their own domestic differences. Those who place themselves weakly under the heel of a tyrant—"

Mr. Greene: "I did not place myself. Coker put me there!"

Mr. Peter Todd: "Order! Reader Price says: 'A fellow who has a fag is much inclined to bully that fag. He often tells the fag to do impossible things. When the fag fails to perform those things he is caned. The fag is often caned for no real reason at all. The senior is annoyed, and thinks he must take it out of somebody.'"

Mr. George Tubb: "Don't I know it? Look at Loder, there! It's all right, Loder, old sport! You can't get at me now. Toddy won't let you—you with your plaster face and nutcracker voice!"

Mr. Peter Todd: "I will continue. But there must not be any more interruptions. Mr. Tubb knows quite well that there are constitutional means of setting injustice right."

Mr. George Tubb: "Do I? Not much! You get Loder on the job with a cricket-stump on one of those mornings which come after he has been out late—that's all! It may be good for a chap's constitution to get walloped by Loder, but I could do without it. And it was only ink and treacle, after all! Nothing to grumble about! Loder gets so ratty!"

Mr. Peter Todd: "A Council for Fag Protection would not put down all punishment, if deserved."

Mr. George Alfred Gatty: "What did the Famous Five do about Loder just before they went to the Congo? Didn't they show him up?"

Mr. Gerald Loder (speaking with some heat): "Mr. Deputy-Speaker, I must ask you to protect me from all these scandalous insinuations!"

Mr. Peter Todd: "I am bound to admit that Mr. Loder has given some cause for offence. He has been caught spying more than once. In the case of the cigarettes which Mr. Quelch found in Mr. Wharton's desk, he was obviously at fault."

Mr. Loder: "You—you dummy! I'll smash you!"

At this point there was a lamentable scene. Mr. Loder made a rush for the Speaker's Mace, and was about to hit Mr. Todd with that article, when a large party of juniors grabbed him by the legs. The unfortunate Member went down in the welter, and for a perceptible space nothing was seen of him except one foot, which seemed to be issuing signals.

Order was at last restored, and Mr. Peter Todd resumed.

Mr. Todd: "Reader Price says: 'The senior is often disposed to punish a fag because the latter has shown him up in some little thing. I could bring up several cases where a fag has had to suffer unnecessary pain just because the

senior knows he has absolute power over the younger boy, and likes to feel that power. He knows the youngster will not speak to a master or a prefect. Now, I think, as the system of fagging will never be abolished, that it would be a good thing to establish a council, this council to be composed of Middle School fellows, not too high up, so that the fags will not be afraid to speak, and not so low down in the school as to have no effect and influence in their efforts to see fair play, and define the duties of a fag. Gentlemen, there should be some protection for the younger fags at Greyfriars."

Mr. Peter Todd (laying the address on the table): "I consider Reader Price has made out a case. There is much to be said in favour of such a council. I call upon Mr. George Tubb, the King of the Fags, to speak."

Mr. George Tubb: "All serene, your worships! I am ready. I see old Loder has his eye on me, but I mean to say what I think, even if all the ratty seniors get at me for doing it. Now, there's Walker—"

Mr. S. Bunter: "Hookey!"

Mr. George Tubb: "No; I mean James. He's a nice cup of tea! Ever see old Walker in a rage?"

Mr. Peter Todd: "No personalities, please."

Mr. George Tubb: "Just what I say. I wouldn't be personal. Couldn't, if I tried. I was only going to say that Coker, with his frozen eye, and his silly fat head—"

Mr. Peter Todd: "The hon. Member is being distinctly personal!"

Mr. George Tubb: "Well, let me get on."

Mr. Dicky Nugent: "That's it, old top! The bullies can't get at you now."

Mr. George Tubb: "Wally D'Arcy of St. Jim's told me that Grundy—the pumpkin-headed chump with the big feet—"

Mr. Peter Todd: "I must beg Mr. Tubb to keep to the point."

Mr. George Tubb: "Aren't I doing it? Just because I told old Walker to fry his silly face, he lammed me!"

Mr. Teddy Myers: "May I say what I think? My friend, Tubby—I mean the chap who has just sat down, not Bunter—can talk a lot; but we fags don't mind much. As fags under the leadership of Tubby, seems to me we can take care of ourselves. Seniors aren't offend us. I had trouble once, but I soon put a stop to it. You might as well have a Society for the Protection of Bullies. They always end up by making donkeys of themselves. They get it in the neck, same as the giraffe with a sore throat. I am against a society, as proposed. It is a sort of reflection on the noble army of fags. They can take care of themselves, as I said."

Mr. Peter Todd: "There is something in it."

Mr. George Tubb: "There was something in Walker's teapot, and it wasn't tea—it was vinegar!"

The House referred the matter to a committee to take such proceedings as seemed necessary.

Here's a feature that'll interest you! What about joining?

THE BLACK MAN AT GREYFRIARS!

(Continued from page 12.)

I shall vamoose the ranch," said Fisher T. Fish wrathfully. "Great snakes! A black nigger! They wouldn't believe this in Noo York, if I told them."

"But what's the trouble?" asked Peter Todd.

"Trouble!" roared Fisher T. Fish. "The trouble is that I guess I'm not having a nigger around me. That's the trouble. Jevver hear of such a stunt—a black nigger in the pesky school! I guess it's as much as I can do to stand Hurree Singh—but a real genooine nigger! Groogh! I guess I'm going to talk to that nigger."

"Better let him alone, you ass!" said Peter. "If you make him waxy, he may make shavings of you. He's got a temper."

Snort, from Fisher T. Fish.

"I guess I'm putting it to him plain," he answered.

And the American junior strode towards Pickle Jar, to put it to him plain.

"See hyer, you!" was Fishy's greeting, as he arrived in front of the black man from the Congo.

Pickle Jar stopped.

He had been twenty-four hours at Greyfriars, and had come into contact with quite a crowd of Greyfriars fellows, who were curious to see the man from the Congo, and hear him talk in his queer English. He had received only kindness from the fellows, so far, and had been given quite a high opinion of Mass' Harry's tribe.

So, though Fisher T. Fish was anything but agreeable, Pickle Jar took off his silk hat, and saluted the American junior respectfully.

Fishy glared at him.

"What are you doing hyer?" he demanded.

"Ole Pickle Jar walk," said the Krooman.

"Then you can just walk out of those gates!" said Fish, jerking a bony finger towards the school gateway.

"You're not wanted here."

"No sabbeey."

"And the sooner the quicker, I guess," said Fish. "Don't come close to me—keep off, you durned nigger! Do you calculate I can stand a black nigger near me?"

Pickle Jar blinked at him. Among the white men on the African coast he had often come up against very high-handed treatment. But this was a surprise to him. It was his first experience of the aristocratic prejudices of the junior from New York.

"You no want Pickle Jar? You go away, den," said the Krooman. "Pickle Jar no ask you come."

"Don't give me any back answers, you black rascal!"

The Krooman's eyes gleamed.

"You no call Pickle Jar name," he said.

"I guess I'll call you any old name I like," said Fisher T. Fish disdainfully. "Do you think you can talk to me, you blessed nigger?"

"You talk to Pickle Jar," said the puzzled Krooman. "You no want Pickle Jar talk, you go 'way."

"I guess you're going to walk your chinks out of this," said Fisher T. Fish. "Absquatulate! Vamoose the ranch! Savvy?"

"Big Chief say ole Pickle Jar stay 'long Mass' Harry."

"Blow Mass' Harry! Like Wharton's cheek to bring a black nigger hyer, I guess. I know I'm not standing it. You see those gates?" said Fisher T. Fish impressively. "Waal, you get on the other side, instanter, or I'm going to kick you there. Catch on?"

"You kick Pickle Jar?"

"Yep!"

"No can."

"I guess I'll show you whether I can or not, you cheeky nigger!" exclaimed the exasperated Fish.

And he caught Pickle Jar's arm, and spun him round, taking the Krooman by surprise, and the next moment his boot was planted on the Krooman.

Pickle Jar staggered forward.

"Now, I'll guess you'll vamoose!" said Fisher T. Fish. "And if you don't travel instanter, I'll give you some more. I guess—yoooooop!"

Fisher T. Fish uttered a wild yell as the black man turned upon him and grasped him.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

No Luck for Fishy!

FISHER T. FISH tottered, and panted for breath. Never in his life had Fishy received so terrible a fright. His thin sharp face was white as chalk, and his teeth chattered. The Krooman still glared at him angrily—and Wharton stood between them.

"Pickle Jar."

"Him kick um," said the Krooman savagely.

"I know," gasped Wharton, "I saw the cad! I'll punish him, Pickle Jar; but you must not touch him!"

"Him kick um!" repeated the black man. Even Wharton's influence seemed to be failing under the strain at the moment.

"I—I—I guess—" babbled Fisher T. Fish.

Wharton turned on him with blazing eyes.

"You utter fool! What did you expect? How dare you kick him? You want a thundering good hiding for your cheek!"

Fisher T. Fish spluttered.

"I guess I ain't standing a dashed nigger—"

"Hold your silly tongue!" roared Wharton.

"I—I guess—"

"Keep your temper, Pickle Jar," said Wharton soothingly. "This fellow is a fool, and you mustn't mind him. He's going to tell you he is sorry."

"What?" gasped Fisher T. Fish.

"You're going to apologise to Pickle Jar," said Wharton between his teeth, "and you're going to do it at once—on your knees!"

