

SPECIAL APRIL FOOLS' NUMBER!

No. 791. Vol. XXIII. Week ending April 7th, 1923.

The Magnet 2^d

Library
of
School & Detective Stories.



THE PREFECTS TURNED OUT WHILE THE JUNIORS SIT TIGHT!

(A diverting incident from the grand story of April Foole' Day at Greyfriars, within.)

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





BRIGHT AND BRAINY!

IT took some considerable time to think out the attractive new feature which I shall start in next week's **MAGNET**. It would be a poor compliment to my chums to say that they were easily satisfied. That is far from being the case. For long years the *Magnetite* has been accustomed to the best, and this is a fact to be steadily kept in view when arranging any new scheme for the amusement of my friends. After no end of cogitation, with the midnight oil burning away, I arrived at the conclusion that something with a rhyme in it would meet the situation to a nicety. Why not have a limerick competition? It seemed a first-rate notion. The original limerick was found written on the butter paper round a pound of "best fresh" which hailed from the noble city of Limerick, which stands in lordly dignity hard by the shores of the silvery Shannon. That, at any rate, is one story. Anyhow, wherever the original limerick came from, it was surely a good verse, full of pungent wit and piquant sprightliness. Readers of the **MAGNET** will have a splendid opportunity with the new stunt. There will be a welcome for the smart jest and the lilting rhyme. You will see all about this item in our programme next week. There will be prizes offered for the best lines; but there is no need for me to enlarge upon the subject at the moment. Wait till next week. Born poets who can find rhymes for Bunter and Wharton can step forward with confidence. The delights of rhyming are numerous. Anybody can rhyme Timbuctoo with hymn-book, too; nothing in it, and it is plain at a glance that Plinlimmon rides easily in harness with Persimmon. But there are subtler points to be considered. One knows of strong men who have missed trains and tides in their excitement over a rhyme. Of course, I don't want any friend of mine to lose anything, leave alone a train, in the interests of poetry. I am only anxious for my chums to win the prizes I am offering for the wittiest stanzas, etc.

"RIVALS AND CHUMS!"

You will appreciate next week's Greyfriars story for many reasons, one of the principal being that it is concerned with the character of a grand fellow, who takes a leading part. He is a clergyman, just one of the strong, keen, far-sighted men who do so much for our country, partly by example, and also because of the splendid sportsmanship they evince, the finer spirit which makes a man. You know how it is sometimes, say, at a fed-up moment of weariness and disillusionment, a time when the world seems all wrong, chockful of kinks and awkwardnesses, and you happen to drop into the company of a man who is able to give a different impression of life. The jaded sense takes to itself wings. You feel

better in a moment; the imps of melancholy and disappointment vanish; something has changed life; a new and infinitely jollier viewpoint is at your command. Well, the miracle has been wrought by the sense of comradeship of some fine chap who has happened along. I am not exaggerating a bit when I say that there is just this touch of magic in the character whom you will be proud and honoured to meet next Monday in this triumphantly fine yarn, "Rivals and Chums." What's more, you get just the sort of incident in this story which occurs every day in our topsy-turvy old world. It is not always the best fellow who has justice done to him—not at first, that is. The reckoning comes a bit later. In "Rivals and Chums" we have a generous peppering-in of caddish tactics. Friardale is introduced, and the stalwart young representative of the Church gets maligned in a very cruel way. Of course, the slander is plausible in the extreme, just convincing enough to prompt people to say, "Oh, there must be something in it." Come to think of it, there always are folks who will make this remark, and it's a pity, this readiness to believe the worst, instead of carrying the thing over, and suspending judgment until a more authentic report is brought in.

Now, as a rule, in the **MAGNET** we have stories all pep and sparkle, with plenty about the whimsical doings of a certain Bunter. The coming yarn is no exception, but it contains an additional feature—just that something to con over after, and make you see life from a fresh coign, as it were. Unluckily, there are cads to be met up and down the world, and nobody can describe their potty, little mind-workings so brilliantly as Frank Richards. Our great author has turned out a corker in the new tale. You find yourself there, right on the spot, a close spectator of the muddy mental meanderings of certain individuals who figure in the story. It is to the credit of Harry Wharton & Co. that the man who has suffered a bit from the ludicrous taradiddles of misguided parties is shown up as true blue. A grand yarn this, and no mistake!

"THE MISSING MUMMY!"

Was the **MAGNET** ever behind the times? I put it to you as a fair question, knowing that I shall get an impartial answer. The old paper is not a news sheet, though I am always being asked for a Daily *Magnet*; but in one way and another I do aim at being abreast, even ahead of the times. This new tale of Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake has a topical interest. We have heard something of the wonders of Egypt of late, and the amazing discoveries at Luxor, and here we get a vivid presentation of ancient Egypt, with a dramatic suggestion of the secrets still lying buried in the desert wastes. Ferrers Locke knows a good deal about Egypt; but, so far, his activities in the old land of the Pharaohs

have been confined to the political Egypt of which we read—the brilliant scenes in modern Cairo, the bazaars, the varied throng, the strange mixture of East and West, or the dives of Port Said. In this fresh glimpse of the movements of the detective we see the dim pageantry of the past of Egypt, the mystery of the ages, and the tableau of civilisation long since crumbled to dust. I am sure you will label the coming yarn a winner.

THE FISHING NUMBER!

Fishing is on the tapis. Pass me the French word. It sounds all right. Moreover, nobody likes to be carpeted. Well, the next issue of the "Greyfriars Herald" is devoted to fishing. It is rumoured that Fisher Tarleton Fish entered a caveat against the notion; but there is nothing in this, I should say. Not that the personal element is ruled out of the new supplement. It has its usual sparkle—there are fly features, and certain celebrities are baited, though not cruelly. Fishing is most popular. Some people fish all their lives—for compliments, and do not get them, for the best of reasons, namely, that there is nothing complimentary which could, with sincerity, be said concerning them. Then, it is a common practice with certain individuals to expect a mackerel in exchange for a minnow. This is mean and reprehensible; but it is so. Look out for the very excellent number of the "G. H." next week. Spare the rod and lose the salmon, as somebody said, but don't miss the Greyfriars Herald on Monday.

A GREYFRIARS PARLIAMENT PARAGRAPH!

With much pleasure I award a prize of five shillings to the subjoined speech sent in by Reader D. Brinley Jones, 70, Dillwyn Street, Llanelly, South Wales, who says: "I want to speak of racing pigeons. This highly interesting hobby is not only delightful, but profitable. A good loft of real racers can win a great deal of prize money if properly managed. Some of the most essential things in pigeon-racing are: (1) Keep your loft scrupulously clean; it should be cleaned out at least three times a week. (2) Keep the drinking water sweet and pure by frequent changing. (3) See that the corn, peas, etc., are of good quality, and kept dry. (4) Keep your birds in condition by giving them plenty of exercise and fresh air. (5) See that your loft is well ventilated."

Correspondence.

H. L. P. Dyson, 20, Oak Avenue, Romiley, Cheshire, wishes to correspond with readers interested in cigarette cards.

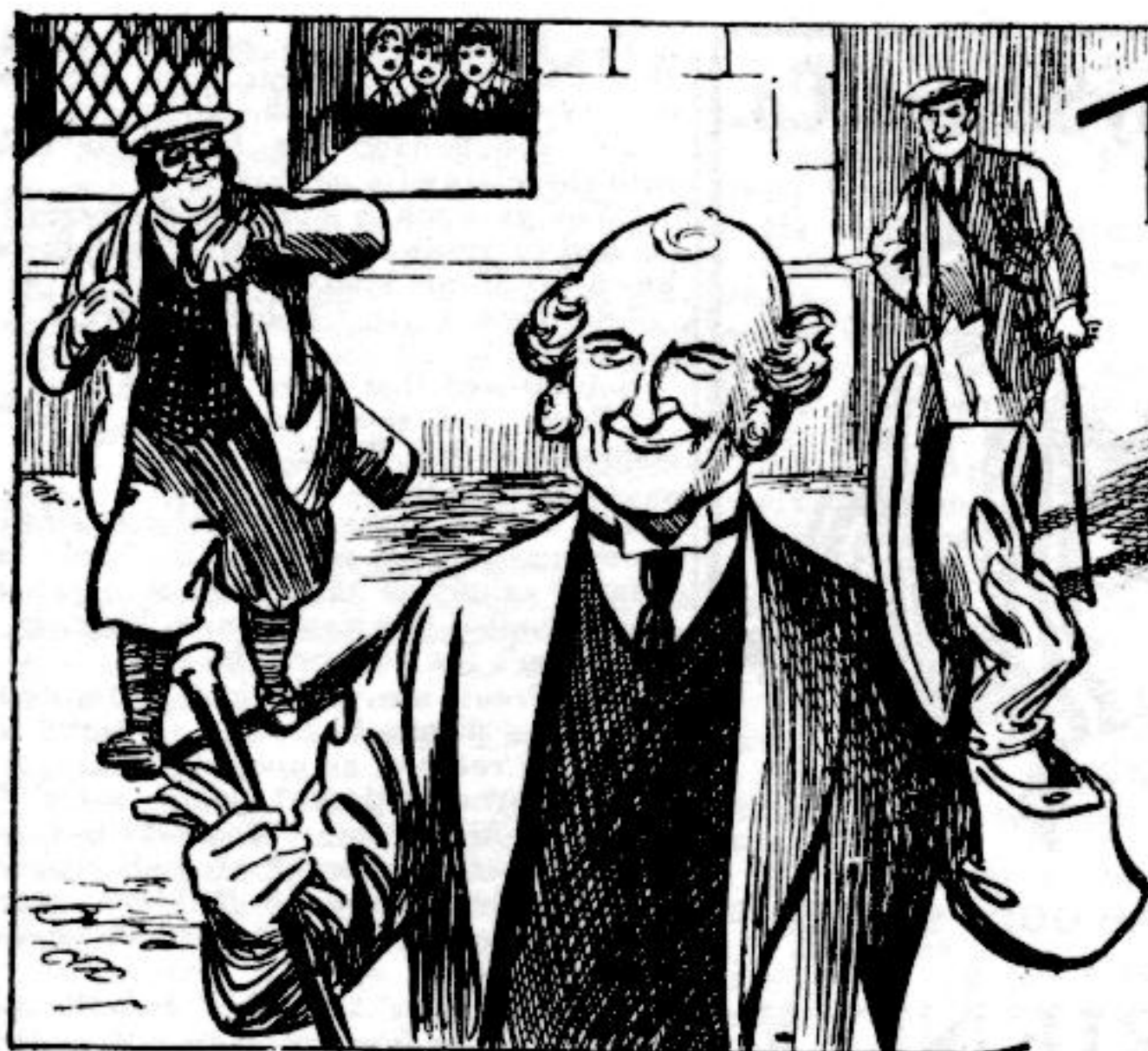
Howard V. Hillier, 3, Grove Road, Risca, near Newport, Mon, South Wales' wishes to correspond with readers in Canada and Australia for the exchange of books.

W. M'Donald, 30, Anderson Street, Yarraville, Victoria, Australia, wishes to correspond with readers interested in amateur magazines and photography.

J. Simpson, P.O. Box 4810, Johannesburg, Transvaal, South Africa, wishes to correspond with readers interested in cricket, football, and other sports.

Your Editor.

The story-paper at the top of the tree—the **MAGNET**!



The Jester of Greyfriars!

:: :: BY :: ::

Frank Richards.

A screamingly funny story of Harry Wharton & Co., recounting in breezy fashion the weird and wonderful schemes put into practice in honour of April Fools' Day at Greyfriars.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

April Fools!

"PARCEL for Bunter!"

Bob Cherry came into the Remove dormitory with a cheery grin on his face and a brown paper package under his arm.

The rising-bell was sounding, but the energetic Bob had been up and doing long before. Bob was no lazy-bones. He did not agree with the gentleman who said that it's nice to get up in the morning, but it's nicer to stay in bed.

Most of the fellows were dressing when Bob came in with the parcel. Only two remained in bed, stealing an extra forty winks. These were Billy Bunter and Lord Mauleverer. The fat junior and the lazy lord preferred to emulate the lilies of the field. They toiled not neither did they spin.

"Parcel for Bunter!"

Bob Cherry shouted the words this time.

Billy Bunter lay like a log. There was an expression of placid repose on his flabby countenance. He was snoring gently.

Bob Cherry advanced to Bunter's bedside.

"Parcel for Bunter!" he bellowed, in tones which made his previous shout appear a mere whisper.

Bunter heard at last. He could scarcely help doing so, for Bob Cherry's booming shout would have awakened the celebrated Seven Sleepers of Ephesus.

The words had a magical effect upon the fat junior. He opened his eyes, and shot up in his bed like a fat jack-in-the-box.

"Eh? Did you say there was a parcel for me, Cherry?"

"I did," said Bob. "And I nearly broke a blood-vessel before I could make you hear."

Billy Bunter glanced eagerly at the large package.

"Hand it over!" he said.

Bob Cherry thrust the parcel into Bunter's willing arms, and withdrew, chuckling softly.

"Postman's early this morning," said

Harry Wharton, turning his head from the washstand.

Bob Cherry nodded.

"It's a new postman this morning," he said. "A livelier sort of merchant altogether."

"Thank goodness!" said Johnny Bull fervently. "Old Blogg was as slow as a giddy funeral. It's high time they pensioned him off, and gave us somebody who isn't so gouty on his pins."

"Hear, hear!" said Frank Nugent. "Besides, old Blogg gets ever so frightened. He's always losing his head."

"He not only loses his head," said Tom Brown, "but the other morning it was so slippery in the Close that he couldn't even keep his feet!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Meanwhile, Billy Bunter was busily engaged in opening his parcel.

It was a tantalising parcel to open. It was all wrapping and no interior, so to speak. Bunter sat up in bed and tore away at the brown paper, and the straw, and the sheets of corrugated paper. His face, which had beamed like a full moon at first, grew longer and longer.

"There won't be much tuck inside this!" he muttered.

"Who is it from, Billy?" asked Peter Todd.

"No idea," said the fat junior. "I can't recognise the handwriting on the outside. But I expect it's from one of my titled relations—Baron Bunter most likely."

"A very barren baron if he's as broke as you are!" said Squiff.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

All eyes were focused upon Billy Bunter as he continued to burrow into the parcel.

At last he reached the nucleus of it—a tiny cardboard box.

"You won't find much tuck in there!" chuckled Nugent.

"The tuckfulness will be conspicuous by its absentful non-existence!" said Hurree Singh.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

But Bunter, though disappointed, was not despairing.

"It might be a gold watch," he said. "I've got a gold ticker already, but I

know what I'll do. I'll put this one up for auction and buy tuck with the proceeds."

"I should make sure it was a watch first, if I were you," said Bob Cherry.

With trembling fingers Billy Bunter removed the lid of the box. Then he gazed within, and his jaw dropped.

The box contained one doughnut. Not a nice new doughnut, with jam bursting through it; but a very hard, stale, sugarless doughnut, which must have been made in the year Dot, as Tom Brown observed.

Attached to the ancient doughnut was a slip of paper, bearing an inscription of two words: "April Fool!"

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Billy Bunter. "I say, you fellows, this is a spoof! I'd forgotten we were keeping up April Fools' Day. Cherry, you callous beast—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob was roaring. His chums were roaring. Everybody was roaring. For the expression of dismay on Billy Bunter's face was quite comical.

With a snort of rage, Bunter hurled the doughnut at Bob Cherry. It fell short of its objective, and landed on the floor of the Remove dormitory with a sickening thud.

"Why, it's as hard as a blessed cricket-ball!" said Harry Wharton. "Where did you dig it up, Bob?"

"I've been saving it since Christmas," explained Bob Cherry. "It's been three months in my study cupboard."

"My hat!"

Bob Cherry seated himself on his bed, and took a letter from his pocket and started to open it and read it. Presently he gave a start.

"I'm awfully sorry, you fellows—"

he began.

"What are you apologising about?" asked Johnny Bull.

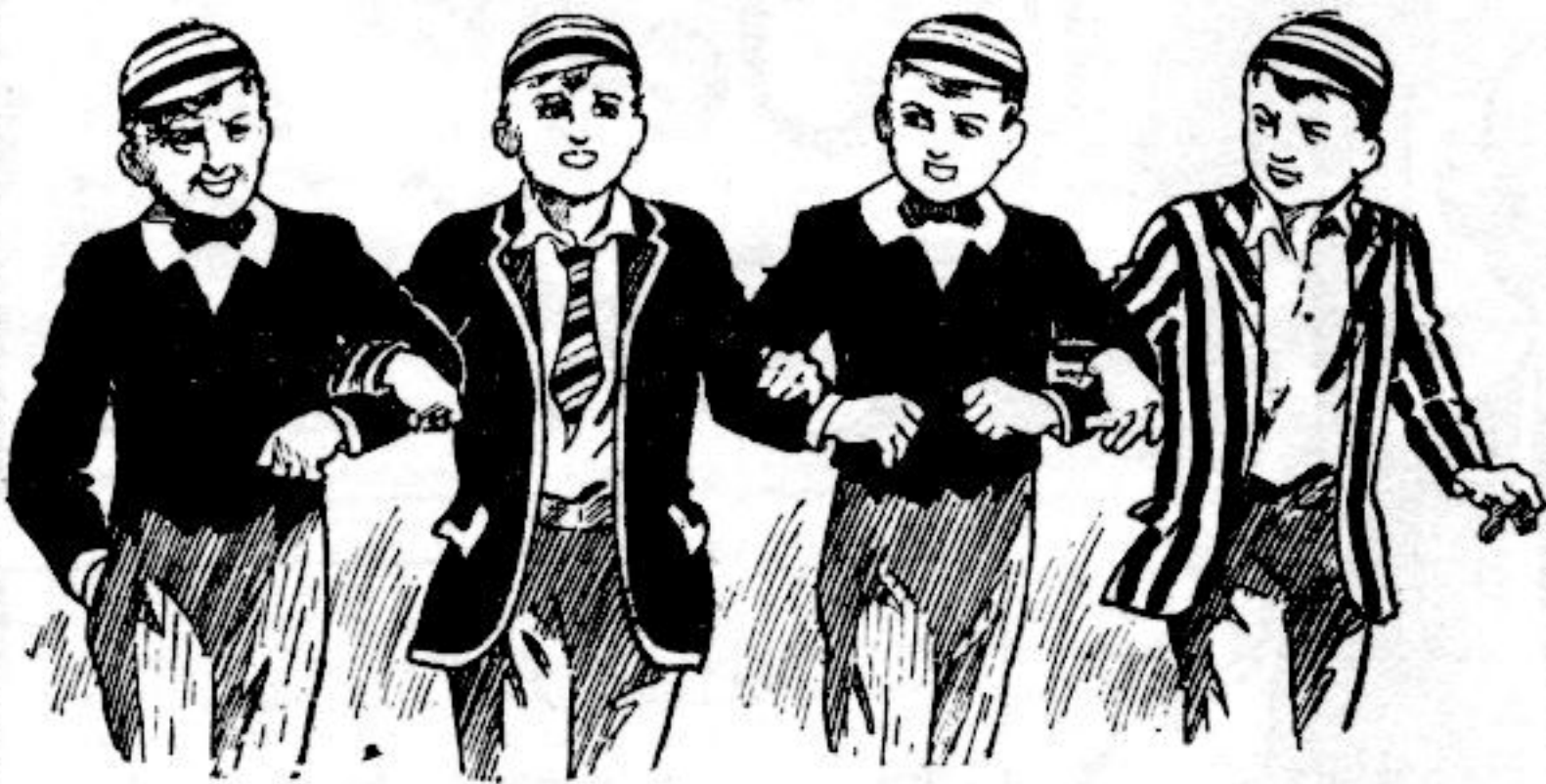
"I've got some letters for some of you. I meant to dish them out, but the jape on Bunter drove it clean out of my head."

"Anything for me?" asked Bolsover major.

"Not this morning, old son. There's one for Wharton—"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 791.

Make the acquaintance of Jimmy Silver & Co.



THE FAMOUS FISTICAL FOUR OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL,
in our Splendid Companion Paper,

THE "BOYS' FRIEND."

Out To-day :: :: :: Price 2d.

"Good!" said Harry. "Hand it over."

"There's a couple for Nugent, and one for Johnny Bull, and one for Smithy. None for you, Inky. The Indian mail's not in yet, I suppose."

Bob Cherry distributed the letters. In their eagerness to see the contents, the fellows did not concern themselves with the handwriting and the post-marks.

Harry Wharton, hoping for a remittance, ripped his envelope and produced a half-sheet of notepaper from within. Then he gave a yell:

"Spoofed, by Jove!"

The words "April Fool!" greeted the gaze of the captain of the Remove. The same thing happened in the case of Frank Nugent, and Johnny Bull, and Vernon-Smith.

Nugent grinned ruefully.

"Fancy our not tumbling to it!" he said. "But there were a couple for me, so I didn't think—"

"I gave you two so as not to make it look suspicious," chuckled Bob Cherry.

The recipients of the letters looked very crestfallen. Their schoolfellows laughed heartily, and there was a thunderous shout of "April Fools!"

"Bob, you funny beggar!" said Harry Wharton. "Just like you, to start an epidemic of leg-pulling on All Fools' Day. I suppose the new postman you mentioned is yourself?"

"Exactly!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Having successfully spoofed Billy Bunter and four others, Bob Cherry, like Alexander of old, looked for fresh worlds to conquer. He was not likely to meet with any further success in the Remove dormitory, for all the fellows were now on their guard. Even the guileless Alonzo Todd would have been a difficult subject for a jape just then.

Whilst his schoolfellows were finishing their ablutions, Bob Cherry strolled out on to the landing.

Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, was coming down the stairs. As soon as Bob caught sight of him he started to gesticulate wildly.

Mr. Prout stopped short and stared at Bob Cherry, who was throwing his arms about like a windmill.

"Bless my soul! Whatever is the matter with you, Cherry?"

"There's a fire, sir!"

"What!"

"Fire!" repeated Bob Cherry, trembling with excitement. "Shall I go and give the alarm, sir?"

"Good gracious!" gasped the astonished Mr. Prout. "Where is the fire, boy?"

"In your study, sir."

That was enough for Mr. Prout. He didn't wait to hear more. A fire in his study was a serious matter requiring urgent attention.

Mr. Prout, although he was long past the flower of his manhood, dashed down the remaining flight of stairs in quite an athletic manner. He very nearly pitched head first, but managed to restore his equilibrium in the nick of time.

Bob Cherry followed up, keeping a respectful distance behind the master of the Fifth.

Bob was so keen on April-fooling anybody and everybody that he did not stop to consider the enormity of the prank he was now playing. It might have been quite legitimate to pull the legs of his schoolfellows. Pulling Mr. Prout's leg was a very different thing.

Mr. Prout charged along the corridors like a cart-horse which has regained some of the speed of youth. He rushed into his study, fully expecting to find it in flames. To his amazement everything was normal.

Mr. Prout stood blinking around the apartment, pumping in breath.

"This—this is extraordinary!" he panted. "Surely that boy Cherry has not dared to—to have me on a portion of string, as the saying goes?"

A voice floated along the corridor.

"April Fool!"

Mr. Prout gave a jump. He strode to the doorway, a fierce frown on his face.

Like Moses of old, Mr. Prout looked this way and that way, and behold! there was no man. There had certainly been a voice, but the owner of that voice was invisible.

"I verily believe it was Cherry!" murmured Mr. Prout. "Come out, wretched boy! Reveal yourself! Doubtless you are skulking in some doorway."

Mr. Prout's surmise proved correct. Bob Cherry stepped into view from a doorway farther along the corridor.

Mr. Prout fixed the humorous Bob with the glare of a basilisk.

"You gave me to understand, Cherry," he said in tones of thunder, "that there was a fire in my study."

"So there is, sir," Bob said meekly.

"What!"

Bob insisted that there was a fire.

"Come and show me where it is," commanded Mr. Prout.

"Certainly, sir!"

Bob trotted along beside the wrathful Form master. On reaching the study he pointed calmly to the grate, in which a newly-kindled fire was burning brightly.

"There's the fire, sir," he said.

Mr. Prout nearly choked. His face assumed a purple hue. He appeared to be on the verge of an apoplectic fit.

"You—you impudent young rascal!" spluttered Mr. Prout. "You have had the effrontery—the unheard of audacity—to play a joke on me—to pull my lower limb, as you would say! I shall report this matter—"

"It's All Fools' Day, sir," Bob Cherry pointed out in tones of reproach. "We couldn't keep it up on April the First, because it fell on a Sunday, so we decided to postpone it until after the Easter holidays."

"And you regard a Form master as fair game for your practical jokes?" hooted Mr. Prout.

"Ahem!"

