

**WIRELESS TELEPHONY MADE EASY!**  
(SEE PAGE 22.)

No. 787, Vol. XXIII, Week ending March 10th, 1923.

# The Magnet 2<sup>d</sup>

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of  
School & Detective Stories.



## **BUNTER'S TERRIBLE "AFFLICTION"!**

(A breathless and "speechless" episode from the long complete Greyfriars yarn within.)





### WIRELESS FROM A TO Z.

Every fellow who contemplates taking up the fascinating hobby of wireless should make a special note of the splendid advantages offered by the MAGNET Wireless Dictionary. From week to week the whole gripping subject, which is full of mystery, is being dealt with in an exhaustive style. It is safe to say that the MAGNET Dictionary is the most serviceable guide to the business extant. It pats things in a nutshell. If you are not devoting time and energies yourself to the matter, you are sure to have a chum who is keen. That chum will be thankful for the handy vade mecum furnished by the MAGNET. The further we go the more engrossing the whole affair becomes. Wireless is not a thing to be mastered in a hurry and finished with. Its possible, and even certain, developments just baffle the imagination. By the way, I am taking the various heads of the subject in strict rotation. The MAGNET is out for comprehensiveness, with no hustling of the more showy details of the radio-message theme.

### "THE SUPREME SACRIFICE!"

You have heard of Stott. He has not figured in any particularly noble way so far, and, to put it plainly, he fails again in the great yarn of Greyfriars in next Monday's MAGNET. It is a great story. Mr. Frank Richards has a real life drama to unfold, and there is an uplift and inspiration about it which will make this tale long remembered in the annals of Greyfriars. I know well enough that a serious-side yarn of this character has a big appeal now and again. It is the kind of thing that touches the heart, and makes a fellow think. Of course, we like to have big doses of Bunter, for the Owl of the Remove sports the cap and bells and acts the jester—consciously or not—in ripping style. But, occasionally, a truce to the lighter side of the world comes in well. I have every confidence in next week's enthralling story.

### A MAN'S PART.

Now, what is the sacrifice? It would not be common justice to make a chop at Frank Richards' epoch-making story and give away the big issue, the pivot of it, the mystery on which depends so much. But I can say, without prejudicing anything, that the wonderful handling of a tense and tragic situation will send a thrill of sympathy and vivid appreciation through everyone who reads of what happened. We get Stott's brother in this story. That's just where it comes in. Stott's brother has a part to play, and the way he plays that part links up his name and his personality with the grandeur and the dignity and the majesty of life—all it means, its pathos and the big lessons it teaches. Once now and again a story of this powerful kind comes

as an awakener. It brings a sense of relief—something one had been waiting for, as it were. You like it immensely, and you cannot exactly explain why, except that it exercises a sort of magic spell over one—like a glimpse of the sea, or the sense of getting back to some old scene where you have passed a lot of happy days. I let it go at that. Look out for Stott's brother next week. The MAGNET scores many successes. This story will add another to its list of triumphs.

### "THE MYSTERY OF THE MORNE LIGHT!"

Ferrers Locke is met in a fresh guise next week. A lighthouse story always has a tremendous appeal. The writer of this new mystery yarn has caught the real significance of the business, and he pitches a story which holds one from first to last. It was a fortunate thing the great detective was called on to take up the trail of a mystification which threatened consequences of the most dire kind.

### A SNEAKS' NUMBER!

The "Greyfriars Herald" is carrying on along good, up-to-date journalistic lines. As journalism interests thousands of my chums—I know this from letters to hand—there is little need for me to dilate on the chief points of next Monday's issue. The matter is well handled. Sneaking is what a fastidious fellow might call a most unattractive subject, but there always have been sneaks in the world, and no reason why their ignominy should not be hauled into the daylight.

### A FOOTER PICTURE-PUZZLE COMPETITION.

This leading attraction will be found in its accustomed place in the coming grand number of the MAGNET. The prizes are really worth having, so be advised, my chums, and send in your attempts. It might be your turn to be numbered amongst the successful competitors!

### Correspondence.

J. W. Bromley, 66, Charlton Street, West Marsh, Great Grimsby, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 14-17, in Canada, Australia, or New Zealand, interested in photography. Willing to exchange prints of views. All letters answered.

Jack Davy, 13A, Verwey Street, Troyeville, Johannesburg, Transvaal, South Africa, wishes to correspond with readers for the exchange of stamps.

Ered Callum, 29, Duke Street, Huddersfield, wishes to correspond with readers of the Companion Papers.

## Your Editor.

Frank Richards writes only for the MAGNET and the "Popular."

## The Greyfriars Parliament.

THERE was a notable gathering last week. Members rolled up in force as journalism figured on the paper.

The Speaker: "I want to ask Mr. Bunter to allow me to give the House the benefit of the ideas on journalism sent in by Reader EDGAR CLEVELLEY, the Uplands, Copt Elm Road, Charlton Kings, Cheltenham, Glos. The speech strikes me as being exceptionally fine. Journalism may be viewed from all sorts of different angles, but all provide tremendous interest. The subject has a big appeal to most fellows. Of course, only a few people contemplate being journalists, but we are all keen on the newspaper press."

Mr. Bunter: "I thought we were going to hear what Reader Clevelley thought about the subject."

The Speaker: "So we are."

Mr. Bunter: "But you are making the speech yourself. If it comes to that, I may say as a plain fact that nobody is in a better position than I am to talk about journalism. Here you have something I do understand."

Mr. Bob Cherry: "Shurrup, Bunter. We don't want to hear about your Weekly, my fat tulip."

The Speaker: "Reader Clevelley says: 'Most boys who are fond of journalism have often been faced with the problem: What shall I write, and how shall I write it? I would recommend—as I have done—to write for an hour or so daily. Write an account of your life and experiences, keep a diary and write it up daily, describing people, things, places, and opinions; this will prove very valuable practice. Suppose any Greyfriars fellow, say Harry Wharton, wished to write a book—look at the adventures he could relate; adventures that would make very interesting reading. But to write a book means a great expense; it is impossible for any schoolboy to do it, unless it is done in the following way, which has proved very satisfactory to me. I have written three books myself. First of all, procure a sheet of Whatman's drawing paper; cut this to the size you intend to make your book. The next thing, when you have all the copy ready, is to insert it in the book in script lettering, with Indian ink, and spaced neatly in small blocks according to the size of the book. If you are anything of an artist, you will be able to illustrate it. After this is finished, you will have a very artistic little book at a small cost, and one that will be packed full of happy memories of one's schooldays.'"

At this stage in the proceedings Mr. Quelch entered the House and took a seat next to the Speaker. The Form master was requested to say a few words.

Mr. Quelch: "It is a pleasure to me to address the Greyfriars Parliament for the second time. (A voice: 'As many as you like, sir!') I am convinced that there is a great deal in journalism—daily writing—which will attract fellows who think. The habit of writing is one to be cultivated. I am not referring to the cacoethes scribendi. (Mr. Bunter: 'Who's he?') What I like to see is a facility for expressing thoughts on paper. Once this ability has been acquired, a good deal is added to the interest of life. Take it from me that we as a nation do not shine sufficiently well in this respect. And, then, the fact of being able to set down thoughts leads to much besides; it enlarges the mind; it renders numerous departments of work infinitely more alluring. Sport is splendid, but who wants the claims to sport to be so exacting that all extra writing has to be done in crude haste so as to keep some appointment on the footer or cricket field? I hope our worthy Speaker will take the hint given, and turn out a sparkling account of his adventures in Africa."

A spirited debate followed, and the House adjourned at a late hour.





A grand long complete story of Greyfriars featuring William George Bunter at his best. By your popular author, **FRANK RICHARDS.**

### THE FIRST CHAPTER.

#### Bunter Surprises the Natives!

"WHARTON, old fellow—"  
"No!"

Billy Bunter had had time to utter only three words, when Harry Wharton interrupted with an answer in the negative.

But "old fellow" was enough. When Billy Bunter called anybody "old fellow," the person addressed did not require to hear any more. He knew at once what was coming.

Harry Wharton walked on. Apparently he thought that the brief interview was finished. But it wasn't!

Bunter rolled in pursuit.

"Harry, old chap—"

"No!"

"You silly ass!" exclaimed Bunter. "You don't even know what I was going to say."

The captain of the Greyfriars Remove grinned.

"I can guess, old fat top!" he answered. "And the answer is 'No! Nothing doing! Try Skinner.'"

"Skinner won't lend a chap a red cent—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Not that I was going to borrow of you—"

"Try Smithy—"

"I've tried him—"

Wharton chuckled and walked on. But Billy Bunter haunted his footsteps.

"Do listen to a chap, Wharton!" he urged. "I'm not asking you to cash a postal-order for me this time—"

"Not!" ejaculated Wharton.

"No!" howled Bunter. "And I'm not borrowing money! Nothing of the kind. I hope I'm not the kind of fellow to borrow money."

"Oh, my hat!"

"But to help that poor old fellow—"

"Eh?"

"To give a poor dumb man a helping hand—"

"A--a what?"

"Poor dumb man!" said Bunter pathetically. "I'd hand him my postal-order, only—only there's been a delay in the post, and it hasn't come. You give him half-a-crown, Wharton. I'll square out of my postal-order when it comes! There!"

Harry Wharton stopped in sheer astonishment.

For William George Bunter to be anxious in the cause of charity was quite unprecedented. Bunter's view generally was that charity began at home—and stopped there. Generally, Bunter could bear the misfortunes of others with Spartan fortitude.

"What's this game?" demanded Wharton.

"Game?" repeated Bunter indignantly.

"Yes; where's your blessed dumb man?"

"Not here, of course," said Bunter. The juniors were in the Greyfriars quadrangle. "He came to the gates, but Gosling sheered him off. Gosling's frightfully unsympathetic. He's up the road. I—I want to cut after him, you know, and tip him, but I'm short of ready cash."

"Cheese it!"

"Look here, Wharton, if you don't believe there's a dumb man—"

"Of course I don't!" said Harry Wharton. "This is a new dodge—the postal-order's getting worn out, I suppose. Cheese it!"

"I say—"

"Rats!"

Harry Wharton accelerated his pace. His chums were waiting for him at the School House doorway. It was nearly tea-time. Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull, Frank Nugent and Hurree Singh, grinned as they sighted the captain of the Remove striding along with great strides, and the fat junior on his track, with his little fat legs going like machinery. Billy Bunter was not to be shaken off. The cause of charity—or some other cause—made him unusually active.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here you are!" sang out Bob Cherry. "Put it on, Wharton! Bunter's gaining!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Sheer off, Bunter."

"Look here, Wharton, if you're going to be a heartless beast—"

"I am!"

"I say, Bob—"

"Don't!" interrupted Bob Cherry.

"I'm going to be a heartless beast, too."

"Inky, old man—"

But Hurree Janset Ram Singh interrupted.

"I also am heartlessly beastful, my esteemed Bunter," he said.

"Same here!" chuckled Nugent.

"Never were such a set of heartless beasts, Bunter."

Billy Bunter blinked at the Famous Five, more in sorrow than in anger. His fat lip curled.

"Then that poor old dumb man won't get any supper," he said.

"What?"

"Which?"

"Who?"

"It's a new stunt," explained Wharton. "Bunter's postal-order has been cashed in advance so often that it's worn out. Now he's started a dumb man. He wants half-crowns for him. I fancy the chap who would bag the half-crowns isn't dumb—far from it, in fact."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, there really is a dumb man!" howled Bunter; "a poor old shabby fellow who's completely dumb—"

"Trot him out!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Have you got him in your pocket?"

"Eh? Of course not, you ass!"

"Only got him in your imagination—what?" asked Johnny Bull.

"You silly ass! He's a real man, you dummy! I want one of you fellows to hand out half-a-crown to get him a supper and bed. I'll take it to him. I don't want to give you any trouble in the matter. Hand out the half-crown, and I'll run after him—"

"Do you think you'd get farther than the tuckshop?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, you can ask Gosling—"

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"Let's ask Gosling," he said. "If there really is a dumb man, he's welcome to anything I can do for him. If there isn't, we'll bump Bunter—what?"

"Hear, hear!"

The Famous Five grinned at Bunter, fully expecting that podgy youth to back out on the spot and relegate the dumb man to the realms of fancy wherein he had originated. To their amazement, Bunter did nothing of the kind. He nodded assent at once.

"Come on, then!" he exclaimed eagerly.

"My only hat!" exclaimed Bob. "Do you mean to say you've been telling the truth, Bunter?"

"Of course I have, you ass! Don't I always?" demanded Bunter.

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"Great pip! Not quite! Are you ill?"

"Ill? No!"

"Then I'm blessed if I can account for your telling the truth!" said Bob. "Must be wandering in your mind, I suppose."

"Look here, you fellows, are you coming?" urged Bunter. "That poor old dumb man will be gone—"

"Oh, we'll come!" said Wharton. "But if there isn't a dumb man at all, we'll jolly well bump you!"

"Come on, then!"

The Famous Five followed Bunter to the gates. It was worth while letting tea wait for a few minutes, as Bob Cherry remarked, in order to establish a record. If Bunter was telling the truth, it would be a record, according to Bob.

Old Gosling was in the doorway of his lodge, looking a little more grumpy than usual. Wharton hailed him.

"Gossy, old tulip—"

"Imperence!" grunted Gosling.

"Has a dumb man blown in lately?" asked the captain of the Remove.

"A blooming beggar come to the gates," said Gosling sourly. "I sheered him off."

"Was he dumb?" asked Nugent.

"Ow do I know?" said Gosling. "He had it wrote on a card, but he never said he was dumb."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton & Co. moved on to the gates. Gosling appeared sceptical; but evidently a dumb man could not reasonably have been expected to say that he was dumb.

"Bunter's told the truth!" said Bob. "Bunter! The truth! Those two complete strangers have met at last!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Well, if there really is a poor dumb man, we can squeeze out half-a-crown somehow," said Harry.

"Oh, yes, rather."

Billy Bunter's fat face brightened.

"That's right!" he said. "I thought you'd do the decent thing. Wharton, old fellow. Gimme the half-crown and I'll cut after him."

"I'll give it to him myself, old pippin."

"You're just going in to tea, you know—"

"Tea can wait."

"Look here, Wharton, if you can't trust me with half-a-crown—" roared Bunter indignantly.

"No 'if' about it!" answered the captain of the Remove.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beast."

Harry Wharton & Co. went out into the road, and looked round for the dumb gentleman. No doubt Gosling was quite right in turning away beggars; nevertheless, there could be no harm in helping an unfortunate man on his way. Such an affliction as the loss of speech was sore enough to touch any heart.

In the distance a figure could be seen, pegging up the road towards Courtfield. The juniors broke into a run in pursuit.

"I say, you fellows—" howled Bunter.

But the Co. did not heed Bunter. There really was a dumb man—he was not a figment of Bunter's lively imagination after all. But Bunter was not to be relied upon as a go-between, with cash in hand. Cash in Bunter's fat paw was pretty certain to stick to the paw. Possibly the fat junior's intentions would have been good; but the tuckshop would have drawn him with an irresistible fascination.

So the juniors trotted after the dumb man—and Billy Bunter trotted after the juniors, with indignation and wrath in his fat face.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

"Kind Hearts are More than Coronets!"

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry.

The man looked round.

If he was dumb, he was not deaf; and even had he been deaf, he might have heard Bob's stentorian tones.

He was a shabby man, and there was a card pinned to his coat, which bore the legend: "Dumb!"

He had a little tray with bootlaces on it, comprising a stock worth perhaps a shilling. Obviously, however, the man relied more upon charitable gifts than upon business dealings. He blinked hopefully at the juniors, whose fresh, kind young faces contrasted with his own old, wrinkled, distressed visage.

"Looking for you, old chap!" said Bob. "How's business?"

The man tapped his card.

"You ass," said Nugent. "How can he answer when he's dumb?"

"My mistake," said Bob. "Poor old chap!"

The mendicant held up a pair of laces. Harry Wharton & Co. were not in want of bootlaces; their intentions were wholly charitable. They began to go through their pockets.

Money was not plentiful with the juniors of the Lower Fourth. But what they had they were generous with.

Harry Wharton dropped a half-crown into the tray, and declined the laces with a smile.

Bunter's blinked at the half-crown as it dropped. He seemed unable to take his eyes off it.

Nugent added a shilling. Bunter blinked at the shilling.

Bob Cherry weighed in with sixpence; a small sum, but all he had.

The dumb man began to look astonished. Billy Bunter began to look indignant.

Money was being handed out to this perfect stranger, just because he was dumb and hard up, by fellows who could—or would—never find the money to cash a postal-order for William George Bunter.

It was disgusting, Bunter felt that! These rotters passed Bunter by, to hand out their money to a stranger—a dashed old mendicant! Billy Bunter looked the indignant scorn he felt.

Heedless of Bunter's scorn, Hurree Jamset Ram Singh extracted a ten-shilling note to put in the tray. The old mendicant opened his eyes very wide.

Johnny Bull followed it up with five shillings.

Bunter could not restrain his wrath. It was really not to be expected that he should!

"Well, you awful rotters!" he ejaculated.

"Eh, what?"

"Encouraging begging!" said Bunter. "Undermining the independence of the poor! I'm ashamed of you."

"You fat idiot!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Shut up, Bunter."

"You won't lend me a bob, and you hand out pounds to that old scarecrow," roared Bunter. "Yah! Rotters! Mean beasts! Yah!"

"You footling ass, he's dumb, isn't he?" growled Johnny Bull. "If you say another word, I'll punch you."

"Punch him, anyhow," grunted Bob.

Billy Bunter backed away a little. Indignant as he was, scornful as he was, he did not want to be punched.

The old mendicant did not heed Bunter. He made motions of thankfulness to the juniors.

"That'll see you through for a bit, old chap!" said Bob Cherry.

The mendicant nodded.

He could not speak; but he fumbled in his pocket, and produced a stump of pencil and a scrap of paper. On the paper he scrawled:

"God bless you!"

Then he stumped on up the road, stowing the juniors' gifts away in his shabby clothes, his wrinkled old face very bright and comforted.

Harry Wharton & Co. stood looking after him for a minute or two, touched and moved. They turned away in silence and walked back to the school gates. Bunter rolled after them, still indignant.

"Nice goings hon!"

That comment came from Gosling. William Gosling had watched the whole proceedings from the gates, and William Gosling was evidently condemnatory.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, what's biting you, William?" asked Bob Cherry.

"I'll report yer."

"What?"

"Bringing beggars round the school gates!" said Gosling warmly. "That old covey will pass the word on, and there'll be a swarm of 'em arter this for me to turn away."

Bob Cherry whistled.

"Just what I thought!" muttered Bunter. "Rotten, I call it! Demoralising to the poor, too."

"I'll report yer, you mark my words!" said Gosling. "Wot I says is this 'ere—"

"Oh, report and be blowed!" snapped Wharton. "Come along, you chaps—we're late for tea. Gosling, you can go and eat coke."

"Rats to you, Gossy!" said Johnny Bull.

"The ratfulness is terrific, my esteemed and ludicrous Gosling."

And the Famous Five went in, leaving Gosling grunting indignantly. Billy Bunter followed the chums of the Remove to the School House.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Sheer off!" roared Bob Cherry.

"After wasting money like that on low-class beggars—"

"Go and eat coke!"

"The least you can do is to lend a chap five bob till his postal-order comes—"

Bob Cherry turned round.

"Come here, Bunter."

"You're going to lend me five bob, old chap?"

"No; I'm going to dribble you across the quad."

"Beast!"

Billy Bunter did not come. He departed instead. Being dribbled across the quad offered no attractions to him.

Harry Wharton & Co. went up to Study No. 1 in the Remove to tea. The captain of the Remove was a little thoughtful.

"I suppose Gosling was right, in a way," he said. "All the same, it's right to help a lame dog over a stile. That poor old fellow was genuine."

"Of course he was," said Bob. "I could see that. But if Gosling reports us, Mr. Quelch won't know—"

"Well, if we get lines it can't be helped. I'm glad we helped the old chap."

"Yes, rather!"

"The ratherfulness is terrific!"

And the Famous Five sat down to tea.

— Why is Stott ashamed of his brother? —



and dismissed the matter from their minds.

The matter was recalled by the time tea was finished, however. The door of Study No. 1 opened, and the cheeky face of Nugent minor, of the Second Form, looked in.

"You fellows are for it!" he announced.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Do you mind if I kick your minor along the Remove passage, Frank?"

"Not at all," said Nugent, laughing. "It may do him good."

"Oh, come off!" said Dicky Nugent. "The jolly old Quelch-bird has sent me to tell you 'kids to hump along to his study at once. He's got his cane on the table."

"Scat!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Where's that freak Bunter?" asked Dicky. "He's wanted, too. You're all for it, and serve you jolly well right! The more you Remove chaps are licked the better. We all think so in the Second."

