

The Favourite School and Detective Story-Paper!

No. 777. Vol. XXII. Week ending December 30th, 1922.

The Magnet 2^d

Library
of
School & Detective Stories.



SLIGHTLY THE WORSE FOR WEAR!
THE CHUMS OF GREYFRIARS IMPRESS UPON PONSONBY & CO. THAT THEY ARE NOT WANTED!
(One of the many lively incidents in our 20,000-word school-story.)

Published by Howard Baker Press Ltd, 27a Arterberry Road, Wimbledon, London, S. W. 20.



HERE'S THE REAL GOODS, BOYS, FOR NEXT WEEK!

Fine Programme of Tales—Glance Below!



"THE JAP OF GREYFRIARS!"

By Frank Richards.

THE title of our next story is enough to arouse in you the greatest interest. I'll be bound!

The story will appear on Monday morning, January 1st, in the MAGNET Library, and is one which will remain in your memory for many a long day. It is full of excitement and astounding incidents, surprises, and thrills.

The Remove hear that a Japanese juvenile is coming to Greyfriars, but not a little surprise is felt when Harry Wharton & Co. are asked to look after the "new kid." For the Jap is to go in the Second Form, with Dick Nugent & Co.

However, when the Jap arrives Billy Bunter thinks it an excellent opportunity to use some of the new boy's plentiful supply of cash in assisting him to spend it in the canteen. Leader of the Sixth has somewhat similar ideas, and the new boy really does find himself surrounded with plenty of "friends."

The friends, however, do not last, for the little Jap succeeds in proving in no mean manner that he is fully capable of looking after himself.

For instance, you will be thrilled when you read how the Jap fights Lode—who is big enough to cut him! You will be amazed when you read how the Jap plays football, and you will be staggered when you learn how Harry Wharton & Co. discover something affecting the career of the new boy.

The end is as surprising as the beginning—the whole story is veiled on the move by a constant series of incidents which occur in the first few days of the Jap's school days at Greyfriars.

On no account then, must you miss

"THE JAP OF GREYFRIARS!"

which is one of Mr. Frank Richards' super-thrillers.

In addition to the magnificent extra-long complete school story, there will be a splendid story of Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake, entitled:

"THE YELLOW SPIDER!"

The title of this story suggests that the yarn is about a spider. That is not the case. The "Yellow Spider" is the head of the greatest secret society in the world—probably the most dangerous man living. Ferrers Locke happens across him in London, and falls foul of him.

The result of this is that Ferrers Locke is subjected to the most fearsome adventure of his career. He is sentenced to a

most terrible— But that is giving too much away!

I will leave you to read this story, and to learn all about the experiences of Ferrers Locke in his fight against

"THE YELLOW SPIDER!"

until Next Monday, when you must make certain of getting your copy of the MAGNET Library.

THE SUPPLEMENT.

I have another special supplement for you next week.

Harry Wharton & Co. have got together a SPECIAL NEW YEAR NUMBER, and I must say they have started this New Year exceptionally well.

There are articles and stories by the famous schoolboy authors which will most assuredly interest you, and if they don't make you roar with laughter I shall be very much surprised!

I have been supplied with a list of the Special Numbers Harry Wharton & Co. are intending publishing during the next few months and I must say I am keenly looking forward to them. Harry Wharton has been provided with some original ideas—very original, in some cases. To these he has added many a happy thought of his own, and the list now drawn up is one which, literally, made my mouth water.

Remember, boys, the "Greyfriars Herald" appears exclusively in the MAGNET Library—no single copies are published.

Ask your newsagent to save you a copy of the MAGNET Library every Monday morning.

"THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL"

There are very few copies of this famous volume left in the shops, and there will be still fewer left by the time Christmas has passed. I want every boy and girl to have a copy of this truly wonderful volume. Now is the time to get it. Your father and mother, I dare say, are wondering what they shall give you for a present! Tell them that you would very much like a copy of the "Holiday Annual," and I dare say you will be fortunate to get one.

If your newsagent has sold all his stock, ask him to write for a copy. He will gladly do it, and you will avoid the disappointment you risked by waiting until the last moment. I know, of course, that there are already many thousands of boys and girls who have got their copies; but I fear there are still a few who have said "I'll wait until

Christmas!" Do not put it off any longer—secure your copy at once.

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

"Anxious" (Newcastle).—You are quite right. There are more free real photos to come.

Dick Penfold (Manchester).—Fenny you should have a name similar to the Greyfriars junior, but still more curious that you should be keen on poetry. Yes; Dick will be writing many more poems shortly.

"Suggestion" (No address).—I have had a peep at Harry Wharton's list for Special Numbers for 1923, and I noticed that he has already decided upon a special "Sea" number. Keep your eyes on the Chat!

G. E. Wallwork, 3, Jackson Road, East Barnet, Herts, wishes to correspond with readers overseas who are keen on stamp collecting.

Hurst Whittingham, 1,936, Esplanade Avenue, Montreal, Pro. Quebec, Canada, wishes to correspond with readers in London, ages 14-15.

F. Jackson, 57, Burnley Road, Puliham, Lanes, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere on the subject of photography; ages 16-18.

Miss Sylvia Cradock, Pittville, 3, Warren Avenue, Milton, Portsmouth, Hunts, wishes to correspond with readers in Australia, Canada, America, or the United Kingdom; ages 14-17.

Harold Keylock, 276, Cottorills Lane, Alum Road, Birmingham, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 14-15; all letters answered. Hampshire readers specially asked.

Arthur Marcus, Pittville, 3, Warren Avenue, Milton, Portsmouth, Hunts, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

Frank S. Marr, 210, Ashton Road West, Failand, nr. Manchester, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere; ages 19-20; all letters answered.

John Henry Singleton, 321, Lambeth Road, Kirkdale, Liverpool, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, on electricity, wireless, post-card views, etc.; ages 17-18. All letters answered.

G. Whitley, Espero, 50, Clough Lane, Minenden, Halifax, Yorks, wishes to hear from readers interested in his Espero Club, which has been formed for the special benefit of overseas readers; exchange of literature, standards, etc.

Raymond M. Council, 74, Cavendish Street, Stammore, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia, wishes to exchange correspondence with readers keen on sport. He wishes to receive newspaper cuttings about sport topics. Ages 14-15.

This correspondent is secretary of the Junior Sport Advancement Club.

Rfn. Wm. Lacey, 684774, D Coy., 4th K.R.R.C., Quetta, India, wishes to correspond with readers.

C. W. Denby, 57, Highfield Avenue, Grimsby, Lincs, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 19-21.

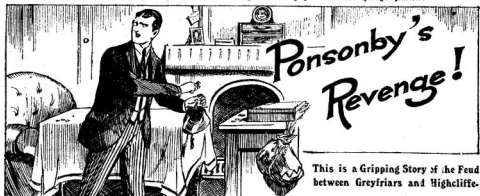
Norman Livingstone, Third Floor, I.O.O.F. Temple, 149, Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 16-17.

H. L. Rugh, Earle Street, Mount Albert, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, wishes to hear from readers anywhere, interested in and willing to exchange stamps.

Your Editor.

Let me know what you think of this wonderful programme of tales, boys!

FRANK RICHARDS' LATEST MASTERPIECE! Further breathless adventures of the world-famous schoolboys. A 20,000-word long complete tale, written by the most popular author of boys' fiction!



This is a Gripping Story of the Feud between Greyfriars and Highcliffe.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Looking for Hazeldene!

"SEEN Hazel?"

Bob Cherry of the Remove asked that question quite a score of times. He was getting tired of it. He looked in at Study No. 4 in the Remove passage, and addressed the oft-repeated words to Vernon-Smith and Tom Redwing, who were seated in there, playing chess.

The Bouncer and his chum looked up. "I remember seeing Hazeldene coming out of Quidley's study about half an hour ago," remarked Vernon-Smith thoughtfully. "He was rubbing his hands, so I fancy he had just had a licking—"

"Yes, I've heard that from umpteen other silly fathheads!" growled Bob Cherry impatiently. "Hazeldene isn't anywhere to be found now. And he's wanted. He's got to take us over to Cliff House to tea this afternoon; Miss Marjorie invited us, and we're all ready, and Hazel's missing. I'll dot the silly chump on the book when I do find him!"

Bob Cherry gave a snort. It was an emphatic snort.

"I'll give him hide if he is hiding!" he said. "Hazeldene's a burbling na's! It's frightfully bad form to keep the girls waiting—they said tea at five, and it's a quarter to now! Hazel can't be found anywhere!"

"Perhaps the licking made him hungry, and he's gone on to Cliff House without waiting for you!" grinned the Bouncer.

"Br-r-r!"

Bob Cherry slammed the door of Study No. 4, with some unnecessary violence, behind him as he departed. He met Fisher T. Fish, the American Removeite, who was coming out of Study No. 14.

Fish stopped. "Hyer, Cherry, you're just the galoot I'm wanting to see, I guess!" he said. "I kinder reckon I know what you're after, and I calkeriate that I can be of service, sir!"

"Oh, good!" said Bob Cherry. "I've been hunting all over the school, and—"

"Quit hunting here and now!" chuckled Fish. "I've got the real article here, sir—just a few! Look hyer at this timekeeper! There's a watch!"

"A watch!" gasped Bob Cherry, blinking in bewilderment at the cheap-looking brass watch that Fisher T. Fish dragged from his pocket and held up. "Yep, sir, a watch! That's some timekeeper, I guess!" said Fish. "You were looking for a watch, Cherry, to replace that one of young Dicky Nugent's you trod on in the Rag last Thursday. This hyer timepiece is the real goods, and I guess I'll let it go to you for a dollar—cash or instalments! I— Here! Yowp! Wharrer you at, you mugwump?"

Bob Cherry was walking straight at Fisher T. Fish.

He cannoned into the American schoolboy, and sent him reeling against the wall. The watch fell to the floor with a crash, the back came out, and cogwheels went flying all over the linoleum.

Fisher T. Fish gave a roar.

"Hyer! You mugwump, Cherry! Look at that watch—"

But Bob Cherry was gone. He hurried down the stairs, and out into the quadrangle.

Fisher T. Fish grabbed up the scattered works of the ill-fated watch and streaked down the stairs after Bob.

Bob Cherry was talking to Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull, Semif, and Hutree Singh in the quadrangle.

The Famous Five were frowning.

"No sign of Hazel anywhere!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Blessed if I can understand it!" said Harry Wharton impatiently. "I know that we've been booked for tea at Cliff House. He doesn't often keep us waiting. He deserves a jolly good bumping, and—"

"I say, Cherry, you galoot, look at this watch!" howled Fisher T. Fish, dashing up and holding out the remains of his dollar timepiece. "I guess you'll have to pay for this! You made me drop it, and—"

"Give me the watch, Fishy!" said Bob Cherry grimly.

Fisher T. Fish handed over the conglomeration of works and metal case.

"Grab the burbling cheap-jack!" said Bob.

The rest of the Co. grinned, and laid violent hands upon Fisher T. Fish.

"Loggo! Yooogh! Wharrer you doing, you jays!" screamed Fish, struggling wildly. "Let up, you slab-sided mugwumps! Y a roogh! Yah! Whoooooop!"

Bob Cherry was stuffing the works of the watch down the luckless American's neck!

"Yarooogh! Yah! You jays! Groooooogh! My back's getting scratched, I guess, and—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Famous Five walked away, roaring with laughter.

They left Fishy groping wildly down the back of his collar, and performing weird and wonderful evolutions in his efforts to retrieve the works of that watch.

"Blessed if I know what to do!" said Harry Wharton, thinking again of the missing Hazeldene. "We can't very well go on without Hazel!"

"Here's Bunter!" said Frank Nugent. "I say, Bunter!"

William George Bunter rolled up expertly.

"I say, you fellows, I've been looking for you!" he said. "I suppose you want me to accompany you to Cliff House for tea. That's jolly sensible of you, considering how pleased Marjorie always is to see me. I—"

"You fat idiot!"

"Oh, really, Wharton," said Bunter, with dignity, "it's a fact, and you know it! The girls would be disappointed if I didn't come. You chaps generally manage to keep me out of it, but I'm 'dud you're seeing sense at last! Of course, Marjorie always has liked me. Some fellows get liked by girls—it's not my fault if I'm liked. Girls like a chap with a good figure, and— Yarooogh! Loggo, Cherry, you beast! Yooogh! Help!"

Fishy Cherry, his brows knitted together and his eyes glinting, laid a powerful grasp on Bunter, and whirled him over. The Owl of the Remove smote the cold, hard, unsympathetic ground with a heavy jolt.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 777.

Bump! Whoo! Yaroooooh! Murder! Help!

Bob Cherry was bumping Bunter in the manner of a roadmender pounding down cobblestones. Harry Wharton & Co. looked on, grinning.

"Go it, Bob!" chuckled Squiff. "You'll soon make a dent in the ground!"

"Never mind Bunter's bones; a few months in the hospital will mend 'em all right!" grinned Frank Nugent.

"Yaroooh! You-wow-wow! Fire! Murder! Yaroop!"

Bunter gave a hurelcan wrench, and freed himself from Bob Cherry's grip. Next minute he had picked himself up and was scuttling across the quadrangle at top speed.

"After him!" roared Johnny Bull. "The Famous Five gave chase to Bunter."

Billy Bunter looked over his fat shoulder, saw the avengers coming and gave a yell.

"Yaroooh! Help! They're murdering me! Whooop!"

And his fat little legs went like clock-work as he dashed for the cloisters.

"Catch him, boys!" bawled Frank Nugent. "We'll wring his fat neck! We'll make a sunny job of it, and get rid of Bunter for a few weeks!"

"Wow-wow-wow!" wailed Bunter, as he heard those terrible words. "Hellup! Yaroooh!"

Fear lent the fat Removite wings. He scudded into the Cloisters, with the Famous Five in full chase.

They ran after Bunter through the old crumbling archways, determined to give the Owl of the Remove the fright of his life.

Then suddenly they heard a howl from Bunter, and a fenshish roar.

"Help! Highcliffe cads! Rescue. Greysfriars! Yoooooooh!"

"My hat!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Is that some of Bunter's spoof, or—"

"No, Harry—look!" shouted Frank Nugent.

The Famous Five, in rounding a corner, came upon an amazing scene.

Four elegantly dressed schoolboys, wearing the Highcliffe School cap, were in the cloisters at Greysfriars. They were Ponsonby, Monson, Gadsby, and Vavasour, the rotters' brigade of Highcliffe.

Billy Bunter was wriggling in the grasp of Monson and Vavasour; but it was the other Greysfriars fellow who was struggling with Ponsonby and Gadsby that caused the Famous Five to stop short and give vent to an excited yell, all in one voice:

"Hazeldeine!"

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Hard on the Highcliffians!

PONSONBY & CO. looked up quickly and exchanged uneasy glances.

"Oh crumbs!" ejaculated the knut of Highcliffe. "That 'sbone it! Bunk, you fellows!"

But the Famous Five had no intentions of letting the raiders blink.

They bore down on Cecil Ponsonby & Co. as those elegant youths thrust Bunter and Hazeldeine aside, and prepared to make a hasty departure.

"Grab 'em, chaps!" sang out Bob Cherry, charging at Pon.

Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull, and Inky followed up the

charge. Ponsonby & Co. made a break for freedom, but the Famous Five hemmed them in. Hazeldeine jumped to his feet, his eyes glinting with fury, and he knut a hand.

"Back up!" muttered Ponsonby desperately. "Yow! Oh crumbs! Whoooooh!"

Bob Cherry, the champion fighting man of the Remove, had Pon's head in chancery, and was pummeling away for all he was worth.

Harry Wharton found Monson an easy foe to tackle, and soon had him on the floor, and made a mat of him.

Johnny Bull and Sampson Quiney liffy Field simply played with Gadsby between them, and gave him a high old time. Gadsby went crashing on to the stone floor of the cloisters, and lay there dazed.

Inky was hugging Vavasour to his many breast in the manner of a long-lost brother, and the pair waltzed round and round until they tripped over Billy Bunter, and came to earth—inky on top.

Hazeldeine went to lend Bob Cherry a hand, with Cecil Ponsonby—not that Bob needed any assistance, for he found the knut of Highcliffe quite a soft kind of an

opponent, but Hazeldeine was enraged with Ponsonby, and intended getting a little of his own back on the Highcliffe leader.

He got it, too, and it was really a mercy to Pon when Bob Cherry whirled him off his feet and dumped him down on top of Monson.

"Yaroooooh!" howled Ponsonby.

"Grooooooh! Gerroff!" moaned Monson.

"Yow-ow-ow! Yah! Oooop!" wailed Gadsby.

"Yerrugh! Wow-wow!" gurgled Vavasour. Billy Bunter was sitting on him.

The Famous Five surveyed their hapless rivals, and grinned.

"Well, that's settled that little lot!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "No wonder we couldn't find you, Hazel! We had no idea you were having a shindy with these rotters. Did they have the nerve to come in here uninvited?"

"Yes—the cads!" replied Hazeldeine fiercely, darting a venomous look at Cecil Ponsonby. "I was deceived here by a message, thinking that I had only Ponsonby to deal with. Instead of that, all four of them came out at me. If Bunter hadn't barged up—"

"And if we hadn't been chasing Bunter!" grumbled Bob Cherry. "What a nerve these mousetrappers have got,

coming into a respectable school like Greysfriars!"

"Awful cheek!" said Johnny Bull. "It takes the biscuit properly!" said Frank Nugent.

"They ought to be scragged!" said Squiff.

"The scragfulness of the unworthy and ludicrous Highcliffe cads should indeed be terrific!" remarked Hurree Singh, in his weird and wonderful English.

Harry Wharton looked curiously at Hazeldeine.

The Removite was standing there with hands clenched in tight, his eyes flashing defiance as he looked at Ponsonby.

"What was the idea of Ponsonby and his rotten crew coming in here after you, Hazel?" asked the captain of the Remove. "I thought you were rather on friendly terms with the cads lately."

Harry Wharton spoke those last words with a little sarcasm.

Hazeldeine was not quite the Famous Five's sort, but he was not quite such a roter as Ponsonby, or any of his kidney. He was not so easily led in by those dishonourable pursuits which the cads of Highcliffe revelled in.

Harry Wharton & Co. kept on friendly terms with Hazeldeine, and did their best to keep him straight, for Marjorie's sake.

But Hazeldeine was self-willed, and resented what he regarded as the interference of his Form-fellows.

He had been lately visiting Highcliffe, and also the Cross Keys public-house, for the purpose of gambling and smoking, and Harry Wharton had had several straight talks with Hazeldeine on the subject.

But all he received was hostility from the weak Removite, and insults. So the Famous Five had left Hazeldeine to pursue his own dingy course.

They kept civil to him, and were prepared to extend the right hand of friendship to him this afternoon, because Marjorie and her girl chums at Cliff House School had invited them all to tea, and Marjorie was always worried when she knew that her wayward brother and Harry Wharton & Co. were on bad terms.

Hazeldeine flushed to the roots of his hair at Harry Wharton's words, and bit his lip.

Ponsonby sat up on the ground, and snarled.

"I'll tell you why we've come," he said, malevolently. "Hazeldeine's been seen at the race lately in the same old way-pub-haunting, gambler's, and the like; in fact, behavin' in such a manner as would shock his charmin' sister—"

"You cad!" flashed Hazeldeine, taking a step forward. "You got me back into it! I was going straight, until I picked up friendship with you again, fool that I was to have anything to do with you!"

"Not much fool about you, Hazeldeine!" sneered Ponsonby. "Look here, Wharton, I'll tell you the truth. It's no business of yours what we Highcliffe fellows do, so it cuts no ice with me what you think about it. But I tell you, Hazeldeine causes pub-haunting with us, and lost money to me. He owes me about eight pence altogether. I owed Banks, at the Cross Keys, ten quid, and gave him an I O U for the amount. One night when we were all down there, I arranged with Banks that he should take over Hazeldeine's debt to me in part payment of my own debt, so that he could collect it from Hazeldeine—or from Dr. Lock."

Lock, if Hazeldeine refused to pay up, Hazeldeine didn't like it, of course, but Banks wasn't any too friendly with him at the time, and that's what Banks and

The Christmas Gift Book for You is the

HOLIDAY ANNUAL!

Selling like hot cakes—have you got your copy yet? Price 6/.

Get next week's MAGNET! Another topping long complete school tale!

I arranged. But Hazeldene was too wily for me. Banks, like a fool, took off his coat and hung it on the wall while we played billiards. My IOU's to him were in one of the pockets, and while the game was on, Hazeldene went to the coat and took out the papers. The cad's still got 'em, and he's blackmailing me with the thing. You over my head, and threaten to show me up to Dr. Voysey if I make over that eight quid to Banks! Now you know why we came to interview Hazeldene—the rotten blackmailer!"

Harry Wharton looked at Hazeldene. "That true, Hazel?" he asked quietly.

Hazeldene's eyes flashed. "Yes, perfectly true!" he said defiantly. "I took Ponsoby's IOU's out of Banks' pocket, and I mean to keep them to hold over the rotter's head. Call it blackmail if you like; I suppose that's what it amounts to, really, but I don't care. I've been blackmailed enough by the cads, and now I'm going to have a bit of my own back! Banks has got his knife in me, and if he took over those debts from Ponsoby, he'd go to the Head. I haven't eight quid to pay out. He sides in with Ponsoby—Ponsoby knows too much about him for him to be otherwise than friendly. So if I have a hold over Ponsoby, Banks will do nothing. If Banks rounds on me for picking his pocket, Ponsoby will be shown up! I mean what I say—I'd ruin Ponsoby! And the cad knows it, too; that's why he's so eager to get those papers from me!"

"My hat!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "What a precious lot of cads! Makes a decent fellow feel sick to think about their rotten games!"