"Go!" roared the incensed Form master. "Depart instantly, before I seize you and shake you! It is only by the exercise of great self-control that I can keep my hands off you! You shall hear more of this!"

Bob Cherry promptly scuttled away along the corridor. He went out into the sunny Close, not yet cured of his April-fooling mania.

Gosling, the porter, shuffled into view. He was carrying a ladder.

"Which it's 'ard work, 'aving to 'aul this 'ere ladder about!" grunted Gosling as he passed Bob Cherry.

"I say, Gossy," said Bob Cherry. "You've dropped something!"

"Eh?"

"You've dropped something," insisted Bob.

Gosling, fearing that some of his hard-earned money had been shed through a hole in his pocket, set down the ladder and started to explore the ground. He looked utterly mystified.

"Wot 'ave I dropped, Master Cherry?" he asked in concern.

"Your itches!" said Bob cheerfully. "A whole crowd of them."

"Why, you—you—" spluttered Gosling.

"April Fool!" said Bob sweetly as he turned away.

Muttering imprecations to himself Gosling picked up the ladder and shuffled on his way.

At that moment Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent came out into the Close. They signalled to Bob Cherry.

"What's wanted?" asked Bob.

"You are," said Harry Wharton. "You're wanted in the Head's study."

Bob gave a groan. Apparently Mr. Prout had not let the grass grow under his feet. He had lost no time in reporting Bob's practical joke.

"Confound old Prout!" growled Bob. "I suppose he's reported me to the Head for pulling his leg this morning."

"What did you do?" asked Nugent.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating—

"Told him there was a fire in his study. And so there was—in the grate!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "This is where the chopper comes down," said Bob ruefully. "Still, I'll keep a stiff upper lip and face the music."

Bob went along to the Head's study. He was about to tap on the door of that sacred apartment, when a couple of voices called along the corridor in a cheerful duet:

"April Fool!"
 Bob Cherry spun round in astonishment. Wharton and Nugent were grinning at him.

"Oh, my hat!" muttered Bob.
 He realised that he was hoist with his own petard. He had been japing people all along the line; and it was now a case of the japer japed.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Wharton and Nugent.

"One to you," said Bob Cherry. "I was so keen on catching others that I wasn't prepared to be April-fooled myself. Old Prout hasn't reported me, after all. Blessings on his bald pate!"

Fortunately for Bob, Mr. Prout took the matter no further. He was a kindly gentleman at heart, and he realised that a certain amount of latitude was permissible on All Fools' Day. And after his morning tub, and a brisk constitutional in the Close, Mr. Prout beamed happily upon a smiling world.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.
Skinner's Startling Stunt!

BILLY BUNTER was hungry. There was nothing surprising in that fact. Bunter lived in a state of perpetual hunger. He had gone supperless to bed, and he had awakened with an aching void in his interior.

The fat junior's hopes had been raised high on the arrival of the parcel, only to be dashed again on his discovering the stale doughnut.

Bunter came downstairs with one object in view—to beg, borrow, or steal some tuck. For it wanted half an hour to breakfast.

Bunter felt that he could not hold out for half an hour. He must find some supplies somewhere.

He rolled along the Remove passage, peeping into every study where the door happened to be ajar.

Most of the studies were occupied, for all the fellows were down now.

Skinner's study, however, happened to be untenanted.

Bunter rolled inside.

"Might be something in the cupboard," he reflected. "I'll explore, anyway."

He went to the cupboard and opened it. On the top shelf a plum cake reposed in stately splendour.

Standing on tiptoe, Billy Bunter raised his right arm above his head. He was in the act of making a grab at the cake, when the sound of approaching footsteps caused him to bob down suddenly.

Hastily closing the cupboard door, Bunter dodged behind the screen, and lay doggo.

Into the study came Skinner. He seemed to be doubled up with merriment. His hands were pressed to his sides, and he gave vent to a burst of explosive laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho! He, he, he!"

Billy Bunter, crouching behind the screen, listened in amazement to these weird cachinnations.

Skinner sat down, and rocked himself backwards and forwards in his chair, still laughing convulsively.

"What's the joke, I wonder?" mused Billy Bunter.

He was soon to learn.

Snoop and Stott joined Skinner in the study. They stared in surprise at the cad of the Remove. Skinner was making a noise like several soda-water siphons being brought into action at the same time.

"You'll go off pop in a minute!" remarked Snoop warningly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Would you mind telling us," said Stott patiently, "where the joke comes in?"

Skinner continued to rock to and fro.

"It—it's All Fools' Day!" he spluttered.

"And Queen Anne's dead!" said Snoop. "Tell us something we don't know!"

Skinner waved his hand towards the doorway.

"Place the wood in the cavity," he said, "and I'll let you into the giddy secret."

Stott closed the door. Billy Bunter, concealed behind the screen, was quivering from head to foot, partly with fear, and partly with curiosity.

"Friends, Romans, and countrymen," said Skinner, "lend me your hearing apparatuses! I've plotted a gigantic jape, the like of which has never been known before. It will fairly stagger you!"

Snoop and Stott were all attention. They had a great admiration for Skinner as a practical joker. Skinner was certainly the prince of japers. The trouble was that he invariably went too far. The majority of his japes were tinged with caddishness.

"I thought of the stunt in bed last night," explained Skinner. "I do all my thinking in bed."

Which was true. Skinner did very little thinking in the Remove Form room. He always turned on his thinking tap at the wrong time, much to the annoyance of Mr. Quelch.

"Buck up and get it off your chest!" said Snoop. "I'm all ears."

"So I've noticed," said Skinner, with a glance at Snoop's somewhat prominent flappers.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Stott.

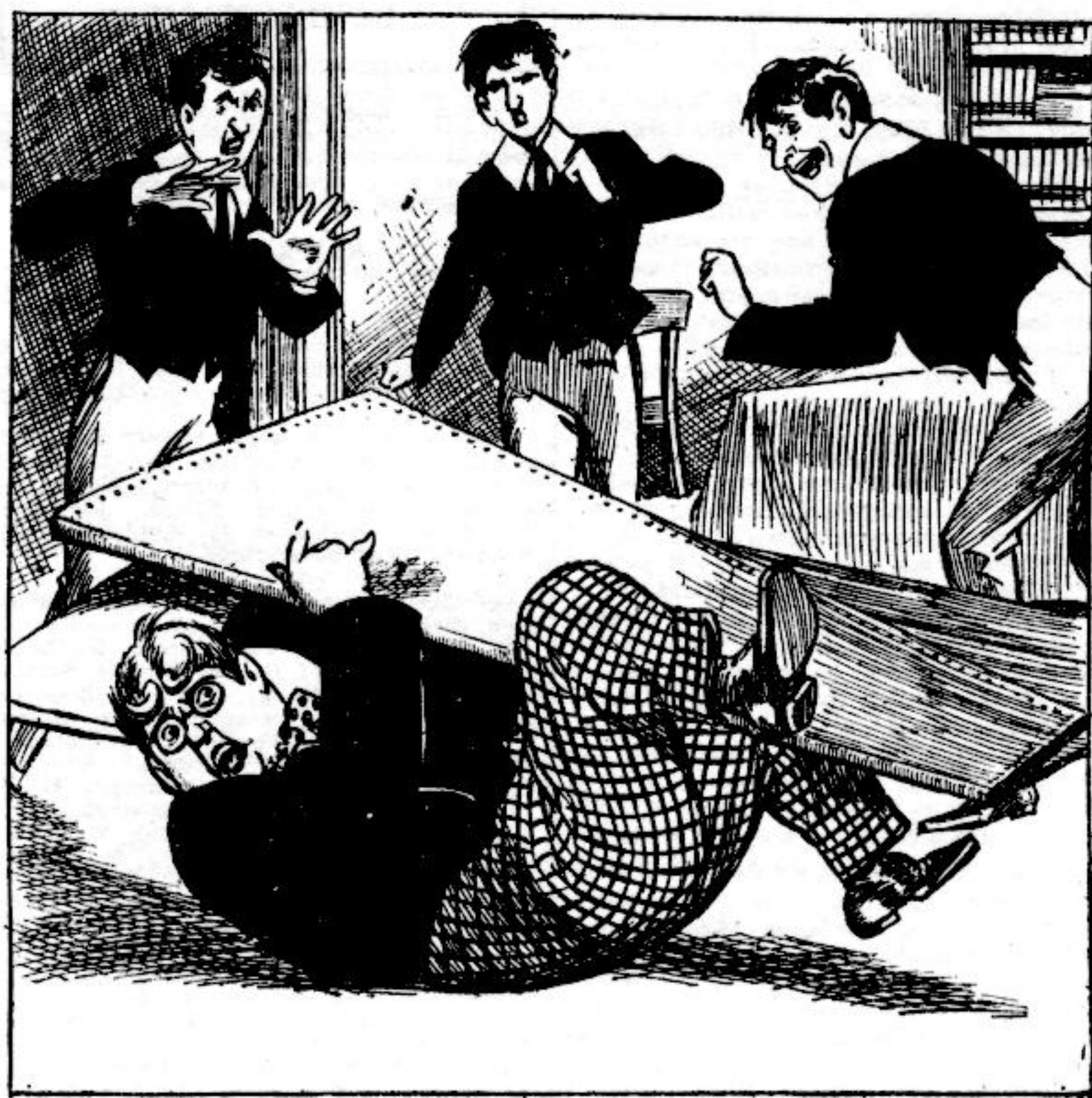
And Billy Bunter, ensconced behind the screen, gave vent to a subdued chuckle.

"To begin at the beginning," said Skinner, "I was lucky enough to get hold of a sheet of paper bearing the Head's signature. The rest of the sheet was blank. I took the paper along to Quelch's study, when the Quelch bird was out, and I typed an announcement over the Head's signature."

"What was the announcement?" inquired Snoop and Stott simultaneously.

Skinner chuckled.

"It was short and sweet," he said. "Simply this: 'The school will be granted a whole day's holiday to-day.'"



Skinner rose to his feet and staggered around the study, holding his sides with laughter. In the course of his gyrations he happened to bump into the screen, and it fell with a crash—upon the crouching form of Billy Bunter. A wild yell rang through the study. (See Chapter 2.)

—The proof of the MAGNET is in the reading!

"My hat!"

"And—and you mean to say you've had the cheek to put that announcement on the notice-board?" gasped Stott.

Skinner nodded.

"It's there now, for all the world to see," he said. "And the signature at the foot is absolutely genuine. No forgery, or anything of that sort. Everybody will be taken in—masters as well as fellows."

Skinner had prophesied that Snoop and Stott would be fairly staggered. They were. So was Billy Bunter.

A more daring jape on the whole school could hardly have been conceived.

"Everybody will see the notice, and go off for the day," said Skinner. "The masters will go golfing, and fellows will go footballing."

"But the Head will soon chip in—" began Stott.

"Not so, brother William," said Skinner, with a grin. "The Head is being got out of the way."

"Great Scott!"

"How on earth are you wangling that?" asked Snoop.

"Simple enough," said Skinner. "I've got a cousin in London, as you know. He works on a newspaper. He has to be at the office very early in the morning, so I was able to get him on the telephone. I asked him to send a telegram to the Head, calling him away for the day. Here's a copy of the wire."

Skinner handed a sheet of paper to his cronies.

The message ran as follows:

"Special meeting of Governors convened for eleven o'clock this morning at Hotel Majestic, London. Kindly attend.—Chairman."

"Ye gods and little fishes!" ejaculated Stott. "The Head will get this wire, and go rushing off to London."

"Precisely!" said Skinner.

Snoop and Stott looked rather alarmed. An April Fool jape was all very well, within limits. But to victimise the whole of the masters and fellows, and the Head into the bargain, was, to put it mildly, a little too thick.

"There will be the dickens of a row about this!" said Snoop.

Skinner shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm not likely to be found out," he said. "If I am, I must stand the racket. Nobody's in the secret except you two fellows, and you won't give me away."

"Of course not!" said Stott. But—

"What are you 'butting' about?"

"This—this sort of takes my breath away," stammered Stott. "I've never heard of anything quite like it before. You've arranged a day's holiday for the whole school!"

"Thereby rendering a great service to the community," said Skinner, with a grin. "A jape that is the means of making everybody happy is a grand stunt."

"But it won't make the Head happy!" said Snoop.

"True," said Skinner thoughtfully. "Still, somebody must be sacrificed for the benefit of the majority. The Head will have a pleasant train journey. Can't you picture him lying back in a first-class carriage, reading the works of Thucydides, or some other ancient johnny? It will be a wasted day for him, I know; but that can't be helped. Of course, you fellows will keep as mum as mice about this?"

"Yes, rather!" said Stott. "If anything comes to light, we shall say we knew nothing at all about it."

At this stage Skinner had a fresh outburst of merriment. He rose to his feet,

and staggered around the study, holding his sides with laughter.

In the course of his gyrations he happened to bump into the screen, and it fell with a crash upon the crouching form of Billy Bunter.

"Yaroooooh!"

A wild yell rang through the study.

Skinner gave a violent start. He turned quite pale.

"There—there was somebody behind the screen!" he muttered.

"Bunter!" shouted Stott.

"Ow, ow, ow! Get me out of this!" groaned the fat junior. The screen was on top of him, and it rose and fell spasmodically as he struggled beneath it.

Snoop and Stott went to the rescue. They dragged Bunter clear of the screen, and the Owl of the Remove staggered to his feet. Skinner glared at him.

"You rotten eavesdropper!" he hissed. "You must have heard every word I said!"

"Yes, I did. And if you lay so much as a finger on me I shall have to—ahem—think twice whether or not it's my duty to inform the Head," said Bunter gravely.

Skinner had raised his fists, but he dropped them to his sides again. He realised that Bunter had him in a cleft stick.

RESULT OF SUNDERLAND PICTURE-PUZZLE COMPETITION.

In this competition no competitor sent in a correct solution of the pictures. The First Prize of £5 has therefore been awarded to the following competitor, whose solution contained one error:

W. BLACKHALL,
76, Pleasant Street,
West Bromwich.

The Second Prize of £2 10s. has been divided among the following four competitors, whose solutions contained two errors each:

Chas. Jeffrey, 14, Park Street, Southend-on-Sea; J. W. Tarbotton, 37, Lyndhurst Street, Leeds Road, Bradford; Hector A. Hobbs, 23, Craddock Street, Riverside, Cardiff; George Downes, 45, Wordsley Green, Wordsley, near Stourbridge.

Seventeen competitors, with three errors each, divide the Ten Prizes of 5s. each:

H. G. Jeffrey, 14, Park Street, Southend-on-Sea; Willie Budd, Gellygron Road, Pontardawe, Swansea; H. L. King, 42, Beecham Road, Buckland, Portsmouth; Joe Allison, 2, Forth Street, Chopwell, co. Durham; Alfred Cooper, Ivy Cottage, Wordsley Green, Wordsley, near Stourbridge; M. F. Brebner, 83, Mid Street, Fraserburgh, N.B.; H. H. Mattich, 177, Church Hill, Writhlington, near Bath; F. Bailey, 91, Taylor Street, Bradford, Manchester; Nora O'Halloran, Chapel Street, Ennis, co. Clare, Ireland; John James, Bull Hotel, Rochester, Kent; Kate Bland, 2, Walker Street, Heywood, Lancs; Mrs. Gunn, 15, Waverley Park, Edinburgh; J. B. Hughes, 6, Perth Street, Belfast; D. Kennedy, 4, Fleshers Vennel, Perth; E. Kennedy, 4, Fleshers Vennel, Perth; L. J. Swift, 167, Montgomery Street, Sparkbrook, Birmingham; Thomas Cooper, Ivy Cottage, Wordsley Green, Wordsley, near Stourbridge.

SOLUTION:

For a long period Sunderland were the finest football club in the land. During the first five seasons of their connection with the League they were only beaten at home on three occasions, but they seem fated never to win the English Cup. Their most noted footballer is the great Charles Buchan.

The fat junior was in possession of the full facts concerning the April Fool jape. The telegram calling the Head to London had not yet arrived; and if Bunter went to the Head the whole precious scheme would be ruined.

Bunter held the whip hand, and he was in the position of dictator. He started to dictate quickly enough.

"I say, Skinner, I happen to be broke—"

"You never happen to be anything else!" growled Skinner.

"Five bob would come in jolly useful—"

"I dare say it would."

"Hand it over," said Bunter. "Of course, I shall only consider it as a small loan!"

"Eh?"

"Hand it over! I am not sure that I ought not to go straight to the Head and tell him all about this April Fool stunt of yours. My sense of—"

"You wouldn't dare—"

"Oh, wouldn't I?" said Bunter, turning to the door. "On second thoughts I'll go and see the Head right now."

"Come back!" cried Skinner in alarm. Hopelessly cornered, the cad of the Remove produced a couple of half-crowns and dropped them into Bunter's palm.

It was like having a whole row of teeth out for Skinner to part with those half-crowns. He was very mean and mercenary, and could not bear parting with money. But he had to part with it now, or the fat would be in the fire.

Billy Bunter pocketed the coins with a chuckle.

"Thanks!" he said. "I'll keep strictly mum about this."

"You'd better," said Skinner. "If you play me false, your life won't be worth living!"

"Oh, by the way," said Billy Bunter, pausing in the doorway, "you've got a jolly nice cake in your cupboard. I'll have a slice, please."

Skinner groaned, and produced the cake. He set it on the table, and made the foolish mistake of handing Bunter a knife and telling him to cut a slice for himself.

Bunter cut a slice—quite a moderate one, in fact. But he didn't take it. He calmly helped himself to the remainder of the cake!

Skinner & Co. stood speechless.

Billy Bunter, hugging the cake to his chest, rolled out of the study. He was the richer by five shillings and nine-tenths of a cake. And Bunter, as Mr. Prout had done before him, beamed happily upon a smiling world.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The School without Masters!

BOB CHERRY saw it first. And he gave a whoop of delight.

Then the other members of the Famous Five beheld the announcement on the notice-board, and four more whoops of delight rang out.

"Hoorah!"

"A whole day's holiday, by Jove!"

"The Head's a brick!"

"The brickfulness of the esteemed and ludicrous Head is terrific!"

The Famous Five of the Remove fairly danced a hornpipe in their delight. Their shouting and cheering served as a magnet to draw dozens of fellows to the notice-board.

"This is top-hole!" said Tom Brown, his eyes sparkling. "A whole day's holiday—and when nobody expected it!"

"Rivals and Chums!"—next week's Greyfriars yarn—

"Faith, an' this is a red-letter day, entirely!" said Micky Desmond.

Vernon-Smith looked searchingly at the notice.

"Don't count your chickens before they're hatched," he said. "You fellows have forgotten that this is All Fools' day."

"Oh!"

"Are you suggesting, Smithy, that this might be a jape?" said Harry Wharton.

Vernon-Smith nodded.

"But that's the Head's signature," said Nugent. "I could swear to it. Look! Here's another notice signed by the Head. Compare the two signatures, and you'll find that they are alike in every detail."

"That's so," said Johnny Bull. "There's no spoof about this. Quelchy typed out the notice on his machine, and the Head signed it."

Even Vernon-Smith could no longer be sceptical. There was no mistaking the bold signature of Dr. Locke.

A wave of excitement swept over Greyfriars.

Fellows of all Forms fairly jumped for joy when they saw the notice.

The seniors were as excited as anybody, though they did not show it.

Coker & Co., of the Fifth, passed a vote of thanks to the Head. Hobson & Co., of the Shell, went wild with delight. Temple & Co., of the Upper Fourth, were transported into the seventh heaven. Harry Wharton & Co. cheered till they were husky. And the antics of the fag tribe beggared description.

The Famous Five went along arm-in-arm to Study No. 1 to map out their programme for the day.

"What shall we do with ourselves?" asked Bob Cherry. "This blessed holiday has been sprung on us so suddenly that I hardly know whether I'm on my head or my heels!"

"I suggest we go on the river," said Nugent.

"What about getting up a footer match?" asked Johnny Bull.

"I votefully propose that we go for a spinfulness on our esteemed jiggers," said Hurree Singh.

Harry Wharton wrinkled his brows in thought.

"What do you say to spending the morning on the river, and the afternoon playing footer?" he said.

This plan of campaign was eventually agreed upon.

Harry Wharton crossed to the window and gazed out over the sunny Close.

"Hallo! The merry exodus has started," he said. "There goes the Head!"

Dr. Locke, minus his gown and mortar-board, was walking down to the school gates. His usually stern face was wreathed in smiles. He seemed to be on the best of terms with himself that bright spring morning.

Mr. Prout was the next to depart.

The master of the Fifth was wearing "plus fours," and he carried a bag of golf-clubs. He was evidently bound for the Courtfield links to play a few rounds with Tom Niblick, the local professional.

Bob Cherry chuckled, and recited a little nursery rhyme of his own making:

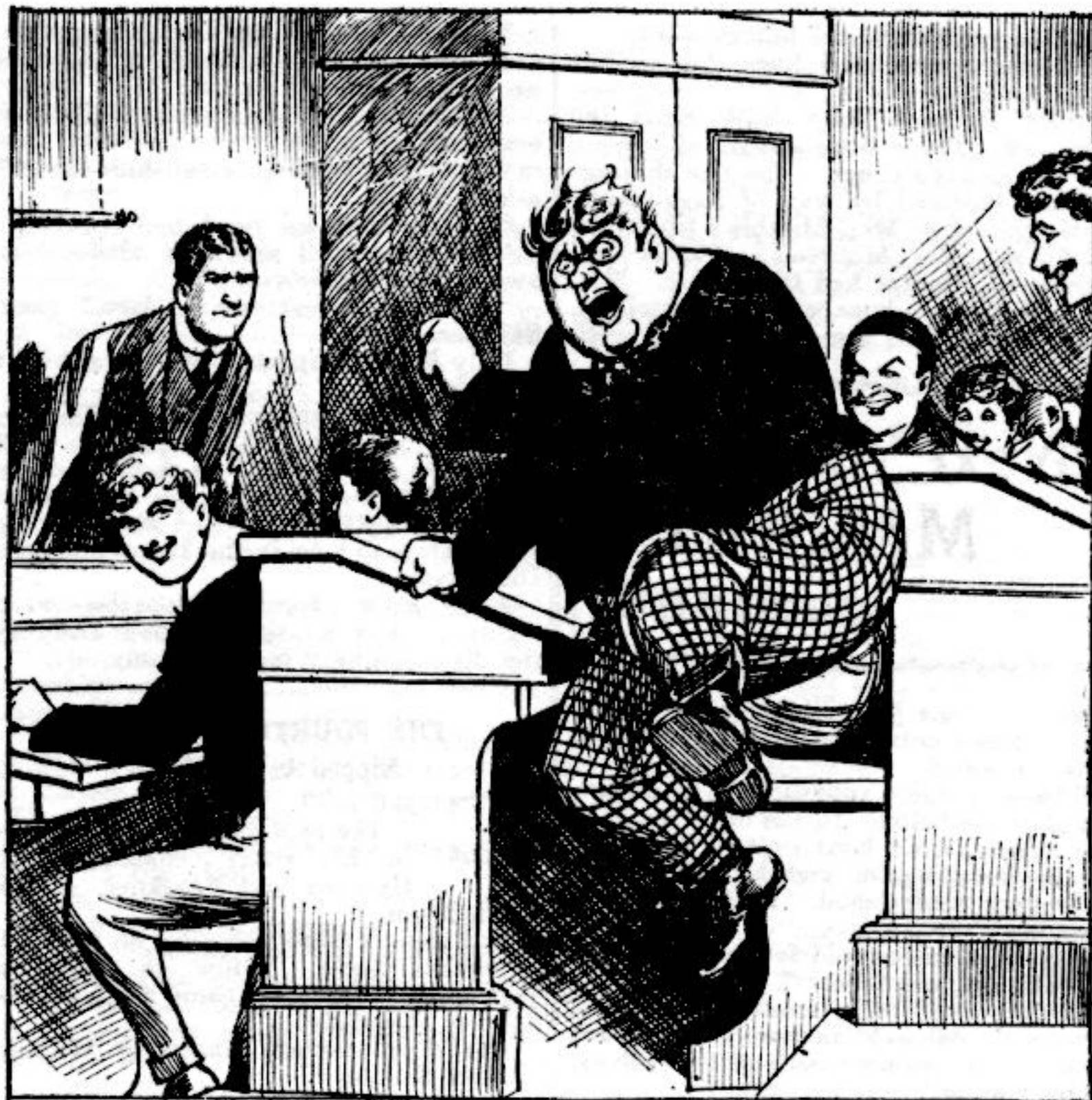
"Children, cease from scoffing.

Prouty's gone a-golfing.

And when he swings his hefty club
He'll make his little caddie blub!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Poor old Prout!" said Nugent. "He digs up quite a lot of turf, but he never manages to hit the ball, except by accident!"