Bob Cherry picked up a Latin dictionary, and Nugent minor scudded out of the study promptly.

"I suppose there's going to be a row!" said Bob dolorously. "Bother Gosling and bless Quelchy! Come on!"

The Famous Five went down the Remove staircase. On the next landing Billy Bunter was sighted in conversation with his minor, Sammy, of the Second. Dicky Nugent had found him, and was conveying to the Owl of the Remove the instructions of his Form master.

"Well, I've told you!" said Dicky Nugent.

And he went down the lower stairs whistling, as Bunter did not deign to reply.

"Sammy, old man—" said Billy Bunter.

"Can it!" said Sammy Bunter. "I tell you—"

"Look here, Sammy, you know you owe me a bob."

"Look here, Billy—"

Bob Cherry dropped his hand on Bunter's shoulder.

"You're wanted along with us, fatty."

"I'm not going! I had nothing to do with it!" snapped Bunter. "You fellows can tell Quelchy so."

"But you had!" said Wharton with a laugh. "We should never have heard of the dumb man but for you, Bunter."

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"He, he, he!" from Sammy.

"You needn't mention that, Wharton," urged Bunter. "Just give Quelchy your word of honour that I wasn't there at all."

"My hat!"

"I'll do as much for you another time, old chap," said Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Besides, I never gave the man anything," said Bunter. "Gosling may think I did, but I didn't. You fellows are witnesses to that. Gosling oughtn't to have reported me. He had no right to think that I was mixed up in your disgraceful proceedings just because I was present. You tell Quelchy—"

"You fat duffer, you'd better come," said Wharton, "but please yourself."

And the chums of the Remove went down the stairs. Billy Bunter blinked after them morosely; but he decided, too, that he had better come. Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, did not like neglect of his orders.

Besides, Bunter realised that he was quite innocent in the matter. Certainly

he had not given the mendicant anything. Nobody could reasonably accuse Bunter at any time of giving anybody anything. So the Owl of the Remove rolled after the delinquents, feeling that he was going to witness a licking without sharing in it, and quite cheerful at the prospect.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Awful Injustice!

**M**R. QUELCH laid down his pen and fixed his keen eyes upon the six juniors as they filed into his study.

The Remove master was looking severe.

Evidently Gosling had made his report, and Mr. Quelch was acting upon it at once.

"You sent for us, sir?" said Harry.

"Yes, Wharton. Gosling has reported to me that you six juniors have been acting in a way that is very indiscreet, to say the least."

"I didn't, sir!" exclaimed Bunter.

"Let me finish, please, without interruption."

"Oh, really, sir—"

"Silence! It is Gosling's duty to keep undesirable characters away from the precincts of the school," said Mr. Quelch. "In these days there are so many mendicants on the roads that Gosling has quite enough to do without his task being made more difficult by the boys of my Form."

Bunter blinked at the Famous Five accusingly. The fault was theirs, not

his. Bunter was innocent. Bunter expected even these rotters to bear him out in that.

"Indiscriminate charity," continued Mr. Quelch in his grimmest manner, "is foolish, and may be actually wrong. It is also against the rules of the school. A sovereign given is not so valuable as a shilling earned, and is likely to produce less advantage to the recipient. There are, of course, exceptional cases, but the probability is very great that money given to mendicants will be spent in drink. You boys should be aware of this."

"This was one of the exceptional cases, sir!" said Wharton.

"Oh!" ejaculated Mr. Quelch, rather taken aback.

"The man was dumb, sir—"

"You must be aware, Wharton, that many mendicants affect injuries and afflictions that are not genuine."

"Yes, sir, but this old chap was genuine," said Harry. "We're not fools, sir, to be taken in. He really was dumb and old and poor."

"The dumbfulness was terrific, sir!"

"I say, you fellows," hooted Bunter indignantly, "you know you ought to tell Mr. Quelch that I had nothing to do with it. I never gave the man anything, sir—I wouldn't!"

Mr. Quelch gave the fat junior a curious look.

"You gave him nothing, Bunter?"

"Not a ha'penny, sir! I never give beggars anything," said Bunter virtuously. "I'm down on 'em, sir. I chucked a stone at one the other day, sir."



Lord Mauleverer rushed down the Remove staircase, taking three steps at a time, and on the next landing he met Skinner, who was coming up. Crash! "Oh! Ah! Oooooop!" howled Skinner. "Oh gad!" gasped Mauleverer. Billy Bunter stopped on the stairs and gave a fat chuckle. (See Chapter 5.)

—Read next Monday's Greyfriars yarn, "The Supreme Sacrifice!"



"What?"  
 "He was hopping along on one leg," said the virtuous Bunter. "I knew he couldn't catch me—I mean, I was disgusted with him. So I chucked a stone at him, sir—I did, really!"

"You boys bear witness that Bunter gave the dumb man nothing?" asked Mr. Quelch, without directly replying to Bunter.

"Catch Bunter giving anything away!" granted Johnny Bull.

"What?"  
 "Bunter gave him nothing, sir!" said Harry hastily.

"But all you boys did?"

"Well, yes, sir."

"And I'm not sorry, either!" said Johnny Bull grimly.

"What? What did you say, Bull?"

"I'm not sorry, sir!" said Johnny. "I don't care if you do cane me. I know lots of beggars are frauds, but this poor old chap was the genuine goods, and I'm jolly glad I stood him five bob!"

Mr. Quelch looked very fixedly at Johnny Bull.

"Very good," he said, after a pause. "Your explanation, my boys, alters the case very considerably. If you are sure that the man was dumb and old and poor—"

"Quite sure, sir!"

"Then you have acted rightly," said Mr. Quelch unexpectedly.

"Oh!" ejaculated the Famous Five blankly.

"One must be careful in such matters," said the Remove master. "It is weak and wrong to encourage idleness, but when there is no doubt that the object of charity is a deserving one, it is our duty to help the afflicted. I am very pleased with you."

"Oh!"

"T-t-thank you, sir!" stammered Wharton.

Mr. Quelch turned to Bunter. To the alarm of the Owl of the Remove, he picked up his cane.

"I—I'm innocent, sir!" howled

Bunter. "I never gave the man anything—these fellows are witnesses—"

"I require no witnesses to that, Bunter; I am sufficiently well acquainted with your character to be sure that you gave the man nothing," said Mr. Quelch dryly; "but you have stated that on one occasion you threw a stone at a one-legged man. That was a cowardly outrage, Bunter."

"Wha-a-a-t?"

"I am going to cane you for that, Bunter."

The fat junior's jaw dropped.

"Kik-kik-cane me!" he stuttered.

"Yes. Hold out your hand."

"But I—I—I—" babbled Bunter.

"Hold out your hand!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"Oh dear!"

Swish!

"Woww!"

"Now the other hand, Bunter!"

Swish!

"Yaroooooh!"

"You may go, my boys," said Mr. Quelch, laying down his cane.

"Thank you, sir!"

The six juniors left the study. Five of them were smiling now; one was tucking his fat hands under his arms and groaning dismally.

"Call that justice!" gasped Bunter.

"Fancy caning me! I never gave the dumb beast anything—I wouldn't! I wasn't going to give him that half-crown even if you'd handed it to me—I—I mean—I—" Bunter realised that he was stating a little too much. "I've a jolly good mind to go to the Head! This awful injustice—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beasts!"

Billy Bunter rolled away, groaning. The interview with Mr. Quelch had ended in the most unexpected manner; there had been only one licking, and William George Bunter had captured it. Smarting under such uncommon wrongs and injustices, Bunter seriously considered whether he should go to the Head. But he reflected that the Head

was a beast as well as Quelch, and he decided not to risk it.

Instead of repairing to the Head's study, he repaired to his own, Study No. 7, in the Remove passage. There he poured his tale of woe into the ears of Peter Todd, his study-mate.

Peter listened to the end without comment. Then he said:

"Sure you didn't give the dumb man anything?"

"Of course I didn't! I wouldn't."

"Perhaps you hadn't anything to give him?" suggested Peter.

"I jolly well had a bob, anyhow. But I swear I never gave him anything. I'm licked for nothing—absolutely nothing—and those rotters are let off after what they did."

Peter nodded.

"You had a bob?" he said. "Out of a bob you could have spared twopence for a dumb man. I'm afraid you're for it, Bunter." And Toddy picked up a ruler.

Bunter jumped up.

"What? Wha-a-at are you going to do with that ruler, you beast?"

"Whack you, old tulip."

"Yaroooooh!"

Bunter made a jump for the doorway; but he caught the ruler as he went, and roared.

Even in his own study there was no sympathy for Billy Bunter. It was, indeed, an unsympathetic sort of world altogether for a fellow like Bunter to live in.

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

### Bunter's Brain-Wave!

"BILLY!"

Sammy Bunter of the Second Form looked into Study No. 7 and called to his major.

Bunter was there, but he did not answer.

It was the day after the affair of the dumb man, which had proved so unprofitable and painful for the Owl of the Remove.

It was a half-holiday, and most of the Remove fellows were on the football field. Peter Todd was in Harry Wharton's eleven, in a Form match with the Shell, and Tom Dutton was also playing for the Remove on this occasion, so in Study No. 7 Billy Bunter was alone in his glory.

Bunter was thinking.

He was glad to have the study to himself for that unaccustomed occupation.

Bunter sprawled in the armchair, with his feet on the fender, before the study fire, and his fat brow was wrinkled in thought. He did not answer, and did not even look round, when the podgy visage of his minor appeared in the doorway.

Brotherly love was not strongly developed in the Bunter family.

"Billy!"

No answer.

"Look here, you fat duffer!" exclaimed Sammy Bunter indignantly.

Bunter blinked round peevishly at last.

"Cut!" he said.

"I say, Billy—"

"Hook it! I'm busy!"

"You look busy!" remarked the fat fag sarcastically. "Busy keeping the fire warm?"

"Don't you be cheeky, Sammy. I'm thinking."

"Come off," said Sammy incredulously.

"Look here, Billy, I'm stony, old chap. You had a bob yesterday."



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"I've told you before what I think of fellows who borrow money, Sammy," said the Owl of the Remove severely. "It's rotten! Disgraceful, in fact! I'm really ashamed of you, Sammy."

"Cut it out!" urged Sammy. "I say, I'm hungry! Mrs. Mimble has got some lovely new tarts to-day."

Bunter looked interested at last.

"How much each?" he asked.

"Tuppence. Lend me tuppence, Billy, and I'll settle when I get that tanner from Bessie."

"I can see you getting a tanner from Bessie!" said Billy Bunter. "About the same time that the indemnity will arrive from Germany, I dare say. Don't talk rot, Sammy. But you can come in; I've been thinking out a stunt, and you may be able to help! Shut the door!"

Sammy Bunter grunted and kicked the door shut. It was a very forlorn hope that had drawn him to Billy Bunter's study. It was a very unlikely spot for raising the wind. But Mrs. Mimble's new tarts had looked so perfectly scrumptious, that Sammy of the Second had tried even that desperate resource.

"Well?" he grunted.

"Suppose I want a witness?" said Bunter, eyeing his minor thoughtfully through his big spectacles. "You see, the fellows know how truthful I am. All the Remove knows me to be the soul of honour, but it's safer to have a witness sometimes."

"What the thump!" said Sammy, staring at his major.

"You heard about that dumb man yesterday—"

Sammy chuckled.

"Nothing to cackle at!" snapped Bunter. "I asked Wharton for half-a-crown to give him, and those silly owls fairly chucked money at him. They wouldn't trust me with it—"

"They know you, being in the same Form!" remarked Sammy.

"Of course, I should have given the man the half-crown," said Bunter. "I might have used it temporarily, and made it up afterwards when I got a postal-order. It comes to the same thing. Don't cackle at me, Sammy—I don't like it. What I mean is this—they handed out quite a lot of money to that old rag-bag, because he was dumb. Sort of touched their hearts, or something."

"Silly asses!" commented Sammy. "Fools and their money are soon parted."

Billy Bunter nodded.

"That's so!" he said. "Now, if they feel so awfully sympathetic towards a perfect stranger who's dumb, what would they feel like towards a Greyfriars chap who went dumb?"

"Eh! There isn't any Greyfriars chap dumb."

Bunter winked.

"There might be!" he said.

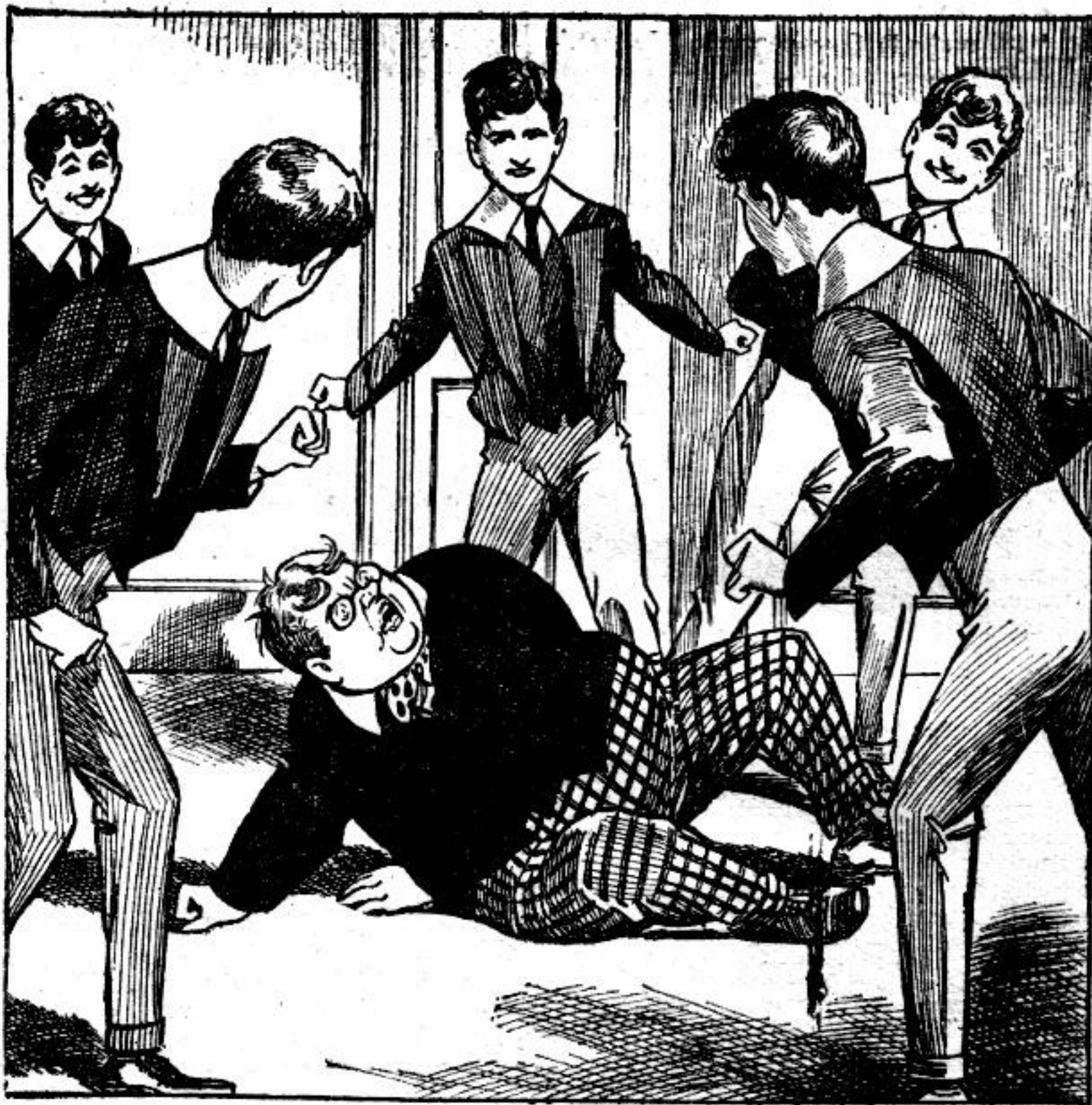
"Oh, crumbs!" ejaculated Sammy. "I dare say that old jossor was only spoofing," said Bunter. "Easy enough to make out you're dumb—you've only got to hold your jaw."

"Not easy for you," said Sammy.

"Don't be a cheeky young ass. Looks to me a good thing. Of course, lessons would have to go, while it lasted—I shouldn't mind that."

"Your Form master might."

"I should have to pull his leg, of course. Trust me to pull the wool over old Quelchy's eyes," said Billy Bunter confidently. "Getting out of lessons for a few days is something in itself. But after what happened yesterday, it looks to me as if there would be a lot of sympathy. Fellows could hardly refuse



**Bump!** "Whoop!" roared Bunter. "Leggo! I say, you fellows—"  
**"Don't say anything!"** chuckled Fry. "You can't if you're dumb, you know." "Give him another!" suggested Dabney. **Bump!** "Yowp! Help! Murder! Fire!" howled Bunter. "Blessed if I ever heard a dumb man make such a row before!" said Temple. "Ha, ha, ha!" (See Chapter 6.)

to cash a postal-order when a dumb chap asked them."

"He, he, he!"

"What are you cackling at now?" demanded Bunter.

"He, he! How are you going to ask them if you're dumb?"

"I—I—I mean—of course I shouldn't ask them. I should have to write it down! I'd carry about a bit of chalk, you see—that would be rather touching, wouldn't it?" Bunter reflected. "Dash it all, dumbness is an awful affliction. Those chaps looked no end sorry about that old man yesterday. I'm sure they would be touched."

"I think you're touched, if you try it on," said Sammy—evidently with a different meaning for the word "touched."

"Knowing me to be the soul of honour, they ought to take my word for it that I'm dumb—" went on Bunter.

"He, he, he! I suppose you'll tell 'em you're dumb, and keep on telling 'em till they believe you can't speak!" gurgled Sammy.

"I shall have to chalk it down, of course. I shall be rather careful. But although they know how honourable I am, it's just as well to have a witness. You'll let the fellows know that there's dumbness in the family."

"Oh, my hat! Shall I?"

"That's it. Mention that you had an attack once—and sister Bessie—and that we had an uncle who was deaf and dumb as well. See?"

"Oh crumbs!"

"If it works," said Bunter, "I shall get out of lessons. And—and I'll stand you sixpence, Sammy."

"Now?" asked Sammy eagerly.

"Afterwards."

"Then it's no go," said Sammy derisively. "Besides, it's no good. You've been up to these games too often. You pretended to be deaf once, to get out of lessons, and you were found out."

"That was different—"

"You made out once that you'd gone blind, and it came out," said Sammy. "You see, Billy, you pile it on too thick."

"Look here—" roared Bunter.

"If you only told whoppers half the time, it might do," said Sammy. "But you tell whoppers all the time. Even if you did tell the truth by accident chaps wouldn't believe you now."

"If you want a thick ear, you fat young rascal—"

"I want a tanner," said Sammy. "Lend me a tanner, and I'll tell everybody at Greyfriars that we've been dumb from birth, and that all our ancestors were dumb right back to the time of Noah, and deaf and silly, too."

This was certainly a liberal offer; but it did not seem to tempt William George Bunter. At all events, the required sixpence did not come into view.

"Is it a go?" grinned Sammy.

"No!" snapped his major.

"Then you can go and eat coke!" said Sammy Bunter discontentedly, and he turned to the door.

"Hold on, Sammy—"

**Stott makes a bitter enemy in Cecil Ponsonby!**



"Rats!"

"I'll make it threepence in advance."

Sammy Bunter held out a fat paw. Slowly, gingerly, reluctantly, Billy Bunter counted three pennies into it.

"Done!" said Sammy. "Mind, I think you're an ass, and it won't work! If you're going to try it on, try it on some soft ass first—Mauleverer, frinstnce—and see how the cat jumps. If Mauly doesn't swallow it nobody else will, you can bet on that. But I can tell you it's no good. I might be able to do it—but not you! You've got no brains."

And Bunter minor departed from the study, plus threepence, grinning. The Owl of the Remove frowned after him. But he soon dismissed Sammy from his mind, as he proceeded with his cogitations upon the remarkable stunt that had formed in his powerful intellect. It was, Bunter considered, quite a brain-wave. Other fellows did not think of these things—only Bunter! Brain-waves were in his line.

Bunter rolled out of the study at last—and headed for Study No. 12, which belonged to Lord Mauleverer, and where he hoped to find Mauly. Sammy's counsel had been judicious there—it was wise to try his amazing scheme first upon some fellow who was "soft." In Bunter's opinion, Mauly was soft—very soft. So Lord Mauleverer was to have the first benefit of Bunter's brain-wave.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### Alarming!

**L**ORD MAULEVERER was adorning the sofa in Study No. 12 with his elegant person.

Mauly had been exerting himself somewhat.

Harry Wharton & Co. had pressed the noble earl to come down to Little Side to watch the footer. Mauly had declined; but Bob Cherry had over-persuaded him, and he had gone.