"Hear, hear!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"I guess not!" howled Fisher T. Fish. "I guess I ain't apologiseing to any black nigger. Yow-ow-ow! Leggo my collar, Bob Cherry, you mugwump!"

"Mustn't call names!" said Bob chidingly. "Now then, our excellent friend the coloured gentleman is waiting for your apology."

"I guess I won't—"

"Lend a hand, Johnny."

"You bet!" said Johnny Bull.

"Yaroooh!" roared Fisher T. Fish, as he was plumped down on his bony knees in the grasp of two juniors. "Leggo! I guess I'll make potato scrapings of you! Oooooop."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Give him your boot till he apologise," said Wharton. "As he's so free with kicks, perhaps one or two will do him good."

"Hear, hear!"

"Yaroooh!" howled Fishy as a heavy boot landed him on the rear. "I—I guess—Yooop! Stoppit!"

"Sorry?" asked Bob.

"Yarooop! Nope."

"Give him another."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Krooman was grinning now. A laughing crowd of Greyfriars fellows surrounded them. Fisher T. Fish wriggled in the grasp of Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull, but he was easily held. And Bob's boot was raised again.

"Stoppit!" shrieked Fisher T. Fish. "I—I—I guess I'm sorry! Oh, Jerusalem!"

"Him sorry!" said Pickle Jar. "All right; me sabbeey. No kill um!"

"Yow-ow-ow! I guess—"

"Clear off, you silly dummy!" snapped Wharton. And Fisher T. Fish was released.

Next Week!

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"Look out!" yelled Vernon-Smith.

"You fool, Fishy—"

"Wharton!" shouted Peter Todd.

"Good heavens!"

"Help!" shrieked Fisher T. Fish.

He struggled desperately, terrified by the storm he had raised by his insolence. But he was like an infant in Pickle Jar's muscular grip. The black man swung him into the air, and stood hesitating, evidently debating in his untutored mind whether he should dash the American junior violently to the ground. Fishy's brain swam with terror.

"You kick um!" hissed the Krooman.

"You kick um!"

"Ow! Help! Help!"

"Wharton!" roared Peter Todd.

Harry Wharton came racing across the quadrangle. He shouted breathlessly to the Krooman as he came.

"Pickle Jar! Stop! Stop! Don't hurt him!"

The Krooman glanced round. Wharton's shout came only just in time to save the American junior.

Wharton came panting up.

"Let him go, Pickle Jar!"

And he grasped Fisher T. Fish and dragged him from the yielding grasp of the black man.

He staggered to his feet, gasping. "I guess I'm going to the Head about this!" he yelled. "I guess—" "Kick him out!"

And Fisher T. Fish fled. Harry Wharton drew the Krooman away. For the next quarter of an hour Wharton was giving Pickle Jar a lecture, and the black man humbly promised to do as Mass' Harry desired. But it was plain that he could not understand why, if he was kicked, he was not to be allowed to "kill um." And Wharton, much as he liked Pickle Jar, was anxious for the arrival of Captain Corkran at the school, to deal with the problem of the black man.

Meanwhile Fisher T. Fish made a "bee-line," as he called it, for the School House, to lay his uncommen wrongs and grievances before Mr. Quelch. He thumped on the door of the Remove master's study, instead of tapping respectfully, in his excitement. Mr. Quelch quite jumped as the door jerked open, and dropped a blot from his pen upon the exercise he was drawing up. Possibly it was the first blot Mr. Quelch had dropped in his scholastic career. Certainly it had a very irritating effect on his temper. He turned a basilisk eye upon Fisher T. Fish.

"Fish! How dare you—" "I guess I've got something to say to

you, Mr. Quelch!" gasped Fisher T. Fish. "I calculate, sir, that a free Amurrican citizen isn't sstanding this—just a few, sir. If niggers are let into the school, sir, it's time for me to vamoose the ranch, I reckon!"

"Are you out of your senses, Fish?" "Nope!" howled Fisher T. Fish. "I guess I'm the only galoot at Greyfriars that's in them!"

"Boy!" "There's a black nigger in the school, sir—a sooty darkie, sir, and I'm not standing it!" howled the indignant Fish. "I guess I want that nigger bootied out, sir, instanter. I've been made to apologise for kicking that nigger, sir."

Mr. Quelch laid down his pen, rose to his feet, and fixed two cold grey eyes on Fisher T. Fish.

"Kindly tell me exactly what has occurred, Fish!" he rapped out.

"Yep, sir! That's why I'm hyer." And Fisher T. Fish poured out his grievance breathlessly. The Greyfriars fellows didn't understand his colour-prejudice, or sympathise with it. But Fisher T. Fish felt that his Form master would have more hoss-sense.

But his Form master hadn't! Mr. Quelch listened to him patiently to the end, and then picked up his cane.

"You have acted rudely to an in-offensive man, Fish, now staying in the

school by the Head's permission. I shall punish you, in the hope of teaching you better manners."

"Wha-a-at?" gasped Fish. "Hold out your hand!" "But I guess, sir—" "Your hand!" rapped out the Remove master.

"But I calculate—" "Another word, Fish, and I shall report you for a flogging. Hold out your hand at once!"

Swish! "Now the other hand!" "Wooooooow!"

"Now go," said Mr. Quelch, pointing to the door with his cane. "And let me hear no more of this nonsense, Fish."

Fisher T. Fish limped from the study. In the passage he paused to squeeze his hands and groan with anguish. What with kicks from the Remove fellows, and a caning from the Remove master, Fisher Tarleton Fish was feeling an extremely ill-used individual.

He thought of laying a further complaint before the Head; but he paused in time, reflecting that most likely the Head hadn't any more hoss-sense than Mr. Quelch. So he limped away, squeezing his hands and groaning.

There was nothing for Fisher T. Fish to do but swallow his grievances and his injuries, and that he did. It was awful,

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The FIRST PRIZE of £5 will be awarded to the reader who submits a solution which is exactly the same as, or nearest to, the solution now 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. The Editor reserves the right to add together and divide the value of all, or any, of the prizes, but the full amount will be awarded. It is a distinct condition of entry that the decision of the Editor must be accepted as final. Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

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

I enter "Aston Villa" Competition and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final.

Name

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M

In every line of next week's tale there's thrill, excitement, and fun.

indeed, unspeakable, for a black man to come between the wind and his nobility, so to speak; but, awful and unspeakable as it was, Fisher T. Fish had to stand it. And he did not venture to kick Pickle Jar any more. He was very careful indeed to give the coloured gentleman a wide berth—though undoubtedly the black man continued to “get his goat.”

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

A Surprise for Bob Cherry!

PICKLE JAR seemed to settle down at Greyfriars. The school was a considerable change for him, and it was clear that he understood very little of what went on about him. But he was good-tempered, patient, and, above all, obedient to the slightest command from Harry Wharton. And most of the Greyfriars fellows rather liked the big, simple black man.

He was accommodated with rooms over the garage, where there was a stove that Pickle Jar could hugg night and day, for he felt the cold terribly. But even the cold—so far—diminished his desire to remain “long Mass’ Harry.” The Krooman was a handy fellow in some ways—he had a sailorman’s skill with needle and thread. He made himself an extra suit of clothes out of the blankets from his bed, and wore them over his other clothes, and created quite a sensation when he appeared in public in that striking garb. But it helped to keep out the cold, and the Congo man was not very keen upon an elegant appearance.

It was understood that Captain Corkran was coming down in a few days to see what could be done with the black man, before his return to Africa, and Wharton could only yearn for his arrival. There really was no telling what the black man might do next. His simple mind had room only for one idea at a time. He understood that he must not touch rabbits, and then he understood that he must not touch sheep; but Wharton wondered whether his next exploit would be a bull as he did Sir Hilton’s rabbits. Pickle Jar was evidently very much out of place at Greyfriars; indeed, the hapless black man was hemmed in with so many restrictions that he was possibly beginning to realise it himself, deep as was his devotion to Mass’ Harry.

“Cousin Kit’s coming to-morrow,” Bob Cherry remarked, in Study No. 1, when Pickle Jar had been nearly a week at Greyfriars. He was referring to Captain Corkran. “He’s going to say good-bye before he goes back to Africa. You fellows like to go again?”

Wharton laughed, and shook his head. “There’s the football,” he remarked. “And Christmas coming on,” said Johnny Bull.

“Greyfriars for me,” said Nugent. “But I wish old Pickle Jar would go back with Corkran. What will he do when the snow comes?”

“I say, you fellows—”

Billy Bunter’s fat face and big spectacles glimmered in at the doorway of Study No. 1.

“Buzz off, Bunter!” said five voices in unison.

“Yah! I say, you fellows, old Corkran’s coming down,” said Bunter. “Now, I want all you chaps to back me up. I’m going to make him shell out our whack in the ivory.”

“Oh, dry up!” exclaimed Wharton impatiently. “Corkran has carried out the agreement, and handed over our

share to our people. Better speak to your pater about it.”

“That’s not good enough for me.”

“Go and eat coke!”

“Are you fellows going to back me up when I tackle Corkran? I can jolly well tell you I’ll make you all sit up, if you don’t!” roared Bunter.

“Going to lick us all round?” asked Bob Cherry humorously. “Begin with me, old bean, won’t you?”

“Perhaps you fellows have forgotten my splendid ventriloquism—”

“Bow-wow!”