"Bunter!" Loder fairly shouted the name. Snore! Wun Lung, who sat next to the Owl, produced a pin from the lapel of his coat, and inserted it in the fat junior's calf. The effect was electrical. Bunter shot up like a jack-in-the-box. (See Chapter 5.)

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry peered over Wharton's shoulder.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There goes Quelchy!" he exclaimed. "I thought he'd stay indoors all day, slogging at his History of Greyfriars. But he's on pleasure bent, like the rest of 'em."

Mr. Quelch was smiling as he strode briskly down to the school gates. A haversack was slung over his shoulder, and he also carried a camera.

"I always said Quelchy was a bit of a bulldog," said Johnny Bull. "He's going to take snaps!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The exodus of masters continued.

Mr. Capper and Mr. Twigg strolled down to the gates together. They were laughing and chatting with the animation of a pair of schoolboys.

Even Mr. Hacker, the sour-faced master of the Shell, was looking quite merry and bright as he stepped out into the sunshine.

Mr. Wally Bunter, who ruled the babes of the First, came into view. He was riding a bicycle, which groaned and creaked beneath his huge bulk. Bob Cherry hailed him from the study window.

"Hope you have a good time, sir."

"Thank you, Cherry," said the young master, turning his head with a smile.

Herr Gans and Monsieur Charpentier were the next to depart. And Mr. Larry Lascelles brought up the rear of the procession.

The holiday spirit was in the air, and

the Greyfriars masters seemed bent upon having a good time.

The Famous Five were not the only ones who watched them go. Skinner and Snoop and Stott witnessed the exodus from the window of Study No. 11.

Skinner gave a low chuckle.

"Well, I've worked the merry oracle!" he said. "There's only one fly in the ointment."

"What's that?" asked Stott.

"Bunter knowing all about it."

"But he won't split," said Snoop.

"Wish I could feel sure of that," said Skinner. "You can't trust the fat toad."

Greyfriars was now a school without masters.

Skinner's amazing scheme had succeeded up to the hilt. He had not seen a telegram arrive for the Head. But Dr. Locke had gone off all right, so he must have had the wire.

Now that all the masters had vanished, the fellows prepared to follow suit.

Many were the plans made that morning. Picnics were planned, and river excursions, and cycling tours, and long country rambles, and games of football. The school was on holiday—and only four fellows knew of the astounding hoax.

There would be a price to pay that evening, when the Head returned from his fruitless journey to London. Somebody would be made to suffer. But Skinner hoped that suspicion would not fall upon him. Snoop and Stott would not give him away; he felt sure of that. But there was no trusting Bunter. That youth was indeed a fly in the ointment, and a very dangerous fly at that.

—is the real goods! Order your copy of the MAGNET now!

"I say, Skinney, old fellow—"

Skinner spun round from the window with a start.

Billy Bunter's huge bulk filled the doorway. There were smears of jam on the fat junior's cheek. The five shillings he had received by way of hush-money now reposed in Mrs. Mimble's till at the tuckshop. Mrs. Mimble's jam-tarts were excellent. Bunter had tried some. Mrs. Mimble's cream buns were also excellent. Bunter had tried some of those as well.

Next Monday's MAGNET contains:

Mrs. Mimble's jam-roll was a speciality. It was half-a-crown a pound. Bunter had eaten a pound.

The fat junior's appetite was satisfied—for the time being. It was never satisfied for long. In an hour or two he would be ravenous again, and he wanted his exchequer replenished. So he came to Skinner.

"I say, Skinney, old fellow—"

"Skinney, old fellow" looked daggers at Bunter. If looks could have killed, Bunter's obituary notice would have appeared in the next issue of the "Greyfriars Herald."

"What do you want?" growled Skinner.

Bunter came to the point with remarkable candour.

"Brass!" he said.

"Then you'd better give him your alleged gold watch, Skinney!" chuckled Stott.

"Ha, ha, ha!" cackled Snoop.

Skinner didn't laugh. He looked decidedly grim.

"You've had five bob out of me, you fat worm!" he snarled, still glaring at Bunter.

"And I want another five," said Bunter calmly. "My postal order—"

"Well, of all the nerve!" gasped Skinner. "I suppose you think I'm a giddy horn of plenty that you can come and draw from every five minutes? You're not going to get another penny out of me! That's absolutely flat and final!"

Billy Bunter blinked indignantly at Skinner through his big spectacles.

"Then I'm afraid I shall have to go straight to the Head!" he said. "From a point of honour I consider it my duty."

"Then you'll have to hurry," said Stott. "The Head left the school about twenty minutes ago."

"I'll go to Quelchy, then."

"Quelchy's gone, too. All the masters have buzzed off, in fact."

"Then I'll go and tell Wingate!" said Billy Bunter. "I'll nip this holiday in the bud, and I'll make things jolly warm for you, Skinner, you mean beast!"

Skinner shrugged his shoulders. "Go ahead," he said. "You'll suffer for it afterwards, if you do play the sneak!"

Billy Bunter rolled slowly out of the study. He expected Skinner to call him back and hand him an additional five shillings. But Skinner did nothing of the sort. He was far from being a millionaire, and he could not afford to keep handing out money at five shillings a time.

Billy Bunter loitered in the passage, waiting for Skinner to shout to him, but no shout came.

Snoop and Stott glanced at Skinner in concern.

"Aren't you going to call him back?" asked Snoop.

Skinner shook his head.

"But—but he'll give the whole show away!" gasped Stott.

"I don't think he'll dare," said Skinner.

Billy Bunter happened to overhear that remark.

"He thinks I'm afraid to tell Wingate, does he?" muttered the fat junior. "I'll jolly soon show him that I mean business! He won't give me any more money, the stingy beast—I mean, it's a rotten trick to take in the Head, anyway. Disgraceful!"

And Billy Bunter, looking very righteous and wrathful, rolled away in the direction of Wingate's study.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Nipped in the Bud!

"COME in!"

The captain of Greyfriars was in his study, chatting with Gwynne and Faulkner, of the Sixth Form.

The seniors were debating on that all-important topic, "How to Spend a Holiday," when there came a tap on the door of the study.

The door opened, admitting William George Bunter.

A

Bumper Programme and a Big Surprise!

Three separate and distinct glares were bestowed upon the Owl of the Remove.

"Clear!" said Wingate tersely.

"Oh, really, Wingate—"

"Cut off!"

"But I've got something awfully important to tell you—something that will fairly stagger you!" said Billy Bunter.

The fat junior was shaking with suppressed excitement. Wingate eyed him curiously.

"Very well," he said. "Let's hear this staggering news, and if it doesn't happen to be anything important I'll give you a tuning-up with my ashplant."

"It's All Fools' Day—" began Bunter.

Wingate gave a snort.

"Did you come here expressly to tell me that, you fat duffer?" he demanded.

"Nunno! Be patient, Wingate, and hear me out, there's a good sort," said Bunter as the skipper's hand strayed towards an ashplant. "We're keeping up All Fools' Day to-day, and Skinner has made April Fools of the whole school!"

"Rubbish!"

"Faith, an' he'd have to be a jolly clever kid to do that!" said Gwynne.

"But he's done it!" persisted Bunter.

"How?"

"He's had everybody on toast—masters and fellows too. I happened to hear the whole plot!"

"Plot?" echoed Wingate in amazement. "What on earth are you babbling about?"

"It was a plot to spoof the school," said Bunter, "and it's come off. It isn't a whole day's holiday at all. The Head knows nothing about it."

The three seniors stared speechlessly at Billy Bunter. Doubts as to the fat junior's sanity began to creep into their minds.

Bunter babbled on.

"I'll tell you how it was done," he said. "Skinner got hold of a sheet of paper with the Head's signature on it. He took it along to Quelchy's study and typed on it, 'There will be a whole day's holiday to-day,' or words to that effect. Then he put the sheet of paper on the notice-board, for all the school to see."

"Great Scott!"

The seniors were impressed now. They knew that Bunter was not clever enough to invent such a story. It must be a fact, not a fiction.

"Of course," Bunter went on, "Skinner had to get the Head out of the way, or all his plans would have come unstuck. This is how he did it. He's got a cousin in London, working in Fleet Street somewhere. He telephoned to this cousin asking him to send a telegram to the Head, calling him away from Greyfriars. The Head has caught his train by now, and he's on the way to London."

Wingate was thunderstruck. So were Gwynne and Faulkner. They knew that Skinner of the Remove was a notorious practical joker. But they had not dreamed that he would ever go to such lengths as this.

For a moment there was a deep silence in the study—the silence of sheer stupefaction.

Presently Wingate turned sharply upon Billy Bunter.

"When did you overhear this plot, Bunter?" he demanded.

"First thing this morning," answered the fat junior thoughtlessly.

"Then why did you not inform the authorities right away?"

"Ahem! It—it slipped my memory, you know," said Bunter feebly.

The captain of Greyfriars looked grim.

"Do you expect me to believe that?" he said. "I think I know what happened. You overheard this scheme of Skinner's, and threatened to show him up unless he made it worth your while not to do so. You extorted money from him, and when the supplies failed you carried out your threat."

Billy Bunter blinked at Wingate in amazement.

"My hat!" he ejaculated. "How did you find out all this? I mean I didn't—I never. Wouldn't think of such a thing. Were you watching me, Wingate?"

Make Absolutely Certain of YOUR Copy NOW!

"Of course not, you young fool! But, knowing your reputation as a black-mailer, I soon put two and two together. You deserve to be flogged, and I intend to report you to the Head on his return."

"Oh, really, Wingate—"

The captain of Greyfriars pointed to the door.

"Clear out!" he said curtly. "And tell Skinner to report to me at once!"

The boys of Friardale rag Harry Wharton & Co.—

When Bunter had departed on his errand, Wingate turned to his chums.

"This fairly nips the holiday in the bud," he said. "We shall have to cancel all our plans. All the masters appear to have gone, so I shall have to take charge of the school. Lessons must proceed as usual!"

Faulkner gave a low whistle.

"Aren't you taking rather a lot on yourself, old man?" he said.

"Not at all. Now that I know the facts, it's my duty to cancel the holiday. I shall place prefects in charge of the various Forms. Meanwhile, I must ask you two fellows to go down to the school gates and prevent anyone from going out."

It was an unpleasant duty. But Gwynne and Faulkner carried it out without demur. They were stout pals of George Wingate, but they were his subordinates as well, and they did not forget the fact.

In the absence of the masters, Wingate had assumed command of the school. He was bitterly disappointed that the holiday was "off." But he had his duty to perform. It would not be playing the game to allow the school to take the holiday, now that he was in possession of all the facts.

There was a tap on the door of Wingate's study.

"Come in," said Wingate grimly.

Harold Skinner presented himself. He was looking decidedly crestfallen. He had hoped that Bunter's threat to give the game away had been merely an empty one; and he was fairly staggered to find that the fat junior had kept his word.

Wingate eyed the cad of the Remove very sternly.

"Bunter has been to me with a remarkable story," he said. "He tells me that you have April-fooled the whole school by pretending that the Head had granted a day's holiday. You are also alleged to have got the Head away from the school by a subterfuge. Is that so?"

Skinner moistened his dry lips. He was quaking a little. He had not regarded his conduct as very grave until now. But Wingate had a nasty way of describing it. Skinner's own description of it would have been "a harmless jape." Wingate's description made it appear something far worse.

A denial hovered on the tip of Skinner's tongue. But he realised that a denial would only make matters worse for him in the long run. Inquiries would be made, and he would be bowled out. Better to make a clean breast of it, reflected Skinner.

"Is Bunter's story correct?" asked Wingate.

"Y-e-e-s," faltered Skinner.

"You have hoaxed the whole school—the masters included?"

Skinner nodded.

"This is a serious business, Skinner," said Wingate. "You'll catch it hot when the Head comes back. In the meantime, I propose to put you in the punishment-room. You will come with me."

Skinner followed the captain of Greyfriars from the study. The corridors were thronged with fellows, and they glanced curiously at the stern-faced skipper and the quaking junior.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "What's Skinner been up to, Wingate?"

"You'll hear very shortly," was the reply. "Meanwhile, no boy is to leave the school precincts."

"My hat!"

Wingate strode on, with Skinner in tow.

The captain of Greyfriars halted when he came to the door of the punishment-room. He opened the door, ushered Skinner inside the gloomy apartment, and then the key grated in the lock, and the practical joker of the Remove was a prisoner.

Skinner had practically the whole day before him in which to brood over his misdeeds. And his thoughts were not likely to be pleasant ones. Already, in his imagination, he could hear the swishing of the Head's birch.

Wingate's next move was to summon a general assembly. He called the prefects together, and instructed them to muster the whole school in Big Hall.

Everybody had been on the point of going out for the day, and the summons caused general annoyance and indignation.

"What's it all about?" demanded Blundell of the Fifth.

"What right has Wingate to call an assembly, anyway?" demanded Horace Coker, in his booming tones.

"I suppose we'd better go along," growled Potter. "Prefects have got to be obeyed—more's the pity."

Grumbling and growling, the Greyfriars fellows made their way in a steady stream to Big Hall.

When all the fellows were in their places, with the exception of the junior who was confined to the punishment-room, Wingate addressed them.

"It has just come to my notice," he said, "that the whole school has been hoaxed."

"Great Scott!"

"There is no official holiday to-day. The announcement on the notice-board was placed there by a young rascal in the Remove—Skinner."

Further sensation!

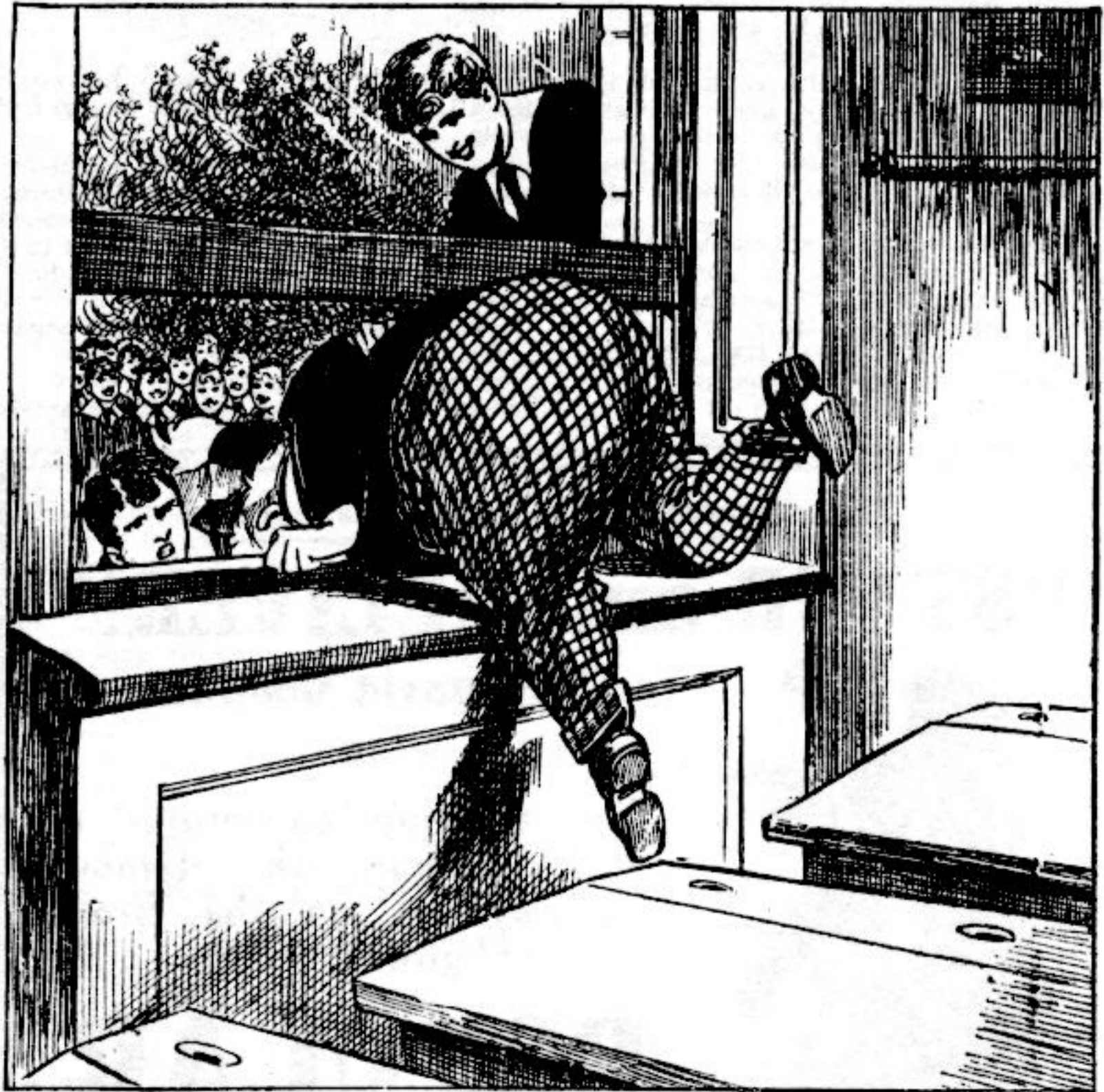
"The masters apparently took the announcement to be genuine, and they have cleared off. As for the Head, he was lured away from the school by a trick. I have put Skinner in the punishment-room, and he will be dealt with later. Meanwhile, I have assumed control of the school. Lessons must proceed as usual."

Deep and prolonged groans!

"It's no use kicking up that row," said Wingate. "I cannot allow the school to take a holiday, in the circumstances. I'm just as disappointed as the rest of you. I was looking forward to a day on the river. But that's all off now. I shall place a prefect in charge of each Form. I myself will take the Sixth. You, Faulkner, will have charge of the Fifth. Gwynne will take control of the Shell. Hammersley, will you see to the Upper Fourth? Loder, I must ask you to conduct the Remove—"

There was a further bout of groaning. It proceeded from Harry Wharton & Co. And well might they groan, for Loder of the Sixth was the biggest tyrant in all Greyfriars.

"Silence!" Wingate's voice rang out sternly. "North, you will take the Third Form. Tremaine will take the Second, and Walker the First. Lessons will commence straightaway. You will proceed in an orderly manner to your respective Form-rooms. If there is any



The window of the Form-room was opened very quietly and the juniors clambered through, one by one. There was only one hitch, and that was when it came to Billy Bunter's turn to clamber through. The fat junior got stuck in the opening. (See Chapter 6.)

—and the upshot is a "split" between the two factions!

breach of discipline, I shall come down heavily."

Wingate's public announcement came as a bombshell to the school.

The day's holiday had been nipped in the bud, and work was to proceed as usual.

Some of the fellows declared that Wingate was acting in a high-handed manner. Others maintained that he was only doing his duty as captain of the school. But everybody agreed that it was a crushing disappointment. And it was a very gloomy procession that streamed out of Big Hall with faces as long as fiddles.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Ructions in the Remove!

WHAT can we do to make our miserable lives happy?"

Bob Cherry asked the question, as he sat down in his place in the Remove Form room.

Wun Lung supplied a solution.

"Pullee Loder's legee," he said.

"Good wheeze," said Bob, with a chuckle.

Loder of the Sixth came striding into the Form-room. There was a frown on his face and an ashplant in his hand.

Loder, like many others, was annoyed to think that the whole day's holiday was a myth. He had planned a flying visit to London with Carne, and now that he was baulked of his desire, Loder wanted to take it out of somebody. He was glad that he had been given charge of the Remove. He disliked Harry Wharton & Co. intensely, and he meant to give them a warm time.

Curiously enough, the chums of the Remove meant to give Loder a warm time. So something was bound to happen.

Loder took up his position at the Form master's desk, and he glowered at the Removites.

"First lesson will now commence," he said. "Get out your history books. And no tomfoolery, mind. If there's any larking, the larkers will catch it hot."

"I say, Loder," began Bob Cherry.

"Well?" snapped the prefect.

"There's something on your back."

Loder had turned his back to the class, in order to set the blackboard upon the easel. Apparently an offensive placard had been pinned on his back while he had been thus engaged.

Loder thrust his hand behind his back, but he could feel nothing. Then he screwed his head round in an attempt to get a view of his back.

The prefect whisked round and round, after the manner of a cat chasing its tail.

There was a titter from the class.

Loder flushed crimson.

"Silence!" he rapped out. "You said there was something on my back, Cherry."

"So there is," said Bob.

"What is it?"

"Your coat, old top!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Loder's colour deepened. He took an angry stride towards the humorous Bob, with the intention of laying his ashplant across the shoulders of that cheery youth.

Then Loder halted, as if he thought better of it. Time enough to bring the ashplant into play later, he reflected. He would set the ball rolling by awarding impositions. Later on he would have a better excuse for using his ashplant.

"Take five hundred lines, Cherry!" he snapped.

"Where to?" asked Bob innocently.

"To my study, as soon as you've written them!" retorted Loder. "And if I have any more of your cheek I'll make it a thousand!"

"Oh, make it a billion, and have done with it!" murmured Peter Todd.

"Take a hundred lines, Todd!"

"Oh crumbs!"

Loder's campaign of tyranny had commenced, and it would soon be in full swing.

The juniors were not in the mood for lessons. The bright sunshine, streaming in at the Form-room windows, seemed to mock them. They began to wish that Skinner's gigantic jape had not been nipped in the bud.

"We will now make a start—" began Loder.

Snore!

* The prefect jumped. He could scarcely

believe the evidence of his ears. Somebody had had the temerity to doze off to sleep in the Form-room!

Loder's gaze roved round the class. It rested on Billy Bunter, who had fallen back against the desk behind him and was fast asleep.

Bunter's mouth was wide open, and his unmusical snore floated through the Form-room.

"Bunter!" Loder fairly shouted the name.

Snore!

Wun Lung, who sat next to Bunter, produced a pin from the lapel of his coat.

"Me wake Bunter?" he inquired.

Loder nodded.

Wun Lung inserted the pin in Billy Bunter's calf. The effect was electrical.

Bunter shot up like a fat jack-in-the-box, emitting a wild yell of anguish.

"Yaroooooh!"

"You were fast asleep, you fat young rascal!" hooted Loder.

"Eh? Me? Certainly not!" said Bunter.

"What?"

"I shouldn't dream of falling asleep during lessons," said Bunter, with an indignant blink at the prefect. "I couldn't do it if I tried. I suffer from insomnia, you know. It runs in the family. I had an uncle who was kicked out of a Government office because he kept waking up."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You were asleep, and snoring into the bargain!" said Loder fiercely.

"I—I wasn't!" protested Bunter. "I was simply thinking. I always shut my eyes when I'm deep in thought. I was just wondering whether it was Alfred the Great who signed the Magna Charta, or Oliver Cromwell."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Loder strode towards Billy Bunter with a glint in his eye.

"Perhaps this will wake you up!" he said grimly. And his ashplant sang through the air and descended upon Bunter's broad back.

"Yoooooop!"

Bunter writhed and yelled, and displayed his abilities as a contortionist.

"If you go to sleep again," said Loder, "I'll tan your fat hide till you howl for mercy!"

That was Loder's pleasant way of conducting lessons. He believed in the iron hand. Prussian militarism was a gentle and a lenient thing by comparison with Loder's methods.

The prefect returned to his desk, and called upon Tom Dutton. He had to call three times, for Dutton happened to be deaf. His deafness was not only an affliction to himself, but to all his school-fellows.

"When did Henry the Eighth begin to reign?" demanded Loder.

"In pain?" said Dutton. "No, I'm all right, thanks!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" thundered Loder. "I didn't ask you if you were in pain, Dutton. I want you to tell me when Henry the Eighth was crowned."

"I'm sorry," said Dutton, turning out his pockets.

"What?"

"Sorry I can't lend you a pound. I've only got one-and-fourpence!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Loder gritted his teeth with annoyance. He realised that he had made a big mistake in interrogating Tom Dutton. That youth was as deaf as the proverbial door-post.

Loder made a megaphone of his hands,

The Greatest Story of the Century!

"STAND and DELIVER!"

By David Goodwin.



The amazing adventures of Dick Turpin, the famous highwayman, on the Broad Highway, in the

POPULAR.

Start reading this wonderful story to-morrow—you will enjoy it!



Gerald Loder, also, is well to the fore in this grand story—



The Removites marched straight ahead, and Gosling, who attempted to bar their passage, was bowled over like a skittle. "Good-bye, Bluebell!" sang out Bob Cherry, as the procession passed over the porter's recumbent form. "See you later!" (See Chapter 6.)

and fairly bawled through the Form-room:

"When did Henry the Eighth come to the throne?"

"Yes," said Dutton.

"Eh?"