It was, indeed, difficult to resist Bob Cherry's persuasions. Bob had inserted a persuasive grip into Mauly's collar, and a persuasive knee into the small of his back. Thus persuaded, Mauly had gone down the Remove staircase—somewhat roughly. At the bottom of the staircase Mauly decided that he would walk without further persuasion.

Mauly had manfully watched the football—till the kick-off. Then he had made his escape and returned to the School House, Bob Cherry being too busy to devote further friendly attentions to him.

After these serious exertions, his lordship had laid himself down to repose on the study sofa. He felt that he was entitled to a rest at least until tea-time.

But the hapless Mauly was fated to exert himself that afternoon. Scarcely had he enjoyed half an hour's rest after his exhausting experiences, when the study door opened, and Billy Bunter blinked in.

Mauleverer groaned.

The mere sight of Billy Bunter was enough to dash his lordship's cheery spirits. He raised a hand and waved it to the door.

"Go away!" he beseeched.

Bunter rolled in.

"Clear off, Bunter," pleaded Mauly; "I'm tired! Any other time, old bean—but I really couldn't stand you now, if you don't mind my mentionin' it."

Bunter did not answer.

He stood before Lord Mauleverer, and

pointed at his mouth with a fat finger. Lord Mauleverer sat up, in his surprise. What Bunter meant by that weird and mysterious antic, he could not guess.

"Eh! What's up?" asked Mauly.

Bunter still pointed, without speaking.

"Toothache?" asked Mauly.

Bunter shook his head.

"Do you mean you're hungry?"

Another shake of the head.

"I hope you're not potty, old chap!" said Lord Mauleverer.

Billy Bunter's lips opened. He nearly said, "Oh, really, Mauly!" but fortunately he stopped himself in time.

Lord Mauleverer was fully awake now. In spite of his fatigue, he sat bolt upright, and stared at Bunter. The actions of the fat junior were so very strange that only one possible explanation occurred to Mauly's startled mind—that Bunter had taken leave of his senses. Really, it looked like it.

Bunter, without speaking, persistently pointed at his mouth. His reason for doing so was undiscoverable. He could scarcely be pointing it out as an object of beauty that was worth looking at—even Bunter could not have laboured under such a delusion as that. Naturally, Lord Mauleverer did not guess that Bunter was trying to convey that he was dumb. Mauly was not likely to guess that.

"I—I say, old chap—" stammered Mauly.

He backed along the sofa. He felt a keen desire to go a little farther away from Bunter, in these strange circumstances, and he even forgot that he was tired.

"Grrrrrrrr!"

A moaning sound came from Bunter.

This was intended to convey that he was trying to speak, but that his vocal organs were not a going concern, as it were.

The horrid gurgle did not convey that meaning to Lord Mauleverer. It only increased his alarm.

He slid off the end of the sofa, and jumped back from Bunter. Bunter jumped between him and the door just in time. Mauleverer promptly retreated round the study table.

"Mmmmmmmmm!" gurgled Bunter.

"Oh, gad!" gasped Mauly. "Keep off, old fellow! I don't want to hurt you, but if you come any nearer I'm going to brain you, you know." And Lord Mauleverer picked up a ruler with a hurried hand.

"Mmmmmmm!"

"Oh dear!"

Mauleverer sidled round the table towards the door as Bunter came towards him. Bunter dodged back and cut him off from escape. Mauleverer sidled round the other way.

Bunter blinked at him scornfully and angrily through his big spectacles. Evidently Mauly did not understand that he was dumb. Equally evidently he supposed that he was mad; which was not at all what Bunter wanted.

Billy Bunter looked round for a pencil. There was an inkstand on the table, and he caught up a pen.

"Bunter, old chap, keep calm!" gasped Mauleverer. "If you jab that at me I shall have to hurt you."

But Bunter did not jab the pen at the schoolboy earl. He dipped it in the ink, and scrawled across a sheet of impot paper:

"I'M DUMM."

Possibly that would have worked the oracle, so to speak; but while Bunter

was scribbling Mauly made a desperate bolt for the door. He escaped from the study and fled along the passage.

"Oh, the awful ass!" gasped Bunter.

He rushed after Lord Mauleverer, his eyes glinting with wrath behind his spectacles.

His lordship was fleeing down the passage at top speed for the stairs. Almost everybody was out of doors on that fine half-holiday, and it was alarming to be shut up in the Remove quarters with a lunatic and nobody else. Lord Mauleverer fled for his life.

"Stop!" yelled Bunter.

In the excitement of the moment the fat junior forgot that he was dumb. But Lord Mauleverer did not stop.

He rushed down the stairs, taking three steps at a time; and on the next landing he met Skinner, who was coming up. To borrow a simile from a poet: "As meets a rock a thousand waves!"—so Skinner met Lord Mauleverer.

Crash!

"Oh! Ah! Oooooop!"

"Oh, gad!"

Lord Mauleverer and Skinner were strewn on the landing. Billy Bunter stopped on the stairs and gave a fat chuckle. Then he retreated. It was evidently not a favourable moment for enlisting Lord Mauleverer's sympathy in his new and terrible affliction.

Lord Mauleverer sat up, gasping. Harold Skinner jumped up, spluttering.

"You footling ass!" he articulated.

"Oh, gad! Ow!"

"What do you mean by rushing a fellow over on the stairs, you crass ass?" yelled Skinner.

"Ow, wow! Sorry!"

"I'll make you sorrier!" howled Skinner.

"Oh, gad! Stoppit!" yelled Mauleverer, as Skinner started kicking. Skinner was wrathful—perhaps with reason.

"I'll give you sorry, you blithering chump," gasped Skinner.

"He's after me!" panted Mauleverer, springing to his feet and dodging Skinner.

"Run for it, Skinner! He's mad."

"Eh! What? Who?"

"Bunter. Mad as a hatter. Run!"

"Great Scott!"

Lord Mauleverer ran down the lower stairs. Skinner stared at him over the banisters.

"Bunter—mad?"

"Yaas."

"Madder than usual?" asked Skinner.

Lord Mauleverer did not reply to that. He vanished; and Skinner, having recovered his breath, went on to the Remove passage, apparently not alarmed. But his curiosity was aroused, and he looked into Study No. 7, wondering what was up.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### Trying It On!

**B**ILLY BUNTER was there.

He blinked rather uncertainly at Skinner.

Skinner was not the fellow Bunter would have chosen to "try" it on. Skinner was a doubting youth. But having started, Bunter felt that it was necessary to keep on. Lord Mauleverer had misunderstood. Skinner was not likely to misunderstand; indeed, it was only too likely that he would understand too clearly. Nevertheless, it was possible that even Skinner had a tender spot somewhere that could be touched by a fearful misfortune. Bunter hoped for the best.

**Clifford Stott shoulders two burdens and pays the penalty!**



"What's the jolly old game here?" asked Skinner.

Bunter pointed at his mouth.

Skinner eyed him.

"What are you pointing at that gap for?" he asked politely. "Warning me not to fall in?"

Bunter very nearly forgot that he was dumb again, as Skinner asked that impertinent question. Bunter's mouth was capacious, but it was sheer exaggeration to make out that it was large enough for Skinner to fall into. It wasn't.

"Mauly thinks you're mad," said Skinner. "Seems to have noticed it all of a sudden. Are you mad, or only silly?"

Bunter dipped a pen in the ink and wrote on a sheet of paper, Skinner watching him in surprise and curiosity. When he read what Bunter had written, Skinner jumped. For again the message ran:

"I'VE GONE DUMM."

"Dumb!" yelled Skinner.

Bunter nodded.

"Dumb! Oh, my hat! Not potty?"

Bunter shook his head.

"Dumb! Over-exercise of the jaw, I suppose," said Skinner. "You always used it too much, Bunter."

Bunter glared.

"So you were trying to work that on Mauly, and made him believe you were off your rocker?" chuckled Skinner. "Well, you must be right off it, Bunt, if you think that chicken will fight."

Bunter looked pathetic.

"Cut it out, old bean," advised Skinner. "You made out you were deaf, once, to shirk lessons. But this is more serious—for you! If you're dumb you won't be able to talk. You'll burst in a couple of hours if you don't let off steam. Think first, old bean. You won't be able to keep it up."

Bunter groaned. That dismal groan ought to have touched Skinner's heart, if it had a soft corner at all. Apparently it hadn't, for Skinner was not in the least touched. He chortled.

"I'm advising you as a friend, old barrel," he said. "You couldn't keep it up without bursting under the strain. You must jaw or die. You're built that way."

Bunter did not speak.

"Really dumb?" asked Skinner.

Nod, from Bunter.

"This will keep you from lessons."

Another nod.

"Don't you think Quelchey will tumble?" grinned Skinner.

Bunter took up the pen again, and wrote:

"YOU MITE SIMPATHIZE WITH A CHAPP."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Skinner. "I do sympathise, Bunter—no end! I sympathise so much that I'm going to cure you!"

He came round the table to Bunter. The fat junior dodged, but Skinner seized him by the collar.

"Groooogh!" gasped Bunter.

"You see, your speech is coming back!" said Skinner encouragingly.

"Now, my idea is that it will quite come back when I bang your head on the table—like that!"

Crash!

"Yarooooh!"

Bunter's speech came back all of a sudden! The yell he gave rang through the Remove passage from end to end.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Skinner.

"Ow! Beast!"

"Quite cured!" said Skinner. "I think I ought to send an account of this to the

'British Medical Journal.' Dumbness cured with a single application of Skinner's infallible remedy. One bang of a napper on a study table, and there you are!"

Billy Bunter's eyes blazed with wrath behind his spectacles. He seized a big volume from the table—one of Peter Todd's massive law-books—and smote at Skinner.

Skinner's laughter ceased all of a sudden. He roared in quite a different way as he received the weight of forensic learning upon his head.

"Oooooooop!"

"There, you beast!" gasped Bunter.

"I—I—"

"Ow! I'll burst you!" yelled Skinner.

He jumped at Bunter, and the fat junior hurled the volume. It stopped Skinner for a moment, and in that moment Bunter dodged out of the study and fled.

Skinner dashed after him. Skinner was hurt, and when Skinner was hurt he wanted vengeance. Bunter fled down the Remove staircase, and dodged into the Fourth Form passage. Temple, Dabney, and Fry of the Fourth were chatting there, and Temple waved a lofty and disdainful hand at Bunter.

"Sheer off, fatty!" he called out. "No Remove fags allowed in this passage!"

Skinner came round the corner the next moment at top speed. Bunter dodged round the Fourth-Formers.

"Keep him off!" he gasped. "I—I say, you fellows, keep him off! He's pitching into me just because I told him I was dumb!"

"What?" yelled Temple & Co.

"Dumb!" gasped Bunter. "It—it's an

awful misfortune. It—it came on quite suddenly! I—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Skinner shook his fist at Bunter and retreated. Temple, Dabney & Co. surrounded Bunter. His statement that he was dumb had naturally surprised them.

"Dumb," said Temple. "My hat! What whoppers will that fat villain be telling next!"

"It's true!" gasped Bunter. "If you can't take a fellow's word—"

"Take your word that you're dumb!" shrieked Dabney. "How could you tell us, if you were dumb?"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

In the excitement of the moment the Owl of the Remove had forgotten that rather important point.

"I—I mean—I—I'm—I'm—" Bunter spluttered. "You—you see, what I mean is—is—is—"

"I don't quite see what you mean," remarked Temple, "but I see what I mean, Bunter—I mean to bump you, you prevaricating fat Hun! Collar him, you chaps!"

"Oh, rather!" grinned Dabney.

"Yaroooh! Leggo! I say, you fellows—"

"Don't say anything," chuckled Fry. "You can't, if you're dumb, you know. Dumb chaps oughtn't to talk at this rate."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I mean—I say—I say, you fellows—yarooooh!"

Bump!

"Whoooooop!" roared Bunter.

"Blessed if I ever heard a dumb man



Bolsover jerked Bunter's head down to the table-top. Rap! It was quite a hard rap, but Bunter did not speak. Rap! It was a little harder. "Yooop!" yelled the Owl. "Leggo!" "He's found his voice!" chuckled Bolsover. There was a roar of laughter from the juniors who were looking on. (See Chapter 7.)

Harry Wharton & Co. take a hand in the game. Result—?



make such a row before!" said Temple. "Give him another!"  
Bump!  
"Wow-ow-ow! Help! Murder! Fire!"  
"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"Now kick him out of our passage!" chuckled Temple.  
"Hear, hear!"

The Fourth-Formers kicked Bunter out—following him to the end of the passage, and fairly dribbling him out of the Fourth Form quarters. Billy Bunter fled, and the wild howls that came from him indicated that, whatever was the matter with the Owl of the Remove, most certainly he was not dumb.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### An Infallible Cure!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"

"Here he is!"  
"Speak up, Bunter!"

Every fellow in the junior Common-room turned his head to look when Billy Bunter came in that evening.

Billy Bunter was not considered an important personage in the Greyfriars Remove—not by any means. But he often came into prominence in one way or another. Now he was in the limelight once more—right in it! His latest "wheeze" was known to all the Remove fellows by this time, and all the Form had chuckled over it.

Lord Mauleverer's alarm had subsided when he learned later what was really the matter with Bunter. Skinner's wrath had not subsided—he had a bump on his head which refreshed his memory. Lord Mauleverer grinned, and Skinner scowled when the Owl of the Remove rolled into the Common-room. The other fellows chuckled.

Bunter's dodges were as numberless as the sands of the sea-shore. In raising the wind, his schemes were many and various; and in dodging work of any kind, his schemes were still more numerous and still more various. The juniors had not forgotten an attack of deafness which had afflicted Bunter—for a time—a dodge which had not been a success. Once, too, there had been an attack of blindness, temporarily—the attack had been very temporary, being cut short by the Form master's cane. It really looked as if Bunter meant to run through the whole list of bodily afflictions, till he found one that would serve his turn. Bunter seemed to learn nothing from experience. The proverb states that experience makes fools wise; but certainly it had not had that effect on William George Bunter.

Billy Bunter gave the grinning Removites a pathetic blink, but did not speak. He had reflected on the matter, and decided that he was still dumb. He had made one or two slips at the beginning—but he was going to be careful now. After all, a fellow couldn't be proved not to be dumb if he held his tongue—a difficult task for Bunter certainly, but not an impossible one.

And it was certain that a fellow who really was dumb would have to be treated with uncommon leniency in the Form-room. He couldn't be expected to construe, for instance. That meant no more prep. While the other fellows were at work, Bunter would be able to laze about doing nothing, a consummation devoutly to be wished from Bunter's point of view. He might be given extra written work; but surely some sympathetic chap could be found to lend a helping hand there to a poor fellow so terribly afflicted. And if the Famous

Five had handed out cash to a perfect stranger so liberally, just because he was dumb, what might not be expected from them by a school-fellow labouring under the same affliction?

Bunter looked for a wave of sympathetic feeling in the Remove—kind attentions on all sides, to say nothing of little loans now and then.

Doubtless that expectation would have been realised if the Removites had believed in Bunter's affliction. But they didn't!

Skinner had given his version; and Temple, Dabney & Co. had related the scene in the Fourth Form passage, amid roars of laughter. After that, Bunter was not likely to find believers in the Remove.

But it was characteristic of Bunter that he never knew when a chicken would no longer fight, so to speak.

He rolled into the Common-room with a pathetic fat countenance, and firmly closed his lips—dumb!

"He's trying to keep it up!" said Peter Todd in wonder. "Bunter, old man, don't play the goat. We all know about it."

Bunter did not answer.

He nearly said, "Oh, really, Toddy!" but suppressed the remark in time. Instead of that, he looked as pathetic as possible.

## RESULT OF THE ARSENAL PICTURE-PUZZLE COMPETITION.

In this competition no competitor sent in a correct solution of the pictures. The first prize of £5 has therefore been divided between the two following competitors, whose solutions contained one error each:

MISS M. O. AITKEN, 19, Barrie Terrace, Ardrossan.

E. WHITEHEAD, 68, Nugget Street, Oldham.

So many competitors qualified for the third grade of prizes that division among them of the prizes offered was impracticable. The second prize of £2 10s. and the ten prizes of 5s. each have therefore been added together and divided among forty competitors, whose solutions contained two errors each:

W. Boyd Barrie, 19, Barrie Terrace, Ardrossan; Charles H. Morton, 8, Brunton Terrace, Howarth Street, Sunderland; Ida Ogden, 41, Nugget Street, Oldham; Mrs. A. F. Climie, 19, Barrie Terrace, Ardrossan; N. Whitehead, 68, Nugget Street, Oldham; Stanley Barrie, 19, Barrie Terrace, Ardrossan; Frances Morton, 8, Brunton Terrace, Sunderland; A. W. Carter, 208, Stow Hill, Newport, Mon; G. H. Saville, 3, Smith Street, Mansfield, Notts; R. S. Pitt-Kethley, Wayside, Amersham, Bucks; Miss F. J. Phillips, 28, Stapleton Hall Road, Stroud Green, N.; C. E. Drew, 1, Park View, Albany Road, Cheitenham; Richard Wimberley, 15, Wheatfield Street, Edinburgh; Harry Collett, 34, Trafalgar Road, Gorleston-on-Sea, Great Yarmouth; C. Cook, 36, Seymour Place, S.W. 10; John Butcher, 69, High Road, Chadwell, Essex; Harold Jones, 9, Wansford Street, Moss Side, Manchester.

### SOLUTION.

Woolwich Arsenal was the club that introduced to the South the payment of players. In this they were the pioneers of what has proved to be one of the most astonishingly successful mediums of public amusement ever known. Their ground is splendidly situated in a densely-populated district which ensures them huge gates.

Lack of space does not permit of us publishing the full list of prize-winners, but their names and addresses can be seen any time at the **MAGNET** office.

"Are you keeping up that silly stunt, Bunter?" roared Bolsover major.

Bunter pointed at his mouth. This was to indicate that, being dumb, he could not answer. But there was no sympathy or sorrow to be observed in the looks of his Form-fellows. They roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"Still dumb!" yelled Temple of the Fourth. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"The dumbfulness is terrific," grinned Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "The spooffulness is also great, my esteemed Bunter!"

"Chuck it, Bunter!" said Harry Wharnton, laughing. "Can't you see that it's no good?"

"Quelchy won't swallow it, you ass!" said Frank Nugent. "If you begin that game in the Form-room, you'll get scalped."

Bunter only pointed at his mouth. "By gad, he's keeping it up!" said Lord Mauleverer. "I thought he was potty, you know. And, by gad, I think he really must be potty if he begins that with Quelch!"

"I'll jolly well make him speak!" said Bolsover major.

Bunter backed round the table. The bully of the Remove followed him up, grinning. Bolsover hadn't a sympathetic nature at the best of times.

Bunter jerked a piece of chalk from his waistcoat pocket and scrawled on the top of the table:

"SORRY I CAN'T SPEAK. I'M DUMM."

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"You'll be sorry if you can't speak, that's true enough!" said Bolsover major. "Stop him, Skinner!"

Skinner stopped Bunter's retreat round the long table, and Bolsover major overtook the fat junior.

He gripped Bunter by the collar. "Now can you speak?" he demanded. Bunter shook his head, with very apprehensive looks.

"Now," said Bolsover, tightening his grip on Bunter's collar, "I'm going to tap your head on the table till you're cured. As soon as you've had enough, just say so. Catch on?"

Bunter wriggled. The burly Removite jerked Bunter's head down to the table-top. The rest of the juniors looked on, grinning.

Rap!  
It was quite a hard rap, and Bunter wriggled and struggled frantically in Bolsover's muscular grip. But he did not speak.

"Try again!" grinned Skinner. Bolsover tried again, a little harder. Rap!

"Yoooooop!" yelled Bunter. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"He's found his voice," chuckled Bolsover major. "Another rap or two, and I dare say he will make quite a long speech."

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
Rap! Rap!  
"Yow-ow-ow!" howled Bunter.

"Leggo, you beast! Help!"  
"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a roar of laughter. The Owl of the Remove had found his voice again, beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Bolsover major gave him a final rap and released him. Billy Bunter rubbed his head, and glared at Bolsover through his big spectacles, with a glare that might almost have cracked his big glasses.

"Ow! You beast! Wow! I say, you fellows—"

In the hour of his trial Stott's "friends" —



"Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "Don't say anything!" chuckled Peter Todd. "You're dumb, you know!"  
 "Ow! Ow! Wow!"  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "If you feel it coming on again, Bunter, let me know!" chortled Bolsover major.  
 "I'll cure you any time."  
 "Beast!"

Billy Bunter rolled out of the Common-room, rubbing his head. The juniors chuckled as he disappeared.

But when the Remove went to their dormitory that night, and Peter Todd called out "good-night" to his fat study-mate, there was no answer from Bunter.

Peter stared at him.  
 "Good-night, Bunter!" he repeated.  
 Bunter took his stick of chalk, and scrawled on the dormitory wall:

"GOOD NITE!"