Harry Wharton looked grimly at Hazeldene.

"I told you what it would come to, Hazel, although you told me to mind my own business; and I did so!" he said. "You've been disgracing yourself and Greyfriars, besides acting dishonourably in a decent sister's eyes. What would Marjorie say if she knew?"

"I don't ask for any of your preaching, Wharton, thank you!" flashed back Hazeldene, the colour mounting again to his cheeks. "I admit I've played the giddy goat, but I'm going to get myself out of it, without you working the thursden angel about over me! That's why I picked Banks' pocket, and got those papers. I'm going to see the thing through myself, and get out of the scrape. Ponsoby can ask me from now till Doomsday, but he won't get those papers back! I'm having a bit of those revenge, you see. I can consider myself safe while I hold them in my possession!"

"Blessed if I know who is the bigger rascal—Ponsoby or you!" growled Bob Cherry, looking scornfully at his Form-fellow. "You're a shady rotter, Hazel; and a jolly good licking would do you the world of good!"

"Hear, hear!" said Johnny Bull and Frank Nugent.

"The bear-heartfulness is terrific!" said Hurree Singh.

"Hazel's more of a fool than a rotter," spoke up Harry Wharton quietly. "I can see by his dose this—to shield himself from the results of his own folly. His methods of self-defence may be rotten, but that's not our bizney. Hazeldene got himself into the scrape, and as he wishes to get out of it himself, we shan't interfere. But it is our bizney to keep these precious Highcliffe cads from twiddling at Ponsoby's ears, and to mind Frank Courtney or the Caterpillar, or

any of the decent Highcliffe chaps, but these rotters are barred!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Kick them out!" said Bob Cherry briskly. "We'll rag 'em baldheaded! We shall be late for tea at Cliff House, but Marjorie will understand when we explain matters tactfully. Lend a hand, chaps!"

The chaps lent a hand. They each lent both hands in the task of hauling Ponsoby & Co. to their feet.

The Highcliffians howled.

"Yarooohoo! Yah! Leggo!"

"Yank 'em over to the fountain!" said Harry Wharton grimly. "A ducking will do 'em good! Then we'll roll 'em in that heap of sand that's dumped behind Gosling's lodge. That will improve their appearance a trifle—what?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" chorused the Co.

Hazeldene and Billy Bunter joined in the operation of prodding Ponsoby & Co. out of the Cloisters and over to the fountain in the Close.

Fellows dashed up from far and near when the knots of Highcliffe were seen struggling in the grip of the Famous Five.

"Here we gather at the fountain!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Look at the nice water, Pon, old dear! Watch it gradually get closer and closer—"

"Leggo!" howled Ponsoby, as he was held in the air and poised over the deep basin of the fountain. "You cads! Let me go, or—"

"Certainly!" chuckled Harry Wharton. "Anything to oblige, Pon! Let him go, kids!"

The Removites let go, and the knutnish Ponsoby whirled down into the water. Splash!

"Yerrugh! Gug! Gug!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Monson came next—he flopped into the water just as Pon's head was reappearing above the surface. Then Vavaron was buried into the basin. He went under with a dismal howl and a great, gasping gurgle. Ponsoby was ducked many times, and then allowed to crawl out. Gadsly took his place in the water.

The moans and gurgles and grunts of the Highcliffians were truly marvellous to listen to. They were all dragged out of the fountain at last, dripping wet all over, and rushed over to the gates.

A heap of soft brown sand was deposited behind Gosling's lodge, and into this Cecil Ponsoby & Co. were rolled.

The sand clung lovingly to their wet persons, and the effect, when they came out of that sand, was truly remarkable to behold.

The Greyfriars fellows shrieked.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look at 'em!" gurgled Temple of the Upper Fourth, who had come up with Dabney and Fry. "Don't they look the last word? Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yerrugh!"

"Whooohoo!"

"Woo-wow-wow!"

"Groop-hooohoo!"

Thus the hapless Highcliffians.

It was almost impossible to see their faces or their clothes for sand!

Harry Wharton & Co., sobbing with laughter, propelled their sandy rivals to the gates of Greyfriars, and kicked them forth!

Ponsoby & Co. crawled up the Friar-dale Lane, moaning and muttering sulphureously, and the crowd of fellows at



"Leggo!" howled Ponsoby, as he was held in the air and poised over the basin of the fountain. "You cads! Let me go!" "Certainly!" chuckled Harry Wharton. "Let him go, you chaps!" The Removites let go, and the knutnish Ponsoby whirled down into the water. Splash! (See Chapter 2.)

A thrill in every line! Next week's yarn is a real corker!

the gates of Greyfriars sent up shrieks of merriment after them as they went.

"That's got rid of Pen and his merry retainers!" chuckled Bob Cherry, as they returned to the quadrangle. "My hat! Look at the time! We shall never get to Cliff House to-day! Hurry up and tidy yourself, Hazel!"

"All right," said Hazeldene, smiling a little. "I'll not be long."

He ran indoors, and reappeared, looking quite spruce and smart, within five minutes.

The Famous Five had the bicycles out, and the six juniors wheeled their machines to the gates.

A fat form accosted them by Geeling's lodge.

It was William George Bunter. He had Peter Todd's bicycle.

"I say, you fellows, I'm coming!" he said, blinking through his spectacles.

"Your mistake, Hunty! You're going into that sand!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "Land a hand, Johnny!"

Johnny Bull leapt a hand. Billy Bunter was raised on high, and hurled bodily into the yielding sand.

"Yerrugh! Yahl! Ooonooogh!" he gurgled, as he disappeared into it.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Johnny Bull hurled the bicycle into the sand after Bunter, and just as the luckless Owl of the Remove was sitting up in the heap, groping for his spectacles, Peter Todd came up in search of his bicycle. He had the barrel of an old bicycle pump gripped firmly in his right hand, for use on the borrower, when he found him.

"My bike!" he roared, when his eyes lighted on the sand heap. "And—My hat! Bunter!"

Peter Todd strode into the sand.

Harry Wharton & Co. saw Peter lay violent hands on Billy Bunter, and then they rode away towards the village, chuckling.

And as they went from the distance, not far away, came a series of heart-rending yells, uttered in the well-known tones of William George Bunter:

"Yew-ow-ow-wew-wow!"

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Ponsonby's Ruse!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"
Clara Trevlyn greeted the Famous Five with that cheery imitation of Bob Cherry's usual salutation, as they peddled up to the gates of Cliff House School.

The juniors dismounted from their machines, and raised their caps respectfully.

Three girls were standing at the gates to meet the Greyfriars fellows. They were Marjorie Hazeldene, Clara Trevlyn, and Phyllis Howell. They looked rather severely at Harry Wharton & Co.

Harry flushed as he shook hands with Miss Marjorie.

"We're sorry to have arrived so late, Miss Marjorie," he said. "We—we were delayed—"

"The delayfulness was terrific!" murmured the dusky Nabob of Bhanipur.

"You see, I happened to smash a watch belonging to Fishy," said Bob Cherry heroically. "We had an argument, and—"

"The truth of the matter is this, Marjorie," said Hazeldene, interposing. "I had an argument with Ponsonby of Highcliffe, and these fellows waited for me. It's all my fault, really!"

Marjorie Hazeldene's pretty face was clouded as she kissed her brother.

Clara Trevlyn and Phyllis Howell were in the best of spirits, but Miss Marjorie appeared to be quiet and subdued, as though something was worrying her.

"All serene, you bounders!" said Miss Clara, with a ripple of laughter. "We'll forgive you this time, although you deserve a jolly good ragging! Come in! Too's all ready!"

Miss Clara, who had learnt her boyish slang from the Greyfriars chums, opened the gate, and they all went up the pretty garden path, into the school.

Tea had been prepared in the neat school-room. There was a delicious smell of toasted muffins and butter in the room. Miss Bessie Bunter, the famous sister of William George Bunter of Greyfriars, was kneeling in front of a large fire, engaged in the toasting operations. Other girls, chums of Marjorie Hazeldene & Co., were there, and greeted the juniors cheerily.

Bessie Bunter shook hands with Harry Wharton & Co. with a fat smirk. She

PETER HAZLEDENE.



A better fellow than he used to be, but weak and wayward. A victim of the gambling fever. Except his sister Marjorie, he has never had a better friend than Harry Wharton. At his best a brilliant gossip-keeper. His study-mates help to keep him from going utterly wrong. (Study No. 2—Remove.)

did not seem to mind that her plump hands were greasy and dirty. Miss Bessie was at home amongst the boys, and she gave them eye glances, which Harry Wharton & Co. studiously failed to return.

"Excuse my asking," said Marjorie Hazeldene quietly, "but do you mind if I have a few words in private with Hazel in the Common-room? There is something I wish to speak to him about."

"All serene, Miss Marjorie!"

Hazeldene looked quickly at his sister.

"Will you come with me?" asked Miss Marjorie, her face still clouded.

The Greyfriars Removeite bit his lip, and followed his sister into an adjoining room, which was the girls' Common-room.

Harry Wharton & Co., as well as Miss Clara and the other girls, could not help but notice that there was something wrong; but they tried not to show it, and passed it off by discussing the latest horkey news.

Meanwhile, in the girls' Common-

room, Miss Marjorie and Peter Hazeldene were alone.

"What do you want me for, Marjorie?" demanded Hazeldene, a little irritably. "I hope it's not because I mentioned Ponsonby just now? I know you hate the fellow like poison, and don't approve of my associating with him. The argument I had with him was not at all friendly, if you want to know—quite the opposite, in fact. I was having a row with the rotter. He and I are not at present on the best of terms."

Marjorie Hazeldene took her handbag from amongst a number that were on the sideboard and opened it. She took out a letter and handed it to her brother. Her blue eyes looked troubled.

"Read it, Hazel," she said quietly. "That is what I wished to speak to you about."

Hazeldene glanced at the envelope and then he knitted his brows.

It was addressed to Miss Marjorie Hazeldene of Cliff House School, in the unmistakable handwriting of Cecil Ponsonby of Highcliffe.

He took the letter from the envelope and read it, frowning.

This is how it ran:

"Dear Miss Hazeldene.—Your brother, of the Remove Form at Greyfriars, owes me money, and won't pay it. I hesitate to lay the matter before Dr. Locke, and think you might like to do something—talk to Hazeldene and all that. If the rotter doesn't pay soon, I'll make him!"

CECIL PONSONBY.

Hazeldene crumpled the note in his hand.

There was a painful silence for some minutes.

Miss Marjorie did not look at her brother.

Hazeldene remained standing where he was, his hands clenched tight, his eyes flashing defiantly, and he was breathing hard through his nose.

"Of course, you are the first to condemn me, I know!" he remarked bitterly. "Not that I need your sympathy—or anybody else's, come to that. I know what I'm up to, and I'm going to see the thing through—it's the only way, being hard up for cash, as I am. Goodness knows, Ponsonby's isn't the only debt owe! I'm in the mire all round. There's no quon on Jolliffe's account, for instance. He's another of the Cross Keys gang, and wouldn't think twice about visiting Dr. Locke for the money if Banks or Ponsonby suggested it to him."

"Hazel, don't you see what a fool you've been?" cried Miss Marjorie, turning round, appealing to her brother.

"Why can't you be decent and honourable, like Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry and the others?"

Hazeldene's lip curled derisively.

"Hang Harry Wharton and the others!" he sneered. "I'm sick of having them held up to me as patterns and examples, and they are paragons of all the virtues and all that, and they're decent sorts. But I'm no plaster saint, and don't ever want to be!"

Miss Marjorie gave a weary gesture.

"I suppose it is no use talking to you, Hazel," she said, taking up her handbag and opening it. "Here is a pound. I was saving it for a new dress, but you can have it to help pay off your debts."

Hazeldene's colour mounted to his cheeks.

"I—I say, Marjorie, it's awfully good of you!" he stammered. "I'm sorry for

The famous schoolboys again next week! You'll like their next adventure!

the way I spoke, I'm a rotter, and I don't deserve—"

"Take it!" said Marjorie quietly. "I want you to have it, Hazel. I want you to get clear of your debts and go straight. You can, if you only have the will. And now we must get in to tea. The others are waiting."

Hazelene was about to say more, but his sister walked away and entered the school-room, where tea had been prepared, and the girls and Harry Wharton & Co. were gathered round the table.

Hazelene bit his lip, and crammed the note into his pocket.

Then, his face still flushed, he followed Miss Marjorie into the next room.

Barly had left the room than a face peered in at the Common-room window.

It was Cecil Ponsonby.

The cad of Highcliffe had had a hurried change and a wash, and come over to Cliff House as soon as he was able.

He had heard the conversation from outside the window.

There was a sneering, spiteful look on Ponsonby's face, and he looked cautiously about to see that there was nobody to see him.

Then he clambered quickly in through the window.

"Now for it!" he muttered, listening to the merry voices of the Cliff House girls and Harry Wharton & Co. at the tea-table in the next room. "I'll get my own back on the cad! I'll ruin him! His rotten blackmail won't be of any use to him after this!"

He went stealthily over to the side-board, where the girls had left their handbags.

He opened several with quick, lithe fingers, and extracted some of the contents. He put money, brooches, and several small articles of jewellery into his pocket.

Then he slithered out through the window as cautiously as he had entered.

Nobody saw Ponsonby enter or leave Cliff House, except Monson, Gaddy, and Vavasour, who were waiting for him in the lane outside.

"I've done it!" said Ponsonby, his eyes gleaming with malice and spite.

"Luck was in my way! Hazelene was alone with his sister in that room; he'll be accused of the theft. We shall see what good the cad's blackmail will do him now!"

As the cads of Highcliffe made off, Harry Wharton & Co. were having an enjoyable time at Cliff House.

Miss Marjorie's face was still clouded, and they all knew the cause.

She knew that Hazelene had been going crooked again.

But they maintained their good humour; and soon Marjorie forgot her worries, and joined in the hearty merriment of the rest.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

A Fight for a Purpose!

"SISTER ANNE, Sister Anne, do you see anyone coming?"

Thus Bob Cherry.

The Famous Five were cycling back to Greyfriars that evening after tea.

They had taken friendly leave of the girls of Cliff House, and were now on their way back to the school for prep.

Bob Cherry uttered that exclamation as four well-known figures showed themselves in the road ahead of them.

They were the knottish figures of Cecil Ponsonby & Co.

Harry Wharton frowned.



Hazelene landed a terrific right hook that caught Ponsonby on the point of the jaw and sent him reeling. "Crash!" "No need to count," said Johnny Bull grimly. "Pon's done for." Ponsonby lay where he had fallen, dazed and half stunned. (See Chapter 4.)

"Those rotters agin!" he exclaimed. "If it's a reg—"

"Let's run them down!" suggested Frank Nugent, with a chuckle.

"Good egg!" said Squiff.

"The run-down-down-down of the unworthy and ludicrous Highcliffe fellows shall be terrific!" said Inky.

The Greyfriars fellows put on speed. Ponsonby & Co., in the road ahead, quickly stepped on to the bank.

Cecil Ponsonby withdrew a spotlessly white handkerchief from his pocket and waved it aloft.

"I want to speak to Hazelene!" he shouted, as the Revonites pedalled up.

"Make it pax!"

Harry Wharton & Co. slowed up and dismounted.

"Hallo, Pon!" grinned Bob Cherry. "I see you've got rid of the sand!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the other Greyfriars fellows, at the recollection of their jape on Ponsonby & Co.

The Highcliffe leader scowled.

"Look here, I don't want to bandy words with you!" he exclaimed wrathfully. "I just want to speak to Hazelene in private. There's no trap! My pals are willing to stay with you others while I speak alone with Hazelene. That's fair enough!"

"All right!" said Harry Wharton. "Might as well see what the rotter wants. Hazel. We'll see there are no larks!"

Hazelene leaned his bicycle against a tree and went a little farther down the road with Ponsonby.

"Now, look here, Hazelene," said the knut of Highcliffe in a quiet and subdued voice. "I don't want to carry this matter any farther. We've been pals,

and although there have been one or two—unfortunate incidents, there's no reason why the ill feeling should continue. Suppose I agree to let that matter of eight quid you owe me slide; and you, in return, give me those I O U's? We shall be quits then. The matter can stop there, so far as I am concerned. What do you say?"

Hazelene looked Ponsonby up and down, with gleaming eyes.

He was thoroughly enraged.

"What do I say!" he rapped bitterly. "I say this, Ponsonby, that for two pins I'd knock you down! I might have been willing to agree to what you have just proposed, if you hadn't written to my sister, speaking to her and making her worry her head about all kinds of things. You unspeakable coward, to do a thing like that!"

"Look here—" began Ponsonby, his brows lowering.

"You rotten, cowardly outsider!" said Hazelene in measured tones.

"Why couldn't you leave Marjorie out of it? Thought you'd frighten her into getting round me to give you back those papers—eh? Well, you can take it from me, Ponsonby, you made a big mistake! Marjorie hasn't got round me, and nobody ever will! Those papers are in my possession, and I'm keeping them—they'll be useful. I—"

Smack! Ponsonby's open palm came across Hazelene's face with a report like a pistol shot.

Hazelene uttered a cry, and staggered back, clasping a hand to his face where Ponsonby had struck it. It was livid red.

For good all-round exciting tales, buy the MAGNET every time!

"Oh, you said" he hissed. "I'll give it to you for that!"

Next minute he had flung himself at Posenby, and the pair rolled over on the turf fighting hammer and tong.

Harry Wharton & Co. uttered excited shouts.

"They're scrapping!" roared Johnny Bull. "Come on, chaps, we'll let 'em fight it out!"

Harry Wharton & Co. ran to the spot where Hazeldene and Posenby were fighting, and Monson, Gadsby, and Vasseur followed.

The Removites separated the combatants, who were rolling, clinched in each other's embrace, on the ground, and dragged them to their feet.

"Might as well have the fight in the proper way—not like a couple of dogs!" said Harry Wharton grimly. "Form a ring, my boys; I'll be Hazel's second. 'Bob, you can keep time!"

Gadsby went over to Posenby to record time.

"I wasn't spoiling for a fight," said Hazeldene between his teeth, "but as the rotter smacked my face, I'll tackle him. He deserves a thundering good licking, anyway! I'm not afraid of the cut!"

"I'm waiting!" said Posenby, his face suffused with spite.

Bob Cherry called "time," and the pair went for each other.

Hazeldene was not an expert boxer, and his mode of living had robbed him of a great deal of his wind. But he was enraged, and he did his best. There was plenty of fight in him, as Posenby soon discovered.

"Biff! Thud! Wallow!"

A violent exchanging of blows opened the first round. Posenby fought like a tiger, but there again, he, too, soon showed signs of "bellows to men!" It came quicker with him, however, than with Hazeldene, and at the end of the first round the Greyfriars found had the best of the fight.

"Keep it up, Hazel!" said Harry Wharton encouragingly. "The rotter won't last long, and you can put up a good fight if you don't lose your temper too much. You ought to be able to give him a licking."

"I'll try!" muttered Hazeldene grimly.

"Time!" called Bob Cherry.

Posenby attacked hotly, and Hazeldene gave ground. He was heaving in mind Harry Wharton's advice not to lose his temper. It was apparent that Posenby had taken no such precaution. Hazeldene fenced him off, and wore him down. Then, when Posenby was nigh winded, he landed a blow on his shoulder that sent him sprawling on the ground.

Posenby lay there moaning, and it was only Bob Cherry's call of "time" that prevented him being counted out. The next round settled it for Posenby. Hazeldene simply toyed with him. He punished his opponent severely, landing body blows with the left and right, and driving Posenby high and thither. Then he landed a terrific right hook that caught Posenby on the point of the jaw, and sent him reeling like a log.

"Crash!"

"No need to count!" said Johnny Bull grimly. "Pon's done for!"

Posenby lay where he had fallen, dazed and half-stunned.

Hazeldene bent over him, his fists still clenched fiercely.

Harry Wharton drew him away.

"You've given him a hiding, Hazel."

said the Remove captain quietly. "Nuff's as good as a feast, you know. That will keep him quiet for a bit. Come on, old chap, we'd better be going!"

The Greyfriars fellows did not say another word to any of their Highcliffe rivals.

They mounted their bicycles, and rode away.

It was several minutes before Posenby recovered sufficiently to rise to his feet. Gadsby and Vasseur had to help him.

"How do you feel, Posenby, old chap?" inquired Monson solicitously.

"Grooooonh!" said Posenby, holding his chin. "I—pow!—didn't think the cut had it in him! Or, er, ow! I feel rotten! But never mind, I'll have my revenge on him! While we were rolling on the ground, I managed to slip some of the stuff I stole into his pocket. Yoohoo! There's trouble in store for Hazeldene soon, or my name's not what it is!"

Thus comforted, Posenby limped away, surrounded by his cronies.

He had succeeded in his ruse in stopping Hazeldene, but it had cost him a great deal more than he had bargained for!

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Hazeldene Accused!

"MY hey!" Gosling, the old and ancient school porter at Greyfriars, gave vent to that astonished exclamation.

It was next day, after dinner, and the quadrangle was crowded.

A plump, girlish figure had entered the gates of Greyfriars. The visitor was dressed in the blue drill tunic and straw hat, with the green badge of Cliff House School round it. She was the fattest girl Gosling had ever set eyes on. On her snub nose were perched a pair of spectacles, through which her little round eyes glimmered.

"Wot name, miss?" gasped Gosling.

"I'm Bessie Bunter!" retorted the plump young lady airily, in a loud tone

of voice. "Is my brother here? Ah! There's Billy!"

William George Bunter had just emerged from the tuckshop, and there was a very disgruntled look upon his podgy face. Mrs. Mimble had once again refused him "tick," and Bunter, who was hungry, and wanted some of Mrs. Mimble's beautiful jam-tarts, felt very sore about it.