"I know you're wanting a loan. But as I've just explained to you, I've only got one-and-fourpence. And that's got to last me till I get my next remittance from home. Sorry I can't advance you anything, Loder."

Loder realised that in questioning Dutton he was simply providing the class with free entertainment. He decided to give it up.

"Sit down!" he shouted.

"Can't run to it," said Dutton, with a shake of his head.

"Can't run to what, you young idiot?"

"A crown. One-and-fourpence will never grow into five bob, unless you invest it in Savings Certificates. And even then you've got to wait till you're an old 'beaver' of ninety!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Since Dutton would not sit down of his own volition, Loder gave him a helping hand. He pushed the junior in the chest, and Dutton not only sat down, but toppled backwards over the form.

The class grinned, and Dutton roared.

Not much progress had been made with the lesson so far. The juniors did not intend that much progress should be made. They were quite content to convert the Form-room into a sort of music-hall. If they could not have a holiday, they would have the next best thing.

At this stage Wun Lung nudged Billy Bunter in the ribs.

"What plice a little ventriloquism?" he whispered.

Bunter nodded. He was still smarting from Loder's ashplant, and he was eager to get his own back on the prefect.

Loder was about to put some questions to Harry Wharton, when a familiar voice hailed him from the corridor.

"You there, Master Loder?"

It was Gosling's voice—or at all events, it was a perfect imitation of it.

"Yes, I'm here, Gosling," said Loder.

"What's wanted?"

"Which there's a visitor come to see you, Master Loder. He's waitin' for you down at the gates. I can't come in, 'cos I've jest been workin' in the coal-cellar, an' I'm covered with grime from 'ead to foot, as ever was! So I 'ope you don't mind me shoutin' through the keyhole."

Loder gave a snort of annoyance.

"Who is the visitor?" he demanded.

"A cove in a draught-board suit. Says he's a racin' tipster, an' a pal of yours."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a roar of laughter from the class.

Only Wun Lung knew for certain that Billy Bunter was exercising his ventriloquial powers. But the others could guess.

No suspicion crossed Loder's mind. It was a long time since he had fallen a victim to Bunter's ventriloquism. It seemed quite natural to him that Gosling would not care to come into the Form-room if he was covered with coal-dust. And it was equally natural that a gentleman connected with the Turf should call upon Loder. The black sheep of the Sixth did not have any betting transactions these days. But he had had them in the past, and there were one or two little accounts that he had not cleared up.

Loder's cheeks were burning. He called in vain for silence. The Remove rocked with merriment.

"What's the man's name, Gosling?" called Loder.

"Which 'e won't give it, Master Loder. Says 'e wants to see you at once. 'Tell Master Loder,' says 'e, 'that it's a hurgent matter,' 'e says."

"And he's waiting for me down at the gates?"

"Presackly, Master Loder."

"All right, Gosling. I'll be along in a minute."

Loder turned to the class.

"I shall expect you young rascals to behave yourselves while I am absent," he said. "If I find any horse-play going on when I come back, look out for squalls!"

So saying, Loder stalked out of the Form-room.

He was rather surprised to find that Gosling had disappeared. The school porter had only had a second or two in which to make himself scarce; yet he had vanished as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up.

But Loder was not concerned with Gosling's whereabouts. He was thinking of his visitor, and wondering who he was, and how he could get rid of him. It was highly undesirable that he should be seen in the company of a man who wore a draught-board suit, and styled himself a racing tipster.

With a rather anxious expression on his face, Loder strode down to the school gates.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

The Vanished Form!

"NOW'S our chance!"

Bob Cherry was on his feet. His eyes were gleaming.

The Remove, left to themselves, were chuckling over Billy Bunter's ventriloquism. Bob Cherry's voice rose above the general laughter.

"Now's our chance of taking the law into our own hands, and clearing off for the rest of the day!" exclaimed Bob.

Instantly the laughter ceased. All eyes were on Bob Cherry. Hearts began to beat faster. Hands were clenched with excitement.

The Remove had been very restless all the morning. They were now ripe for revolt. Bob Cherry's words had the effect of setting a match to a fuse.

—and the fun is fast and furious!

"Are you suggesting, Bob," said Harry Wharton, "that we help ourselves to a holiday?"

"Exactly!"

"It's a great stunt, but there will be a frantic row about it!" said Vernon-Smith.

"We must all stand together," said Bob Cherry. "There's safety in numbers. We've only a minute or two to make our plans. Are you all in favour of packing up lessons, and clearing off?"

There was a chorus of assent.

"Any fellow who feels funky about it can stay behind," said Bob, who had temporarily assumed the role of leader. "Anybody who isn't heart and soul in favour of the idea had better say so now."

But there was no dissentient voice. Even the biggest funks in the Form—Snoop and Stott and Billy Bunter—had no thought of backing out. As Bob Cherry had pointed out, there was safety in numbers. And it was unlikely that the Head, when he came to hear of the affair, would flog the whole Form.

"Carried unanimously!" said Tom Brown. "But where are we going? What are we going to do?"

Then up spake Lord Mauleverer.

His lordship had been deep in thought since the discussion started.

"I've got a suggestion to make, dear boys," he said.

"Out with it—quick!" said Bob Cherry with one eye on the door. He was afraid that Loder might come back at any moment.

If the worst came to the worst, the juniors were prepared to overpower the unpopular prefect, and truss him up in the Form-room. But that would be almost as grave an offence as going off for the day. They didn't want to have to lay hands on a prefect, if it could be avoided.

Lord Mauleverer expounded his suggestion.

"I happen to be rollin' in funds at the moment—" he began.

"You always are!" grunted Bolsover major.

"An' I should be glad if you would all consider yourselves as my guests for the day, begad!"

"What!"

"I've got money to burn, an' it will be a great pleasure to stand treat to the whole Form."

"How?" asked Wharton breathlessly.

"Well, I propose that we go straight over to Courtfield, an' I'll stand everybody a lunch at the Elysian Cafe."

"Now, that's what I call a really topping idea!" said Billy Bunter.

"Yes, rather!"

"But—but it will cost Mauly a small fortune!" gasped Nugent.

Lord Mauleverer tapped his breast-pocket, in which reposed a wallet containing a bundle of crisp notes.

"Money's no object, dear boys," he said. "We'll all have lunch at the Elysian Cafe. Then we'll proceed to the Theatre Royal, to see the matinee."

"Oh!"

"How jolly ripping!"

The juniors glanced at Lord Mauleverer almost with affection. Mauly was coming out strong. It was a habit of his to display an outburst of generosity from time to time. Standing treat to forty fellows would make a big hole in his resources. But Mauly didn't mind. He was a generous soul, and nothing gave him keener pleasure than to see his schoolfellows enjoying themselves.

"Mauly," said Bob Cherry, clapping

his elegant chum on the back, "you're a giddy philanthropist, and no error!"

"A lunch and a matinee will suit us down to the ground!" said Johnny Bull.

"Time we were on the move," said Harry Wharton.

Footsteps sounded in the passage. Loder of the Sixth had returned from his fruitless visit to the school gates.

"Here's Loder!" said Bob Cherry. "Lock the door, Bulstrode—you're nearest."

Bulstrode promptly turned the key in the lock. Then the window of the Form-room was opened very quietly, and the juniors clambered through, one by one, making as little noise as possible.

Nobody witnessed the exodus from the Remove Form room.

The manoeuvre was carried out in a silent and speedy manner.

There was only one hitch, and that was when it came to Billy Bunter's turn to clamber through the window. The aperture was not wide enough for a person of Bunter's proportions.

The fat junior got stuck in the opening. And he would have given a yell had not Bob Cherry silenced him with a fierce look.

The window was raised a little more, and Bunter was able to squirm through. He was the last to leave the Form-room.

Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry paraded the Remove in the Close. The fellows were lined up in two ranks.

"Form fours!" said Wharton softly, after he had ordered the juniors to number off without making too much noise.

The two ranks became four as if by magic.

"Right turn!"

The company wheeled round to the right.

"Quick march!"

In as orderly a fashion as trained soldiers the Removites marched down to the school gates.

Gosling, the porter, came shuffling out of his lodge. He planted himself in the path of the marchers.

"Stand aside, Gossy!" said Harry Wharton briskly.

Gosling glared at the approaching army.

"Nice goings hon!" he growled. "Where are you young rips goin'? There ain't no 'ollerday. It's bin cancelled."

"We know all about that, Gossy," said Peter Todd cheerfully. "We're taking an unofficial holiday—see?"

"Which I've 'ad destructions not to let nobody pass the gates—"

"Rats!"

"Don't mark time in front!" shouted Harry Wharton. "Go straight ahead. If Gossy doesn't get out of the way, it will be his own funeral."

Gosling stuck valiantly to his post, and endeavoured to check the progress of the rebels. He might as well have attempted to stem the torrent of a mighty river.

The Removites marched straight ahead, and Gosling was bowled over like a skittle. The procession marched over his recumbent form, taking care not to hurt him.

Gosling gasped and spluttered as a forest of legs passed over him. At any moment he expected to be trodden on. But he came out unscathed from the ordeal.

Bob Cherry turned and waved his hand to Gosling, as the latter scrambled to his feet.

"Good-bye, Bluebell!" he sang out.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Gosling shook his fist at the retreating procession.

"Wot I says is this 'ere! I 'opes as 'ow you'll all be birched when you gets back!" he growled. "You young rips is the absolute limit. You puts years on me. You brings down my grey 'airs in sorrer—"

Gosling's voice trailed off in an incoherent mumble.

The army of Removites had passed almost out of sight by this time. They kept in step as they marched briskly along the road to Courtfield.

There was no longer any need for silence. The marchers burst into song. Micky Desmond struck up "Tipperary," Morgan bellowed the "Men of Harlech" at the top of his voice, Donald Ogilvy rendered "Annie Laurie," and Bob Cherry thundered "We Won't Get Home Till Morning."

Napoleon Dupont added to the babel by singing the "Marseillaise," and Wun Lung informed all and sundry, in a squeaky voice, that he was "Chu Chin Chow of China."

Mouth-organs were produced and played, and tin whistles piped out their shrill music.

There was plenty of din, but very little harmony. Shakespeare would hardly have described it as "a concord of sweet sounds."

But the marchers were happy. That was the main thing. They had taken the law into their own hands, and shaken off the shackles of discipline. And, thanks to the generosity of Lord Mauleverer, they were booked for a glorious time.

Meanwhile, Loder of the Sixth was hammering furiously, with both fists, at the door of the Remove Form room.

The exodus from the room had been so silent and well-ordered that Loder knew nothing about it. He supposed that the door had been locked for an April Fool joke.

"Open this door!" he shouted.

No reply.

"Do you hear me? Open this door, you cheeky young rascals!"

Still no reply.

Loder hurled himself bodily at the locked door. It creaked and wobbled under the weight of his body. But it did not burst open.

Loder grew purple with rage. He called loudly upon the captain of the Remove.

"But the skipper answered never a word, On the Courtfield Road was he!"

Snorting with fury, Loder strode along to the Sixth Form room.

Lessons were proceeding as usual in that apartment. Wingate had no idea that anything was amiss.

The captain of Greyfriars glanced curiously at Loder's flustered and wrathful face.

"What's wrong?" he inquired.

"Those cheeky young sweeps have been pulling my leg all the morning, and now they've had the audacity to lock the door of the Form-room in my face!" hooted Loder.

"Have you been absent from the Form-room, then?"

"Yes. I was lured from the room by a trick. I couldn't see it at the time, but it's clear to me now. That young villain Bunter spoofed me with his ventriloquism. He imitated Gosling's voice in the passage, and gave me to understand that there was a visitor for me, waiting down at the gates. When I got there I found that it was a hoax. I came back to the Form-room, only

(Continued on page 17.)

Read the exciting adventures of the Chums of Thunder Creek—in the "Gem"!

THE GREYFRIARS HERALD

Supplement No. 119. HARRY WHARTON EDITOR Week ending April 7th, 1923.

DOWN WITH ALL FOOLS' DAY!



By BILLY BUNTER.

ALL FOOLS' DAY is an institution. By this, I don't mean that it's a workhouse, or a public building. But it's the fixed festival of fools.

It ought to be swept away; and if I had a broom that was big enough, I'd do it!

If there's one thing I can't stand at any price, it is having my leg pulled. And when All Fools' Day comes round I always have it pulled—almost out of its sockitt, you might say.

First of all a parcel arrives for me. I jump with joy, and I glote with glee. "At last!" I eggsclaim. "My Uncle Reuben has turned up trumps!"

But when I remove all the wrappings and parrafernalialia, what do I find? A stale doennutt, that was made in the days of the Drooids!

It was Bob Cherry who played this jape on me. Of corse, I dragged him along to the Jim by the scruff of his neck and gave him a feerful licking! And it served him jolly well right!

Then Tom Brown rushes up to me, and says:

"I say, Bunter, old froot, your pater's come down to see you! You'll find him in the Close, in his magnificent Roles-Rice car."

With a wild woop of joy, I dash cut into the Close—only to find Gosling, the porter, squatting on a weel-barrow!

After which, Squiff comes up to me, looking quite soerious and sollum, and says:

"Billy, the Head wants to see you in his study. He's going to give you a licking!"

(Fancy speaking of the Head as if he were an affeckshunate spaniel!)

I go along to the Head's studdy, quaking with treppidation, and instead of getting a hiding I get a chiding—for intrrooding upon the Head's privacy without just cause or impeppermint. He hadn't sent for me at all!

Skinner meets me in the corridor, and he says to me, says he:

"Your sister Bessie is waiting for you, Bunter."

"Wear?" says I.

"In the Common-room," says he. So I trot off to the Common-room, and when I push open the door, a booby-trap dessends on my unsuspekting napper!

And thus the merry round of japing goes on. And by the time April Fools' Day is over, I hardly know weather I'm on my head or my heels!

Can you wonder at the fact, dear readers, that I want to see All Fools' Day swept away into the lingo—or is it limbo?—of the past? Why, it puts years on me!

Some bright youth has suggested that there should be an All Fools' Day once a week. If this plan is adopted, I shall never servive! Once a year is too frek-went, to my way of thinking. Why not make it once a sentury? If this were done, then the japers would cease from japing, and the weary would be at rest.

Better still, All Fools' Day should be eggspunged from the kallender.

(I sympathise with you in your afflictions, Billy, but All Fools' Day has come to stay!—Ed.)

ALL FOOLS' DAY!

All as jolly as can be,
 All engaged in jape and spree.
 All our mischievous young sparks,
 All evolving lively larks.
 All the masters feeling nervous,
 All exclaiming, "Oh, preserve us!"
 All the prefects simply raving,
 All the juniors misbehaving.
 All the fags in jesting humours,
 All the jokers spreading rumours.
 All the fellows in the school
 All go shouting, "April Fool!"
 All boot-laces come undone,
 All of which is simply fun.
 All are wanted on the phone,
 All of which is faked, I own.
 All the jolly japers joking,
 All the victims fairly choking.
 All the schoolboys looking jolly,
 All the masters melancholy.
 All are shouting words of warning
 All that mad and merry morning.
 All the canes are used with vigour,
 All the juniors simply snigger.
 All are bright, and all are merry,
 All resemble Robert Cherry.
 All the japes are simply grand,
 All first-rate, you understand?
 All are admirably planned
 All through this delightful land.
 All our wheezes beat the band,
 All is gay, on every hand—
 ALL FOOLS' DAY!

EDITORIAL!



By HARRY WHARTON.

APRIL THE FIRST is the festival of the Jolly Japers. The amount of leg-pulling that goes on, from rising-bell up to midday, is terrific, as Hurree Singh would say.

The Greyfriars fellows simply revel in April Fools' Day. The practical jokers and the inventors of cute and brainy wheezes always put on their thinking-caps some time before the great day dawns and plan suitable—and sometimes "soot"-able—japes for masters and scholars alike.

But if you were to ask the masters what they thought of April Fools' Day, they would shake their heads sadly, and tell you it was one of the worst days in the calendar, so far as they were concerned.

"All Fools' Day," said Mr. Prout warmly, when I tackled him on the subject, "should be abolished. It is a day of horseplay and hooliganism—a day I cordially detest. Last April Fools' Day, I remember, I was aroused at three in the morning and informed that there were burglars in the building. I seized my Winchester repeater and gave chase, only to find that it was a false alarm. I fired a number of blank cartridges, in order to scare the burglars, but they were not there to scare. Skinner was the perpetrator of that hoax, and I took him to his Form master, and had him severely punished."

The other masters are just as apprehensive of the great day as Mr. Prout. They would cheerfully cut it out; but that can never be.

We guarantee that you will thoroughly enjoy this sparkling supplement. Although April Fools' Day at Greyfriars does not fall on the First, it loses none of its attractiveness and mirth on that account. To the contrary, it gains an added stimulus.

There are some excellent supplements in store, chief amongst which will be a special Pirate Number. Hundreds of letters have flowed into my den from enthusiastic readers in praise of our Highwayman supplement, and in each case the writer has beseeched me to get busy on a Pirate Number. The work is well in hand, and I can promise you some really good efforts from my host of energetic contributors.

Should any further brilliant ideas occur to any of you, kindly "give me the office," so to speak, and I will see what can be done.

HARRY WHARTON.

A special "Fishing" Supplement next week!



BY
DICKY NUGENT.

"I SAY, you chaps," cried Harry Hokes, "I've thought of a ripping wheeze for spoofing the school!"

"Let's here it," said Jack Japer. "To-morro is All Fools' Day—"

"And Queen Ann's dead!" snapped Sammy Sprucer. "Tell us sumthing we don't know!"

Harry Hokes glared at his two chums.

"If only you'll be patient, I'll eggsplain," he said. "This is my stunt. We'll turn out at three o'clock in the morning, and sound the fire alarm. There will be a fearful pannick, and everybody will dress and come rushing downstares into the quad."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"They will dash about with fire-hoses, and buckitts, and pales, looking as pail as death!"

"Ho, ho, ho!"

"And then we shall bawl out, 'April Fools!' We shall spoof the whole school. See?"

"Oh, what larx!" gurgled Jack Japer.

"We shall have everybody on toast!" chortled Sammy Sprucer. "Rather rotten having to lie awake till three o'clock, though."

"You needn't do that," said Harry Hokes. "I can always time myself to wake up whenever I want to. I'll rouse you chaps at the croocial moment."

"Good!"

The three yung raskals went to sleep in the ordinary way. To see their innocent chubby faces on the pilloes, you'd never have thought them capable of spoofing the school.

Bing! Bang! Bong!

It was the school clock striking three.

Instantly Harry Hokes opened his eyes. Then he slipt out of bed, and put on his black soot, and woke his chums.

"The game's a foot!" he muttered gayly.

"How can a game be a foot, you ass?" asked Sammy Sprucer.

"Shurrup! You know what I mean. Everything is in reddiness for the grate jape. Follo your leeder."

The three plotters stole downstares and into the quad.

Harry Hokes tugged the bell-rope with all his mite. Jack Japer shouted "Fire!" at the top of his lungs. Sammy Sprucer set fire to a heap of brown paper, so that when the school awoke they would smell burning.

Needless to say, there was a terrifick sensation.

"Fire!"

The omminus word passed from lipp to lipp.

Fellows came flocking down into the quad, in their night attire. They were scared out of their wits. Hose-pipes and fire eggstinguishers were brought into action, and one of the prefecks rushed to the tellyfone and summoned the local fire briggade.

When the din and commotion was at its height, Harry Hokes & Co. set up a mity yell.

"April Fools!"

"Ever been had?"

"There isn't a fire at all!"

Looking very sheepish, the fellows all went back to bed. There wasn't a fire anywhere, and they konsidered it was a burning shame.

At four o'clock the fellows were awakened once more by the sound of the fire-alarm. They took no notiss of it. "Somebody's trying to make April Fools of us again," they said. And they turned over in the beds and calmly went to sleep again.

But it happened to be a real fire this time!

Harry Hokes happened to look out of the windo, and he saw that all the roofs and chimbleys were ablaze.

"Fire! Fire!" he shouted. "It's the genuine artikle this time. Turn out, you fellows!"

But the fellows thought they were being fooled, and they didn't stir.

Prezzantly, however, when they heard the roof of the Jim fall with a crash, they realised that it was no false alarm.

By this time the starecase was alight, and it looked as if everybody in the school would be roasted. And so they would have been, but for the pluck of Harry Hokes & Co., who carried all the fellows downstares one at a time. They had wet hangkercheefs tied round their nostrills, and they worked like niggers, till at last they had carried everybody to safety.

Harry Hokes was skorched from head to foot, and his head was bald where his hare had been burnt off. But he was quite happy.

"I shall get the Victoria Cross for this night's work!" he said.

And he did! While Jack Japer and Sammy Sprucer were presented with sustifficates from the Royal Life Saving Sossiety.

Harry Hokes has to wear a cap now, to konseal his bald pate. But his hare will soon grow again, and he will be as hansom as ever.

We will now bid a fond farewell to the Japers of St. Jimmy's!

THE END.

APRIL FOOLS ALL!

By BOB CHERRY.

WE had the usual epidemic of jolly japes this year, only they happened on the first morning after the Easter holidays instead of April First, owing to the fact that the First fell on a Sunday.

The first sensation was at 4 a.m. Some practical joker sounded the fire-alarm, and all Greyfriars turned out and dressed, and hurried downstairs. So there wasn't a person in the school who could say he hadn't been made an April Fool! Personally, I consider that a jape of this sort was going a bit too far, because an alarm of fire is likely to prove a big shock to some of the weaker fellows. We haven't all got nerves of cast-iron. The curious part of this jape was that we never discovered the identity of the japer. It still remains a mystery.

Billy Bunter was one of the first victims of the April Fool craze. He received a postcard in the morning, telling him that a hamper of tuck awaited him at the station. The postcard was supposed to be from one of his uncles. Buntly went to the station in hot haste, only to be greeted by a grinning porter with the remark, "April Fool!"

One ingenious youth made April Fools of crowds of fellows by sounding the breakfast gong twenty minutes before the official time. Those who had watches quickly tumbled to the jape; but the watchless brigade hurried into the dining-hall, to find nothing but empty plates and cups, and a placard pinned to the wall, "EVER BEEN HAD?"

Many of the masters fell victims to daring japes. Of Mr. Prout's misadventures you will read on another page. Mr. Quelch, when about to commence morning lessons, was informed by Skinner that there was a placard pinned to the back of his gown. It was awfully amusing to see Quelchy twisting himself round, like a cat chasing its own tail. After performing these gyrations for about five minutes, he at last came to the conclusion that there was no placard there! Result—a swishing for Skinner!

Even the editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD did not escape being April-Fooled. He was informed that a lady contributor was waiting in Study No. 1 with an article. Wharton rushed up to the dormitory and brushed his hair, and made himself spick and span. Then he went along to his study, to find—not a fair young damsel, but Gosling, the porter, who had just brought a parcel of HERALDS which had come from the printer's! But Wharton can console himself with the reflection that he wasn't the only one caught napping on All Fools' Day!

DON'T MISS OUR SPECIAL FISHING NUMBER!—NEXT ON THE LIST. ONE BIG, LONG LAUGH FROM BEGINNING TO END!



FUN IN THE FIFTH!

By GEORGE BLUNDELL.

"It is a matter of great rejoicing," said Mr. Prout, "that All Fools' Day falls on a Sunday this year. Therefore there will be no tomfoolery."

But Prout was too premature.

In view of the fact that April the First fell on a Sunday, the Greyfriars fellows had decided to regard the first day of their return from the Easter holidays as All Fools' Day. Prout knew nothing of this, and he was caught napping beautifully.

When Prout entered his study, first thing in the morning, the telephone bell clanged loudly.

"Dear me, I wonder who this can be?" muttered Prout, taking up the receiver.

"Are you there? Who is that, please?"

"Popper!" came the gruff reply.

"Who?"

"Popper—Sir Hilton Popper! Surely you recognise my voice, sir?"

"Yes, yes. Good-morning, Sir Hilton! You are up with the lark!"

"I called you up to challenge you to a game of golf," the gruff voice continued.

"Will you meet me on the East Kent links at nine o'clock?"

"I should like to," said Mr. Prout wistfully, "but—"

"What are you 'butting' about, sir?"

"I have my duties to perform."

"Tut, tut! Surely Dr. Locke can spare you just for one morning!"

Mr. Prout hesitated. The prospect of a game of golf on that sunny spring morning was very enticing. Moreover, he had often wanted to give Sir Hilton Popper, the peppery baronet, a good beating on the links.

"What about it, sir?" came the gruff voice over the wires.

"I will ask Dr. Locke if it is convenient for me to take the morning off," said Mr. Prout. "My Form is not an unruly one, and the senior boy will be able to keep order in my absence. Will you hold the line, Sir Hilton?"