"Can't you speak?" yelled Peter. Bunter shook his head.  
 "You fat dummy!" roared Toddy.  
 "Can't you see it's no good? Do you want a licking, you crass duffer?"  
 No reply.

Bolsover major, with a broad grin, picked up his pillow and started towards Bunter. The fat junior eyed him warily.

"Keep off, you beast!"  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "The speakfulness is terrific," grinned Hurree Singh.

Wingate of the Sixth came in to put out the lights, and the juniors turned in. After the prefect was gone two or three voices called out to the Owl of the Remove.

"Good-night, Bunter."  
 But there was no answer! Bunter was apparently dumb again!



"Good-night, Bunter!" called out Todd. Bunter took his stick of chalk and scrawled an answer on the dormitory wall. "Can't you speak?" yelled Peter. The Owl shook his head. Bolsover major took up his pillow and advanced threateningly. "Keep off, you beast!" yelled the fat junior in alarm. (See Chapter 7.)

**THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.**

**A Desperate Venture!**

**B**ILLY BUNTER, on the following morning, was observed to be wearing a thoughtful and rather worried look.

He had plenty of food for thought. His remarkable new stunt had not been much of a success, so far as his Form-fellows were concerned. Even Bunter realised that. The Remove seemed to be wholly composed of doubting Thomases.

Bunter naturally felt indignant. Fellows ought to be willing to take a chap's word for it that he was dumb! Bunter felt that! But they didn't—and they wouldn't; that was clear.

Instead of widespread sympathy and kind attentions, the afflicted junior was the object of merriment and heartless jokes. Fellows who had expended sympathy, and actual cash, upon a perfect stranger, had no sympathy whatever for Bunter—and certainly no cash. Bunter had not given up hope, but he had to admit that the Remove, probably, would be drawn blank. They seemed quite blind to the fact that it was bad form to doubt a fellow's word.

But that morning Bunter was thinking of his Form master more than of his Form. On the strength of his new affliction, he had cut prep the previous evening, intending to be dumb in the Form-room. If the Remove had been kind and sympathetic, as they ought to have been, Bunter would have faced his Form master with confidence. Now the prospect seemed more doubtful.

Mr. Quelch was a keen gentleman. He was known to all the Remove as a downy old bird!

Suppose he shared the general scepticism that reigned on the subject of Bunter's dumbness? It was possible—even probable.

But for one consideration, Bunter might have backed out of the programme he had mapped out. That consideration was that he had neglected prep, and if he was called upon to construe, he was certain of capturing lines, if not a caning.

So Bunter felt himself driven, as it were, to play his card for what it was worth, hoping that it would turn out a trump card. But he was feeling uneasy when he took his place in the Remove Form room that morning, and Mr. Quelch came in.

There was some suppressed excitement in the Remove. The juniors were deeply interested in Bunter, wondering whether he would have the "neck" to spring his affliction on Mr. Quelch. Certainly no other fellow in the Lower Fourth would have ventured upon such a stunt—and Bunter was not usually venturesome.

But there is a proverb that fools rush in where angels fear to tread, and Bunter was going to demonstrate the truth of that proverb.

He was called upon to construe, and his fat mind was a perfect blank on the matter in hand. So, instead of taking up the tale from "Æneas primique" where the last victim had left off, Bunter fixed a pathetic blink on Mr. Quelch, and pointed at his mouth.

The Removites almost gasped. Bunter was trying it on! Harry Wharton & Co. scarcely breathed as they watched.

Mr. Quelch fixed his eyes upon Bunter. Obviously, he did not understand.

"You will construe, Bunter?"  
 Silence.

The Remove master, in his surprise, came a little nearer to Bunter. The fat junior quaked; but he stood to his guns. He had really left himself no alternatives now.

"Bunter!"  
 The Owl almost squirmed with apprehension. He almost gasped out the statement that he was dumb, so that Mr. Quelch would understand at once. But Bunter had learned to be cautious now.

"Bunter, what does this mean? Have you taken leave of your senses?" Mr. Quelch's voice rumbled like thunder. "What do you mean, Bunter, by standing there with your finger to your mouth like an infant?"

Bunter clutched his chalk.  
 To Mr. Quelch's intensified amazement he proceeded to scrawl on the top of the desk:

"DUMM!"

Mr. Quelch blinked at the inscription, while the book he had held fluttered to the floor.

Owing to Bunter's original variations on the rules of orthography, the Remove master did not grasp immediately that the fat junior was dumb.

"What can this mean?" gasped Mr. Quelch. "What do you mean by writing a Latin word in chalk on your desk, Bunter?"

Bunter nearly exclaimed at that. He had intended to be writing in English, not in Latin.

"And if there were any reason,

—Skinner & Co., are found wanting.



Bunter, for writing the Latin word 'dum' on the board, do you not know better than to spell it with two M's?"

The Removites struggled with suppressed merriment. It had to be suppressed. Mr. Quelch, obviously, was in no humour for mirth just then.

"Are you insane, Bunter?" the Remove master proceeded to inquire.

Bunter shook his head.

"Then tell me the meaning of these antics before I administer a very severe punishment!"

Bunter had recourse to the chalk again.

"SORRY, SIR! I'VE GONE DUMM!"

The meaning of the word "dumm" struck Mr. Quelch then. It was not a Latin word, but an English one—as near as Bunter's spelling could approach to his native language.

"Dumb!" repeated Mr. Quelch blankly. "Do you mean dumb?"

Bunter nodded.

"Dumb! Bless my soul! Do you mean to say, Bunter, that you have lost the power of speech?"

Bunter did not mean to "say so," certainly. But he nodded with emphasis. Mr. Quelch regarded him with eyes that penetrated like gimlets.

"If this is true, Bunter—"

Nod.

"You must see a doctor at once. But I can scarcely believe such a statement. Are you subject to fits?"

Shake of the head.

"Is there anything of this kind in your family?"

Nod.

"Oh, bless my soul!" said the puzzled Remove master. "If that is the case I— When did this strange attack come on, Bunter?"

"LAST NITE!" scribbled the chalk on the board.

"You actually cannot speak?"

Another shake of the head.

"Bunter"—Mr. Quelch's look and voice were stern—"if this is a foolish trick to elude your lessons, I warn you to let it cease at once. I shall cane you for such a trick. But if you are attempting to deceive me, your punishment will be very severe indeed if you continue. I warn you to reflect in time, Bunter."

But the time for reflection was past; Bunter realised that. It was sink or swim now—neck or nothing! Bunter's only reply was an emphatic shake of the head.

"Wharton!" rapped out Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir!" gasped Harry.

"Have you noticed that Bunter was afflicted with the loss of speech?"

"No, sir."

"Bless my soul! Bunter, I can scarcely believe that this is anything but a paltry subterfuge for eluding your Form work. You have been guilty of such tricks before. Far be it for me, however, to deal with you severely if you are really suffering under so terrible an affliction. You are willing to see a doctor?"

Nod.

"You state that an affliction of this kind is not unknown in your family?"

Nod.

"In that case, your brother, in the Second Form, will be able to give me information on the point," said Mr. Quelch, with a sharp look at Bunter.

Nod.

Bunter nodded with perfect coolness. Mr. Quelch felt his doubts considerably dashed. He could not, of course, be aware of the compact made between the two noble scions of the house of Bunter. The Removites were as astonished as

their Form master. Well as they knew their Bunter, they did not—at once, at all events—plumb the depths of the Owl's duplicity.

"Wharton, will you go immediately to the Second Form room and request Mr. Twigg's permission for Bunter minor to come here?"

"Certainly, sir."

Harry Wharton left the Form-room. Mr. Quelch motioned to Bunter to sit down, and Vernon-Smith was called upon to construe in his place. The Remove waited with breathless eagerness for the return of Wharton with Sammy Bunter.

## THE NINTH CHAPTER.

### A Valuable Witness!

HARRY WHARTON knocked at the door of the Second Form room and entered. Mr. Twigg, the master of the Second, glanced round, and so did all the Second. Mr. Twigg looked as if he did not like the interruption. The Second-Formers, on the other hand, looked as if they liked it very much. The Second Form were receiving instruction in "the first or A declension," and some of them, especially Sammy Bunter, displayed a certain slowness in grasping the well-known circumstance that the nominative singular in that declension ended in A. Sammy Bunter, as it happened, was just then receiving particular attention from his Form master. Sammy was prepared to let the nominative singular end in any dashed vowel it liked, or even in a consonant. The only end he really was particular about was the end of the lesson.

"Excuse me, sir—" said Harry politely.

"Well?" rapped out Mr. Twigg.

"Mr. Quelch would be obliged if you would allow Bunter minor to step into the Remove room for a few minutes, sir."

"Bless my soul!"

"Bunter major has—er—something the matter with him, sir," Wharton hastened to explain.

"Oh! Very well. You may go with Wharton, Bunter minor."

"Yes, sir!" said Sammy with alacrity.

Sammy grinned as he fairly jumped out of his place. Sammy was glad to get away from the first or A declension at any price—especially at so low a price as something the matter with his brother. Besides, Sammy guessed what was the matter. He did not need telling that William George was "trying it on."

Dicky Nugent and Myers and Gatty and the rest of the Second looked enviously at Bunter minor as he went. Dicky Nugent felt that it was rather hard that there couldn't be something the matter with his major, too.

Harry Wharton looked curiously at Sammy Bunter as he led him along the Form-room passage. Sammy gave him a grin.

"What's the matter with Billy?" he asked.

"Nothing that I know of," answered the captain of the Remove. "But he makes out that he's dumb."

Chuckle from Sammy.

"Is Quelchy taking it in?" he asked.

"He wants to ask you about it."

"He, he, he!"

Sammy Bunter cackled; and then he looked reflective, and gave Wharton a sidelong glance.

"Old Quelchy is sharp," he said.

"Very!" assented Wharton dryly.

"If he takes it in, might be a chance

for somebody else!" murmured Sammy. "Quelchy is sharper than old Twigg, for instance. If Quelchy takes it in—"

"Here we are!" said Wharton.

Vernon-Smith ceased to construe as the captain of the Remove came back with the bag. All attention was turned on the Bunters now.

Wharton went to his place; Bunter minor blinked at Mr. Quelch through the big spectacles, which gave him such a likeness to his worthy brother.

"I have sent for you, Bunter minor," said Mr. Quelch gravely. "Your brother declares that he has become dumb."

"Boo-hoo!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"Boo-hoo!" howled Sammy.

He dug his fat knuckles into his eyes. Mr. Quelch stared at him in amazement.

So did the Removites. That sudden outburst of grief took the whole Form by surprise.

"Bunter minor! What is the matter with you?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch with asperity.

Bunter minor sobbed.

"Poooooor old B-B-B-Billy! Has it come on at last?"

"Calm yourself, Bunter minor," said Mr. Quelch, his brow clearing. This sorrow on the part of the younger brother was really touching. "Is this affliction known in your family, Bunter minor?"

"Oh, yes, sir! My Uncle Belinda—"

"What?"

"I mean my Aunt Belinda, sir, was dumb from birth," said Bunter minor, "and my Uncle John, sir, could hardly speak."

"You are sure of this, Bunter minor?"

"Yes, sir! It comes on suddenly, like fits," said Sammy Bunter. "Sometimes it goes off, and then it comes on again. I—I hoped poor old Billy would never have it. Boo-hoo!"

Billy Bunter grinned.

Sammy was playing his part well—playing up in great style. Only a Form master with a heart like granite could possibly stand out against evidence like this—accompanied by manifestations of brotherly grief.

Mr. Quelch seemed rather at a loss.

"Has your brother ever developed signs of dumbness before, Bunter minor?" he asked.

"Lots of times, sir!"

"But you just stated that you hoped that your brother would never have it, Bunter minor."

"Oh! I—I meant, never have it again, sir! It—it's an awful grief to me, sir."

"I trust that you are speaking the truth, Bunter minor," said the Remove master, eyeing the fat bag.

"Oh, sir!"

"I am bound to accept your assurance on the point. You are quite sure, Bunter minor, that this affliction is known in your family, and that your brother has suffered from it before?"

"Oh, yes, sir! Quite! I swear—"

"That will do. You may return to your Form-room, Bunter minor."

Sammy Bunter rolled out, bestowing a fat wink on his major as he went—unseen by Mr. Quelch. Some of the Removites observed it, however, and there was a suppressed chuckle.

The chuckle ceased instantaneously as Mr. Quelch's severe glance swept over the class.

"This is not a laughing matter!" exclaimed the Remove master. "I shall punish any boy who laughs again."

The Removites looked as grave and grim as they could. With Mr. Quelch

(Continued on page 17.)

Stott's misdeeds come to light; but he shirks the consequences!





## ESSAY ON THE SEA!

By Dicky Nugent.

**T**HE sea is what washes the shores of England when they get dirty. The sea is very wet, and it is blue in culler.

The sea is full of fish; but although I've spent hours and hours on the jetty at Pegg, fishing for salmon and cucumber, I've never had the luck to catch any!

The waves of the sea are sometimes very ruff and rood, like Bolsover major. At other times they are meek and mild, like Alonzo Todd.

The sea has been the scene of many historick events. The Great Flood took plaice at sea. It was at sea that the Spaniards got it in the neck when they came over with their Armader. Other great sea-battles were fought at Waterloo, Spion Kopp, and Flodden Field.

The sea is noted for its rollers, brakers, and billers. These sometimes rise to a mountenus hight. The rollers roll, the brakers break, and the billers bill—I mean roar.

The sea is very tretcherus in parts, bekwase it is full of currants. Swimmers should beware of these. Once you get sucked under by a currant, no human power will suxceed in raisin' you up again!

In very ruff parts of the coast there are lighthouses and lightships. The most famus lighthouse is a fellow called Eddy Stone; and the best known lightship is the Gnaw.

It is a curious thing, but shipwrecks always take plaice at sea, and never on land. You never hear of a shipwreck on the King's highway; yet it irekwently happens that a vessel comes to greef in the English Channel.

There are four oceans—the Artick and the Aunt Artick, the Atlantick, and the Canadian Pacific. Oh, and there's the Indian Ocean! I forgot that. This makes five.

There are hundreds of seas. The best-known are the North Sea—formerly stiled the German Ocean—the Irish Sea, the Mediteranean Sea (or is this an ocean? I always forget). Then there is the Fellow-de-Sea, which is where a man drowns himself!

It is the North Sea which washes the eastern coast of Kent, where Greyfriars is situated. And it is the South Sea where the cannon-balls live. A cannon-ball is a person who eats his fellow-man.

Personally, I am very fond of the sea, and I have some great times on it in the summer. I am equally fond of boating, bathing, fishing, and winkle-gathering. There are some fine winkle-beds near Pegg Bay. It is there that we eggserise our mussels, keeping as mum as oysters as we gather up the winkles. The sight of them fairly warms the cockles of our harts!

It is cheefly the Removites and the fags who go after winkles. The Shell-fish never worry about shellfish!

Either Father Neptune or Britannia rules the waves—I forget which, for the moment. I will now tell you all about the mermaids—

(Enough! Enough! Our editorial staff is in hysterics!—Ed.)

## EDITORIAL!



By HARRY WHARTON.

**W**E are all at sea this week! I don't mean that anything has gone wrong in the "Herald" office. I mean that we are transported, in imagination, to the sea. This is our Special Sea Number, for which readers have been clamouring for many moons.

Strictly speaking, Tom Redwing ought to have the handling of this number. For he is a "son of the sea," and will become an admiral one of these days—a very admirable admiral, too!

Although Tom Redwing is not editing this number, I have found room for a set of verses from his pen.

Greyfriars, as everybody knows, is situated practically on the coast. It thus enjoys an advantage which St. Jim's and Rookwood lack.

There is no excuse for any Greyfriars fellow not being able to swim, or manœuvre a rowing-boat. He is free to spend all his leisure on the sea, or in the sea, if he likes.

Some of our most thrilling adventures have taken place on the sea. Our older readers may remember the account of the great derelict steamer which came drifting into Pegg Bay one morning, with not a soul on board. A party of us took possession of the vessel, and eventually we discovered a hideous snake—"The Hidden Horror!"—which was killed after a stern tussle.

Coming to more recent times, you will recollect the occasion when the Greyfriars cricket eleven went across to Storm Island in rowing-boats, and was taken into captivity. The island was at that time at the mercy of a gang of looters and law-breakers.

There have been shipwrecks galore off this particular portion of the Kent coast. Often, lying awake on stormy nights, we have heard the distress signals from out at sea.

As a matter of fact, we have had so many adventures in connection with the sea that it would be an easy matter to devote half a dozen issues of the "Greyfriars Herald" to this thrilling topic. But we must content ourselves with one; and I hope that this number, which contains a variety of features, grave and gay, will fully come up to the expectations of those who have waited for it so long.

## THE SON OF A SAILOR!

By Tom Redwing.

I'm the son of a sailor, brave and bold,  
Sing, me lads, Yo-ho!  
Who sailed uncharted seas for gold,  
Sing, me lads, Yo-ho!  
My father used to feel quite frisky  
When crossing the fierce and foaming  
Biscay;  
He'd dance on deck, though it was risky,  
Sing, me lads, Yo-ho!

I love the sea, the swirling sea,  
Sing, me lads, Yo-ho!  
A life on the ocean wave for me,  
Sing, me lads, Yo-ho!  
In manner smart and scientific  
I'd love to sail the blue Pacific.  
The fun (says Inky) would be terrific!  
Sing, me lads, Yo-ho!

Let others tremble on the shore,  
Sing, me lads, Yo-ho!  
And fear to hear the breakers roar,  
Sing, me lads, Yo-ho!  
I'd like to find just where the wind is,  
And then go sailing to the Indies,  
With pirates having fearful shindies,  
Sing, me lads, Yo-ho!

Oh, for the dashing days of Drake!  
Sing, me lads, Yo-ho!  
'Twas thrilling then, and no mistake,  
Sing, me lads, Yo-ho!  
I wish I'd been aboard a galley,  
Sailing the seas with Walter Raleigh,  
(I'm sure we should have been quite  
pally!)  
Sing, me lads, Yo-ho!

I'm the son of a sailor, brave and bold,  
Sing, me lads, Yo-ho!  
Who went to sea at twelve years old,  
Sing, me lads, Yo-ho!  
And when I leave this school behind me,  
Upon the ocean wave you'll find me,  
Where sudden sheets of spray will blind  
me.  
Sing, me lads, Yo-ho!

A special "Sneaks" Number next Monday!



## SEASIDE SPORT!



By H. Vernon-Smith  
(Sports Editor).

THE annual fishing competition, organised by the Greyfriars Deep-sea Fishing and Angling Association, had to be abandoned, on account of an unfortunate and distressing calamity. The Remove fishermen were lined up on the jetty at Pegg, fishing away for dear life, when Billy Bunter, wildly excited at getting a "bite," lost his balance and toppled into the sea. Skinner craned his neck to see what had become of Bunter, with the result that he, too, lost his balance and descended with a mighty splash into the foaming waters. Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry promptly plunged in to the rescue of Bunter, and Bulstrode and Dick Russell went to the assistance of Skinner. Both were successfully brought ashore; but it meant that six juniors were wet through and had to hurry back to Greyfriars. So the fishing competition was reluctantly abandoned. It was all Bunter's fault. Personally, I don't think he had a "bite" at all. It was the worm wriggling on the end of his line that made him think he had!

The fisher-lads of Pegg have raised a footer eleven. But they have no ground, so they play on the foreshore. They challenged the Greyfriars Remove to a match, and the game was played at Pegg on Wednesday afternoon. Goalposts had been erected in the sand, and the fun was fast and furious. Johnny Bull, playing at right-back for the Remove, kicked three footballs out to sea, and the outgoing tide bore them far out of our reach. It was too cold to think of swimming for them, and there wasn't a boat handy. Fortunately, we had anticipated losing a lot of balls, and we had brought half a dozen with us. The fisher-lads put up a plucky game on their native sands, and they were leading 2-1 at half-time. In the second half, however, we adapted ourselves to the quaint conditions, and pulled the game right round, eventually winning by five goals to three. The scorers were Wharton (2), Penfold (2), and Nugent (1). We have invited the lads to play us a return match at Greyfriars.

The Greyfriars Regatta will take place some time in May. Those who possess skiffs and sailing-boats are advised to start getting them repaired and repainted in readiness for this great event. The school swimming sports will be held later in the summer. Billy Bunter declares he is going to win every single event. When the time comes, however, he will suffer from that "sinking" feeling!

By the way, BILLY BUNTER'S BURLSQUES, the comical comedians, propose to give an open-air concert on the sands round about Eastertide. I am including this event under the heading of sport, because it will be great sport to go down and see this comic performance, and bombard the potty performers with suitable missiles. Please save up your stale eggs for the occasion!

## THE MAGIC OF THE SEA!

By the Headmaster of Greyfriars.