“It saved all your lives on the Congo,” sneered Bunter. “Where would you be now if I hadn’t made the idol speak, and scared the niggers? Well, that black bounder, Pickle Jar, doesn’t understand anything about ventriloquism—”

“If you play any tricks on Pickle Jar, you fat rotter, I’ll squash you!” exclaimed the captain of the Remove angrily.

Bunter sniffed. And he rolled away.

The Famous Five finished their tea, and then Bob Cherry and Hurree Singh left the study, to go along to their own quarters for prep.

In Study No. 13, Bob, Hurree Singh, Mark Linley, and Wun Lung were at prep, when the door suddenly opened. The four juniors glanced up, to see Pickle Jar in the doorway.

“Hallo, hallo, hallo, old top!” said Bob Cherry cheerily. “What’s blown you in?”

The Krooman entered the study. He had a large stick in his hand, and there was a peculiar expression on his face.

“Me sorry!” he said. “No can help.”

“Eh? What’s the matter?”

“Lib for beat Mass’ Bob.”

“What?” yelled Bob Cherry, jumping up.

He stared across the table at the black man.

“No can help,” said Pickle Jar. “Mass’ Harry say beat Mass’ Bob. Mass’ Harry master. Lib for ‘bey Mass’ Harry.”

“Wharton told you to beat me?” exclaimed Bob Cherry dazedly.

Pickle Jar nodded.

“Here, keep off, you potty idiot!” roared Bob, as the burly black man advanced upon him.

But Pickle Jar did not keep off. He grasped Bob in his powerful hands, and Bob, strong and sturdy as he was, was quite helpless in the powerful grip of the Krooman.

“Lend a hand, you fellows!” gasped Bob. “He must be mad! Help!”

“The helpfulness will be terrific!” exclaimed Hurree Singh.

“Pile in!” gasped Mark Linley.

The juniors rushed to Bob’s aid. As easily as if they had been infants, the burly Krooman hurled them aside. They rolled on the study carpet; and then, Bob, helpless, though resisting fiercely, was thrown face down across the table, scattering pens and ink and paper far and wide.

Then the stick rose and fell vigorously.

Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack!

Bob Cherry roared at the top of his voice. His stentorian tones rang along the Remove passage from end to end.

Mark Linley threw open the study door.

“Help!” he shouted.

The Remove fellows were crowding out of the studies. Harry Wharton, as it

happened, was downstairs in his Form master’s study. Outside the doorway of Study No. 13 the startled juniors crowded, staring into the room in great amazement.

“The nigger’s gone mad!” exclaimed Vernon-Smith.

“He, he, he!” came from Billy Bunter.

“Stop it, Pickle Jar!”

“Help!” panted Bob, writhing under the hefty lashes of the stick in the Krooman’s hand. “Drag him off!”

“Oh, my hat!” murmured Skinner. “They’ll think twice before they bring a cannibal home to Greyfriars again.”

“I guess it serves ‘em right!” grinned Fisher T. Fish.

“Help! Ow! Help!”

“Come on, you fellows!” exclaimed Mark Linley, and he led a rush at the Krooman.

“You lib for back!” shouted Pickle Jar, brandishing the stick. “Crack um skull! Make chop!”

The juniors backed from the stick as it swung.

“Call Wharton!” panted Nugent.

“Where’s Wharton?”

“Here’s Wingate!”

Wingate of the Sixth came hurrying along the Remove passage. His face was angry.

“What’s this thumping row?” he exclaimed.

“Wharton’s giddy nigger’s gone mad,” said Skinner. “He’s pitching into Bob Cherry.”

Wingate ran into the study.

“Stop that!” he shouted.

“Beat um!” said Pickle Jar. “Mass’ Harry say beat um.”

“Stop it, I tell you!”

“No stop!”

Whack, whack, whack!

Wingate rushed at the black man and gripped him. The next moment he was swung off the floor in Pickle Jar’s grasp. But Mark Linley and Johnny Bull, and half a dozen other fellows, rushed to his aid. Powerful as he was, Pickle Jar could not stand against so many assailants, and he was dragged to the floor. He went down with a crash, the juniors swarming over him.

“Pin him down!” panted Wingate.

“You let go!” yelled Pickle Jar. “Mo make chop! Kill um!”

“Hold him!”

The Removites crowded into the study, and Pickle Jar was held on all sides. He was helpless now, but he still struggled, his eyes rolling wildly, and his white teeth gleaming. And that startling scene met Mr. Quelch’s gaze, as he came hurrying up the Remove passage with Harry Wharton at his heels.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Only Bunter!

MR. QUELCH stared blankly into the study. Bob Cherry was leaning on the table, gasping painfully. His licking had been interrupted; but Bob had been rather severely dealt with. On the floor, the brawny Krooman wriggled in the grasp of a dozen pairs of hands.

“In Heaven’s name, what has happened?” gasped Mr. Quelch, while Wharton stared at the scene in utter dismay.

“The—the nigger’s out of his senses. I think!” groaned Bob Cherry. “He came here and pitched into me, and said

There goes Harry Wharton—jolly fine sportsman! Have you met him?

Wharton told him to. Of course, Wharton couldn't have."

"I!" exclaimed Harry blankly. "Of course not."

"Keep the man in control," said Mr. Quelch. "I fear that it will be impossible for him to remain here longer, Wharton. This is very serious. I understood that he was on the best of terms with your friends."

"So he was, sir," said Harry. "I can't understand it. Pickle Jar, why did you pitch into Bob?"

The Krooman blinked up at him. "Mass' Harry say beat um," he said. "I did!" exclaimed the captain of the Remove.

"You say beat um. You master! Me beat anybody Mass' Harry say. Kill um if Mass' Harry say kill um!"

"Goodness gracious!" gasped Mr. Quelch.

"But I did not say anything of the kind!" exclaimed Harry, in utter bewilderment. "I think he must be wandering in his mind, sir. You can let him up, you fellows; he's calm enough now."

The Krooman looked reproachfully at his master.

"Mass' Harry say, no say beat Mass' Bob?" he asked.

"Certainly not!"

"There is some strange mistake," said Mr. Quelch.

"When do you think I told you to beat Bob, Pickle Jar?" asked Harry Wharton.

"You call in window," said the Krooman. "Me come at once, with stick, to beat Mass' Bob."

"You think I called in your window," Wharton. "Did you see me, Pickle Jar?"

"No can see, it dark. You throw stone to window, me look out, you say 'Lib for beat Mass' Bob with stick.' Me 'bey Mass' Harry's order one-time."

"Bunter!" shrieked Wharton.

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Bunter!" repeated Mr. Quelch. "What has Bunter to do with the matter, Wharton?"

"It's his rotten ventriloquism, sir!" gasped the captain of the Remove. "I haven't been near Pickle Jar's quarters; Bunter has imitated my voice—"

"Oh!" exclaimed the Remove master. "Bunter, come here!"

Billy Bunter was backing away through the crowd in the passage, with a look of alarm on his fat face. But Peter Todd had taken him by the collar.

"You're wanted, you fat rascal!" said Peter.

And he jerked the Owl of the Remove forward.

"Bunter!" said Mr. Quelch sternly.

"I didn't!" gasped Bunter. "I—I wasn't, sir."

"What?"

"I haven't been near the garage, sir, and—and I never told Bob Cherry I'd make him sit up for bumping me. I never thought of such a thing, sir! Besides, I'm not a ventriloquist."

"Bless my soul!"

"As for imitating Wharton's voice, and pulling that nigger's leg, sir, I wouldn't," said Bunter, "Besides, I warned them."

"You—you warned them?"

"Yes, sir; quite plainly, in Study No. 1," said Bunter. "They'll have to bear witness to that. I warned them what to expect if they didn't give me justice."

"Bunter!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "Then you admit that you played this trick upon an ignorant African—"

"Not at all, sir! Certainly not! I never thought of such a thing. Besides, it was only a lark."

"A—a—a lark?" stammered Mr. Quelch.

"That's all, sir! Just a lark. I never thought for a minute that the silly nigger would really pitch into Cherry. I was just pulling his leg for a lark, sir. And—and, besides, sir, I don't know anything about it."

"You—you don't know anything about it?" said Mr. Quelch dazedly.

"No, sir!" said Bunter firmly. "I've been out of gates all the time, and never even knew anything was happening till a minute ago."

Mr. Quelch gazed speechlessly at Bunter. There was a chortle in the crowded passage. Bunter's rather complicated defence did not carry conviction; though apparently the Owl of the Remove hoped that it would.

"Bunter!" gasped the Remove master, at last.

"I—I hope you're satisfied, sir," said Bunter, with dignity. "I trust, sir, that you can take my word."

"Take your word," repeated Mr. Quelch. "No, Bunter, certainly I cannot take your word, you utterly untruthful young rascal!"

"Oh, really, sir—"

"You have played a cruel and wicked trick, Bunter, and I shall take you to Dr. Locke, and demand that you shall be flogged severely!" thundered the Remove master.

"Oh crumbs!"

"Wingate, will you take that boy away? Take him to the Head's study, please!"

"Certainly, sir!" said Wingate; and Billy Bunter was led from the scene with the hand of the captain of Greyfriars on his collar.

"The matter is clear now, Wharton," said Mr. Quelch. "This unfortunate man was deceived by a cruel trick. But that does not alter the fact that, after this, he cannot possibly remain in the school. If he does not leave with Captain Corkran to-morrow, he must be sent away."

"I—I—I don't mind, sir, as far as I'm concerned," said Bob Cherry. "I don't blame poor old Pickle Jar, sir."