There was a sort of snarl of assent. Resting the receiver on his desk, Mr. Prout hurried along to the Head's study.

After a certain amount of persuasion he induced Dr. Locke to give him the morning off.

Having eaten a hasty breakfast Mr. Prout gave his golf-clubs a rub up, and then set out on foot for the East Kent links. They were a good four miles distant, but Mr. Prout, striding along like a Goliath, hoped to reach them by nine.

He did. But there was no sign of Sir Hilton Popper.

"Sir Hilton is late," muttered Mr. Prout. "How very annoying!"

He waited and waited, but the baronet failed to appear.

The golf links were deserted. There was nobody on the greens—nobody in the club-house. Robinson Crusoe on his desert island could not have presented a more lonely picture than Mr. Prout.

By ten o'clock Prout was angry. By

half-past five was furious. By eleven he was in a towering rage.

"It seems certain that Sir Hilton Popper has no intention of turning up," muttered the master of the Fifth. "But why has he served me this trick, I wonder?"

There was only one explanation, so far as Mr. Prout could see.

That day was being regarded as All Fools' Day!

Surely Sir Hilton Popper would not condescend to play a practical joke on Mr. Prout? But that was the only construction Mr. Prout could put upon it.

"I have waited here two hours!" he exclaimed wrathfully. "Next time I see Sir Hilton Popper I shall tell him plainly what I think of him!"

So saying, Mr. Prout stalked angrily away in the direction of Greyfriars. He had not gone very far when a two-seater car came whizzing along the road. It was a smart little car, owned and occupied by Sir Hilton Popper.

Mr. Prout bawled to the baronet as the latter approached.

"Stop! Stop!"

Prout was prancing about in the roadway like a cat on hot bricks. Sir Hilton had to stop, or he would have run down the Greyfriars master.

"Good-morning, Prout," said the baronet.

"Be done with formalities, sir!" hooted Mr. Prout. "I demand an apology from you, sir, for the senseless and inane trick you played upon me this morning!"

Sir Hilton Popper looked utterly bewildered.

"What! What!" he stuttered.

"Do not assume an air of bewilderment, sir!" stormed Mr. Prout. "It will not serve as a cloak to cover your guilt! I am astonished, Sir Hilton, that a man of your years and position should seek to make an April Fool of me!"

It was Sir Hilton Popper's turn to get angry. He made a noise like a soda-water siphon in action.

"How dare you, sir?" he spluttered. "How dare you bring such an accusation against me? You must have taken leave of your senses, begad!"

Mr. Prout shook his forefinger accusingly at the baronet.

"You called me up on the telephone—"

"Eh?"

"And challenged me to a game of golf—"

"What!"

"And I had to plead at great length with Dr. Locke before I could get him to consent to my taking the morning off."

"Good gracious!"

"I proceeded to the golf links," said Mr. Prout angrily, "and what did I find? Why, that you had befooled me! It is disgraceful! It is conduct utterly unworthy of a gentleman, sir! You will apologise to me at once, or I shall take the matter further!"

Sir Hilton Popper looked daggers at Mr. Prout. It was a toss-up which was the more angry of the two.

"I will not apologise!" shouted Sir Hilton. "I have nothing to apologise for! This is a trumped-up charge—a most monstrous charge! Do I look the sort of man who would play a practical joke, sir?"

"You rang me up—"

"Nothing of the sort!" thundered Sir Hilton.

"What!"

"I did not ring you up, neither did I challenge you to a game of golf. I am rather particular with whom I play golf, sir! I always choose foemen worthy of my steel."

Mr. Prout was taken aback.

"You—you did not ring me up?" he stammered.

"No, sir, I did not! And if you dare to suggest that I am not speaking the truth—"

Mr. Prout did not dare to suggest anything of the sort. Slowly it dawned upon him that Sir Hilton Popper was not guilty of the hoax. Sir Hilton was a peppery old gentleman, but he was transparently truthful.

"I—I—there appears to have been a misunderstanding!" faltered Mr. Prout.

"There certainly does, sir! And if there is an apology due, it is due from you to myself!"

Now that he realised he was in the wrong, Mr. Prout promptly apologised.

Sir Hilton's angry countenance softened somewhat. He accepted the apology, and, bidding Mr. Prout good-morning, drove away.

It was nearly dinner-time when Mr. Prout got back to Greyfriars.

The Fifth had thoroughly enjoyed themselves that morning. Not a stroke of work had been done, and there had been high jinks in the Form-room. The fellows dismissed themselves half an hour before the official time, and they fervently hoped that Mr. Prout would remain away all day.

But the master of the Fifth had already returned. He was in his study, and stood glaring out of the window.

Coker, Potter, and Greene were strolling in the Close, and they halted beneath Mr. Prout's window.

"That was a ripping jape I played on old Prout!" chuckled Potter. "I buzzed down to the village on my bike early this morning, and phoned him up. I imitated old Popper's voice, and challenged Prout to a game of golf."

"My hat!" ejaculated Coker.

At this juncture Mr. Prout threw up his window.

"Potter!" he exclaimed in tones of thunder. "Come to my study at once!"

The practical joker of the Fifth was "for it." Mr. Prout did not spare the rod, and George Potter had cause to regret April Fools' Day just as keenly as Mr. Prout!

THE END.

The catch of the season—our "Fishing" Supplement!



By S. Q. I. FIELD.

WOT I say is this 'ere—All Fools' Day orter be done away with, same as a dorg wot 'as rabies!"

Thus Gosling, the porter.

Poor old Gossy feels very strongly on the subject of All Fools' Day. His leg was pulled about a dozen times in the course of the morning; and by the time the merry japers had finished with him, Gosling hardly knew whether he was on his head or his heels.

Skinner was responsible for the first jape. There is a speaking-tube in Gosling's lodge, connecting with the Head's study. Skinner stole into the latter apartment when nobody was about, and got through to Gosling. He imitated the Head's voice to perfection.

"Are you there, Gosling?"

"Yessir."

"Well, I want you to ring the rising-bell half an hour later to-morrow morning."

"Werry good, sir!"

Skinner rested the speaking-tube on its hooks with a chuckle. And on the following morning all Greyfriars enjoyed an extra half-hour in bed, thanks to Skinner's little jape.

When Gosling at last rang the rising-bell, Skinner yelled to him out of the dormitory window:

"Yah! April Fool!"

Gosling went purple as he tugged at the bell-rope.

"'Ave you been a-pullin' of my leg, Master Skinner?" he demanded.

"Yes, rather! It wasn't the Head who told you to ring the bell half an hour late. It was this child!"

"You—you—" spluttered Gosling. "Which I'll report yer!"

Gossy carried out his threat. And Skinner, although he had not been out in the sun, was "tanned." The Head, who failed to appreciate Skinner's sense of humour, gave him four on each paw.

As for Gosling, he shuffled back to his lodge, determined not to be caught napping again.

As Gosling entered his parlour, the "buzzer" of the speaking-tube sounded.

"Drat it!" growled the porter. "That young warmint is tryin' to pull my leg again! I won't take no notice of it."

But Gosling had to, for the buzzing was so persistent.

Snatching up the receiver of the speaking-tube, Gossy bawled into the transmitter:

"Go away, you young rip!"

There was a startled gasp from the other end.

"Gosling! How dare you address me in that disrespectful manner? I am the headmaster!"

Gosling gave a snort.

"I've 'eard that tale before," he said, "an' I ain't goin' to be fooled twice runnin'. Wot I says is this 'ere—

you're a himperent young rascal, as ever was!"

"Man! Gosling! How dare you?"

"Ow dare I, hindeed? I'll learn you to play these 'ere tricks on me, Master Skinner! I've already reported you to the 'Ead, and I'll report you again!"

"I am not Skinner! I am Dr. Locke!"

"Tell that to the Maroons!" growled Gosling. "Do you think I can't tell the difference between the 'Ead's voice an' that rat's squeak?"

"What! You dare to compare my voice to the squeaking of a rodent?"

"See 'ere, Master Skinner," cried Gosling, in tones of exasperation, "I've 'ad jest about enough of this! You 'op it! Clear off, afore the 'Ead comes in an' finds you in 'is study! You buzz off—that's wot I'm a-tellin' of yer!"

There was a spluttering, choking noise at the other end, followed by the stern command:

"William Gosling! You will take a week's notice!"

This was the last straw. Gosling could stand this tomfoolery no longer. He would go straight to the Head's study, and catch Skinner at the speaking-tube, and soundly box his ears.

But when Gossy reached his destination, he was horrified to discover the Head himself!

Dr. Locke was in an explosive mood, and he fairly flung himself at Gosling—metaphorically, of course.

When the Head's wrath had spent itself somewhat, Gosling was able to stammer out an apology. It was accepted, and the week's notice was withdrawn.

Poor old Gossy had no peace that morning. The merry leg-pullers of the Remove were on his track, making an April Fool of him time and again.

No wonder Gosling is so strongly of the opinion that All Fools' Day ought to be abolished. (This word is not in the dictionary. It is one of Gossy's own!)



APRIL FOOLS' DAY had come and gone. But the epidemic of April-fooling at Greyfriars had not yet died down. Fresh victims were added to the list daily. And Coker of the Fifth, who had not yet succeeded in making April Fools of Harry Wharton & Co., had at last hit upon a wheeze.

"I've worked the oracle!" Coker informed Potter and Greene, his study-mates. "Wharton and his pals have ordered a car for seven o'clock this evening, to take them to the Courtfield Theatre. They're in funds, and they mean to do things in style. I knew they were getting the car from the Courtfield garage, so I buzzed over and plotted a deep, dark plot with the driver."

NIPPED IN THE BUD!

By George Bulstrode.

"What did you arrange?" asked Potter eagerly.

"I managed to square the driver," said Coker. "He'll turn up at seven o'clock, as arranged—"

"Yes?"

"And he'll take Wharton & Co. on board, and drive them to Courtfield—"

"Oh!"

"But he won't stop there," said Coker, with a chuckle. "He'll whiz through Courtfield like a flash, and he won't stop the blessed car till he's miles away from anywhere! Wharton & Co. will be stranded in the wilds!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Potter and Greene laughed uproariously. They considered it a stunning jape. The Famous Five, instead of spending a jolly evening at the theatre, would be taken miles past their destination. They would shout and rave at the driver, of course; but that worthy had arranged to feign deafness. He would also pretend that he had misunderstood the juniors' instructions as to where they wanted to go.

"Seems rather a shame to do the kids out of their evening's enjoyment," said Coker. "Still, we mustn't be sentimental. Wharton & Co. have worked similar japes on us times out of number. And what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander!"

"Yes, rather!"

"It's five to seven," said Potter, consulting his watch. "The car will be along in a jiffy."

"I should like to see Wharton's face when the car rushes clean through Courtfield," said Coker. "It would be worth a guinea a box!"

But Coker was not destined to have that pleasure. For it so happened that Billy Bunter had overheard the entire conversation in Coker's study.

Events moved rapidly.

Bunter lost no time in informing the Famous Five, demanding a fat slice of cake as the price of his information.

"What a beastly traitor of a driver!" was Bob Cherry's comment. "Let's go and give him a jolly good ragging!"

Harry Wharton & Co., accompanied by Bunter, went out into the Close.

The throbbing of an engine in the roadway told them that the car had arrived.

The juniors were over the school wall in a twinkling, Harry Wharton leading the way.

The driver of the car looked round in alarm.

"Collar him!" panted Bob Cherry.

Harry Wharton closed with the man, and he was dragged down from his seat and rolled over in the roadway. Then he was bumped with great vigour and heartiness.

"That's for accepting a bribe from Coker!" said Wharton grimly. "You can now drive us over to Courtfield. You sit next to him, Bob, and see that he stops at the theatre."

"I say, you fellows," said Billy Bunter, "you might take your old pal on board! I gave you the information, you know."

But the Famous Five's "old pal" had already received payment in kind. And the slice of plum cake was his sole reward for nipping Coker's precious plot in the bud.

Another brilliant poem from the pen of "Pen"-fold!

THE JESTER OF GREYFRIARS!

(Continued from page 12.)

to find the door locked. I've clamoured to be let in, but the young scoundrels—the—the low-down hooligans—

"Better language, please!" said Wingate sharply. "Do you mean to say that you were refused admittance?"

Loder nodded.

"Then I'll come along, and insist upon the door being opened," said Wingate.

He accompanied Loder to the door of the Remove Form room.

"Wharton!" he said sternly, striking his fist on one of the panels.

No answer.

"There has been quite enough of this tomfoolery, Wharton," said the captain of Greyfriars. "Open this door immediately!"

Not a sound came from within the Form-room. Which was not surprising in the circumstances.

Wingate's jaw set grimly.

"Since they decline to unlock the door we must open it by force," he said. "I'll fetch a poker."

Wingate hurried along to his study, and he was back in a couple of minutes with the poker. He jammed it into the crevice of the door, which he gradually prised open.

There was a crash as the lock gave way, and the door swung back on its hinges.

"Now, you young rascals—" began Wingate, advancing into the room.

Then he stopped short with a gasp of astonishment.

Loder gasped, too, and rubbed his eyes in a dazed sort of way.

The Form-room was empty!

"What the thunder—" began Loder, in blank amazement.

"It's pretty clear what has happened," said Wingate quietly. "They lured you out of the room, and as soon as your back was turned they locked the door, and escaped via the windows."

"This—this is open rebellion!" stutered Loder.

Wingate nodded.

"That's what it amounts to," he said. "They've helped themselves to a day's holiday—what's left of the day, anyway. This is a very serious business."

"I hope you're not going to take it lying down?" said Loder.

"Of course not. We'll form a search-party of prefects, and go in pursuit of the young rascals. This is perfectly monstrous! They must be brought back to the school with all speed. It's all your fault that this has happened, Loder. You were a priceless mug to be taken in by Bunter's ventriloquism."

Loder scowled.

"How did I know the young rotter was up to his old games?" he snarled. "You'd have fallen a prey just as easily."

"We won't argue about it," said Wingate curtly. "I'll detail the search-party at once."

And the two seniors passed out of the deserted Form-room.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

A Certain Liveliness!

"LUNCH for forty, please!"

The head waiter at the Elysian Cafe was fairly staggered by Lord Mauleverer's request.

The Greyfriars Remove had commanded the cafe, and there was precious

little room for the general public. Only one small table remained unoccupied.

The head waiter, nervously fingering his napkin, stood blinking at Lord Mauleverer.

"Would you mind sayin' that again, sir?" he murmured.

"Lunch for forty, please, repeated his lordship. "An' get a move on, begad!"

The waiter called faintly for the proprietor. He was not accustomed to receiving shipping orders of that sort.

The proprietor was less perturbed. He knew Lord Mauleverer.

"Luncheon for forty, sir?" he queried.

"Yaas!"

"The full course luncheon, sir?" Mauly nodded.

A full course luncheon at the Elysian Cafe cost three-and-sixpence. And Peter Todd, who was something of a mathematician, figured it out that the bill would come to exactly seven pounds, exclusive of "tips."

Mauly was not concerned with the amount of the bill, however. Seven pounds, to a schoolboy millionaire, was a mere bagatelle.

In forming his estimate, Peter Todd had not made allowances for the appetite of Billy Bunter. A full course luncheon was a mere snack, in the eyes of the Remove's champion gorgor.

Bunter's soup came and went in a flash. He declared that he could hardly taste it. The fish came, and went in like manner. So did the joint. The "sweet" happened to be apple dumpling. Bunter bolted his while the rest of the fellows were still attacking the joint. Then he beckoned to the waiter.

"I wish you'd tell the chef to make the apple dumplings a bit bigger," he said plaintively. "The one you've just served me with wouldn't have satisfied a sparrow. Can't you fetch me one that's about the size of a football?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The waiter regretted that it couldn't be done. However, he promised to bring three more dumplings of the same size as that which Bunter had already consumed.

"Go easy, Bunter!" said Bob Cherry. "It isn't fair to Mauly, to run his bill up like this."

"Oh, that's all right," said Bunter coolly. "My pal Mauly doesn't mind—do you, Mauly?"



LARRY SEMON

is full of playful pranks every week on the front page of KINEMA COMIC—just the very paper for you, boys! Besides many thrilling yarns there are pages and pages of screamingly funny pictures of the adventures of your favourite film comedians. "Kinema Comic" gets there every time. Buy a copy TO-DAY—and laugh!

THE KINEMA COMIC 2

Every Wednesday

"I don't mind how much you eat," said Lord Mauleverer; "but I strongly object to bein' described as your pal, begad!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lunch at the Elysian Cafe was a merry meal. A tuneful orchestra made it all the merrier.

The Removites were in great spirits. There would be a reckoning to follow their mad adventure. But, as Hurree Singh remarked, slightly misquoting Sir Walter Scott, "One crowded hour of glorious life was worth an age without a namefulness."

The meal was still in progress when there was a sudden diversion.

A familiar figure came into the cafe, and seated himself at the one available table.

It was Mr. Prout.

The juniors' hearts were in their mouths for a moment. But they need not have feared. Mr. Prout had gone off early that morning, and he knew nothing of recent events at Greyfriars. He therefore regarded it as quite natural that the Remove should be making holiday.

"Good-morning, my boys!" he said cheerfully. "I trust you are enjoying your day's outing."

"Yes, rather, sir!"

"Had a good game of golf, sir?" inquired Bob Cherry.

"Yes, thank you, Cherry. I very nearly won a medal; in fact, I should have done so, but for the fact that my opponent managed to hole out first. However, I meet him again this afternoon, on the same course. And then," said Mr. Prout dramatically, "he shall bite the dust!"

The juniors grinned. It was to be feared that they did not regard Mr. Prout in the light of a Vardon or a Braid.

The master of the Fifth ordered lunch, and when it arrived he fell to with a good appetite.

Harry Wharton glanced at his watch.

"Time we went along to the theatre," he said.

"No hurry, dear boy," drawled Lord Mauleverer. "I've booked all the seats, an' they'll be reserved for us. I got through on the telephone."

"Good!"

Billy Bunter, who had been the first to begin the meal, was the last to finish. His three extra dumplings took some getting through. But he attacked them manfully, and then sank back in his seat with a sigh of contentment.

"We shall have to roll Bunter to the theatre," said Dick Russell. "He won't be able to walk."

"I say, you fellows, I feel like taking forty winks," said Bunter.

"Well, you can't take 'em here," said Bob Cherry. "Better postpone it till we get to the theatre, my tulip."

"Can I have a taxi, Mauly?" pleaded the fat junior.

"With pleasure," grinned his lordship, "so long as you pay for it yourself!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lord Mauleverer paid the bill, and gave the waiter a substantial tip; and the juniors then quitted the cafe. Mr. Prout nodded genially to them as they filed out.

Billy Bunter declared that he was quite unable to walk. But when Bob Cherry applied his boot to the rear of the fat junior's person, he suddenly discovered that he could!

The Removites marched along the High Street, keeping their eyes open as they went.

"The prefects will be on our track at

Characters who live—Harry Wharton & Co. I

any moment," said Johnny Bull. "Loder's given the alarm long ago, you bet!"

"Supposing they find out that we're at the theatre?" said Snoop, a trifle anxiously.

"We must take our chance of that," said Harry Wharton. "No use meeting troubles half-way."

Fortunately, the High Street was clear of Greyfriars prefects.

Lord Mauleverer led the way into the theatre, and the Removites nearly monopolised the dress circle.

An excellent comedy was being staged, and the juniors settled down to enjoy themselves thoroughly.

"This is a red-letter day, and no error!" said Bob Cherry. "Lunching and theatre-going, when we ought to be stewing in the Form-room!"

"Old Prout didn't smell a rat," said Nugent.

"Why should he? All the masters were spoofed over Skinner's stunt. They won't find out till this evening that the holiday was never sanctioned by the Head."

"And then——"

"Well, we shall get it where the chicken got the chopper. But that needn't worry us now."

The juniors had not been in their seats many minutes, when the curtain rose.

Everybody was at once absorbed in the play—with the exception of Billy Bunter, who had fallen asleep after his tremendous orgy.

The fun was fast and furious, and the audience fairly rocked with laughter.

At the end of half an hour, however, a touch of drama was suddenly introduced into the comedy.

Six sturdy Greyfriars prefects, headed by George Wingate, had forced an entry into the theatre. They had had to bowl over a couple of attendants before they could get in.

Loder pointed towards the dress circle.

"There they are!" he exclaimed, in tones which drowned the voices of the artistes.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Does my hearing apparatus deceive me, or is that the still, small voice of Loder?"

"It is!" said Wharton grimly.

"There's going to be a dust-up now!"

"The dust-upfulness will be terrific!"

"What are we going to do?" asked Dick Russell.

"Sit tight, the Remove!" came Wharton's command.

The juniors remained in their seats. The prefects came striding down the gangway, and halted when they reached the Removites.

"Wharton!" Wingate's voice rang through the theatre. "I hold you responsible for this rebellion. You are captain of the Form, and——"

"Dry up, there!"

"Clear out!"

"You're spoiling the show!"

The audience was annoyed. A very comical scene was being enacted on the stage, and the sudden invasion of the Greyfriars prefects had spoilt the effect.

Several men rose from their seats, and shouted to the seniors.

"Get out! D'you hear?"

"If you want to make a scene, leave it till afterwards!"

Wingate was deaf to the angry shouts of the audience. He glared at the seated Removites.

"You will return to the school at once, all of you!" he commanded.

"This conduct is unheard-of!"

"I—I say!" muttered Snoop uneasily.

"We can't defy the captain of the school, you know."

"Shut up and sit tight!" growled Bob Cherry.

Loder of the Sixth stepped forward with an ugly glint in his eyes.

"Yank them out of their seats!" he exclaimed.

Wingate was about to grasp Harry Wharton by the collar when there was a dramatic interruption.

A section of the audience, together with a number of theatre attendants, made a sudden rush at the Greyfriars prefects.

A couple of burly men rushed at Loder, and started to hustle him towards the exit. Walker and Carne were similarly treated.

Wingate and Faulkner and Gwynne, however, set up a stubborn resistance.

"Hands off!" shouted Wingate angrily. "We've got to get these young rascals back to the school. If anybody interferes with me, I'll hit out!"

A hefty giant made a stride towards the Greyfriars skipper. Wingate kept

Look out for the
**GRAND NEW
COMPETITION**
starting in next
Monday's **MAGNET**.

INTERESTING,
SIMPLE, AND
REMUNERATIVE!

Don't forget—it's in
THE MAGNET!

his word. He shot out his left, straight from the shoulder, and the man took the blow on the point of the jaw. He toppled backwards into the arms of two of his companions.

Pandemonium broke loose in the theatre.

The play had temporarily stopped, and the curtain had been rung down.

A free fight was taking place in the centre gangway. Wingate and Faulkner and Gwynne stood shoulder to shoulder, biting out manfully. But they were hopelessly outnumbered. There were assailants in front of them, and to right and left of them.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked on with keen interest. They could not but admire the plucky display of the three seniors. Just as the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer when Horatius held the bridge of old, so the Greyfriars juniors could scarce suppress their cheers now.

The one-sided scrap came to a speedy and sudden end.

Gwynne was laid low by a powerful body-blow. He crashed to the floor, and

a couple of men grasped him by the ankles and proceeded to drag him to the exit.

Then Faulkner was overpowered and carried bodily through the theatre. And Wingate saw that there was no course open to him but surrender.

The Greyfriars prefects were hounded out of the building; the curtain was rung up again, and the play proceeded.

Outside on the pavement, the seniors exchanged sheepish glances. They were in a terrible state. Their clothes were crumpled and dusty, and their collars had broken from their moorings. Faulkner had a black eye in prospect, and Wingate's nose had assumed a decidedly bulbous appearance.

"Faith, an' we disturbed a mare's nest that time!" grunted Gwynne.

"There's nothing for it but to wait till the show's over," said Wingate. "Those young rascals will have to pay a heavy price for this escapade."

Kicking their heels on the familiar pavement of Courtfield High Street, the seniors waited for the performance to end.

Meanwhile, the rebels of the Remove sat tight and enjoyed the show. And when at last the curtain went down on the final scene, amid thunders of applause, a hearty vote of thanks was passed to Lord Mauleverer for his princely generosity.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

The Return of the Rebels!

"DO we surrender, dear boys?" Lord Mauleverer asked the question wistfully, as the Removites trooped out of the theatre.

Mauly knew, and all the fellows knew, that the prefects would be waiting for them outside.

The schoolboy earl had enjoyed himself up to the hilt. But his appetite was not yet satiated. He would have been quite prepared to go on standing treat to the Remove until sunset. Already an idea was forming in his mind for an evening charabanc excursion through the pleasant countryside.