TO some people, the sea is full of mystery and terror. To others, it is full of magic and romance. We have the rapturous cry of Byron: "And I have loved thee, Ocean!" Another great poet speaks grimly of the sea:

"Traucherous in calm, and terrible in storm,  
Who shall put forth on thee,  
Unfathomable Sea?"

To most of us, however, and especially to young people, the sea is a tremendous attraction. In summer it is the children's paradise. Thousands and thousands of them take their holidays at our famous seaside resorts—at Brighton and Hastings, at Clacton and Margate, at Torquay and Ilfracombe, at Blackpool and Scarborough.

The chief occupation of this happy throng of holiday-makers appears to be the erecting of sand-castles, with terraces and turrets, and a deep moat running around them. Then there are other joys, such as donkey-rides, paddling, racing barefooted across the sands, playing cricket on those same sands, until the ball is slogged into the sea by some reckless batsman. And there are the nigger minstrels, and the concerts on the pier, and the thousand-and-one other attractions that make the seaside holiday a sheer delight.

It seems rather odd to write of such things in the month of March. But, after all, if winter comes, can spring be far behind? And can summer-time be far behind spring? But a few short months, and seaside joys will be renewed.

The sea is the oldest thing in existence. It has been in motion from the very beginning. The wonder and the thunder of it, the glamour and the clamour of it, existed thousands and thousands of years ago.

Man now claims to have conquered the sea; and we have certainly made great progress since the olden days of frail wooden vessels. But have we really conquered the sea? I do not think so. From time to time there are terrible shipwrecks, warning us that our control over the sea is, after all, limited. Look at the Titanic, that monster vessel which was supposed to be able to weather any sea! Yet it went to a terrible doom, as other great vessels have done before and since.

But I am striking a gloomy note. It is of the magic of the sea that I set out to write. I guarantee there is no Greyfriars boy who does not love the broad expanse of blue water stretching out beyond Pegg Bay. It is a grand thing to live by the sea—to swim in it, to sail on it, to fish in its depths.

And what vast treasure lies concealed in the bed of the ocean! One can almost envy the perilous but romantic calling of the deep-sea diver. What thrills he experiences under the ocean!

If I were to attempt to tell of all the wonders of the deep, I should take up the whole of this issue. The sea which contains these wonders is itself one of the greatest wonders of all time—going on without change through all the ages.

## A BALLAD OF THE BRINY!



By Tom Brown.

The boy stood on the burning deck,  
Whence all but he had fled;  
Although he failed to keep his feet,  
He never lost his head!

He stood amid the fiery flames,  
Resolved to dare and do;  
The quarter-deck was all ablaze,  
His eyes were blazing, too!

"I'm full of courage!" he exclaimed,  
"I do not fear the heat.  
But others, though they're simply scorched,  
Are suffering from cold feet!"

The sailors could not do their work,  
For they were total wrecks;  
And yet the daily tasks were done—  
The billows "swept the decks!"

The skipper was in great distress,  
The crisis vexed him sore.  
For he possessed a wooden leg,  
So couldn't "run ashore!"

The billows battled with the flames,  
A thrilling sight to see!  
But though the skipper was "put out,"  
The fire refused to be!

There was a carpenter on board,  
A brilliant wheeze he struck;  
Took a screwdriver from his bag,  
And then screwed up his pluck!

The youngster on the deck then dived  
(A plucky act, I think).  
He couldn't swim a stroke, but then,  
His heart refused to sink!

He saw the blazing ship go down,  
And deeply mourned her loss;  
The billows gambled with him then,  
For they played pitch and toss!

That evening, in the nearest port,  
Did our young hero sup;  
A lifeboat, though it had no hands,  
Had promptly picked him up!

Plenty of good Supplements in store, boys!





BY MARK LINLEY.

"THE work of art," said Tom Brown, helping himself to a toasted muffin, "is complete."

"Eh? What work of art?" asked George Bulstrode.

"My boat." Bulstrode regarded his study-mate in wonder. So did the other occupant of the study—Peter Hazeldene.

"Do you mean to say you've made a boat, Brown?" exclaimed Bulstrode.

"Yes!" "What sort of a boat—a gravy-boat?" asked Hazel humorously.

"No, a rowing-boat. She's a beauty. I've christened her the *Pride of Pegg*. I've been working on her all the winter, and I've kept it a secret."

"Where are you going to launch the thing—in one of the puddles in the Close?" asked Bulstrode.

Tom Brown glared. "She isn't a midget boat," he said. "She's a full-sized one."

"Why do you refer to it as 'she'?" said Hazel. "A boat doesn't belong to the feminine gender."

"Ass! A boat is always called 'she.' It's a way they have in the Navy."

"Oh!" "I shall wait till the paint's dry, and then launch her," said Tom Brown. "The great event will take place to-morrow afternoon, most likely. You fellows coming down to Pegg to see it?"

Bulstrode and Hazel nodded. "We'll bring a life-saving apparatus with us," said the former.

"Why?" demanded Tom Brown. "Because the blessed boat's bound to be unseaworthy, and we shall have to rescue you from a watery grave."

Tom Brown gave a snort, and went on with his tea. And the subject of the boat was dropped.

The following afternoon was a half-holiday, and the launching of the *Pride of Pegg* duly took place. Seven fellows witnessed the operation—the Famous Five of the Remove, and Bulstrode and Hazeldene.

Tom Brown's boat was a beauty. Nobody had ever suspected the New Zealand junior of being a boat-builder. He had done his work in secret, and he seemed to have done it well. Tom Brown explained that he had made everything except the oars. These he had purchased.

Harry Wharton & Co. had helped to carry the boat down to Pegg Bay. And it was now ready to be launched.

"Anybody care to come aboard as passenger?" asked Tom Brown, stepping into the boat.

"I will," said Bob Cherry. "Luckily, I insured my life yesterday."

"Ha, ha, ha!" Bob got into the boat, and the rest of the juniors pushed her off. The sea was as smooth as a millpond. Tom Brown wielded the oars, and the *Pride of Pegg* cleaved the blue waters in fine style.

Bulstrode threw a ginger-beer bottle after the boat. He explained that this was part of the ceremony.

Tom Brown rowed out to sea, to a distance of about five hundred yards.

Then he returned at a leisurely pace. "She's a beauty!" he said, with the pride of a craftsman. "Best boat on the beach, bar none!"

"She certainly seems all right," said Bob Cherry, stepping out of the boat. "But then, anything would float on a sea like this."

"Are you suggesting that the *Pride of Pegg*

wouldn't weather a storm?" said Tom Brown.

"Well, I shouldn't care to be out in her when there was a squall on," said Bob Cherry candidly. "It stands to reason, Brown, that you haven't the experience of a professional boat-builder, and there must be some flaws somewhere."

"Find them!" challenged Tom Brown. Bob Cherry shrugged his shoulders.

"A rough sea would find out the weak spot quickly enough," he said.

The boat having been beached, it was carried into the boathouse close by.

"I say, Brown," said Bulstrode. "Will you let Hazel and me use your boat whenever we like?"

"Eh? Certainly not!" "Why not?"

"Because, when I told you about my boat at tea yesterday, you both sneered at it."

"It was only our fun," said Hazel.

"Well, I'm not letting my boat out to anybody. It's for the exclusive use of the owner. Call it selfish of me, if you like, but after all, I made the thing. Besides, if it happens to capsize in a storm, as Bob Cherry seems to think, nobody will suffer but myself."



In changing places the juniors nearly capsized the boat.

Bulstrode and Hazeldene were annoyed at Tom Brown's refusal to let them use his boat. They discussed the matter on their way back to Greyfriars, and they planned to come down to Pegg Bay after tea, borrow the boat without permission, and row over to Storm Island. It struck them as being rather a good adventure. They knew an old fisherman from whom a key of the boathouse could be obtained.

Tom Brown would have had several sorts of a fit had he known that his two study-mates had designs on the *Pride of Pegg*. But he did not know.

The two juniors proceeded to Pegg Bay after tea. Having obtained the key of the boathouse, they took possession of the *Pride of Pegg*, and ran her down to the water's edge.

The sea was not so smooth as it had been earlier in the afternoon. There was a slight swell on.

"We ought to get over to Storm Island by the time it gets dark," said Bulstrode. "It will mean coming back in the dark, but I'm not funky, if you aren't."

"Not at all. It will be rather a lark!" said Hazel. "I'm simply bursting to test Brown's boat."

"Then you can take the first turn at rowing. I'll relieve you when you get fagged."

The two juniors clambered into the boat. Hazel rowed vigorously, and Bulstrode, comfortably seated on a cushioned seat, watched his energetic companion. Hazel was quite a good oarsman.

"Well, what do you think of her?" asked Bulstrode at length.

"Not so bad," said Hazel. "She cuts through the water at a decent pace. But I shouldn't care to be out in her in a really rough sea."

"Nor I," said Bulstrode. The shore was soon left far behind, and a tiny speck appeared in the opposite direction. This was Storm Island.

The juniors had hoped to reach the island before dusk fell. But their hopes were swiftly shattered.

Darkness came on with appalling suddenness. And with the darkness came a tempest. The waters were lashed into foam, and the *Pride of Pegg* swayed drunkenly from side to side.

Hazeldene turned pale.

"I—I don't like the look of this," he faltered. "Hadn't we better turn back?"

Bulstrode nodded. "I'll take the oars," he muttered.

In changing places the juniors very nearly capsized the boat. It was a terrifying moment. But the vessel righted itself after lurching violently to one side; and then Bulstrode, a more muscular fellow than his companion, pulled hard towards the shore.

Progress was painfully slow. Tom Brown's boat was behaving very badly in the rough sea. It seemed a frail cockleshell, utterly unfitted to do battle with the angry waves which buffeted it on either side.

A sudden shower of spray rushed into the juniors' faces. Then came another, and still another; and the sea all around was like a raging cauldron.

"Heaven help us!" panted Hazel, white to the lips. "We shall never get out of this alive!"

George Bulstrode said nothing. He wanted all his breath. He was rowing like a Hercules, his face grim-set.

It was impossible to see the shore owing to the intense darkness, but the juniors knew that it was still a long way off.

Bulstrode's arms began to ache; his strength flagged. He was compelled to rest for a moment on his oars, and as he did so the boat was carried up on to the crest of a giant breaker, and then sent hurtling down into a valley of foam.

Turning his head, Bulstrode peered in vain for a glimpse of the shore. Something like a sob escaped him.

"We're lost!" he muttered. "She'll capsize at any moment."

Hazel was too terrified to answer.

Bulstrode suddenly raised a cry for help. He had little hope of its being heard. But, to the joy of the juniors, it was answered by a thunderous: "Aho, there!" And the *Pegg* lifeboat, manned by a crew of hardy fishermen, came speeding over the dark waters.

Bulstrode and Hazeldene were rescued by means of a rope, and Tom Brown's boat was taken in tow by the lifeboatmen.

It seemed as if a miracle had happened. But the explanation of the rescue was very simple. Billy Bunter had followed Bulstrode and Hazel to Pegg, in order to spy upon their movements. He had seen them set out to sea in the *Pride of Pegg*, and as soon as the storm broke he gave the alarm, for once showing commendable presence of mind.

On their return to Greyfriars Bulstrode and Hazel related their terrible experience. They apologised to Tom Brown for having used his boat without permission. But Brown was not angry. He was only too relieved to know that his study-mates were safe and sound.

THE END.

Fun and mirth every Monday!



## A GALLANT SEA-DOG!

By Billy Bunter.

I AM as much at home on the sea as on terror firmer.

Not many fellows can say that. Most of them are landlubbers, and when they take a boat out on the River Sark, or get ducked at the school fountain, they become seasick.

When we sailed to the Congo a few months back, I was the only member of the party who escaped sea-sickness, or, as the French call it, *mal de mer*. I was the only person on board who sat down to a meal of roast pork while we were passing through the Bay of Biscay. All the others were hanging over the rail of the  $\frac{1}{4}$ -deck, and they weren't  $\frac{1}{2}$  seedy!

I am a born sailor. I believe I must be a direct descendant of Sir Francis Raleigh or Sir Walter Drake, those gallant sea-dogs who destroyed the Spanish Armada at the Battle of Trafalgar.

Of course, I have my own boathouse on the beach at Pegg, and my own private motor-boat and racing yacht. (None of the Greyfriars fellows have ever seen them, but they are there all right.) The motor-boat is called the *Straggler*, because it can't keep up. And the yacht has been christened the *Bonnie Bessie*, after my sister. She is very speedy. I forget how many knots an hour she does, but it runs into thousands. I often pop over to Cally (that's in France, you know), on a  $\frac{1}{2}$ -holiday, and get back to Greyfriars by locking-up time. (You are giving your imagination full rein this week, Billy, and no mistake!—Ed.)

As a swimmer I have no superior. Do you recollect the occasion when I won the long-distance swimming race last summer? (No, we don't!—Ed.) Do you remember when I saved the lives of a shipwrecked crew in Pegg Bay one stormy winter night? (Again our memories are at fault!—Ed.) Swim? Why, I could swim the Channel with ease, only I don't consider it worth my while.

I hold lots of medals and diplomas from the Royal Life-saving Society as the result of many gallant exploits on my part. The number of lives I save every summer is remarkable. I have quite lost count. (Add six to four, then take away ten, and it will give you the right number!—Ed.)

When I grow up I expect I shall join the Navy. Not as an A.B., of course. Such an idea would never enter my Y Z. I shall join as a midshipmate, and work my way up the ladder—(you mean the rigging!—Ed.)—until I become field-marshal of the Fleet. When that happy day dawns they will have to alter that famous verse in "H.M.S. Pinafore" so that it will run thus:

"Over the bright blue sea  
Comes Sir William Bunter, K.C.B.  
Wherever he may go,  
Bang, bang! the loud nine-pounders  
go!"

I must now buck up and finish, as I have promised to take my miner Sammy out for a sail in the *Bonnie Bessie*. (I expect the *Bonnie Bessie*, if it exists, is merely a "tub," like yourself!—Ed.)

## ODE TO AN EXPIRING JELLYFISH!



By Alonzo Todd.

As I was walking on the shore  
This afternoon, at half-past four,  
I saw a shocking sight, alack!  
A jellyfish upon its back.

It lay there shivering on the beach,  
I thought I heard a feeble screech.  
"How did you get in this posish?"  
I asked the little jellyfish.

"I'm dying was the faint reply.  
"Kind stranger, let me tell you why.  
One of the toilers of the sea,  
By accident, did tread on me.

"He was a sturdy fisher lad,  
And great gigantic boots he had!  
I tried to wriggle clean away,  
But I was squashed; and here I lay."

"What is your last expiring wish?"  
I asked the little jellyfish.  
"Please dig a tiny grave for me,  
Four inches and a half by three."

I borrowed then an infant's spade,  
And, sobbing softly, I'm afraid,  
I deftly dug that tiny grave  
Beside the melancholy wave.

"Say, will you want an epitaph?"  
The jellyfish replied, "Not half!  
Write me a really good one, Toddy,  
That will appeal to everybody."

He then expired upon the shingle,  
The salt spray with my tears did mingle.  
Oh, bitter, burning tears I shed,  
And laid him gently in his bed.

Reader, if you should walk, I beg,  
Upon the silent shore of Pegg,  
Pray pause and read (but do not laugh)  
The jellyfish's epitaph.

"Here lieth, at his own desire,  
Jeremy Jellyfish, Esquire.  
Who from this world did have to scoot,  
Slain by a fisher's heavy boot!"

## SEASIDE SENSATIONS!

By William Winkle.

I RESIDE on the winkle-beds, off the coast of Pegg. I am quite an elderly member of the winkle tribe, having been born for many years. In fact, my fellow-winkles call me "Beaver!"

It is rather curious that I have never yet been caught and boiled and eaten with a pin. The fact is, over half my shell is buried in the sand, and those who come winkle-catching (a cruel and barbarous form of sport) always overlook me.

Peeping out of my shell, I have seen many thrilling and sensational sights during the last year or two.

I saw the Greyfriars Swimming Sports last summer, and thoroughly enjoyed them. I consider Mark Linley to be the finest swimmer in the Remove, though Harry Wharton runs him close.

I well remember the occasion when Mr. Prout came down to bathe early in the morning, and somebody walked off with his clothes while he was in the water. Poor old Prout had to borrow a suit of oilskins from one of the ancient fishermen, and I can imagine the hilarity at Greyfriars when the master of the Fifth turned up in hefty sea-boots!

I also remember the occasion when Billy Bunter finished first in a swimming race. Everybody was astounded. They had never regarded the fat junior as a Burgess or a Captain Webb. But it came out afterwards that Bunter had had a rope tied round his waist, and that Skinner had hauled him along from a boat. Needless to state, both Bunter and Skinner got it in the neck!

I have witnessed many exciting rescues from sinking ships; and I especially remember the occasion when Harry Wharton swam out in a rough sea to a foundering vessel. He took his life in his hands, but he won through successfully.

We have quite a nice time of it on the winkle-beds; but most of my old pals have long since been gathered and boiled and devoured. Why people should eat winkles I can't for the life of me imagine. Sheer cannibalism, I call it!

The narrowest escape I ever had was when Dicky Nugent, Gatty, and Myers came winkle-catching one afternoon. Young Nugent caught sight of me, and exclaimed: "Here's a big fat one, you fellows!" Then Gatty perceived that the tide was coming in fast, and that the trio were in danger of being cut off. As it was, they had to wade to the shore, and in the circumstances Dicky Nugent didn't stop to pick me up.

I suppose I shall be gathered, sooner or later, and boiled, and then punctured with a pin. It's an appalling prospect.

But it's no use being pessimistic. I may survive for many years yet, until I can claim to be the oldest winkle on the Kent coast.

But stay! I see three fags advancing towards the winkle-beds. They are Tubb, Paget, and Bolsover minor. I must retire into the recesses of my shell, and trust to luck that I sha'n't be noticed. Haven't these kids a better way of spending a half-holiday than to come winkle-catching?

Oh, what a life!

Laugh and grow fat. Read the MAGNET.



**BUNTER'S LATEST!**

(Continued from page 12)

in that mood, it evidently was not a laughing matter!

"Bunter! You will not take part in lessons this morning," said Mr. Quelch. "Instead of doing so, you will proceed to Friardale, and call on Dr. Pillbury, and acquaint him with what has happened."

"Yes, sir!" leaped joyfully to Bunter's lips; but very fortunately he suppressed it in time. He jumped up.

"You will bring back a written report on your condition from Dr. Pillbury," said the Remove master. "You may go, Bunter."

And Bunter went.

The fat junior seemed to be walking on air, as he rolled out into the passage.

"I say, Billy—"

Bunter started. His minor was lingering in the corridor. Bunter made him a sign of caution.

"Has it worked?" breathed Sammy.

Bunter winked.

"You're let off lessons?"

Another wink.

"Oh, my hat!" said Sammy. "Where are you off to now?"

"Doctor!" whispered Dumb Bunter. "A walk won't hurt me! Better than grinding Latin, what? He, he, he! I can stuff up old Pillbury all right. He can't make me talk if I don't want to."

"He, he, he!"

"Mum's the word," breathed Billy Bunter.

"You owe me a bob!" breathed Sammy.

"That's all right—later!"

Billy Bunter rolled away, and rolled out joyfully into the sunshine of the quadrangle. Sammy Bunter stared after him, with a thoughtful wrinkle in his fat brow, and then turned and rolled away slowly to the Second Form room. Great thoughts were working in the powerful intellect of Bunter minor of the Second Form.

**THE TENTH CHAPTER.**

**Sammy, Too!**

MR. TWIGG, the master of the Second Form, glanced at Sammy Bunter as he came in. He motioned him to his place without speaking, however; apparently being uninterested in whatever was the matter with Bunter major of the Remove. Sammy went to his place, which was between Nugent minor and Gatty. The first or A declension was still going strong in the Second Form room; and by means of a chalk and a blackboard, Mr. Twigg was demonstrating to his hopeful pupils that the length or otherwise of a final vowel made all the difference between a dative and an ablative case. Mr. Twigg, making the vowel short, apprised his pupils that by such means the vocative case became visible to the naked eye—being thus identical in form with the nominative, but quite different from the ablative, and not on speaking terms, as it were, with the genitive or the dative.

The fags watched Mr. Twigg's performance with the chalk, with a flattering air of interest. They were only afraid that he would begin to talk; they greatly preferred him chalking to talking. The drawback was, that he expected them to derive instruction from

his chalking; and to remember it. Which, of course, was expecting too much.

Mr. Twigg's back being fortunately turned, Dicky Nugent was able to whisper to Bunter minor on a topic more interesting than nouns of the first or A declension.

"What's the matter with your fat major, Sammy?"

Sammy Bunter did not answer.

"Too much brekker?" whispered Gatty, from the other side.

No reply.

"Has he burst in the Form-room?" inquired Myers in a thrilling whisper of intense interest.

There was a chuckle among the fags. Still Bunter minor did not speak; but Mr. Twigg turned round and frowned.