"Quite so, Cherry, but we cannot risk the repetition of such an outbreak. Wharton, as the man is calm now, kindly take him away to his quarters."

"Yes, sir," said Harry.

Mr. Quelch swept away very much perturbed. He went directly to the Head's study, where Bunter had already arrived. And in spite of Bunter's frantic explanations that it was only a joke, and that he hadn't done it, he received there and then a flogging which cured him of all desire to ventriloquise for some time to come. After that flogging, Bunter had exercise enough for his natural voice, and his ventriloquial voice was given a rest.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Pickle Jar's Farewell!

"**S**NOW!" said Bob Cherry. It was the following morning. The Famous Five were first down of the Remove, and when they looked from the doorway of the School House the old quad lay before them a sheet of glimmering white. Paths and

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grass plots had vanished under a spotless mantle.

"Jolly, isn't it?" said Nugent.

"The jollyfulness is terrific!" murmured Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh with a shiver.

"Poor old Pickle Jar!" said Harry.

Bob Cherry made a grimace. He was still feeling very keenly the effects of the licking he had received at the hands of the Krooman. The fact that that licking had been given by error did not make it the less painful.

"Can't help wishing poor old Pickle Jar had stayed on the Congo," said Bob. "Ow, I shall feel this for a week!"

Harry Wharton was thinking a good deal of Pickle Jar that morning. He was attached to the faithful Krooman, but he realised more clearly than ever that the untutored savage could not possibly remain at Greyfriars. He hoped that Captain Corkran's arrival that afternoon might solve the difficulty, but he was feeling sorely troubled.

After morning lessons the captain of the Remove made his way to the Krooman's quarters, to break it to him as gently as possible. He found Pickle Jar huddled in blankets before a stove that was almost red-hot, in a room so hot and stuffy that it almost made the junior's head swim, but the hapless Krooman was shuddering and shivering.

The coming of the winter's snow had been the finish for the African. Pickle Jar turned a pitiful face to Wharton.

"Not cold?" asked Harry.

"Berry cold," said Pickle Jar. "Mass' Harry no angry with Pickle Jar, if Pickle Jar tell um something?"

"Of course not," said Harry. "What is it, old chap?"

The Krooman was silent for some minutes. Evidently he found it difficult to utter what he had to say.

"Well?" said Harry, at last.

"Congo boy berry cold in white man's country," said Pickle Jar. "Tink ole Pickle Jar lib for die."

"No, no!" said Harry. "But—"

"Little captain with one eye come?" asked the Krooman.

"Yes. Captain Corkran's expected in an hour or two," said Harry. "You will see him when he comes."

"Little captain lib for Congo?"

"He is going back to Africa in a few days."

Another long silence. Wharton comprehended at last what was in the black man's mind, and which Pickle Jar did not care to utter. He smiled slightly.

"Captain Corkran would be glad to take you to the Congo with him," said Harry. "You would be very useful to him there."

"Mass' Harry let ole Pickle Jar go?" asked the Krooman, watching the junior out of the corner of his eye. "Stick to um if Mass' Harry like. Lib for back to Congo if Mass' Harry like Mass' Harry master."

"I should like you to go with Captain Corkran, Pickle Jar," said Wharton. "I think it would be best."

The Krooman nodded.

"Mass' Harry know best!" he said.

And Harry Wharton returned to the



Mr. Quelch stared blankly into the study. Bob Cherry was leaning on the table, gasping painfully. On the floor the brawny Krooman wriggled in the grasp of a dozen pairs of hands. "The nigger's out of his senses!" cried Bob Cherry. (See Chapter 12.)

School House with a lighter heart, smiling a little.

"Well, how's jolly old Pickle Jar getting on?" asked Bob Cherry. "Enjoying the weather, what?"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"The weather's settled him," he said. "He wants to go back to Africa, and he's just owned up."

"The esteemed and ridiculous Pickle Jar is wise," remarked Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh. "The excellent British climate is undoubtedly terrific."

"We'll give him a good send-off," said Nugent.

"Yes, rather!"

When Captain Corkran arrived at Greyfriars that afternoon he was prepared to deal with the problem of Pickle Jar. But he found it already dealt with. It was probable that the Krooman had already begun to realise that he was out of place in the white man's country, and the captain found him only eager to get on the steamer going southwards.

When the captain departed Pickle Jar went in his company. Harry Wharton & Co., and a crowd of Greyfriars fellows, marched to Courtfield to see them off.

Pickle Jar, wrapped in many coats and unnumbered mufflers, shivered in the carriage, as Wharton shook hands with him at the window.

"Good-bye, Pickle Jar!" he said. "We sha'n't forget you, old fellow!"

"The rememberfulness will be terrific," said Hurree Singh.

"No want leave Mass' Harry," said the Krooman. "Mass' Harry say stay 'long him, ole Pickle Jar stay."

It was the black man's last effort of devotion. But Harry Wharton smiled and shook his head.

"Some day Mass' Harry lib for Congo two-time?" said Pickle Jar hopefully.

"Perhaps!" said Harry. "I—I hope so! Good-bye, old chap!"

And the train started. The juniors waved their hats, and a black face from the window watched Wharton wistfully, till the express rounded a bend in the line and disappeared from sight.

Pickle Jar was on his way back to his native land, to arrive there safe and sound, and to flourish among his black comrades as a wealthy man. His brief sojourn in England faded from his mind, but it is probable that the Krooman never quite forgot "Mass' Harry."

And the captain of the Remove did not forget Pickle Jar. Indeed, it was likely to be a long time before the chums of the Remove ceased to discuss the brief but exciting career of the black man at Greyfriars.

THE END.

There will be another Gripping, Long, Complete Story, dealing with the adventures of Harry Wharton & Co., the Chums of Greyfriars, entitled:—

"THE CALL FROM THE AIR!"

By FRANK RICHARDS.

You must not miss this wonderful tale—by your Favourite Author.

If you don't know the Chums of Greyfriars, get to know them right now!

Another Bumper Number—Gripping new tales and FREE REAL PHOTOS—
Your Editor's got the REAL GOODS for you next week!



There is certainly a great chance for every boy and girl this week to obtain splendid real photos of famous footballers. In this issue you will have a splendid, large, free real photo of the Liverpool F.C. NEXT WEEK THERE WILL BE A MAGNIFICENT FREE REAL PHOTO OF BOLTON WANDERERS F.C. Make sure of yours, my chum, by ordering the MAGNET Library well in advance.

The "Boys' Friend" appears to-day, and in it you will find two splendid, free, real photos of famous footballers, specially coloured by hand, and absolutely unequalled!

To-morrow we shall have the "Popular" on sale at all newsagents and bookstalls, and in the "Pop" you will find a free real photo of a famous sportsman. Do not miss this, but drop in at the newsagent's early to-morrow morning and ask for the "Popular."

On Wednesday, the "Gem" Library will offer you a grand free real photo of a famous footballer in action, and at the foot of the photo will be found his signature. The "Gem" Library has made a great hit with these novel photos, and I only hope my chums are making the best of their chances, and getting copies of the "Gem" Library.

This, then, is a splendid week for all lovers of good stories and good photos of their favourites.

I do not boast when I say that I have the finest and most popular boys' papers—I merely state a fact. There is not a paper on the market which offers such sterling good value for money. And as for the stories, there are, in my papers, the best stories it is possible to obtain. I have the best authors at my service, and only the best authors are wanted to write for the papers that are known throughout the world as the Companion Papers. If there is anybody in this world who writes better school stories than Frank Richards, Martin Clifford, and Owen Conquest, I'd dearly like to meet him. There are, of course, other authors writing for me, but the three gentleman named undoubtedly "take the cake" for school stories, and I do not think it at all likely that we shall ever find a better author to supplant them!

We will now proceed to impart a little information concerning

NEXT WEEK'S SPLENDID PROGRAMME.

In the first place, our 20,000 word complete school story of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars will be entitled:

"THE CALL FROM THE AIR!"

By Frank Richards.

In this story we learn how Peter Todd is given an extremely handsome cheque to celebrate the anniversary of his birth. Like the generous boy he is, Peter wants

to buy something so that all his chums can share in this gift, and, knowing that Billy Bunter has a really tremendous appetite, and that all his chums can "go" a bit in that line, too, Peter buys a wireless receiving set.

The arrival of this set starts the chums off on a great adventure. Terror strikes the Remove. Mr. Quelch arrives on the scene, and is absolutely powerless. Wingate gets into the wars, and even the Head cannot solve a mystery which crops up.

Then there comes a call from the air. A wireless message gets to the juniors, who go out of the school in a body to the rescue of the unseen "caller." They have to do lots of rash things to get at the men responsible for the call, and there is much thrilling and exciting adventure for them before they at last bring to a successful end what might have developed into a great tragedy.

Then we shall have another splendid, long complete story of FERRERS LOCKE AND JACK DRAKE, entitled:

"THE DEATH THORN."

By Owen Conquest.

This is a special story, my chums, and describes what must have been this wonderful detective's most thrilling and exciting adventure. A thorn is found in a man's wrist, and the man is dead. The question arises, who put the death thorn there? And why was it done?

Ferrers Locke and his wonderful assistant, Jack Drake, set about this problem with the grim knowledge that they are to fight desperate criminals—men who will, if a chance be given them, send one of the death thorns into their own hands!

But they regard it as their business; danger must be faced if justice is to be served. And they take up the case, with a result that will surprise you when you read the adventure of

"THE DEATH THORN."