But the other fellows were feeling more sane and sober now. They realised that they had gone far enough, if not too far. They had taken their fill of pleasure, and now they must pay the piper.

"We've had a topping time," said Harry Wharton. "I think we ought to call a halt now."

"Hear, hear!" said Johnny Bull. "It's possible to have too much of a good thing."

"Do we give ourselves up to the police?" asked Tom Brown humorously.

Wharton nodded.

The "police" were waiting outside the theatre, with grim faces. They fully expected the army of rebels to "rush" them and take to their heels. But the Removites filed out of the theatre in an orderly manner. Squiff held up a white handkerchief as a sign of surrender.

"Are you young rascals coming back quietly?" asked Wingate.

"Yes, Wingate."

"We'll be as good as gold."

Wingate grunted.

"It's rather late in the day to talk of being good," he said. "Not since the last barring-out has there been such unruly conduct in the Remove."

Have you tried the simple competition on page 20?

"You'll be made to pay dearly for this, you young rotters!" snarled Loder. "You especially, Bunter. As soon as we get back to the school, I'll lay my ashplant across your shoulders!"

"Pardon me," said Wingate; "but you'll do nothing of the sort! This is a matter for the Head to deal with."

"But that young rascal spoofed me with his ventriloquism—"

"I know all about that. But you will kindly keep your hands off Bunter. He'll be well punished at the hands of the Head, and so will all of them."

"Shouldn't be surprised if the ring-leaders were expelled," said Faulkner.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked alarmed. They had not quite grasped the enormity of their conduct until now. Bold and fearless though they were, Faulkner's words made them feel uneasy.

"We—we sha'n't be sacked over this, surely?" gasped Frank Nugent.

"All depends what sort of a mood the Head happens to be in," said Bob Cherry.

"It won't be a very cheerful one, after his wild-goose chase to London," said Peter Todd.

"Poor old Skinner's got something to answer for," said Bolsover major. "I wouldn't be in his shoes for a pension!"

"No jolly fear!"

Wingate lined up the rebels, and led the procession away in the direction of Greyfriars. The rest of the prefects brought up the rear, and whipped up the stragglers.

Some of the juniors were silent and thoughtful as they marched along. Others were undaunted in spirit.

Tom Brown was cracking jokes all the way; and Donald Ogilvy, whose humour was of the grim variety, was playing the "Death of Nelson" on his mouth-organ.

Several pedestrians paused to stare curiously at the procession, and at the dishevelled appearance of the Greyfriars prefects.

The school gates came in sight at length.

Gosling, the porter, hovered in the gateway. He viewed the marching throng with grim satisfaction.

"Which there will be the very dooce to pay about this 'ere!" was Gosling's comment. "Himperent young rips! Wot with breakin' bounds an' defyin' orthority—"

"Stand clear, Gossy!"

Gosling promptly obeyed. He didn't want another experience of being marched over.

The juniors halted in the Close. Wingate eyed them sternly.

"As soon as the Head returns I shall place the whole matter before him," he said. "In the meantime, no boy will be allowed to leave the school premises. You will now dismiss."

The assembly broke up quietly.

Harry Wharton & Co. went along to Study No. 1, and started to prepare tea. The fact that the sword of Damocles hung over their heads did not interfere with their appetites.

"We've had a perfectly stunning time!" said Bob Cherry.

"Yes, rather!"

"I'm sorry for old Wingate," said Johnny Bull. "When he was scrapping in the theatre, I felt I'd like to get up and give him a hand. But we had to stand our ground."

"Of course!"

"Wonder what time the Head will come back?" said Nugent.

"He ought to be here by now," said Wharton, glancing at his watch. "It's half-past five."

"He'll be like a raging lion when he does turn up!" said Bob Cherry. "I bet Skinner's shaking in his shoes, in the punishment-room."

"The shakefulness in the shoefulness," said Hurree Singh, "will be terrific! And the wrathfulness of the esteemed and ludicrous Head will also be terrific. But I don't think anybody will be sackfully expelled, unless it's Skinner."

"Let's hope not, anyway," said Nugent. "We can stand a gating or a flogging, but the thought of being sacked sends cold shivers down my spine."

The kettle was boiling by this time. The table was laid, and an array of good things had been set thereon. Study No. 1 happened to be a land flowing with milk and honey just then.

The Famous Five tackled their tea cheerfully enough. After the feast would come the reckoning; and the juniors could not help wondering what form the reckoning would take. So long as nobody received marching orders, all would be well.

When the meal was over, Harry Wharton rose to his feet and crossed to the window.

"Hallo! The masters are back!" he exclaimed.

Harry's chums joined him at the window.

The Greyfriars masters were returning from their day's outing. They appeared to have enjoyed themselves. Mr. Prout had the air of a conqueror. Doubtless he

had made Tom Niblick, the golf professional, bite the dust, according to his threat.

The juniors were about to turn away from the window, when Bob Cherry gave a start.

"Here's the Head!"

"My hat!"

Dr. Locke came in at the school gates, nodding genially to Gosling.

The juniors had expected the Head to resemble a raging lion, seeking what he might devour. They thought he would be simply furious at having been summoned to London by a bogus telegram.

On the contrary, the Head was fairly oozing with geniality. He was smiling quite happily as he made his way across the Close.

The Famous Five were thunderstruck.

"What on earth has happened?" gasped Harry Wharton. "Surely the Head knows that he's been spoofed?"

"Instead of scowling frownfully," said Hurree Singh, "he is smiling grinfully."

"Wonders will never cease!" said Bob Cherry.

The juniors saw the Head disappear into the building. Then they awaited developments.

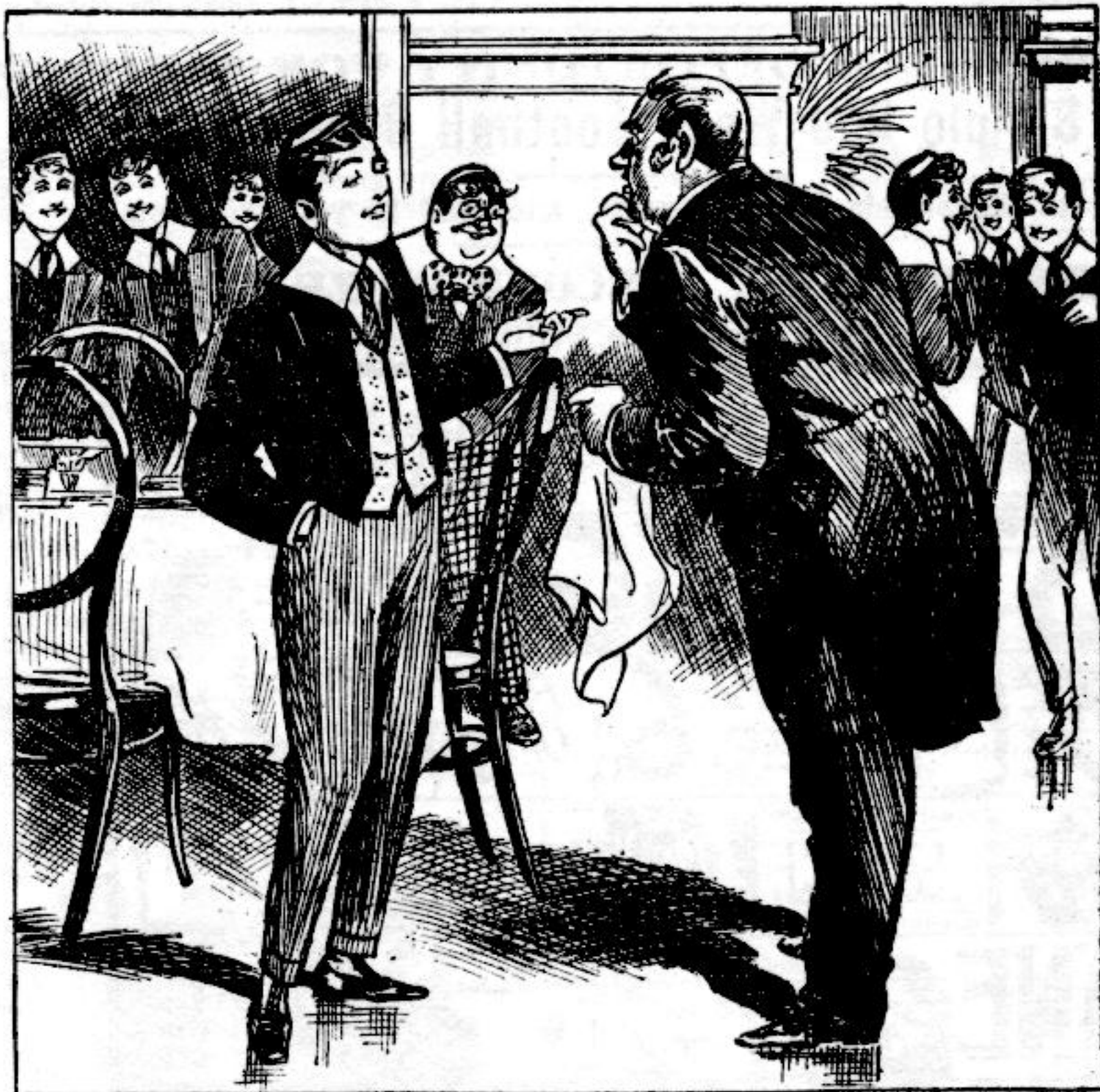
They hadn't long to wait. After a brief interval the school bell rang, summoning a general assembly.

"This is where we get it in the neck," said Bob Cherry. "Who's going to assist me to the scaffold?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It said much for the juniors' fortitude that they could laugh at such a time.

The Famous Five quitted the study,



"Lunch for forty, please!" The head waiter at the Elysian Cafe was fairly staggered by Lord Mauleverer's cool request. "Would you mind saying that again, sir?" he murmured. "Lunch for forty, please," repeated Mauly. "An' get a move on, begad!" (See Chapter 7.)

and joined the stream of humanity that was making its way towards Big Hall.

"Wingate hasn't lost much time in reporting us," remarked Vernon-Smith.

"I have not yet made my report, Smith," said a quiet voice.

The juniors spun round in surprise as the tall form of George Wingate bore down upon them.

"Not—not reported us yet, Wingate?" stuttered Harry Wharton.

"No."

"Then why is this assembly being called?"

"I'm no good at riddles," answered the Greyfriars captain curtly.

With wondering faces, the juniors trooped into Big Hall.

There was an animated buzz of voices, which died away when the Head came in with rustling gown.

In his hand Dr. Locke carried a telegram. He was not smiling now, but his expression was grave.

"Is everybody present, Wingate?" he inquired.

"All except Skinner, sir. I have had occasion to send him to the punishment-room."

"Then pray be good enough to fetch him."

The captain of Greyfriars departed on his errand. He found Skinner in a state of utter misery and dejection. The cad of the Remove had passed a dreary and dismal day in the punishment-room. And he realised that his troubles were not yet over.

"Come, Skinner!" said Wingate sternly.

"Is—is the Head back, Wingate?" faltered Skinner.

"Yes. He's waiting for you in Big Hall."

"Oh, crumbs!"

Quaking inwardly, and far from composed outwardly, Skinner followed in the wake of the captain of Greyfriars, like a condemned felon going to his doom.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

A Shock for Greyfriars!

PROFOUND silence reigned in Big Hall.

It was broken by the stern voice of the Head.

"My boys," he began, "I have to announce that some boy has endeavoured to play a hoax upon me. On my return from Canterbury, where I have been playing golf—"

"Canterbury!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Oh, my hat!"

"I found this telegram upon my desk," the Head went on. "It was evidently intended that I should receive it early this morning, but I had left the school when it came. The telegram is worded as follows:

"Special meeting of governors convened for eleven o'clock this morning at Hotel Majestic, London. Kindly attend.—Chairman."

The Head paused. His stern gaze travelled round the crowded hall. Skinner's lower limbs were shaking as if with ague.

"I am aware," continued Dr. Locke, "that the April Fool celebrations were kept up at Greyfriars this morning. But I little dreamed that any boy would have the audacity to single me out as a

victim. True, I should not have been deceived by this telegram. I should have known that a governors' meeting could not have been held to-day, because the chairman happens to be on the Continent. At the same time, I regard this matter in a serious light; and I call upon the boy who planned this hoax to stand forward!"

Nobody moved.

Wingate of the Sixth glanced sharply at Skinner.

"You heard what Dr. Locke said, Skinner," he remarked. "Step out to the front at once."

"So it was Skinner?" said the Head, looking questioningly at Wingate.

"Yes, sir. I have already succeeded in getting a confession from him. That is why I sent him to the punishment-room."

Skinner nearly crumpled up as the Head's stern gaze was directed upon him.

"Did you arrange for this telegram to be sent to me, Skinner?" demanded Dr. Locke.

"Y-e-e-s, sir."

"What was the method you employed?"

"I—I telephoned to my cousin in London, sir, and got him to send the wire."

"Then your cousin ought to be ashamed of himself for being a party to such a plot."

Skinner stood silent.

The Head only had half the story, so far. What he would say when he learned of Skinner's attempt to April Fool the whole school remained to be heard.

"You have behaved abominably, Skinner!" rumbled the Head. "I will teach you that you cannot practise such

HERE'S AN OPPORTUNITY FOR YOU!
A Simple One-Week Football Competition.

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

FIRST PRIZE £5. SECOND PRIZE £2 10s.
Ten Prizes of Five Shillings each.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

Here is a splendid Footer competition which I am sure will interest you. On this page you will find a history of Port Vale Football Club in picture-puzzle form. What you are invited to do is to solve this picture, and when you have done so, write your solution on a sheet of paper. Then sign the coupon which appears below, pin it to your solution, and post it to "Port Vale" Competition, MAGNET Office, Gough House, Gough Square, E.C.4, so as to reach that address not later than THURSDAY, APRIL 12th, 1923.

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

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

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

Name

Address

M

a hoax upon your headmaster with impunity! You have already had part of your punishment by being confined to the detention-room whilst the rest of the school were making holiday—"

The Head broke off as a gasp of amazement ran round the hall.

"I fail to see anything surprising in my statement—" he began at length.

"The whole school hasn't been making holiday, sir," exclaimed Wingate. "Skinner certainly tried to arrange it, and to hoax the school, but his plans were nipped in the bud."

The Head looked fairly flabbergasted. "Do you mean to say, Wingate, that no holiday has been observed to-day?"

"Only by the masters, sir—and one section of boys," added Wingate grimly, frowning in the direction of the Remove.

"But—but I granted the school a whole holiday to-day!" almost shouted the Head.

"You did, sir?" gasped Wingate. "Certainly! I met all the masters in conference last evening, and it was decided that to-day should be a holiday."

"Great Scott!" "My only aunt!" Ejaculations of utter amazement arose on every side.

This was a knock-down blow for Greyfriars.

An official holiday had been granted, after all! It had been arranged overnight by the Head and the masters.

In a dazed sort of way the Head turned to Mr. Prout, who stood beside him on the platform.

"Did you not put a notice on the board, as I requested you to do, Mr. Prout?"

"No, sir," replied the master of the Fifth.

"And why not, pray?" "Because when I went to do so early this morning I found a notice on the board already, bearing your signature, sir. I naturally concluded you had put it there."

Wingate rose excitedly to his feet.

"Skinner was responsible for that notice!" he exclaimed. "He obtained a sheet of paper bearing Dr. Locke's signature, and he typed, in the blank space above it, 'The school will be granted a day's holiday to-day.'"

The Head turned to the trembling Skinner.

"Is that so, wretched boy?" he thundered.

"Yes, sir. I—I thought I should be spoofing the school," stuttered Skinner. "I didn't dream that a genuine holiday had been arranged."

"And so lessons proceeded as usual, Wingate?"

"Yes, sir—except in the case of the Remove Form. They revolted, and took part of the morning off, sir, and the whole of the afternoon."

"Bless my soul! There appears to have been a most amazing misunder-

standing, for which Skinner is directly responsible," said the Head. "I must adjust this matter, in common fairness to all concerned. All the boys who did not take a holiday to-day will do so to-morrow."

"Hurrah!" shouted Coker of the Fifth. "But the Remove Form, having apparently helped themselves to a holiday to-day, will work to-morrow as usual," added Dr. Locke.

One or two of the Removites groaned. But the majority looked very relieved. There was not going to be a reckoning, after all—except in the case of Skinner, and possibly Billy Bunter, who had extorted hush-money from the cad of the Remove.

When the excitement had died down the Head sent for Gosling, the porter, at the same time producing a formidable-looking birch from the desk.

When Gosling shuffled into the hall the Head signalled to him to take Skinner on his shoulders.

"As I remarked before, Skinner," said Dr. Locke, "you have already had part of your punishment, so I shall flog you less severely than I should otherwise have done."

The Head then got busy with the birch, and Skinner's yells of anguish rang through Big Hall. If this was what the Head called a less severe flogging than usual, reflected Skinner, he wouldn't care to sample a severe one!

At last the Head laid aside his birch, and Skinner slipped down on to the floor, moaning and groaning, and writhing and wriggling. He seemed to be trying to tie himself up into knots.

Whilst the painful ordeal had been in progress Billy Bunter had looked on with a certain amount of trepidation.

The fat junior wondered whether Wingate had forgotten his connection with the affair. He sincerely hoped that the captain of Greyfriars was not in the habit of Pelmanising.

Alas for Bunter's hopes! Wingate approached the Head, and spoke to him quietly for a moment. And then Billy Bunter was called out.

"I understand, Bunter," said the Head grimly, "that you knew of Skinner's plan to hoax the school, and that, instead of reporting the matter at once, you first of all extorted money from Skinner as the price of your silence."

"Oh, really, sir—"

"Have you anything to say, Bunter?" "Yessir. I deny everything!" said Bunter promptly. "I wasn't hiding behind the screen in Skinner's study when he hatched the plot. And I didn't extort any money from him, sir."

Shouldn't think of it, sir. Skinner's as mean as they make 'em. I've never yet heard of anybody being able to squeeze any money out of him—I mean—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Practically every member of the community joined in the general laugh. But the stern frown on the grim face of the Head quelled the uproar immediately. Dr. Locke was not in a humour to be trifled with.

"Bunter!" The Head's voice rapped out like a knife edge.

"Ye-es, sir," stuttered the Owl, blinking through his big spectacles apprehensively.

"How dare you try to cover up your share in this matter with a string of ridiculous falsehoods! You are a very foolish and untruthful boy!"

"Oh, really, sir—"

"And I must impress upon you the necessity for telling the truth. Now, Bunter, did you or did you not know of this—this scheme of that wretched boy Skinner?"

Billy Bunter fidgeted nervously. He knew that he was in for a flogging, and he fairly wilted at the prospect.

"Nunno, sir! Certainly not, sir! Shouldn't dream of being a party to such a thing! I told Skinner so. Didn't I, Skinner?"

"Groooough!" groaned Harold Skinner. For the moment that was all the cad of the Remove could contribute to the little comedy.

"What!" thundered Dr. Locke. "You knew nothing of this wretched plan, and you wouldn't dream of being a party to it, and yet you told Skinner so?"

"Yessir. That's it, sir," replied Billy Bunter hopefully.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" thundered the Head. "I am quite satisfied, Bunter, that you knew of Skinner's project, and that you resorted to blackmail. Gosling, I must call upon you again."

"Take me on your shoulder, Gossy dear!" hummed Bob Cherry in a low tone.

And there was a titter from the Remove.

Billy Bunter not only had to face the music; but he succeeded in making quite a lot of music himself. Those who listened to his ear-piercing screams declared that they could have been heard in Friardale.

When justice had been done, and Skinner and Bunter stood moaning and groaning in a dismal duet, the school was dismissed.

The Remove rejoiced to think that they had got off practically scot-free after their escapade.

But Billy Bunter did not rejoice. Neither did Skinner. And it will be a long, long time before All Fools' Day will be forgotten by the Owl of the Remove and the Jester of Greyfriars!

THE



END

Don't miss "Rivals and Chums!"—next Monday!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 791.



THE 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.

In our last article we commenced an explanation of electrical measurement, giving a simple diagram to aid us, but as lack of space did not permit of us detailing our example fully, we will continue this week from the point where we left off.

Ohm's Law gives the following formula: Electromotive-force equals current multiplied by resistance; therefore, as the current is constant in all cases—namely, 3 amperes, we get the following results:

Section of Circuit	Current x Resistance Amperes x Ohms	Drop in Pressure	Point of Drop in Pressure
A to B	3 x 3	9 volts	B
B to C	3 x 4	12 volts	C
C to A	3 x 3	9 volts	A

Therefore, the pressure required to move 3 amperes from A to B is 9 volts, from B to C 12 volts, and from C to A 9 volts, making a total pressure for the circuit of 9 + 12 + 9, which equals 30 volts.

In the same manner, where the resistance of a circuit is not known, but where the pressure of the circuit and the current are known quantities, the resistance can be ascertained by applying Ohm's Law, which in this case is

$$\text{Resistance} = \frac{\text{Electromotive-force}}{\text{Current}}$$

Now we know in this case that the E.M.F. is 30 volts, and that the current is 3 amperes, therefore

$$\text{Resistance} = \frac{30}{3} = 10 \text{ ohms.}$$

In the definitions of other electrical measurements or units of measurement which follow—namely, Joule, Watt, Farad, and Henry, there will be further explanations, which will enable you to form a useful idea of the values of all the measurements. Then we can proceed at once to explain Inductance Coils, Condensers, Aerials, Wave-lengths, and the hundred and one things which you come across in studying Wireless Telephony.

JOULE.—The joule is the unit of work.

When an E.M.F. of one volt causes an electric current to flow in a circuit, one joule of work has been performed when one coulomb of electricity has flowed.

It is necessary to explain at this point that energy cannot be destroyed. When energy is used it reappears in another form. For example, if a motor-car is travelling along a road at a high rate of speed, and the brake is applied, the energy of the moving car is changed into heat by the friction between the brake and the brake drum, until the car is brought to a standstill.

JOULE'S LAW.—In an electric circuit units of energy are expended in overcoming the resistance to the flow of

electricity in the conductor, this energy reappearing in the form of heat. The heat developed is proportional to the square of the current flowing, the resistance of the circuit and the length of time in seconds for which the current flows. This may be expressed as follows: Heat units = $C^2 \times R \times t$ (time in seconds).

We know that units of heat are units of energy, so that the units of energy expended, when a given current flows in a given circuit for a given time, must be equal to the current squared \times the resistance \times the time in seconds, or energy units equal $C^2 \times R \times t$. The joule, or unit of work, may therefore be defined as the quantity of work done when one coulomb flows against a resistance of one ohm for one second.

$$\text{One joule} = C^2 \times R \times t.$$

WATT.—The watt is the unit of power. Power is the rate at which work is done, or, in other words, work done per unit of time.

One watt is the power required to do one joule of work in one second.

One joule equals the work done when one coulomb of electricity has flowed in a circuit having a resistance of one ohm; and when one coulomb flows in one second it is called an ampere. But to cause this flow a pressure of one volt is required, therefore one watt equals one ampere multiplied by one volt, or watts = amperes \times volts.

KILOWATT (K.W.)—For practical purposes the term kilowatt is frequently used. One kilowatt equals one thousand watts. For example, if a pressure of 200 volts applied to a circuit causes 5 amperes to flow, then the power expended is $200 \times 5 = 1,000$ watts = 1 K.W.

FOOT POUND.—This is the mechanical unit of work.

One foot pound is the work done in raising one pound one foot.

MECHANICAL HORSE-POWER.—The horse-power is the mechanical unit of power; it represents work done at the rate of 33,000 foot pounds per minute. One horse-power is required to raise 33,000 pounds one foot in one minute, or one pound 33,000 feet in one minute.

ELECTRICAL HORSE-POWER.—746 watts equal one horse-power. The mechanical equivalent of this is 550 foot pounds per second, that is 33,000 foot pounds per minute.

To help you to understand the use of these measurements, let us take as an example a circuit in which is a battery of twenty cells, having a total E.M.F. of 30 volts and an internal resistance of 3.6 ohms, the external resistance of the circuit being 6.4 ohms.

Assuming that the circuit is working for one hour, let us find the answers to the following questions: The energy in joules; the power of the circuit in watts; the horse-power of the circuit; the number of foot pounds of work performed in the hour that the circuit was working.

$$\text{By Ohm's Law we know that } C = \frac{E}{R}$$

therefore, as the E.M.F. of the circuit equals 30 volts and the resistance is 10 ohms, then the current equals $\frac{30}{10} = 3$ amperes.

By Joule's Law the work done equals $C^2 \times R \times t$. Therefore $3^2 \times 10 \times 1$ hour $(60 \times 60) = 9 \times 10 \times 3,600 = 324,000$. The work performed equals 324,000 joules.