He glanced at his sister Bessie as she bent down upon him. The disgruntled look did not vanish from Bunter's face.

"Hallo, Bessie!" he greeted, blinking at the plump Cliff House girl through his round spectacles. "What do you want?"

"I've come to make a complaint," said Bessie Bunter loudly, and glaring round at the fellows who had assembled. "There is a thief in this school, and I have come to find him out!"

"Whew!"

Bulstrove, Trevor, and Morgan of the Remove were standing near by.

They walked up.

"Excuse me, Miss Bunter, but hadn't you better make sure of what you have just said, before making public accusations?" said Bulstrove coldly. "It's a serious thing, you know, walking into a school and solemnly declaring that there's a thief, and you've come to find him out!—"

"None of your impertinence, young man!" said Bessie Bunter haughtily. "I know what I am talking about! There is a thief in this school, and I can tell you his name! It's Hazeldene!"

"Hazeldene?"

"Great pip!"

Other fellows had by now come up, and there was quite a crowd in the quadrangle round Miss Bessie Bunter.

Bolsover major, Skinner, Stott, and Snop were in the forefront.

Tom Brown, Micky Desmond, Dick Rake, Peter Todd, and Wibley, and other Removites, were there.

They were all astounded at Bessie Bunter's words.

Bessie Bunter blinked round defiantly.

"Yes, Hazeldene is the thief!" she said shrilly. "He was alone with his sister in our Common-rooms yesterday, and several handbags were left in there.

Soon after he and Harry Wharton and the others left we discovered that things had been taken out of our handbags—money and jewellery! I've lost a gold-and-diamond brooch—worth at least ten pounds! Clara Trevlyn's lost a brooch, too, and several other girls say that money and jewellery are missing from their handbags! Who's taken the things? Marjorie didn't! And Hazeldene was the only one who had been in there!"

"Oh crumbs!"

There was silence in the crowd, broken only by the arrival of the Famous Five and Vernon Smith.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry cheerily. "What's the rumpus?"

"I've come for my brooch!" shrieked Bessie Bunter. "My brooch is very valuable, and I want it!"

"Your brooch!" gasped Harry Wharton in mystification. "We know nothing of your brooch, Miss Bunter."

"Hazeldene does!" exclaimed Bessie Bunter. "He robbed our handbags yesterday! He's a thief!"

And Miss Bessie Bunter again told her tale of woe.

Harry Wharton & Co. listened, thunderstruck.

They could hardly believe what they were hearing.

THE MAGNET



The Paper that attracts Readers all over the World!

Next week there'll be a yarn of Greyfriars that'll thrill you!

"Hazeldene is the thief right enough!" finished up Miss Bessie with an indignant flourish. "He was the only one in there! He could easily have opened the bags while Marjorie's back was turned! Why was he in there with Marjorie, I should like to know! Because he wanted money! Marjorie is always lending her brother money. She admits she gave him a pound yesterday. Not satisfied with that, Hazeldene robbed our handbags!"

There was an awkward silence.

Miss Bessie Bunter glared round defiantly.

"I want my brooch!" she said. "Hazeldene's got it. If he doesn't give it to me I shall speak to Dr. Locke about it."

Harry Wharton looked round quickly. "I say, Miss Bunter, you are making a scene here!" he said coldly. "Won't you come indoors? There must be some mistake. Hazeldene isn't a thief. The masters mustn't know of this, in any case. Please come indoors. We'll try and find your brooch."

Harry Wharton & Co. walked away, and Miss Bessie Bunter marched with them, her snub nose elevated at a very high angle in the air.

The fellows left in the quadrangle discussed the matter animatedly.

"My word, what a show up for Hazeldene!" said Harold Skinner with a grin. "Of course, it's as plain as a pikestaff that he's guilty. We all know how hard up he gets when he goes the pace—and he's been going it lately. Pretty rotten, though, that he should resort to stealing from the girls at Cliff House!"

"Blessed if I can understand it," said Tom Brown, knitting his brows. "Hazeldene is a bit of a shifty rotter, we all know, but I think stealing like that is a bit beyond him. Bunter's sister must have got hold of the wrong end of the stick."

"I hope so," said Peter Todd. "We don't want a scandal here. And if Hazeldene has been burgling the girls handbags there will be a scandal, and no mistake!"

"Let's go in and see what happens," grinned Sidney James Snooty, who revelled in a scandal. "I reckon Bunter's sister has raised the House by now. Hazeldene's in for it."

A crowd of curious Removites and others hurried indoors and went along to the Remove passage.

The passage was already a crowd round Study No. 1.

Bessie Bunter's shrill voice could be heard above that of Harry Wharton.

"I tell you it's true what I say! All our handbags have been tampered with! Hazeldene is the thief!"

Miss Bessie Bunter stamped her foot emphatically as she said that.

Hazeldene was in the room with Harry Wharton & Co.

His face was white, and his brows contracted.

"I am not a thief!" he cried fiercely.

"There is some horrible mistake! I swear never touched any of the handbags! I know nothing about the affair!"

"Rats!" sneered Billy Bunter indignantly, blinking at his accused Form-fellow through his eyeglasses. "You must have stolen the things from the handbags! Give my sister back her brooch, you rotter, or—Yaroooh! Yah! Leggo, Cherry, you beast!"

"Hum!"

The Owl of the Remove went over on the carpet, and he rolled under the study table with a howl.



Fonsonby took a box of matches, struck one, and applied a flame to the I O U's. "You cad!" shouted Hazeldene, struggling fiercely in the grip of the cad of Highcliffe. "Then this is a trick! Give me those papers!" "Ha, ha, ha!" Fonsonby's mocking laugh rang out as the flames devoured the papers. (See Chapter 6.)

"Yaroooh! Oh crumbs! Groooh!"

"Shame!" exclaimed Skinner, his eyes glittering with enjoyment of the unpleasant scene. "Don't hit a chap, Cherry, for sticking up for his sister! Why cannot Hazeldene prove that the charge against him is untrue, if he says so? The least he can do is to turn his pockets out and let us search his study!"

Harry Wharton bit his lip, and looked awkwardly at Hazeldene.

"You heard what Skinner said?" he asked. "I think it's the best way, Hazel, if you don't mind us searching you, Miss Bunter has accused you, and it's up to you to prove that she's wrong."

Hazeldene clenched his fists hard. He was about to make an angry rejoinder, but he checked himself.

"Very well," he said between his clenched teeth, "I will consent to you going through my pockets, Wharton. But I swear that I am innocent. You will find nothing."

"I'm sorry, Hazel," said the captain of the Remove as he unbuttoned his Form-fellow's jacket. "I hate doing this, because I believe you are innocent. But it will satisfy Miss Bunter."

He ran quickly through Hazeldene's jacket pockets one by one.

Nothing out of the ordinary came to light, except a packet containing two cigarettes.

Hazeldene flushed when those were disclosed.

The looks of condemnation deepened on some of his schoolfellows' faces. The discovery of the cigarettes created a bad impression.

Harry Wharton went through Hazeldene's waistcoat pockets.

A book of stamps, a penknife, a nib, and a pencil came out, followed by a penny, a pocket comb, and a small piece of folded paper containing some pencilled notes on a Euclid theorem. Then Harry Wharton withdrew a small, glittering object which caused a stir at once.

It was a small, cheap-looking brooch, set with a single imitation diamond.

"My brooch!" exclaimed Bessie Bunter, stepping forward and extending a plump hand. "That's my diamond brooch! Give it to me!"

Mechanically Harry Wharton handed Bessie Bunter the brooch.

Hazeldene was standing as if stunned.

The passage was buzzing with excited conversation at the discovery of the brooch in Hazeldene's pocket.

The Famous Five stared at Hazeldene and at the brooch in Bessie Bunter's hand.

"Good heavens!" muttered Frank Nugent. "Then Hazeldene is guilty!"

That was the common verdict amongst the onlookers.

"I told you so!" cried Bessie Bunter triumphantly. "Hazeldene is the thief! That's proof! Now find the rest of the things!"

Hazeldene licked his dry lips.

His face was ashen pale.

"I didn't—I didn't take anything from Cliff House!" he exclaimed desperately. "I know nothing of that brooch! I swear that I didn't know it was in my pocket!"

"Probably you didn't!" sneered Harold Skinner. "I expect you thought

Boys, out in front again next week with a fine bumper programme!



Highcliff pressed hard, and just before the whistle for half-time went Frank Courtenay slammed in the leather past Hulstrode's hand in splendid style. "Goal!" "We're level!" said Harry Wharton. (see Chapter 8.)

you had hidden it with the rest of the stuff, you thief!"

"I am not a thief!" cried Hazeldene, looking round appealingly. "There is a horrible mistake! Wharton, you don't believe—"

His voice trailed off as he saw the look on Harry Wharton's face.

What else could they believe?

Circumstantial evidence was against him from the first; and now that one of the stolen articles had been discovered in Hazeldene's pocket there seemed to be no possible doubt whatever that Hazeldene was guilty.

The unhappy junior looked round.

Looks of condemnation met him on every side.

"I know things look black against me," muttered Hazeldene miserably. "I cannot account for the brooch being in my pocket. I swear I did not steal it. Somebody must have put it in there."

There was a yell of derision at once. "Listen to him!" exclaimed Bolsover major indignantly. "He wants us to believe that the brooch was planted on him! What the dickens does he take us for?"

"I have told no lies!" cried Hazeldene. "I know nothing about the theft."

"Rot!"

"Liar!"

"Where are the other things?" "Tell where you've hidden your swag!"

"Robbing fellows is bad enough, but when it comes to burgling from girls, it's too thick!" said Bolsover major, striding forward. "The cat deserves to go horsewhipped! Rag him! Make the thief tell where the other stuff is!"

"Hands off!" yelled Hazeldene, backing away as the horde Removite came towards him, followed by Skinner & Co., and a crowd of others. "Leave me alone! I tell you—"

"Collar him!" yelled Snoop.

There was a rush, and Hazeldene went down beneath the horde of fellows. He was seized in many hands, and overwhelmed. Harry Wharton & Co. did their best to rescue him. They piled into the midst of the ragers, and very soon a wild scene of confusion was taking place in Study No. 1.

In the middle of it all, there were light steps in the passage, and Trotter, the page, showed Marjorie Hazeldene and Clara Trevlynn to the doorway.

The girls looked at the scene in horror.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Miss Marjorie. "What ever is the matter? Bessie, what have you done?"

At the sound of Miss Marjorie's voice, the ragers jumped up.

The Famous Five stood back, looking amazed and rather sheepish.

Hazeldene was lying on the floor, his hair dishevelled, his collar ripped from its stud, and his face and his clothing covered with dust.

"Hazel!" cried Miss Marjorie, starting forward. "You are hurt!" Hazeldene struggled to his feet.

His nose was bleeding, and he had to mop it with a handkerchief.

"They've accused me of thieving at Cliff House yesterday!" he muttered dully. "I didn't do it, Marjorie!"

Miss Clara turned angrily to Bessie Bunter.

"You little cat, Bessie!" she exclaimed. "How dare you come here and cause all this unpleasantness! We

thought that's why you went out, and we hurried over to fetch you back! You nasty, horrid, mischief-making creature!"

Miss Marjorie turned her pretty face to Harry Wharton.

"I'm sorry for this, Harry," she said. "We—we should have made no bother, but we had to come, because Bessie—"

"Oh, that's all right, Miss Marjorie!" said Harry Wharton. "We are only too sorry ourselves that this has happened. We—we did not believe Hazel guilty, but—"

"Here's my brooch!" shrieked Bessie Bunter, holding the trinket aloft. "Harry Wharton found it in your brother's pocket, Marjorie! There, now!"

"Is that true, Harry?" asked Miss Marjorie, her face going white.

"I—I'm afraid so," muttered Harry Wharton.

Miss Marjorie clutched her brother by the arm. "Hazel, you didn't—you couldn't have done it!" she cried brokenly. "There must be a mistake—"

"That's what I've been telling them, Marjorie," replied Hazeldene dully. "But how can I prove my innocence—now? My head's in a whirl; I don't know what to think. They all believe me guilty. Wharton himself does!"

Harry Wharton avoided Miss Marjorie's pleading look.

"Hazel, if you really did take those things, won't you return them, and we can let the matter drop?" asked Miss Marjorie appealingly to her brother. "Nothing more need be said—"

"Then my own sister believes me guilty!" cried Hazeldene, his face ashen pale. "Marjorie, you accuse me, too!"

Miss Marjorie was silent. She bowed her pretty head.

Clara Trevlynn took her girl chum by the arm.

"Come away, Marjorie," she said. "Your brother will confound sooner or later, I expect. We shall hush the matter up, for your sake, dear. Come with us, Bessie!"

The juniors made way, and the three Cliff House girls went.

Not another word was spoken until they were gone.

Then Bolsover major broke the silence.

"You'd better clear off before we set about you again, Hazeldene," he said.

"Don't try to associate with any of us until you confess where the other things are hidden! We're going to search your study, anyway!"

Hazeldene walked away, with head bowed low.

Bolsover major organised a thorough search of all Hazeldene's belongings, both in his study and in the Remove dormitory.

But nothing further was revealed.

If Hazeldene had hidden the things, he had hidden them very thoroughly.

The unhappy Removite was sent to Coventry by practically all the school.

Fellows condemned him everywhere.

Harry Wharton & Co. felt Hazeldene's disgrace more keenly than anybody else at Greyfriars.

There was a great deal of depression at the ten-table in Study No. 1 that evening.

"There can't be much doubt," said Frank Nugent morosely. "Hazel's the thief."

"Everything points to it," said Johnny Bull. "Oh, it's rotten!"

"Rotten isn't the word!" growled Bob

Harry Wharton & Co.—the schoolboys who have pals all over the world!

Cherry. "It's not of Hazel I'm thinking. But Marjorie!"

"Marjorie thinks the world of Hazel, and this affair has upset her terribly," said Harry Wharton. "Things look pretty bad for Hazel, but there's a chance that he is innocent, after all. I hope he is, anyway. I hope, if only for Marjorie's sake, that it will turn out all right in the end."

But there was faint hope in Wharton's heart; and his chums felt the same about it. That sensational discovery of the pocket in Hazel's pockets had shaken their faith in him. They would have believed in him otherwise. As for the rest of the Remove, they were unanimous in their condemnation of Hazeldene; his guilt was a foregone conclusion. They openly scoffed at Hazeldene's passionate avowals of his innocence. And by the evening the news had spread through the school, and guilty or not guilty, Hazeldene was condemned by all Greyfriars.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Into the Trap!

"LETTER for you, Master Hazeldene!"

Trotter came up to Hazeldene in the Hall two days later, and made that announcement.

Hazeldene was alone, as he had been ever since his accusation.

Fellows avoided him—even Harry Wharton & Co. held aloof—and he was an outcast in the school. He was so pale and harassed-looking that Trotter, as he handed Hazeldene the letter, felt a twinge of pity for the unhappy junior. "Thanks!" said Hazeldene dully.

He looked at the envelope, and then he started.

He knew the handwriting well—it was Ponsoby's.

Scowling, he tore open the envelope and read the message inside. It was short and to the point:

"Dear Hazeldene," he read,—*"If you want light shed on the difficulty you are in about the theft at Cliff House, please come over and see me. You might hear of something to your advantage, if you bring those papers with you.—OSCAR PONSObY."*

Hazeldene knitted his brows over this epistle.

How did Ponsoby know, and what did he know?

Hazeldene could guess the answer to the first part of that question.

Harry Wharton & Co had gone over to visit Frank Courtenay & Co. of Highcliffe yesterday. Greyfriars Junior Eleven were playing a football-match with the Highcliffe Second Eleven on Saturday. Probably he had been under discussion there, and Ponsoby had got to know.

But what did Ponsoby mean by what he said in his letter? Did he know anything about the affair at Cliff House? Had he a clue to the mystery?

A ray of hope entered the miserable junior's breast.

At any other time he would not have trusted Ponsoby; would have looked upon that letter as a blind to get him into Highcliffe with the papers that Ponsoby was so anxious to secure. But in his present frame of mind, with the shadow of suspicion hanging over him, Hazeldene did not think of a plot. Like a drowning man clutching at a straw,

Hazeldene would seize only too eagerly any chance of getting out of his present dilemma. His main worry now was to prove his innocence of the charge his schoolfellows, and even his sister, laid against him. The affair of Ponsoby came of secondary importance to it. If Ponsoby could get him clear of the terrible burden he was now bearing, Hazeldene would be only too glad to surrender the papers.

Hazeldene's eyes were gleaming with a new hope as he went upstairs to the Remove passage for his cap.

He passed Billy Bunter on the stairs. The Owl of the Remove gave Hazeldene a scornful look, and immediately put his hands into his pockets.

Skinner, Stott, and Snoop strolled up, and when they saw Hazeldene they drew back to let him pass.

"Mind your pockets!" said Skinner. "He, he, he!" giggled Snoop and Bunter.

Hazeldene went red, and clenched his fists.

He felt like hurling himself at his tormentors, but restrained himself.

He had had a great deal of this sort of thing to put up with during the last two days. It was getting unbearable. He must prove his innocence, or to remain at Greyfriars would be impossible.

So thought Hazeldene as he took the papers from his desk and placed them in his pocket. He put on his cap, and left the study.

Several fellows passed him on the way down to the gates, but none spoke. Most of them gave him the cut direct, which was the bitterest stab of all to the unhappy Removeite's soul.

With a multitude of miserable thoughts coursing through his mind, he set out for Highcliffe.

There was a chance that Ponsoby might be able to clear him. Ponsoby was wily, and there was no knowing what information he had. And Hazeldene would give and do anything in order to have his name cleared at Greyfriars.

He hurried, and soon reached Highcliffe.

Ponsoby, Gadsby, Monson, and Vavasour were adorning the school gateway with their presence when he came up.

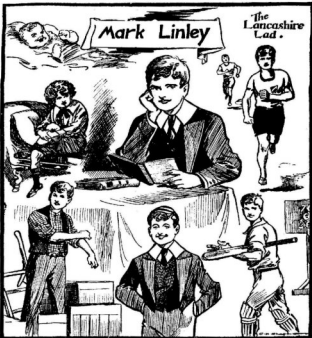
They grinned when they saw Hazeldene—at least, Gadsby, Monson, and Vavasour did. Ponsoby's grin was rather a twisted affair, considering that his mouth was swollen, and his left eye was highly discoloured—the result of Hazeldene's rough handling of him three days ago.

"So you've come, Hazeldene!" said the Highcliffe knut, quite affably. "Let's bury the hatchet and talk business. You're in a fix at Greyfriars, and maybe I can clear you. Have you brought those papers?"

"Yes—yes!" said Hazeldene eagerly. "Do you know who stole the things

Various Stages in the Lives of Greyfriars Celebrities.

No. 8.—MARK LINLEY.



What stunts are the Greyfriars Chums up to next week? See the Chat page!

from Cliff House, Ponsoby. If you do, for the love of Heaven tell me! I'm accused of the theft, and my life at Greyfriars is unbearable."

Ponsoby smiled; it was more of a sneer than a smile. In his cowardly heart he was glad that his race had succeeded so well. Hazeldene was suffering now as he intended that the Greyfriars fellow should suffer. Ponsoby had no compassion on an enemy. He hated bitterly and he was ruthless in his revenge.

"We've heard of the mess you are in, Hazeldene," he said. "Of course, you can't expect me to clear you, and thus do you a favour, after the way you've treated me lately. Why should I?"

"I'm sorry, Ponsoby!" said Hazeldene desperately. "If you can clear me, I beg of you to do so. Here are the papers—you can have them!"

He withdrew the bundle of papers from his pocket.

He forgot, in his desperation, what type of fellow he had to deal with in Ponsoby.

Cecil Ponsoby's eyes gleamed when he saw the papers.

He reached out an eager hand, and snatched them away from Hazeldene.

"Thanks!" he chuckled. "Much obliged, Hazel!"

"Look here—" began Hazeldene in alarm; but next minute he broke off and gave a sharp cry.

Monsen, Gadsby, and Vavasour gasped him.

"Yes, these are my I O U's right enough!" said Ponsoby, in great delight. "They'll be no good to anybody after this."

Ponsoby took out a box of matches, struck one, and applied the flame to the papers.

"You cad!" shouted Hazeldene, struggling. "Then this is a trick! Give me those papers! You—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Ponsoby's mocking laugh rang out as the flames devoured the papers.

Hazeldene struggled fiercely in the grip of the coils of Highcliffe, but they hung on to him tight, and would not let him go. Soon the papers were burnt.

"So much for that!" chuckled Cecil Ponsoby, letting the ashes drop. "I was wondering, Hazeldene, whether you were as much a sily as to walk into my trap? You came into it like a fly into the spider's web, by Jove! Now what have you got up against me?"

Hazeldene ground his teeth, and made violent efforts to get at Ponsoby.

"You cad!" he cried. "You've robbed me of the papers by a rotten trick! You haven't got any information about the Cliff House affair!"

"If I had, I jolly well wouldn't take the trouble to clear you!" replied Ponsoby calmly. "I've turned the table this time, Hazeldene. Now you're going to have a taster of what we had the other day!"

Thereupon, Ponsoby laid violent hands on the Removite, and the four Highcliffians whirled Hazeldene over.

He went down with a roar.

"Smash him!" panted Ponsoby viciously. "We'll send the cad back to his school hell dead. I'll have my revenge on him!"

"Yoroooh! Oh! Help!" roared

Hazeldene, as the four cowardly juniors set about him. "Rescue, Greyfriars!"

Next minute he was overwhelmed by the four, who punched and kicked him unmercifully.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Miss Clara Chips In!