THE PRESENT.

No, I'm not going to talk about what is happening now—or of the future. I am referring to Christmas Presents, and I just want to remind you that the ideal present to give or receive is the "HOLIDAY ANNUAL." Remember, there are over three hundred and sixty pages in this wonderful Annual, and every page is packed. Make no mistake about it, boys and girls, the "Holiday Annual" is the present you want, or the present your friend wants.

There are a few copies of the "Holiday Annual" still to be obtained. Get one to-day, to-morrow may be too late.

Your Editor.

Say, you fellows, drop your old chum, the Editor, a line to-day!

Result of . . . "SILHOUETTES" COMPETITION!

In this competition no competitor sent in a correct solution of all the six sets of pictures. The prize of £25 has therefore been divided between the following two competitors, whose solutions came nearest to correct with eight errors each:

W. RITSON,
9, Square, Barrowford,
Near Nelson, Lancs.

ERIC MYERS,
7, Bayshill Terrace,
Cheltenham.

The ten prizes of £1 each have been awarded to the following competitors, whose solutions came next in order of merit:

N. H. G. Everson, 177, Sandy Hill Road, Plumstead, S.E.; Colin G. Porterfield, 80, Milton Road, Hanwell, W. 7; J. Clifford Gray, 25, Windleshaw Road, St. Helens, Lancs.; Alice Bleasde, 39, Chapel Street, Rhodes, Manchester; Tom Waine, 24, Manor Road, Leamington Spa; H. Wallis, 21, Chaucer Road, Forest Gate, E. 7; Walter White, 21, Alverton Street, Deptford, S.E. 8; H. Ball, 24, Tobin Street, Notting Hill, W. 11; Harry Hilton, 15, Elizabeth Street, Heaton Park, Manchester; Malcolm Harris, 2, South Street, Corsham.

The twenty prizes of 10/- each have been awarded to the following competitors, whose solutions were next in order of merit:

A. J. Scriven, Fontenay Lodge, Don Road, Jersey, C.I.; Thomas G. Manser, 10, St. John's Road, Caversham, Reading; Harold Knight, 85, Luma Street, Hyde, Cheshire; S. J. Evans, 44, Regent Street, Gloucester; Lewis E. Evans, 76, Kenelon Road, Small Heath, Birmingham; H. Willsons, 6, Warrington Place, Poplar, E. 14; R. Abbott, 5, Kineton Road, Oxford; H. Austin, 56, Tything, Worcester; L. M. Peck, West Side, Fortis Green, E. Finchley; W. J. Chard, 18, Dunston Street, Kingsland Road, Haggerston, E. 8; Robert Craske, 4, The Crescent, Bedford; Aubrey White, Chestnut Villa, Burbage, Leicester; Ernest Shooter, 18, Manor Road, New Village, Askern, near Doncaster; H. G. Thorpe, 2, Wilmot Place, Camden Town, N.W. 1; C. Curtis, 65, Nelson Street, Norwich; Kitty Hopkinson, Long Binington, Grantham, Lincs.; R. Dowsett, 91, Selsdon Road, Plaistow, E. 13; H. Purvis, 28, Warton Street, Bootle, Liverpool; Bertram S. Perry, 57, Grafton Road, Kentish Town, N.W. 5; Arthur Jervis, 18, Alcester Street, Redditch, Worcs.

SOLUTION.

No. 1.

1.—Sawing. 2.—Playing Cricket. 3.—Piano Playing. 4.—Typing. 5.—Billiards. 6.—Catching.

No. 2.

7.—Fencing. 8.—High Diving. 9.—Punting. 10.—Jumping. 11.—Sailing. 12.—Mountain-ering.

No. 3.

13.—Bowling. 14.—Tennis. 15.—Playing Lacrosse. 16.—Roller Skating. 17.—High Jumping. 18.—Motoring.

No. 4.

19.—Scrubbing. 20.—Reading. 21.—Lassoing. 22.—Running. 23.—Darning. 24.—Snap-shooting.

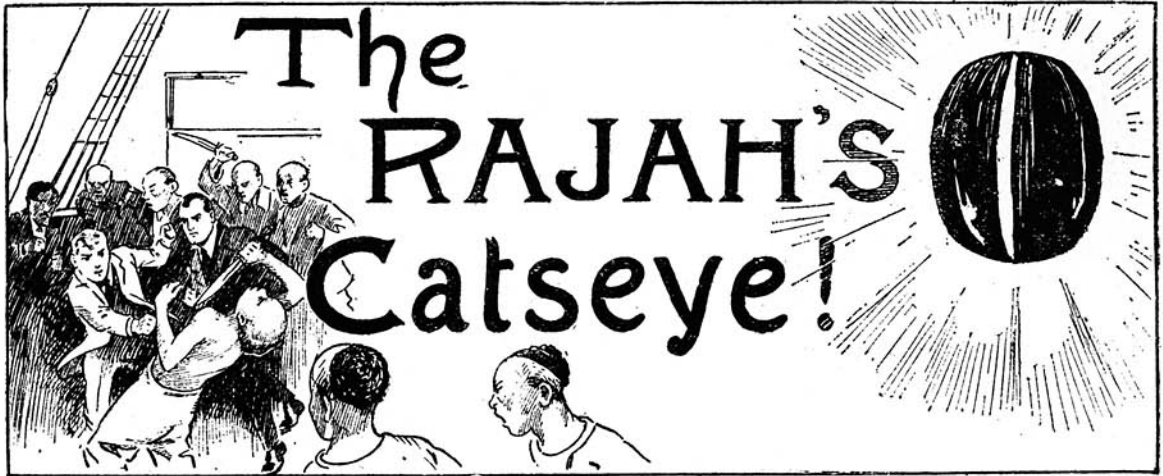
No. 5.

25.—Begging. 26.—Mowing. 27.—Paddling. 28.—Chopping. 29.—Pasting. 30.—Firing.

No. 6.

31.—Writing. 32.—Sweeping. 33.—Dancing. 34.—Kicking. 35.—Signalling. 36.—Exercising.

THE MAN BEHIND THE SCENES.—The mystery surrounding the amazing theft of the Rajah of Punderhah's wonderful Catseye stone baffles London. "Tiger" Ferrers Locke is called in to investigate the strange case. Locke picks up a thin trail, and with dogged determination gets on the move.



The "Tiger" gets on the go again. But he comes up against something like a double brick wall when he tries to fight with the "Unseen Power." Who is the "Unseen Power"?

By OWEN CONQUEST.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

The Man From Bengal.

"**C**HANDAR LAL!" Ferrers Locke ejaculated the name in a tone of pleased surprise as he glanced at the visiting-card which Sing-Sing, the Chinese servant, had handed to him.

"Allee same black man, Missa Locke!" volunteered the Chinese.

The detective laughed at the almost warning manner in which Sing-Sing conveyed the information.

"A coloured gentleman, you mean," he corrected. "Brown, yes—but black, decidedly not. Please show him up."

As the servant left the room Locke turned towards his assistant, who was indexing a book of press-cuttings.

"Chandar Lal's an old friend of mine, Drake," he volunteered. "Same year at college, both keen on cricket. Haven't seen him for years."

Jack Drake rose, and slipped the book into a shelf of a mahogany case.

"A private call, sir," he said. "I'll make myself scarce for a while."

The detective waved him into a chair.

"Nonsense, my boy! Dear old Lal will be pleased to meet you."

Footsteps sounded on the stairs without, there was a rap on the door, and Sing-Sing inserted his yellow face, and announced: "Missa Lal!"

As Sing-Sing withdrew, the visitor walked briskly into the room. He was sturdily built, and dressed in a smartly-fitting lounge suit, patent boots, and grey spats. When he spoke, his English was faultless. Only his brown skin proclaimed his Indian nationality.

His white teeth showed in a gleaming smile, as his hand clasped that of the detective.

"My dear Locke, this is a great pleasure! I trust you will pardon my calling without intimation of my coming. I only arrived at the East India Docks this morning."

"I'm delighted to see you, Lal!" replied Locke heartily. "Allow me to introduce Jack Drake, who assists me with my professional investigations. Don't take to crime, my dear Lal, or you'll have him on your track like a bloodhound!"

The Indian laughed as he addressed a formal word to the boy, and sank back into a chair.

"I'm not likely to, Locke," he said; "too busy to commit murders and burglaries. I've come to London on business. I came by the British Oriental liner, Chowdah. I'm a partner in the Calcutta jewellery firm of Chandar Lal & Jamsetji now, you know."

Locke nodded and pushed a decanter and

glass and a box of cigars towards the visitor. The firm of Chandar Lal & Jamsetji was known to him as one of the largest and most successful jewellery concerns in the world. It had been founded by the father of his old college friend, and, after an education in an English University, Chandar Lal had gone out East to enter the business.

"Sorry I can't stop very long. Must get this piece of business off my mind as soon as possible. It's a—trifle too romantic for my liking!"

Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake raised their eyebrows. Chandar Lal had whetted their curiosity.

The Indian puffed silently at his cigar for a few moments.

"It's a romantic affair altogether," he mused. "I'll tell you about it, if you care to hear."

"Pray proceed!" said Locke.

"Well, some months ago, among a number of gems purchased by me from a Chinese merchant was a catseye of unique size and beauty. It was as large as a pigeon's egg, brown as an autumn leaf, but as transparent as the sea off a tropic isle. Seen from above, dividing the stone into halves, was a streak of light, like a captive ray of living sunshine. Seen from either side, this golden gleam took on the form of a broad curve, like a parrot's beak."