The fags were silent again at once. They hoped fervently that Mr. Twigg would go on chalking. They would have been glad to see him chalk the first or A declension from start to finish, and follow it up with the second or C declension—which would have seen them through nicely to the end of the lesson. But Mr. Twigg was never so obliging as all that.

"Bunter!" he said.

Sammy drew a deep breath.

He knew that his Form master was going to begin on him. He was expected to know what those little wiggles on the blackboard meant. He didn't know—having been told only a few hundred times. And it was all rot anyway, in Bunter minor's valuable opinion.

He rose to his feet, screwing his courage to the sticking point. What had succeeded in the Remove room ought to be a success in the Second Form room, Sammy Bunter considered, especially as it was well known that "old Twigg" was not nearly so "downy" as "old Quelch."

If Mr. Quelch had been taken in, it ought to be merely child's play to take in Mr. Twigg. And if a duffer like Bunter major had succeeded, a clever chap like Bunter minor ought to succeed hands down.

So Bunter minor considered, at all events. Instead of speaking, therefore, he pointed a fat finger to his mouth.

Mr. Twigg, however, having turned to the blackboard again, did not see that gesture. He raised his pointer to the board.

"Now, Bunter minor, you will read carefully what I have written here. Have you read it?"

Mr. Twigg paused, like Brutus, for a reply. But, like Brutus again, he paused in vain. There was no reply.

He glanced round sharply.

"Do you hear me, Bunter minor?"

Evidently Bunter minor heard. But he did not answer. He pointed to his mouth.

Mr. Twigg, utterly unaware that dumbness attacked the Bunter family occasionally, blinked at him blankly.

"Bunter!" he exclaimed.

The fags were all staring at Bunter minor. They were as astonished as Mr. Twigg.

Sammy Bunter felt an inward quake. But he held on. Anything, even the risk of a licking, was better than trying to concentrate his fat mind upon the first or A declension of Latin nouns.

"Is anything the matter with you, Bunter minor?" exclaimed the amazed master of the Second.

Nod from Sammy.

"What is it? Are you ill?"

Nod.

"Upon my word, what is the matter with you?"

Still Bunter minor did not speak.

Being dumb, he could not very well explain what was the matter by word of mouth. The most unsuspecting Form master would scarcely have been convinced.

Bunter minor had to explain somehow, however. So he came out before the Form, and picked up the chalk Mr. Twigg had laid down.

"Bunter—" stuttered Mr. Twigg.

Sammy Bunter chalked on the blackboard, under the Form master's demonstration of case-endings in the first or A declension:

"IME DUM."

Bunter minor's spelling varied a little from his major's, as well as from the spelling of common individuals.

Having stated his case, Bunter minor blinked at his Form master, with as pathetic an expression as he could muster.

Mr. Twigg stood rooted to the floor.

At times, when he found instruction too heavy a burden to be borne, Sammy Bunter, like his major, was given to dodges. He had tried toothache, headaches, and other sorts of aches and pains—sometimes with success, oftener without. But he had never dreamed before of going to such a length as this—never till he was spurred on to emulation by the striking success of his major.

"Dumb!" murmured Nugent minor. "My only hat! Does he think Twigg will swallow that!"

"Silly ass!" whispered Gatty. "I say, though, if it works—"

The fags watched eagerly.

"Upon my word!" gasped Mr. Twigg at last. "Is it your meaning, Bunter, that you cannot speak?"

Nod from Sammy.

"What is the cause of this?"

A shake of the head indicated that Sammy was not acquainted with the cause.

"I cannot understand this," said Mr. Twigg. "I can scarcely believe, Bunter minor, that you would attempt to deceive me by an unfounded statement of such gravity."

"He doesn't know fatty, does he?" murmured Gatty; and there was a suppressed chuckle among the fags.

"In a word, Bunter minor, can you or can you not speak?" demanded Mr. Twigg.

Another shake of the head.

"Upon my word! You may take your seat for the present, Bunter minor."

Sammy Bunter rolled back to his place. He would have preferred being sent out of the Form-room like his major. Still, he had escaped the first or A declension. That was something.

"You awful spoofer!" whispered Nugent minor.

Sammy winked.

"Nugent minor!"

"Oh, yes, sir!" leaped to Nugent minor's lips. But he stopped just in time.

He stood up, silent.

It had "worked," as Gatty put it; and Bunter minor having got out of the lesson by becoming dumb, Dicky Nugent did not see why he should not follow so noble an example. He hated first or A declensions quite as much as Sammy Bunter did.

"Do you hear me, Nugent minor?"

Dicky Nugent pointed at his mouth. Mr. Twigg, staring at him in amazement, realised dazedly that he had another dumb pupil to deal with.

The fags looked on breathlessly. Gatty and Myers, all the Second, in fact, were

**Stott runs away from the school—next week!**



prepared to be as dumb as oysters, in their turn, if it "worked."

Their hopes rose high. If this dodge worked, a vote of thanks was clearly due to Sammy Bunter. He would have earned the heartfelt gratitude of the whole Form.

Unfortunately for the hopes of the Second, it did not work. Mr. Twigg stared blankly at Nugent minor for a few seconds. Then he picked up his cane.

"Nugent minor, stand out before the class!"

Nugent minor walked out, still hoping for the best, though assailed by dark doubts and misgivings at the sight of the cane.

"Now, Nugent minor, let that chalk alone—"

But Nugent minor, feeling that he was bound to explain, seized the chalk and chalked on the board:

"SORRY, SIR. I'M DUMB."

"Ah!" said Mr. Twigg. "It appears that this complaint is infectious—a fact hitherto unknown to science, Nugent minor. I shall now proceed to ascertain, Nugent minor, whether your statement is well-founded. Hold out your hand."

Dicky Nugent looked dismayed. "Do you hear me, Nugent minor? Or are you deaf as well as dumb?" inquired Mr. Twigg with gentle sarcasm. Nugent minor held out his hand.

Swish!  
"If you think your punishment already sufficient, Nugent minor, you may say so."

Nugent minor did not speak. "Very well. Hold out your hand again."

Swish!  
"I shall continue to cane you, Nugent minor, until you inform me that you consider the punishment sufficient. Hold out your hand!"

"Oh!" gasped Nugent minor. "That—that's enough, sir!"

"Ah! You can speak, I observe."  
"Ye-e-es, sir!" gasped the unfortunate Dicky.

"You were attempting to deceive me, Nugent minor?"

"Oh, no, sir!"  
"Do you dare to affirm that you really were dumb, Nugent minor?"

"Nunno, sir."  
"Then what did you mean?" thundered Mr. Twigg.

"I—I meant to—to cut the lesson, sir!" groaned Dicky Nugent. "Oh dear!"

That candid confession seemed to disarm the incensed Mr. Twigg. He smiled slightly, and dismissed Nugent minor to his place.

The Second Form continued to wrestle with the first or A declension, without the slightest symptom of dumbness appearing in any member of the Form beside Sammy Bunter. Nugent minor's experiment had convinced the fags that it was "no go." Dicky Nugent reflected bitterly that there was no such thing as a Form master who understood fair play. But he was very careful not to be dumb when Mr. Twigg called on him again.

He found a slight solace in hacking Sammy Bunter's fat shins under the desk. And as Dicky Nugent allowed himself this comfort, Bunter minor very nearly uttered a yell that would have been astonishing, proceeding from a dumb fag. Fortunately, he restrained it.

Mr. Twigg glanced at Bunter minor several times that morning in a puzzled and dubious way; but Sammy remained untroubled by the first or A, or any other declension, and he was feeling quite merry and bright when the Second Form were at last dismissed.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

One Too Many!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. were smiling when they came out of the Remove Form room. Bunter had not yet returned—apparently he was taking his time on his visit to the school doctor at Friardale. Some of the Removites walked down to the gates to look for Bunter, the Famous Five among them. They thought it probable that Bunter would roll in as soon as he knew that morning lessons were over; and they were right. Bunter was already in sight, and a crowd of grinning faces greeted him as he rolled in at the gates.

"Still dumb?" roared Cherry. Bunter nodded.

"What does the medical johnny say?" inquired Frank Nugent.

Bunter held up a sealed envelope. "You can't speak?" asked Wharton. A shake of the head.

"First-aid required again," remarked Skinner. "Where's Bolsover?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
Bolsover major came running up, and Billy Bunter dodged and fled. He did not want any more of Bolsover major's first-aid.

"After him!" yelled Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
Billy Bunter fled for the shelter of the School House, with Bolsover major on his track. Snoop came down the steps and headed him off. Bunter caught sight of Wingate of the Sixth in the quadrangle, and rushed towards him for protection.

Wingate glanced round, and Bolsover major slackened down.

"Hallo, bullying again, Bolsover?" asked the captain of Greyfriars.

"Nunno!" gasped Bolsover major. "I—I—"

"Bolsover was only going to help Bunter!" said Skinner, coming up.

"Help him!" repeated Wingate.

"Yes; Bunter's dumb—"  
"Dumb!" roared Wingate.

"Yes. Bolsover cured him last night, simply by rapping his head on the table," explained Skinner. "Bunter's speech came back at once."

"Oh, really, Skinner—"  
"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry. "It's come back again!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter shut his mouth hard. Really, it was a difficult business to "keep it up." The proverb declares that a certain class of persons should have good memories. Bunter belonged to that class of persons, but he was not blessed with a good memory. It was a handicap.

Wingate stared at the Owl of the Remove.

"What's this silly game?" he asked. No answer.

"So you're dumb, are you?" asked the prefect.

Bunter nodded.

"But you've just spoken!" exclaimed Wingate.

"I forgot—"  
"What?"

"I—I mean—"  
"He forgot he was dumb!" roared Bob Cherry. "Chap can't be expected to remember little things like that."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You young ass," exclaimed Wingate, laughing. "You'd better stop playing the fool, Bunter."

"You—you see, I—I—"

"Cut off!" said Wingate; and Bunter was glad enough to cut off. Bolsover major was not venturing to chase him again with Wingate's eye of authority upon him.

The Owl of the Remove rolled into the School House. A crowd of the Remove fellows followed him in, keenly interested. Bunter's remarks, as a rule, were not considered very worthy of attention; but they had a certain amount of interest now that he was "dumb." The fellows wondered, too, what would happen when Mr. Quelch discovered beyond doubt that it was spoo, as he was bound to do before long. Indeed, it was very probable that the letter Bunter had brought from Dr. Pillbury contained an official statement that Bunter was not dumb at all. "Stuffing up" the medical gentleman was probably a more difficult task than William George Bunter supposed.

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Sammy Bunter met his major in the hall, with half a dozen grinning fags round him. The Second Form appeared as interested in Sammy as the Remove were in Billy. The Bunters, in fact, were both quite in the limelight now.

"Know what's happened to your minor, Bunter major?" yelled Dicky Nugent.

Bunter did not reply, being dumb, but he blinked inquiringly at Sammy, expecting an explanation from that fat youth. But Bunter minor, being dumb, too, did not offer one.

"He's dumb!" chortled Gatty. "What?" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Dumb!" yelled Bob Cherry. "Sammy, too!" shrieked Frank Nugent. "Oh, my hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "It's catchin', by gad!" ejaculated Lord Mauleverer.

"He got out of the lesson," said Dicky Nugent indignantly. "I tried it on, and Twigg gave me three whacks."

"You young rascal!" said Frank. "Well, fair play's a jewel," said Dicky. "Why should Sammy get out of the lesson and not me?"

Billy Bunter gave his minor a furious blink. Bunter was not bright, but he was bright enough to see that this claim on the part of his minor gave the whole thing an air of improbability. He opened his lips to tell Sammy what he thought of him, but remembering that he was dumb, closed them again.

"So they're both dumb!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Sammy must have caught it when he came into our Form-room."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Has Billy got it, too?" exclaimed Dicky Nugent, in wonder. "Oh, my hat! So that's it!"

"That's it!" chortled Bob Cherry. Billy Bunter rolled away, not pleased, for once, with the limelight he was receiving. Sammy Bunter followed him. Sammy had been promised a reward for bearing witness in his major's case, and Sammy had not forgotten that important circumstance, if his major had. The two Bunters left a crowd of fellows behind, howling with merriment. After Billy Bunter had become dumb, the dumbness of Sammy gave the thing the finishing touch, as it were.

Bunter rolled into the deserted Remove Form room, and his minor followed him in. Bunter slammed the door angrily, and turned on Sammy, his eyes glistening with wrath behind his spectacles.

"You young idiot!" he hissed. "Oh, draw it mild!" said Sammy. "You've spoiled the whole thing!" howled Bunter. "How's anybody going to believe that I'm dumb and you, too?"

"Well, if it runs in the family—" urged Sammy.

"You young fathead!" "Look here, if you're dumb, I'm jolly well dumb, too," said Sammy Bunter warmly. "You got off morning classes. So did I. That's fair."

"It makes it look fishy, you ass!" "Oh, rot! Now, look here, I want my bob. You owe me a bob—"

"Stony!" growled Bunter. "I thought it would pan out better. Those beasts gave a lot of money to that shabby old bounder, just because he was dumb. They won't even lend me any, though I should settle up immediately my postal-order came. I—"

Bunter broke off as the Form-room door opened. Skinner looked in with a cheery grin, and several juniors were at his back.

"Go it!" he said. "You were saying that—" "Go it!" chorused the juniors. "Ha, ha, ha!" Bunter major and minor glared at the hilarious crowd. But the chortling died away suddenly as a severe voice was heard in the corridor. "Is Bunter here?"

Mr. Quelch came through the crowd of juniors, and Mr. Twigg came with him. The two Form masters entered the Remove room, and the two Bunters exchanged uneasy glances. "Ah! You are here, Bunter!" said Mr. Quelch, with a grim look at the Owl of the Remove. "And you are here, Bunter minor!" said Mr. Twigg with equal severity. Bunter major held out the letter he had brought from Dr. Pillbury. Mr. Quelch took it, opened it, glanced at it, and passed it to Mr. Twigg. The Second Form master looked at it and frowned. Harry Wharton & Co. looked on, in silence now. From the expressions of the two masters, they judged that the end of Bunter's hapless spoof was near at hand.



"I have sent for you, Bunter minor," said Mr. Quelch. "Your brother declares that he has become dumb." "Boo-hoo!" "Wha-at!" "Boo-hoo!" howled Sammy, digging his fat knuckles into his eyes. "Poo-oor old B-B-B-Billy! Has it come on at last?" (See Chapter 9.)

his waistcoat pocket. On the lid of a desk he wrote:

"YES, SIR."

Mr. Quelch compressed his lips. "I doubted your statement very strongly, Bunter. The bare possibility of its truth, however, prevented me from acting hastily. It now appears that immediately your minor returned to his Form-room he affected to be suffering from the same affliction. Mr. Twigg, not aware of what had passed in this Form-room, allowed himself to be imposed upon."

Sammy Bunter quaked inwardly. Billy Bunter gave him a ferocious blink. Evidently Sammy had spoiled it all!

"That such an affliction might have fallen upon you, Bunter, was barely possible!" resumed Mr. Quelch. "But that such an affliction should fall simultaneously upon your brother would be a most extraordinary coincidence."

"Most extraordinary!" snapped Mr. Twigg.

"As soon as the matter was mentioned between Mr. Twigg and myself, we both realised that we had to do with a very impudent attempt at deception!" went on Mr. Quelch in his most awful tones.

"Most impudent!" supplemented Mr. Twigg.

"It is obvious, Bunter, that your minor took his cue from you," said Mr. Quelch. "The natural inference is, that you had prepared this scheme in advance with Samuel Bunter."

Billy Bunter suppressed his feelings. At that moment he yearned to bestow upon his hopeful minor a most brotherly kicking. "Dr. Pillbury states in this letter,

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Not Dumb!

"BUNTER!" Silence.

"In the Form-room this morning, Bunter, you attempted to make me believe that you had become dumb."

Billy Bunter jerked his chalk out of

Humour, tragedy, and pathos skilfully woven by Frank Richards!



Bunter, that there is nothing whatever the matter with you, and that in his opinion you are guilty of an impudent pretence."

Bunter jumped. Apparently the "stuffing-up" of the medical gentleman had not been wholly a success.

But Bunter did not give up hope yet. He had recourse to his chalk and the lid of a desk.

"I'M DUMM. IT'S ORFUL."

"You may throw away that chalk, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch grimly. "Your extremely impudent pretence is now exposed. It was simply a trick to escape lessons, as I suspected from the first."

"Exactly as in the case of Bunter minor, as I now see!" grunted Mr. Twigg.

"Precisely. Bunter, I shall now cane you severely—"

"As I shall do with you, Bunter minor!" said Mr. Twigg, who seemed to be performing the part of a faithful echo to the Remove master.

There was a howl from Sammy.

"It was all Billy's fault, sir!"

"Ah! You can speak now. I perceive!" said Mr. Twigg blandly. "Mr. Quelch, may I borrow your cane for a few minutes?"

"You are very welcome, sir."

"Thank you. Come here, Bunter minor."

Sammy Bunter rolled dismally to meet his doom. There was a rhythmic sound of swishing in the Remove room, and a

louder sound of wild howls from Bunter minor—which proved that Mr. Twigg was a greater athlete than the Greyfriars juniors had supposed—and also that Sammy Bunter was very far from being dumb.

"Now you may go, Bunter minor!" said Mr. Twigg, laying down the cane.

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

Sammy Bunter tottered away, through a grinning crowd of juniors.

"Thank you very much for the loan of the cane, Mr. Quelch!" said Mr. Twigg politely, and he retired from the Remove room.

Mr. Quelch remained, with his eyes fixed on Billy Bunter. There was rather a hunted look on Bunter's fat face now; but he did not despair yet. All the Remove fellows crowded round the doorway could see that Dumb Bunter's game was up; but Bunter could not see it yet. He was, however, to be enlightened very shortly. Mr. Quelch took up the cane.

"Come here, Bunter!"

Billy Bunter blinked apprehensively.

"I shall cane you," said Mr. Quelch, "and you will be detained on Saturday afternoon, Bunter, to make up for the time you have wasted this morning. Hold out your hand, sir."

Bunter made a feeble motion with the chalk towards the desk, as if to make a last appeal. Mr. Quelch's expression became so terrific that Bunter stopped, fairly petrified.

"Bunter! If you make any further

attempt to keep up this deception I shall take you to the headmaster!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

There was a suppressed chuckle from the doorway. Dumb Bunter had found his voice again.

"Now hold out your hand, Bunter!"

"I—I—if you please, sir," gasped Bunter. "I—I—I've recovered now, sir."

"What?"

"M-m-my voice has come back, sir—"

"Your voice has come back!" repeated Mr. Quelch dazedly.

"Yes, sir! I—I'm not dumb now!" stammered Bunter. "These—these wonderful recoveries happen, sir, in—in our family—"

"Hold out your hand, Bunter!"

"Oh dear! I—I say, sir, it—it was all Wharton's fault!" howled Bunter desperately.

"What! Wharton, had you anything to do with this miserable deception?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"I, sir!" stuttered Harry in bewilderment. "Certainly not."

"Bunter—"

"It was all Wharton's fault," howled Bunter. "It wasn't me at all, really, sir."

"You utterly stupid boy, how was it Wharton's fault?"

"He gave a lot of money to that dumb man, sir—"

"Wha-a-a-t?"

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"So I—I—I thought it would be a good thing, sir—" gasped Bunter. "It was Wharton's fault from beginning to end."

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Wharton. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bunter! Do you dare to tell me that you pretended to be dumb in the hope of exciting sympathy and making a pecuniary advantage?"

"Oh, no, sir! Not at all! I wouldn't! I never thought of getting any tin from Wharton and those chaps, sir, just because they shelled out to the dumb man. The—the thought never crossed my mind, any more than I thought of getting out of lessons, sir! I—I hope you can take my word, sir," gasped Bunter. "I—I hope, sir, you're not going to be brutal to a chap suffering under a fearful affliction, sir, like dumbness—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Quelch did not answer Bunter in words. Words, indeed, seemed of no use in dealing with William George. He took Bunter by the collar, and the cane came into play with tremendous vigour. And the frantic yells that rang far beyond the limits of the Form-room apprised all Greyfriars that vocal powers of the most stentorian kind had returned to Dumb Bunter.

THE END.

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# THE WIRELESS DICTIONARY FOR BOYS

**T**HE object of this dictionary is to explain in simple language the meaning of the technical terms or expressions used in connection with electricity and wireless telephony.

**CHARGE.**—Before proceeding to describe any further experiments it is necessary that you should know what is meant by the terms charge and charged. When a body is in an electrified state it is said to be charged with electricity. When electricity is imparted to a body, it is said that a charge of electricity is imparted. Whenever these terms are used hereafter you will understand that they refer to electricity.

**DISCHARGE.**—When a body gives up its electricity it is said to discharge itself. When it is no longer in an electrified state it is said to be discharged.