HAZELDENE yelled out for help, but he did not expect any to arrive.

He was in the hands of the enemy, and he had to suffer.

But help was near.

Bob Cherry was coming up the lane. He was on his visit to Frank Courtenay, to give him a message from Harry Wharton, who was detained, doing an imput.

As soon as Bob heard Hazeldene's cry he ran forward quickly.

"My hat!" ejaculated the fighting-man of the Remove, when he saw the scene in the gateway at Highcliffe. "The rotters! Four to one! All right, Hazel, I'm coming!"

Pushing back his cuffs, Bob advanced, and next minute he charged at Ponsoby & Co. like a bull. He plunged into the thick of the fight, hitting out straight from the shoulder.

Gadsby fell back with a yell as Bob's four-point-seven punch caught him on the nose. Vavasour went spinning from a beautiful upper-cut.

Bob and Hazel then pitched into Ponsoby and Monsen.

Gadsby and Vavasour were down and out.

Their gasps and moans could be heard above the tramping of the other combatants' feet.

Bob Cherry pitched into Ponsoby like a Trojan.

"Yaroooh!" roared the knut of Highcliffe, as a series of violent blows rained on his chest and all over him. "Back up, you fellows! Yah! Ow! You-wow-ow!"

"Bob!"

A sharp, girlish voice broke upon their ears.

Bob Cherry fell back with a gasp, and, looking round, he saw Miss Clara Trevelyan.

Miss Clara had ridden up on her bicycle.

She was standing there, her hand raised imperiously.

"Stop this fighting!" she exclaimed. "Bob and—Hazeldene! What are you doing here, fighting with these horrid Highcliffe boys!"

Bob Cherry flushed.

"I came over to see Frank Courtenay," he said. "These boudzers were ragging Hazel, Miss Clara, so I just chipped in."

Miss Clara gave Ponsoby a scornful look.

Ponsoby bowed mockingly.

"This visit is an unexpected pleasure, Miss Clara!" he said. "Were you wanting me?"

Miss Clara tossed her pretty head.

"No, Master Ponsoby, I had no intention of stopping here!" she said haughtily. "I was on my way to Greyfriars, and happened to be passing when

I saw you fighting. I am rather particular as to whom I call upon!"

"Very well!" said Ponsoby, biting his lip. "Come on, you fellows!"

Vavasour and Gadsby had picked themselves up.

They limped after Ponsoby and Monsen and the four battered-looking knuts of Highcliffe disappeared into the gates of Highcliffe.

Bob Cherry and Hazeldene hastily brushed themselves down.

They, too, were looking very much the worse for wear—especially Hazeldene.

"You—you were going over to Greyfriars, Miss Clara?" asked Bob.

"Yes! I wanted to see you about that affair at our school."

Miss Clara looked at Hazeldene, and the Removite dropped his eyes and flushed.

"You needn't be ashamed, Hazel!" said Miss Clara kindly. "I, for one, don't believe you're the thief! Look what I found outside the Common-room window this morning!"

Miss Clara held up a small button. She handed it to Bob Cherry.

"My hat!" said Bob. "A button! Whose is it, Miss Clara?"

"That button is off Ponsoby's coat!" said Miss Clara vehemently. "You notice, Bob, that it's a sixth-ounce button. Only Ponsoby wears clothes with cloth-covered buttons; I noticed his jacket particularly just now! He is a knut, you know, and goes in for the best—even to the buttons on his Eton jacket!"

"Great pip!" gasped Bob. "You're right, Miss Clara! This is off Ponsoby's jacket. I'd stake a term's pocket-money on that! Really, Miss Clara, you ought to have been a detective!"

Hazeldene looked eagerly at the button.

"There's only one other fellow I know who wears cloth-covered buttons besides Ponsoby, and that's Lord Stavrovec at our school!" he said. "By Jove! as you think Ponsoby took the things? He—he he he could throw light on the matter if he wished!"

Then Hazeldene recounted to Miss Clara and Bob Cherry his adventure at Highcliffe that afternoon; he told of the letter he had received from Ponsoby, and of the trick that Ponsoby & Co. had played him.

"I've got no hold on Ponsoby now," finished up Hazeldene miserably. "He'll let Banks know, and that cad might visit the Head at any time. It will mean the sack for me—especially on top of this theft business! I swear I am innocent of that!"

Miss Clara clenched her small hands, and her pretty face had a grim look.

"You sha'n't get into trouble, Hazeldene!" she said. "For Marjorie's sake, I'm going to see that this business is cleared up!"

"And I'm with you, Miss Clara!" said Bob Cherry heartily. "I believe in Hazel now! It's a pile of Ponsoby's to get right!"

"I've got to see the Head at any time. If only we can bowl out Ponsoby over the thefts at Cliff House, we can make him keep Banks off the grass! That will stay his hand!"

"By Jove! You're right, Cherry!" said Hazeldene, his eyes glistening eagerly. "If Ponsoby's found out, we could hold that over his head! How can we bowl him out, though? He's a ruff!

He might suspect—"

"I've got an idea!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Look here, Miss Clara, this

(Continued on page 17.)

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY—PRICE 2"

Bunter will make

your ribs split with laughter next week, chaps!

The GREYFRIARS HERALD

Harry Wharton
Editor

Supplement No. 105.

Week Ending December 30th, 1922.

THE IDEA SCROUNGER!

By Tom Brown.

(NOTE.—This is the first "straight" story Tom Brown has written for the "Herald." He wanted a change—he got it.)

THE Remove was in a buzz of excitement. A notice had been placed upon the board in the Remove passage, and all and sundry had read it. Some of the fellows had passed caustic remarks; some had accepted the appeal in the spirit in which it was written, and were really serious about it.

Harry Wharton, who had edited the "Greyfriars Herald" for two years, had put up the notice. It was short, but it was decidedly to the point. It was really nothing less than an advertisement. It read:

AN IDEA SCROUNGER!

A live junior is required by the proprietors of the "Greyfriars Herald" to see if he can secure any really good notions from fellows in the Remove and other Forms.

That was all. But it set quite a number of fellows thinking.

"I say, you fellows!" said Billy Bunter, with a snarl, as soon as he saw the notice. "That seems to show that Wharton and his crowd of ink-suckers are running short of ideas—that! They don't come up to me, as they might do, and get some really topping ideas! I've always—"

"You've got a jolly sight more people to draw upon, tabby," said Vernon Smith. "You have all St. Jim's and Rookwood, as well as Greyfriars."

"That's where I've got the 'Herald' beaten to a frazzle!" he said cheerfully. "He, he, he! Trust me!"

"With a bit currant from a jam-tart!" said Bob Cherry. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"
"What's going to be the giddy idea scrounger?" asked Tom Redwing, with a chuckle. "What about you, Bulstrode?"

"Not in my line, old man," said Bulstrode, shaking his head. "I might get one or two ideas—"

"You're pretty good at scrounging!" said Nugent.

Bulstrode puckered his brows thoughtfully. The idea certainly appealed to him. He did not get much of a show, in the general contest of events, in Harry Wharton's supplement, and the opportunity seemed too good to be missed.

"I'm taking on that job!" he said suddenly.

"Good old Bulstrode!"
"Bully for you, Bully!" chuckled Wibley.

Bulstrode nodded, and by the way he set his lips he looked as if Bulstrode meant business.

He did. Quite a number of fellows found that out, the first of whom was Fisher T. Fish, the junior from America.

Bulstrode bounced into Fishy's study, flourishing a pencil and notebook.

"Hello, Fishy!" said Bulstrode brightly.

"I guess you've come straight to the right



Bulstrode, the idea scrounger, on the warpath.

antelope for ideas," said Fisher T. Fish, with a snarl. "Get busy with the lead, Bulstrode. It's about this 'Herald' business, I suppose? Right! In the first place, the paper should be run by an American—"

"I want hints!" said Bulstrode sharply. "You're gettin' 'em!" said Fish cheerfully. "There's no gink in this yer Form so capable of running—"

"Your eye will be running, if you don't stick to the point!" interrupted Bulstrode curtly. "Get busy—bustle!"
"Well, I s'ow!" gasped Fish. "Here's a big guy telling me, an American, to bustle! I'm sure surprised—"

But Bulstrode had had enough of Fisher Terleton Fish. He jumped up from the chair into which he had plumped himself, and the next moment he had seized Fish by the scruff of the neck.

"As you've no ideas, my son, I'll give you one!" said Bulstrode angrily. "Allow me to introduce to you the latest in hair dyes!"
The next moment he had tipped an ink-well on the sheet quiff the American junior sported. Fish yelled.

"Let up, you gink!"
"That's an idea, Fishy—only one! Want another?" asked Bulstrode, chuckling. Fishy gasped.

"None! You! I guess not!"
And Bulstrode went along the passage and tapped on the door of Harold Skinner's study.

"Hello, Skinny!" he said affably, as soon as he had opened the door.

Skinner scowled.

"What do you want?" he growled. "Get any notions for the 'Herald'?" asked Bulstrode, in the same affable tones.

"Scrounging for Wharton?" sneered Skinner.

"You've got it, Skinny. What about it?"
Skinner thought for a moment. He turned to Bulstrode suddenly.

"Why not have an invisible number?" he asked calmly.

Bulstrode jumped. "K! he ejaculated.

"An invisible number, you know," explained Skinner. "Printed in invisible ink, so that only the staff read it. Splendid idea, that!"

Bulstrode shut his pocket-book, and placed the pencil in his pocket. A moment later he had seized the humorous Skinner, and had flung him into a position suitable for administering a sound spanking—and Skinner got it!

"That's what I call an invisible hiding!" said Bulstrode, as he allowed the sneak of the Remove to topple to the ground. "You couldn't see it—but you could feel it."

"You! You rotter! You—"
stuttered Skinner, sitting up and rubbing that part of his anatomy which had been walloped. Bulstrode chuckled, and went out of the study. So far, he had not obtained any

Next week—a special New Year number of the "Herald"!

ideas; but he had certainly succeeded in explaining at least two new ideas to fellows not connected with the Herald!

Bulstrode's next call was to Tom Redwing's study. The fisherman's son greeted the burly Removeite with a smile.

"Scrounging still?" he asked.

Bulstrode nodded, and opened out his pocket-book.

"I've got one idea," said Tom thoughtfully. "We haven't had a Special 'Sea' Number yet. Would it be possible?"

Bulstrode's eyes gleamed with pleasure. He was busily writing for a moment, and then he turned to Tom Redwing.

"Get any more stunts like that?" he asked quickly. "That's a topping idea! I think Harry Wharton will oblige with a Sea Number."

"That's all, then!" said Tom, with a laugh. And Bulstrode went out of the study without having to find a new idea, but taking one with him instead.

In the passage he was stopped by Alonso Todd, the Duffer of the Remove.

"Ah, Bulstrode! My dear fellow—"

"Got any ideas?" boomed Bulstrode. "If so, say so, and let me take 'em down!"

"Of course, my dear fellow. I have a really excellent idea. But I require your aid."

"I think the funds of the Greyfriars Herald might be devoted to the Society for— Ow! Beat me! How— Ow!"

Lonny's suggestion was not approved by Bulstrode. And Bulstrode showed his disapproval by administering a gentle tap on Lonny's rather prominent nose.

"The funds would be better used in sending clumps like you to Colney Hatch!" growled Bulstrode; and went away, leaving Lonny to shake his head and murmur something to the effect that his Uncle Benjamin would certainly not like Bulstrode—not at all!

Bulstrode's next—nearly said victim—visit was to Lord Mangleover. But Manly, who had been told that the scrounging ideas were on the warpath, had shut the door and locked it. Bulstrode hammered and shouted for admittance, but he did not gain his point.

He went along the passage, crossing the Hazelite's net him, and caught him by the lapel of his coat. For the moment Bulstrode was inclined to hit Hazel and send him spinning. But he restrained himself.

"What do you want?" he demanded. "I'm busy!"

"I know—that's why I stopped you," said Bulstrode hastily. "You needn't mind. I said so, Bulstrode, but what about a number called 'Fast and Present'?"

Bulstrode peckered his brows thoughtfully.

"Not a bad idea," he said at last. "I'll jot it down. Thanks!"

Mangleover, who had something of a past himself, nodded, and went his way.

Bulstrode's last call was upon Wun Lung, the Chinese junior.

"Any new ideas for the Herald?" he asked.

Wun Lung smiled.

"Plenty, grandee ideal," he said warmly. "Mangleover velly good—velly good. He make Wharton have Chinese Number."

Bulstrode growled, and looted down the suggestion. Then he took his book along to the study of Wharton, and handed the offer the list of ideas he had scrounged.

Wharton read the list quickly, and then he handed it back, smiling.

"What's the matter with that little boy?" demanded Bulstrode angrily.

"Only that the notions you have collected have all been delivered in person by the boys, self-same ideas," said Wharton forced.

"Sorry, Bulstrode, but they seem to have been polling your leg!"

Bulstrode's mouth opened wide in his astonishment. There had indeed been joking about Skinner, Fisher T. Fish, and the others. But, seeing that Wharton had already seen and spoken to the juniors about those self-same ideas, he had believed to the belief that Wharton was speaking the truth.

"Well, I'm blowed!" gasped Bulstrode.

"The rotters! The beasties! FIB—FIB—FIB—"

Bulstrode did not stop to say what he was going to do. But, instead, from the uncharitably row emanating from several studios after ten minutes had passed, he was evidently doing it!

THE END.

MORE REPLIES TO READERS.

By HARRY WHARTON.

(This week, having a column to spare, I am answering a small selection of my reader-chums' letters. If I were to attempt to answer every communication received, I should fill a whole issue, not only of the GREYFRIARS HERALD, but of the MAGNET Library! Disappointed readers are asked to accept my apologies. The fact that it has not been possible to answer their letters need not deter them from writing again.—Ed.)

H. P. (Tufnell Park).—Very many thanks for your "Ode to Harry Wharton." I dare not publish it in these columns, or I shall be accused of having swollen head!

"Marjorie" (Cliftonville).—I cannot agree with you that Johnny Bull is "a sarily beast." He is not very talkative, I grant you, but what he does say is to the point. Johnny is a straight-from-the-shoulder sort of fellow, and it would be a good thing for Greyfriars if there were a few more like him.

"Cokerite" (Chelmsford).—So you think I have a "down" on Coker? Well, you are wrong. I regard Horace as a clumsy fellow, and something of a fool, but I recognise as clearly as anybody his sterling qualities. He is thoroughly true blue, and would never stoop to a mean or a dishonourable action.

J. H. B. (Burnley).—Will you publish a Special Whitmanite Number of the GREYFRIARS HERALD? Sure thing!

"Athlete" (Woking).—I cannot tell who is the weight-lifting champion of the Remove. Possibly Billy Bunter. The fat junior is always "lifting" things!

"Reggie" (Winchester).—"I am sending you a twelve-verse poem on 'Joys of Summer,' and will send another next week." What have we done to deserve all this torture?

Mabel K. (Worthing).—"Who is the most handsome boy in the Remove, Harry?" Opinions differ. Most members of the fair sex give the palm to Bob Cherry. Others prefer Lord Mangleover. I have actually heard one young lady declare that Billy Bunter was an Adonis!

"Indignant Schoolboy" (Wimbledon).—I got two cuts on each hand for reading the MAGNET Library under the desk in my classroom. Then I'm afraid I have no sympathy for you. The MAGNET is intended to beguile a fellow's hours of leisure—not to be a substitute for lessons.

"Boxer" (Barking).—"I could lick Billy Bunter into a cocked hat!" So could anybody who wasn't crippled or deformed; so you've nothing to be proud of.

J. H. Chappe (Margate).—I am sending you a postcard from Margate, where I am having the time of my life. Lucky Chappe!

"Fatty" (Manchester).—Regret I cannot publish a Special Cockerite Number of the Herald. You'd better apply to Billy Bunter. Sounds more in his line.

EDITORIAL!



By HARRY WHARTON.

THE Editorial Office, otherwise Study No. 1, has this week witnessed many stirring scenes.

The table has groaned under the best tuck from Mrs. Mumble's shop, the best ginger-pop from the same quarter, and a goodly supply of estates from Uncle Clegg's in Friarsdale.

No, we have not been celebrating Christmas. So far as that was concerned, we had a jolly good time with Maudy, when once old Drake had got rid of a rotter in the person of his cousin. But Mr. Richards will have related to you what occurred there.

The celebrations this week in Study No. 1 have had a double object. In the first place, we have successfully brought out the old Herald in its supplement form in the MAGNET Library for no less than two years. That, in itself, we are entitled to call an accomplishment of no mean order—considering the somewhat stirring times we have had, and our many difficulties. When I say "we," I mean all the staff and all the contributors.

It was Bob Cherry who mooted the idea of a "Hints and Improvements" number of our paper, and I have very much pleasure in putting before you the result of that brain-wave! It was rather surprising to me to see the interest displayed by every member of the Remove in the novel movement to find ways and means of improving the jolly old Herald. Some of these incidents have been described for your benefit.

I hope you will like this number, readers. I have patted Bob on the back and said it was a stunning wheeze—and I don't think I am wrong. Its reply was typical!

When you write the Editorial, just put it pat to the reader-beans that the New Year is going to see some top-hole issues of the merry old Herald! That's all you've got to do!

It wasn't all I had to do, by any means, but here we are.

I should be glad to hear from any reader who has any hints or improvements he can suggest for the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

HARRY WHARTON.

**SPECIAL
NEW YEAR
NUMBER
NEXT WEEK!**

JUST A FEW!

Some gentle youths, notoriety, and
nonsensities drop a few hints.

Collected by Frank Nugent.

DR. LOCKE.—"I do not think you can improve upon the GREYFRIARS HERALD, Nugent. The only hint I can give you is that you ask one of the masters to write a series of articles on some serious subject every week. There is—or—rather too much levity in the 'Herald.'" (The hint is receiving serious consideration—very serious consideration. But I foresee difficulties!—Ed.)

DICKY NUGENT.—a lot more stories by such talented others as the handsome young feller that vites under the name of "Dicky Nugent" would improve the Herald even more than if the editorship was took by the most popular fag in the third which is your humble, modesty would forbid me to rite for my can paper.

BOB CHERRY.—"Anybody who thinks he can improve the 'Herald' is welcome to try. The only hint I can suggest is that the readers should pass round their copies a little more, and help us to make new friends." (Good old Bob! I'm passing that one on!—Ed.)

CECIL PONSONBY (Highcliffe School).—"Improve the rag you chaps bring out by crawling round the editor of the Companion Papers? Certainly! Burn it, and die, the ashes into the nearest garden! I've heard that's good for mould!" (Note.—Frank came home with a black eye—that seems to suggest Ponsonby's wearing two.)

COCKER MINOR (Sixth Form).—"You needn't remark upon the fact that I have said so, but I think that if you left out all articles and stories submitted by my major it would improve the 'Herald.' He can't spell for toffee—it really makes him look such a silly ass, whereas he is an awfully decent chap!" (We couldn't leave old Horace out! Every reader thinks he is so funny.—Ed.)

BILLY BUNTER.—"There's only one real improvement you can make, Merge, it into the Lancet." "Weekly" which bears my name—and I'll let you chant in studdy no. I contribute. I doubt think you will be silly enuff to disagree with this sensible advice, but in case you should, I suggest you have more cookery articles." (Rats to you, Billy!—Ed.)

GERALD LODER.—"I think young Kipus might tell us how to manipulate cards and dice. You never seem to get a really helpful article in your rotten paper. Why don't you study your readers' wants?" (We have, Gerald, dear, and you are hereby recommended "Eric, or Little by Diddle!"—Ed.)

THE FLEETWAY PRINTERS.—"Whatever you do, don't enlarge your paper. Half the staff want to set your copy up in type—and half the staff are consequently incapacitated with laughter all the week! That's only one hint—but a sound one!"

HOT ON THE CENT!

Related by Mark Linley.

HARRY WHARTON might have been laughed by several fellows when he announced that he was giving a cent to the fellow who brought him the best idea for a special number of the Herald. He thought that was a bit not laugh when it also became known that Harry Wharton's errand was an old coin of some value to a collector.

There are several coin collectors in the Remove, Hazledean, Witley Field, Fisher T. Fish, Snop, Newland, and Dick Penfold are a few.

Within ten minutes of making the offer, Harry Wharton was beginning to wish he had never opened his lips on the subject. He was bewitched in his study by ardent coin collectors, all of which were listening with ideas. But no one seemed to be able to think of anything really original.

Dick Penfold, as a regular contributor to the 'Herald,' ought to have stood the best chance. But even Penfold failed to think of a really good, stunning, original idea.

Dick was going to the tuckshop when he saw the light go out in Mrs. Mimbble's window. He ran for a sign for her, was in funds, and wanted to purchase a high tea.

Dick arrived, panting, at the door of Mrs. Mimbble's shop just as the good dame came. Dick said that she had her son and daughter on, and the good lady was evidently in a hurry, for she slammed the door behind her.

"The idea! The idea!" she mumbled, not taking the slightest heed of Dick, and even when Dick spoke to her, she went off quickly towards the gates.

"The idea! The idea!" she mumbled, not taking the slightest heed of Dick, and even when Dick spoke to her, she went off quickly towards the gates.

"The idea! The idea!" she mumbled, not taking the slightest heed of Dick, and even when Dick spoke to her, she went off quickly towards the gates.

"The idea! The idea!" she mumbled, not taking the slightest heed of Dick, and even when Dick spoke to her, she went off quickly towards the gates.

"The idea! The idea!" she mumbled, not taking the slightest heed of Dick, and even when Dick spoke to her, she went off quickly towards the gates.

"The idea! The idea!" she mumbled, not taking the slightest heed of Dick, and even when Dick spoke to her, she went off quickly towards the gates.