"A veritable queen of catseyes," commented Locke, relighting his pipe.

"That is so," said the Indian solemnly. "The gem was unique."



FERRERS LOCKE.
The Master Detective.

"Where did your Chinese vendor obtain it?"

"He refused to say. Possibly at one time it was in the possession of some old Chinese monastery or temple. Probably it came direct from a mandarin of ancient lineage in low financial water. But that is a secret not likely to be revealed. Two days after, the Chinese merchant who sold me the gem was picked up dead on the outskirts of Calcutta. He had been killed by a motor-car, as affirmed by several natives, but they never traced the car."

"H'm!" murmured Locke.

"A coincidence, of course," said Chandar Lal. "The gem, for which I gave two lakhs of rupees, was kept in the centre drawer of our strongest safe. We did not offer it for sale. But it attracted excellent custom, for news of its presence spread. Government dignities and native princes dropped in to see it, and we received many tempting offers to part with it. Always, however, we refused, and our visitors contented themselves with purchasing other gems."

"And your business in England is in connection with this catseye?" said Locke, as the other paused.

Chandar Lal flicked the ash from his cigar. "Partly. One day the Rajah of Punderhah dropped in. Like all others, he immediately fell under the captivation of the stone. He pleaded to be allowed to purchase it, and finally offered no less than three lakhs of rupees for the gem."

"You sold?"

"I did. But after the deal had been accomplished I learned, to my amazement, that the rajah did not desire the stone for himself. He intended making a present of it to a man who once had rendered him a great service—the Duke of Chirchester."

Ferrers Locke and Drake exchanged glances. Both knew the duke well. Some time previously they had been instrumental in bringing to book a gang of Turf ruffians who had attempted to blackmail his Grace.

"Ah, I remember!" murmured Ferrers Locke. "The duke was the guest of the rajah in Bengal, a couple of years ago."

"Yes, and it was during a big-game hunting expedition that his Grace rendered a service which the rajah has never forgotten. With extraordinary daring and coolness the duke sprang from his horse and tackled a wounded wild boar—the fiercest and most dangerous wild beast on earth. In so doing he saved the life of the rajah's only son. On account of this the rajah told me that it was his wish to present the duke with something as unique and as nearly priceless as was in his power. So he requested that on my next business visit to London I would personally

Ferrers Locke's grip is like a steel claw! He never gives in!

visit the duke, and hand him the most superb gem which ever came out of the Orient."

Ferrers Locke's fingers drummed idly on the table.

"So you have had this wonderful catseye as a companion on your voyage to England?"

"I did," replied Chandar Lal. "I have felt a deep sense of responsibility. But the voyage is over, and the jewel is safe. It is here."

He tapped the region of his waistcoat.

"My hat!" said Jack Drake eagerly. "You've got it in your vest pocket? Could I see it, sir?"

The Indian gave a merry laugh.

"I'm afraid not, Drake," he said. "You see, it is not in my pocket. It is wrapped up in many layers of tissue-paper in a pocket in a special body-belt which I wear next to my skin. I have slept with the belt round my waist. Always I have been able to feel the bulk of the gem against my body. It has been a great responsibility, and I shan't be sorry to hand it to the duke."

"He is in town, I suppose?" said the detective.

"Yes. I telephoned to his residence in Grosvenor Gate this morning. He was out riding in the Row, then. His butler expected him back in an hour. But, having put up my luggage at the Waldorf, I came along here to look you up. If you'll permit me to use your 'phone, Locke, I will find out if the duke could see me now."

"Do so by all means, my dear fellow. There's a 'phone in the consulting-room; go through that door straight in front of you."

Chandar Lal left the detective and Drake. A minute later they could hear his voice speaking into the telephone. When he returned to the sitting-room he declined Locke's invitation of a chair again.

"The duke has asked me to go along to him right away, my dear Locke," he said. "He also would be honoured to see you and Drake to lunch."

"That is extremely kind of him," commented Locke. "You've aroused our curiosity about the catseye, Lal. Let us go to Grosvenor Gate."

Three minutes later, Locke, Drake, and the Indian stepped from the house. The detective hailed a taxi which was passing down Baker Street.

"To Grosvenor Gate!"

Arriving in the short, fashionable thoroughfare hard by Hyde Park, the taximan drew up. Locke, jumping out first, forestalled the Indian by paying the fare.

The duke's residence was an austere building which gave no indication of the magnificence of its interior. The visitors were admitted by a footman. The man ushered them to the library, and announced them to the duke, who was alone and awaiting their coming.

His Grace, a man of about fifty, with iron-grey hair and moustache, whose weather-beaten complexion denoted the sportsman, greeted them cordially.

"I have received a communication from my old friend, the Rajah of Punderbah," he said to Chandar Lal. "He stated he was sending a gift to me. It was thoughtful of him—and kind of you, sir, to be the bearer of the jewel."

"It has been an honour, sir," replied the Indian, with equal politeness. "If you are agreeable, I will deliver the jewel to you now. For a full month it has rested practically next to my skin. No one will enter the room, sir?"

The duke smiled. "No one is in the house, save my servants. They will not enter lest I bid them to do so."

"Then you will excuse my partially disturbing."

"Go ahead!"

Chandar Lal discarded his coat and waistcoat, hanging them over the mahogany back of a chair. That done, he unbuttoned his shirt and undervest, and unfastened a pale blue wash-leather money-belt from his waist. Drawing this out, he opened a wallet in the side of it, and took out a paper package about the size of a small hen's egg. This packet he placed in the duke's hand, making a slight bow as he made the presentation.

"His Highness the Rajah trusts that this jewel will be a talisman against all evil to you, sir. He desired me to convey his felicitations and respect to you."

The duke inclined his head in response, and

his fingers began to remove the tissue-paper wrappings from the gift.

Ferrers Locke and Drake watched intently. Their eyes longed to feast themselves on this wonderful gem of the Orient, for which a prince's ransom had been paid. As brown as autumn leaves, and as transparent as the sea round a tropic isle; within it a captive ray of living sunshine. That was how Chandar Lal had described the gem.

Piece after piece of delicate tissue-paper the duke unrolled. Jack Drake felt his heart beat a trifle quicker. There was something rather exciting in anticipating the sight of the great catseye.

"I must congratulate you on the way you protected the gem, Mr. Lal," said the duke, with a smile. "Ah, I fancy this is the last of the paper!"

He slowly unwrapped the final layer of tissue. Locke and Drake craned forward. Then a gasp of amazement escaped all four present. In the hollow of the duke's palm lay a smooth green piece of bottle glass!

THE SECOND CHAPTER.
Seeking the Scent.

FOLLOWING that first breath of amazement a dead silence fell over the library. An expression of horror fixed itself on the face of the Indian. His colour faded from a warm brown to the cold dead tint of ancient parchment. The duke reddened, and fixed his eyes inquiringly on the man from Bengal.

Chandar Lal gulped hard, and two words left his lips in an awed, hoarse whisper.

"Black magic!"

Ferrers Locke grasped the shoulders of the fellow and spun him round.

"Come, come, pull yourself together, old chap!" he ordered sternly. "There's no black magic about this. I'm surprised at an educated man like you reverting to ancient Oriental superstition. The catseye has gone, certainly, but it hasn't been alchemised into a piece of old bottle glass."

Lal sank feebly into the chair over which his coat and waistcoat was resting. The duke splashed some aerated water from a siphon into a glass. This the Indian gulped greedily. As he set down the tumbler he appeared a trifle calmer.

"I—I see what you're driving at, Locke," he said. "You think I've been robbed. I tell you, man, it's impossible."

"Five minutes ago you'd have said it was impossible that a piece of common, valueless bottle glass was being worn next your skin," retorted Locke. "Still, I am not theorising. I wish to help you, if you'll let me."

Chandar Lal's brown hand gripped that of the detective.

"You're a sahib, Locke, if ever there was one."

"Never mind about that, old fellow. Just answer one or two questions for me. Who placed the catseye in your belt before you left India—yourself?"

Lal nodded.

"THE DEATH THORN!"
NEXT WEEK!

"Is this the belt you placed it in?"

Lal glanced from the belt to Locke in surprise.

"Of course!"

"Please examine the money-belt carefully," said the detective. "Is that the selfsame belt you had in India?"

The Indian took up the belt and examined it, opening each wallet it contained in turn. Locke drummed his fingers on the table. The duke and Jack Drake stood silently by, watching the Indian narrowly.

"Yes, this is the identical belt," said Lal, looking up. "I'd swear it!"

"On your voyage to England, did you ever take the jewel from the belt?"

"Yes."

"How often?"

"About five or six times, I should think."

"Always in the privacy of your cabin?"

"Invariably."

"When was the last occasion?"

"Two nights ago."

"On this occasion did you immediately replace the belt round your body?"

"I did."

"And it has been there night and day since?"

Chandar Lal nodded.

"You would say it was utterly impossible for anyone to have removed the catseye from your waistbelt and inserted the spurious package?" continued the master-detective.

"Utterly impossible!"

"I am inclined to agree with you," said Locke thoughtfully. "Having noted the position of the belt, as you wore it, it is certain that the slickest sneak-thief in London could not have accomplished such a feat. We must commence our investigations on the liner, and at once. Precious time has been lost already."

All thoughts of luncheon had departed from the minds of all four by this time. The duke touched the button of an electric bell, and ordered that his car should be in readiness in five minutes for a journey down to dockland. In less than that, the sound of a motor-horn announced the arrival of the car outside the duke's residence.