For this week's experiment make a wire hook or stirrup, and suspend it by means of a silk thread. Charge a glass tube by rubbing it with a piece of silk, and place the tube in the suspended stirrup. (See illustration in column 2.) Then charge the other glass tube, and hold it near the suspended tube. It will be observed that the tube is repelled, that is, it moves away from it. (Note.—Glass should be thoroughly dry and slightly warm before attempting to electrify it. The presence of moisture is fatal to experiments of this nature.)

Now repeat this experiment, using sealing-wax, rubbed with flannel, instead of glass. It will again be observed that the suspended sealing-wax is repelled by the other.

Leave the sealing-wax suspended, and approach it with a charged glass tube, it will then be observed that the charged sealing-wax will be attracted by the charged glass tube, that is, it will move towards it.

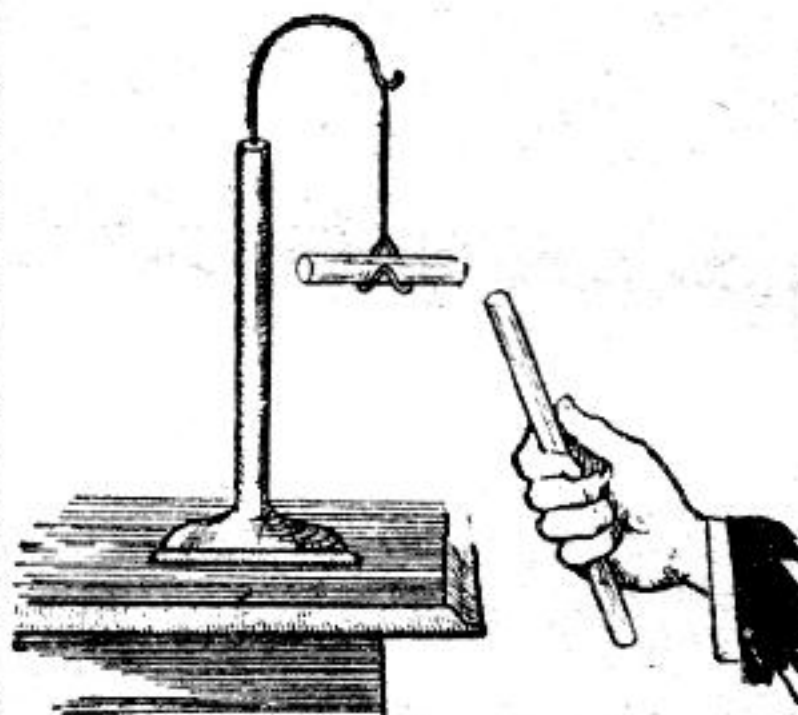
Finally, let the charged glass tube touch the charged sealing-wax, then, if the two charges are equal, both the wax and the glass will discharge themselves, and they will no longer be in an electrified state. If, however, the glass tube has a greater charge than the sealing-wax, the wax will become charged with the same kind of electricity as the glass. If the wax had the greater charge the glass would become charged with the same kind of electricity as the wax. If two electrified bodies, charged with different kinds of electricity, touch each other, then, if the charges are of unequal volume, the body of the lesser charge becomes charged with the same kind of electricity as the body of the greater charge. This is usually expressed by saying that it becomes charged to the same "polarity."

**TWO KINDS OF ELECTRIFICATION.**—Two kinds of electric charges are always produced simultaneously. When glass is rubbed with silk, the glass receives upon its surface a "positive"

charge, but the silk, at the same time and in the same quantity, receives upon its surface a "negative" charge. When sealing-wax is rubbed with flannel, the wax receives upon its surface a "negative" charge, but the flannel, at the same time and in the same quantity, receives upon its surface a "positive" charge. This may be demonstrated by simple experiments which will suggest themselves to you.

**POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE ELECTRICITY.**—We observed that there are two kinds of electricity. One is called "positive" and is denoted by the plus sign (+). The other is called "negative" and is denoted by the minus sign (—).

They are so called because of the theory that all bodies are normally electrified, and that when a body is energised into an active electrical state it has either more or less than its normal quantity. Thus, when glass is



A Simple Experiment.

rubbed with silk, it is said to have a positive charge, because it has more than the normal quantity, having taken some from the silk; the silk is said to have a negative charge, because it has less than the normal quantity, having given up some of its electricity to the glass. Hence the plus sign for positive, because it represents more, and the minus sign for negative because it means less.

It is important that this explanation should not be taken too literally. It is a theory, the more detailed study of which is not necessary for our present purpose.

We have observed from the foregoing experiments:

1. That friction between two bodies causes them to become possessed of an energy which they did not formerly possess.

2. That an unelectrified feather was attracted by an electrified stick of sealing-wax.

3. That after the feather touched the sealing-wax it was no longer attracted, but, to the contrary, repelled.

4. That a charged stick of sealing-wax was repelled by another stick of sealing-wax charged by a similar method.

5. That a charged glass tube was repelled by another glass tube charged by a similar method.

6. That a charged stick of sealing-wax was attracted by a charged glass tube.

From these observations we are able to draw the following conclusions:

1. That friction between two bodies causes electrical separation.

2. That an unelectrified body is attracted by an electrified body.

3. That when an unelectrified body touches an electrified body it becomes charged to the same polarity, that is, with the same kind of electricity.

4. That unlike charges attract and like charges repel.

5. That there are two kinds of electrification, and that both kinds are produced simultaneously and in the same quantity.

6. That when two oppositely-charged bodies touch, if the charges are equal, they discharge their electricity. If the charges are not equal, then the body of the smaller charge becomes charged to the same polarity as the body of the greater charge.

**STATIC CHARGE.**—The charges we have been describing are called static charges, because they rest only upon the surface of the substance charged.

It will help you to understand this better if we liken a static charge to a drop of water resting on a horizontal sheet of glass—the glass resists the flow of water through it, therefore the water rests on the surface.

Now, the substances with which we have been experimenting, glass, wax, silk, and flannel, resist the flow of electricity over them, or at best, only permit it to flow very slowly. Therefore, when these bodies are electrified, the charge rests only on the surface.

There are other substances which do not resist the flow, or rather resist the flow slightly, of electricity through or over them. When these substances are charged, the charge immediately distributes itself over the whole surface, but does not penetrate below the surface.

Charges which rest upon the surface are called static charges.

**ELECTRO-STATICS.**—Deals with electrical measurement.

**INSULATOR.**—An insulator is a substance which resists the flow of electricity through or over it. It must not be assumed, however, that any substance resists the flow of electricity absolutely; some are better than others. But in all of them, if sufficient electrical pressure is applied, it will flow over them and the insulator will break down. Insulators can be obtained to fill all practical

(Continued on page 27.)

Another instructive Wireless article next Monday!





# THE . . . PHANTOM HIGHWAYMAN!

By Owen Conquest.

An enthralling mystery story, introducing the world-famed sleuth, Ferrers Locke, and his clever assistant, Jack Drake.

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### The Spectre of the Roads!

"MISSA LOCKE, gentleman to see you!" Ferrers Locke, the great detective, looked up from the desk in his consulting-room at Baker Street, as Sing-Sing made the announcement.

"H'm, it's rather late for a caller," he remarked.

Taking the visiting-card from the little silver salver held by the Chinese servant, he glanced at it languidly. It bore the name of "James Boreham, Esq., of Beechcroft, Dawsham, Kent."

"Show him up, Sing-Sing, please."

As the Chinese shuffled silently from the room, Locke turned to his young assistant, Jack Drake, who was indexing a remarkable album of finger-prints, collected from most of the criminals, whom the detective had succeeded in bringing to book during a long and successful career.

"We shall have to delay our visit to the cinema, my boy," he said. "A client has called, and we must put business before pleasure, you know."

Drake smiled and nodded. It was six o'clock on Tuesday evening. He and his chief had just finished one important case, and they had promised themselves a little recreation that night. Little did he dream that before he slept again he was to be mixed up with a case that was more exciting, weird, and extraordinary than anything he had ever seen, even in a film play!

A gentle rapping on the door announced the return of Sing-Sing.

"Come in!"

The door opened, and the servant stood aside to admit the visitor. Both Ferrers Locke and Drake rose to their feet.

The client proved to be a stout, florid man, on the sunny side of fifty. Sing-Sing had relieved him of his hat and overcoat in the hall below. Now he stood revealed in a black lounge coat and check trousers. A heavy gold watch-chain spanned his waistcoat, and a large pearl glistened in his ample tie. A fat Havana cigar with the band on, was held between the fingers of his right hand.

"Good evening, sir!" murmured Ferrers Locke. "You are Mr. Boreham of the Dawton Council, I believe?"

A look of pleased surprise crossed the visitor's countenance.

"Ah, hum, you are Mr. Locke?" he said. "You—ah—know me by reputation?"

Locke repressed his inclination to smile.

"I regret to say, sir," he remarked, "that I have neither seen nor heard of you before. Please make yourself comfortable in the arm-chair."

Mr. Boreham muttered the word "surprising" twice to himself as he took his seat. And very surprised he was, too, that a man of Ferrers Locke's knowledge of the world had never heard of James Boreham, Esq. For Mr. Boreham, in his own opinion, was a very remarkable personage. He was the chairman of the municipal council of the small Kentish town of Dawton. And, like many another man of his type who had made a name for himself locally, he laboured under the fond impression that he was a far more widely-known and important individual than was actually the case.

"Really, Mr. Locke," he said in a disappointed tone, "I quite fail to see how you knew I was a member of the Dawton Council when you had never heard of me before. There was nothing to imply it on the card I sent up to you."

"No, Mr. Boreham," said Ferrers Locke. "But a copy of the agenda of the last meeting of the Dawton Council is peeping out of your breast pocket. Moreover, I guessed that it was in an official capacity that you had come to consult me. Like most people, Mr. Boreham, I have read of the mysterious criminal who has been haunting the roads of your district."

Mr. James Boreham puffed stolidly at his cigar for a few moments. Then he removed it from his lips, cleared his throat, and began to make a speech in his best town council manner.

"You are right, Mr. Locke," he said. "I have come as representative of the Dawton Council to consult with you about the—hum,—mysterious visitor to our borough. Three amazing incidents have occurred on roads in the district of Dawton recently. On the first occasion, a motor-cyclist was stopped three miles to the west of the town of Dawton, and robbed of all the money in his possession—a matter of a couple of pounds."

"That case did not receive much prominence in the papers, I believe, commented Ferrers Locke.

"No; as a matter of fact, few people believed the motor-cyclist who reported the affair. The man had been to a celebration of some kind and had consumed more liquid refreshment than was good for him. When, therefore, he went to a police-station and reported that he had been stopped on the highway by a grey-masked cyclist and robbed, his story was taken with a grain of salt."

"The police did not even trouble to investigate the matter very carefully, if I remember rightly," said the detective.

"No, they did not, Mr. Locke. But then the second extraordinary incident took place. A touring motor-car containing four well-known residents of our district was proceeding to Dawton, where a dance was to be

held. When the car had passed the first milestone, outside of Dawsham village—which is four miles from the town—it was halted by the appearance of a swaying red light near the bend of the road.

"Yes, I remember reading about the case," said Ferrers Locke. "The highwayman-cyclist made a nice haul."

"The third affair," said Mr. Boreham, closing his eyes and toying with his heavy watch-chain, "occurred only five nights ago. Squire Beamish, who lives at the Ravens, near Dawsham village, was proceeding home when his carriage was held up in precisely the same manner as the motor-car. As it happened, the squire had had a very successful evening playing auction bridge, and had nearly thirty pounds in his wallet. The hold-up man did not bother about the coachman, save to make him put his hands above his head. But he relieved the squire of his wallet, a couple of gold rings, and a horse-shoe tie-pin set with diamonds."

"Drake," said Ferrers Locke, turning to his assistant, "kindly let me see the newspaper reports of the Dawsham hold-ups."

The famous sleuth turned over the cuttings which Drake immediately handed to him.

"A number of people profess to have seen this grim highwayman and his cycle," Locke murmured. "Some describe him as a grey phantom which glides swiftly over the roads without mechanical aid."

"Naturally," said Mr. Boreham with a lofty air, "the superstitious folk of the countryside have allowed their imaginations to run away with them. But the educated gentry, of which—hum—I have the honour to belong, know that the hold-ups are the work of a particularly audacious criminal. The local police have done their best to scotch the scoundrel. The Chief Constable of Dawton—a very worthy man named Burbridge—pretends he has clues, but nothing comes of 'em."

"He could have called in the assistance of Scotland Yard," said Locke.

"I know—I know," said the client, somewhat impatiently. "But it's a case of professional pride. Chief Constable Burbridge will only call in Scotland Yard as the very last recourse. Meantime, we—the Dawton Council—feel strongly that pedestrians and motorists are in deadly peril as long as this—hum—highwayman is at large. After a discussion with some of my fellow-councillors last night, we decided we would ask you to—hum—quietly and tactfully inquire into the affair."

"I will do so with pleasure, Mr. Boreham," said the detective smiling. "You may rely confidently on the tact and discretion of my assistant and myself. It is strange, though, that your local police have never been able

"The Mystery of the Morne Light" is a thriller!



to follow up the fellow. Surely they have seen his wheel tracks?"

"They've seen what they believe to be the wheel tracks of the grey highwayman. But they have not been able to follow them far. Apparently the man lifts his machine off the road and carries it to throw the trackers off the scent."

"Well, I and my assistant will investigate the affair personally," said Ferrers Locke. "You would like us to come down to Dawton to-night?"

"If you please, Mr. Locke. I should be glad if you will accept the hospitality of my home, which is nearer to the village of Dawsham than to the town."

"Thank you. Drake and I will make some slight changes in our appearance. You can then introduce us as your guests under the names of Walter Milford and his nephew Jack. Kindly wait here, Mr. Boreham; we shall not be long in getting ready. You will find some current magazines in that revolving bookcase, and I will ask my servant to bring you some coffee."

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### The Affair on the Taystock Road!

**T**WENTY minutes later Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake left the house in Baker Street in the company of the Dawton town councillor. They entered the taxi which had been obtained by Sing-Sing and were driven rapidly to Charing Cross Station. Here they caught the fast train to Tonbridge, which connected with a local train. It was nearly half-past eight before they eventually arrived at Dawton.

"I expect my man, Benson, will be outside the station with the dogcart," said Mr. Boreham. "I told him that I should catch this train."

Fortunately, Benson had turned up with the dogcart. Nevertheless, it was a tight fit to accommodate four persons in the vehicle. Mr. Boreham himself took the reins, while Ferrers Locke sat next to him on his left hand. The man Benson and Jack Drake sat behind with their backs to the driver, and with the suitcases under their feet. Luckily, Benson brought a plentiful supply of rugs which the party wrapped about themselves, for the night was chilly.

The smart little bay was in fine fettle, and, once outside of the limits of the town of Dawton, stepped out at a fine pace along the dry, soft country roads. A crescent moon, peeping fitfully between dark, scudding clouds, gave Locke and Drake but little chance to view the country through which they were passing. All they could see were the black hawthorn hedges slipping past, and the stark skeletons of leafless trees.

Once Mr. Boreham jerked his whip over towards the right where a group of yellow lights shone through a clump of poplars.

"That's the Ravens," he said. "The residence of Squire Beamish."

Ferrers Locke nodded.

"Your own home is rather nearer to Dawsham village, I suppose?" he said.

"I live on the far side of the village, which is about half a mile straight ahead of us. Before we reach the village, we cross the Taystock Road. That's a quarter of a mile this side of Dawsham."

The detective wrinkled his brow, trying to visualise a map of this district which he had been looking at a few days previously.

"Taystock is a rather larger village, about six miles to the east of Dawsham, isn't it?" he ventured.

"That's right," answered Mr. Boreham, flicking the spirited horse lightly with his whip. "It lies over there to our left; we're moving almost due south down this lane. The Taystock Road runs from Dawton, but it makes a wide detour round the base of Dawton Hill. So I always take a short cut through these lanes when I am driving home."

For a few moments there was silence save for the clattering of the horse's hoofs on the surface of the road. Then, with startling suddenness, a short, sharp explosion burst out upon the night. Even as the sound of it went echoing round the Kentish hills, there came three other reports in rapid succession. But these fell dully on the ears almost as though they had been produced by a mallet striking against soft wood. And almost

simultaneously with the last of these reports there arose a blood-curdling shriek as of a human being mortally stricken.

Even the face of Ferrers Locke blanched a trifle. As for Mr. Boreham, he turned towards the detective with a countenance positively ghastly. His under-lip was sagging and trembling; his eyes filled with a vague dread of the unknown.

"Drive on! Drive on, man!" cried Locke imperatively. "You'll overturn us if you're not careful!"

"Wh-what does it mean?" blurted out the councillor. All his pomposity of speech and bearing had dropped from him like a cloak. He was revealed an arrant coward. "Don't you think we had better turn back?"

"Turn back!" scoffed Ferrers Locke. "What the blazes are you thinking about? Pull yourself together! Drive ahead—faster, faster I tell you—or else give me the reins!"

"That—that's where the T-Taystock Road crosses this one," volunteered Mr. Boreham, in a thick voice.

Hardly had he made the remark than a gurgling cry left his lips. The horse plunged wildly up the grassy bank which bordered the road and crashed into the gaunt, white signpost, while a wheel of the dogcart tore into the hedge at the top of the bank. And, like some sinister phantom of the night, a grey, huddled figure on a dun-coloured racing cycle shot round the corner from the Taystock Road and raced down the lane in the direction from which the dogcart party had just come.

All four occupants of the dogcart caught a fleeting glimpse of the grey spectral figure before the horse crashed down close beside the signpost, snapping off one of the shafts of the cart in its fall. Only by clinging desperately on had they been able to save themselves from being thrown headlong out.

Jack Drake, being on the road side, took a flying leap from the vehicle directly he saw the grey cyclist flash by. Picking himself up from the road he whipped out his revolver and took quick aim at the wheels of the machine on which the mysterious stranger was mounted.

As his revolver spoke, he thought he detected a sudden lurch of the cycle.

"Got him, I think!" he cried.

But the cyclist kept on his way and was swallowed up in the gloom of the darkened lane well out of revolver-shot range.

Ferrers Locke assisted the shivering Mr. Boreham to dismount.

"Bad luck, Drake, my boy!" he said.

"Pursuit of the fellow is out of the question at present. We have something else to attend to. Mr. Boreham, you and Benson look to the horse; it's only bruised, I think. Drake, come with me!"

"You—you're not g-going to leave us, Mr. Locke?" stammered the councillor fearfully. "I—I'm coming to the same way of thinking as the rustics—there's a ghost abroad on these highways."

"Nonsense! Nonsense, man!" said Ferrers Locke impatiently. "That fellow on the bicycle was human enough, though we couldn't see his face. But we must discover what mischief he was up to on the Taystock Road."

Without more ado he hurried away with Drake close at his heels.

Turning to the right into the Taystock Road, the sleuth and his assistant broke into a sharp trot. This they kept up for a distance of fully a quarter of a mile. Then they became conscious of a dark, shapeless heap lying in the middle of the road, and they quickened their pace to a sprint.

Both were breathing hard when they came up with the objects lying in the roadway. They proved to be a motor-cycle and the dark, motionless form of a man sprawled across it.

The lights of the motor-cycle were extinguished. But Drake promptly whipped out an electric torch from his overcoat pocket and shone it down upon the unfortunate victim of this mysterious nocturnal affair.

Ferrers Locke dropped on his knees and made a hasty examination of the fellow.

"By Jove," he muttered, "this poor chap's been badly smashed up. Help me to lift him to that patch of grass by the side of the road, my boy!"

The two raised the motor-cyclist and carried him to the grassy patch. Placing him down, they very carefully removed the thick leathern jacket he was wearing.

"It appears to me that he's been shot in the side," said Locke. "But he's breathing easily, and that's a good sign. Get the field-dressings from the lining of your coat."

While Drake was getting the dressings the sleuth cut away a portion of the motorist's clothes to obtain access to his left side. Then, while Drake held the electric torch, he bound some strips of lint round the man's body.

"It is only a bad flesh wound," said Ferrers Locke, when the job was accomplished. "Apparently, the grey cyclist held up this fellow, who pluckily drew his revolver and fired. That was the first report we heard. Then the other fired three times in succession from a pistol which may have been fitted with a gadget of some sort for partially deadening the sound. The last shot got home, and the motor-cyclist gave vent to that cry we heard. It is a lucky thing for him that he didn't get the bullet through his heart."

He stooped and wetted the lips of the victim with a little liquid from his pocket-flask. As he did so the first big drops of a rain-shower which had been threatening all the evening came pattering down.

Either owing to the potency of the contents of Locke's flask or the refreshing effect of the raindrops spattering against his brow, the motor-cyclist opened his eyes and looked about him.

"The—the grey highwayman!" he said. "Where is the fiend?"