"The idea! The idea!" she mumbled, not taking the slightest heed of Dick, and even when Dick spoke to her, she went off quickly towards the gates.

"The idea! The idea!" she mumbled, not taking the slightest heed of Dick, and even when Dick spoke to her, she went off quickly towards the gates.

"The idea! The idea!" she mumbled, not taking the slightest heed of Dick, and even when Dick spoke to her, she went off quickly towards the gates.

"The idea! The idea!" she mumbled, not taking the slightest heed of Dick, and even when Dick spoke to her, she went off quickly towards the gates.

"The idea! The idea!" she mumbled, not taking the slightest heed of Dick, and even when Dick spoke to her, she went off quickly towards the gates.

"The idea! The idea!" she mumbled, not taking the slightest heed of Dick, and even when Dick spoke to her, she went off quickly towards the gates.

"The idea! The idea!" she mumbled, not taking the slightest heed of Dick, and even when Dick spoke to her, she went off quickly towards the gates.

"The idea! The idea!" she mumbled, not taking the slightest heed of Dick, and even when Dick spoke to her, she went off quickly towards the gates.

"SOME" IDEAS!

By Tom Merry.

(Specially contributed to this number at the request of the Staff.)

HAVING been specially approached to write a short article for this number of the GREYFRIARS HERALD, I think I can only comply.

As a matter of fact, I see little room for improvement in the supplement, and I really cannot give out much in the way of hints. But I may be permitted to write a short review of the past numbers, and, at the same time, drop a few suggestions in regard to future numbers.

In the first place, there have been some really smart poems and parodies by Dicky Penfold. Hundreds of letters must have been dropped in the editorial letter-box in praise of these. I think Greyfriars is extremely lucky to have such a splendid poet in their ranks. One hint, therefore, is that Dick Penfold be asked to write more parodies and poems—and not to forget a special number early in the New Year, written entirely in verse. (Good, Tommy! It shall be did!—Ed.)

Secondly, Billy Bunter's articles are few and far between. Some of them have been extremely funny—especially the serious ones! That sounds a little mixed, like the pickle, but it's a fact. When Billy gets really serious, he is undoubtedly extremely amusing. More Billy Bunter, then! (You've gone up in Billy's estimation, Tommy!)

Many fine stories have been written by Dicky Nugent in the course of the last six years. Most of them have been thrilling, amusing, sensational, breathless, exciting, heart-grIPPING, and fascinating. I think you might let Dicky have another special number soon. Our fellows haven't finished laughing at his last number yet!

I have not seen many contributions from the pen of Skinner. I don't know very much about him, but I should think he is fully capable of giving us a special 'Snak's' Number. If I am wrong, I apologise. (Don't, Tommy! You've hit the grand nail right on the napper! It shall be done!—Ed.)

Tom Brown's articles are almost as humorous as Monty Lowther's. They are both cast in the same mould, and are naturally funny merchants. Worse might happen than Tom Brown editing a special number of the 'Herald.' (But not such worse!—Ed.)

I have been wondering, too, if all your readers have saved up the interesting and clever cartoons drawn by Frank Nugent and Kerr. I wonder if it would be possible to have a special comic supplement, for one week only, in which these two merchants could be helped out by one or two of the really top-notch artists. A comic number seems possible. (Tommy, will you take over the 'Herald' if you would, it seems to me that the greatest improvement of all would be for me to resign! That is practically impossible—I know you have your own "St. Jim's News"—but you've really given us some splendid hints. Our readers will be getting quite excited. I shall ask you to contribute again shortly.—Ed.)

Another novel number next week I watch out and don't miss it!

MY IDEERS!

By Billy Bunter.

I MUST admit it is rather a good ideeer to have a hints and improvements number. By doing that you can get hold of some really top-hole ideeers without having to think about them yourself.

Of course, as soon as Wharton made up his mind to have a hints and improvements number he came along to my study and asked me to write an article for him. He jolly well knows that I am the chap with the ideeers!

In the first place, the staff of the GREYFRIARS HERALD needs greatly improving.

Take the Editor, for instance. The chap for an editor is a chap with brains. Has Wharton any brains? I ask you! What's wanted is somebody with ideeers, a wonderful personality, a grating voice, and a strong testament—I mean, will.

The feller for Editor is Billy Bunter. In case you don't know him, he's rather a plump fellow, with a grand figure and a strong personality. He's full of ideeers, which come to him mainly because he feels well and has a healthy appetite.

A steering editor is always necessary in a schoolboys' editorial office. Otherwise bullies, like Bolsover and Balustrade, try to force their articles into the paper. Bob Cherry is all rite for that job, but a stronger fellow would be better. There's one in the F. I. B., but modesty precludes me from mentioning his name.

Fashion editier comes next. Mauly is not bad, but he is so lazy. He can't think at the speed a fashion editier should think. Of course, he has titled relatives, but he's not the only one with titled relatives. There's another fellow in the remove who has titled relatives; and as titled relatives—I mean, titled people always dress well, they set the fashions. I would change the fashion editier then, and let the other fellow have a go at the job. He couldn't be worse, and he's bound to do better.

The cartoons have always been fairly good, and perhaps there isn't a better cartoon drafter than Nugent. Let him stick.

Poetry is a strong feature in schoolboys' journals. I have the very best in my journal. Wharton always has Dick Penfold. Dick is all rite in his rithms, but he ort to have a few lessons from the editier of "Billy Bunter's Weekly." That fellow is the model of confection.

On the hole, the staff of the "Herald" is where the improvements should start taking place. I happen to be the editier of the really live paper for schoolboys, "Billy Bunter's Weekly," and I no he would be willing to run the GREYFRIARS HERALD for a time.

That's an offer which is hereby made public!

(You're dealt with improvements, Billy, and left out the hints. However, here's one for you! The staff of this paper want to discuss your suggested improvements—in the gym!—Ed.)

A good long laugh and a merry time if you read the "Herald" regularly!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 777.

WHEN I WAS ON THE CONGO!

Written by Dick Penfold.
Recited by Billy Bunter.

When I was on the Congo
With my pal Captain Kit,
Was I afraid of tigers
Or of lions? Not a bit!
I shot them in their hundreds;
As a hunter I was IT,
When I was on the Congo
With my pal Captain Kit!

And as for alligators,
Why, of them I had no fear;
I hunted both night and morning
With quite a thousand near.
The natives simply feared me
For they knew I had great "grit,"
When I was on the Congo
With my pal Captain Kit!

And the elephants and camels,
Did I ride them? Just a few!
For a brainy chap like I am
Always knows just what to do.
With their keepers—I mean drivers—
I was always favourite,
When I was on the Congo
With my pal Captain Kit!

And that beast Harry Whurton
Simply hung round me all day.
Until some danger threatened,
Then, of course, he ran away.
For in the hour of danger
I was always last to quit,
When I was on the Congo
With my pal Captain Kit!

And now we're back in England,
Wharton boasts of what he did;
When we were on the Congo
He behaved just like a kid.
But do I fear that fellow?
No, of course not in the least,
When I was—Sherrup, Wharton!
Let my ear go! Yah! You beast!

ONLY A FEW LEFT!

GET YOUR

"HOLIDAY ANNUAL!"

TO-DAY!

6/- The Finest Story Book in the 6/- world.

F. I. B.!

By Peter Todd.

"F. I. B.!" I stared at that notice, which was pinned to the door of Fisher T. Fish's study. I couldn't make it out, so I pushed open the door and walked into the study.

There was no one at home. I was aware, of course, that Fishy often got hold of weird and wonderful ideas by which he hoped to line his pockets with dollars. I was just thinking that perhaps "F. I. B." was another stunt, when the American came into the study.

"What's F. I. B. stand for, Fishy?" I asked. "We all know you're a bit of a fibber, but I must admit my curiosity is aroused when I see you're advertising the fact on your door!"

"Fishy glared. 'Who's a fibber?' he demanded truculently. 'That's a business trade mark, sir!'"

"Oh!" I exclaimed innocently. "What does it mean, anyhow?"

"Are you for a business deal, sir?" asked Fishy, pulling out a huge notebook and a tiny piece of pencil.

"Always," I said.

Fisher T. Fish nodded, and rubbed his hands together.

"That notice, sir, refers to a new business formed by a real live Removise," he explained. "It means 'Fish's Idea Bazaar!'"

"Whizzer?" I gasped.

It was the first time I had ever heard of an idea bazaar, and the American junior had to repeat the name before I quite got hold of it.

"Now, sir, I have ideas for sale at various prices," went on Fish eagerly. "Long ones, sixpence. Medium, three-pence."

"I see," I said. "If anybody wants ideas, you supply them at a price."

"The idea brings in the spondulicks, Toddy," said Fishy confidentially. "The work is easy when the idea is thought of."

I had to admit that that was right. I thought of Wharton and his Hints and Improvements Number, and I ventured threepence for a medium-sized idea. Fishy carefully entered the sale into a ledger, and then handed me a slip of paper in exchange for my money.

"That's business, sir!" said Fishy admiringly. "You've got a real bonser idea, and now you want to make the best of it. It will probably be worth a shilling to you, for that is what I believe Wharton pays his guys for their stuff!"

I nodded, and left the study. Outside in the passage I opened the slip of paper.

I thought differently a moment later. The slip read:

"Cut out Peter Todd by writing sensible articles and stories. He's a man easily chucked out. You can get his place at once if you spend one shilling with the F. I. B. for their RED ENVELOPE SPECIAL."

I went back into the study. Fishy was grinning.

I left the study. Fishy was howling!

I And I took the F. I. B. notice with me, which brought to an end yet another "bein'-wave" of the American junior.

[Supplement iv.

PENSONBY'S REVENGE!

(Continued from page 12.)

is where you can help! Our fellows will be at Highcliffe to-morrow afternoon to play a match with Courtenay & Co. I'm going in to see Frank Courtenay now. I'll arrange for him to invite you, and Miss Marjorie, and our other chums from Cliff House, to see the match. Then, while the game is in progress, you can hide in Courtenay's study, which is next door to Pensonby's, and listen to what goes on in there. I'll get Courtenay or the Caterpillar to bore a hole through the wall, so that you can see. In any other case, I'd never suggest such a thing, but Hazel's raised it if we don't do something desperate!"

"I'm game, Bob!" exclaimed Miss Clara heartily. "Anything to bowl out that horrid boy Pensonby! He becomes a lady detective for a little while! It's rather rotten, but—"

Miss Clara broke off.

It was rather rotten to listen to conversation not intended for her ears. But she steeled herself to carry it through—Hazelene's whole future depended upon his being cleared of the charges against him. Success to Pensonby meant ruin for Hazelene. Something had to be done, and though that "something" was distinctly unpleasant to Miss Clara, she made up her mind to go through with it.

Bob promised to ride over to Cliff House next day, and acquaint the girls with the news. Miss Clara then rode away, and Bob Cherry walked into Highcliffe, leaving Hazelene to wait for him outside.

When she had discussed the match arrangements with Frank Courtenay, Bob broached the subject of inviting the girls. Frank Courtenay and the Caterpillar were interested listeners to Bob's account of Pensonby's misdoings.

"So our dear friend and schoolmate, Pon, has been up to his merry tricks again—what?" grinned De Courcy. "We shall be very pleased for the dear girls to come; and Miss Clara can bore holes in our wall wherever she likes, in the ceiling if she desires. I, for one, have nothin' in common with the sporty Pon, although once upon a time, when I was a gay old dog, before Franky snatched me up like a brand from the furnace!—Oh, cussus it, Caterpillar!" laughed Frank Courtenay, the handsome young skipper of the Fourth Form at Highcliffe. "We shall be pleased to see the girls to-morrow, Bob; and you may be sure that we shall back you up as much as we can in bowling out Pensonby. He'll cussus it, Caterpillar! out of the school! It's only through him and his shady crew that Highcliffe has got such a bad name."

"All serene, Franky!" said Bob Cherry. "We'll be over to-morrow afternoon early. Cheerio till then!"

"Farewell, dear youth!" grinned the Caterpillar.

Bob Cherry left Highcliffe, and rejoined Hazelene outside.

"Things are O.K., Hazel!" chuckled Bob, as they walked back together to Greyfriars. "To-morrow, I hope, will see the bowling-out of Pensonby. Trust Miss Clara to find things out, if there is anything to find out!"

"Oh, good egg!" breathed Hazelene.

He returned to Greyfriars in a much happier mood than when he started out.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Greyfriars to the Fore!

THE Famous Five were much more friendly towards Hazelene, and as the news of the finding of Pensonby's button at Cliff House became known, there were more fellows at Greyfriars who began to believe in Hazelene.

They all knew that Pensonby of Highcliffe was more likely to commit such a mean crime than Hazelene.

Nearly all the Remove set out for Highcliffe for the match next afternoon. It was the season's last important football fixture with Highcliffe.

Frank Courtenay & Co. were putting up a strong side, and as the Remove team had been showing to great advantage on the field of late, a good game was predicted.

Marjorie Hazelene & Co., on their bicycles, met Harry Wharton & Co. at the cross-roads.

Miss Marjorie greeted them happily. She held Hazelene's hand warmly as she kissed him.

"I'm sorry, Hazel, for what has happened," she murmured. "I—I do believe in you."

"Thanks, sis!" laughed Hazelene a little awkwardly. "I don't blame you for disbelieving me at first. Pensonby's the fellow at the bottom of the affair. He did it for revenge on me. Miss Clara is going to find him out if she can."

"What-ho!" said Miss Clara emphatically.

Frank Courtenay & Co. were at the gates of Highcliffe to meet the visitors.

Marjorie Hazelene and her chums of Cliff House shook hands very warmly with them. Frank Courtenay & Co. were a different set of fellows altogether from Pensonby & Co. The Cliff House girls were on terms of great friendship with the heroes of the Highcliffe Fourth.

"Toppin' weather for footie!" grinned the Caterpillar, as the two teams, looking fresh and healthy in their footer garb, strolled out on to the field.

"Reckon you're in for a bickin', Wharton—what!"

"Not much!" laughed the Remove captain. "I say, though, what about Pensonby? Where is he?"

"As usual, the merry Pon is in his study, indulgin' in the fragrant weed,

Don't miss this treat, Boys!

HOLIDAY
BIG ANNUAL 1935
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



6/- Here you are, Boys! "The Holiday Annual" is the jolliest present you can have. It is packed with school and adventure stories, pictures, and coloured plates, and you will enjoy every line of it. Just drop the line that the present you want this year is "The Holiday Annual."

Of all
Newspapers,
Newsletters,
and
Booksellers.

The monarch of the pen—Frank Richards I

and whilin' away the fectin' moments at nap with his benchmen!" said De Courcy. "The birds are all ready for the marin' operation. I'll smuggle Miss Clara into my den by the back stairs!"

The Caterpillar and Bryce of the Fourth strolled away with Miss Clara. Freylin, as though about to show her the sights of the school.

But ten minutes later Miss Clara was indoors.

The Fourth Form passage was deserted, for all the juniors were down on the sports ground, with the exception of Pensonby & Co. They preferred to stay indoors, and as the Caterpillar said, while away the time smoking cigarettes and gambling together.

"We bored a hole last night!" chuckled the Caterpillar. "There it is, Miss Clara, under the large inkstain by the picture of Tom Sayers. It goes through the wall to a spot over Pensonby's mantelpiece; they'll never see it. That's a ripper point out, vantage!"

"Good egg!" said Miss Clara.

The Caterpillar and Bryce left the study. Miss Clara locked herself in. She peeped through the hole, and saw Pensonby & Co. seated round the table playing cards. The air was thick with tobacco smoke. The knuts of the Fourth were smoking gold-tipped, highly scented cigarettes, and were evidently enjoying themselves in their shady pursuits.

A few minutes later, from through the window came the strident pheeep of a whistle, followed by a roar:

"Play it, Highcliffe!"

"On the ball, Greyfriars!" The football match had commenced, Miss Clara, looking through the hole in the wall, saw Pensonby look up, with a sneer on his face.

"The Good Little Georgies are at footer—bless their hearts!" he said. "I see they've got the smartest Cliff House girls to cheer them on! Wonder whether Hazelene is playin' goal for Greyfriars this afternoon—what?"

"I saw Hazelene with his sister; he wasn't in footer rig," remarked Gadsby. "Both of 'em weren't lookin' particularly down in the mouth, so I thought."

Cecil Pensonby frowned.

"Hang them!" he said. "I'll bring Hazelene low! The cad! His sister may have forgiven him, an' all that, but I'm going to carry my revenge through! To-night I'm goin' down to the Cross Keys to get the snarky Cliff House girls to cheer them on! Wonder whether Hazelene is playin' goal for Greyfriars this afternoon—what?"

"I—I say, Pon, what about the stuff you took from Cliff House?" asked Mowson dubiously. "Won't they be after Hazelene for that? They've only found that one cheap brooch on 'im, you know, and—"

"I'll get into Greyfriars to-night, and hide the rest of the things somewhere in the cloisters, so that they'll be found sooner or later," said Pensonby. "It will be supposed, then, that Hazelene himself had hidden them."

"Good old Pon!" chuckled Gadsby. "You always safeguard yourself, don't you?"

"Oh, he does absolutely!" grinned Vansour.

Miss Clara's eyes gleamed.

So she had been right!

Pensonby was the thief! He had the articles that had been stolen from Cliff House in his possession. She had heard the confession from his own lips.

Where had he hidden them? In his study, probably, she thought.



Miss Clara raised her hand imperiously. "Stop this fighting!" she exclaimed. "Bob and—and Hazeldene! What are you doing, fighting with those horrid Highcliffe boys?" Bob Cherry flushed. "I-I-I just chipped in!" he said. (See Chapter 7.)

Miss Clara waited there, concealed in the Caterpillar's study, watching Pon & Co. as they proceeded with their game of cards, her eyes and ears on the alert for any information that would give her an inkling of where the stolen articles were concealed.

Meanwhile, the footballers on the playing-field at Highcliffe were having the game of their lives.

Frank Courtenay & Co. had rallied after Vernon-Smith of Greyfriars had scored, and were hotly attacking the visitors' citadel.

Balstrode of the Remove excelled in goal that afternoon.

Hazeldene, who, when he was fit, usually acted as the Remove custodian, watched Balstrode from the ropes, and his eyes glistened with admiration.

Time after time Balstrode fisted out the leather and loosed it and headed it. Bob Cherry snatched it with his feet after charging Denuilaine out of the way, and passed next instant to Peter Todd.

Toddy took it up the field, his long legs going like clockwork.

There followed some brilliant passing amongst the Greyfriars fellows, and Vernon-Smith, the wizard left-winger, got the ball down into the home territory again.

The Highcliffe forwards swooped down, and their backs set up a grim defence. Ill fortune overtook Greyfriars just as

it seemed certain that they would get another goal.

Tom Brown went down from a charge by the Caterpillar, and, in falling, twisted his ankle.

He had to be assisted off the field by Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent. "Hard cheese!" said the Greyfriars

skipper. "We shall have to play like the very dickens now!"

Highcliffe pressed hard; and just before the whistle for half-time went, Frank Courtenay slammed in the leather past Balstrode's hand in splendid style.

"Goal!"

Phoop!

"We're level!" said Harry Wharton, as they repaired to the pavilion, where Marjorie Hazeldene & Co. were waiting for them. "Jolly good game! There's bound to be some excitement in the next half!"

"Rather!"

"No signs of Miss Clara yet, I suppose?" asked Bob Cherry rather anxiously.

Hazeldene shook his head.

"Clara's still spring on Ponsoby, I expect," said Phyllis Howell brightly. "We're not worrying about her; Clara is quite able to look after herself."

The schoolboy footballers returned to the field when the referee blew his whistle for the resumption.

All of them looked their determination to do or die.

Phoop!

Harry Wharton & Co., although their inside-right was missing, attacked in brilliant style, and by dint of splendid headwork carried the leather down the field.

***The Present which
Lasts a Year!***

.. The ..

**HOLIDAY
ANNUAL!**

6/- Over 360 Pages 6/-

A regular reader of the MAGNET gets the real goods every time!

The Highcliffians met the attack doggedly, and a fierce scrimmage ensued in front of the home goal.

Frank Nugent emerged from the scrum with the ball at his feet, and he dribbled it round the Highcliffe back, centred, and shot.

The leather, to the disappointment of the Greyfriars fellows, struck the crossbar and rebounded, to be seized upon instantly by the Caterpillar.

De Courcy was usually an easy-going youth and inclined to be a slacker, but he could rouse himself when he liked.

He evidently liked that afternoon, for he fairly whizzed up the field with the ball, and the Greyfriars forwards came after him like a pack of wolves.

The spectators were treated to a display of brilliant football as the two teams struggled to get the ball into their opponents' territory.

The leather went this way and that, and there was excitement all the time.

All of a sudden Harry Wharton leaped forward, the ball at his feet; Frank Courtenay attacked, and Harry spun it across to Squiff. The lad from South Africa dribbled it round the legs of the Highcliffe inside-right and passed to Vernon-Smith.

The Boulder then dashed down the wing with amazing speed.

He was attacked by the Highcliffe centre-half, feinted, and was away with it again Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, and Squiff were watching him. The back dashed at Smithy, who passed nearly to Harry Wharton.

The Greyfriars skipper gave Nugent the ball, who, after a struggle with the left-back, returned it to Harry Wharton.

Wharton steadied, and drove the ball home well and truly.

Thud!

The leather rolled into the net, and there was a roar.

"Goal!"

"Bravo, Wharton!"

Play was fierce and fast after that, and the Greyfriars fellows resorted to defensive tactics. This proved the wisest plan, for Frank Courtenay & Co. were out for blood.

They did not get it, although they made several brilliant and clever shots at goal. Bulstrode was there every time!