"I will not come with you, Locke," said the nobleman. "You will not want a passenger on your hands while you conduct your investigations. As far as the car is concerned, I give you carte blanche, my dear fellow. Use it all day, if you like. I'll inform my chauffeur of the arrangement."

"Thank you, sir!"

The duke accompanied Locke and his companions to the door. He gave the chauffeur his orders, and wished the detective luck. With a soft, purring sound the car started on the journey to the docks.

As the car, a magnificent blue-coloured Rolls-Royce, rolled swiftly eastward through London, Chandar Lal became silent and morose. But Ferrers Locke speedily aroused him from his depression and lethargy.

"Come, Lal," he said cheerfully. "I want your attention for a moment or two. You say you took the catseye from your belt two days ago?"

Lal roused himself with an effort.

"Yes; and I replaced it."

"You turned in shortly afterwards?"

"Yes; I was retiring for the night, when the notion to look at the gem took possession of me. Afterwards I turned into my bunk and went to sleep."

"Yours was a single-berth cabin?"

"Yes."

"Did you sleep with your door locked?"

"I did—always."

"Was any man—any friend of yours among the passengers or officers of the ship—in the habit of calling on you in your cabin?"

"No."

"No one at all?"

"No one entered my cabin on the voyage, to my knowledge, excepting myself—and; of course, the cabin steward."

"Who was he?"

"A Chinese—Ah Lee, by name. He was a very quiet, amiable sort of heathen."

Locke was about to question Lal further, but just then the car reached the docks.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.
The Find in the Cabin!

AWORD from Ferrers Locke to the policeman on duty by the dock gates gained the party admission. Locke told the chauffeur to wait, and bade Chandar Lal to lead the way on board the British Oriental liner Chowdah.

The ship was a hive of industry. Steam-whirls whirred and rattled as the cargo was hoisted from the forward and after holds. Seamen had begun already painting operations on the funnels and masts. Stewards were taking large bundles of linen and carpets from the ship to the sheds.

Upon boarding the liner, Locke's first move was to seek a brief interview with the captain. To him the detective confided the nature of his errand on the ship. The captain, almost incredulous, was yet thankful that the matter had not been made public. He willingly agreed to arrange that no member of his crew should leave the dock-yard area that day. His earnest hope was that Locke would speedily clear up the mystery of the missing catseye, and so save the necessity for further trouble and inquiries.

If you want a story with a big thrill, try "The Death Thorn I" next week!

Satisfied with his brief interview with the captain of the Chowdah, Ferrers Locke requested Chandar Lal to lead the way to the cabin occupied by the latter on the voyage from Calcutta. This proved to be a spacious room on the port side of the promenade deck.

Locke closed the door, and made a survey of the cabin. The position of the port attracted his attention.

"Did you sleep with the port open on the last two evenings, Lal?" he inquired.

"No; it was screwed up, as it is now. Coming up the Channel and Thames, I felt your English cold too severely to leave it open."

Locke turned his eyes to the door and the position of the bunk. Meantime, Jack Drake gazed keenly about him. It was not that he expected to find a clue to the mysterious disappearance of the rajah's catseye. That there was anything in the cabin itself that would assist towards the solution of the mystery seemed exceedingly unlikely. But he had been trained by Ferrers Locke to take keen note of every detail of such places as they visited while engaged on a case.

Suddenly a thin, pink-coloured streak on the white planks of the deck below attracted his attention. He stooped down; just below the bunk was an overturned glass tumbler. Picking it up, he began to examine it. On the bottom and down one side was a layer of thin, pinkish paste.

"What's that, Drake, my boy?"

Drake looked up as Locke asked the question.

"Only a tumbler I found on the deck, sir. It looks as though it had been used for mixing tooth paste."

Chandar Lal stepped to the boy's side and gazed at the glass curiously.

"That's queer," he muttered. "Unless I'm greatly mistaken, that is the glass in which my hot milk was brought to me last night."

"Your hot milk!"

"Yes; each night the Chinese steward brought me a glass of hot milk. It was recommended to me by a doctor for insomnia, you know."

Ferrers Locke took the glass in his hands and held it to his nose. As he lowered it his eyes gleamed with a new light.

"What time did the steward bring you your hot milk last night, Lal?" he demanded.

"At about ten o'clock."

"What time did you fall asleep?"

"At about ten-thirty. I was in my bunk reading when Ah Lee brought the drink."

"You locked your cabin door as usual after the steward had departed?"

The Indian nodded.

"You slept well?"

"Splendidly! I knew nothing until Ah Lee entered my room at half-past seven this morning. But what—"

"One moment," said Ferrers Locke. "How is it that Ah Lee did not remove the glass which had contained the milk? Was he not in the habit of doing so?"

"Yes; I saw him stoop down by the bunk, and I thought he was about to pick the glass up."

"Obviously," said Locke dryly, "he pushed it beneath the bunk instead. He did not wish you to see it. Knowing you were leaving the ship directly after breakfast, he could remove it at his leisure. Apparently, however, Mr. Ah Lee has been kept busily employed, and has not been able to return here yet."

"But—but is there any importance in all this, my dear Locke? Time is getting on, and—"

"It is of the utmost importance," said Ferrers Locke. "There was no black magic about the disappearance of the catseye, Lal. It was a deliberate and well-planned theft. You were robbed as you lay asleep in that bunk last night."

"Impossible!"

Locke lowered his voice.

"The actual manner of the theft is a mystery no longer," he said. "But be wary in the way we go about bringing the thief to book."

Chandar Lal grasped the detective by the coat lapel. His teeth showed white against his dark skin.

"You—you know the thief?" he said hoarsely. "It was Ah Lee?"

"I don't think there's a doubt about it," replied Locke. "Though, possibly, he has only acted as the tool for a bigger scoundrel, who learned of your mission to London. The theft



DRAKE GETS ON THE TRAIL!—Jack Drake rang his bell and swerved. The Chinaman tried to leap clear, but with another sharp twist of the handle-bars Drake bumped into him. With a howl of pain the trimmer fell to the ground. (See Chapter 4.)

was simple. Last night your hot milk contained a dose of a powerful Eastern soporific."

"A sleeping-draught!"

"Exactly—a sleeping-draught prepared by a little known process from the beetle-nut palm. It has an odour only when it is stale, and the peculiar property of turning water or any liquid to a pinkish tint after some few hours."

"And you mean," said Chandar Lal, "that I was under the influence of this drug all night?"

"Undoubtedly you were," replied Ferrers Locke. "And I'll bet you felt nothing but a slight heaviness upon waking. In the night someone entered your cabin. Probably it was Ah Lee himself. As a steward, he would possess a master-key to the cabins in his charge. Having removed the catseye, he placed the piece of glass with which he had come prepared into your waist-belt."

Chandar Lal's brown fists clenched and clenched.

"It was that Chinese snake!" he muttered. "I'd like to feel my fingers at his yellow throat! I'd strangle the life out of his debased frame!"

"Calm yourself, Lal," said Locke. "We will go on deck, and I want you quietly to indicate to me this Chinese bed-room steward."

The three went up on deck. On the after well-deck, close to a gangway, a number of the ship's stewards were gathered. A shore official of the steamship company was checking carpets and other articles which were being taken from the ship.

Ferrers Locke halted in the lee of a ventilator.

"Now, which is Ah Lee, old man?" he whispered in the ear of the Indian.

Lal's face was averted. Thus Locke did not see the flame of fire which burned in his eyes. His first warning of the furnace of emotion which had blazed up within Chandar Lal was when the latter started forward. With a leap like that of a blood-maddened tiger, Chandar Lal sprang forward. His

brown fingers wrapped themselves over the yellow throat of a blue-coated Chinese.

"Now, Ah Lee!" he hissed. "Hand over that catseye!"

So swiftly did the assault take place that for a couple of moments no one stirred to interfere. But a muttered condemnation of the Indian's headstrong folly left the lips of Ferrers Locke.

"The thundering idiot!"

As he darted across the deck, Ah Lee, the Chinese steward, gave a desperate wriggle. A knife seemed to drop from his sleeve into his hand.

"Look out, Lal!"

Locke's shout of warning was just in time; Chandar Lal thrust the steward's head back violently. The knife, intended for the Indian's heart, slashed through the side of Lal's coat, and a streak of crimson welled through the cut in the cloth.

A terror-stricken cry escaped the official of the steamship company.

"Good heavens! He's knifed him!"

But although Lal bled freely, he had fortunately sustained only a flesh wound. Fortunately, too, for him, Ferrers Locke sent the steward spinning out of Lal's relaxed grasp with a straight right-hander to the point of the jaw.

By now a fierce hubbub had arisen. The Chinese of the crew shouted guttural threats, knives appeared in the hands of one or two with mystifying rapidity. A Chinese stoker who was crossing the deck picked up a monkey-wrench left by a winchman. But as he sprang forward to bring it down on Locke's head, Jack Drake dashed in. He crashed his fist against the man's belt, and the stoker doubled up like a penknife which is shut suddenly.

An instant later Drake, Locke, and Chandar Lal were defending themselves against a score of outraged native members of the Chowdah's crew; with whirling fists the detective and his plucky young assistant met the fierce onslaught. A Chinese got in the way of a comrade's knife. He crawled away, clutching his neck and yelping with fear and pain, his blood bespattering the deck.