"I wish I knew, my friend!" said Ferrers Locke ruefully. "But how are you feeling—a bit shaken, eh?"

"A trifle weak," said the man, trying to smile. "And my side throbs a bit. Egad, I must have had a close shave! When that chap pressed the trigger of his queer old horse-pistol I thought I'd got my ticket, for sure!"

"Look here," said Locke briskly, "do you think you could sit on the saddle of your motor-bike while we push you along as far as the cross-roads? We've got a dogcart there. If that's usable, we can put you into it. If not, we must continue to hump you along on the motor-bike."

"It—it's jolly good of you fellows," said the man. "I'm feeling almost fit again."

Very carefully, Locke and Drake assisted the wounded man on to the saddle of the motor-bike. Supporting him one on either side, they began to move along the road.

As they went along, the detective asked the man his name, and whither he was bound at the time of his unfortunate meeting with the highwayman.

"My name's Claud Murray," replied the motor-cyclist. "I'm a lieutenant in the Air Force, and was on my way back to the camp, just beyond Taystock, when that grey vermin of the roads pulled me up."

"How did he do that?" demanded Locke.

"I saw a small white light ahead of me, and a chap called out asking if I'd got a pump. Thinking it was a cyclist who'd got a puncture, I stopped and dismounted to lend a hand. Then this rotter in the grey togs swung round and presented what looked like a horse-pistol at my ribs. 'Get your hands up!' he squeaked. But, instead of putting 'em up, I pulled a revolver out of my belt and let fly at the beggar."

"You missed, and then he plugged you," said Locke. "Do you usually have a revolver ready for instant use when you go motor-cycling?"

"I've always carried one at night since this phantom highwayman business started."

"Can you describe the man?"

"He was a fairly broad chap, of about medium height. His jacket appeared to be of the same sort of cut as that leather one you found on me, except that it was a sombre grey in colour. He had a grey strip of cloth tied over the lower part of his face, and a cap drawn well down over his eyes."

"Did you get a view of his bike?"

"His bike was standing bolt upright in

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the road by him. He seemed to have some patent steel support on either side of the back wheel. The bike was of the kind used for road racing. I thought it was a chocolate colour, though I wouldn't swear to that. The tyres were reddish at the sides."

"I think, sir," said Jack Drake, to his chief, "that the tyres of that bike were made of solid rubber. I made sure I plugged one of them with my revolver. Had they been of the pneumatic variety, there would have been a burst, for a certainty."

"You're probably right, my boy," said Ferrers Locke. "A man engaged in such a desperate game as holding up folk on the King's highways could never afford to risk a puncture."

By this time the slight rain had ceased altogether. Murray, although suffering from the effects of his wound, had unlimited pluck, and showed an intense gratitude for the aid rendered him. Naturally, he inquired whom his rescuers might be, and Locke saw no harm in revealing the identity of himself and Drake.

"I suggest, though," said the detective, "that you keep the matter to yourself. I think I shall be able to investigate this case the better if my real object is not generally known about the neighbourhood."

"Rely on me!" replied the other. Reaching the cross-roads, they found Mr. James Boreham and the man Benson anxiously awaiting them. The horse, fortunately, had not sustained any bad injury, and Benson had made a temporary repair of the broken shaft with a spare bit of harness.

"We'd better drive Mr. Murray to the Dawsham Cottage Hospital," said Mr. Boreham, after Locke had briefly explained how they had found the motor-cyclist. "It is quite close to here."

"Bless me, Mr. Locke," said the councillor, "I'll find my own way to your home a bit later—that is, if Murray will lend me his motor-cycle for a short while."

"Bless me, Mr. Locke," said the councillor, in a concerned tone, "what do you intend to do?"

"Go down that road taken by our friend the grey highwayman, and see if I can pick up any clues. I confess I have very little hope of being able to track the fellow now, but there is just a faint chance I may be able to learn something that may be useful."

Mr. Boreham made a despairing gesture. "Good heavens, Mr. Locke, it's positively dangerous to go riding about these roads at night alone! Why, 'pon my word, the murderous villain who's at large might shoot you from behind a hedge or—or anything!"

"Life's full of risk, Mr. Boreham," murmured the sleuth, with a gay smile. "I'd sooner ride about the Kentish roads even when they are infested by a grey highwayman, than dodge the motor-buses in Piccadilly Circus! But there, drive on to the hospital, and give Lieutenant Murray into the charge of a surgeon. I'll take care of myself."

And as the dogcart moved away in the direction of Dawsham Village, Ferrers Locke, mounted on the motor-cycle, set off down the road taken by the mysterious cyclist highwayman.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER,  
Brought to Heel!**

"**W**ERE nearly there! That's the Cottage Hospital—the tall building on the right."

Mr. James Boreham, chairman of the Dawton Town Council, made that remark in a tone of relief.

His one anxiety after Ferrers Locke had departed on the motor-cycle was to get Lieutenant Murray to hospital as quickly as possible, and then return to his home. Never in his life had the soft-living, portly old gentleman felt in such dire need of supper and a tonic.

But even as Mr. Boreham drew the horse to a standstill before the main gate of the hospital, a whirring crescendo of sound came from farther back along the road. A motor-horn tooted, and next moment Ferrers Locke himself dashed up on the motor-bike, breathless from a flying ride into the teeth of the night wind.

Jack Drake leaped out of the dogcart.

**Achieving the seemingly impossible—Ferrers Locke!**

"Hallo, sir!" he cried. "You've discovered something?"

There was a tinge of triumph in Locke's voice as he replied.

"I have—something of the utmost importance. But, to make the best use of my discovery, one thing is needed, and quickly, too—a bloodhound!"

"A bloodhound!" echoed Mr. Boreham.

"Why, bless my soul, Mr.—"

"What's that?" put in the young officer, Murray. "You need a bloodhound, sir? Why, my commander over at the Taystock hangars owns one of the prettiest young bloodhounds round the countryside."

"I sha'n't mind about its beauty," said Locke, with a laugh, "as long as it possesses the usual instincts of its breed. With your permission, Murray, I'll go over to Taystock on your bike, and leave the machine there if I can get the loan of the hound."

"Do by all means, old man," said Murray. "And I wish you jolly good luck in hunting down the rotter who plugged me in the side!"

"But—but, I say," remonstrated Mr. Boreham, "what time shall I expect you to my house? This is beastly awkward. Supper will be waiting, and—"

glancing off, ripped away the heel of the fellow's boot."

"My giddy aunt! That was a bit of luck!"

"It certainly was, my boy. There's the mark of the bullet on the leather heel which I have in my pocket. Also I could tell from the tracks of the cycle in the road that the rubber of one of the tyres had been damaged."

"You couldn't have followed the tracks of the cycle far, sir?"

"I didn't, my boy. I should have gained nothing. Obviously the highwayman will take his machine from the roadways, and it would have taken me hours to attempt to follow his trail unaided, even if it had been fairly clearly defined. But, with this heel and a bloodhound, we have the brightest chance of tracking down the rogue while the scent is still 'hot.' Let us only hope that we have no difficulty in getting the dog."

Arriving at Taystock, they were directed by a villager to the quarters of the Air Force commander stationed there. The airman proved to be a bluff and genial individual. When he learnt of the mishap which had befallen one of his young officers and the identity of his visitors, he expressed the greatest willingness to assist in the affair.



**The horse plunged wildly up the grassy bank and crashed into the signpost. And, like some sinister phantom of the night, a grey, huddled figure on a dun-coloured racing cycle shot round the corner of the lane. (See Chapter 2).**

"Hang supper!" said Locke cheerfully, as he turned the motor-cycle. "I've got some chocolate in my pocket if I feel hungry. I'll look you up in the morning, sir. Phone the police about the affair. Now, Drake, would you like to come with me? If so, hop on to the pillion of this machine."

With a delighted grin, Jack Drake "hopped" on. Then away went the detective and the boy into the night.

As Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake flew along the darkened road towards the village of Taystock, the boy sought to learn the reason for his chief's desperate anxiety to obtain a bloodhound. Leaning slightly forward, he rapped his query into the ear of the sleuth, who was bent well down over the handle-bars of the speeding machine.

"What did you find, sir?"

"The heel of a boot," returned Ferrers Locke. "It was not far from the spot where the accident to the dogcart took place. There's no doubt in my mind as to what happened. When you fired at the rogue's cycle you struck the back tyre, and the bullet,

An order was sent for the commander's bloodhound—a magnificent creature known by the name of Lion. Both Locke and Drake were keen dog fanciers, and the animal seemed at once to appreciate the fact. Alternately, he rubbed his big, soft muzzle into their hands.

"By Jove!" said the commander. "He's soon made friends with you. I don't think you will have any trouble in inducing him to accompany you on your errand."

In this the officer was correct. Lion showed that a nocturnal ramble through the countryside was very much to his liking.

Locke left the motor-bike at the Air Force quarters, and bade good-night to the genial commander, after thanking him heartily for his assistance.

It was a long tramp back to the cross-roads. Apparently Mr. Boreham had phoned the police at Dawton, as Locke had suggested, for some members of the force were trying to pick up the track of the highwayman's cycle near the signpost.

"We'll give the police a miss," whispered



Locke to Drake. "Let's cut across the field and start our investigations farther up the road."

This they did. By the aid of their electric torches they were able to pick up the track made by the damaged cycle-tyre. But following the track was a slow and difficult matter. Once or twice they suspended operations either owing to traffic or the approach of the police searchers, from whom they desired no interference.

It was nearly two o'clock in the morning, when a deadly stillness lay over the earth, that they first found signs that the grey highwayman had dismounted from his machine and left the roadway. Locke brought the heel of the boot from his pocket and held it beneath the muzzle of the bloodhound. Lion sniffed it almost suspiciously at first. Then, as Locke replaced the article in his coat, the dog put his nose to the ground and darted forward.

"Crumbs! Now we're off!" ejaculated Jack Drake.

But they did not get far, for the bloodhound merely led them across a patch of grass about fifty feet wide on to another road which ran at right angles from the Dawsham road.

"H'm!" murmured Ferrers Locke in a tone of disappointment. "Our highwayman was not leaving much to chance. He carried his bike those few yards in case the tracks of his wheels were followed. I expect he has done that two or three times."

And such proved to be the case. No less than three times did Lion follow a trail from one roadway to another, but without success.

A grey blanket of mist enwrapped the sleeping earth, and the first pale light of dawn was in the sky, when for about the fourth time the sleuth and his assistant discovered a spot where the wheeled highwayman had dismounted.

Again Locke allowed the bloodhound to sniff the heel he had found. Again the noble animal started hot on the scent, his nose to the ground, and dragging Locke and Drake along behind him.

This time Lion proceeded hot-foot through a small wood until he came to a narrow stream. Here he was baffled. It was clear that their quarry, carrying his cycle, had waded through. Locke and Drake plunged into the water without hesitation, hauling the dog after them. There was little time to waste now, for every minute it was getting lighter, and they wanted no one to see them in their work. But it was not easy for the bloodhound to pick up the trail again. More precious time was lost. But at last the hound set off straight through the grounds of a large mansion to a small wooden root-shed.

"Egad!" muttered Locke. "We are on the estate of Squire Beamish. That is his house over there, according to Boreham's information. Let's have a peep into this shed."

But there was nothing but a lot of old sacks and lumber lying about the floor of the place. They saw a couple of gardeners come whistling from a small lodge near by, and Ferrers Locke dragged the bloodhound away.

"We have learnt all we can at the moment, my boy," he said to Drake. "Now for some rest!"

Later that same morning Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake enjoyed a well-earned couple of hours' sleep in a comfortable bed-room in the house of James Boreham, Esq., of Dawsham. Lion, the bloodhound, had his reward in a large, juicy bone in a shed behind the councillor's house.

At lunch-time Locke was in the highest spirits and seemed in no desperate hurry to follow up his discovery of the previous night. But after lunch he strolled off on his own and did not rejoin Drake until tea-time. Then, without having told the inquisitive Mr. Boreham anything, he held an earnest conversation with his young assistant, alone.

"Drake," he said, as he lighted a cigarette, "this afternoon I sought out Squire Beamish in a favourite tavern which he frequents. He's a great old boy, about six feet high, and as fat as a butter barrel."

"Then he's not the highwayman!" grinned Drake.

"Not a bit of it!" said Locke. "I had a conversation with the old fellow in a private

room of the tavern and told him who I was, and my object in coming down here. He almost embraced me, and willingly gave me all the information I required about the employees on his estate. He has two housemaids, a coachman, two gardeners, and a general handyman. One of them is the grey highwayman. Obviously it's neither of the housemaids, nor, of course, his coachman, for he was driving when the squire himself was held up. There remain only three men to consider.

"The gardener is an old, local character named William Stibbs. The assistant gardener is an ex-Service man called George Shulver, who walks with a stiff leg, though he no longer draws an Army pension. The handyman is a fellow named Edgar Bacon—also an ex-Service man. All three own a bicycle, but not of the racing machine type."

"Has the squire never seen a machine of that type about the place, sir?" inquired Drake.

"No, and he cannot understand the dog going to that root-shed. As far as he knows there's nothing in there. He was in the place only this morning, and there was certainly no bike concealed in it."

"Then you haven't got much for 'arder yet, sir?"

"I think I have," said Locke smiling. "I learnt a good bit about those three men in the squire's employ, and I have the deepest suspicions of one of them. But that's not proof. We must have real, solid evidence. If possible, we must catch the chap red-handed with his machine. As it happens to-day is the birthday of the squire's good lady. That gave me an idea. I have asked the squire to inform his coachman that he is to go to Dawton at seven to-night, to bring from the station a representative of a big London jewellery firm. The squire is going to give an order in such a way that the knowledge reaches all the members of his staff. In a few words, the idea is going to be conveyed to the grey highwayman that someone is bringing a consignment of jewellery to the squire to-night so that his wife may select a suitable birthday gift for herself. If that doesn't put the highwayman on his mettle, I have mistaken my man."

"And what is our part in the scheme, sir?" asked the boy eagerly.

"We are going to the root-shed of the squire's estate to watch."

Directly it was dusk, Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake left the home of Mr. Boreham and walked briskly towards the Ravens, where the squire lived. Entering the estate by a back way, they crept cautiously to the root-shed. Holding his revolver ready in one hand, Locke shone his torch quickly into a small aperture in the shed.

No one was in the place.

Very quietly the two opened the door and entered. The lumber had been shifted to one side of the shed and only a few sacks littered the floor. The detective and his young assistant noiselessly took up their position within a yard of each other at the back of the shed, and waited.

It was an eerie vigil. Absolute silence had to be maintained. There was the doubt that, perhaps, after all, the grey highwayman would not accept the bait that had been put in his way. There was the anxiety of wondering when and whence he would appear, supposing he did put in an appearance.

And then when both Locke and Drake, despite their heavy clothing, were almost chilled to the bone, a soft scraping noise came to their ears. The sacking on the floor began to move. Both involuntarily shrank back, their hearts beating fast with suppressed excitement as a trap-door in the floor of the shed lifted.

A faint light shone upwards towards the roof of the old shed. The front wheel of a grey-coloured bicycle rose from the aperture in the floor. Then the machine came fully into view, lifted by a man's gloved hands. It was followed by the man himself—a broad, grey-hued figure, in a tight-fitting leathern jacket, and wearing a piece of cloth over the lower part of his face.

Ferrers Locke waited until he had stepped right up the small ladder through the trap-door and reached the floor of the shed. He was setting the bike down, when the detective spoke.

"Hands up!"

The machine clattered to the floor. The highwayman let out a roar like a startled tiger. His hands went towards his belt. Immediately, Locke and Drake hurled themselves upon him. The man fought like a fiend. Then there came a metallic click as the sleuth snapped handcuffs over his wrists.

"Open the door and blow your whistle, my boy!"

Drake did so. The squire and two or three others came running to the scene. The cloth was whipped away from the captive's face.

"Good heavens!" gasped the squire: "George Shulver!"

"Yes, it's me!" grunted the assistant gardener. "But how the blazes these blokes—whoever they are—come to be here awaitin' for me has got me licked!"

Very gently Ferrers Locke introduced himself and explained.

While the handyman went to the telephone for the police, Shulver made an interesting statement as to how he came to take up the dangerous calling of highwayman in his spare time. While serving with the Army of Occupation in Germany, he had acquired a patent, quick-firing pistol of German make, which had a sound-deadening attachment on it. He had been invalided home after receiving the accidental discharge of a Service rifle in his leg. He entered the squire's employ and for a time received a pension from the Government.

By exaggerating his limp he tried to get his pension renewed, but to his intense chagrin it was soon stopped altogether. Meantime, he had by chance discovered that there was a secret passage of which no one else was aware, leading from the lodge, where he lived with the gardener, to the root-shed. Among other things under the shed he found an old bicycle. In his spare time he put this in working order and set out on his first foraging expedition.

So successful was he that he brought off further sensational hold-ups, growing bolder as he found out how he had puzzled the police.

So greatly was he beginning to enjoy his role as the grey highwayman of the Kentish roads, that most assuredly his boldness would have brought him to disaster before long, even had not Locke and Drake laid him by the heels in so neat a fashion. As it was, he had earned a long term of imprisonment, which, in due course, a stern-faced judge had the pleasant duty of awarding him.

THE END.

(Next week's magnificent story of Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake is a real thriller! Make a note of the title—"The Mystery of the Morne Light!")

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(Continued from page 22.)

requirements; they are used for supporting conductors of electricity where necessary, and they prevent the escape of electricity to earth at the point of support. They are also used for covering electrical conductors conveying electricity from one point to another. The following are insulating substances given in the order of their insulating qualities, the best being first:—Dry air, flint glass, paraffin, mica, ebonite, shellac, india-rubber, gutta-percha, resin, silk, wool, porcelain, and oils.

**CONDUCTOR.**—A conductor is a substance that does not resist the flow of electricity through or over it. No substance, however, is such a good conductor that it does not offer some measure of resistance to the flow of electricity. A conductor is used to convey electricity from one point to another. The following are conductors; the best comes first, the others following in order of their value:—Silver, copper, other metals, charcoal, water, and moist earth. Silver is too costly to use in large quantities, therefore copper is most generally used.

(The next splendid article deals with electrical induction. Induction plays a very important part in wireless telegraphy and telephony. It is therefore necessary that you should understand what induction is, and what it does. So look out for next week's article.)

**REPLIES IN BRIEF.**

By HARRY WHARTON.

"Merry Mac" (Glasgow).—"Your weekly pages of fun and mirth beat all the fiction on the earth!"—When next we are in Glasgow, Mac, we'll come and pat you on the back!

"Curious" (Canterbury).—"Do the fags at Greyfriars play with hoops?"—No; but they are sometimes put through one!

J. B. (Burnley).—"I am sending you a twelve-page criticism for you to digest."—Thanks, but we've only just finished our editorial supper!

"Ardent Admirer" (Camberwell).—"I have been a staunch reader of the 'Greyfriars Herald' for fifteen years."—Goodness! We had no idea we had lived so long! Our contemporaries will be calling us "Beaver!" next.

"Irish Molly" (Belfast).—"I rather like your portrait at the top of the Editorial. I wish you'd give me a snap."—Dear lady, I am not a bulldog!

"Straight left" (Hertford).—"Is Coker the best fighting-man in the Fifth?"—Hardly. I should allot that honour to George Blundell.

B. R. M. (Bristol).—"Why don't you publish a daily newspaper at Greyfriars?"—It would be too expensive a venture. Skinner tried it once, but without success. Besides, what with the "Herald" and "Billy Bunter's Weekly," and the official school mag,

the fellows have quite enough reading matter to go on with.

"Lightweight" (Leicester).—"Bols-over major, your prize pugilist, has been rather quiet lately."—The lion slumbers, and none of us are anxious to twist his tail. It is well to let sleeping dogs—I mean lions—lie!

"Mrs. Grundy" (Worthing).—"When are you going to publish a Special Needlework Number?"—Wrong department, madam!

"Tired Tim" (Southampton).—"I have had a fierce argument with my chum on the subject of Billy Bunter's weight. I say he is twelve stone, and my pal declares he is sixteen. Will you kindly arbitrate?"—You are both wrong. Billy turns the scale at fourteen stone.

"Gay Joker" (Harwich).—"Do, for goodness' sake, publish an April Fools' Number. I want to laugh so heartily as to burst all my waistcoat buttons!"—I have made a note of your request; but it must be clearly understood that if you split your sides, I cannot accept the responsibility of paying for them to be stitched up again.

"Polite" (Finchley).—"Shakespeare was quite right when he said, 'Manners maketh man.'"—But you are quite wrong. It wasn't William Shakespeare who said that. It was another Bill—William of Wykeham, to be precise.

J. H. B. (Blackburn).—"Why didn't you lose Billy Bunter out on the Congo?"—We did; but, unfortunately, he found his way back again.

Billy R. (Maidstone).—"I don't like Skinner a scrap."—We like a scrap, but we don't like Skinner.



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