At last the final whistle went, with the score still 2-1 in favour of Greyfriars.

The Greyfriars fellows cheered to the echo, and Margorie Hazeldene & Co. clapped their hands enthusiastically.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Bowled Out!

"JOLLY good game!" said Frank Courtenay. "The best team won!"

"And it was a tossle!" said Harry Wharton cheerfully. "Hallo! Here's Miss Clara!"

Miss Clara came up, her pretty face wearing a look of excitement.

"I have practically discovered where the missing things are!" she exclaimed.

"Ponsonby has them in his study somewhere, I heard them talking. Ponsonby intends taking them to Greyfriars to night and hiding them, so that they'll soon be found, so that it will be though that Hazel hid them."

There was a chorus of indignant cries.

"The awful cad!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Pon won't have a chance to do any such thing. With your permission, Courtenay, we'll raid the Fourth Form passage."

"So long as you raid nobody else but Ponsonby, we have no objections at all," said the handsome young captain of the Highcliffe Fourth, laughing.

"Come on, chaps!" said Bob Cherry, grimly.

Harry Wharton & Co. and Frank Courtenay & Co. went into the School House at Highcliffe.

Bob Cherry led the way. Behind him came Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull, Inky, Squiff, Peter Todd, Bolsover major, Tom Brown, and a host of other Removites, looking equally determined.

Frank Courtenay & Co. tactfully held back.

Crash!

Bob Cherry's giant boot smote the door of Ponsonby's study and sent it flying open.

The Removites crowded inside.

Ponsonby & Co. jumped to their feet, their faces going livid white.

"Wh-what the—?" began Ponsonby. "Clear out, you Greyfriars cads! We want nothin' to do with you!"

"That may be, but we have a great deal to say to you!" retorted Harry Wharton grimly. "We've come for the things you stole from Cliff House, Ponsonby!"

The words took Cecil Ponsonby aback.

He clutched the edge of the table, his face changing from white to a grey colour.

He licked his dry lips.

"Wh-what do you mean?" he muttered. "Have you taken leave of your senses? I don't know what you mean!"

"Look here, we want none of your lies, Ponsonby!" rapped Wharton sharply. "We know it was you who entered Cliff House while we were at tea there the other day, and we know that you have the things that you stole from the girls' handbags. You unspeakable cad to do a thing like that! Where are they? We want them at once!"

Ponsonby ground his teeth.

His expression was like that of a caged wild-cat.

"Find them if you can!" he panted. "I haven't got them! You're talking out of the back of your neck! I didn't take anything from Cliff House! If you don't clear out of here, I shall complain to Dr. Voysey and have you flogged out!"

"Grab him!" roared Bob Cherry, striding forward. "We'll have none of this cad's hanky-ponky! We know the things are in here, and we'll find 'em, if we have to pull the whole place to bits!"

"Stand back!" hissed Ponsonby, grasping the poker as Harry Wharton & Co. advanced. "Get back, I say, or— Take that, you cad!"

"Yarroooh!" roared Bulstrode, as the poker caught him a terrific blow across the shoulder.

"Back up, boys!" cried Harry Wharton.

Next minute Ponsonby was overwhelmed.

Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, and Mosgou Bang themselves at him; the poker was torn from his grasp, and he was sent crashing to the floor, with the jewels on top of him.



The Removites crowded into the study. "We've come for the things you stole from Cliff House, Pon!" said Harry Wharton. The words took Cecil Ponsonby aback. He clutched the edge of the table, his face changing from white to a grey colour. "Wh-what do you mean?" he muttered. (See Chapter 9.)

Best tales of school, footer, and detective work every week!

Monson, Gadsby, and Vavasour made breaks for the door, but escape for them was impossible.

They were whirled back in the grasp of many hands, and were sent spinning on to the carpet, where Cecil Ponsoby lay.

"This will do to tie 'em up with!" said Bob Cherry, dragging off the tablecloth and sending cards and cigarettes and money scattering to the floor.

"Yarooogh!" howled Ponsoby. "Let me go, you cads! Rescue, Highcliffe!"

But Ponsoby called in vain. Frank Courtensy & Co. heard him, but they wisely kept back.

They had no sympathy for Ponsoby, and were quite content to let the Greystriars fellows go ahead.

Harry Wharton & Co. went ahead. They bound Ponsoby in his study tablecloth, and his cronies were tied to the table legs.

"Now for the giddy jewel-hunt!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Chaps, like the detective in the novel, we are going to leave nothing unturned until our ends have been attained. I hope it won't be necessary to pull the ceiling down—that would make too much of a mess!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Harry Wharton & Co. then proceeded to search Ponsoby's study for the missing jewellery.

They did not stand upon ceremony—quite the opposite, in fact.

Pon's desk was turned out, and the contents of all the drawers emptied into the coal-scuttle and in the fender.

They drew blank in the desk.

The bookcase came next under the energetic hands of Harry Wharton & Co.

The books were shot out of the shelves on to the floor, and the pictures pulled down.

Soon, Pon's study presented a scene of ruin and disorder.

Cecil Ponsoby grated his teeth as he watched Harry Wharton & Co.'s progress.

"You rotters! Leave my things alone!" he exclaimed passionately. "You'll ruin everything! Oh, my hat! There goes the ink all over the carpet!"

"Never mind!" said Bob Cherry, who had kicked over the ink-bottle.

"You can pour more ink the other side, Pon. Oh sport, and make the patches match! Anything in that topper, Johnny?"

"No; but there soon will be!" said Johnny Bull, who had taken down a hat-box from on top of the cupboard and had found Pon's Sunday topper inside it. "This pot of treacle is just the thing!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Johnny Bull took the pot of treacle from the cupboard and poured it into Ponsoby's topper.

Cecil Ponsoby's face was truly a sight to see and wonder at.

"You—you cads!" he spluttered. "There'll be the dickens to pay for this—Yarooogh! Yah! Wooooogh!"

Johnny Bull had inverted the hatful of treacle over Pon's head, and jammed the topper down tight on the head of its aristocratic owner.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Greystriars juniors.

Ponsoby, tied up in his tablecloth, and with the topper stuck on his head, and the clammy treacle streaming all down his face and back, howled dismally.

Suddenly Harry Wharton gave an exclamation of joy.

He had just pulled down a pair of boxing-gloves that hung on the study wall as ornaments. Pon hardly used them. They had been given to him by an uncle as a birthday present some time ago.

And as Harry flung the gloves to the floor there was a tinkle, and a gold brooch came on.

"Got it!" roared Harry Wharton.

He eagerly sought inside the two boxing-gloves, and brought to light a handful of trinkets.

"The stolen stuff!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Hurrah!"

Ponsoby's face was ashen pale—except where the treacle smothered it.

Harry Wharton gathered up the jewellery and placed it in his pocket.

"Now, Ponsoby, you rotter," he

HERE'S AN OPPORTUNITY FOR YOU! WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

A Simple One-Week Football Competition.

Solve the Simple Picture-puzzle, and send in your solution.

FIRST PRIZE £5. SECOND PRIZE £2 10s. 0d.

Ten Prizes of Five Shillings each.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

Here is a splendid Footer competition which I am sure will interest you. On this page you will find a history of Newcastle United Football Club, in picture-puzzle form. What you are invited to do is to solve this picture, and when you have done so, write your solution on a sheet of paper. Then sign the coupon which appears below, pin it to your solution, and post it to "Newcastle United" Competition, MAGNET Office, Gough House, Gough Square, E.C.4, so as to reach that address not later than THURSDAY, JANUARY 4th, 1923.

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.

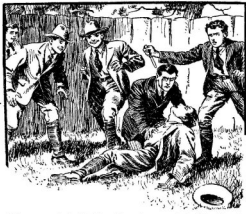
I enter "Newcastle United" Competition, and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final.

Name

Address

M

IN THE "POPULAR" THIS WEEK!



One of the many stirring incidents from the story of the School in the Backwoods in this week's "POPULAR"—the paper with the four complete stories.

said, "you are bowled out this time properly! Blessed if I thought you could be such an unspeaking cad as to job girls of their jewellery, and then shift the blame on to somebody else! You deserve to be shown up!"

"Go ahead, then!" snarled Ponsonby. "Show me up, Wharton, and then see what happens to your cronies, Hazeldene, I'll have him kicked out of Greyfriars, neck and crop!"

Harry Wharton bit his lip.

Hazeldene at that moment came forward.

"Yes, you've a lot up against me, Ponsonby, but I think that after this it will pay you to keep quiet, and lay low!" he said tensely. "I think we're just about quits, you cad!"

Ponsonby did not reply, but the malevolent look he gave Hazeldene spoke volumes.

"Well, we might as well finish the rag!" said Bob Cherry, looking round. "There are heaps of little things we might do to complete the picture!"

"What-ho!"

The Greyfriars ragers renewed their operations, and their methods were drastic.

Ink was poured into the clock, and the jackets of Ponsonby & Co. were taken from them and mailed to the walls.

Frank Nugent discovered a brush, and the faces of the merry knuts of Highcliffe were adorned, in the manner of wild Indian warriors, with large circles of red and black ink.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked at Ponsonby, Gadsby, Monson, and Vassour, and then howled with merriment.

Frank Courtenay and a crowd of other Highcliffians came along to see what the laughter meant.

Marjorie Hazeldene & Co. were with them.

When they saw the state of Ponsonby's study, and beheld the four hapless knuts

in their war-paint, shrieks of merriment arose.

"Oh crumbs! What a rag!" gasped the Caterpillar. "Goin' in for the next 'happy home' competition, Pon, dear boy!"

"We've found what we were after," said Harry Wharton & Co. "It's all serene! Now I think we'll be going."

Marjorie Hazeldene & Co. accompanied the Greyfriars fellows out of Highcliffe.

Harry Wharton handed Miss Marjorie the things they had found in Ponsonby's room, together with the money that Ponsonby & Co. had been playing cards with.

"You'll find all the missing articles there, I think," he said. "And the money claims you will be able to settle out of the cash. We have settled with Ponsonby."

"Yes, so we could see!" replied Miss Marjorie, with a happy laugh. "This is splendid! Hazel is cleared at last!"

"Yes, and I hope it will teach him a lesson not to play the giddy goat in future!" said Miss Clara severely.

Hazeldene did not say a word; but before the Greyfriars fellows parted from their girl chums, he had a few words in private with his sister.

Miss Marjorie's pretty face was very happy as she bessed him good-bye, and Hazeldene, returning to Harry Wharton & Co., walked with a lighter step than he had had for many a weary day.

"Well?" demanded Bob Cherry gruffly. "Have you settled things with Marjorie?"

"Yes," said Hazeldene simply. "I'm sorry, you chaps, to have given you all this trouble. I know Ponsonby in his true colours now. I don't suppose I shall ever be such a silly ass again!"

"All serene!" said Harry Wharton cheerfully. "Let's get back to tea, Hazel. Bunter's getting a good spread ready for us in Study No. 1. Of course, you'll come!"

Hazeldene agreed that he would, and the Greyfriars fellows returned to the old school feeling jubilant, and pleased with the course events had taken that afternoon.

Billy Bunter, who prided himself upon being a "dab" at cooking, had made ready a really excellent spread, and the Famous Five and Vernon-Smith and Bulstrode, Tom Brown, and Hazeldene, all sat down in Study No. 1, and enjoyed that spread to the full.

They were all feeling happy and cheery, but the happiest of all was Hazeldene, who had, by the loyal aid of Harry Wharton & Co., and the girls of Cliff House, so fortunately escaped from Ponsonby's revenge.

THE END.

(Another splendid long complete story of Harry Wharton & Co. next Monday, entitled "The Jap of Greyfriars!" By Frank Richards. Order early!)

SPORT		BEST BOYS' BOOKS!		SCHOOL	
		No. 645.—THE FAR, FAR NORTH. A striking yarn of two boys' adventures in the Klondike. By MARTIN SHAW.			
THE BOYS' FRIEND LIBRARY Fourpence Per Volume		No. 646.—SCOTLAND'S PRIDE. A magnificent story of the Fother Field. By YEKKI DEANE.			
		No. 647.—THE MINERS' ELVERN. A splendid tale of football and adventure. By WALTER EDWARDS.			
		No. 648.—KING OF THE HALLS. A grand story of the trials of a boy cyclist. By ANDREW and GHOPEEY GRAY.			
THE SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY Fourpence Per Volume		No. 263.—THE CASE OF THE TRADE SECRET. A story of Sexton Blake, Tanker, and Pedro at horse and abroad. By the Author of "The Case of the Bogus Laird," etc., etc.			
		No. 264.—THE WHITE REFUGEES; or, THE CASE OF THE CHOOER COLONY. A tale of thrilling adventure and clever detective work, introducing "Dr. Ferraro," etc.			
		No. 265.—ON THE BED OF THE OCEAN. A wonderful story of stirring adventure on land and sea. By the Author of "Fingerprints of Fate," etc., etc.			
MYSTERY		No. 266.—LADY SHARLOW'S SECRET. A detective adventure yarn with a strong human plot. By the author of "The Brigand's Secret," "Lost at Llandbedn," etc., etc.		ADVENTURE	
Now on Sale! Get a Copy Today!					

Draws hundreds of thousands to the bookstalls every Monday—the MAGNET!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 777.

BUNTER AND THE BARREL ORGAN!**(Harry Wharton & Co. said this adventure was too good to keep quiet!)**

MY hat! What a picture!" Dick Russell, of the Remove Form at Greyfriars School, made this exclamation to his classmate Donald Ogilvy, as they turned the corner of the High Street in Friarisle, and the two stood still and stared for a moment and then burst into a roar of laughter.

The night school had made anyone laugh, for coming down the middle of the road was Billy Bunter, attired in his best Etons and a shining "topper," pulling a barrel organ with a monkey jumping about for the benefit of the hospital, and on top, on one side of the fat junior walked Peter Todd, also in his best, and on the other side Alonzo. Running along behind the organ was a crowd of villageurchins, laughing and chattering.

"It's the giddy limit, isn't it?" laughed Ogilvy. "Of all the blessed freaks, that absolutely beats the band!"

"Jolly good," observed Old Wharton's, though," returned Dick Russell. "That little outfit ought to make a mint of money."

It was a great fete day in Friarisle for the next evening, and the corner of the High Street was badly in need of funds, and a special appeal had been made weeks before for anyone who could do something to raise money in their own way. Wharton, the captain of the Remove, considered this a splendid opportunity for his Form to render valuable assistance, and at the same time get plenty of fun out of it. Bob Cherry, George Bull, Frank Nugget, and Hutree, though, the rest of the Famous Five, at once formed a committee to make a programme.

The scheme that was made those in the Form who were willing to give their services for the day were split up into parties and given various things to do. It was Wharton's idea to have Billy Bunter and the two Todds should promenade the town with a barrel organ, Bunter being given the job of pulling the thing round and turning the handle while Peter and Alonzo toured the shops and houses, and giving the organ a good airing. The Famous Five formed themselves into a small concert party, and were going round Friarisle giving impromptu entertainments at the street corners, to which Johnny Bull was prominent with his concertina, while Bob Cherry did his best—which wasn't a great deal—upon a cornet.

Other things in the Remove's great concert, and was giving exhibitions round the town, accompanied by Peter Hazeledene and Richard Fenfold, who were going to collect. There were other little parties beside these, but undoubtedly the main attraction was that of Billy Bunter and the barrel organ.

Judging by his face, the owl of the Remove, as Bunter was called, did not care much for his job; it was too much like work, for which he had a very wholesome dislike. Also, the rope which was tied on to the organ, which was stretched across the pulleys, was decidedly uncomfortable across his ample front.

He stopped suddenly, with a great deal of difficulty, released his hold on the shafts. Unfortunately for him, the barrel organ did not stop quite so suddenly, but shot forward about a couple of feet, giving him such a sharp push in the back that he fell forward on to the ropes, which stretched across the shafts. His huge bulk had the effect of overbalancing the organ, which would have fallen on top of him but for Peter and Alonzo's quickness. As the barrel organ did was hurtled from the top of the organ on to the back of Billy Bunter's neck, to the unbounded delight of theurchins following behind.

"That's right, fathead!" cried Peter Todd angrily. "I suppose you're trying to bust up the blessed organ so that you won't have to do it any more!"

"Really, my dear Bunter," protested Alonzo mildly, "you very nearly precipitated a catastrophe!"

"Oh, shut your rat-trap!" snapped Bunter

impatiently. "Come and pull the rotten thing yourself if you can do it better!"

"It is not considered desirable that I—"

"It isn't desirable that you should interfere with me, either!" retorted the Owl.

"Peter and George Todd already know if you don't want to pull the organ round for the benefit of the hospital, say so and buzz off!"

"But if you do, do it properly." said Billy Bunter, but was soon to be turned out of the affair altogether, so he made no response to Peter's plain remark, but picked up the shafts again and moved on. A few people who had witnessed this little incident thought that there was a possibility of further entertainment before very long, so followed the strange procession at a short distance.

"We'll stop here," ordered Peter Todd, as they reached the widest part of the High Street. "It's nearly dinner time, and we can't have a queue round the restaurant while you turn the handle."

Billy Bunter grunted, and pulled up more carefully this time. Then, with a face that was far from happy, he began to grind out a lively tune on the barrel organ, to which the villageurchins began to dance.

The unusual spectacle of a schoolboy, and in his fatter one ever seen, wearing a top hat and carrying a great crowd of people from all directions, and there was soon quite a dense crowd.

The fat junior was very angry to find that he was the chief object of attraction. The spectators seemed to take no notice of the monkey on the organ, but they whispered to each other and pointed at Billy Bunter, and to him they raised a great outcry. The owl did not care for this at all, and he complained about it to Peter Todd once when he returned to the organ with his collecting bag.

"I don't mind pulling this beastly thing round the streets and turning the handle," he grumbled, "but I'm not going to be laughed by a lot of silly fatheads who keep crowding round here and staring at me."

"Why, you idiot, that's why we had you!" exclaimed Peter Todd. "You see, you draw a lot of people round, and then we make 'em fork out."

"Your magnetic personality, my dear Bunter," began Alonzo, "is absolutely—"

"Hate!" snapped Billy Bunter, as he started turning the handle of the organ again, thus effectually drowning Alonzo's voice.

The collectors went off a second time with their boxes, and Billy Bunter, with a face as black as thunder, continued turning the handle, while the crowd of onlookers grew larger and larger. Although the fat junior did not realize it, there was something very amusing in the picture of a schoolboy of his dimensions, clad in best Etons and a "topper," filling the role of organ-grinder, but the next turn of the entertainment was yet to come.

A bag of monkey nuts was thoughtfully supplied by Harry Wharton for the feeding of the monkey, and the fat junior, very greedy indeed, would not allow him even to leave this alone, and his hand continually went into the bag on the box at the side, and he had the satisfaction of the nuts without giving the monkey any at all.

No doubt the monkey strongly objected to this, for suddenly, when the Owl was in the midst of grinding out "A Perfect Day," it shot from the top of the organ into his face. "The Perfect Day" came to an abrupt end, and Bunter fell backwards with a yell of alarm, accompanied by roars of laughter from the spectators.

"Get off! Get off, you—no monkey!" he yelled. "Ow—ow—ow—ow!"

He started running round the organ in terror, and the monkey jumped on to the top of his hat last, jamming it down on his ears.

His shouts and yells brought Peter and

Alonzo running from the back of the crowd, where they had been collecting, and Alonzo, who was not quite so alert as Peter, came round the side of the organ just as Billy Bunter was running off to the opposite direction, and he fell up and which was very thick in the road as the result of the previous night's rain.

"Bang! Thud!"

The two collided with terrific force, scattering Alonzo's box of coppers in all directions, as Billy Bunter, Alonzo, and the monkey reeled and fell with a great splash in a huge puddle.

"You clumsy idiot!" cried Billy Bunter. "Look what you've done now! Grrrrrrh!"

"Oh dear!" spluttered Alonzo. "My dear Bunter—"

But he got no further, for Billy Bunter, in his rage, forced Alonzo face down into the puddle, amidst cries of "Shame!"

Peter Todd happened to witness that little incident, and always the champion of his weaker cousin, he rushed forward and sat down with a bump on the fat junior, forcing him on to the mud.

"erves him right!" shouted several in the crowd.

"Just what he deserves!"

The monkey, who readily considered Billy Bunter the cause of this disaster, clambered on to the fat junior's neck, and pulled his hair as hard as he could.

"Get off, you beast!" screamed the Owl. "Leggo of my hair!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The crowd roared with laughter, and Harry Wharton, who readily came along at that moment, took in the situation at a glance, and, without stopping to go to the assistance of the struggling juniors in the road, he turned on to the mud, and with their collecting boxes, rattling them noisily as they did so.

"Come on, ladies and gentlemen!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "You don't get a treat like this every day. Fork out for the benefit of the hospital! We want as much as we can get. This has got to be a record!"

The people responded eagerly, and two or three of the boxes were soon so full that the contents had to be emptied into the carrier of the barrel organ.

Meanwhile, Peter Todd had risen to his feet, and dragged his unfortunate cousin out of the mud and water, a sight to behold! But he was not nearly such a spectacle as Billy Bunter when he eventually clambered to his feet, the monkey still clinging to him like a leech.

"Take him off yourself!" retorted Peter Todd. "You've been eating his blessed nuts! Fight your own battles!"

Billy Bunter shook himself again, but the monkey did not budge, and then, in desperation, for he could not possibly make himself look any worse than he did at present, laid himself down in the mud again and rolled on to his back, forcing the monkey to rest his head on his forehead to death.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What a sight!" exclaimed the villagers in the front row of the crowd. "It's better than a sight of the barrel organ."