Watts equal joules per second, therefore $\frac{324,000}{3,600} = 90$. The power of the circuit is 90 watts. Now this could have been determined by the simpler method of multiplying volts by amperes, i.e., $30 \times 3 = 90$ watts.

To ascertain the horse-power we must divide 90 by 746, because there are 746 watts per horse-power. The horse-power is therefore $\frac{90}{746}$ or approximately one-eighth ($\frac{1}{8}$) horse-power.

It is a simple matter to find the number of foot pounds of work done, because we know that one horse-power equals 550 foot pounds per second, therefore foot pounds per second equals $\frac{90}{746} \times 550 = \frac{49,500}{746}$ or approximately 66 foot pounds per second. The foot pounds of work done in one hour is $\frac{49,500}{746} \times 3,600$ seconds, or $\frac{49,500 \times 3,600}{746} = \frac{178,200,000}{746} = 238,874$ foot pounds.

Checking the horse-power on this figure we get

$$\frac{238,874}{33,000 \text{ foot lbs.} \times 60 \text{ mins.}} = \frac{238,874}{1,980,000} = \frac{1}{8.3} \text{ or approximately one-eighth } (\frac{1}{8}) \text{ horse-power.}$$

FARAD.—The farad is the unit of capacity.

It has already been explained that when an electrified body is brought into proximity with an un electrified body, the latter is induced into an electrified state, and further, that by the use of dielectrics, the induced charge may be increased.

The measure or quantity of electricity which can be induced in a body is the measure of its capacity, and the unit of this capacity is the farad.

When a body in which a charge is induced will hold one coulomb of electricity; when a pressure of one volt is applied across the dielectric separating it from the body inducing the charge, then that body is said to have a capacity of one farad. Such a body would be of enormous dimensions, so for practical purposes a smaller unit—the microfarad—is used. A microfarad is one-millionth part of a farad.

This will be more fully explained when we deal with electro-magnetic inductions and condensers.

HENRY.—The henry is the unit of inductance.

When a circuit has an inductance of one henry the current flowing through the circuit will change by one ampere when a difference of potential of one volt is applied for one second.

(Next week's splendid article deals further with the use of the Henry as a unit of electrical measurement. Mind you order your copy of the MAGNET EARLY!)

Hallo ! Hallo ! Hallo ! Are you listening-in ?

The CLUE of the EIGHTH CHAIR!



A thrilling story of sinister intrigue, to the solution of which the master-detective, Ferrers Locke, devotes his exceptional skill, with the result that the Sword of Justice falls upon as cunning a criminal as the world has ever seen.

By **OWEN CONQUEST.**

THE FIRST CHAPTER. A Maida Vale Tragedy!

"**H**OLDEN is late!"
The speaker was a well-built, handsome, bearded man of about fifty, and his remark was addressed generally to the six gentlemen who were his guests.

The clock on the mantelpiece of the handsomely furnished dining-room revealed the time as five minutes past eight. Raymond Thirsk, the genial, bearded host and owner of this palatial residence in Maida Vale, half-turned as though to give an order to the waiting butler. But one of the others, all of whom were immaculately attired in evening dress, restrained him.

"Give Holden a few minutes more, Thirsk," he said. "We can wait."

"I'm afraid," replied Raymond Thirsk, "that he has mistaken the time. I told him dinner would be served sharp at eight o'clock this evening. But he's been fearfully absent-minded and broody of late, so it's possible he may have forgotten this little function altogether. One thing is that he hasn't far to come. He lives only in Norfield Drive, which lies behind the grounds of this house."

The occasion of the select gathering in this West London house was an interesting one. It was due, in fact, to an amazing discovery made by one of the men present—Stanman Bode.

Bode himself was a tall, dark individual, with lank hair and lack-lustre eyes. Passing him in the street, you might not have judged him to be particularly brainy. Rather might you have seen something lazy and hang-dog in his outward appearance.

And yet this curious personality, Stanman Bode, had proved himself a brilliant scientist. He had made a discovery which bade fair to create great consternation among the gem merchants of Hatton Garden when it became known.

For years Bode had experimented in secret. His aim was to make rubies by artificial means—not imitation rubies, mind you, but gems similar in quality and blood-lustre with the rubies which are mined in India and other countries.

Made-up rubies are constructed from tiny particles of real stones which have been cut. But, ignoring this method, Bode conducted his experiments along his own startlingly original lines. And, after years, he had

succeeded, where scores of other brilliant scientists had failed, in producing by artificial means a real, blood-red ruby such as might have been mined in the Far Eastern mountains.

Realising the tremendous financial value of his great discovery, and having spent a small fortune on his long research work, Stanman Bode was quick to take advantage of his success. He confided the result of his experiments to seven people, all of whom belonged to his club, and all of whom were well-to-do. The seven were: Raymond Thirsk, Francis Holden, James Barnett, David Walker, William Dawson-Cree, Joseph Alford, and Richard Oakley. All these men agreed to meet Stanman Bode in the palatial house of Thirsk to discuss arrangements for forming a company among themselves to exploit the scientist's discovery.

For a minute or two longer the men lounged about the dining-room, awaiting the arrival of Holden, the only one who had failed to put in an appearance. Walker tried to turn the conversation on to rubies, but Thirsk interposed.

"Wait until after dinner," he suggested. "We can discuss our business the better then. Now, gentlemen, it is nearly ten past eight. We will take our seats at table, leaving a place for Holden in case he shows up."

The stout butler, who had been coached as to where the respective guests were to sit, drew out the chairs. The table was of a long, oblong shape, and no tablecloth concealed the magnificent mahogany of which it was made. The silver and cut-glass laid out upon it enhanced the rich red polish of the wood.

Raymond Thirsk took his seat at the head of the table. Barnett, Walker, and Dawson-Cree were ranged down one side; Alford and Oakley upon the other. Bode was about to seat himself in the seventh chair, which was on Oakley's left and immediately opposite to Dawson-Cree, when Thirsk said:

"Take the seat at the end of the table opposite to me, Bode. That tall-backed chair next to Oakley is Holden's favourite seat. We'll keep it for him. You don't mind sitting with your back to the window, do you? We'll have the window shut if you like."

"Not at all," replied Bode, smiling. "It's so warm and still to-night one can scarcely credit that we are only in April. Besides,

I like the scent of those flowers waiting in from your charming grounds, Thirsk."

The host smiled, and, turning to the butler, ordered the man in an undertone to bring up some of the best vintage from the cellars.

"This is certainly a top-hole place you have here, Thirsk," said Oakley, who had never been to the mansion before. "I was just admiring the electric chandelier above us. A marvellous piece of workmanship!"

Thirsk smiled his pleasure.
"Yes, I'm rather proud of that, and the electric fittings of Bourne House generally," he responded. "I believe in adequate and artistic lighting."

"Well, you have enough electric globes in this room, Thirsk," said Alford. "You're a bit of an inventor, I've heard."

"In a very modest way," replied Thirsk, rising. "By a little invention of my own I can increase or lower the strength of any light fitted in this room—"

He broke off abruptly as a slight buzzing sound became apparent.

"What's that?" asked Dawson-Cree.
"A winged beetle swung by the open window, I think," said Thirsk. "But let me show you how the lights on the chandelier above you operate while we are waiting for our first course. Keep your seats, gentlemen; I won't put you in darkness."

The guests laughed and chatted good-humouredly as their genial host operated the switches on the wall in a far corner of the room, displaying the effects of various groups of lights.

"Now," he said, as the butler entered the room again, "we'll have all the lights on in the chandelier itself—so much more cheerful, you know. Egad! What's that?"

For almost simultaneously with the brilliant illumination there came a sound like the crack of a whip from the direction of the large gardens behind the house. Then, with an expression of horrified dismay, the host swung round, to see his guest, Stanman Bode, bent forward in his chair, his chest resting against the polished mahogany table and his arms hanging motionless from his shoulders.

The six men who had been seated at the table with Bode leaped to their feet. Each felt as though a great cold hand had been laid on his heart. Deathly pale, Oakley knocked the eighth—the vacant—chair

Ferrers Locke in the East—next week!

aside in his haste to reach the side of the stricken man.

"Good heavens!" he gasped, as he noticed a spot of crimson at the back of the scientist's black dinner-jacket. "Bode has been shot!"

"Shot?" echoed Thirsk, leaping across the room. "Impossible, man!"

Oakley raised the scientist in the chair. It took but a glance on the part of all present to see that the unfortunate man was dead.

They stared from one to another, aghast. Then Thirsk raised his hand.

"Listen!" he hissed. "Can you hear the sound of someone moving in the grounds? Get out of that window, a couple of you! I'll telephone for the police and a doctor—though poor Bode is beyond human aid!"

Alford and Barnett, who were the youngest of those present, pluckily clambered through the window into the darkened grounds, where they believed the slayer of their fellow-guest had been lurking.

Richard Oakley helped Walker, Dawson-Cree, and the butler to place the slain man gently on a settee. Then he passed out of the ill-fated room into the wide hallway, and, without a word to Raymond Thirsk, who was telephoning, quickly grabbed his hat and coat and let himself out of the house.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Who Shot Stanman Bode?

"TELL you, man, I must see him—and at once!"

"Solly, sir, Missa Locke heap busy! He tell me, 'Sing-Sing, no wantee be disturb.' No can do."

In that strange but determined way, Sing-Sing, the Chinese servant of Ferrers Locke, barred the portal of the house in Baker Street to the distracted-looking stranger who had driven up at top speed in a taxi-cab.

"Get out of the way, man!" roared the visitor, giving the servant a violent push backwards. "I've come here to see Mr. Locke, and I'm—"

"Hallo! Hallo, there!" boomed a deep voice from the top of a flight of stairs. "What's all the rumpus about?"

It was Ferrers Locke himself, who, garbed for the street, was descending the stairs, followed by his young assistant, Jack Drake.

The man who had had the short and sharp argument with Sing-Sing threw off the detaining hands of the Chinese and rushed into the house.

"Mr. Locke! Mr. Locke!" he cried. "I want you to come with me at once! A dreadful tragedy has taken place."

Locke, who, with Drake, had been about to pay a call on a client concerning the matter of a returned cheque, halted on the stairs. He had just finished some important private business in his room, and the matter of this call could wait.

"Calm yourself, sir," he said. "Tell me who you are and what is the tragedy to which you refer."

"My name's Oakley," rattled off the visitor breathlessly. "My friend Stanman Bode has been shot in the house of Raymond Thirsk, and—"

"Where's that?" demanded Locke.

"Bourne House, Norfield Avenue, Maida Vale. It's not more than a few minutes' run from here. I've got a taxi waiting, and—and I'll tell you the rest as we go!"

The sleuth liked the determination of the man, and nodded assent.

He and Drake left the house, and entered the taxi, followed by Richard Oakley.

"Back to Norfield Avenue!" shouted Oakley to the driver. "And drive like the fury!"

There was not much time for questionings and explanations on the short drive. But, prompted by Ferrers Locke, Oakley was able to give a fairly full account of what had occurred at the dinner-table in the house in Maida Vale.

The taxi was paid off outside Bourne House, where a number of people, including two constables, were congregated already. Upon seeing the famous private detective one of the men in blue touched his helmet and gestured to him to pass up to the front door.

"Who's come down from the Yard in charge of this case, Miggs?" Locke inquired of the good-natured policeman.

"Inspector Pycroft, sir. He's inside now. Some o' the Flying Squad are also on the job."

"Smart work—smart work!" muttered Locke, as he strode up the steps to the front door. "I'm glad my old friend Pycroft is in charge."

It was the stout butler himself who opened the door in response to the detective's knock.

"Where's your master, Jenkins?" demanded Oakley, as they entered.

"In the dining-room with the other gentlemen and the police, sir," replied the butler, with a shudder. "Absolutely prostrate with grief he is, and—"

But without giving up their hats and coats or waiting to hear the finish of the man's remark, Locke, Drake, and Oakley made their way to the dining-room.

On the settee lay the body of the slain man, the head and chest covered by a tweed travelling-rug. Raymond Thirsk sat in his chair at the head of the long table, his eyes covered with his hands. Near him stood Barnett, Walker, Alford, Dawson-Cree, and a doctor who had been summoned. And facing this group were Inspector Pycroft of Scotland Yard and two uniformed policemen.

"Hallo!" exclaimed the official detective, as Oakley burst into the room slightly ahead of Locke and Drake. "Is this the gentleman who left in so hasty a fashion? Why, hallo, Mr. Locke! You here—and Drake, too!"

The famous private detective and Jack Drake shook hands with Pycroft, who seemed to be in two minds as to whether he was pleased to see them.

Richard Oakley explained the presence of the two.

"Yes," he said, "I am the man who left the house shortly after the crime. Bode was a good friend of mine, and, with all due respect to the police, I determined to leave no stone unturned to obtain the capture of the fiend who murdered him. So I personally called upon Mr. Locke, and engaged him to work on the case for me."

"Well, I'm glad to see you, Mr. Locke," said Pycroft—"though I think the whole work on this case will have been done before you have properly got started."

"I, too, welcome you, Mr. Locke," said Raymond Thirsk, who had risen upon hearing the name of the great detective spoken. "If the case is indeed more mysterious than appears at first sight, you can rely upon me to assist you to the very best of my ability."

"Thank you!" said Locke, bowing slightly. Then, turning to the inspector, he asked: "What exactly did you mean by your remark just now, Pycroft? Have you discovered some clues already?"

The burly Scotland Yard man threw out his chest.

"We have, Mr. Locke," he said complacently. "There's no doubt in my own mind as to the identity of the criminal. And if one of my men doesn't arrest the person in question before we see another dawn, I'll eat this peaked hat of mine!"

"Who is the person, may I ask?" said Ferrers Locke; though he guessed the name of the suspect from what he had learnt from Oakley in the taxi.

"Why, Francis Holden, of course," said Pycroft decidedly. "He was invited to dinner by Mr. Thirsk, and requested to be here by eight, o'clock. Usually he is a punctual man. He had not shown up by quarter-past eight, the time at which the crime was committed. And there's the strongest reasons for believing that Francis Holden was skulking about in the grounds at the back of this house at that hour."

"Indeed?" murmured Locke.

"That's so, Mr. Locke," said Joseph Alford. "Barnett and I clambered out of the window, and we distinctly saw a form near the fountain in the centre of the garden."

It looked like Holden. He saw us, hesitated, and started to run. We shouted out to him." Locke regarded his informant through half-closed eyes.

"What did you shout?" he inquired quietly. "Toosh! What does that matter?" said Pycroft, a trifle impatiently. "The gentlemen probably called out something violent, seeing that their friend had just been foully done to death. You would have done so yourself."

Ferrers Locke ignored the inspector's interruption and quietly repeated his query to Alford.

"Barnett shouted, 'Stop, you skulking murderer!' and I—"

"That's all I want to know," said Ferrers Locke. "Did you see in which direction the fellow went?"

"He made for a high door in the back wall of the grounds which practically adjoin those of Norfield Drive. We chased after him. But, apart from the fountain and pond in the centre of the grounds there are a good many laurel and other bushes about. When we reached the door we found it was locked. There were muddy scratches on the door as though someone had climbed it. Together, Barnett and I burst open the door and made our way down the street."

"Then where did you go?" asked Locke.

"We went to Holden's house first. His man told us that Holden had left there shortly after eight o'clock and had not returned. We made inquiries in the neighbourhood, but no one had seen a person in a light overcoat and evening dress. So we came back here."

"But I discovered something as soon as I looked round the garden— See!" exclaimed Pycroft. "Here it is, Mr. Locke—a small Yale key. This was lying by the door that leads into Norfield Drive. The key was the property of Mr. Holden."

"Really?" said Ferrers Locke, examining the object in question. "Were you aware, Mr. Thirsk, that Holden had a key to your back premises? It is certainly strange that a gentleman intending to attend a dinner should come in via the back gardens."

"That was just what I said, Mr. Locke," said Pycroft.

"No, no," said Thirsk hastily. "In fairness to Holden, let me say that there was no secret about his owning a key to my premises. You see, living immediately at the back of my place it is his shortest way here. He has used it on occasions when he has come across for a game of chess with me. I must admit it was a bit queer for him to use it when about to attend a formal dinner. But perhaps as he was late, he—"

"It's decent of you, Mr. Thirsk, to stick up for your neighbour," put in Inspector Pycroft. "But the circumstantial evidence against Mr. Holden is overwhelming. It's as clear as daylight that he was in the grounds when that shot which killed poor Mr. Bode was fired. And, anyway, why should he have wanted to run away if he hadn't been guilty?"

"Perhaps," murmured Ferrers Locke, "if you had been in a dark garden and a shot had been fired near you and then two hefty men had come charging out of a window yelling that you were a murderer, you might have taken to your heels, too!"

"Fiddlesticks!" was Pycroft's caustic comment. "Some of my men are even now raking through the grounds, and none of 'em has reported that there are any signs of the presence of an additional person. They've found traces of Holden's foot-marks near the fountain and in other places, though."

"You and your men have certainly been getting a hustle on," said Locke. "Perhaps I may view the body?"

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Find on the Rockery.

FERRERS LOCKE and Jack Drake reverently uncovered the slain man, and the doctor who was present explained that a 2.2 calibre revolver bullet had penetrated the heart from the back. Then, while preparations were being made for removing the body to the mortuary, Locke questioned Oakley as to the exact positions occupied by everyone

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2!

present at the time of the perpetration of the crime.

The chairs were set round the table in their original order.

"That was my chair at the head of the table," volunteered Mr. Thirsk, "but I was demonstrating the lighting system of this chandelier at the time of the tragedy. I didn't see poor Bode fall forward. The first intimation I had of the terrible affair was the sound of the shot—it seemed quite faint—and seeing Bode lying still against the table."

In turn, Locke requested Oakley, Barnett, Walker, Dawson-Cree, and Alford, to seat themselves. Then he pointed to the eighth chair to Oakley's left.

"Who occupied this?"

"No one," replied Oakley. "That was left vacant for Holden. Stanman Bode sat at the end of the table, with his back to the open window."

"What was the reason for that arrangement?" inquired the detective. "Surely the guests who were present would normally have seated themselves as close to their host as possible, leaving the seat farthest away for a late-comer?"

"I think it was my suggestion, Mr. Locke," said Thirsk wearily. "Holden, when he has been here on previous occasions, showed a preference for that particular dining-chair, which he always claimed is better padded behind the shoulders. A mere whim, I should say!"

"Did no one hear any movement from the grounds before the shot was fired?" next asked the detective.

All shook their heads. Then, Oakley, with sudden recollection, exclaimed:

"By Jove, it may not be worth consideration, but I did hear a faint sort of sound shortly before the shot was fired. It was a kind of slight buzzing noise."

"I heard that, too," said Thirsk. "You remind me, Oakley, that someone exclaimed about it, and I thought it was a beetle buzzing past the open window. Surely that had no connection with the affair?"

"Even the most trivial things are often worth bearing in mind," said Ferrers Locke. "Now, just one more question, gentlemen. I understand from Mr. Oakley that the gathering in this house to-night was in connection with an amazing discovery made by Mr. Stanman Bode. Has anyone to your knowledge been told the exact nature of the process whereby Mr. Bode was able to evolve natural rubies by scientific means?"

There was a silence, broken after a few moments by Raymond Thirsk.

"No," he said. "Oakley, Holden, and myself, were the closest acquaintances of Bode. He never told me, and, as far as I am aware, he never told Oakley or Holden. He was most secretive about his discovery."

"I know no more than you do what the process was, Mr. Locke," corroborated Oakley. "Of course, I can't definitely say anything for Holden, but I should think it very unlikely that he knew anything. Bode was an extraordinarily good business man considering he was a scientist. And, oh, by the way," he added, "you said, Mr. Locke, that apparently trivial things were worth while considering. There was one other present besides ourselves in the room when Stanman Bode was shot."

"Ah! Who was that?"

"The butler."

Ferrers Locke requested that the man should be brought, and he put a series of questions to the fellow. But the butler claimed that he had merely been down to the cellars on the orders of Mr. Thirsk and could give no information in connection with the crime. "Fair flabbergasted I was, sir," was his repeated statement.

"Perhaps, Mr. Locke," said Inspector Pycroft, "you'd like to have a look round the grounds, though you might just as well be home and in bed for all that you'll find, I'm thinking."

"Thanks, Pycroft," said Locke; "but as I seldom seek repose at nine o'clock in the evening, I should be delighted to take a walk. You say some of your men are out there now?"

"Aye, we've got the whole house and grounds guarded, of course," replied the Scotland Yard man. "And there are two plain-clothes men having a root about trying to trace the exact route taken by

Holden through the grounds as indicated by the footprints. But, mark my word, the man shinned over the door at the foot of the gardens and got clean away. We've set the telephone and telegraph wires humming, though, and our men will have him before morning."

One by one, Locke, Drake, and the inspector clambered out of the dining-room into the grounds by way of the window through which the fatal shot had been fired earlier in the evening. Locke noted that the sill of the window was about three and a half feet from the ground. The fountain and small, circular pond, close to which footprints had been found, were directly in line with the window.

Pycroft pursed his lips and gave a peculiar whistle. In response, one of his subordinates approached. The man bore an electric-torch in his hand and a pair of boots. The latter he had obtained by a visit to the house of Francis Holden.

"See here, Mr. Locke," said Pycroft. "Here is a pair of Holden's boots. Some of the footmarks in the soft earth in these gardens

in case Holden tossed his pistol in there. Possibly he may have dropped it into his pocket, though, seeing that it was only a very small weapon—a 2.2 calibre, if you remember, such as a lady might carry. But, likely as not, I shall learn by phone shortly that Holden himself has been captured at one of the big London railway stations. Our men are on the look-out for him everywhere now."

"Yes, you have a wonderful organisation at the back of you, Pycroft," said Ferrers Locke, with a smile. "You can sympathise, I'm sure, with young Jack Drake and myself, who have to rely chiefly upon our own humble efforts. Well, we'll see you again shortly."

"Right, you are, Mr. Locke. I shall probably be by this fountain, superintending the dragging operations."

Leaving the inspector and the other Scotland Yard man, Ferrers Locke and his assistant made towards the door at the end of the gardens over which Holden was supposed to have made his escape. The lock was broken, and the door was ajar. Outside was a burly constable on guard, who at once



Locke and Drake wormed their way between the bushes and the wall. There, lying on the rockery, was the figure of a man wearing evening dress and a light overcoat. "Pycroft," said Locke, as the Scotland Yarder burst through the bushes, "you and your minions have overlooked one important thing in your hunt—Francis Holden. He is here!"

(See Chapter 3.)

were made by a man who wore very similar boots to these. That proves that Holden was actually present near the house to-night."

"There are marks on the door that leads into Norfield Drive, sir," said the man. "The person whom the two gentlemen chased just after the crime climbed over the door and made his get-away."

Inspector Pycroft nodded.

"Exactly!" he said. "I have made a brief examination of the footprints and the door at the end of the grounds myself, Mr. Locke. There is no doubt the murderer escaped that way. Apparently, Holden tried to insert his key in the lock of the door. But, in his flurry and excitement, the key dropped out of his hand. He took his departure over the top of the door just before Mr. Alford and Mr. Barnett dashed up and burst the door open. Now, Mr. Locke, shall we return to the house?"

"If you don't mind, Pycroft," murmured Locke politely, "I should just like to have a walk round the grounds in the company of Drake."

"As you please," said the inspector. "But there is nothing you'll find. In a few minutes we shall drag the shallow water of the little pond in the centre of the lawn,

recognised and greeted the famous sleuth and his assistant.

With the aid of an electric-torch, Ferrers Locke examined the ground inside the gardens and just outside the door. But neither he nor Drake could discover anything of consequence. The ground had been trampled upon by many feet, and it was practically impossible now to find any footmarks other than the hefty impressions of members of the Force.

Then Locke turned his undivided attention to the door itself. As he looked at it his brow furrowed thoughtfully.

"By Jove!" he muttered. "There's a mighty formidable array of ten-inch spikes on this. If Holden shinned over that door he left some traces of his temerity behind him. Let me give you a buak up, Drake, my boy. Hold your torch in your hand, and see if you can discover any speck of blood or wisp of cloth on the spikes on top of the door."

Hoisted on the shoulders of his chief, Jack Drake made a thorough examination of the top portion of the door.

"There's no other visible sign of anyone having climbed over here, sir," he said at length. "I'll bet that no one did get over this door, either. I'm pretty active myself,

—featuring the "Tiger" ever written! Owen Conquest at his best!

but I jolly well couldn't negotiate these thin, sharp spikes without damage to myself or my clothes."

"You confirm what I think, Drake," said Locke. "It looks to me as though the fugitive started to climb the door, realised the tremendous difficulty of getting over it, and dropped back into the grounds. If that theory is correct, the fellow slipped along the wall unnoticed by his pursuers, and scaled it under the shelter of some of these high bushes which are dotted about."