Fierce yells, guttural threats, and heavy

Jack Drake has a thrilling time in next week's Ferrers Locke story!

blows marked the progress of a fight which was fast developing into a free-for-all affair. Others members of the crew, not knowing what the row was about, plunged into the fray.

The captain, chief officer, and some of the junior gold-face men of the liner dashed down to the aid of the white men. But three sturdy members of the dockyard police were chiefly instrumental in quelling the disturbance. Two or three of the Chinese, including Ah Lee, were taken into custody.

Hot and breathless, his collar loose from his neck, Ferrers Locke gazed dazedly about him. Chandar Lal leant against the nearby ventilator, on the verge of collapse.

"Hallo, where's Drake?" muttered the detective. The boy was nowhere to be seen. A brief search plainly showed that he was not on the after well-deck. It was as though, during the course of the fight, Jack Drake had vanished into thin air.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.
Jack Drake's Bold Rescue.

A MAZING though it appeared, there was nothing supernatural about the disappearance of Locke's brilliant young assistant.

Until that moment in the general fight when the officers of the Chowdah joined in, Jack Drake was fighting for his life. Then a rush of excited combatants swept him back against the side of the ship. In that moment's brief respite as he leaned against the rails, his chest heaving quickly to his laboured breathing, he noticed something which caused him to draw himself up alertly. This was a strange look which the steward, Ah Lee, shot at a passing Chinese trimmer—an unprepossessing fellow with but one eye.

Instead of joining in the fray like the other Asiatics, this man slunk hastily down the gangway of the ship. Drake glanced after him, then turned again towards the struggling mass of humanity on the liner's deck.

By this time Locke and the ship's officers were getting the upper-hand of the infuriated Orientals. The fight was practically over. Again Drake gazed after the one-eyed trimmer, who by this time was moving with cat-like tread along the deck. On the impulse, Drake darted swiftly down the gangway and set off to shadow the fellow.

Reaching the dock gates, an official halted the Chinese and ran his hands over the man's grease-covered clothes. Then he allowed him to pass out. In turn, he halted Drake, too, but finding no contraband on the boy, allowed him to proceed out of the docks.

Quickening his steps, Jack Drake soon caught sight of the Chinese trimmer again. The man had increased his pace to a "Chinaman's trot," but the boy cleverly kept him in view while not appearing to be following him.

As he proceeded through the squalid thoroughfares of Limehouse, Drake more than once was inclined to laugh at himself for going on a wild-goose chase like this. But he remembered the look which Ah Lee had cast at the trimmer, and the furtive way the latter had slunk from the ship.

But he consoled himself with the thought that, had he stayed on board the Chowdah, he could not have done any good. In his opinion, Chandar Lal, by his lack of control of his feelings, had rendered the task of finding the catseye an almost hopeless one. Ah Lee, if he were the thief, was not likely to have the gem on his person. The catseye might be hidden on the ship. On the other hand, Ah Lee might have an accomplice—this Chinese trimmer, for instance.

"My hat!" muttered Drake to himself. "I'd give a fiver to be able to make an examination of that chap's togs! The way that dockyard chap ran his hands over him

was useless. Still, I suppose he was looking for cheroots or cylinders of opium."

Turning into a narrow thoroughfare called Lantern Street, the Chinese became more furtive in his movements. He kept to the road, as is the custom among natives of the Far East, and he kept glancing about him, as though seeking some particular building.

Jack Drake gave a groan. It might prove of use to know for which haunt the man was heading. But the thought persisted in the boy's mind that the trimmer might actually have the catseye about his person.

Several wild ideas rushed through Jack Drake's mind. Then, outside a small Chinese grocery-shop he saw an ancient bicycle. In a flash he recognised that, by a bold stroke, there was a faint chance of testing his theories.

With a swift glance into the dim interior of the grocery-shop, he made sure he was unobserved. Seating himself on the saddle of the bicycle, he pedalled hard along the street. The Chinese trimmer, still loping along in the road, heard the sound of the speeding machine, and swung round. Drake vigorously

Diving into a timber-yard, he dodged among the stacks of boards, and threw his pursuers off his track. Emerging from the other side of the yard, he found himself in a wide road, along which tramcars were passing. From here he returned to Baker Street, without further adventure.

Somewhat to the boy's surprise, the Duke of Chichester's Rolls-Royce was outside the place. Ferrers Locke and Chandar Lal had returned already.

"Ah, here you are, my boy!" cried Locke, in a tone of relief. "I learned from a policeman that you had left the dock gates. Ah Lee and two or three other members of the Chowdah's crew are being held in custody. But I think an explanation is due from you, Drake."

In a few words Jack Drake explained the idea which had led him to follow the one-eyed Chinese trimmer.

"Well, sir," he concluded, "I made my opportunity, and ran my hands over the fellow. But the gem wasn't on him. Needless to say, sir, I had to beat it pretty hurriedly."

Locke smiled. "So I notice by the cap you have in your hand, my boy. That is not the one you wore this morning. In your haste to 'beat it' you must have got hold of the Chink's headgear in mistake."

A merry twinkle leaped into Drake's eyes. "Not in mistake, sir," he said—"on purpose."

From his pocket he drew a penknife, and ripped up the lining of the cap. On the table dropped a brown-coloured, transparent stone with a streak of fire through the centre of it. It was the rajah's catseye!

Relieved beyond measure at being able to hand the Rajah's gift to the duke, Chandar Lal preferred no charge of theft either against Ah Lee or his one-eyed accomplice. Owing to the conflicting evidence concerning the fracas on the liner, the Chinese steward was released from custody.

Despite the recovery of the catseye, neither Ferrers Locke nor Jack Drake was satisfied that the mystery had been probed to the bottom.

"We may take it for certain," said Locke to his assistant, when they were alone together, "that there was a bigger scoundrel behind those two Chinks of the Chowdah. But that the investigation might prove a too lengthy one, I should like to delve into the cause a bit deeper."

Two paragraphs which Jack Drake clipped from the "Evening Telegram" within a few days of each other gave the detective a further uneasy feeling that the mystery of the rajah's catseye had been only partly solved. The paragraphs were:

(1) "A Chinese ship's steward named Ah Lee was taken from the water in the East India Docks early yesterday morning. No evidence was forthcoming at the inquest, and an open verdict was returned."

(2) "Lai Tong, a Chinese, employed as a trimmer on s.s. Chowdah, was killed by a fall of coal in the ship's bunkers. Although other trimmers were working near him, there was no one, apparently, who saw the mishap. A verdict of 'Accidental death' was returned."

THE END.

(Next week's grand long complete story of Ferrers Locke is entitled "The Death Thorn!" This is a very special story, my chums, and I want you all to make sure of a copy of the MAGNET Library by ordering your copy in advance.)

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rang his bell, and swerved. The Asiatic tried to leap clear, but, with another sharp twist of the handlebars, Drake bumped into him. With a howl of pain, the trimmer fell to the ground, while Drake and the bicycle descended on top of him.

"Are you hurt?" asked Drake, in an anxious tone. "No bones broken, I hope?"

He ran his hands over the Chinese. Shouts sounded in the street. A Chinese youth, to whom the bicycle belonged, was running to warn them as were two or three passers-by. From a small laundry, surmounted by the name "Li Fang" opposite the scene of the "accident," a small, wizened yellow man wearing tortoise-shell spectacles emerged.

Drake's brain worked like lightning. On the ground, close by him, was his cap and that worn by the Chinese trimmer. He grabbed the nearest one, crammed it on his head, and sprang to his feet. The trimmer gave vent to a guttural flow of invective in his native language.

But Jack Drake did not wait to apologise. He dashed madly away bowling over a lascar who tried to intercept him. Two or three set off in pursuit, but the boy ran like a stag.



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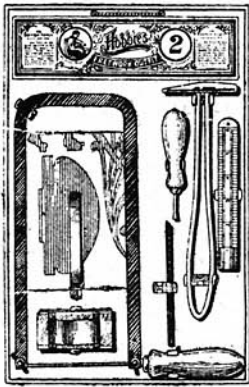
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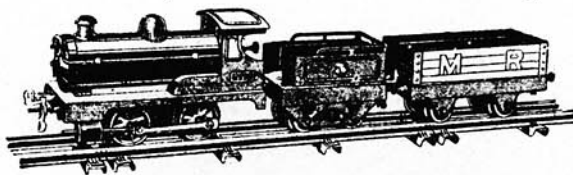
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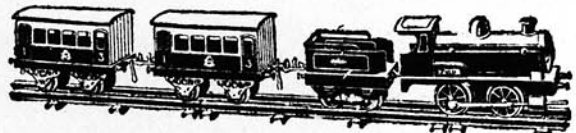
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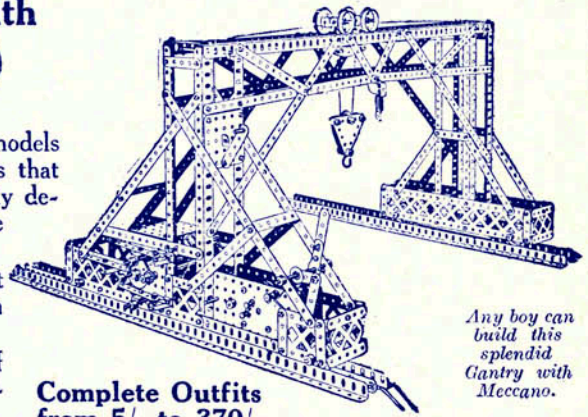


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