"It's enough to make a cat laugh!" roared an old man. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter staggered on again quickly before the monkey had time to get a fresh hold, and launched out to give the animal a vicious kick; but the monkey, evidently having had enough of Billy Bunter's company, refused to be pushed off the road as fast as his legs would carry him.

Billy Bunter, carrying his battered topper in his hand, stalked off in high dudgeon in the direction of the hospital.

Dick Russell took on the management of the barrel organ for the rest of the day, and the Remove committee established a record in the way of collections for the hospital.

THE END.

You'll find out all about next week's gripping Greyfriars yarn on page 2!

FIVE SHILLINGS FOR EVERY READER'S "SPEECH" PUBLISHED BELOW! SEND IN YOUR "SPEECH" TO-DAY.

The Greynfriars' Parliament

Grand Money Prizes for "SPEECHES"



SPECIAL interest was displayed in the subject under discussion at the latest meeting of the Greynfriars' Parliament. The whips had, of course, been busy, but quite irrespective of the energies of these officials, a good attendance was assured for an amateur theatrical night.

The Speaker (Mr. Harry Wharton) said he felt he was justified in giving unusual prominence to amateur theatricals.

"I am assured," by my friend Mr. Ernest Wibley that the season, so far, has been a record one."

Mr. Bunter: "I heard of a show last week which was a front."

The Speaker: "It might be a bad play."

Mr. Bunter: "If you ask me, most shows are frosts when I am not in the cast."

The Speaker: "I propose to read the speech sent in by Reader E. WYNN JONES, 40, Fitzhardens, Johnston, Wrexham. It starts as follows: 'Most people seem to think that organising a play is quite easy.'

Mr. Bunter: "And it is, too. All you want is real talent. If I had been able to stay a bit longer in Africa, we would have had the Bunter Theatrical Society."

Mr. Bunter: "With you doing star turns, begad!"

Mr. Bunter: "I am a star turn. You can't get on without me."

Mr. Fish: "Is this a grand trumped-up night?"

Mr. Bunter: "You are jealous of me—that's what's the matter with you."

Mr. Fish: "There are no flies on me, let me tell you."

Mr. Bunter: "That's only because it's winter-time."

Mr. Wibley: "Instead of listening to the rallery—"

Mr. Bunter: "The how much?"

Mr. Wibley: "I said the rallery of the Member for Reddown, might I suggest that we hear what Reader Wynn Jones has to say on this subject?"

The Speaker: "I am trying to get on with it."

Mr. Bunter: "Just like Wib. He wants to have his turn sporting. If you don't watch him, he will give you Richard the Third, and the Wibley of our discontent."

The Speaker: "Rather smart for Bunter."

Mr. Bob Cherry: "You have a soft heart for Bunter."

Mr. Bunter: "That's because my old pal Wharton knows a good thing when he sees it. If it had not been for me the howling Objibwas would have eaten the lot of you."

Mr. Johnny Bull: "Is it necessary to go in for these somewhat painful reminiscences?"

The Speaker: "Permit me to say—"

Mr. Coker: "Not if I know it. You and the rest of the Famous Five can't do enough for Bunter these days. You are always praising him up. If you are uncareful, there will be nothing but Bunter at Greynfriars."

Mr. George Tubbs: "Go it, Coker, old beau!"

Mr. Coker: "Fags should keep quiet." Mr. Teddy Myers: "I don't think I can set hotter than you, Coker. You are only a stick. The only thing you can do is to write poetry in the spring, and then you spell it 'luv.'"

Mr. Coker: "I spurn the insinuation." The Speaker: "Reader Wynn Jones says—"

Mr. Teddy Myers: "Who played Hamlet in a tin hat?"

Mr. Wibley: "If that aspersion is meant for me, young Teddy Myers—"

Mr. Teddy Myers: "It is—it is am!"

Mr. Wibley: "I appeal to the indulgence of the house. The tin hat—"

Mr. Dick Nugent: "Put the hat on it!"

Mr. Bunter: "There is only one chap in the whole school who is fit to play Hamlet—me. I charge thee fling away ambition! Diddit Hamlet say that!"

The Noddy of Blanspurg: "No, he did not sayfully employ the words."

Mr. Bunter: "I don't care! I am an artiste."

Mr. Herbert Belovover: "The real drama of life is not in a theatre at all. When I sold newspapers—"

Mr. Tom Brown: "Better leave those reminiscences to others." Gatty: "When I played Page to Henry V. I pretty well snuffed out old Wib."

Mr. Wibley: "You forget your lines—and there were only two."

Mr. Gatty: "It was my acting that saved the play. The Page had a bad part. Shakespeare wrote a lot of bad parts. I don't call him a playwright."

Mr. Coker: "Excuse me, Mr. Speaker, I can see you were just going to say something, but please allow me to tell the House of the furious success I had when I played Romeo. I shall never forget the time."

Mr. Bunter: "No, nor anybody else. The eggs were horrible."

Mr. Coker: "There were no eggs."

Mr. Gatty: "What did you have for breakfast?"

Mr. Coker: "I mean that no eggs were thrown."

Lord Mavelever: "What were they scrambled?"

Mr. Coker: "The House is waiting to hear me. The way I speak the lines"

"Tis not the dawn—I forget how it all went—well, there's been nothing like it since. Forbes-Robertson, Benson, Irving, and all those chaps—well, they could not touch me."

The Speaker: "I feel sure the House is prepared to accept the statement of Mr. Coker. I will now proceed—"

Mr. Wharton got no further, for a pling howl came from Mr. Coker as a well-directed shot from a pea-shooter caught him on the nose, an organ inclined to over-assertion on the physiological plane.

Order was restored after a few minutes, and Mr. Coker was led out of the chamber. He was still speaking of howls and pea-shooters.

The Speaker: "This speech I have in my hand is really well done, and merits careful attention. Reader Wynn Jones

says: 'You want a capable author to write the play.'"

Mr. Frank Nugent: "What's wrong with Mr. Frank Richards?"

The Speaker: "Nothing whatever. But, from all I hear, Mr. Richards has no time for plays. I will go on. 'Anybody who knows who writes for some magazine will do.'"

Mr. Bunter: "Bats! I know a clump—at least, a chap I met once knows him, same thing—and the fellow can only write about girls and spoony guffins who hang round and say pretty things."

The Speaker: "Quite so, but hardly relevant. Some of the best playwrights contribute to the magazines. Reader Wynn Jones goes on to say: 'The main you are sure to be able to write a play, and you can alter it if you think it necessary.'"

Mr. Tom Dutton: "I did not catch that last bit."

The Speaker: "It was about altering plays."

Mr. Tom Dutton: "Just what I thought. Most plays are faltering. The actors hang about and get muddled when they could say all they have to say in a few words."

The Speaker: "We are not getting on. I will proceed. 'Next, you get a good stage manager.'"

Mr. Wibley interposed at this stage, and there was a scene. It subsequently transpired that Mr. Wibley was merely telling Mr. Bunter that the stage manager was not living who could efficiency and incompetence as the Pufftown Member?

The Speaker: "I shall continue. 'You want somebody who is not afraid of telling you what he thinks of your act.'"

Mr. Wibley: "Hear, hear!"

The Speaker: "You want to be careful, too, about choosing the players, for this is a very delicate task. Talk naturally, and rather loudly, thus making sure that everybody will hear. Do not select weak singers. I have seen more than one amateur play ruined by weak singing. If scenery is not available, a black curtain hung across the stage will serve. Programmes are not really necessary, but they can easily be printed by a duplicator. Do not drag the parts, or make them too short. Always bear in mind that rehearsals make for perfection."

Mr. Wharton: "What sets it in a nutshell, but I should like the reader who—"

Mr. Bunter: "It would be the roughest day in his life."

Mr. J. Bull: "This is not an auto-Bunter admiration society."

Mr. Speaker: "I am afraid the time is too short to allow us to hear any more speeches, but I am glad to have had a chance of studying the sound, resourced view from the Wrexham Member. I hear Mr. Bunter speak!"

Mr. Bunter: "I merely said that amateur theatricals were almost beneath me."

The debate stood adjourned.

Other readers have won! Why not you?

TIGER FERRERS LOCKE ON THE WAR PATH AGAIN! The most amazing story of a "Crime" ever written!



A Gripping Long Complete Tale, dealing with Ferrers Locke's breathless battle of wits with the "UNSEEN POWER." A Tale that will make the world thrill!

By OWEN CONQUEST.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

The Mystery of the Smugglers!



now that the election's a thing of the past, I suppose the papers must work up some kind of a story."

To Drake's surprise, a serious look settled on Locke's face.

"I'm not so sure the public is being gulled this time, my boy," said the detective. "Of course, the actual words, 'The Yellow Spider,' may only be a term invented by the journalists. But I firmly believe myself that the papers are not far wrong when they state that there exists somewhere in Eastland a Chinese Moriarity. Moriarity, you will remember, Drake, was the great master-criminal of his time."

"A great Yellow Spider, whose web extends all over the world," murmured Jack Drake, reading from his newspaper. "My hal, it sounds almost like a quotation from a detective novel! How jolly exciting if we could track the beggar to his lair!"

Locke finished his coffee and lighted a cigarette.

"Very, I've no doubt," he remarked dryly. "But we have to care our bread-and-butter, my boy. This mysterious Chinese, whom the papers dub the Yellow Spider, wouldn't be discovered easily. He might be an Oriental moving in the best society, with a West End address. He might be the apparently inoffensive proprietor of a small tea-shop down Limehouse way. But if, indeed, there exists a Chinese who directs a world-wide organization which murders, robs, blackmails, and smuggles dope and liquor into various countries, he must be a man of amazing intelligence, resource, and cunning."

Drake shrugged his shoulders.

"No I should think."

"You must remember, my boy," said Locke, "there have been an extraordinary number of mysterious crimes of late. Many of these bear evidence of having been perpetrated by Oriental hands. A number of Chinese and others have been arrested for handling cocaine and other drugs. Yet the illegal importation of opium continues. Everything, in fact, points to there being a wonderful cunning brain behind a most powerful Asiatic criminal organisation."

"Well, you don't often make mistakes, sir, I'll admit," said Drake. "Still, I think that— Great pip, here's Sing-Sing!"

So quietly had the Chinese retainer entered the sitting room that Locke himself was surprised at the man's presence. The yellow face of Sing-Sing was as immobile as a mask carved from old ivory.

"Missa Lloyd Amberley to see you, Missa Locke."

"Thank you, Sing. Show him into the consulting-room. Come, Drake, let us adorn these ourselves."

Drake grinned.

"A fresh case, sir," he remarked. "More bread-and-butter for ourarder."

"I hope so," retorted Locke with a laugh. "Amberley's a Government official, and I think I can make a pretty shrewd guess as to what he's come about. Perhaps in less than half an hour, Drake, you'll find yourself armed with a beam and instructions to sweep up the web of our friend the Yellow Spider."

With that little pleasantry, Ferrers Locke entered the consulting-room and dropped into his usual chair.

A few seconds later Sing-Sing, the Chinese servant, announced Mr. Lloyd Amberley.

"Good-morning, Mr. Locke! It is good of you to see me at this early hour."

"Not at all. My young assistant, Drake, and I are early birds. Take the armchair; you'll find it more comfortable than the settee."

The visitor, a well-groomed man of about forty, sank into the chair indicated. Sing-Sing withdrew from the consulting-room.

"Perhaps you have heard of me, my dear Mr. Locke?"

Locke inclined his head.

"Then it will not surprise you to learn that I wish to engage your professional services on behalf of the Revenue Department."

Locke's eyes twinkled.

"But Scotland Yard—?" he began.

"They have been engaged," said Mr. Amberley. "They have been working hand in hand with some of the most astute officials of the Customs service. But still the stuff comes in."

"The stuff?"

"The contraband—jewels, scents, lace, and so forth, but chief the drugs."

Jack Drake, who had started to number the pages of a Press cuttings book, laid his pen down.

"What discoveries have the police and Customs officials made?" asked Ferrers Locke.

"I presume they have made some progress."

"They have arrested a few men and women. These were caught red-handed with smuggled stuff—chiefly cocaine—upon them. But these, obviously, were but pawns in the game. The masterplayers remain at large."

He paused to light a cigar, which Locke had tended him.

"The amazing thing, though," he continued, "is that contraband does not merely trickle into this country; it is coming in

like a flood. Recently a man was arrested on the Euston express. His luggage was full of rare laces and scents. By following up some clues the Scotland Yard detectives concentrated their forces on a little place called Torkean Bay, in Devon."

"A rocky piece of coast," murmured Locke.

"Very," said Mr. Amberley. "The Scotland Yard men believe that this fellow—the man they arrested on the train—picked up his stuff in the Torkean Bay neighbourhood. Other incidents which have occurred also point to the fact that contraband is being got ashore on the Devonshire coast."

"You have had Revenue cutters patrolling the coast?"

"Yes, but they have seen nothing. For a month not a boat or ship has put into port for half a dozen miles on either side of Torkean Bay without being searched."

"Without result of any kind. Yet the stuff continues to pour into the country—and into the Torkean Bay district. This the Scotland Yard men have discovered by raids on one or two houses in the neighbourhood. The owners of these places came under suspicion in various ways, and freshly imported contraband goods were found on their premises."

Ferrers Locke toyed with the leaves of a railway time-table on his desk.

"Your department would like me to go down to Torkean Bay, Mr. Amberley?"

"We should, Mr. Locke. You will find Inspector Fyercott installed in the Draught of Fishes Inn at the little village of Torkean."

"Splendid! Fyercott is an old friend of mine. And apparently the Yard have done some very useful spadework in the case, for which great credit is due to them. Can you recommend a train?"

"If you like, Mr. Locke," said the Government official, "we are prepared to place a car at your disposal. A chauffeur shall be told off to go down to Devonshire with you."

Locke stroked his chin slowly.

"The car would be welcome," he said. "But if you don't mind, I will find my own chauffeur."

"Just as you like. I am authorized to write you a cheque for fifty pounds for expenses you might incur during the course of your investigations. The car shall be sent round at any time you name."

"My assistant and I shall be prepared to start for Torkean in half an hour."

Jack Drake shook hands with himself under the table, as he was sitting. This was a case which appealed keenly to his imagination. At the back of his mind was the thought of the Yellow Spider about whom so much ink had been spilt in the newspapers.

Three minutes later, Mr. Lloyd Amberley, having handed over the cheque to Ferrers

"The Yellow Spider!"—a tale of a thousand thrills—next week!

Locke, bowed himself out of the detective's quarters in Baker Street.

Hardly had he gone than Drake leapt excitedly to his feet.

"Go in to go with you, sir?"

"Yes, my boy. Go to your room and don that chauffeur's uniform you have in your wardrobe. And see that you drop into your pockets a revolver, a Thompson case, an electric torch, a jack-knife, some string, and a—"

Drake burst into a merry laugh, and bounded eagerly from the room.

"I know, sir! Anything you require I shall have."

Ferrers Locke rubbed his hands.

"A splendid lad!" he muttered.

He paced over a few minutes on his desk.

Then he retired to his own room to prepare for this new adventure.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Scorp of Paper!



EXACTLY thirty minutes after Mr. Lloyd Amberley had bowed himself out of the detective's presence, a lean, law-coloured man, wearing a top hat and a frock coat, came before the house in Baker Street. Twice the chauffeur sounded the motor-horn. Hardly had he done so than the door of the detective's residence opened, and two figures

appeared in the doorway. But it would have taken more than a glance for anyone to recognise in them Ferrers Locke and his young assistant. That latter was garbed in a typically smart uniform of the chauffeur.

The detective himself wore Harris tweed breeches and coat, check stockings, lounge shoes, and an olive-green felt hat with the rim pulled downwards. In addition, he wore a wonderfully wretched wig of black, unkempt human hair, which added to his Bohemian appearance. Beneath his arm he carried a paintbox and some canvases. The walking-stick which was a regular part of his arm, could be transformed into an easel.

"You had better drive until we get out of town, Drake," whispered Locke. "Then I'll take the wheel."

They dropped the chauffeur who had brought the car at the Baker Street Tube Station. Then Drake, following instructions given by Locke, who was a regular on his knees, took the car to the western outskirts of the metropolis. Thence Locke himself took the wheel.

The car—one of a well-known French make—was in excellent order. On the wide, straight stretches of road where there was no traffic, Locke opened her out until the indicator registered a speed of sixty miles per hour. In the afternoon, after only one lengthy halt—for luncheon—they arrived at the village of Torham.

"Apparently, the Draught of Fishes Inn has a garage," said Locke. "We'll put the car up, and engage rooms."

The detective dismounted, and entered the ancient building, the proprietress, a stout woman of the name of Penlow, greeted him.

"I should like to engage a couple of rooms facing the sea—one for myself and one for my chauffeur. We expect to be here at least a week. I wish to obtain a few rough colour sketches of this wild, picturesque coast of yours under winter conditions."

"Yes, sir. It is a rare wild bit of coast in the part of Devon. It is full of striking pictures of it in the summer. But you'll see it terrible cold paintin' outdoors this weather."

Locke gave a tight laugh.

"Art is a cruel taskmaster at times," he said. "But perhaps you will show me the rooms. While my chauffeur takes the car round to the garage."

Locke signed the grabby register, and followed the woman up a flight of crazy stairs to the first floor.

It was a few minutes after Drake had gone to his room for a wash and brush-up that Ferrers Locke heard heavy foot-steps on the stairs. He went out on to the landing. There he came face to face with Inspector Pycroft, of the Yard.

It was no surprise to Pycroft to be greeted by Ferrers Locke. He had been informed

from London in code that the private inquiry agent was taking up the case. When Locke beckoned him into a room, he followed without a word.

"Well, Pycroft, old man," said Locke, as the two shook hands, "anything fresh?"

The man from Scotland Yard sank into a chair with a groan.

"Not a thing. I'm clearing out of this forsaken hole to-night; spent too much time down here already. I've other important matters in London to attend to."

"Not a thing, I'm clearing out of this forsaken hole to-night; spent too much time down here already. I've other important matters in London to attend to." "At Locke's request, he willingly gave all the information he had at his disposal. But this was little enough for the task which Locke had been set—the total suppression of the smuggling activities in the Torham Bay district.

"Some of your men are remaining down here, though?" asked Ferrers Locke.

"Yes. The whole of the crew of the fishing-boat Friend o' Mine are specially trained men, either from the Yard or the Customs service. Should you stumble on the secret of the way in which contraband is smuggled into this district and require help, you should apply to them."

A smile flickered momentarily across Locke's face.

"Thanks!" he said. "If I 'stumble across' anything which you have overlooked and want help, I'll send for 'em. Now can you recommend a reliable man in this place who has a thorough knowledge of this part of the coast?"

Inspector Pycroft thought for a moment. "There's old Peebles, the keeper of the lighthouse at the eastern end of Torham Bay," he said slowly. "He's lived in this part all his life."

For a little longer the two men sat chatting together. Then Pycroft went to his own room to pack. Within an hour he was on his way back to headquarters in London. That afternoon when they had finished their tea, Ferrers Locke and his young assistant took council together in the former's room.

"Remember, Drake," said Locke, "while we are down, here I am Aubrey Lane, a seascap artist. That is the name with which I signed the inn register. You are John Simmons, chauffeur. As long as we remain down here I shall call you Simmons. Forget your real name, my boy."

"Right, sir!"

THE STRANGEST TALE EVER PUBLISHED! THE YELLOW



SPIDER IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE!

In the master-criminal's clutches! See next week's stunning detective tale!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY—No. 777.

"Before it gets dark I think we might have a look at the lay of the land about here. Visit the other inn at the far end of the village, and see what a state of affairs I'll stroll as far as the lighthouse."

Jack Drake left the inn first. A few minutes later Ferrers Locke, smoking a pipe, strolled along, moved toward the eastern end of the bay. A strong south-westerly wind was now blowing. The Channel looked grey and forbidding. White surges piled themselves up against the dull red cliffs in clouds of spray.

The lighthouse was an imposing black-and-grey stone column on the summit of the village cliff. It consisted of a hundred yards from it was a barn-like building, surmounted by the aerials of a small wireless set.

Old Peebles, the lighthouse-keeper, a white-bearded, picturesque figure, received Ferrers Locke.

"To-morrow," said the detective, "I should like to sketch this bit of coast. Perhaps, if I put my easel in the inn of that building across there—"

"Ay, you'll be sheltered from the wind there, sir. That hut was put up to hold stores and materials when this lighthouse was first built. It is used by my boys now for his wireless set. A keen lad, he is, sir."

As it was getting late, Ferrers Locke returned to the inn. Drake shortly joined him, neither had anything of importance to report.

The only matter of even trifling importance which the boy had to report was a rumour which he had heard in the village. This was to the effect that old Peebles had recently applied for three hundred shares in a newly formed paper-mills company.

"It is, of course, those may be his highest savings," was Locke's comment. "But we cannot afford to neglect anything, however apparently trivial. It's necessary for me to do a certain amount of sketching to suit my art."

"To-morrow morning, my boy," he continued, "I will get you to take my easel and a canvas along to the lighthouse. I'll follow, and try to keep old Peebles out of the way. You had better get a look at the interior of that small building which contains the wireless set."

Directly after breakfast on the following day, Jack Drake, dressed in his chauffeur's uniform, wended his way to the building near the lighthouse. He placed Locke's easel and square of canvas near the walls. Creeping round the side, he peered into a window.

The building was furnished only with a table, chair, and a large square of dirty oil-cloth nailed down beneath the table. The sides of the room were piled with old empty cement casks, coils of rope, and a battered old dingy, with broken oars and a faded sail. At the table sat a big, ungainly youth, with the ear-pieces of the wireless set over his head. A pencil was in his hand, and he was idly scribbling down the letters of a message on a piece of paper.

Jack Drake walked round to the door, knocked, and walked in. The youth arose from the table.