The two separated, one going to the right and the other to the left of the door. Suddenly the boy gave a low whistle, and Locke joined him.

"Look at this, sir," he said, shining his torch on the ground. "There's a clear impression of a foot close by this rockery. And here's a newly made scratch against one of the lower bricks of the wall, as though someone knocked his boot against it."

Locke walked along the rockery between some laurel-bushes and the high brick wall. Then he stopped short, his gaze turned upward.

"Hallo!" he said. "Here's something which Pycroft and his merry men have overlooked! There are a couple of bricks dislodged from the top of the wall a few yards farther along. Let's take a closer look."

They took a step forward, and were arrested by a faint sound like the moan of an animal in pain.

"My aunt!" cried Drake. "That came from the clump of bushes right ahead!"

He and Locke wormed their way between the bushes and the wall. There, lying on the rockery, was the figure of a man, wearing evening dress and a light overcoat. Locke switched his electric-torch full on the fellow, whose wing collar bore traces of crimson. In a flash the two realised the little drama which had taken place in the shelter of the laurel-bushes. The man had tried to get over the wall at this point, and had dislodged a couple of loose bricks. Then he had crashed down, to strike his head against a huge stone rockery. The victim of the accident was now regaining consciousness.

Ferrers Locke gave a shrill whistle and called Pycroft's name. A couple of minutes later the inspector could be heard striding along in search of them.

"Hi, Mr. Locke! Where are you?" he called.

"Close by the wall!" replied Locke. "You and your minions have overlooked one important thing in your hunt for Francis Holden!"

"Indeed?" said Pycroft, with just a trace of sarcasm, as he burst through the laurels. "And what is that?"

Locke shone his torch on the recumbent figure on the ground.

"Francis Holden," replied the great sleuth. "He is here!"

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Brought to Justice!

INSTEAD of eating his peaked hat, as he said he would if his own men did not catch Holden before morning, the inspector, with hanging jaw, gazed down at the injured man.

"Well, that knocks everything!" he muttered. "He was here all the time!"

He and Ferrers Locke assisted Holden, who had now opened his eyes, to sit up.

"Where—where am I?" asked Holden faintly.

"Under arrest!" was Pycroft's business-like reply. "You are accused of the murder of Stanman Bode, and it is my duty to warn you that anything you say may be taken down and used in evidence against you!"

With assistance, Holden staggered to his feet, and submitted to a pair of handcuffs being placed over his wrists and to being searched. While the inspector was attending to these matters, Ferrers Locke examined the wound on the man's head. This proved to be only a nasty bruise and a cut.

"Gentlemen," said Francis Holden earnestly, "I—I had nothing whatever to do with this dreadful affair. I did not even know until just now that poor Bode had been killed, though I was aware that something terrible had occurred."

"H'm! You knew that, did you?" said Pycroft. "You knew that and you beat it instead of going up to the house to see what had happened."

Holden hung his head.

"I was a fool," he said. "As I came through the grounds towards the house I heard a shot fired, seemingly by someone near the little pond. Although of a nervous disposition, I crept forward, when two forms came charging from the house towards me. Someone—it sounded like Barnett's voice—shouted to me to stop, and I caught the word 'murderer.' In one dreadful moment I saw myself being accused of a crime I had not committed, for I could see no sign of the actual murderer. I took to my heels, and was endeavouring to get over the wall when I fell and struck my head."

"You were late for the dinner to-night, Mr. Holden?" said Ferrers Locke.

"I don't think so. The dinner was to be held at a quarter-past eight—at least, so I understood from Thirsk. I should have been a bit late, though, if I had gone round to the front door of the house instead of using my key for getting through the back way."

Inspector Pycroft gave an expressive wink in the direction of Locke, as though to say "that's a lie."

"You haven't found the pistol yet, inspector," murmured Locke quietly.

"No; it's not in his pockets, and we've dragged the little pond."

"Then," said the famous sleuth, "you and your men would be well advised to have another look round these grounds and over the wall. There may be something else you've overlooked."

"All right; no need to rub it in, Mr. Locke!" grumbled the Scotland Yard man. "We're all likely to miss something at times in this kind of game. Still, I suppose I ought to be grateful that you put your hands on the wanted man for me."

"Yes," said Locke thoughtfully; "but somehow I think you have got the wrong man under arrest. You must, of course, keep Holden in custody to-night. Meantime, there is much in this strange case which needs explanation."

He and Drake helped Pycroft to get Holden to the doorway in the wall. A policeman was sent for a taxicab, and a few minutes later the inspector drove away with his prisoner. Directly their official friend had gone, Locke and the boy made their way to the pond in the centre of the now deserted lawn. Ahead of them they could see the lights through the open window of the dining-room where Thirsk and the others were still congregated.

"Until the weapon which did the deed is found, Drake," mused Locke, "we should keep an open mind about this case. It is clear that it would have been possible for Holden to fire the shot. Then there is the possibility of someone else having been concealed in the gardens. We will make a further hunt for footprints just to satisfy ourselves that Pycroft's men have overlooked none. Another theory that suggests itself to me is that—"

He broke off short and stood motionless, regarding the pond and the picturesque little fountain in the centre. No water was playing from any of the strangely carved jets at the top of the fountain, but a few inches of water was in the concrete pond.

"What other theory are you considering, sir?" prompted Jack Drake.

"I was considering the likelihood of Raymond Thirsk being mixed up in to-night's affair," said Ferrers Locke.

"Raymond Thirsk, sir! You think it is possible that he signalled by means of flickering the lights to the actual assassin who was outside the house?"

"That is a matter I hope to clear up, my boy. There are two curious facts in connection with Thirsk's behaviour before dinner. He caused Barnett, Walker, and Dawson-Cree to be ranged down one side of the table, Alford and Oakley on the other, whilst, most significant of all, the deceased man was requested to sit opposite Thirsk at the foot of the table, where, of course, his back would be in a direct line with the open window. Thus, seven chairs, including that of the host, were occupied. But the eighth chair Thirsk insisted upon leaving vacant."

"Then again, Thirsk himself was not in his place at the table when the shot was actually fired. Instead, he was operating a series of switches on the wall."

"You mean, sir, that he took jolly good care not to be in a line with Bode and the window, in case the assassin missed and pipped Thirsk himself instead?"

"It may be. Frankly, I don't know at present. Later, however, I intend not only thoroughly to explore these grounds, but also to have a look at those switches and lights of which Thirsk is so proud. Now you go in the house, my boy. Persuade them to draw the blinds of the windows; tell 'em some curiosity-mongers are beginning to scale the walls, which is a fact. I don't want anyone to look out of that dining-room window for a few minutes."

Without a word, Drake entered the house and carried out his instructions faithfully, though he greatly wondered what his chief had in mind.

When Locke himself entered the house some minutes afterwards, the keen-eyed lad noticed that the legs of the sleuth's trousers

BOXING	BEST BOYS' BOOKS!	SCHOOL
THE BOYS' FRIEND LIBRARY. Fourpence Per Volume.	No. 661.—OUTLAWS OF THE YUKON. A Thrilling Yarn of Peril, Boxing, and Adventure in the Frozen North. By Eric W. Townsend.	ADVENTURE
	No. 662.—THE BLIND BOY. An Engrossing Story of Pit Life. By Sidney Drew.	
	No. 663.—DON DARREL—FOOTBALLER. A Fine Tale of the Footer Field, introducing the Quick-Change Millionaire. By Victor Nelson.	
	No. 664.—LONESOME LEN. An Enjoyable Story of School, Sport, and Scheming. By Henry T. Johnson.	
THE SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY. Fourpence Per Volume.	No. 279.—THE CASE OF THE COTTON BEETLE. A Magnificent Story of stirring Australian Adventure, featuring Sexton Blake, Tinker, Mr. Trouble Nantucket (the American detective), and the Hon. John Lawless.	ADVENTURE
	No. 280.—THE SUN GOD; or, The Case of the Bronze Images. A Tale of Detective Work in London and Exploration in Syria. By the Author of "The Case of the Island Princess," "The White Refugees," etc., etc.	
	No. 281.—THE FACE IN THE FILM. A Story of Detective Work, Peril, and Adventure in the Film World, introducing Sexton Blake and Tinker.	
MYSTERY	No. 282.—THE HOUSE AT WATERLOO. A Detective Romance of London. By the Author of "The Green Eyes," "The Mystery of Glynn Castle," etc., etc.	ADVENTURE
	OUT ON FRIDAY! ORDER A COPY TO-DAY!	

were splashed with water, though his boots were quite dry.

Jack Drake had already conveyed the news of Holden's arrest, and Oakley and the others were obviously satisfied at this development. Like Pycroft, the man who had engaged Locke had little doubt now that Holden had slain Stanman Bode.

"I will call and see you to-morrow afternoon, Mr. Locke," said Oakley, as the sleuth and Drake prepared to take their departure.

"Very well," said Ferrers Locke. "Some of the Scotland Yard men are going to guard the house and grounds to-night. And I think we may leave them to find the pistol which was used for the crime. Good-night!"

It was the following morning when Ferrers Locke again took any active participation in the case of the murdered scientist. At ten o'clock he and Jack Drake were journeying through the West End of London on the top of a motor-bus. Each was disguised in workman's overalls, and Locke wore a heavy moustache. Drake had a bag of electrical tools by his feet on the deck of the bus.

After alighting in Maida Vale, near Norfield Avenue, Ferrers Locke left his assistant for a few minutes while he visited a public telephone booth. When he rejoined the lad, he said:

"I've sent Raymond Thirsk on a wild-goose chase to the home of a big financier in Croydon. We'll stroll casually up Norfield Avenue, and see Thirsk leave the house."

Locke lighted a short, stumpy pipe, and with Drake, slouched along the fashionable residential avenue. They had not proceeded far when they saw Thirsk emerge from Bourne House and hail a passing taxi. When the man had driven off, Locke led the way to the front door of Thirsk's residence. The sleuth was armed with a perfectly genuine-looking printed form of London's principal electric company. Without question, he and his assistant were admitted by a footman to view the electrical system of the house. From the talkative footman they learned the exact position of every room in the mansion, including Thirsk's own private study and bed-room.

Left to themselves, the two set to work to make a thorough search of Thirsk's papers and letters. This took some time, but Locke was finally rewarded by discovering a folded sheet of foolscap covered with pencilled words and figures, which he put into his breast-pocket. Having found what he wanted, he sought out Jack Drake in Thirsk's bed-room.

"It's all right, my boy," he said; "I've got what I wanted. Now let us repair to the dining-room and have a look at those switches."

Upon Drake reporting that the coast was clear, the detective carried a long, well-padded bolster from Thirsk's bed to the dining-room. Leaving Drake to lounge outside the door and keep cave, Locke shut himself in the room, and began examining the array of switches on the wall which operated the electric lights of the chandelier.

Suddenly the boy popped his head into the room.

"Here's Thirsk arrived back, sir!" he whispered.

"All right," replied Locke. "Come in, my boy. Doubtless he soon discovered that the phone message I sent him was a fraud, and has hurried back."

The detective and his young assistant waited. They heard footsteps approaching, and Raymond Thirsk burst into the room. His eyes rolled with malice and fear as he saw the two workmen near the switches.

"What are you doing here?" he hissed, between his clenched teeth. "Who sent you? Who are you?"

Locke's right hand came from his hip-pocket of his overalls like lightning, and Raymond Thirsk staggered back with a strangled gasp as he found himself gazing into the grim muzzle of an unflinching Colt automatic! Almost simultaneously the sleuth whipped off the bushy moustache from his upper-lip.

"Ferrers Locke!" muttered Thirsk hoarsely.

"Yes, Raymond Thirsk," answered the famous detective, "it is I. You have arrived back just in time to help me with a very interesting little experiment. Now, kindly take a seat at that dining-table. No, not in that one. That was the eighth chair, which was left vacant at your request last night. Kindly seat yourself in that chair occupied by Bode, with your back to that open window."

For a moment Thirsk hesitated. His brain seemed to be making rapid calculations. Then he seated himself; but he was obviously uncomfortable. He watched Locke like a hawk.

Jack Drake hastily ran his hands through the man's pockets to make sure that he was unarmed, and then he took the revolver from Locke and kept Thirsk covered. Locke himself slowly stepped across to the switches and began to turn on light after light. Gradually his hand wandered along the wall to where a slight protrudance beneath the wallpaper was barely apparent. The effect on Thirsk was magical. With a wild shriek, he leaped from the chair, and stood, huddled and trembling, near the settee.

"Don't—don't press that!" he cried.

Locke smiled, and, walking to the window, called to a couple of men who had entered the grounds of Bourne House by the back entrance. One of them was Inspector Pycroft; the other was a police-sergeant. In response to the summons the two came running to the dining-room, and clambered in through the window.

"Here, Pycroft," said Ferrers Locke, "is the man you were hunting for last night—the assassin of Stanman Bode. His name's Raymond Thirsk, and he's one of the most cunning criminals I have ever met."

"Good heavens, Mr. Locke!" cried Pycroft, absolutely flabbergasted. "You surely can't mean it? Mr. Thirsk was in this very room when the crime was committed!"

"Quite so," said Locke; "and if you and the sergeant will stand near Drake and the prisoner at the far side of the room, I will demonstrate how the deed was done."

While the inspector and sergeant looked on in amazement, Ferrers Locke propped up the bolster in the chair which had been occupied by Stanman Bode on the previous night. Then he went back to the switches, and began fumbling along the wall. Suddenly there was a sound like the crack of a whip from the direction of the gardens, and the bolster gave a curious shudder.

"Look at that article of bedding now, Pycroft," said Ferrers Locke. "No, don't remove it from the chair."

The inspector looked, and, as he did so, gave an exclamation of astonishment. A

small, neat hole was drilled through the bolster from the side facing upon the garden.

"Well, that beats everything, Mr. Locke!" muttered Pycroft. "How was it done?"

"Very simply," replied Ferrers Locke. "In the iron jet which faces this way at the top of the fountain out there is concealed a small revolver. The trigger is operated by a special attachment worked by an electric current. An electric wire runs from this wall, where there is a secret button, out of the house, and up through the disused fountain."

"It's almost incredible!" muttered the inspector. "How did you come to light upon the scheme, Mr. Locke?"

"A faint suspicion of Thirsk was aroused in my mind by his insistence that the eighth chair should be left vacant last night. After finding poor Holden—whom, by the way, you can release as soon as you like, Pycroft—I sent Drake into the house. When the blinds of the dining-room had been drawn I took off my boots and socks and waded through the shallow water of the pond to examine the fountain. The top is of a very curious shape, and I noticed that the iron spout which points towards this room showed a slightly blackened edge. By shining my torch inside I could distinctly see the barrel rifling of a small pistol. No doubt Thirsk, who is an inventor himself, rigged up the whole deadly apparatus unknown to any in his household. He purposely told Holden to arrive at eight-fifteen for the dinner, so that suspicion should fall on him."

Thirsk was standing under the levelled revolver of Jack Drake, his face deadly pale. As Pycroft slipped the "bracelets" round his wrists he gave a slight start, and then sank back into his former apathetic attitude.

"The motive," resumed Ferrers Locke, "is perfectly clear." He took from his pocket the sheet of foolscap he had secured in Thirsk's study. "This paper contains a full account of the process whereby Bode was able to make rubies by artificial means. Apparently, Thirsk, either honestly or by a trick, obtained this knowledge from Bode. He realised that he was the only one to know the secret of the new process except the man who had made the discovery. With Bode out of the way, he hoped to obtain most of the profits from the stunt for himself."

Thirsk threw his head up.

"All right," he said; "I know the game's up. You're correct in about every particular. I killed Stanman Bode, and when you dismantle that fountain outside you'll find the pistol which I used for the job. But for Ferrers Locke butting into the case, I should have dismantled it myself as soon as the police supervision was withdrawn from my grounds."

After Raymond Thirsk had been removed by the Scotland Yard men, Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake proceeded to Baker Street for a change of attire.

"Now we'll go and report to Oakley," said the famous sleuth. "And, by Jove, Drake, what a sensation awaits the readers of the evening newspapers!"

THE END.

(Next week's powerful Detective Story is staged in Egypt—the scene of the wonderful discoveries of the ancient Pharaohs—and is entitled: "The Missing Mummy!" On no account must you miss it!)

ARE YOU ANY GOOD AT LIMERICKS?

NEXT MONDAY'S "MAGNET" CONTAINS
A GRAND NEW LIMERICK COMPETITION
WHICH IS BOTH SIMPLE AND ATTRACTIVE

CASH PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED FOR
ALL WINNING EFFORTS.

WHY DON'T YOU TRY YOUR LUCK?

CORRESPONDENCE EXCHANGE!

Readers' notices are inserted free of charge, when space permits.

Alex Duncan, 174, Lyons Street, Sheffield, is establishing an Empire Correspondence and Hobby Club. Write to him for full particulars.

D. H. Kitchener, Littlecot, Station Road, Hornchurch, Essex, wishes to correspond with readers interested in the Companion Papers.

Robert Mouncey, 74, Castle Street, Grimsby, Lincs, wishes to correspond with readers ages 11-13.

Walter Corrie, 29, St. Oswald's Place, London, S.E. 11, wishes to correspond with readers interested in music, especially the piano, in Australia and New Zealand.

J. Turner, 622, Chamber Road, Hollinwood, North Manchester, Lancs, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere aged 16.

J. Simons, 13, Hanover Street, Belfast, Ireland, wishes to correspond with readers in England, U.S.A., Canada, South Africa, New Zealand, Australia, India, and France. Ages 17-20. All letters answered.

Leong Ah Kay, 16, Belfield Street, Ipoh, Federated Malay States, wishes to correspond with readers.

L. Berry, 26, Green Street, Sunbury-on-Thames, wishes to correspond with

readers interested in birds' eggs and cricket.

Jim Boston, 18, Bromley Street, Belfast, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

J. S. Buchanan, 18, Alice Street, Paisley, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere. Ages 15-18.

F. G. Robinson, 13, Ralph Street, Holloway, N. 7, wishes to correspond with London readers ages 15-16.

Sidney Charlsh, 71a, Artesian Road, London, W. 2, wishes to hear from readers who are interested in photo cards of sportsmen.

James Aitken, c-o Curtis, 81, Walter Street, Dennistoun, Glasgow, Scotland, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 16 upwards, in England, European countries, and the Dominions. All letters answered.

Yours for 6d. only

THE GREATEST BARGAIN
TERMS ever put before the British Public by one of LONDON'S OLDEST-ESTABLISHED MAIL ORDER HOUSES.

Free An absolutely FREE Gift of a Solid Silver English Hall-marked Double Curb Albert, with Seal attached, given FREE with every Watch.

Specification: Gents' Full-size Keyless Lever Watch, improved action; fitted patent recoil click, preventing breakage of mainspring by overwinding.

10 YEARS' WARRANTY.

Sent on receipt of 6d. deposit; after approval, send 1/6 more. The balance may then be paid by 9 monthly payments of 2/- each. Cash refunded in full if dissatisfied. Send 6d. now to

J. A. DAVIS & CO.
(Dept. 87), 26, Denmark Hill, London, S.E. 5.



400 MODEL
\$5.15 CASH

12 1/2 a Month

is all you pay for our No. 400A lady's or gentleman's Mead "Marvel"—the finest cycles ever offered on such exceptionally easy terms. Built to stand hard wear. Brilliantly plated; richly enamelled; exquisitely lined in two colours. Sent packed free, carriage paid on

15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

Fully warranted. Prompt delivery. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Big bargains in slightly factory soiled mounts, Tyres, and Accessories 33% below shop prices. Buy direct from the factory and save pounds.

How a seven-year-old MEAD which had traversed 75,000 miles, beat 650 up-to-date machines and broke the world's record by covering 34,366 miles in 365 days is explained in our art catalogue. Write TO-DAY for free copy—brimful of information about bicycles and contains gigantic photographs of our latest models.

MEAD CYCLE CO. (Inc.)
(Dept. 8787)
Birmingham



ARE YOU HAPPY

Bright and Cheerful? It is impossible to be so if you suffer from Nervous Fears, Awkwardness in Company, Nervous Depression, Blushing, Timidity, Sleeplessness, Lack of Will-Power, or Mind Concentration. You can absolutely overcome all nervous troubles if you use the Mento-Nerve Strengthening Treatment. **GUARANTEED CURE OR MONEY REFUNDED.** Send 3 penny stamps immediately for particulars. — **GODFREY ELLIOTT-SMITH, LTD.,** 543, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C. 4.

50 WAR & ARMISTICE FREE to applicants for Blue Label approval, enc. post. Mention Gift 501. — **B. L. CORYN,** 10, Wave Crest, Whitstable, Kent.

All you require—Boots, Suits, Costumes, Raincoats, Overcoats, Accordions, Watches, Rings, Clocks, etc., from 4/- monthly. Write for free catalogue to **Masters, Ltd.,** 6, Hope Stores, Rye, Sussex.

BE BIG.—During the past ten years we have supplied our Girvan Scientific Treatment for increasing the height to over 20,000 students. Less than 200 have written to say they have not secured all the increase they desired. 99 per cent. of successful results is a wonderful achievement. Health and stamina greatly improved. If under 40, send P.C. for particulars and our £100 guarantee to **ENQUIRY DEPT. A.M.P.,** 17, STROUD GREEN ROAD, LONDON, N. 4.

MAGIC TRICKS. etc. — Parcels, 2/6, 5/6. Ventriloquist's Instrument, Invisible, Imitate Birds. Price 6d. each, 4 for 1/-.—**T. W. Harrison,** 239, Pentonville Rd., London, N. 1.

FREE!—Lucky Surprise Packet of Stamps FREE to those sending postage (abroad 6d.) and asking to see Approval Sheets.—**M. FLORICK,** 179, Asylum Road, Peckham, LONDON, S.E. 15.

CUT THIS OUT

"The Magnet." **PEN COUPON.** Value 2d.

Send 7 of these coupons with only 2/9 direct to the **Fleet Pen Co.,** 119, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4. You will receive by return a Splendid British Made 14-ct. Gold Nibbed Fleet Fountain Pen, value 10/6 (Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib). If only 1 coupon is sent, the price is 3/9, 2d. being allowed for each extra coupon up to 6. (Pocket Clip, 4d.) Satisfaction guaranteed or cash returned. **Special New Offer—Your own name in gilt letters on either pen for 1/- extra.**

Lever Self-Filling Model, with Safety Cap, 2/- extra.
NN

FREE The "ASCENSION" PACKET of STAMPS, containing ASCENSION ISLAND surcharged on ST. HELENA, Argentine, GUYANE, Brazil, JAMAICA WAR, Ceylon, MAURITIUS, Victoria, PERSIA, Russia, TANGIER, Venezuela, SALVADOR, Bulgaria, BOLSHIEVIK UKRAINE, Nigeria, REUNION, Mocambique, DECCAN, and PHILIPPINES. Send 1d. postage and ask to see Approvals.—**VICTOR BANCROFT, MATLOCK.**

WIRELESS MAKE YOUR OWN SET

The mysteries of Wireless made clear.

WIRELESS FOR ALL - - - 6d.
and its sequel

SIMPLIFIED WIRELESS - - - 1/-

At all booksellers or 1/9 post free from **RADIO PRESS** 3, Devereux Buildings, W.C. 2.



CIGARETTE PICTURE ALBUMS

Have a "Cyg-Pyc." Holds 50 at one view. A necessity to all Cigarette Picture Collectors.

£25 in PRIZES also particulars of our gift of a wonderful Pocket Knife.

Price post free: One, 9d., three, 1/10, six for 3/4. Send Postal Orders. Thousands already sold.

GORDON BUSH Co., 16, Great Russell St., London, W.C. 1.

DON'T BE BULLIED!—Learn the Wonderful Japanese Weapons. For small boys and men (also women). Send NOW Four Penny Stamps for Splendid ILLUSTRATED SAMPLE LESSONS, or 3/6 for Large Portion of Course.—**Dept. M.G., SCHOOL OF JUJITSU,** 31, Golden Sq., Regent St., London, W. 1. Personal Tuition also given.

£2,000 Worth of Cheap Job Photographic Material, Cameras, &c. Send at Once for CATALOGUE AND SAMPLES. FREE.—**HACKETTS WORKS,** JULY ROAD, LIVERPOOL, E.

STOP STAMMERING! Cure yourself as I did. Particulars Free.—**FRANK B. HUGHES,** 7, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C. 1.

25 BRITISH COLONIAL STAMPS All Genuine Varieties. Price **3d.**
W. A. WHITE, 85, Dudley Road, LYE, Stourbridge. **7-4-23**