"Hallo! What do you want?" "I've just brought some painting gear up here for my master, Mr. Lane. You're the son of Mr. Peebles, the lighthouse-keeper, aren't you?"

"Ay, I'm Jim Peebles." "You're uncleanly youth, who had risen to his feet, slowly tore up the paper on which he had written. The pieces he laid carefully on the table. Drake appeared not to notice the action.

"You're an amateur wireless expert. I suppose?" he said. "It must be jolly to own a set like that."

"Rather! And on this set I can listen in to some jolly fine concerts. There was one broadcasted from Amsterdam last night; but that was pretty faint."

Just then Ferrers Locke, who had followed Drake up, entered the building. Immediately behind him was the lighthouse-keeper himself.

"You can put up my easel, and return to the village, Simmons," said Locke to Drake. "Mr. Peebles is going to show me over the lighthouse."

He left the building, and the younger Peebles carefully locked the door behind him. For a minute or two Drake peered about, sitting up the canvas on the easel. The

others had entered the lighthouse. The boy slipped swiftly round to the door of the hut. From his pocket he took a skeleton-key, and turned back the lock. Entering the place, he quickly spread out the torn scraps of paper which Jim Peebles had placed on the table. With a pencil he jotted down in his notebook the letters arranged on the scraps. Finally, he placed the pieces of paper in a heap as they were before.

Within twenty seconds of the time he had inserted his skeleton-key in the lock of the door, he had left and locked the door again. With his hands in his pockets, he strolled off, whistling, back to Torkean Village.

It was after eleven o'clock when Ferrers Locke returned to the Draught of Fishes Inn. Under his arm was a partly finished painting of a rocky landscape. He entered a back room, to find the boy seated on the bed. Spread out on the counterpane were a number of small squares of paper, each bearing a letter.

"A new game, Simmons?" said the detective, with a smile.

The boy rose, and, extending a piece of paper, showed Locke a leaf torn from his notebook. Locke read the word: "IRESCO."

"What's that?" he asked. "The name of a patient corn cure?"

"In a few words Drake explained that he had copied the letters down from the paper torn up by young Peebles.

"I've tried twisting 'em all ways, sir," said Drake. "I thought it might be a message of some kind that might afford a clue for us. But all I can make of 'em is such rot as 'He Rice' and 'Is Core'."

Locke took up a large sheet of paper on which the boy had written down the various combinations of words made with the small squares containing the letters. The first to catch his eye was "Ces Rot."

"Hut! Two French words," he said. "Ces—these; Rot—junk. Not much sense in that."

"My hut!" exclaimed Jack Drake. "But perhaps the message is in French. I don't think of that. This contraband stuff must come from France. It might be worth while trying some fresh combinations of letters."

There was plenty of time before lunch, and the two amused themselves by rearranging the letters. At last, from the letters "I-R-E-S-C-O-E" they evolved the following: "C-E-S-O-I-E."

A triumphant smile leaped into Locke's eyes.

"Ce soir!" he exclaimed. "My boy, I think we have found the message received by young Peebles. 'Ce soir' is the French equivalent for 'to-night.' If that, in lack of any better clue, we will keep our eyes on our friends the Peebles!"

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Hut on the Gliffs!



SHORTLY before dusk that evening the wickets Locke informed Mrs. Papp that he was going to the next village. He said he might not be back until the following morning.

Together with Drake he drove to a fishing village a couple of miles farther along the coast.

There they put up the car in the only garage in the place, and they walked briskly towards the Torkean Bay Lighthouse.

It was pitch-dark by the time they reached the hut which contained the wickets. No one was about. Cautionally, Drake unlocked the door, and he and Locke entered. When the door had been locked on the inside the detective drew an electric torch from his pocket. By the light of this tool he took a moment or two for them to find hiding-places among the lumber stacked in the place.

"We will both remain here for half an hour," he boy, whispered Locke. "If nothing happens, I will take a patrol round outside. On my return we will take watch and watch through the night."

Drake nodded.

"Bug didn't," Inspector Fyeroft examine this place, sir."

"Yes; so he told me. Once his men raised it, but found nothing. Fyeroft finally was convinced that old Peebles and his son were only a couple of harmless simpletons. I've an open mind on the question."

Snuggled in their overcoats, the two sat in their hiding-place behind the old cement tank and other rubbish. The night dragged into minutes; the minutes dragged into half an hour. Drake stifled a yawn.

Locke glanced at his wrist-watch and shifted restlessly.

"I think," he began, "that 'I'll'—"

He stopped short as a scraping sound struck upon their ears.

The two watchers, as a motionless as stone images, peered through the tubs. The light of the moon, which had been obscured by clouds a little earlier, now peered through the windows of the hut.

Suddenly a dull thud sounded. It appeared to come from beneath the floor. Then, with starting eyes, Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake saw the entire of the oak floor on which the solitary table was standing began to move. Next moment, with a tearing noise, a white-pointed piece of steel appeared through the floor-covering.

"A knife," a dull thud sounded. It appeared to come from beneath the floor. Then, with starting eyes, Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake saw the entire of the oak floor on which the solitary table was standing began to move. Next moment, with a tearing noise, a white-pointed piece of steel appeared through the floor-covering.

Drake barely breathed the words, but Locke touched his arm for absolute silence.

Both watched in silent fascination as the blade of the table worked its way down to the oilcloth. They could follow its progress until a complete square was cut. The cut square of oilcloth disappeared, and a large aperture was revealed.

Hardly daring to breathe, the detective and his young assistant waited for the next act in this amazing nocturnal drama.

A few seconds later the light could be heard the rumble of gruff voices from underground. Gradually, the faint light exuded from the hole, and a yellow claw-like hand gripped the corner of the tub. It was followed almost immediately by the evil face of a Chinese.

The Asiatic peered about him, the light from behind him, a particularly cruel sinister appearance to his countenance. Across one of his prominent cheeks was an ugly scar quite three inches in length. No words he said, this did not tend to improve his appearance.

He bobbed down and kept his slant eyes on a level with the floor as footsteps sounded outside the hut. The door was opened, and the younger Peebles entered. At once the Chinese began to rise out of the hole until his head almost touched the table.

"Why you not here before this?" he asked in a menacing voice.

The youth named Jim Peebles closed the door behind him. He was ashen of face and his voice trembled as he answered.

"We—we thought you were coming later to-night."

He pushed the table to one side. The Chinese emerged from the hole, and he was followed by a bearded man who looked to be of French nationality. This second man wore a greasy blue refer suit and a peaked cap.

"Ma foi," he said, "somezings will go wrong one of these nights, Peebles, if you and your petre do not be more on be alert. We come in just a moment, Peebles, enter us. Is zat Inspector Fyeroft hanging about ze village still?"

"No," replied the lighthouse-keeper's son; "he returned to London yesterday. What did you bring this trip?"

"A few jewels and some of ze lecture packets of snow."

Jim Peebles breathed a sigh of relief. "Thank goodness, there's nothing bulky" was his comment. "I hear that head-quarters in London has arranged that a racing motorist, will stop his car near here to-night. He'll take the dope and other stuff to town."

"I will have ze stuff brought up now. We can stay but a few minutes, Kai Wung; kindly return to ze boat and get ze goods."

The Chinese nodded and descended through the hole in the floor.

While Jim Peebles and the Frenchman chatted together in low tones, Ferrers

THE GREYFRIARS HOLIDAY 1923 ANNUAL 1923 FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



NOW ON SALE!

THE BOOK
THAT
MAKES THE
BEST XMAS
GIFT!

Packed with
splendid
stories of
school and
adventure,
articles, col-
oured plates,
puzzles rid-
dles tricks,
etc.

To be obtained from
all newsagents and
booksellers. Price,

6/-

Locke put his mouth close against Drake's ear.

"The aperture the Chinik has gone through leads to a cave beneath this building," he breathed. "Evidently, a specially-built submarine boat is used for getting into this cave when the tide is low. It must actually rise inside the cave. That is why some of the Revenue cutters which have been on the watch have spotted the game."

The boy nodded assent.

"Listen!" resumed Locke, in the same scarcely audible whisper. "We must not let these sea-birds out of our net. Have your revolver ready to push into my left hand directly I touch your arm. Immediately you have given it to me, send out of the hut and try to get in touch with Pycroft's men. Bring 'em up here at the double."

Slowly the minutes dragged by. Then the Chinese, Kai Wung, came up into the hut again. He placed a number of white packages on the floor. Turning to the Frenchman and the lighthouse-keeper's son, he began to join in the conversation in low, guttural tones.

Very cautiously and sagely, Ferrers Locke drew his revolver from his pocket with his right hand. The muzzle pointed between the tubs direct at the dope-smuggler. Then he raised his left into view.

"Gentlemen," he said quietly, "kindly put your hands above your heads at once!"

A gasp of dismay escaped the men. They swung round and saw the grim barrel of the revolver. Immediately their hands shot into the air.

"Thank you!" drawled Ferrers Locke. "Remain perfectly motionless and quiet. The least excitement might cause my finger to twitch. The trigger of this revolver is on a hairspring. If it went off, it would be most unfortunate—for you."

A gasp of dismay escaped the men. They swung round and saw the grim barrel of the revolver. Immediately their hands shot into the air.

He touched Drake on the arm. The boy, who also had his revolver ready, pushed it into the detective's left hand.

Leaving Ferrers Locke covering the rascal with the two snuffed rages, he slipped swiftly from the hut. So smartly did he perform the manoeuvre that the smugglers barely glimpsed his figure.

Stepping from his hiding-place, Locke took a cut on one of the tubs.

"We may have a lengthy wait, gentlemen," he remarked.

The three rogues cowered fiercely. Wung began to say something in Chinese, but the detective stopped him by a menacing gesture with one of his snuffed rages.

When a quarter of an hour had elapsed, a step was heard before the aperture, and a man's voice called through the aperture, asking Wung if he intended "to be all right."

"Tell him," whispered Locke, "that you may be some time yet, and that he is to wait."

The Chinese called the message down the aperture. He faced Locke again, his face working with tension and baffled rage.

Locke reckoned that he had no fear of old Peckles, the lighthouse-keeper, coming in. But he kept one eye on the door in case of this eventuality.

At last, when nearly half an hour had elapsed, running footsteps sounded from outside. Drake dashed in, followed by two of the Scotland Yard men wearing blue jerseys and armed with revolvers.

Ferrers Locke rose to his feet.

"Three prisoners for you, my men," he said briskly to the officers. "You've brought your handcuffs?"

"Yes bet, sir!"

One of the men took out a pair of darbies and approached the ill-assorted trio.

The Frenchman lowered his hands as though to look them out for the bracelets. Instead, he dropped his right hand into his jacket pocket.

"Look out!"

Jack Drake's warning was just in time. The officer side-stepped in time to avoid a bullet from an automatic the Frenchman drew.

In a moment all was confusion.

Locke, whose revolver had been momentarily secured by the body of one of the Scotland Yard men, took swift aim. His right-hand revolver spoke. The bullet



A man in a greasy peaked cap poked his head out of the top of the conning-tower of the submarine. With a scarcely perceptible movement, Ferrers Locke pushed the muzzle of his revolver under the fellow's nose. "Get out!" he ordered in a tense whisper. "And not a sound, if you value your life!" (See Chapter 4.)

shattered the Frenchman's wrist and the fellow's gun clattered through the opening in the door.

The son of the old lighthouse-keeper and the Chinese made a dash for the door. The former was promptly bowled over by one of the Yard men and handcuffed. But Kai Wung succeeded in getting out into the open, hotly pursued by Jack Drake. Ferrers Locke himself darted to the ladder leading through the aperture. He was fearful lest the confederates of the smugglers, who were below, should take alarm and try to effect their escape.

Meantime, Jack Drake ran like a hare away from the hut in an attempt to capture the Chinese. His hand was almost on the Chinik's shoulder when Wung dropped full length on the ground. So unexpected was the stunt that Drake went headlong over the Asiatic's body. Before he could recover himself, Wung leaped to his feet and dashed madly away through the darkness. Again Drake pursued, but his quarry dodged through some bushes and out of sight.

The boy halted uncertainly.

"My aunt, what a thundering ass I was!" he muttered savagely to himself. "Tricked like the veriest baby!"

But as he stood there regaining his breath he heard the sound of a motor car approaching along the road leading to the lighthouse. Struck by a sudden idea, he put on a sprit and reached the road some distance south of the hut. Standing in the middle of the track, he waved his arms as a large green touring car approached.

The motor came to a stop.

"Are you Mr. Perkes?" inquired Jack Drake.

"That's right!"

"I've come to tell you the stuff is up in the hut yonder."

The man looked at Drake suspiciously through his goggles.

"Who sent you with that message?" he asked.

"I've just come from Peckles and Mr. Wung," said Drake. "You know 'em, don't you?"

"Yes, but—"

"Look here, guy, nor," said Drake quickly, "there's no time to lose. The cops are nosing round to-night. Peckles thought it better you shouldn't bring the car too near the hut. But they want to see you personally up there. I'll look after the motor while you hike along to the place."

The tone adopted by the boy evidently caused the motorist some uneasiness. He leaped from the car and hastened to the hut, obviously anxious to complete the business he had in view and resume his journey to London.

Drake waited by the car and listened. Suddenly he heard a sharp cry of astonishment from the direction of the hut. It was followed by a dead silence. The boy smiled broadly.

"They've nabbed him!" he chuckled.

Climbing into the car he took the seat at the steering wheel. Then he started the machine slowly up the road. He had not gone more than a few yards when a figure glided from some bushes. Drake took a pair of goggles from the pocket of his shirt-jacket, cut and adjusted them over his face. Hardly had he done so than Kai Wung approached the car.

"You—you are Missa Perkes?" panted the Chinese.

Drake inclined his head.

Wung sprang into the back of the car and touched the boy on the shoulder.

"The—the police are on my track, Missa Perkes! It's all up! Drive away from here heap quick!"

Without a word Jack Drake set the car bowling swiftly along the road. There was a loud exclamation from inside the hut as he passed the building; but taking no notice, he continued swiftly along the narrow thoroughfare in an easterly direction.

(Continued on page 28.)

THE CASE OF THE SMUGGLERS!

(Continued from page 27.)

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

The Secret Cavern!



FROM the moment when Ferris Locke had fired the shot which had shattered the Frenchman's right wrist, he had little time for thought of his young assistant.

One object dominated the detective's mind for the time being—the positive that, somewhere beneath the hut were the confederates of the Chinese and the Frenchman. These he intended to capture.

Beneath the aperture in the floor of the hut was the flap of a trap-door. A perpendicular steel ladder led down to a stone platform through a narrow well cut through the rocky foundations of the building.

That he was taking a tremendous risk in doing this, Locke knew. But who was fearful lest the sound of the shot had reached underground. In this case the other members of the smugglers' gang would make all speed to effect their getaway.

To negotiate the ladder, he was forced to replace the revolver in his pocket. As he descended he peered downwards, but neither saw nor heard any movement from below.

After descending at least a couple of score of steps, he found that the well opened into a great cavern. He stepped down on to a wide, rocky ledge and looked about him. The place reeked of moisture and the brine of sea-water.

Very cautiously he crept to the edge of the ledge. There was another and shorter ladder leading to an equally narrow ledge of rock. And with a thrill of satisfaction he saw that against this was moored a small cigar-shaped craft on a large pool of sea-water within the cavern. A solitary lighted lantern stood on the submarine's forward deck, shedding a faint illumination on the weird scene.

Not a human being was in sight, but the conning-tower of the vessel was open. From the interior of the boat came the faint, dull drone of a dynamo.

Locke hesitated but a moment; then he descended swiftly and quietly to the second ledge. It was clear to him now that the shot he had fired at the Frenchman had not been heard by the crew of the submarine. Taking his revolver from his pocket, he stepped aboard the craft.

As he expected, the sound of his footsteps on the steel deck speedily brought someone to the conning-tower. A man in a greasy, peaked cap poked his head out.

With a scarcely perceptible movement, Locke pushed the muzzle of his revolver under the fellow's nose.

"Get out!" he ordered, in a terse whisper. "I'll give you a score for your life."

The man's jaw dropped, his eyes bulged; but he obeyed Locke's order to get out of the conning-tower with alacrity.

Locke took the other revolver from his pocket and faced the fellow on the deck.

"How many companions of yours remain in this ship?" he demanded.

The man replied in English.

"Two."

"Order them to come on deck." The man obeyed, and two others, who appeared to be engineers, came out of the craft. Their astonishment in finding themselves covered by two very serviceable revolvers was immense.

The knotty problem now was finding a safe way of getting the prisoners from the cave. Locke was debating this in his mind when it was solved for him in the most fortunate manner possible. One of the Yard men, having left the injured Frenchman and the motorist, Perkes, in the charge of his companion, came down the ladders from the hut. With his assistance, Locke got the captives above ground. Then all the prisoners were marched swiftly down to Torlan Village.

Half an hour later, old Peebles, who had been tending the lighthouse, was also under arrest. The packages conveyed to England by the submarine proved to be stolen jewels, drugs, and a consignment of potent drugs. The submarine itself, which was later taken from the secret covey by a crew of British naval men, had apparently been specially built for the trafficker in contraband.

At first Ferris Locke was much concerned by the mysterious disappearance of Jack Drake and the Chinese smuggler, Wong. As soon as possible, he set the telegraph-wire humming. But not till the following morning did he obtain news of his assistant. Then

the following curiously worded telegram was handed to him at the Draught of Fishes Inn:

"All serene. Chink escaped.—DRAKE, Baker Street."

"And now, my boy," said Ferris Locke, with mock severity, "perhaps you will explain why the blazes you let that Chink escape?"

The detective had arrived back at Baker Street a quarter of an hour previously. He and Jack Drake now faced each other across the dinner-table.

"I let him go, sir," replied Drake, "because I reckoned Kai Wong was but an underling. Somewhere out of sight is the controlling genius of the cocaine smuggling organization."

"Quite so," said Locke, with a smile—"the Yellow Spider, eh?"

"If you like, sir. But it was to get on the track of the chief criminal, or criminals, that I took an unusual course on my own responsibility."

"You drove Wong to London in Perkes' car?"

"Yes. The Chink got out near Algate Station. So I did it. I left the car, asking a policeman to give an eye to it for a few minutes. It was taken to the police-station later on his request. 'It was a dickens of a job to shadow the Chink—but I did it. Once, when he entered a restaurant, I dived into a second-hand clothes' shop, and made a change of rig. Then I followed him to Limehouse."

Drake paused, and took his notebook from his pocket.

"Here is the address Wong finally brought up at—the laundry of Li-Fang, Hempes Causeway, Limehouse."

A strange, exultant light flashed across Locke's keen face.

"By Jove, Drake," he exclaimed, "this is interesting! Wong we can attempt to capture later. And let's hope that your astuteness in having tracked the fellow to this London address may be the means of putting us on the track of the Yellow Spider himself!"

THE END.

(Next week: A story with a thousand thrills—THE YELLOW SPIDER! Look out for it.)

COMPLETE SET OF PARTS & BOOK OF INSTRUCTIONS FOR MAKING THE MASCO BIPLANE

PRICE \$1.00

BUILD A GLIDER

All you have to do to make this fine scale model is to cut out our set of paper and cardboard parts, then erect the model just as if you were building a real plane. The model will glide and loop the loop when finished. It is complete in every detail and is exactly like the above illustration. The set of parts and instructions are packed in an attractive coloured carton and will be sent post free on receipt of 1/- P.O.

If possible come and see our window display of Model Railways, Engines, Aeroplanes, Boats, and Electrical Models.

MASCO CO. (Dept. G), 56, Grey Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

BE TALLER.—Height will make you respected in business and Treatment report from 2 to 5 inches increase, with far better health. These advantages can be yours if you are under 40. Write for this scientific reputation. The increase is quite permanent. Send P.O. today for particulars and our 100% guarantee. ENQUIRY DEPT. A.C.T., 17, THE AVENUE, BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

MAKE CINEMATOGRAPHS.—Machines from 7/6, with Yoko-up, from 10/- Large Stock at Films. Sample Film, 1/-, Post Free. Lists Free. Desk B, DEAN CINEMA CO., 94, Drayton Avenue, West Ealing, W.13.

HOME CINEMATOGRAPHS AND FILMS.

Send for New Free Illustrated List of Machines, Toy and Professional, from 10/6 upwards, and Accessories. Films all lengths for Sale or Exchange. Enquiries invited. Special Lines, Cheap Cinemas for Shows.

FORD'S, Dept. A.P., 13, Red Lion Square, London, W.O. 1.

MAGIC TRICKS. etc.—Parcels, 2/6, 5/6. Ventriloquist's Instrument. Invisible. Imitate Birds. Price 6d. each, 4/0r/1.—T.W. Harrison, 229, Pentonville Rd., London, N.1.

WIRELESS SETS.—The Simplest, Best, and Cheapest Sets and Parts for sale by Beginner. Illustrated Catalogue Free—Desk K, DEAN TRADING CO., 94, Drayton Avenue, West Ealing, W.13.

NERVOUS FEARS

How many people fear meeting others, travelling in Trains, Trams, Tubes, or Buses, mixing in Society, going into a Restaurant, or of having anything important to do. Such Nervous Fears are liable to any man or woman's chance of success in life. Become Nerve-Strong, Self-Confident, Bright and Happy, by sending immediately 3 penny stamps for particulars of the Mento-Nerve Strengthening Treatment. GUARANTEED CURE OF MONEY BUILDINGS, LUDGATE CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C. 4.

50 WAR & ARMISTICE STAMPS Free to applicants for Blue Label Approvals (including post). Mention D/11 50. B. L. COYNE, Ware Crest, Whitstable, Kent.

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention This Paper.

